

TALES FROM THE WOODS

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May 2001**

One month later than promised, read the photo exclusive on the meeting between Fats Domino (Rock'n'Roll legend) and Graham Morgan (Railtrack Superhero). Read and enjoy;

On Saturday, January 6th this year, Signaller Graham Morgan and his family were lucky enough to visit with the legendary Rock'n'Roll artist Fats Domino while holidaying in New Orleans, in the good old U.S. of A. Fats, who is now in his 70s, invited Graham (or Grim as he is known) and his family into his home where he chatted and sang some of his hits as well as signing some autographs. The singer also showed them round his beautiful home in the location where he has lived all his life (so far). He started off in one house and now owns four of the lovely residences on the street.



Michelle, Fats and Graham

How did Grim get invited in? Let him tell the story in his own words.

“The story of how I managed to see Fats Domino started the previous day. I was on holiday with my wife, Michelle, and in-laws who are all big fans of his and had seen him in concert many times. On January 5th, we enquired at the Tourist Information bureaux and at the hotel if they knew where he lived. Amazingly, they didn't even know that he

lived in New Orleans and many thought he was dead - even though (as we later found out) he had given a private performance at **Harrah's** Casino only the previous Saturday!

“Anyway, we were fortunate enough to find a person in one of the Tourist Bureaux who **had** heard of him, knew that he was still alive and, more importantly, knew where he lived. So we obtained his address, all four of us jumped in a cab and headed straight for his home. You can't miss it - it has iron work all around the corners and a large “**F D**” picked out on the main gates, and a satellite dish that looks like it may once have belonged to N.A.S.A. in the front garden.

“I stayed in the taxi to make sure he didn't leave us stranded while the rest of my family went to the door and rang on the intercom. Fats himself answered and said he was unable to see us that day as he was unwell but he took our hotel phone number and promised to call us back to arrange a visit. He was even good enough to give us his own number. So, with that, we set off back to the French Market where we happily parted with the \$20 cab fare.

“The next day, I myself was feeling unwell and stayed in the hotel for most of the day. My caring family were happy to go out leaving me by myself but they were due to return in the late afternoon, hoping to receive a call from Fats.

“However, at 3 p.m. the phone rang and I answered it to find myself talking to Fats Domino (an immediate cure for what ailed me). I asked him how he was (much better) and he then gave me his plans for the following day. I explained that my family were presently away from the hotel and he asked for them to call him on their return.

“Around about 5 p.m. the wanderers returned expecting to see a message waiting for them on the phone, disappointment clouding their faces when they saw nothing. I kept them waiting for a while before I finally told them that I had spoken to their hero and that he was expecting them to phone him. On speaking to him, even though it sounded like Fats Domino, he obviously wasn't 100% back to full health. However, he said that we could call round and see him for a short while at 6.30 that evening. With that, my mother-in-law was dancing round the room like a spring chicken (apparently an instant cure for arthritis).

“We turned up on time and Fats answered the door himself, invited us in and chatted to us at some length. He also played a few of his well-known (and not so well-known) songs - these included 'Blueberry Hill' and 'Walking to New Orleans' as well as 'The Prisoner Song' which my in-laws remembered from when they had lived in India.

“After talking for quite a while, he showed us round his main home which was very impressive - spotlessly clean and with one of the largest televisions I've ever seen hanging from the main wall. We stayed for about thirty minutes and I couldn't believe how down to earth Fats Domino is - no pretensions to being anything other than a normal person even though, to many, he is a living legend.

“Finally, he left us with a piece of news. Fats is currently working on a new album which is expected to be released in June. “So, for the many residents of New Orleans who don't know - **FATS IS ALIVE AND KICKING**”

P.S. For anyone visiting New Orleans, Fats Domino lives on the corner of Caffin and St Claude.

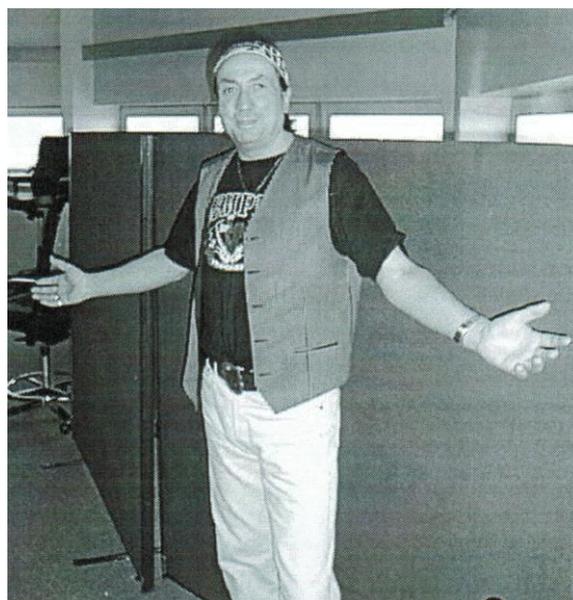
“Placebos from the Papard”

(Keith wants me to write this column regularly, so to those of you who haven't cancelled their subscriptions after my last article, here we go again.)

