



RENE MATTHEWS, 13, LEARNED GUITAR SKILLS IN SIX MONTHS . . . she won her division in this year's Victoria Talent Show

Skills Takes Practice

Continued From Page 1.

Matthews of 4837 Monette, started strumming on a "little Mexican guitar" three years ago. After several months of lessons, she was able to pick out tunes and accompany herself.

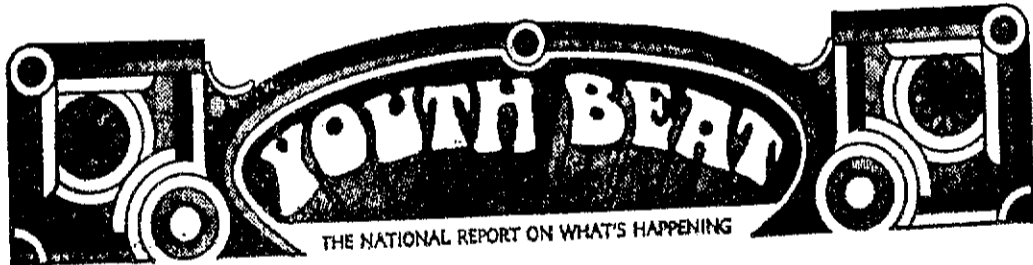
She now performs for charity dinners and school assemblies.

"It took me about six months to develop any real skills on the guitar," she said. "Then I

found I really liked to sing in front of a group of people." She styles her performances after Peter, Paul and Mary and the Pozo Seco singers.

Rene averages about three hours of practice a day. She doesn't isolate her musical tastes, either.

"I like to listen to just about any type of music. The only thing I really don't care to play is hillbilly."



By ROBERT MacLEOD
Editor, "Teen Magazine"

Dreamy miniskirts: Two University of Georgia psychologists have "studied" 30 girl students in an effort to relate miniskirts and sex dreams. Believing that people have to do something about their sex urges one way or another, the "look" the professors have taken at the symbolism involved reads as though written by Rube Goldberg, Ph.D. The 30 coeds were asked to write down their dreams each day and were then "measured"—hemlines to middle of knee. Conclusion: The shorter the skirt, the more likely sexual symbolism in her dreams. Plenty of dreamy chicks these days headed for corrective psychiatry.

'Teens bug known as butterfly chasing, is gaining popularity at the high school level. Promoters of the equipment needed to chase and catch gnats and dragonflies are organizing clubs with boy-girl memberships.



The field trips are pushed as "a real challenge to reflexes, bodily motion and co-ordination." There are a million or more different butterflies, dragonflies and other insects around the world. Catching the bugs is only half the fun. Preserving, displaying and trading the field trophies plus the rapping make the sport heavy, man heavy.

Moon (Dises) dust: "All systems go" on LP's. Big push to promote Apollo 11 space adventure. Bell Records feature narration by astronaut Walter M. Shirra on "Apollo 11 Flight to the Moon." Will also contain voice transmissions from space, including "out-takes" not blurbed on TV. Number of other labels also capitalizing on moon footsteps. From Moon Dust to Moon Records—kinda leaves a dry aftertaste.

Vitamin sales fly high: \$291,550 worth of vitamin concentrates in 1968. Drug stores accounted for 71 per cent of total sales, but signs are showing that chain markets and discount houses are gaining a larger share of market each year. A possible answer is that teens consider vitamins "basic" rather than a health item. Wise pushers of vital-pills are steering a wide course—away from Geriatric-town.

Show me: George Bernard Shaw wrote in 1911. "It's all that the young can do for the old, to shock them and keep them up to date." (The shock waves are still coming on as the nation goes from a conformity complex born of depression and war to a "show me why things can't be better" phase.)

Safety break perking: Explorer Division of the Boy Scouts (they've been coed since Jan. 1) will be passing out free coffee at "wake break" highway stations over the Labor Day weekend. It's all part of Operation Coffee Safety Stop, a success over the Memorial Day and July 4 weekends. As many as 300,000 14-18 year olds may participate.

Solid White Singer

By JOE CAPPO

© Chicago Daily News

HIS WHITE cornsilk hair hangs down to his shoulders and frames the creamy white skin and pointed nose in his face. His eyebrows and lashes are also white and they accent his pale, crossed eyes.

This is Johnny Winter. As an albino, he is physically pure white: As a musician, he is the epitome of blackness.

Winter is a guitarist and a vocalist, one of the unusual ones who somehow built up a reputation as a bluesman before he ever stepped into a recording studio.

Born in Beaumont 25 years ago, he was a small child when his family moved to Mississippi to operate a cotton plantation. It was there that the blues first took hold on him.

THE FAMILY eventually moved back to Texas, where Winter learned to play ukulele and guitar. With his kid brother Edgar (also white-haired), Winter started a teenage blues group and made the rounds of the small roadside clubs in the South.

After a semester at Lamar Technical College, he left Texas and wandered to Chicago, where he met Barry Goldberg and Mike Bloomfield, two youngsters destined to become the nation's foremost white bluesmen. At the time, Bloomfield was running the Pickle Pickle, a State Street coffeehouse, and Winter would sit in with the jammers on guitar and mouth harp.

