

THESE ARE THE TOPS OF THE "TOP 100 ALBUMS".
 (By Courtesy of 'Wavelength')

| No. | TITLE | ARTIST | LABEL | POINTS |
|-----|----------------------------|---------------------|----------------------|--------|
| 1 | The dark side of the Moon | Pink Floyd | Harvest SHVL 804 | 3980 |
| 2 | Wish you were here | Pink Floyd | Harvest SHVL 814 | 2313 |
| 3 | Sgt Pepper's Lonely Heart | Beatles | EMI | 2237 |
| 4 | Tubular Bells | Mike Oldfield | Virgin V 2001 | 2054 |
| 5 | Fireball | Deep Purple | Purple | 2018 |
| 6 | Volume 4 | Led Zeppelin | Atlantic K | 1902 |
| 7 | Physical Graffiti | Led Zeppelin | A&M AMLM 63703 | 1891 |
| 8 | Frampton Comes Alive | Peter Frampton | A&M AMLM 63703 | 1891 |
| 9 | A trick of the tail | Genesis | A&M AMLM 63703 | 1737 |
| 10 | Goodbye yellow brick road | Elton John | Charisma CDS 4001 | 1673 |
| 11 | Abbey Road | Beatles | DJM | 1589 |
| 12 | Crime of the Century | Supertramp | Apple | 1555 |
| 13 | Everyone is everybody else | Barclay James | A&M | 1540 |
| 14 | Lamb lies down on Broadway | Genesis | Harvest | 1531 |
| 15 | Volume two | Led Zeppelin | Charisma | 1529 |
| 16 | Rainbow rising | Blackmores Rainbow | Atlantic K40037 | 1418 |
| 17 | Layla Asstd Love Songs | Derek & the Dominos | Polydor 2090 137 | 1413 |
| 18 | Quadrophonia | The Who | Polydor | 1406 |
| 19 | The white album | The Who | Track | 1391 |
| 20 | Meddle | Beatles | Parlophone | 1388 |
| 21 | Close to the edge | Pink Floyd | Harvest SHVL 795 | 1384 |
| 22 | Loving Awareness | Yes | Atlantic K50012 | 1383 |
| 23 | A night at the opera | Loving Awareness | More Love ML0001 | 1382 |
| 24 | The song remains the same | Queen | EMI EMTC 103 | 1381 |
| 25 | Band on the run | Led Zeppelin | Swan Song SSK 89402 | 1380 |
| | | Wings | Parlophone PAS 10007 | 1380 |

No 1

Volume 1

1977



Loving Awareness

SANDRA SMITH

Loving awareness is an ideal which can be achieved when one's mind is freed completely from all restrictions, inhibitions and the conditioning imposed upon us from birth. It should be perfectly natural for everyone to love one another, and be friends. Sadly, we have been encouraged to hate.

To break out of D.A. (Defensive Awareness) into LA is difficult as one is surrounded by people conditioned into DA, who are ready to jeer at and criticise every move you make. However, it need not be so hard. Treat everyone you meet as a friend. You'll be surprised how nice other people can be! If more and more people woke up to the fact that they have been brainwashed into thinking DA, then things would soon change, very rapidly.

Thinking LA all the time is not easy. But one interesting thing I have noticed is that there seems to be some sort of a mirror reflecting back the LA, or DA, to the person who projected it in the first place. I have had personal experience of this. So the answer is, don't fight DA with more DA; instead, fight back with LA. If somebody behaves towards you in a D'ish fashion, then give them back LA. If you get a strange reaction, just carry on.....LA will win out in the end..

and every one of us becomes more honest, and thinks less about material gain, and more about the evolution of the human race, perhaps on a more spiritual level (for want of a better word) I do not believe in God in the way it has been presented to us. But I feel there must be creatures of a higher intelligence than our own. Perhaps on another planet, or else invisible to our eyes? If humans are the greatest thing in creation, then there is little hope for the future.

It is important for all of us to free our minds, and that is why the album tracks played on Caroline help far more than the more conventional music to unite us in Love, Peace and Happiness, which could be uniting mankind today if everybody thought L.A. All we are up against is the barrier in our own minds....put there by years of conditioning. So, let's break it down.....NOW!

COVER DESIGN by CARLOS COLL

Deposito Legal. GE.5. 1977. Tirada: 2.000 - Ejemplares.

Insta-Copy. Figueras. (Gerona)



Rock-ward

Alan Seaman
19 Meath Rise
Fakenham
Norfolk

ACROSS

DOWN

1. Manfred Mann's loud silence (7)
2. John Miles' cockney L.P.? (5)
3. See 1 Down
4. - Good Boy Deserves Favour is a Moody Blues LP. (5)
5. Initials of 'Face The Music' group (1,1)
6. Paice or Gillan (3)
7. Queen's heart attack (5)
8. Led Zeppelin guitarist (4)
9. Pink Floyd's bass guitarist (6)
10. 'Cracked -' is on Aladdin Kane (5)
11. Kevin is a singer/songwriter (5)
12. Collect £200 when you pass the latest Steve Yamagata L.P. (2)
13. Miss Kristina of Curved Air (5)
14. - For The Sky, a Sutherland Brothers & Quiver L.P. (5)
1. S.A. Steeleye Span's latest L.P. (6,7)
2. What for whose sake? (3,3,4)
3. John Lennon L.P. (7)
4. Group named after a keyboard player (10)
5. Andy Mackay plays this instrument (4)
6. Sticky substance in James Harvey's first name (4)
7. Keyboard player (7)
8. - Vibration, a Bob Marley L.P. (8)
9. Group formed by Tony Kaye, ex-Yes. (6)
10. Christian name of 'Streets of London' man. (5)

CROSSWORD SOLUTION
ACROSS: 1 Roaring, 7 Rebel, 8 Cottage, 9 Every, 10 Eio, 11 Ian, 12 Sheer, 15 Page, 17 Waters, 18 Actor, 20 Ayers, 21 Go, 23 Sonja, 24 Reach.
DOWN: 1 O W N, 2 Rocket, 3 Imagine, 4 Greenstade, 5 Oboe, 6 Clay, 13 Emerson, 14 Rastaman, 16 Badger, 19 Ralph, 22 Ra.

IN SUPPORT OF PEACE

FRINTO CONWAY

Most people have heard of the Northern Ireland Women's Peace Organisation. What many people may not realise is that it is not exclusively for people of Northern Ireland, nor for women only. The concepts and ideals behind the movement are held by peace-loving men and women all over the world. The efforts by the women of Ireland to re-establish peace, love and understanding in these islands deserves the support of everybody. This Peace Movement in Northern Island is totally non-political and it's scope unlimited. By supporting the movement you are not merely giving your support to an organisation. but to an age-old struggle; the struggle by peace-loving human beings everywhere to have the right to live in harmony with their fellow human beings. Be a peacemaker. Mankind needs YOUR support.

POEM WITHOUT A TITLE.

Lemmings
Rush over cliffs.
Man,
Goes to war.

Lemmings,
Need protection.
Man,
Needs L.A.

STAN CLARK'

OFFSHORES ECHOES

Readers who would like to receive a magazine printed almost exclusively in French, that gives news about all the Offshores stations, can obtain information about Subscriptions from: Magazine de FRC France, 37, Rue Georges Carel, F.76450. CANY. France.

CENSORSHIP

Throughout history, men have practiced silencing the voices of other men whose opinions were in conflict with theirs. But in the 20th Century it has become widely acknowledged that the suppression of news and opinions is a crime against the individual. Caroline Newsletter strenuously and sincerely strives to issue information and fair comment that cannot be interpreted as advertising.

If it fails it will either be because of human error, or because the interpretation of tire Law is infringing liberty of thought.

