

A black and white close-up portrait of Jenny Boyd. She has dark hair with bangs and is looking slightly to the left of the camera with a thoughtful expression. She is wearing large, dark, circular earrings. The background is plain white.

# JENNIFER JUNIPER

A journey beyond the muse

‘Beautifully poignant.’  
Mick Fleetwood

JENNY BOYD

# JENNIFER JUNIPER

A journey beyond the muse

Jenny Boyd



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FOR  
**WOLF & IZZY**

**COURAGE  
STARTS  
WITH  
SHOWING  
UP AND  
LETTING  
OURSELVES  
BE SEEN**

*Brené Brown*

# CONTENTS

*Introduction*

Chapter One - 60s London

Chapter Two - Early Days

Chapter Three - San Francisco

Chapter Four - India

Chapter Five - Chelsea

Chapter Six - Benifolds

Chapter Seven - Los Angeles

Chapter Eight - Summer '76

Chapter Nine - Rumours Flying

Chapter Ten - Willow Cottage

Chapter Eleven - Back to School

Chapter Twelve - Purpose Found

# INTRODUCTION

When George Harrison and my sister Pattie invited me to join them, along with the rest of the Beatles and their wives, on their trip to Maharishi's ashram in India, I asked, "But how can I ever repay you?"

"Just be yourself," George replied.

And that's it. As I realized many years later, that's all we ever have to do, just be ourselves.

This is my journey.

It is the story of people I spent time with and what I learned from being part of a unique time in history, when young people changed and shaped our culture forever. Having a certain look that reflected this new era was pure luck; it took me to places I might never have gone. In my thinking and feeling I epitomized what was going on in my generation. I lived and breathed this new world before I became aware of the dramatic shifts we were making.

From the age of sixteen I found myself in the center of the 'Swinging 60s' with all its innocence and wonder. Being a house model for up-and-coming young fashion designers Foale and Tuffin brought me into the heart of Carnaby Street, to witness the beginnings of what was to become the center of 60s fashion and pop culture in London.

I wore all the latest and innovative Foale and Tuffin designs for owners of boutiques and editors of glossy magazines; magazines I was later to find myself in once I became a photographic model, including newspapers, fashion catalogues and a couple of short films. I represented the look of that time as I cat-walked and had fashion photographs taken in New York, along with my sister and two other models, for the “Youthquake” movement. We were the first contingent of the huge “British Invasion” in fashion that was about to sweep across America.

I danced with my boyfriend, Mick Fleetwood, at all the latest clubs: The Ad Lib, Crazy Elephant, and The Scotch of St James, where we’d go with my sister Pattie and her boyfriend George Harrison and the rest of The Beatles.

I was enchanted by the spirit of our age. I breathed it in before I knew it was there, it became part of me, and I followed its call. I was a natural ‘Flower Child’ and all it represented; fairy-like and whimsical, and so it was no surprise to find myself inadvertently in San Francisco at the beginning of ‘Flower Power’ in 1967. I was deeply immersed in the counter culture and feel privileged to have been part of a generation that made such an impact on the world, from our outlook on life, to the sexual revolution, mind-opening drugs, metaphysics, and most of all, music. Musicians became the spokespeople of our time; they represented this new age and spoke for the masses.

I worked in The Beatles shop, Apple, the first of its kind, and was interviewed by journalists to describe what the

shop represented. We were all idealists and believed we could change the world.

I went to India to study meditation with The Beatles and witnessed their creativity at work while writing songs later to appear on the White Album. I found myself in these pivotal places at a pivotal time in history, living my life without any awareness that one day we would look back at this time as an inspirational decade.

Although I was at the center of the spiritual bloom and innocence of the 60s, I was also part of the turmoil and decadence of the 70s and 80s. My marriage to Mick Fleetwood, founder member of Fleetwood Mac, brought me to the forefront of rock and roll, of fame, money, drugs and heartache. I struggled in the darkness searching for my own voice, before finding a light at the end of the tunnel. Aged 37, I went to college and studied psychology where I gained a better understanding and came to terms with my life and my actions. Having spent so much of my life in the company of many of the greatest musical legends, those who influenced our culture to this day, I finally found my own creative ability, my own sense of self and purpose. This is what I learned along the way.