Not content with losing hundreds of pounds as a promoter, Mr Woods has now decided

that the best way to use up some of that Railtrack overtime money is to set up a tuppenny Rock'n'Roll news sheet like yours truly used to edit back in 1967. (*Pay attention Mr Papard, after all, this is issue 5! - Ed*) Hardly in the glossy magazine league, but with great writers like myself, who cares? Jerry Lee and myself have never been wrong, as you all know, but modesty prevents us from bragging about it. NDT watch out, TFTW is after your circulation figures!

So Woodsy and I sat down and tried to work out how we could boost circulation. Take a tip from the Sunday Sport perhaps? “Elvis is running a hamburger and peanut butter sandwich fast food joint just south of Tiananmen Square, Beijing”. “NASA has just discovered that Lord Rockingham is living in Cliff Richard's 'Summer Holiday' bus on the moon”. No, perhaps not. Well, how about some Rock'n'Roll page 3 pin ups? Trouble is, Janis Martin wouldn't agree to a topless photo, Brenda Lee wanted too much money to appear, even fully clothed, so we had to settle for a photo of Wanda Jackson conducting a revival meeting wearing a stunning scarlet robe, which unfortunately only comes out in black and white in Woods' cheaply produced news sheet.



Sorry, not Wanda - in the end, we decided to go with a “cut out and keep” snap of the great man himself.

Well, we'd just have to give away some freebies. The millionth subscriber to 'Tales from the Woods' will get a free ticket to see

“Legends of Rock’n’Roll 200(0,1,2,3?) with Jerry Lee, Little Richard, and Fats Domino. The exact date and year depends on if, and when, we can afford to book them into the Buzz/Outback bar. New stipulations for that venue mean they’ll have to sit on a bar stool with an electronic keyboard balanced on their knees, can only have a drummer **OR** a guitarist (not both), and they mustn’t get too boisterous - a slight swaying of the head in time to the music is permitted.

Meanwhile, down at Selhurst Railway Club, they are still recovering from the unexpected hordes who descended on the club for Woodsy’s first gig. Never have the bar staff been so rushed off their feet - there hasn’t been such a crush of people in there since the last rail strike when it was filled with railway workers spending their strike pay on pints of bitter and other essentials. Kristof, the exotic Hungarian DJ, was very impressed by the state-of-the-art disco equipment at Selhurst... two clapped-out tape decks which didn’t work and one (yes one) CD deck! Fantastic! Woodsy, what, no flashing lights?

Well, what will that great man, the mad ex-Mod in the Moroccan hat, come up with next? The “Woodsy Weekender” perhaps? Three nights of non-stop blues, country, soul and Rock’n’Roll at the Derby and Joan Club, Grimsby. Or Woodsy’s great Jimmie Rodgers railroad trip to that the Mecca of the Blues, Welwyn Garden City, where, daily, you can see people so bored that they jump off the Shredded Wheat factory roof in droves on to the railroad line. ‘Garden City Blues’ was, of course, a famous lament by that great blues legend, Wailin’ “Welwyn” Wally. Unfortunately his career was cut short when he was run over by the G33 bus, which only runs once a month (if there’s no “r” in it). He was just at the wrong place at the wrong time. Thank goodness I got my 86 year-old mother out of that place. Three times she had to be rescued when her Zimmer frame got stuck in the gutter on the Shredded Wheat factory roof.

Well, enough of my ramblings for now, I’m off to dig some turnips on my allotment. I reckoned it’s time I found a hobby suitable to my age, instead of all this geriatric teeny bopping. Dig, man, Dig! Woodsy’s bought the next plot - he heard a rumour that the Great Train Robbers stashed some of their loot there, so he’s digging like mad to try to

finance the next Selhurst gig. If he doesn’t find the stolen loot, he’ll sell the plot as a ready made “green” grave, complete with free biodegradable cardboard casket. Now, wouldn’t you like to have your final resting place in an ecologically sound plot surrounded by potatoes, turnips and parsnips? If so, send a big cheque made out to Keith Woods’ Benevolent Fund. Might as well send him a cheque anyway, he needs to finance his upcoming New Orleans/Texas trip and all the clothes he intends to buy there.

