

We wanted to get to the bottom of this so we contacted one of the original band's members, Sir Paul McCartney to ask for his Help.

His secretary, Mrs Eleanor Rigby was at first a bit dismissive about granting an interview. "You'll have to come yesterday." She said. "He's a

always come together."

I asked Eleanor if we could visit Paul at his home in Norwegian Wood in the UK.

"No, that won't be possible," she said, "But if you drop by the recording studio in Penny Lane, I'll try to get you an audience."

"It won't be long. All I've got to do is call him."

That was certainly music to our ears.

"Thank you girl", I said. "I should have known better. I wanna hold your hand."

And with that we parted s w e e t company, and me and the team went out for a night on the sauce.

Next day, we met up with Sir Paul at his studio.

We first asked Paul whether he p r e f e r r e d

merengue or bachata? "I've not got much of a sweet-tooth," he confessed, "More of a fish and chips guy."

We then asked Paul if it was likely that the Beatles would reform and tour again.

"Unlikely," he said. "There's only me left."

"What about Ringo?" we asked.

"Of course, that's what I said, me and Ringo."

We probed a bit deeper.

"So, Macca - did you and Bee Gees ever build a submarine - a yellow one?"

"I'd prefer it if you just called me Paul," he said.

"Ok, Macca, back in the old days, did you consider yourself a bit of a rolling stone?"

"Not really," he answered,

"Me and the other guys, Sergeant Pepper, Rocky

Racoon, Bungalow Bill and the fool on the hill all used to dig Sexy Sadie. But then that lovely Rita came along and left Lucy in the sky with no money, just some diamonds.

"Obviously, it's getting better, but I still felt like we were fixing a hole.

But hey, it's only love, and I'm a loser. I like rock and roll music, every little thing, and I don't want to spoil the party.

"And the submarine?" I interjected.

"Yes, I'm getting to that", he replied. "The night before Dizzy Miss Lizzy, another girl and Michelle all met up with Doctor Robert, the taxman.

She said, she said something that I'll always remember to this day.

'Everybody's got something to hide except me and my monkey'

"And to this day, I'm not really sure what she was trying to tell me."

"O k Macca, can you tell us about the sub?" we pressured.

"D o n ' t bother me. I see what you're doing. Everybody's trying to be my baby. Act naturally, tell

me what you see. You like me too much. Good night"

And with that the security guard pushed us out the door.

With our brief trip to the UK having been less than fruitful, we decided to fly over to Kansas in our private jet to chat with the other remaining Beatles member, Ringo Starr.

"Ringo, did you or any of the other guys ever have a real yellow submarine?" we asked.

"Man, it was a long time ago." He told us. "We did a lot of stuff that I don't remember. It's quite possible."

"Can you recall what was your inspiration for the Yellow Submarine?"

"Ah, difficult to remember

exactly what we were on - it was certainly good stuff."

"I do remember though, in the town where I was born lived a man who sailed to sea."

"Ah ok, did he help you build a submarine?"

"I also remember he told us of his life in the land of submarines."

"I see, and how did you guys get involved?"

"They were crazy days. The one time we sailed up to the sun till we found a sea of green

"You catchin' my drift?"

"Er, I think so," we said, getting increasingly confused.

"And we lived beneath the waves, in a manner of speaking, in our yellow submarine."

"So you did have a submarine?" we confirmed.

"But now, hey, we live a life of ease, and I can even say that everyone of us is all we need.

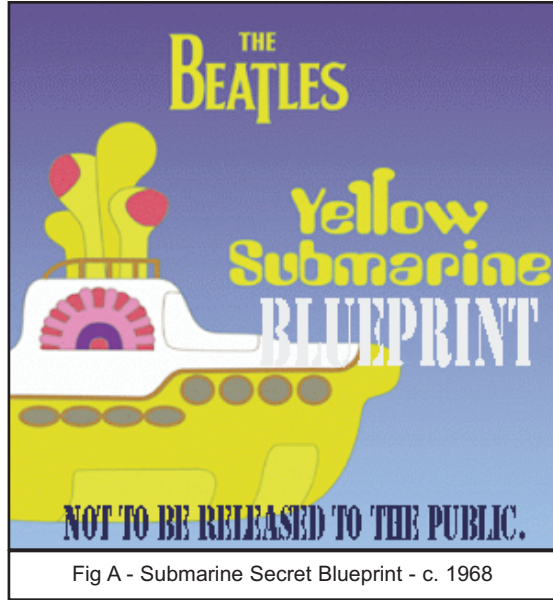


Fig A - Submarine Secret Blueprint - c. 1968

real nowhere man these days. He's out on a magical mystery tour today, and tomorrow he's fixing the helter-skelter"

It sounded like we were going to have a hard day's night.

We asked if we could have a ticket to ride?

"No, I'm only sleeping, but you can drive my car", she proffered helpfully.

We thought a bit of flirting might ease the situation. "Got to get you into my life," I said.

When I'm sixty-four," she replied, which I assumed was a dismissal. "Are you Mother Nature's son, or are you a blackbird. "

"I am the walrus", I answered, not so truthfully. I wondered if all Brits were this strange. "Tell me why?"

"Look, it's not 1966,"she said. "In my life, things don't



Fig B - Submarine Prototype - c.1969

I mean man, look out the window, Sky of blue, and look out that window - sea of green

Back then, it was like we all lived in a mellow tub of cream."

At this point we could see where the interview was going. "Ah, thanks for that Ringo - deep thoughts. Can you sign this for my sister?"

(Editor's note: You can bid for the signed copy of "Yellow Submarine on Ebay, auction number 1526245.)

We thought we'd give Yoko Ono a quick call, as maybe it was a project that John was involved in.

Unfortunately, we realised that the July deadline for the next issue of the Gringo Times

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