# 1

## SIXTIES LONDON

I remember vividly the first time I heard of The Beatles. It was a normal Saturday in November 1962 and I had recently turned 15. My friends had given me a lift home after a morning of walking around Wimbledon and listening to our favorite 45s in the local record shop. Just before I opened the door, *Love Me Do* came on the radio. That was it!

“Turn it up,” I shouted, my hand still resting on the door handle of the car.

It was a never-to-be forgotten moment; something new and completely different had just arrived. Everyone stopped what he or she was doing or saying, the music was turned up and we all stared at the radio. The sound of voices singing in harmony and the wail of a harmonica pinned me to my seat. A wave of happiness ran through my veins. Everything about this song, even the simple words, ignited my imagination.

“Who are they?” I asked.

“The Beatles,” someone answered. I smiled, enchanted with the idea of a group being named after an insect. Little did I know then that I was listening to a band of musicians

who were to go down in history as defining the 60s. Nor could I have imagined that in just over a year, my sister would play a part in The Beatles film, *A Hard Day's Night*, or that she would become George Harrison's girlfriend.

Pattie had left home the year before and I missed her dreadfully. I had four other siblings, but she and I were the closest. Pattie now worked as an apprentice at the Elizabeth Arden beauty salon. This meant that she could afford to leave home and share a flat with one of her girlfriends. We were frequently in touch and I would visit her in Chelsea, or she would come home for Sunday lunch with her photographer boyfriend. It was while Pattie was working at Elizabeth Arden's salon that a client had suggested she should get an agent and become a model. She sprung to fame after being seen on a television commercial, (directed by Richard Lester who was later to direct the Beatles film *Hard Day's Night*) advertizing Smiths Crisps. "Smiths have crispness in the bag," she said, her eyes wide open, and blonde bouffant shoulder length hair flicking up at the ends. Now that her modeling career was launched, she became increasingly busy, frequently appearing in magazines and catalogues.

One afternoon, I was in the sitting room at home, when I heard the phone ring. I could hear my mother's voice in the kitchen and knew at once it must be Pattie. Her voice got higher and louder, finishing off with, "That's so exciting, I'll tell the others." She appeared in the doorway, smiling. "Pattie's been asked to audition for a small part in the Beatles film. And, not only that," she said, looking at my younger sister, Paula, and me, her eyes glistening as she

held her breath. "She's got the part! She has to be a fan and dress up like a schoolgirl."

Photographs of The Beatles filming appeared in every newspaper throughout the weeks that followed, including Pattie with a smile on her face, her long blonde hair and wearing a school uniform either on set during *Hard Day's Night* or standing behind George's chair with a comb in her hand. It was during this time she told me that George had asked her out. She was in a dilemma and didn't know what to do, since she already had a boyfriend, but the pull was strong, and the feelings were mutual and so she and George began their love affair.

One afternoon, Pattie invited me to her flat after school so I could meet George. When I walked inside and saw him leaning against the wall beside the door, my first reaction was surprise - how small and slim he was! He was much smaller in person than the larger-than-life pictures I'd seen of him. I don't know what I expected but he seemed so normal. I shook his slender hand and looked into his dark brown eyes and smiling familiar face, a face I knew so well yet had never met. I wanted to give him a hug, as though he were an old friend. Shaking hands seemed so unnaturally formal.

A few months later, after George had returned from The Beatles US tour, our sister brought her famous boyfriend home for a Sunday lunch. They arrived in George's E-Type Jaguar, which he parked outside what looked like an empty suburban street. It was the most exciting thing that anyone on that street had seen on a Sunday, or any other day, as they peeked through their net curtains. My mother opened

the glazed front door that led into a red brick, tiled, porch, and invited them into the sitting room. She had already put her favorite song onto the record player, *My Boy Lollipop*, having seen them sitting in the car outside. It was now blaring out to greet him.

And so our family met one of the four most popular men in the country. The couple sat next to each other, taking up very little space on the crushed strawberry-colored 50s sofa. I noticed how they held hands the whole time, and how George's eyes stayed glued to Pattie.

