



Alan Price and Eric Burdon—onstage together for the first time in four years

Animals' old blues magic — their final farewell

I'M NOT ashamed to report that the scene brought a lump to my throat and tears to my eyes! It was as if the well-thumbed pages of the pop history book had suddenly come to life.

There onstage together for the first time in nearly four years were Eric, Alan, Chas, Hilton and Johnny, the five members of the original Animals from the days of "House Of The Rising Sun."

It seemed as though nothing had changed, Eric in great voice and as wild as ever. Chas, tall and chunky. And Alan, ever serious, hunched, eyes closed, over the organ.

And as they sang and played his like "I'm Crying," "Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood" and "Sun," the memories of the old days and the good times came flooding back.

The reunion was—in Alan's words—the "final farewell." He was probably the only person who could have gathered the gang together and persuaded them to play and sing together again.

Backstage at Newcastle—the group's hometown and birthplace—Johnny Steele, now a store assistant and part-time dance band drummer, told me:

"I'm nervous. I really am. I've kept my hand in playing—but it's strange being with the boys again."

In the dressing-room, Alan, always the organiser and businessman, sat immaculate in with-it evening dress, scribbling the words of the songs.

"I hope Eric remembers

the numbers. This will help him if he forgets."

Enter Chas. "I haven't touched a bass since I left," he admitted. "I'm not even sure if I can still play."

And sitting smiling in the corner, genial Hilton, glowing with the enthusiasm of the occasion.

Then suddenly someone asked: "Where's Eric?" A minor flap as it looked like the night might flop.

But he didn't let them down. Seconds before the Animals were due on, burly Mr Burdon came rushing in.

Outside the audience sat in quiet, hushed anticipation. Onstage Emperor Rosko did the big build-up. Then it was all happening. On they trooped. To give the performance of their career.

You could feel the wave of nostalgia sweep the air as Eric clutched the mike and threw himself into "I'm Crying." That old blues magic was still there.

Then the precise Mr Price left his place to join Eric and quiet through "Rising Sun." The haunting strains brought a chill to the spine.

Yes, Those were the days, indeed!



ROGER DAY: Another Caroline stalwart and one-time rival to Tony Blackburn around breakfast time. Managed a short stint with Radio Luxembourg at ludicrously late hour, and now hopes to survive on disco-teque appearances until the BBC say "yes."



CARL MITCHELL: Caroline man known as the "Weird Beard"—and you can see why. Apart from extraordinary tale of taking London double-decker buses to Holland as mobile boutiques and discoteques, and occasional frantic phone calls to Roger Day, little comes to light. Apparently working in Dutch clubs.



DOUG KERR: Another Caroline original who paved the commercial way back in 1964. Canadian by birth and much-admired during his stay on the boat. When fired, he unsuccessfully tried to become a protection officer. Subsequently sailed to New York where he now works in a steel factory. According to many of his Caroline colleagues, Doug was considered one of the best broadcasters of his time.



DUNCAN JOHNSON: At one time the most recognisable voice on pirate radio, and ideal late night DJ. However when he left Big L Radio I gave him short-lived "Midday Spin" spot. Duncan now runs photographic studio with partner Brian Ward, models occasionally, does Radio 1 jingles. The most sadly neglected, talented DJ to come from the pirates.



STEVIE MERIKE: Another Radio Caroline stalwart. After trying his luck in Holland discoteques, returned to Britain and helped vainly with Radio Free London's short broadcasts in August. Periodically phones Disc with news of impending Apple recording contract.



DAVE DENNIS: The original lunch-time man on Big L, the "Double D" lasted nearly 18 months on the "Galaxy" before the lure of his fiancée proved too much. Returned to shore, married and moved to peaceful farm in Ireland. Still listens to Radio 1 and answered Kenny Everett's broadcast call within minutes!



ANDY ARCHER: Another Caroline South man, stranded since the station vanished. During first few months after Caroline's March madness last year, Andy tried unsuccessfully to re-float a station. Among abortive attempts were included a trip to Red Sands Fort (formerly Radio 390) ending with a clever rescue by coastguards. Has since admitted defeat and now works in a Northern discoteque.



