



Sedgley's Diamond 60

*Sixty years, sixty people,
sixty stories about village life
since 1952.*

1964

The day I met Mick Jagger

by Martin Jones

In 1964 when I was 10, my family was in the process of moving from Bishop's Stortford in Hertfordshire to Solihull in the West Midlands. One day in March we all went up to look at what was to become our new home in Ferndown Road, Solihull. To do so we had a long motorway trip up the M1. We broke the trip at a motorway service area and made our way to the cafe.

We had just tucked into eggs, beans and chips when in walked a group of long haired, scruffy-looking lads – it was the Rolling Stones. Being ‘squares’, my mum and dad didn’t realise with whom we were sharing the dining area, but my brother and I certainly did and we let them know who our famous co-patrons were! At the time they were in the top ten with hits like ‘I Wanna Be Your Man’ and ‘Not Fade Away’.

The group was attracting a few outraged looks and adverse comments from various people in the cafeteria. “Disgraceful... idle layabouts...country going to the dogs!” blustered an ex-colonel type at the next table in a more-than-audible stage whisper. Bolstered by his new-found knowledge of their identity, my dad (a solicitor) leaned over and replied loudly: “I believe those are the Rolling Stones. They earn a lot more than I do, and probably more than you do too!”

My brother urged me to get their autographs but I didn’t want to approach them as a group. I waited till my hero Mick went off to the loo, then went up to him as he was returning. He was charming and happy to sign my little book of autographs.

He wrote: “**To Martin: your dad's cool. Best –
Mick Jagger, March 1964.**”



The Rolling Stones in 1964