George was easy to be with. It felt no different than any older sister bringing home her latest boyfriend to meet the family, except for bits of the conversation relating to The Beatles. It was hard to equate this person in our midst with the world-famous icon. He talked to us about Liverpool, about the film, and their recent trip to America which had been unexpectedly frightening. The police had failed to cope with, what had been dubbed as 'Beatle Mania', and at times had resorted to using fire hoses to hold back the unexpected crowds. Everyone, including the police, had been taken by surprise as fans climbed up drainpipes trying to break into their hotel rooms. Coping with this 'Beatle Mania' would become part of their world as their fame grew.

I showed George my acoustic guitar that afternoon and he taught me how to play the three basic chords needed for my favorite Buddy Holly songs. He must have noticed me squinting as I looked at my fingers holding down the strings and told me I should try wearing contact lenses.

“John wears them now,” he said, “and he’s as blind as a bat.”

I had to wait a year before I could buy contacts, but his thoughtful words stayed with me. I discovered, as I got to know him better, how caring George was, and he would share that side of himself with our family. To me he was always like a very kind older brother.

Without realizing it at the time and looking back on it now, 1964 was the year that changed my life and increasingly brought me into the beginning of what was soon to be known as the ‘Swinging 60s’.

The significance of Pattie and George’s relationship was not in the forefront of my mind; I was too involved with having crushes on the sixth form boys at school, feeling the excitement of youth and the beginnings of independence. I had become part of a group of friends who went to parties on Saturday evenings, sometimes linking up with the college boys nearby. If I missed my last train home, I often stayed the night with my friend Dale and her family in Notting Hill Gate. This seemed to happen quite frequently, and I began to feel accepted as part of her family.

I’d noticed Dale earlier in the year as I made my way hurriedly down the stairs from one class to the next. She had long, straight, blond hair with a fringe and was the first girl in the school to wear knee length, black leather boots made by a theatrical boot maker in Charing Cross Road, called Anello and Davide.

She looked like Honor Blackman in *The Avengers*, a weekly television series we all watched. This show exemplified the spirit of our time, wacky and eccentric,

with Patrick Macnee playing the part of a tweed-suited, bowler-hatted, umbrella-sporting spy, in complete contrast to his judo-kicking co-star Honor Blackman known as the youthful, beautiful and confident Mrs. Gale. She dressed in the latest fashion, often clothed from head to foot in leather, including her black boots that were given the nickname, 'kinky boots'.

I lusted after those boots. I loved the look, I thought they were the ultimate in everything that was cool, but I knew they came with a price that touched the stars. It was Dale who introduced me to a sixteen-year-old Mick Fleetwood, the very person who told me later that when he first spotted me had told himself I was the girl he would marry one day. It was very like Mick, having known him now for over fifty years, to recognize certain people who were destined to play a significant part in his life.

I was first introduced to Mick through a sculpture Dale had made. I was sitting at my desk one afternoon in July, waiting for the English class to begin and idly watching the minute particles of dust lit up by the sun streaming in through the window. Feeling hot and while doodling in my notebook, I heard the door close with a bang followed by a scraping of the chair next to me. I knew it was Dale. She slapped her books on the desk, sat down, and then brought out of her bag a small figure made of thin copper wire. As the teacher began talking, she adjusted this piece of sculpture and sat it on the edge of her desk with its long legs dangling over the side.

"Who is it?" I whispered.

“It’s this boy called Mick, who’s gorgeous,” she replied. “He’s got long hair, long legs and plays in a group called The Cheynes.” As she spoke, she re-arranged the sculpture, still whispering about Mick, her head facing me, and her hand cupped over her mouth until a shout from the English teacher made us both jump.

“Will you two stop talking!” his voice bellowed out from across the room. “Or you’ll stay in after class and write an essay.”

I froze. The wrath of Mr. Steadman-Jones was not to be taken lightly. We both put our heads down and continued reading from Macbeth, but every now and then I stole a glance at Dale’s wire figurine, sitting silently beside me.

“Come with me and meet him,” Dale whispered as she bent down, pretending to look for something in her bag. “I’m going to his bedsit after school with some grapes. He’s got flu.”

Glimpsed from the doorway, my first impression of this young man, who would one day become my husband, was a rather blurred pale face poking up from under the bedclothes with big eyes and unkempt brown hair. I watched Dale stride over to this sorry sight, say a few words, put the grapes on his bedside table and then, as I walked back along the corridor, she said,

“He’s not feeling well. He’ll be at the Coffee Mill tomorrow, so he’ll see us then.”