GARRY KEMP: Another of Caroline's best DJs, fired with Mike Allen because he didn't toe the line and spoke his mind over the air. Later returned to the sea with Radio 355 under name of Gordon Bennett (Gordon Bennett!) but vanished after only three months on board and has never been seen or heard of since.



JOHNNIE WALKER: Best-known face of all, yet still without the BBC show he richly deserves. Remained faithful to Radio Caroline until its dying day and is now of course responsible for Disc's R-n-B column. Predict 1969 will bring Johnnie either a regular radio or TV show.



MARK ROMAN: Of the "Roman Empire" and Radio London fame. Was among the first to gain a BBC contract at start of Radio 1, and almost first to lose it again! After a violent outburst in Disc against the state of radio in Britain, packed his bags and left for Australia where he now hosts daily show on top-rated 2UE station in Sydney.



TOM LODGE: Best remembered by me for the time he broadcast for 16 hours non-stop while my Caroline sailed from off Frinton round to the Isle of Man. Had a short (very short) stint as compere of late "Radio One-o'clock" show in BBC, but soon returned to his wife's boutique in Gloucester. Earlier this year upped and moved to Canada where, after weeks of hounding, he's now joined a commercial station there.



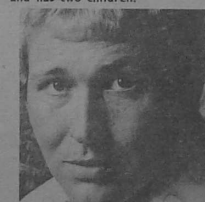
MIKE AHERNE: Caroline North and South and their most successful housewife's DJ, with incredible fan mail. Like Mark Roman (and Graham "Spider" Webb) has moved to Australia where he now has his own morning daily show on Radio 2UE, Sydney.



DON ALLEN: "Daffy Don" and his "big, wide, wonderful world" held record for longest-serving "pirate" ... nearly four years' service. Loyalty unrewarded, and Don now tours North of England with Bud Bullous and Jason Wolfe in discoteque PA's. Still hopeful of a BBC show.



BRYAN VAUGHAN: Radio Caroline original stalwart, and subsequently Radio Scotland and a short spell for Polydor on Luxembourg. Married his number one fan and sweetheart, Jean from Caroline days and moved to Australia a few years ago. Now works as assistant head of exploitation for Philips records in Sydney, and has two children.



MIKE LENNOX: "The Marshall" of Big L, as he was affectionately known, and one of the station's best-loved DJs. Again managed to secure a brief BBC contract when Radio 1 began, but decided to move into films because, "BBC obviously didn't want me any more!" Spent this summer making "Alfred The Great" with David Hemmings, and begins new film with Hemmings' company in the spring.



MIKE ALLEN: Possibly the most serious-minded of all the pirate DJs. First to introduce jazz and blues to Radio Caroline, and only DJ ever to attack pop singles over the air if he didn't like them ... which was often! Fired from Caroline with Gary Kemp, Roger Gail and others in big DJ purge during 1966 and returned to Potters Bar home and family.

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

REMEMBER the golden days of pirate radio? For almost three glorious years Britain was allowed to enjoy the advantages and benefits of free commercial radio. Radio Caroline was the first to begin broadcasting on Good Friday 1964, and last to be silenced on March 2, 1968.

During that time DJ's came and went. Some were lucky and ended up with BBC contracts. Others, and there were dozens of them, vanished, never to be heard again.

Trying to locate them—and Disc readers ask their whereabouts every week—is no easy task. However, here is a selection of former well-known voices and perhaps not-so-well-known faces as DAVID HUGHES presents "Where Are They Now?"

Haul down the flag — pirate radio is DEAD!

by JOHNNIE WALKER
ex-Caroline DJ who
writes regularly in DISC



For 1969 let the truth be told and the facts faced. The era of Radio Caroline and so-called Free Radio is over, finished and done with.

Since that unforgettable third day of March last year there has been more rumour and speculation concerning Free Radio than for any other aspect of popular music today.

