

Mark McDermott : a very brief resume

It's hard to believe that once upon a time a young Master McDermott was sitting at his mother's knee (just the one) bashing her pots and pans with an old pair of knitting needles. His long-suffering mother hoped and dreamed that one day the cacophony of crashes, bangs and primal animal rhythms filling her front parlour and emanating from her very own "boy wonder" would eventually be tamed, nurtured and paradiddled to perfection within the ranks of a sympathetic and finely tuned group of encouraging musicians who had a pure altruistic interest in the development of this raw talent.

Sadly, her dreams were unfounded and her young Mark now happily bashes his Chad Valley Ringo Starr Drum kit enthusiastically and mostly in time with the popular beat combo known as Roosters.

Mrs McDermott (senior) recently put the aforementioned knitting needles and saucepans up for auction on ebay but they unfortunately had to be withdrawn as they failed to reach the reserve price of £1.99.