CAROLINE

NEWSLETTER

TBP. Apartado 321, R O S A S , (Gerona) Spain

Number One Volume One 1977
(Private Subscription Only)

In Britain in 1963 there was a vast underprivileged population. These people were the young in heart and years. They were the citizens of the future; idealistic, emotionally sensitive and deeply involved in music and their own maturing ideas. This was also the era of domination by the Squares, when the young were seen but not heard, and turned out of home if their hair grew long. This large and sensitive population had no voice and was deprived of the means to express itself by an inflexible Square society that was not even aware youth existed.

And then, on the 28th March 1964, Radio Caroline made its first broadcast and the immediate nation-wide response of the young in heart to Radio Caroline sparked off a social revolution. The Squares who had persistently-, declared they could find no evidence of a demand for local radio were confounded by eight million people illegally listening-into Radio Caroline. Until then, listeners had had only the B.B.C. Light Program with Family Favourites, Sam Costa, Alan Freeman and Music while you work. Now, millions of listeners rejoiced. Overnight, politicians became uncomfortably aware that the potential votes of the young could dominate future elections, and business men rejoiced in the discovery of a new vast source of untapped revenue. Youth had been discovered and its opinions now became respected. The with it clothiers eagerly followed new trends and founded a Mod-gear Empire while the unimaginative tailors sadly contemplated rails of unsold, sober suits. The sales of records increased from a trickle to a torrent as Radio Caroline blazed a trail, proving what it has always maintained, that a vast audience had been deprived of the music it longed to hear. The Albert Hall, hallowed by tradition, recognised the young in heart and resounded with Pop and the sighs and cries of its audiences. The youthful Beattles leaped into world-wide fame, television rev-

olutionised its programs to cater for the newly discovered audience and in all walks of life the fresh and imaginative ideas of the young in heart brought about sweep (and often bizarre) changes in fashions, clothes, architecture, jewellery, art and social relationships.

For twelve long years Radio Caroline has continued to lead a revolution of the young, despite ceaseless and ever-intensified harassment. It survives only because of the loyal and vigorous support of its listeners, which has never slackened.

These listeners wish to share with Radio Caroline its triumphs and its difficulties. This Newsletter will give listeners news reports about life aboard, about the crew about Disc-Jockeys and about music and musicians.

Caroline Newsletter wants to encourage unity and friendship among its readers the young in heart. This Newsletter therefore will also be about listeners. What are your ideas and your opinions? Your likes and dislikes? Write in about anything and everything.

This Newsletter will be about YOU, reader; as well as about Radio Caroline's history, legal battles and social influence.

GETTING ABOARD

TOM ANDERSON

To be my kind of disc-jockey you have to be part sailor, and part navigator, have an iron constitution and a James Bond temperament.. Like, simply getting aboard!

Due to a series of misfortunes, Mark, Eddy and Steve had been afloat for seven weeks. If they weren't relieved soon they' be scraping barnacles off their hides. So, like commandos setting off on a raid, four of us received our coded orders and set off from widely separated places to rendezvous on B Day (Boarding day). We didn't fire a Verey Light to make contact. Instead, four furtive looking individuals gathered together on the street corner of a foreign port and shiveringly waited for their coordinator to join them. The coordinator arrived with a long face. He had only just learned that the tender had broken down and would be in dry dock for two weeks. B Day was post-phoned and the boarding party went underground while waiting for a new briefing. Hard luck for the boys afloat; their hides were becoming waterlogged as well as barnacled during the eight days the coordinator was scouring harbours for a suitable tender and hag-

Letters

I have been a regular listener to Radio Caroline for many years and I have been struck by one thing. Although it must have received many tempting offers it has never interfered in politics. It has devoted itself to spreading goodwill instead. It has never been accused of being biased, which is more than can be said for the BBC.

T.HINTON, HERTS.

What follows is not an exclamation but an appeal to all openminded muscians everywhere. I feel I am speaking for the vast majority of Cork people. Firstly, the groups who visit Cork are too few and far between. Okay. So it's not practical to play a gig in a small city on the south coast of Ireland. But just because of the money involved why should the many thousands of Irish music lovers do without live music? Some groups come to Dublin and Belfast, but never to Cork, Ireland's second biggest city. Surely, some musicians who are not totally money-conscious can appreciate our need for live music in cities and towns such as Cork. Cork has produced some fine muscians and still is producing them. People like Rory Gallagher Anonymous, Erasmus Floggly and Home Brew. These groups, with the exception of Gallagher, find it difficult, mainly because of their origin, to make it into the scene outside Cork. Yet I'd like to let them know that all of Cork appreciates what they're doing and says Thanks..

MICKEY RAT.. CORK CITY

I don't suppose you'll pant this letter but I'd like to say I think your magazine should be stopped. There are far too many pirate stations disrupting broadcasting and I don't see why they should be publicised. All those who run around saying pirate stations are the best should devote their energy instead to telling legal stations what they want to hear. Legal stations have advertisers who pay them to please their listeners. So tell them how, instead of supporting pirates.

J.RYDER. SUFFOLK..

ECONOMICS

This is the first issue o f NEWSLETTER. It may be the last. It has been produced at a loss. It can only continue if there is a big enough demand for this first issue. If there is not, Newsletter will know it does not interest enough readers to justify its continuation.

TASTES

Newsletter caters for those Young-in-hearts who share a love of goodwill and music.. They of ages from 5 to 105.

Therefore

Therefore, their tastes rare widely varied. Newsletter cannot please all of its readers All the time, nor even some of them All the time. But it certainly intends to please All of them some of the time.

“BUSTER”

‘Buster’ is the nickname of a man who is a mine of information about Offshore Radio. He has promised to supply Newsletter with any last-minute news of great interest. ‘Buster’ was almost the first to know that Tom Anderson eventually got aboard on 10th November, 1976. Taking with him Roger Matthews and Mike Stevens, the two new DJ’s who have already earned the warm friendship of listeners. Mark, Lawrence and Steve Gordon, who had been aboard for some twelve weeks (surely a record) were then able to take their well-earned leave.

PEN PALS

A young Lady who loves motor-bikes, except those of Japanese manufacture, longing to hear from pen-friends. Write to: Denice MOLDON at 38 Balstonia Drive, Stanford-le-Hope, ESSEX.SS17.

Jacki has been trying for a long time to make contact with a member of KRISHNA. She is 16 years of age and lives at 28, Fairfield Rd, Penarth South Glamorgan. S. WALES.

Kenny CHOTTAN who is twenty years of age would like penfriends to contact him at 12, Milburn Road, Gillingham, KENT.

Those who are afloat, aboard Offshore Radio ships, might like to know that a young lady would love to receive letters from them. Her name is Heather COCKETT and she lives at 18, Penshurst Close, Canterbury, KENT.

Dido PHELAN flaunts the law by discriminating about sex. He wants pen-friends but only the fair sex can expect him to reply to letters sent to: I, Elizabeth Way, CAMBRIDGE. Even his address shows his preferences!

Lisa FARRER would like to correspond with ‘interesting’ penfriends. She is 16 and lives at 49, Amberley Close, Bransholme, HULL. HU7. 6BE.

Dave is 26, 5’8” and has shoulder-length hair. He has recently moved into new surroundings, is lonely and would like to write to female pen-friends on the continent and in the U.K.: D.E.P. MOORING 21, Half Acres, Bishop Stortford, HERTS.

Jon FALCHER is 23 and would like to correspond with a girl preferably blonde, who can share his interest in music. His address: 158, Leigh Sinton Road Malvern Link, WORCESTERSHIRE.

Yvonne D. SYKES, who says she is very lonely and would like to correspond with a pen-friend, describes herself as: blue-eyed, 5’8” with long, light-brown hair, ...and cuddly. She is 19 and wants to hear from friends who are as fanatical about Zeppelins as she is..