Watch out for the Pink Texas Cowboy when he hits Hemsby in May! Here’s to Roy, Dale and Trigger wherever they are!

Tony “Happy Pappy” Papard.

C.D. REVIEWS

HI THERE, KATS AND KITTENS. IT’S BOPPIN’ BRYAN (A.K.A. HARD ROCK BUNTER, A.K.A. BRYAN CLARK) WITH A LOOK AT SOME RECENT ROCKIN’ CD RELEASES THAT YOU SHOULD HAVE IN YOUR COLLECTION IF YOU DON’T HAVE THEM ALREADY. READ ON.....

King Rockabilly – Various – Ace CDCHD777

Now this is a beauty! 24 rockin’ goodies from a label best known for its sparkling r & b roster, the legendary King label run by the mercurial Syd Nathan out of Cincinnati, Ohio. **Moon Mullican**, a pianist much loved by Jerry Lee in his teenage years, lets fly with **Boyd Bennett’s Rockets** in attendance on the record hop favourite ‘Seven Nights To Rock’, released in the UK on Parlophone in ‘56. This has always been a classic to me; it reminds me of the days of Rebel Ed appearing at the Lion and Key pub in Leyton in the mid-Seventies. Wonderful times! Bennett’s also heard on the ‘58 cut ‘Move’ written by **Cecil McNabb**, who weighs in with the superb ‘Clock Tickin’ Rhythm’.

Canadian rockabilly is represented by **Bob and Lucille** with the fabled ‘Eenie Meenie Minie Mo’ and the **Bluetones** from Toronto with ‘Shake Shake’ from ‘57. **Joe Penny** was the first to record ‘Bloodshot Eyes’ famously covered by **Wynoine Harris** and he serves up ‘Mercy Mercy Percy’ and ‘Bip A Little, Bop A Lot’. **Bill Beach** comes through with ‘You’re Gonna Like Me Baby’ and the long-

established favourite 'Peg Pants'. **Delbert Barker** offers 'Jugband Jump' and the deliciously titled 'No Good Robin Hood'. **Hank Mizell's** 'Jungle Rock' hardly needs any introduction. Reissued by Charly, it became an out of left field UK top 10 hit in the red hot summer of '76, thanks to merciless plugging by the late great Roger Scott.

Charlie Feathers' alternate King take of 'Bottle To The Baby' gets its second legal release (after its first on the Zu-Zazz collection some time back). **Charlie Gore** comes up with an interesting early answer record to **Willie Mae Thornton's** 'You Ain't Nothing But A Hound Dog' from 1954. **Dave Dudley** (pre trucking) is heard on a rockin' novelty 'Rock'n'Roll Nursery Rhyme'. Like 'Jungle Rock', **Mac Curtis's** 'Grandaddy's Rockin' is a standard in the rockabilly canon. Curtis himself subsequently became a leading light in the 1970s rockabilly revival on the reputation of his excellent King recordings and continues to tour throughout the world to ecstatic audiences.

Bing Day (a white rockabilly) offers the driving 'Ponytail Partner' which was released in the subsidiary Federal label, one usually dedicated to rhythm and blues artistes. Day went on to record the classic rocker 'I Can't Help It' and the rather Bohemian 'Mama's Place' for Mercury in 1959. **Rusty York** is a name familiar to Kats and Kittens through his excellent version of 'Sugaree' released on Chess and which dented the American Hot 100 in '59. Prior to this he cut some interesting material for King including a cover of Buddy Holly's 'Peggy Sue' in '57. On this CD we hear York covering Wynane Harris with a reasonable go at 'Tremblin'. With other fine sides by **Donnie White, Jimmy Lee Prow** (the wonderful 'You Tell Her I Stutter'),

Delbert Barker, Louis Innes, Ronny Wade and **Becker Lee Jr**, this is truly an essential purchase.

**Fools Paradise - Dale Hawkins -
Beveric BRCD001**

Fans of **Ronnie Hawkins'** rockin' cousin have been well served recently by a series of excellent CDs, some reissues, some (Wildcat Tamer on Mystic Music) newly recorded material. This interesting release emanates from Finland and is a mixture of recordings old and newish, all with Dale's unique stamp on them. The earliest cut, a bouncy, spirited romp through **Louis Jordan's** 'Caldonia', was recorded in New York in '59 and is an alternative take (to the one that appeared on 'Rock And Roll Tornado' maybe?)