I was later to find out that sixteen-year-old Mick Fleetwood was only six months older than me but had left school and his home in Salisbury the previous year filled with dreams of living in London and becoming a drummer.

Every day he practiced drumming in the basement where he lived with his sister and her husband in Notting Hill Gate, just around the corner from the Coffee Mill and not far from my school. A young keyboard player living in the same mews, heard him one day and asked him to join his group called The Cheynes.

The Coffee Mill was situated on a bend in the road, very close to Portobello Market. This café had become our meeting place after school where we'd take over the upstairs room; a group of teenagers sitting at tables in a haze of cigarette smoke and drinking hot chocolate from glasses encased in metal frames. I loved the atmosphere - it was our place. I met Dale at the Coffee Mill on this particular Saturday afternoon, and that was where I first officially met Mick Fleetwood. He walked into the cafe with one of the band members, also his roommate, Roger.

They both wore what seemed to be a band uniform; black mohair trousers with a pink shirt and white collar and cuffs. Mick was tall, skinny, with brown shoulder length poker-straight hair, which was parted on the side and hid most of his pale narrow face. When he did sweep his curtain of hair aside the most enormous eyes looked directly at me, before taking another sip of his hot chocolate. He appeared very gentle, and softly spoken in comparison to Roger, who was swarthy looking with black frizzy hair. Dale and Roger did most of the talking while Mick and I sat quietly, like two little peas locked in the same silent pod.

The sound of a horn beeping outside interrupted their conversation. The boys stood up, and after Roger had left

the cafe, and just before walking out the door Mick turned around to face Dale, saying,

“Why don’t you both come to Brentwood tonight? We’re playing a gig in the Town Hall and we can catch the train up. It’s not that far.”

“We’d love to,” Dale said, as she nudged my leg with her foot.

The Town Hall was completely empty. Its bare wooden floorboards were scuffed from people dancing and stained with spilt drinks and stubbed-out cigarettes. Chairs were lined up next to each other against the whitewashed walls, leaving the rest of the floor for the crowds to occupy.

After setting up his drums Mick leaped off the stage and sat between Dale and me. He spread his long spidery legs in front of him and then brought them back with his elbows resting on his knees. I felt his foot on top of mine but as I tried to move it, the pressure got stronger. I felt conflicted. I liked Mick, but my loyalty to Dale stopped me from allowing myself to enjoy the attention.

Rhythm and blues filled the Town Hall that night as Roger’s rasping voice belted out songs by Bo Diddley, Howlin’ Wolf, and Chuck Berry. These were the songs I’d listened to over the last year and loved them. It was the first live band I’d ever seen and having met the musicians before they went on stage added to the feeling of excitement. I noticed that every time I looked at Phil, the guitar player, he winked and smiled at me. His smiles continued throughout the show, over the crowds and smack bang into my sixteen-year old heart. It was my first

introduction to the fickleness of flirting from the stage. It was also my introduction to the world of musicians.

A few weeks after that evening, much to my surprise, Dale and Roger came to visit me in hospital. I was under surveillance for a suspected appendicitis and was waiting to be given the all clear. Roger handed me some flowers, as I sat up in bed, and Dale brought a bunch of grapes. Little did I suspect Roger would ask me out a few days later, having had no idea that he felt anything for me and seeing him with Dale much of the time took me off guard.

Although I felt attracted to Mick, I ended up going out with Roger for almost a year. There was something that drew me to him; he was charismatic, dark and brooding. I was aware that he'd been adopted and had a tough and lonely childhood. Knowing this made me feel sad for him. Although I hadn't had much in the way of parenting, I did at least have a family.

Whenever we spent an evening together, I always left before eleven o'clock to catch the train for the 45-minute journey back home, but not before being made to backcomb and blow-dry his hair ready for whatever party he was going to later that night. Sometimes, after saying goodbye I would bump into Mick, holding the banister as he climbed the narrow staircase to the room he shared with Roger. Our eyes would meet halfway down, hold each other's gaze, and then, without a word we'd continue in opposite directions. I felt tongue-tied in his presence, my insides would flutter, and I longed to talk to him. During that time, I frequently saw Mick after school with Peter Bardens, the keyboard player, either in the Coffee Mill or

the restaurant next door, his face usually hidden by his hair as he leaned over a plate of omelet and chips, but he rarely spoke to me.