LEGENDS

&

HISTORY

Billy the Kid, Wyatt Earpe and the Sundance Kid, together with the Colt 45. The covered wagons and the opening up of the Far West, mingled history and legend and created the cult of the ‘Western’. Al Capone, Dutch Schutz, Bonny & Clyde, the Feds, prohibition, bootlegging and tommy-guns, fostered the cult of the G-Men. Is Offshore Radio, with its DJ’s, its legal battles, its raging seas and sandbanks, and its music, all fast-blending into a Cult that will become known as ‘Free radio’? Any comments?

gling with wily skippers who planned to retire on their earnings from just this one trip.

Once again we met at dawn; full of No-breakfast. The co-ordinator led us through secret byeways to the quayside. Waiting around had been costly and by pooling our cash we’d scraped up enough to buy a very small bottle of brandy. The trip out would only take five hours but once aboard we could gorge ourselves. Meantime, we had the stuff that warms to ward off the cold bite of the North sea air.

Our tender turned out to be a fast but disturbingly small cabin cruiser. The owner, who didn’t speak English very well, used it to take his friends for a trip around the harbour at week-ends. He’d succumbed to the temptation of earning enough to completely overhaul and repaint his craft from this one short voyage. He demanded, and was paid cash in advance by the co-ordinator. Then we climbed aboard, mooring ropes were cast off and the coordinator waved a relieved farewell as we churned away from the quayside.

It was the grey, half-light of dawn and the lights of the port slowly dropped away behind us as we headed out to sea. There was no wind and the water was calm. But it was cold! The four of us settled down in the cabin and gratefully took a small nip of brandy. The Skipper, huddled up at the steering wheel in oilskins, took a big one. The bottle was half-empty when he handed it back. The cook, who was newly joining the team, had a pack of cards and partnered me against Roger and Peter, the two new boys who were also going aboard for the first time. We played. When you are mentally resigned to a long journey and not clock-watching, the time passes surprisingly quickly. Roger and Peter were a good partnership but the cook and me had good cards. We had an exciting, dingdong battle at a penny a point. I won fourpence! When I glanced at my watch I saw more than six hours had elapsed and went out on deck expecting to see a friendly, familiar friendly hull on the horizon. I saw the sea and nothing else. There was now a slight mist that reduced visibility to a few miles. The Skipper wasn’t worried. He was steering by compass and had his eyes glued to it. I supposed the trip was taking much longer because our small cruiser was a few knots slower than our usual tender. Another game of cards and an hour passed. And then another. By the time we’d been at sea for eight hours we were all out on deck, straining our eyes for a glimpse of something. There was no doubt now that the Skipper was worried.

Worse. We'd set off without breakfast and were now ravenously hungry. But the Skipper, who'd had his breakfast, hadn't a morsel of food aboard. He'd planned to be almost home by this time. I took a look at his chart and got an uneasy feeling in my empty tummy. He was using a school atlas and steering by dead reckoning, with out knowing the tidal currents nor the water depths. We couldn't take soundings and it was impossible to find our position without a sextant. And, of course, there was no sextant aboard. We steered on for another hour, taking turns at the helm. The mist was bugging us. We needed a sight of land to get our bearings. And then, just when the worried Skipper looked sick enough to jump overboard, the mist cleared and we saw land. I finally recognised a headland and knew roughly where we were. The Skippers dead reckoning was so faulty we'd long ago passed the boys afloat, but at such a distance we hadn't even seen them!

We turned around and headed back. I steered. I'd lost all confidence in our Skipper. We'd long ago thrown away the empty brandy bottle and like us, the Skipper was eager to get aboard where steaming coffee and piping hot food would thaw us out.

But the wind that had dispersed the bugbearing mist became in its turn a bugbear. It was off-shore and blew steadily stronger. The waves grew bigger and the current sucked at us. We sailed crab-like, to stay parallel to the distant coast. Roger looked pale. -- There's a big one coming - he warned. I'd been out this way before. - You you don't call that big, do you? I said without thinking and Roger looked even paler.

It's not the size of waves that is daunting. Our craft rose high on the crest of one wave, hovered, plunged down into its trough where we looked up at the next wave towering above us, and then valiently climbed its face. That's commonplace. Boats are made to float. But the fury of the waves when they're wind-driven is something different. The wind torn wave-crest foams and breaks, creamy surf surging down the face of the wave as the boat tries to climb it. Spray lashes like rain and the broken wave-crest pours over the bows. We endured an hour or more of that before we glimpsed our beloved "pirate". It was dead ahead of us, a couple of miles away and visible when we rose high on a big wave. "That's it," I told the Skipper, who was steering again. "Straight ahead". But now the wind redoubled it's fury. It was a cross wind which made us

We replaced all the turf carefully and the day closed most profitably. My detector has more than paid for itself and I am still hoping to find a hoard some day. You could too! Good luckbut don't make a mess of public parks and commons, or trespass on private land.

LOVE. AND AWARENESS

If nobody laughed and nobody sang.
And nobody cared about you
If nobody spoke a word of cheer
To help your long day through
If all the joy went to the great
And nothing remained for the small
Then surely the world would be upside down
And life hardly worth while at all.

Laurence Davey.

CONTRIBUTIONS

These cannot be paid for. But if Newsletter flourishes, it may be possible to make payment in the future and increase its size and quality.

MY OPINION

Michael Fry

When Radio Caroline first started broadcasting I was nine years old. Now, twelve years later, a lot of water has passed under the bridge. With the advent of Caroline Newsletter, many new possibilities have opened up. However, I have reservations. Is it possible that the spirit of Radio Caroline can be captured by pages of print? Only time will tell. It is up to all of us to make this newsletter something special, so that in another twelve years, people can leaf back and recall some of Radio Caroline's finest hours.

MUSICAL

Popular DJ Brian Richards says he is preparing a One hour a day show which he wants to present to British listeners early in the New Year. He adds that he'll be very pleased to receive ideas, opinions and suggestions from Advertisers, Music publications and listeners. Although at present in the States, he can be reached there by telephone at : 607.273.6031.

NOTES

while we relaxed and ate on deck in the sun, we could look at the unsubmerged crown of the sandbank. It was so close we could have taken a running jump and landed upon it.

Eventually, two tenders arrived bringing back the Captain, crew and D.J.'s, as well as a reserve Captain. Mi Amigo by then was looking as spick and span as it could ever look. The result of our labours! But to our disgust, nobody gave us credit for it, nor a thank-you. They were all too busy helping with the unloading of a spare anchor, and the tow back to our original anchorage. Then, as soon as the Feeder was welded back in position, we were in business again and Caroline was on the air once more after a silence of almost a week.

I hope nobody will condemn us four for feeling chirpy.. But it is a fact that the only British blokes aboard were the four that didn't desert the ship!