From 1961 we have both sides of the rare-as-hell Zonk release, recorded in Nashville where they say "Y'all". 'Peaches' would, in 1961, have been an excellent record to mash them 'taters to. Nowadays at Hemsby and such like it would be announced as a 'hot stroller'. The B side 'Gotta Dance (And He Can't Sit Down)' was, like 'Peaches', written by our hero and has a nice guitar sound so, if you fancy a quick hully-gully, move to this 'un. All his life **Dale Hawkins** has worked with the very best pickers and players and on the rare-as-a-

hair-on-my-head Tilt label recording originally cut in Music Row in '61, a groovy 'Hambone' like number called 'Forbidden Love'. Dale is aided and abetted by, among others, **Fred Carter Junior** (from cousin Ron's band) and **Floyd Cramer**.

We jump 24 years on for the next pair of tracks where Hawkins raids the doo-wop catalogue and comes up first with an intimate, bluesy wander through the **Clovers'**

**COMING SOON IN A FUTURE ISSUE OF THE
UK'S LEADING ROCK'N'ROLL SATIRICAL IN-
HOUSE MAGAZINE-**

DR DALE'S CASEBOOK

**DO YOU HAVE ANY SEXUAL, EMOTIONAL OR
FINANCIAL PROBLEMS?**

**THEN LET DR DALE SOOTHE AWAY YOUR
ILLS. EXPERT ADVICE OFFERED FREE TO
'TALES FROM THE WOODS' SUBSCRIBERS.**

**ALL LETTERS WILL BE TREATED IN THE STRICTEST
CONFIDENCE. ADDRESS THEM TO 'TALES FROM
THE WOODS HQ' AND THEY WILL BE PASSED ON
TO DR DALE FOR HIS IMMEDIATE ATTENTION.**

*(We promise not to open them at gang meet
ups and laugh ourselves into oblivion)*

'*One Mint Julep*', then a more upbeat '*60 Minute Man*', both of which find him duetting with 'Master 88' man **Larry Knechtel**. From around the same time there's an interesting version, recorded by Sun legend **Jack Clement**, of **Buddy Holly's** '*Well Alright*' (original Crickets **Joe B Maudlin** and **Jerry Allison** are present on this), followed by several songs from a session held at the Hawk's Rest studios in Little Rock Arkansas in '89. Three are faithful covers of '*Let The Good Times Roll*', '*Mona Lisa*' (complete with slow, reflective beginning) and **Billy Swan's** '*Lover Please*'. All great!

As mentioned above 'Wildcat Tamer' is a fine album of '97 recordings, and included here is an alternate mix of the sizzling title track, first recorded by **Tarheel Slim**, as you know. **James Burton** is reunited with his old buddy Dale for a 1998 version of **Dave Alvin's** '*Fools Paradise*', a nice gutsy pounder from which the CD takes its name. All in all a fine collection and an essential purchase for Hawkins completists such as me. (Any chance of the Tilt version of '*Money Honey*' making it to CD guys?

<p>Sid King and the Five Strings - Rockin' On The Radio - Rollercoaster RCCD3018.</p>
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Those who witnessed and enjoyed **Sid and Billy King's** excellent set at last November's Rhythm Riot in Camber will welcome this two CD release with open arms. It's a reissue of an album first unleashed on us Kats and Kittens back in 1983, containing radio broadcasts first heard over radio station KTAE in Taylor, Texas in 1955. In addition to this we get some extra, newly discovered broadcasts (obtained from Sid's mother it turns out) broadcast over radio station KDNT in Denton, Texas in 1954, where the King clan lived at that time.

Initially the group were known as the **Western Melody Makers** comprising **Sid King** (guitar and vocal), **Bobby Belcher** (lead guitar) and **Ken Massey** (bass). Not long after, Belcher left, to be replaced by younger brother **Billy**. A little later drummer **Dave White** was added and after gaining a reputation as a hard-working act they were noticed by Jack Stames, co-owner of Starday

Records, who quickly signed them up. Four songs were cut for Starday (all of which are heard, live on radio, on this set). '*Who Put The Turtle In Myrtle's Girdle?*', '*If Tears Could Cry*', '*You're Always Breaking Hearts*', and '*Rock The Joint*' (recorded firstly by **Jimmy Preston** in 1949 and covered a little later in 1952 by **Bill Haley and the Comets**).

