

A name for herself

Paul's little sister wants to make it big

By Will Hoover
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"Ever since I was a baby, way back in Liverpool, I wanted to be famous, and I hated going to school; I sang into the mirror, and my mixer was made of wood; I knew I'd make it someday, just as soon as I could."

— "I Want to Be Famous,"
by Ruth McCartney

RUTH McCartney finally got Famous. Famous Music, that is. Last month the music publishing company, owned by Paramount, paid McCartney \$10,000 to sign. Plans are in the works for demos to be made of her songs; videos to be made of her singing. There's talk of record deals . . . six-figure advances . . . world tours . . . movies . . . Now, if the professional truck driver can just convince an audience it really wants to see her.

"I wrote my first song at 12, and I got my first check last month — it's taken me that long," says McCartney, 28, sitting in the Waikiki sunshine yesterday with her mother, Angie McCartney. "I have over 100 songs, and I'm writing all the time. Obviously, I feel



The Honolulu Advertiser
Thursday, May 25, 1983



UPI file photo

Above, rock superstar Paul McCartney. Left, Paul's stepsister Ruth McCartney is also trying to hit the big time in the music business and beyond. "There's no possible way it won't happen," she says.

Advertiser photo by David Yamada

success is closer every day. If you didn't, you wouldn't get out of bed. You'd give up, and go drive a truck."

One person McCartney definitely can't get an audience with is her own brother, Paul McCartney. "I'm not mad at him," says the adopted stepsister of the megabucks superstar and former Beatle who's possibly the most successful songwriter ever. "Not at all. I'd lend him a fiver. I just think we could have a severe amount of fun sitting at a piano writing together. 'McCartney and McCartney' would be a great thing to see on a label."

THERE was a time when McCartney and McCartney did

sit at the piano together. It was at the height of Beatlemania in 1964, shortly after four Liverpool mop-tops became the biggest rock 'n' roll influence of the age. Ruth was 4 when Angie married Paul's dad, Jim, and the family lived like millionaires. They were millionaires, in fact — thanks to Paul's generosity.

"I learned lots from Paul," says Ruth McCartney, recalling the good ol' days. "I watched him write songs all the time. Sometimes on the piano, sometimes on the guitar. He'd whistle. He'd get this idea and he'd start whistling over and over and over. It'd drive you nuts!"

For five years Ruth's life was a fairy tale. Huge home with all the trimmings. Famous folk like Mick Jagger or Rod Stewart popping in at all hours. Glory at grade school as her classmates gleefully cherished chunks of Paul's chewing gum which little sis handed out in the hallway.

THE fantasy began to unravel in 1969, when Paul instituted a belt-tightening policy, and Jim and Angie moved into a small bungalow. The family made do with an \$18,000-a-year allowance. When Jim died of cancer in 1976, the moolah spigot was shut off com-

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Another musical McCartney

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pletely. By 1981, Angie was bankrupt. Also by then, Paul had washed his hands of his stepmom and stepsister by saying, "I could write you a check, but it wouldn't solve your basic problem," Ruth says.

Today, Paul won't return their phone calls; doesn't answer their letters.

"In fairness to him," says Angie, "I remember what his mail was like when it came to me. There was just snaks of it."

Angie, who now lives in Hollywood with her daughter, also believes Paul forced his kid sister to stand on her own feet.

WHICH, apparently, sis has done. As a free-lance truck driver and member of the National Association of Broadcast and Electronic Technicians, Ruth McCartney says she earned about \$50,000 last year. She says she'll be making that much squared as soon as her musician career blasts into orbit. "There's no possible way it won't happen."

After that, it's just a small leap to the stage . . . and then the giant screen . . .

And, "who wants to be a pop star forever, anyway?" Really.

AS for Paul, Ruth doesn't want to hold his hand. A casual conversation once in a while might be pleasant. She loves him after all. "Life's pretty exciting," says the R&B jazz singer, laughing. "I don't take myself too seriously. I even got a fan letter from a guy in Statesville, N.C. My first fan letter! I called him on the phone! It was a wonderful feeling!"

She feels good — in a special way. Seems so glad that it's a sunny day.