GOLD-FEVER IN ESSEX

NIGEL WOODHEAD

(A 14 year old reader writes about another type of radio listening)

If you've been anywhere near the Thames or the beach this year, you may well have seen somebody carrying a gadget similar to a minedetector, and a trowel. In fact they could have been seen most places where people might lose or hide metal objects. These fascinating people belong to the amateur treasure-hunting fraternity. Treasure-hunting, or metal detecting, is a genuine hobby in Britain and the USA where it originated. I started metal detecting three years ago with a cheap 25 pound detector, a pair of headphones and a couple of trowels. I was gripped with the prospect of coins, treasure-trove and...principally... gold. Fanatically I set about searching local footpaths, woods and commons. Finds came slowly at first. The odd penny or rusty nail. Then, as I mastered the technique I began to locate more and more. The books spoke of about 50 coins a day, but I was finding that much in an hour on good days. Old and new coinage, as well as foreign currency appeared like magic from beneath the green fields and muddy tracks around Brentford. I find other things besides coins. Buttons, bullets, badges, jewellery and buckles are commonplace. Unluckily, even more common are tin cans and silver foil. But you can now buy detectors which ignore this rubbish and if your pocket stretches that far they are a good buy. My finds have encouraged several of my friends to buy detectors. In our summer holidays I and two friends decided to search a local common. We went to the pond and due to the heat it was almost dry in the middle. The Council had removed the upper layers of mud to prevent a health hazard to local residents. This was helpful as all heavy metal sinks to the bottom of mud and lie on the gravel. Coins and Victorian, Jewellery lie almost uncovered. Our collecting bags overflowed with finds; half-crowns, farthings, florins, pennies, half-pennies, rings, a watch, .303 bullets, .22 bullets and even a 2lb anti-aircraft shell left over from the war- I alone found almost a 100 coins worth several pounds. Onlookers gaped in envy and surprise. Next we moved on to the common. There we found brooches, buckles, coins and badges and even a Victorian medal.

roll sickeningly. Worse! We were being swept sideways by a very strong current and to keep on course we had to half-steer into the breaking seas. Every fourth wave or so our bows couldn't rise swiftly enough and a breaking wave swept over the deck, sometimes surging over the coaming and into the cockpit. We made painfully slow headway and an hour after we had sighted her, our pirate was still more than a mile away and the wind was as strong as ever! Roger gave me a yell and when I looked in the cabin I saw we'd shipped so much water the floor boards were afloat. I got Roger and Peter taking turns at the hand pump but when the Skipper looked in the cabin he turned grey. That's not the boat we're looking for." he told me shakily. "I'm making for port."

"That's her," I reassured him. "I've lived and worked aboard her. I know her. Steer straight ahead."

"That's not her," he said flatly and when I looked at him his face was desperate, his eyes glazed.

I could see his point of view. He was a fine-weather, week-end sailor and the churning seas between us and our "pirate" made it seem a thousand, perilous miles away. I would have taken the helm myself but he clasped it grimly. "If we're going down, you'll all go down with me," he vowed.

"Hang on a little longer," I pleaded. "Those boys have to be relieved." But he was all out of compassion. He very gingerly eased the craft around until we had the wind and waves behind us, and land ahead. It was down-hill then, our launch bowling along merrily at a fine lick with no rolling and no waves breaking over us. I thought of Mark, Eddie and Steve and considered forcibly taking over the helm. But when I looked at the Skipper I dropped the idea. He was a desperate man if ever I've seen one. His relief that we were heading for port was so immense he'd have gone berserk if I'd tried to make him turn back. Sadly we watched our "pirate" disappear into the gathering dusk behind us.

It took along time to make port. We were cold, wet raenous and exhausted after twenty hours at sea with empty stomachs. But there was no rest for us yet. Our port riding lights had failed and when we nosed up to the quayside a group of officials were waiting to receive us. The only good thing about that was the blazing fire in the interrogation room. We gratefully thawed ourselves out while we explained to our hard-to-convince questioners that our twenty hours at sea had been a mere pleasure

jaunt. At the end of two hours they still didn't believe us. But by then they'd searched our cabin cruiser from stem to stern and not having found a smell of contraband nor any other crime, they turned us out into the icy night. By this time, our Skipper had transformed into an outraged and enraged victim. Almost frothing at the mouth with fury, he expressed his extreme displeasure at burning up twenty hours of fuel, at the peril of his life, on what was to be a short trip; and then suffering two hours cross examination by suspicious Port officials. When I tentatively suggested he should make a cash refund because he hadn't delivered us aboard, as contracted; I thought he'd run amok. He made a great effort, controlled himself and then abruptly strode away into the night.

So there we were, four of us; frozen, ravenous and penniless, and without a roof to our heads. But how we survived is another story.

And poor Mark, Eddy and Steve! Barnacle-encrusted!

But like us, they wouldn't want it any other way. Who wants to be a disc-jockey with a routine, land-based job?

LUCKY WEATHER

VAL STOCK

My first experience of visiting "Mi Amigo" was on the 20th March, 1976. It was a cold, crisp Sunday morning and the sun was peeping through the clouds. As we all assembled on the quayside I began to feel very excited as visiting the ship was something I had wanted to do for a long time. There were about twelve of us on the trip and we set off around 08.00 hours.

The sea was a little choppy but no one seemed to mind that at all. We were all getting into the Loving Awareness vibrations. About midday we had a picnic-lunch provided by the organiser. At about 12.50 someone said they could see our "pirate" on the horizon. It was very hard to explain how I felt then as we drew near to the boat. It was like a dream come true. I couldn't believe it was really happening. On that occasion I saw my favourite D.J. and came close enough to shake his hand. That really made my day!

When I got back on shore I knew that I would be going back again. There's something inside me which makes me want to go back; and I will do so frequently. So I would like to say a very big 'thank you' to the organiser of the trip for making my dream come true. Loving Awareness!

We dozed away an uncomfortable night on the Bridge and as dawn approached the seas began to diminish. Again our tender came close and offered to take us off, in the process colliding with our stern and knocking a great hole into one of the cabins only five feet above the water line. We refused the offer, the tender chugged away and as the sea calmed, we set about cleaning up and drying out. By evening the sea was as calm as a lake and I was taking the Watch alone while the others caught up on their sleep.

It was good to solemnly pace the deck, knowing I was in command and shouldering full responsibility for the ship and everybody aboard. I was in COMMAND! That made me feel like Captain Hornblower, When a light-aircraft flew over and circled around a number of times I almost ordered my gunners to shoot it down. But then I saw a large vessel approaching and I sounded the alarm to bring all hands on deck to rebell boarders.

It was an official ship which anchored a mile away. It put off a small boat and it's crew of four approached us carefully, taking soundings all the time. It's Officer asked us if we needed assistance of any kind and we answered we were okay and thanked them for their courtesy. But we knew that if the ship had been deserted they would have boarded it and claimed it as salvage. Nevertheless, to show L.A. we gave a crewman a bottle of whisky. But the Officer was in radio contact with his ship and told us his Captain forbade them to accept the gift. which was unhappily returned to us by the disgruntled crew. It seemed to us to be an unnecessarily strict enforcement of discipline.

The next few days the four of us were too busy to be bored. We mopped out everywhere, dried out the cabins and the blankets, and made everything shipshape. We couldn't fix the Feeder and resume broadcasting because it was a welding job. But we'd sprung a leak which was flooding the Transmitter room. For some hours we hauled buckets until Peter rigged up a pump. This was kept going night and day. But the hose had no filter and we were continually wading around, cleaning out the paper and muck that choked the hose. A very nasty and messy job, but one which prevented Mi Amigo taking in enough water to burst her seams and sink her. But it wasn't all work. We had the run of the ship and the larder. We fed like kings. The weather was fine and

the ship rolled. Eventually, during my programme, the Feeder from the transmitter to the mast cross-bar was snapped off by the wind and then Caroline too was off the air.

The Skipper became anxious. We were bumping heavily on the sandbank. He ordered everybody to prepare their hand-luggage. Later, when the relief tender from Spain reached us, he took it for granted we would all abandon ship.. In truth, he and the Dutch crew were surprisingly anxious to get away. Perhaps they didn't like the weather, or perhaps they feared being towed into a British port where the handcuffs were waiting. They were astonished when Peter Chicago (Engineer), Mark Lawrence, Tom Anderson and Yours Truly stated we would remain aboard. But nobody hung around to dissuade us. In fact, they disembarked so hastily they left the Dutch cook behind and had to put back for him.