The aforementioned broadcasts occupy CD 1 in this set, more unissued gems abound on CD 2. These contain, firstly, two radio broadcasts from the Big D Jamboree in Dallas, Texas. The first comes from 1954 and includes spirited versions of **Stuart Hamblin's** '*This Ole House*', and '*That's All Right*' which was gaining some popularity through a version by a brand new recording star named **Elvis Presley**. Also featured is a song written by **Wesley Rose** entitled '*There's A Big Rock In The Road*', a light-hearted ditty which is preceded and followed by some hilarious on-stage announcements. The second Big D broadcast comes from 1956 by which time the **5 Strings**, as they came to be known, were signed to Columbia, with marvellous rockin' sides like '*Sag Drag And Fall*', '*Let 'Er Roll*', '*Ooby Dooby*' and '*Booger Red*', already under their belts. CD 2 is rounded out by a series of recordings and demos recorded mainly between 1955 and 1956 with five ('*How About You*', '*Gonna Love You Forever*', '*It Hurts Me So*', '*Johnny Lee*' and '*Cry Albert*'), cut in the early Sixties at the Cliff Herring studios in Fort Worth, Texas.

Of the '55/'56 recordings, (recorded in Denton and Dallas incidentally), the most unusual and interesting has to be the Strings' attempts at the **Clovers'** '*Little Mama*' and '*Lovey Dovey*' with a dash of '*Shake, Rattle And Roll*' thrown in. The demos of '*How Easy Was It Dear*', '*When My Baby Left Me*', and '*Good Rockin' Baby*' were first released on the Bear Family CD, '*Gonna Shake This Shack Tonight*' in 1991.

Altogether another winner from Rollercoaster. If only UK radio had been this good in the Fifties!

Hard Rock Bunter

Jimmie Dale Gilmore

*Jimmie Dale Gilmore, Garage, Thursday
8th March.*

I greeted the news that **Jimmie Dale Gilmore** would be making a welcome return to the UK with much anticipation and excitement. Last time he was over, I was away on holiday, and the time before that was way back in the early '90s at the sadly missed Mean Fiddler in beautiful down-town Harlesden.

Arriving at the Garage around 8:30pm, one of London's better venues in my opinion, even at this early hour the show was well underway. Therefore I can't comment on the **Cash Brothers** as they had already been and gone. I caught the entirety of **Slaid Cleave's** act from where I was standing at the back, close to the bar. It was hard to catch what was happening up on stage amidst all the chatter and general background noise, although it was obvious that all his material was his own and certainly held interest, especially the one I assume was about his six-year-old son. I would like to see **Slaid** again in far more sympathetic surroundings (the late lamented Weavers would have been ideal).

Once his set had finished, furnished with a newly acquired pint, I made my way to the front as the prior occupants of this prime position headed for the bar. Virtually immediately, I fell into conversation with a young lady who remembered me from the **Wayne Hancock** gig at the Bar-Fly in Camden Town back to the beginning of last year.

Jimmie Dale strolled onto the stage with his long, greying blonde hair, looking like a cross between an old hippy and a cut down, less weathered Willie Nelson, opening with *'Think I'm gonna go downtown'*. That beautiful, emotive, clear, crisp voice connected with my gut

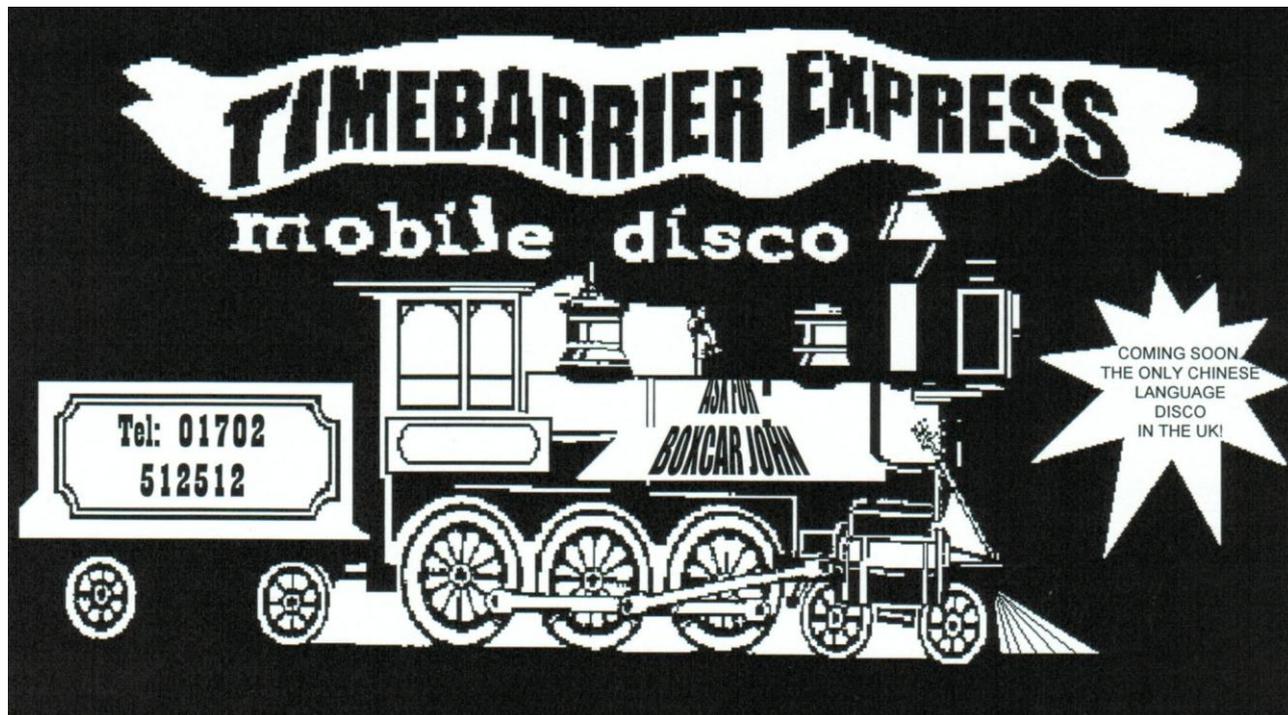
instantly. This guy is something else!