That the public's interest and support in Caroline hasn't waned is obvious, most especially to those with profit in mind.

Nothing, but nothing, enrages me more than to see innocent people have their hopes falsely raised.

On the other hand, there are those working with a more genuine goal in mind, but who suffer from a total lack of comprehension as to what amounts of money and organisation are needed in even starting a station, let alone running it.

Radio Caroline did stay on the air for some time after August 15 and was only kept going thanks to the huge interests of a record company.

Never a day went by without my wondering for how long we'd stay, and we were all, listeners and staff, clinging to the vague hope everything would turn out all right.

But reality was around the corner. The losses became too great, and that was that. Let's be thankful for Radios Caroline, London, and others, for proving the point voiced by so many, so often (including an ex-BBC Director-General), namely that a sound broadcasting monopoly is unhealthy and that there is a place for commercial radio.

Let it be remembered that it was the Labour Party that violently opposed the TV Act fourteen years ago, so any hopes of licensed commercial radio being introduced under the present administration can be promptly forgotten.

But commercial radio WILL come, but let's make it clear, when it does it will not be FREE in the true sense of the word.

Part of the cost of every product you buy pays for advertising, which in turn pays for the station. A station which will also be subject to the strictest controls from a government body similar to the ITA and the needle time regulations of the Musicians Union.

The National Commercial Radio Movement is at present lobbying the Shadow PMG with a blue print for commercial radio, which will help the cause—irresponsible people running round the country with a van load of transmitters (breaking laws offshore never did) definitely won't.

As a postscript may I thank Patrick Heeley of the Free Radio Association (Disc Pop Post, December 28) for his good wishes, but add my own hopes for the New Year. That: 1) we own up that Caroline isn't coming back; 2) we accept the BBC is all there is—listen and make the best of it; 3) Douglas Muggieridge can effect complete separation of Radios One and Two, and 4) the DJ's who gave up so much are not expected to carry on waving the redundant, worn out pirate flag any longer, and that instead they may receive good wishes and support from their fans to help them get on in the job they love best, so enabling them to face 1969 without worrying where the next penny's coming from—even if it does mean them joining the BBC!

1968 was the year of the fashionable dither. Flowers faded, beads were discarded, hemlines didn't know which way to turn. So we dabbled in Regency, the roaring 20's, the Wild West, the transparent and ended up in a bewildered muddle.

So what for 1969? 1967 was the year of flowers, 1968 the year of nothing, so perhaps 1969 will establish a new and definite fashion pattern.

By predictions so far, it won't. I spoke to various people who should know about fashion and these are the ideas they came up with.

John Stephen, Carnaby Street giant, often patronised by Bee Gees, Marbles and other stars: "At the moment I see the continuing look of sober, subdued type suits that are well tailored, but with all the attention on accessories. That is shirts and matching ties, or matching ties and handkerchiefs.

"1969 will be the year of the neck scarf, and the polo necked shirt will be relegated considerably, they're too warm around the neck at discotheques. Velvet in slacks will continue to grow, although it's not the most practical material because it marks easily and knees."

Jackets

1968 was the year when John Stephen opened his tartan shop in Carnaby Street, and he still has hopes that his tartan slacks will continue to sell well although they are not seen about much on the British scene but more on American tourists.

In his shops he has been through nearly every fabric for suits, but predicts that 1968 has seen the end of brightly-patterned suits and slacks.

John Dacie of John Crittle—"Your Friendly Tailor And Outfitter"—in the Kings Road, Chelsea, who clothes the Beatles, Rolling Stones and numerous other stars, says:

"The jacket is going to come into its own. It will be quite long, and of material which will enable people to wear it both outdoors and indoors, like frock coats used to be.

"The look will definitely be smarter, and the jacket look will persist through spring and summer, with ties—knitted but wider—or matching shirt and tie. For casual look mandarin shirts will be in with two buttons on the side of the collar.

"Colours will be grassy green and sun yellow for these.

"Velvet will go out, but not yet, and hand-woven textured cloths will come in. The waistcoat phase for both sexes will continue, but waistcoats will be longer and towards the end of the year men will be wearing them with jodhpurs and high boots.