So there we were, the only four Britishers aboard now left in sole command of Mi Amigo. Three DJ's and an engineer! We were either crazy, as the Skipper suggested, or heroes. But we didn't feel brave. We were simply doing our job. If we'd abandoned ship it could have been claimed for salvage and towed away by the coastal authorities. Also, although we didn't know it at the time, without us aboard, the ship would have sunk.

It was then that the generators failed.. Every light aboard went out. That was distinctly off-putting! We gathered up our emergency travel-bags, grasped the life-lines and pulled our way along the deck to the Bridgehouse with the sea surging knee-deep around us. The Bridge is the highest part of the ship and once there, soaked through, we could watch the seas swamping over Mi Amigo's waist until the ship's deck disappeared from sight, making us feel that our Bridgehouse was an island, much too low-down and close to the sea for comfort. The tender was standing off. We could see it's lights. Once during the night it hailed us. Did we want to come off? We said No! A Shore-station radio-ed asking if we were in need of help. Again we answered No. And then Peter pluckily made his way to the generator room, tinkered around and coaxed the lightbulbs to glow dimly. But it seemed to us then that the ship was all lit-up and as bright as a Christmas Tree..

WARNING

On Sunday 10th November, 1976, a group of young people paid a boatman to take them from Brightlingsea on a trip out and around the Radio Caroline ship. This little boat got lost in the fog and at 3 AM on Monday morning a lifeboat set out, found the missing craft and brought it to safety.

It is understandable that readers may enjoy a trip out to a Radio ship. But being only too well aware of the dangers, Radio Caroline advises against it, has never organised a sight-seeing visit, and has never encouraged them. There are too many boatmen who can be financially tempted to put out to sea in craft that are not equipped for the weather conditions they might expect to encounter. They risk the safety of their passengers and, as on this occasion, impose an unfair and additional burden upon the hard working Sea Rescue service. As always, the lifeboatmen responded magnificently when life was in danger at sea. Newsletter applauds them and greatly regrets that this demand on their time and labour should ever have been necessary.

Newsletter insists that groups of readers who are determined to take such trips must safeguard themselves, the Rescue Service and everyone else concerned. They must be satisfied the Skipper is a properly qualified seaman and possesses an up-to-date certificate of sea-worthiness for his craft.

YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED!

MYTIC MUSIC POWER

BENJ " DUNCAN

For ten thousand years music has not greatly moved the hearts of men. It has never played a dominant role in Western Civilization. But, to those who think deeply read widely and listen intently, it is clear that music is now hitting the 'logos' reaching the totality of human experience. The beat in rock'n roll music is all powerful in terms of influence upon human experience. It stimulates fundamental rhythms inherent in the cosmos, and in the human mind. The asymptotic trend towards electronic advancement guarantess future musical patterns of infinite complexity, variety, power and mystic content. Music is becoming one of the straightest paths towards the ultimates in human existence mysticism and the orgasm. Hence music's social power; a power undreamed of by Hitler or sociologists. The chances are high that YOU believe passionately in 'The dark side of the Moon'. yet

do you really know how and why an album grabs you deep down?.

CRIME REPORT

PETE & SANDRA

In 1971 Ronnie Dee and John Shannon started a disco called the "Radio Caroline Roadshow", intending to create a nostalgic 'image' of the old Radio Caroline. Caroline was no longer on the air, and the present ship, "Mi Amigo" was rotting in harbour in Holland. However, in 1973 when Radio Caroline returned to the air, Ronnie and John saw no reason why they should stop their roadshow.

On 26th April 1976 they were taken to court by the Home Office mainly under a charge relating to Section 5, subsection 3, paragraph (f) of the Marine & Broadcasting (Offences) Act 1967. The relevant part of this section being "publishing an advertisement of matter calculated to promote, directly or indirectly, the interests of a business whose interests consist in or include the operation of a station from which broadcasts are, or are to be so made.

The offence was that John Shannon had displayed a sticker in his van advertising the "Radio Caroline Roadshow". The Radio Caroline Roadshow was run from Bonnie Dee's shop in Prescott Steet, Liverpool. The "offence" in short that Ronnie had committed were the following

- (1) Displaying a Caroline Roadshow Plaque on his front door.
- (2) Displaying a Caroline "sticker" in his car.
- (3) Displaying "sticker" in his shop window.
- (4) Displaying the top of a poster.
- (5) Displaying the bottom of a poster.

During the four-day trial at a Magistrate's Court, 26 witnesses were called. Also charged with Ronnie and John was a Hotel manager who had booked the Roadshow and displayed a poster advertising it. Mr Monks, the Hotel Manager, was fined 25 pounds with 50 pounds costs. Bonnie and John were given 3 months prison sentences suspended for 2 years, and 500 pounds costs each. Mr Monks paid his fine, but Ronnie and John decided to appeal against the court's decision.

After two adjournments, the appeal was heard on the 25th and 26th October, 1976. The hearing was in a small room just large enough for two magistrates, the judge, officials, the accused, the barristers, witnesses and about

ABANDON SHIP!

ED FOSTER

It was the 11th September 1976, a lovely, clear and sunny day. Nevertheless, the wind blew strongly until by afternoon we were having dirty weather. The tractor tyres, (suspended over the sides by chains to act as fenders when the relief tender comes alongside) were being washed up on deck by the waves that broke over it. The Captain ordered everybody to wear lifejackets. Peter Chicago loved those big seas. Waves hit the hatches with such force that water spurted through the door linings, but Peter dodged from porthole to porthole taking photographs of them. There was 3 inches of water in the Mess-room and every time the ship rolled it cascaded down the stairs into the larder. Soon, disaster! One extra-large wave smashed a porthole. Mike Jacobs, a Mi Amigo DJ, escaped being gashed by glass by a hairsbreadth but got a soaking. The Mi Amigo Studio was swamped and its equipment and mixers drenched with sea-water. Mi Amigo was off the air! Caroline carried on but we had to use tapes because the record needle-arm danced a hopscotch over our selections.

By dusk, all the cabins on the weather side of the ship were inches deep in water. Every joint and crack around the hatches and portholes spurted water. The constant pitching and tossing for so many hours was tiring and I decided to roll up in my bunk until it was time to put out my programme, which was from 6-9 PM that evening. But I was soon awakened by a loud clanging and Tom Anderson came down to warn me the ship was adrift and the crew were lowering the spare anchor. This anchor didn't hold either and while I was on the air we began to drift again. Presently, there was a bump that made the whole ship shudder. A few minutes later, the Captain told me to broadcast to shore requesting assistance. The Captain is the man in charge and I'd repeated the message twice before Peter Chicago stopped me. We were in no immediate danger. But the continual bumping caused the ship to slowly swing around in the Force 8 gale and now its dry side began to take the big waves. All the other cabins were soon flooded and all hands were called down to the library to stack the records from the lower shelves on higher racks. We splashed around in ankle-deep water that sloshed from one side of the room to the other like a tidal wave when

the sunshine into our lives and 1976 has been made memorable for me by the end of the year kindness of Mark Lawrence and James Ross. It was cold December and I was shockingly over-worked, travelling here and there at a moments notice and never able to reduce my overwhelming mountain of work. I was depressed and almost in despair when there was a knock at the door. I opened it, wearing my housecoat and there were these two young boys, aged eighteen and nineteen. They were determined to give me a break and take me out for a birthday dinner. They refused to take no for an answer and I quickly dressed with an over-sized lump in my throat. Aboard they earned only 25 pounds a week; and nothing while ashore. But with their little, they took me to dinner, treated me like a queen, and their over-flowing kindness and high spirits put me on top of the world. Then also, without any thought of payment, these two wonderful boys joined with other D.J's in spending days assisting me to co-ordinate the 100 Top Albums to be announced on New Year's Eve. This massive task might never have been completed in time without their helping hands and expert advice. To work with such people is a great privilege and joy.