That was the start of five years of digging, working with groups called the Plague and It and Them, traveling from Chicago to Pensacola, from New York to San Francisco.

Winter was working, learning and making little headway until Rolling Stone, bible of the rock music world carried a two-page spread on him late in 1968.

WITHIN A month, Stan Paul, operator of The Scene in New York, contacted Winter and placed him in his club. Paul also became Winter's manager, counseling him to sit back while several record companies bid for his talent.

The nod finally went to Columbia Records, which paid Winter a cool \$650,000 for a five-year pact. But if his first album is any indication, Winter will more than pay back the Columbia investment.

The record is called simply "Johnny Winter," but there's nothing simple in the contents. The basic fare is rural blues, with Winter displaying extraordinary virtuosity on guitar. He has both the sensitive feelings demanded by the blues and the gift of structuring tight jazz riffs, plus the technical skill of putting the two of them together.

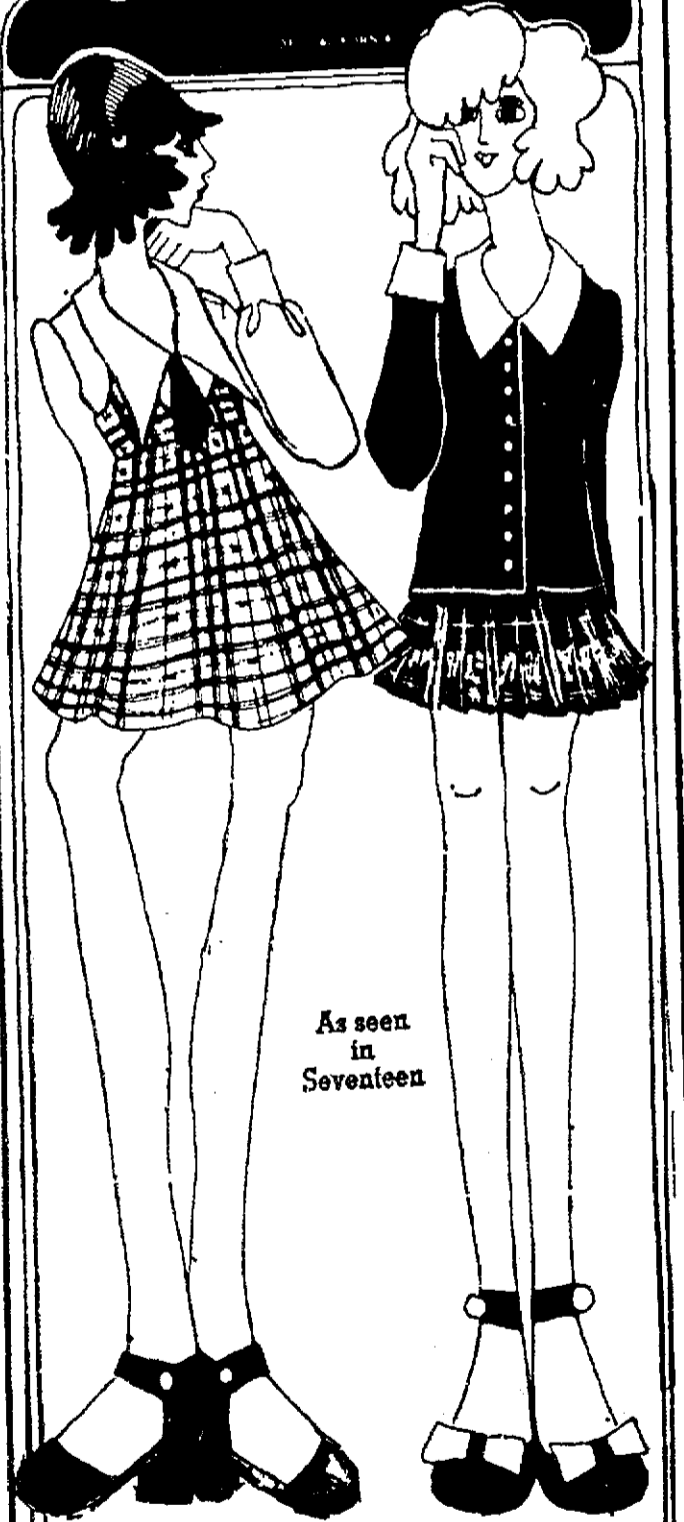
The regulars in Winter's group include drummer John Turner and bassist Tommy Shannon, but the real kick in the pants on this album comes from appearances by two old pros, Chicago blues composer Willie Dixon on acoustic bass and Walter (Shakey) Horton on mouth harp.

The only weak point in this album is Winter's singing, which is a little too unmotivated and unconvincing, particularly when it is displayed side-by-side with his masterful guitar playing.

Winter is more musician than singer. He also is more musician than the vast majority of young guitarists who have drifted to the blues. If he becomes successful—and he should—the whole world of contemporary music will be better off because of it.

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Jody Jodette



As seen in Seventeen

Flippy Flatterers

Mad, mod and merry. . . that's our flippy jumper dress with washable, attached crepe blouse. Madly pleated and modly plaid, the long torso dress is figure flattering. Each in Orion. \$28