Hats

"Hats will be popular and be big felt ones, or of matching material to jacket and trousers. Jump suits (all in one with a big zip) will also be popular, but more interesting than they have been at the end of 1968, with perhaps a zip on the side and a belt. So people will have to remain beautifully thin.

"Prices should stay about the same, and we'll try to keep them down. The jump suits will be cheaper than ordinary suits, and the long jackets which also combine as overcoats will of

Death to micro-skirts this year

CAROLINE BOUCHER
on the
'69 fashion beat



● HERMAN and wife Mirielle: "I want to see skirts longer," he says.

course make things more economical."

Herman of Hermits fame, who always stands out as well dressed, has strong ideas for 1969 fashions.

"I think it's the end of all that jingle bells, and I'm always hoping that suits will come back with sweaters rather than shirts. I think flowered ties are finished.

"The look will be smarter, with longer jackets which are more waistied, this is what I'll be wearing anyway. I hope it's the end of those big cowboy boots that Eric Burdon wears too.

"For girls, I would like to see skirts a bit longer, I'm fed up with seeing the tops of stockings especially on old ladies and fat girls."

For predictions for girls I spoke to Mary Quant, designer and owner of the "Bazaar" shops, who set the whole scene off in the early 1960s:

"All fashion rules seem to have gone. Now you can wear shiny fabrics and floor-length skirts by day instead of just in the evening. 1969 will be another year of crêpe being a popular material, cut on the bias and knitted clinging materials to show the shape.

"The waist will be on show, and dresses will be feminine not geometric, and often worn with matching flared trousers, which is coming in at the moment."

"The hemline? Anything can go."

Julie Driscoll has set her own creed in fashions during 1968, following no rules or trends, but rather setting them:

"I don't predict anything for 1969—perhaps everyone's going to walk round nude in the summer, that would be nice! I haven't a clue what everyone will be wearing, we'll just have to wait and see. I can't possibly say what I'll be wearing in 1969 as it just happens when we see something."

"Oh yes, but my hair's going to stay as it is. If I decide to change it I'll get a wig. But I've never had such easy hair to manage before, none of that old bother. I recommend it."

Hair

Further hair ideas for 1969 came from Leslie Cavendish, whose salon is under John Crittle's tailoring shop in London's Kings Road.

Leslie does the hair of the Beatles, Bee Gees, Dave Clark Five and other stars—both men and women:

"Hair will be off the face for men. No fringes—I think people have got fed up with wearing hair on their foreheads. It will still be long at the back but layered, and side partings may be coming back. I've been wearing my hair off my face for the last three days and it looks diabolical, but there you go.

"For women hair will be more sophisticated, but none of that rubbish with chignons—very natural looking and loose rather than set. Permed hair is finished—please no more permed hair for 1969, because it ruins the hair.

"Wigs are played out. Top knots and half wigs maybe, they're much more suitable and cheaper."

So there you are. 1969 seems to be a year of "take your pick."

We've stampeded herdlike in the wake of so many fashion trends in the past few years, it would be nice to ignore them all this year and just experiment.

Barry Gibb robbed of £8,000

BEE GEE Barry Gibb and his girl friend Linda Gray were robbed of £8,000 worth of jewellery while they slept in their rooms at a hotel in Sydney, Australia, on Monday night.

Thieves entered their rooms in the Sheraton Hilton Hotel and among other items stolen was a £2,000 diamond-studded watch bought by Barry in Los Angeles en route to Australia where he and Linda are spending their Christmas holidays. "Everything went," said Barry, "even the hotel Bible by the side of my bed!"

He and Linda fly back on January 19 and the Bee Gees record a Tom Jones TV spectacular between January 20-22. They then promote their next album—"Odessa"—which is released at the start of February.

"Odessa" is described as an eight-minute pop symphony. "Web All Nations" is intended as an anthem for the United Nations, and "Lamplight" was strongly considered as their next single. All the compositions are by the Gibb brothers.

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