BE WITH

J..A.. WALKER

Open your eyes
 I'm here
 Close.
 Waiting for your arms
 Your body
 Warm,
 Friendly.
 Your skin,
 Soft
 Velvet
 Your eyes
 watch,
 Crystal glass.
 Your mouth,
 Lips succulent,
 Tender.
 Walk with me,
 Talk with me,
 Share with me,
 Share with me,
 And be with me.

half-a-dozen Free Radio supporters who had turned up to see the action. Not all the supporters could get in. Once again the Home Office officials produced "exhibits", posters and stickers advertising the Roadshow, a plaque removed from Ronnie's shop door, a model of "Mi Amigo" , photographs of Ronnie's shop, and of a van which was said to be Shannon's, but wasn't. At one point the Home Office stated that Caroline broadcast with 50,000 kilowatts!

The success of the appeal hinged on two points. What the word 'calculated' was supposed to mean, as stated in the relevant section of the MOA. Defending barrister Mr. Kennedy said that the word 'calculated' might as well not be there for all the good it did. The second point was whether or not Radio Caroline was on the air in 1971 when the Roadshow was started. This was important because Ronnie and John could not be guilty of promoting a Radio station that wasn't on the air. The witnesses were Post Office and Home Office officials and a retired Police Inspector. The defence questioned them in turn as to whether or not Caroline was on the air in 1971----they all stated they did not know!!! The judge asked the prosecuting barrister "Are you prepared to accept that Caroline was off the air in 1971"? The prosecutor answered "NO" Yet, when Mr Kennedy had remarked it was common knowledge Caroline was off the air in 1971, all the official witnesses had replied they were not in the department at the time (1971) and therefore DID NOT KNOW!

The judge and magistrates retired and returned with the verdict that Ronnie, being previously of good character, have his suspended jail sentence quashed--and instead be fined 100 pounds. John's sentence was unchanged due to a previous conviction connected with broadcasting

DON'T CRY

HAROLD GRAMSELS.

Although many, may feel that Dee and Shannon received a raw deal in court, there can be no doubt that they offended against the MOA. They advertised an Offshore Radio station in 1976, whatever they might have done in 1971. The prosecution witnesses cannot be condemned for providing evidence it was their duty to provide; and the Magistrates would have failed to uphold the Law if they had dismissed the case.

Any public resentment and indignation about the Magistrates verdict should be directed against the MOA. It was introduced with the specific objective of preventing the operation of Offshore radio stations. But in attempting to do this, clauses have been included in the Act which can be interpreted in ways which threaten the liberty of the individual and make the Law ridiculous. In trying to wrap up the elusive needle in the haystack, the Law has wrapped up the haystack too.

The Law should be impartial. It should not select its victims. If one offender is charged, then all other offenders should be charged. But what would happen to the Courts and all the officials concerned if millions of listeners to Offshore radio stations simultaneously plastered advertising "stickers" on their cars, front doors, mail and school-satchels?

It is possible that tomorrow an Offshore Radio station decides to name itself "The British Railway Radio Station". Thereafter, any publicity issued by British Railways would advertise an Offshore station as well as transport, and like Shannon and Dee, B.R. will have broken the Law. This is a Laurel & Hardy slapstick situation where A offends against MOA, but it is poor B.R. that Authority whacks on the head.

The first paragraph of the Marine Offences Act states baldly that Offshore broadcasting is Unlawful. Then why doesn't Authority take action against these offenders at sea instead of chasing after "sticker" enthusiasts? If the Admiralty and the Police are too busy, since it is the duty of all citizens to uphold the Law, why isn't a group of citizens encouraged to board and tow the offenders into port? Doubtless because; despite the pontifical wording of MOA, Authority secretly believes that Offshore radio broadcasting is NOT unlawful.

The clauses of MOA are fostering a nation of Lawbreakers. 'Advertising' is a word of unsuspected Legal potential. The Editor of a National Newspaper who reports about an Offshore radio station may be convinced he is making fair comment, or publishing news. But a hundred sharp-witted barristers, if called upon to do so, could each construct a brilliant argument to prove he had indeed 'advertised'. "Advertising" could be fought and

Uno, dos, tres, instead of one, two, three. I am UNO and looking back at 1976 I can see clearly that it was only the whole-hearted co-operation and self-sacrificing zeal of the teams enabled broadcasting to keep going. In the extremely difficult winter 1975/6, the marathon service of James Ross, lasting many weeks, and his unfailing courtesy, kindness and hard work, bought us the much-needed time to find replacement D.J's. Chris Elliot, who's talent and Cockney cheerfulness introduced the New Year with infectious good humour, held out aboard for two stints before the lack of "girl-friends" and personal problems drove him ashore. He was replaced by Stuart Russell who proved to be a tower of strength when awkward circumstances cropped up during the summer. Mark Lawrence was only 18 when he joined the team as a beginner, but his meteoric rise to front-rank D.J. was achieved in this past year. He, together with Tom Anderson, Ed Foster and Peter Chicago, should have won awards for bravery this autumn and everybody in the organisation knows why. These four also deserve praise for the assistance and consideration they gave to all new staff, helping them to ease into new, and sometimes alarming, situations. The American D.J's Johnathon Day and Brian Richards, found time to be with us for a short spell while they were visiting Europe and they co-operated magnificently. Stevie Gordon who has the amazing knack of instantly adapting himself to extraordinary circumstances endeared himself to everyone by not speaking one reproachful word after being stranded aboard much longer than was anticipated, and much, much longer than can be expected of normal, human endurance. Samantha always managed to keep me laughing when it was time for tears.

As UNO, co-ordinator, I can only feel immense pride and gratefulness that I was able to work with such wonderful people in 1976, who provided their many different services with unrestrained and undivided loyalty. They truly displayed the spirit of LOVING AWARENESS which the Loving Awareness Band is now busy spreading with its gigs throughout the country.

INTERLUDE

SEG UNDA UNA

It is often the small acts of thoughtfulness that bring

1976

ED FOSTER

The nicest event of 1976 for me and all my D.J.. companions aboard happened towards the end of the year. From November onwards we received 'a steady generous flow of Xmas Cards, small presents and letters of warm friendship. These made us feel GREAT! We have no way of knowing our listeners except through their letters. But now we know for certain that they have taken us into their hearts. This makes us very happy.

1976

STEVE GORDON

We would love to reply personally to all the wonderful letters we receive but this is impossible unless we all grow many extra hands. But from the warmth of the letters we know that our listeners understand this and that they also know we wish them all a very happy and prosperous New Year; and that we will continue to broadcast our message of Loving Awareness zestfully, together with the music they love to hear.

1976

MARK LAWRENCE

Try to understand our isolation. We live on a tiny manmade island constantly battered by raging seas. We talk into a microphone, giving out our thoughts and emotions until we are drained dry. But nobody can reply. Nobody can telephone us, send us a cable or visit us. We are alone, putting out all we've got into a microphone that can never talk back. So we are immensely heartened when we learn there are so very many who share our delight in the music we play. Those listeners letters make all our hard work and the problems we confront seem very much worth while.

UNO, DOS, TRES.

UNO

Every D.J. who goes into the front line needs an anonymous staff to get him there, and keep him there. These are the organisers, co-ordinators, technicians, tender-crews and many others. For reference purposes, staff-members bear a code number which is based on Spanish numbers

18

case-quoted through the Courts for a hundred years still without any conclusive legal ruling being formulated.

Even writing a private letter to a friend is transformed into a criminal act by MOA if the writer praises and names an Offshore radio station. The maximum penalty for publishing such an 'advertisement' is two years imprisonment and a fine!