With a guy named **Robbie Sorry-didn't-catch-his-last-name** playing some stunning licks on his semi-acoustic lead throughout the entire set, melting beautifully with the guy on bass, Jimmie was on rhythm.

Apart from his own songs, the first part of this ninety minute set visited the back catalogue of **Townes Van Zaat**, **John Hirt**, **Jerry Garcia** and his old partner from the Flatliners, **Butch Hancock**. *'My lost love coming home to stay'*, *'Your love is in my wind'*, *'Ramblin man'*, *'Ripple wind'*, and a knock-out take on the aforementioned Butch, *'If you were a bluebird'* which, I am not ashamed to say, put a tear into my beer folks. Jimmie's own *'Just a wave not the water'*, *'Put it back the way it was'*, *'Way down town'*, along with the song he wrote with Hal Ketcham, *'Blues shadows'*, before visiting the vast songbook of Hank Williams with *'I'm so lonesome I could cry'*. Truly wonderful. I closed my eyes and it was like I was at home, listening to the CD in the comfort of my armchair. Robbie's playing was flawless, adding slide, it was so full of atmosphere.

Before I had time to recover, Jimmie Dale was into Matchbox, Blind Lemon and Carl Perkins, again some stunning slide from Robbie. The encore consisted of *'Dallas'* (my own personal favourite Jimmie Dale song, which I was screaming myself hoarse for), before **Slaid Cleave** and his outfit joined him on stage for one final number. This, for me, was a night of nights certainly on a par with **Hank Williams III** at the Jazz Cafe last year. Yes folks, what can I say – stunning!

Keith Woods.



The only mobile disco in the world to play SOLELY train songs
 Here's what they said about us: "A great retirement party" - Lord Beeching.
 "I wish they had played some songs about fresh fruit or cheese" - partygoer.
 "Why were there no songs about telephones?" - British Telecom employee.
 "Are we there already?" - Charles Dale.

**'Tales from the Woods' Time Capsule.
 The first of an occasional series.**

No. 1 - Cuddles.

We never knew his real name, or indeed very much about him - he simply appeared out of the blue and disappeared again equally quickly. The Eagle pub used to stand just off Tottenham High Street, just inside Chestnut Road, backing on to the local police station from which it was separated by an alleyway. A fire exit door, which was always left open, led directly into the alley which was very useful, because one thing you could surely guarantee on a Saturday night, some guy would come on strong with some other guy's chick, or something similar would happen.

Half an hour before closing time it would erupt; fists would fly, tables and chairs would be overturned, beer glasses flying like missiles around the pub. Naturally I did not want my Hush Puppies spoilt, so we used to make our way close to the fire exit at a certain time, ready for a hasty retreat into the

alley, or do a runner if we found ourselves involved. As an ex-Middlesex schoolboy champion runner (220 yards) I had the advantage over my mates - the assailants could never catch me. Despite the fact the police station was adjacent, I never once saw the police intervene or make an appearance (some things never change I guess).