While The Beatles were on tour, Pattie had temporarily moved into Whaddon House, a flat in Knightsbridge where George and Ringo had set up residence. I would often visit her after school and we'd spend evenings together, sitting on a plush sofa in front of a glass coffee table, drinking scotch and coke, smoking Gitanes, often unfiltered, and listening to music turned up to full volume. The Beatles had bought or were given all the latest LPs and 45s while in the States, singles by Mary Wells, The Supremes, Marvin Gaye, Smokey Robinson, and other Motown records. I loved listening to these records, they were so different to anything I'd heard in England and made me want to dance.

The flat was luxurious. Thick onyx ashtrays were everywhere with a gold Dunhill lighter nearby, guitars leaned against the wall, looking beautiful but untouchable. I met Paul McCartney's girlfriend, Jane Asher there one Saturday morning. It was a hot day and I remember her wearing what I thought was a very cool-looking cotton dress made out of Liberty Print. I didn't have the money to buy clothes at that time but even so I was curious to know more about the latest fashions. I asked her who the designer was. "Foale and Tuffin," she said. We didn't have very much more to say to each other after that. She seemed quiet and slightly withdrawn and I was just Pattie's younger sister. The name Foale and Tuffin stood out to me as I remembered seeing a photograph of my sister in a

magazine wearing a very stylish raincoat made by the same designers.

The first thing I noticed when Pattie introduced me to Cathy McGowan was that she was wearing the same dress. Cathy McGowan was a young woman who hosted the popular *Ready Steady Go* television show where all the latest groups of that time played live in front of a room full of dancing teenagers. She had long brown hair with a fringe that hid most of her eyes. We'd been invited to the television show one Friday afternoon and chatted to her backstage while she put on her make-up alongside her friend Sandie Shaw, whose song *Always Something There To Remind Me* had recently become a hit. The dressing room was filled with excitement, the smell of powder, lively chatter, and bright lights. Singer, Dusty Springfield, sat with us. Her make-up glistened and sparkled, looking as though it could be scraped off with a knife.

Once the show started, I went out to where the audience was waiting, my 'Dancer' badge pinned to my dress, and danced with about twenty-five other teenagers, our heads bobbing up and down in time to the music. Television cameras were wheeled across the floor, missing us by inches, while each singer or group performed under the bright lights. At the end of the show Cathy told me I could come again any time, and so after school I would make my way to the loo in Notting Hill Gate tube station, change out of anything resembling a school uniform, and then catch the Central Line to Holborn wearing my trendiest clothes. I was in heaven! It didn't matter to me whether we were being televised or not, being able to watch my favorite

performers and dance to their music was quite enough on its own. Over the weeks, I was to see Eric Burdon and the Animals, The Zombies, Dave Clark Five, Peter and Gordon, Dusty Springfield, and many others.

There were positive and negative implications to having a Beatle as my sister's boyfriend. Each time I left the *Ready Steady Go* studio, I came across a large group of young girls outside the door. They would wait for hours, in hopes of catching someone, no matter who, that knew The Beatles. Waving their books, they would crowd round me, calling my name, and asking for an autograph. Signing autographs for fans was the positive part of being associated with The Beatles, but then there were those who harassed me because they hated them, like some of the girls at my school. Dale and I came across a group of Mods walking along the pavement towards us in their signature style clothing, leather coats and shortly cropped hair, with cigarette smoke billowing out of their nostrils. As they came closer, one of them gave me a strong push with her leather-clad arm and shoved me into the road as they shouted in unison, "Beatle Lover," followed by peals of laughter. "Sister's got a new boyfriend." This sort of behavior had become part of my world, although usually not as violently. Other girls at school had whispered and pointed in my direction.

The Mods were a sub-culture that focused on music and fashion. Unlike their rivals, the Rockers, the Mods dressed in smart tailor-made suits and listened to rhythm and blues. They liked groups such as The Who, The Small Faces, and The Kinks. What they didn't like were The Beatles.