Bad Law can be more dangerous than no Law. The MOA is BAD LAW. It's opening paragraph makes what most lawyers believe to be a false statement. The subsequent clauses, building upon the first very dubious statement, have far-reaching implications that the Act's architects did not foresee. MOA has not only made the Law ridiculous; it now assails liberty of thought and opinion.

When a Law is bad, for the good of the community it should be eradicated and replaced, or amended.

A NON-FAN CLUB

IMA LISSNER

I am promoting a non-fan club which will be called the "Non-praise and Non-advertising of Radio Caroline Club". I confidently expect to form Club branches throughout the U.K. with their own local chairmen, Secretaries and Treasurers. Membership will be open to all those who wish to go around with "stickers" without falling foul of the Law. The wording on the Club's "stickers" will be: "I SWEAR NOT TO PRAISE NOR ADVERTISE RADIO CAROLINE". I hope that all good Law-abiding citizens will realise the importance of publicly declaring their determination to uphold Justice to the very letter of the Law. '

I am aiming for THREE MILLION MEMBERS and a first print order of ONE HUNDRED MILLION "STICKERS".

ADVERTISING

The modest Adverts inserted in this Newsletter are gratis. To ask payment for an unknown circulation is unrealistic. NEWSLETTER has NOT been asked to sell them space by the BBC Music Record, the Bank of England, Bach, Shakespeare and almost everybody else. NEVERTHELESS, if advertisers are interested in anything from a small classified ad. to a Double page spread in Newsletter's modest, black-and-white format, terms will be quoted.

11

LEGAL & FREE

D.. WALLACE

It was once the dream of every Caroline listener that some day a nation-wide commercial radio station would compete against Radio One, and that Ronan O'Rahilly would be invited to show how to run a land-based, Caroline-style. Radio Station. That would have been a reward for thirteen years of hard graft. But would it? Was it? On April 2nd 1971, our local commercial radio station came on the air. During the following month of May I was lucky enough to win a competition of which the prize was to comper a three-hour show with DJ Terrett. I arrived at the plush studios in the centre of Manchester early, so that I could be shown around and get the hang of things before the show.

Everything was great. The atmosphere was good, the equipment was first-class and all the staff, including the cleaner, were under 30. Everything was fine until just before we were due to go on the air. thing was fine until just before we were due to go on the air. It was when the DJ showed me the script that I realised this was a commercial radio station, and not a free radio station. The programme was planned to seconds. All the records the DJ played were pre-listed. His only free choice was a dozen or so flash-backs. It was even stipulated at what time I could play my records. Although I will say this. I wasn't restricted on what I could say over the air and of course, Caroline was mentioned. I accept that advertisers want their commercials played at the time they book. But to plan a show to seconds puts a strain on the DJ and takes atmosphere out of the show. Now, to me, atmosphere is the most important part of anything, whether it be working conditions, a pub, a disco or anything else. And the thing that affects atmosphere more than anything is Freedom. This to me is what makes Radio Caroline the best station in the world. Freedom! You can sit back and listen to Caroline and imagine you are at a festival, or a concert; which is something I can't do with any other radio station. The Caroline DJ's are so relaxed and normal and talk as though they are sitting in the chair next to you. So I put it to you. Would you like Caroline to come ashore? Or stay where she is?

TIME

P. F. MAIDMENT

(Prisoner Paul listens to radio music whenever he is allowed. This is one of the poems he has sent in.)

Time is not important
 Why I am here
Thinking of the women
 Thinking of the beer
Time is just a word
 That people sometimes use
Time is just a thing
 That should not be abused.
Time is important
 Time cannot die.
Time goes on and on
 As the years go by

Everyone upruses the stage except us; lazy and dignified. We just stand, wave and cheer. Bon Scott is wearing jeans and a wierd corselet of leather with extra long bootlaces that he takes off oafter a few numbers. Angus Young is wearing green shorts, green blazar, a cap, tie, ankle socks and plimsoles. He's got a satchel to carry as well as his guitar. For you twits that don't know, Angus Young is the only thing that seperates AC/DC from any other heavy rock band. He's their gimmick, plays lead guitar and wears all that gear. The first number is 'Live Wire', the opener for their LWT appearance on 'Rollin Bolan'. Bon Scott's in good form tonight, leaping around from start to finish. He and Angus do an awful lot of dancing about, maybe trying to get a reputation for out-dancing Mick Jagger; or they want to secure an audience for their next gig in London. It's quite good., But Malcolm Young (Rhyth Guitar), Mark Evans (Bass) and Phillip Rudd (Drums), the other guys in the band, keep in the background. Although I think Malcolm did attempt some back-up vocals.

AC/DC are on for eighty minutes. At one point, Angus hops off stage and returns wearing just his shorts. He prances around and then stands legs-apart. Bon comes over and crawls underneath Angus. Thus, when Bon stands up, Angus is playing his guitar while sitting on Bon's shoulders. When they've had enough of that they dance around again. Then Angus disappears. You see him climb a small stack of amps. Bon climbs up on another lot. They sing and play there. Then Angus hobbles down with apparant ease and crosses to Bon to give him a hand down. Bon doesn't need it. He leaps down lightly, almost landing on Angus. All this makes it sound like a very long song. It was! Among the numbers they do are 'She's got the jack, High Voltage' (Their new single), 'We've got the biggest balls' (for which the words of the chorus are screened-up) 'Jail Break(er)', 'Dirty Deeds Done Cheap' (the title track of their latest album) and 'She's Got Balls'.

Their parting words were 'See Ya', but after shouts for more, and more chanted 'A/C D/C, they came back for another number. That's all. They go off. We go home, amazed our eardrums are still intact. Although the volume improved when A/C D/C came on. My only disappointment was that they didn't do my favourite 'Can I sit next to you, Girl'

Still, if they come around to your area, I recommend you go to see this bunch of swinging Aussies; if you appreciate good heavy rock that is.

THE FIRST LADY OF RADIO

PENNY MARTIN

(Penny, age 15, of 8th Ave, Mount Drive, Wisbech, Cambs, displays an innocent enthusiasm that could be interpreted as criminal advertising. Sorry Penny. To protect you from possible Court proceedings, Newsletter feels obliged to censor and butcher your poem. However, discerning readers might still guess at your opinion)

*****, all at sea,
Jock's playing albums quite happily,
The station's great; the music's fine,
Get with it now on 25* .

The sound is marvellous, 24 hours a day,
In the storms of winter, in the calms of May.
The music is there just for you.
Get with it now on 19* .

Mi *****, a motley' tub.
A coat of paint and a real good .scrub,
Would be the best **** -ship at sea,
A serious rival to the BBC.

The first Lady of **** tries her best,
And has lasted longer than all the rest,
The station's great, the, music's fine.
Long Live R**** C*****

AC/DC at HAMMERSMITH

PAOLA FABRIZI

Okay. We take our seats and wait. Tape is played from the wings. We wait. And wait. More tapes. More wait. At last! Bon Scott, lead singer of AC/DC introduces the support band. The Tigergang? Who cares. Exit Bon Scott. The lead singer has whitish hair and beard, and his crummy band hits us with an awful number, too loud to hear the title or words. We're lucky, halfway back, but up front it must be murder. When it stops, nobody claps What d'you expect? When booing starts the band gesture's obscenely at the audience; and gets the compliment retarded a hundredfold. Then a number culled rock 'n roll up 'Your Nose'. We don't believe it until we actually hear.. `It's only rock'n roll, but it gets up your nose'. Forty minutes of this terrible lot; its loud, very predictable and unwanted Then back comes Bon to say it'll take halfhour to fix the stage. So the lights come on and we nip off to the loos to check our bleeding eardrums. When we return, it's the wings tape again, and watching everyone come and go. We wait. Crowd chanting 'AC/DC. Feet stamping. Then we're told; 'Here come's a band who were unknown. But obviously you know them. Ladies and Gents..... AC/DC.