One Saturday night, just like any other, during 1964 we were in the pub, a pretty dire three guitars and drums outfit up on stage. Somewhere around 9pm time, we were standing around, drinks in hand eyeing up the talent. Suddenly there was this almighty scream and, like Moses parting the Red Sea, this lunatic ran screaming through the pub. Waist length hair, bowler hat on his head with light bulb affixed that flashed on and off, jeans rolled up to just below his knees, a pair of sandals on his feet. Sandals! I've never seen anyone wear sandals, only very old men down at the seaside.

The group froze in their tracks as he jumped onto the stage to sing 'Great balls of fire'. The hapless band did its best to follow him

as he jumped around the stage like a madman, laid on the floor kicking his legs in the air, grabbed the mike before jumping on to the lead guitarist's back! The number finished, the whole pub stared at the stage in total disbelief. Complete silence for what seemed like hours broken eventually by a few titters, then a ripple of muted applause, before the whole place erupted into hysterical guffaws.

So there you have it Kats and Kittens - that was my first introduction to Cuddles. Throughout the period 1964 to 1965 Cuddles was always around on a Saturday night. Maybe in us he felt kindred spirits. He always hung out with us, hitch-hiking up from St Albans to Tottenham. How anyone ever picked him up in his get-up heaven alone knows. Maybe people were more innocent or tolerant in their own way, I don't know. Every Saturday night his entrance was the same, bounding onto the stage regardless of what they were playing, he would break out into 'Whole lotta shakin', 'Be-bop-a-lula', or whatever Rock'n'Roll classic took his fancy. Of course, he couldn't sing to save his life but we loved him because he was totally crazy. How the bouncers (or security staff as we call them now) left him alone, or why the kids never picked a fight, I don't know but they never did, he was left alone.

Saturday nights would me the Eagle before heading off to Club Noreik. Cuddles was with us to see **Jerry Lee Lewis, Chuck Berry, Gene Vincent, Muddy Waters, Jimmy Reed, Little Walter, Johnny Kydd and the Pirates, the Rolling Stones and the Animals.** Cuddles would always go, even when we refused when the music was beneath our taste. Cuddles even went when **Freddie and the Dreamers** were on for God's sake!

By the end of 1965 the Club Noreik passed into history. Time moves fast when you're that age. I moved away from home to spend the next eight years driftin' and we all went

our own separate ways. I did see Cuddles a few times before the end of the 1960s. **Little Richard** at the Saville, likewise **Fats Domino** at the same venue, **Gene Vincent** at the Palladium.

Sometime in the early 1970s, travelling to work on the tube from my flat in West Hampstead, I picked up a copy of the Daily Mirror that was lying discarded on the seat next to me. A full front-page feature, complete with a large photo of **Jerry Lee Lewis**, had attracted my attention. The small photo in the bottom right-hand corner, after taking a few seconds for the penny to drop, I realised was of Cuddles. Jerry Lee had played a gig in London the night before. I think it was the Palladium (help me out Tony? Ken?) Cuddles had jumped up on to the stage and had done a couple of numbers with Jerry. I guess he must have been in a good mood that night.

KEITH WOODS IS PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE THAT 'TALES FROM THE WOODS' IS THE FASTEST-GROWING IN-HOUSE MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD. SUBSCRIBERS THROUGHOUT THE UK (EVEN GRIMSBY), USA, GERMANY, SWEDEN AND MOROCCO. BE PROUD TO WEAR YOUR 'TALES FROM THE WOODS' BADGE. LET THE WORLD KNOW YOU WERE THE FIRST TO SUBSCRIBE WAY BACK IN JANUARY 2001. FOR DETAILS OF HOW TO OBTAIN YOUR BADGE, WRITE TO: KEITH WOODS 'TALES FROM THE WOODS' HQ VICTORIA A.S.C. FALCON LANE, BATTERSEA, LONDON SW11 2LG

A week or so later, relaxing in front of the television watching one of those early evening magazine programmes, (Tonight with Eamonn Andrews?) I could neither believe my ears or my eyes; Cuddles was introduced. He spoke about jumping up on stage with Jerry Lee and that Mervyn Conn had signed him to a recording contract afterwards. He sung 'Whole lotta shakin going on' and he still couldn't sing for toffee!

I have a record released, obviously nothing came of it and it was all soon forgotten.

Fast forward around eighteen years. I was at the London Palladium in 1990 to see **The Crickets** and **Duane Eddy.** After what had been a great show, I was slowly making my way up the aisle. Suddenly, I heard a voice screaming out "Sam! Sam!" No one had called me Sam in years. That was a nickname from my teenage years. I turned to see Cuddles running towards me. He wore glasses now, his hair was shorter and grey, but there was no mistaking him. Best of all

he was still pretty crazy. We talked for over an hour outside, where he gave me his telephone number, which unfortunately I lost.