Around this time, Pattie and George moved to a bungalow in Esher, not far out of London. One evening after supper, while the three of us were sitting around a little table in the kitchen, George introduced me to a few puffs of a joint. It was early days of pot smoking for us, and that night was innocent and giggly. While we sat there chatting, I was aware of them looking at me, waiting for a reaction but I didn't feel anything. Then George reached over and picked up a wooden cat or cow that sat on the red-tiled windowsill and held it in front of me, bouncing it up and down and speaking in a funny voice trying to make me laugh.

I must have been a slow starter as far as feeling the effects of pot, but that was to change pretty soon. For me, the consequence of smoking pot became far more heady, my brain would go into overdrive as one thought after another scrambled for attention, desperately seeking the meaning of life. Even though I didn't get high with them that evening, I loved being with Pattie and George, they were so gentle, so generous and kind, but most of all they were my first steadying influence in what had been a disruptive upbringing.

I still lived at home but without any thought of what I wanted to be as I continued my day-to-day treks to school. The idea of going to college was never discussed, the closest thing to any conversation regarding my future was my mother suggesting I learn to type, the thought of which I dismissed straight away. I wanted to do something that inspired me like my English class, but I didn't know what that could be.

The Cheynes had disbanded and Roger and Mick both, independently, looked for house painting jobs while waiting for a new group to join. Instead of his smart mohair suit, Roger now sauntered around Notting Hill with work clothes, showing off his new trade with specks of colored paint all over his face and in his black wiry hair.

It wasn't until many years after my relationship with Roger that I came to the realization that each relationship can be a gift. Often at the time it might not feel like that, but there is something to be learned, some outcome, either physical or emotional, that comes of this meeting. And so, it was that Roger played a crucial part in me securing my first job, my introduction to the world of modeling and ultimately everything that represented the swinging sixties.

He got the job of redecorating Foale and Tuffin's new showroom in Carnaby Street and while he was there, they told him that they were looking for a house model. He suggested me. It had never occurred to me to become a model, but as arranged, I went with him a few days later to meet Sally Tuffin and Marion Foale. I was still very shy and had never been to any kind of interview before but made my way along Carnaby Street and into their showroom.

In the middle of the room stood two young pattern cutters bending over a large table. They looked up and smiled as I walked towards the sofa. Marion and Sally were in their mid-twenties, both with Vidal Sassoon haircuts; and both very friendly. As soon as we sat down they said, "You would definitely be a size six, and we've never made anything so small." I answered questions about my availability and about myself, feeling horribly self-conscious

each time I looked at Roger, sitting on a chair opposite me, rolling his eyes at my every word. Later, he made fun of the way I'd conducted the interview, told me that I didn't speak loud enough or had given confusing answers. And so I didn't think for a minute I had the job, and made my way back to school ready to continue my education with the thought of one day becoming a journalist.

Those plans came to an abrupt halt the following evening when Marion Foale called to offer me the job. She told me I would be expected to model their latest designs in their showroom for the fashion editors from *Vogue*, *Harper's Bazaar*, *Queen*, *Elle*, and other glossy magazines. I would also be expected to help in the office when they didn't need me to model and to serve customers in the boutique they were soon to open. I would be paid £5 a week after tax. I was thrilled! Without a moment's hesitation, I took the job. I left school at the end of the week without even discussing this new turn of events with my mother. She was too busy looking after my unruly younger sister and my two brothers to take any notice of what I did. The following Monday, I caught the train to Carnaby Street and arrived at the Foale and Tuffin office at 9am ready to see where this might lead.

I had never heard of Carnaby Street up until that time, and nor had many others, except for the fashion-conscious Mods who swarmed around the flamboyant, brightly colored but affordable clothes inside a men's boutique called John Stephen or another newly opened clothes shop, Lord John. Carnaby Street was just starting to come alive and into its own; its run-down buildings and cheap rents soon to give way to trendy shops and bars. There was no

**Appearing at the Whitstable Literary Festival with Andy Miller, May 2014**



My dad's membership card for The Guinea Pig Club



**Jock Boyd, my father, Nairobi, 1954**



**Book signing after giving my talk in 2018 (photo courtesy of The Beatles Story, Liverpool)**