SIX OF THE BEST

ROBERT BLAND

A review of the six best albums released this year-1976

One of the first Albums out this year was 'Station to Station' by David Bowie. "Up tempo and funky' would be the best way to describethis one. It contains five new songs from Bowie and one by Tiomkin and Washington entitled 'Wild is the Wind'. A flowing ballad, 'Wild is the Wind' finds Bowie in excellent vocal form, crooning in a manner which would have any hot-blooded female feeling weak at the knees. The last two singles that were released by Bowie both appear on the album. I didn't care much for 'Golden Years' when I first heard it, but eventually its hypnotic rhythms began to grow on me and now I regard it as a classic. TVC 15 on the other hand I liked immediately with its catchy piano phrases and insistent backing vocals on the chorus. 'Stay' is captivating with excellent guitar from Earl Slick and an extremely tight rhythm sectionDennis Davis on drums and George Murray on base. The longest piece on the album is the title track, which in fact is three tracks in one basically, and which is just as compelling as anything Bowie has ever done.'Word on a Wing" is another ballad type with another fine vocal performance. People who say that Bowie's voice has left him should give this album a listen. Bowie continues to change his directions and this always makes him much more interesting than his contemporaries. Having found 'Katy Lied' rather disappointing it was good to hear Steely Dan returning to form on 'The Royal Scan". The songs are mainly about people and situations that occur in the streets of America. 'Kid Charlemagne" is about a brilliant young black boxer who gets in with the wrong kind of people and ends up practically wrecked by drugs. Steely Dan sounds very funky on this track as they do on 'Green Earnings'. The 'Caves of Altamina' is about the escape from life by a small boy who prefers to be alone. He would enter a cave and wonder at all the drawings or the walls that had been there for thousands of years. Some excellent swirling saxes appear on 'The Caves'. The most engaging track on the album must surely be Haitian Divorce' with its lilting melody and funky guitar sounds. The title track itself is about the plight of Puerto Rican immigrants in New York. They are hounded down to the bottom of a bad town and the ruins where they learn to fear an angry race of fallen Kings, their dark companions. 'Don't Take Me Alive' is another street type song and contains excellent guitar from Elliot Randall and a catchy chorus. The track that really doesn't cut it on the album is 'The Fez" which is an instrumental, save for tire chorus 'I'm never gonna do it without the Fez on" 'Sign in Stranger' has a jazzy accompaniment which saves it from being just an ordinary song.Still, all in all, this is a step back in the right direction for Becker and Fagan and the inter-changeable

group of musicians known collectively as Steely Dan.

The next one up is a tricky one for me to review because I've heard very little of this type of music before. Kate and Anna McGarrigle sing songs of nostalgia and sentimentality, some in Twenties style. Although virtually unknown in this country they've achieved some recognition in America: Linda Rondstat recorded 'Heart like a Wheel' and Maria did 'The Work Song' on her debut album. It's apparent from those songs that the McGarrigle sisters have a very special songwriting ability. On this, their first album simply entitled 'Kate and Anna McGarrigle' the sisters sing some of the most attractive songs that I've heard in a long time. 'Kiss and Say Goodbye' and 'Complainte Pour Ste Catherine' are both catchy numbers with Lowell Geroge of Little Feat appearing on the former. The McGarrigle's songs come from the heart; just listen to 'My Town'; 'Heart Like A Wheel', 'Go Leave' and 'Talk to me of Mendicino'. The harmonies are breathtaking and the instrumentation very complimentary to the singing. A fine rendition of Loudain Wainwright III's swimming song appears on the album with neat banjo and accordion from the sisters. Kate was married to Loudain Wainwright. It was produced by Joe Boyd and Greg Prestopino and engineered by John Wood, Boyd and Wood being well respected in this country. It's an album that wouldn't appeal to most rock fans but if you're looking for something with plenty of feel, then this is for you.

Talking of female singers, one name that springs readily to mind is Emmylou Harris, and her second solo album is entitled 'Elite Hotel' I quite liked her first album 'Pieces of the Sky' but for some reason her voice seemed to fluctuate in volume far too much for my liking, and for me this marred the album somewhat. However, there are no such complaints with this one; in fact, her voice is firm and strong and her singing is full of confidence. With a host of excellent backing musicians to help her, Emmylou has come up with the best country-rock album yet made. She acquits herself well on up-tempo numbers like 'Amarillo', 'Feeling Single, Seeing Double' and 'Ooh Las Vegas', and really comes into her own on the ballads. She does fine versions of Lennon and McCartney's 'Here, there and Everywhere', and Buck Owen's 'Together Again'. Supported by John Starling and Herb Pederson on vocals she does a stunning version of the Hillman-Parsons song 'Sin City', and she also does the 'Wheels' composition. 'Hank Williams' Jambalaya crops up and is dealt with in fine style. Emmylou Harris sings straight from the heart with such style and finesse that she must be amongst the top singers in the world today. Not content with bringing out a great album of her own, Emmylou also appears on Bob Dylans album 'Desire'. Now, I'm no intellectual, so I won't do a thesis on the ins and outs of Dylan's lyrics. What I do know is that this is a fine album of interesting songs There are two 'story' songs, the first being 'Hurricane'. As you all know by now its the true story of the black middleweight American

boxer Rubin 'Hurricane' Carter, who was jailed for a murder which many people say he didn't commit. The other song is 'Joey'. which is about the gangster Joey Gallo. Emmylou's backing blends well with Dylan's voice on this track. Probably the most self-revealing song Dylan has ever written is the beautiful 'Sara', in which he may show how he feels about his wife. 'Black Diamond Boy' is in the

Dylan talking blues style. 'Romance in Durango', 'Isis', 'One more cup of coffee' and 'Oh Sister' are all songs that although they don't strike you immediately, they improve with every listen to the album.

The other track is 'Mozambique' which you may have heard when it was released as a single. The album is excellent value, the playing time on side One is twenty-five minutes and side Two lasts for almost halfan-hour and that's a rarity in these days of high-price albums. Finally we come to the Beatles double 'Rock'n Rol Music' album. Well the title speaks for itself; the fab four rocking and rolling through some of the all-time greats in their own inimitable style. John Lennon is magnificent on 'Twist and Shout', 'Rock'n Roll Music' 'Money', 'Dizzy Miss Lizzy' and 'Everybody's Trying To Be My Baby'. And McCartney really cuts the mustard on tracks like 'Long Tall Sally', 'Kansas City', 'Got to get you into my Life', and the Beatle's classic 'I saw her standing there'. Ringo has a go on 'Boys' and 'Matchbox' and George distinguishes himself on 'Roll over Beethoven'. But its the collective sound and music of the Beatles that makes this such a great album. 'Any time at all', 'The night Before', 'Revolution' 'Back in the USSR', 'Get Back', they're all there in this bumper. Miss it at your peril!

Well. There you have it, some of the Albums that have given me the most listening pleasure this year. Of course there were lots of other excellent albums released and there are still more to come. In fact, I think this was the best year for music since 1972 when we had Barrie Boxy and Alice Cooper stealing the show.

| | | |
|--------------------------|----------------|----------------|
| 'Station to Station' | David Bowie | RCA. APLI-1327 |
| 'The Royal Scan' | Steely Dan | ABC.ABCL 5161 |
| 'Kate & Anna McGarrigle' | | WARNER K56218 |
| 'Elite Hotel' | Emmylou Harris | REPRISE K54060 |
| 'Desire' | Bob Dylan | CBS 5..86003 |
| 'Rock'n Roll Music' | The Beatles | EMI PCSP 719 |

NEWSLETTER just hasn't time to reply to all the letters it receives. It thanks all those who have written and may find time to acknowledge those contributions and letters it intends to print.