Well, Kats and Kittens, that's about it. If anyone out there in 'Tales from the Woods'-land knows where Cuddles is or how to get in contact, it would be great to hear from him. Perhaps he'll even come to one of our gang meet ups to make a grand entrance to the Princess Louise like he did at the Eagle in those far-off days.



Just seconds ago, here on the TFTW HQ hotline, our chief record/gig reviewer, Bryan Clark a.k.a. Hard Rock Bunter, rang to let everyone know via this illustrious tome that **George Thorogood and the Destroyers** will be appearing at the Shepherd's Bush Empire on Friday the 22nd June.



Tony and I had a meeting with the Buzz Bar management, (well Michael actually), back on Thursday 13th February, concerning the future of gigs at the venue. The simple answer is that there is no future. They had a meeting with the council a couple of days prior where their music and late-night licence was refused. By all accounts they are limited to no more than two people up on the stage at any given time. So that totally rules out anything we had in mind. Tony point-blank refused to put up the money for an **Everly Brother's** gig. So basically folks, that's all.

It's my sad duty to report an accident that happened the previous Saturday to the larger one of the two - Barry - whilst preparing in the dressing room for his big Carmen Miranda drag night. Outside a hushed, packed audience awaited Barry's grand entrance. By all accounts the air could be cut with a knife, such was the breathless anticipation. As he was about to step out in front of his adoring public he spontaneously combusted. Only a pile of sequins, a couple of ostrich feathers and a half eaten Lidl's corned beef sandwich were ever found.

So, Kats and Kittens, before we leave the subject, let us pay tribute to the artists that

graced the Buzz Bar stage during its all too brief glory as London's premier alternative music venue;

Linda Gail Lewis (twice)
Chas McDevitt Skiffle Group
Rick Hardy
Danny Rivers
James Hunter Band
The Houserockers
Thomas LaVelle
Maneullo and Danny
Swingin' Down South record hop
(Kristof, Tony, Keith)



The 'Tales from the Woods' quiz is back this month. Just one more time (at least for a while, we don't want to get stale, do we?) A quick and easy one this month.

Question: When Linda Gail Lewis played the Buzz Bar (second time for Swingin' Down South promotions), Linda played a James Carr number, written by Dan Penn. What was it?

Phone your answers in to my answering machine (020 8460 6941), or fax your answer to the same number - not before one minute past midday, no later than one minute before midnight - on Saturday the 14th April. First three correct answers win an exclusive bottle of wine from the 'Tales from the Woods' wine cellar. When ringing, please state first;

- your name
- your favourite Rock'n'Roll, blues, country, or soul singer as applicable to your preferential tastes
- the answer to the question
- your choice of wine preference e.g. white or red.

Don't miss out on this wonderful opportunity to taste the fruits of my cellar. Get your thinking caps on now.



'Tales from the Woods' raises a glass and says "Farewell" to the wonderful Malcolm Yolvington. No doubt a name to stir fond memories from the Clay Pigeon several years back, at least for those who were lucky

enough to be there.



Congratulations go out to Tony Papard, our chief columnist, for his second article for TFTW. After he had faxed it through to me, on sitting down to read it I literally fell into hysterics. I tell yer, Kats and Kittens, it even made my lodger Dave laugh, which is the first time he has laughed since his ex-wife fell down the stairs and broke her neck!



The next gang meet up will be Friday 1st June, at the **Princess Louise** in Holborn, from 18:45 hours onwards. Depart for a meal at approx. 20:20. Look forward to seeing as many of you as possible.



Finally I received a call yesterday evening from Eddie Sheldon (see April issue). He was indeed emotionally overwhelmed by all the kind letters and cards he received from all you big hearted TFTW subscribers. He asked me to pass on his heartfelt thanks and he sincerely hopes to meet as many of you as possible when Eddie makes his first trip to London in 18 years to attend the Riverboat Shuffle with Rick Hardy in June (see next issue for details).

Until then, remember you're only young twice.

Keith Woods

Acknowledgements

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Winkles in the Mud - Tony Wilkinson

Reviews – Bryan Clark

and not forgetting the guy that actually does all the work to ensure that this publication (or 'cheaply produced news sheet' as Mr Papard so succinctly puts it) reaches you in its full, glorious, black and white splendour... - H



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**care of Keith Woods
25 Queen Anne Avenue
Bromley
Kent
BR2 0SA**

Telephone/Fax 020 8460 6941

