

No. 4167. WEEK ENDING JANUARY 15, 1966

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Every Monday

Tit-bits

The
astonishing
teenager
who
says
she's a
witch



PICTURES OF A NUDE MOONLIGHT RITE

PAGE
18



Blind dates
for hire

Mother of six asks for a man-about-town

Continued from Page 9

It involved a woman in her sixties who once had been a successful dress designer—and ran a profitable gown shop.

But her profits went down till she was forced to go bankrupt and sell up. For 20 years she cherished the idea of a come-back in the business she loved. She took other jobs and each week saved as much as she could.

Eventually she had enough to start again. But something else was necessary—the co-operation and goodwill of the trade.

A perfect opportunity to renew her old friendships came in the shape of a big dance. Everybody who mattered to her would be there.

A week before the dance she rang the Eros Bureau and specified the type of partner she wanted. She didn't mind a slightly younger man, but he must be mature, handsome and a charmer.

John, in his mid-fifties and a qualified surveyor, was picked for this delicate job.

"I was more than a little nervous when I heard what was expected of me," he said.

"She was a delicate little woman, highly strung and obsessed with restarting her business. She talked of nothing else."

"For some reason, which she never explained, her detailed plans depended on whether she made an impression on the important guests at the ball.

INSISTED

"She was so keen not to miss anyone that she insisted we arrive at the hotel at 8.55pm. Imagine turning up at a five-hour dress dance five minutes before it is due to start!

"Those five hours must have been the longest in my life. Nothing went right from the word go.

"Everything the poor dear hoped for fell in ruins round her.

"The cruelest thing of all was that the harder she tried the worse matters became. I introduced her to everyone I could. But, sadly, after a curt word or two, they would make some lame excuse and slide away. The blunt truth was that no one wanted to know her.

"Despite these hurtful insults, I admired how she managed to smile constantly and generally keep up her spirits.

"But by the end of the evening, her eyes told the real story. Her efforts to win back old friends had been a dismal flop. And no one knew it better than she did.

"Later I heard she did start up again, but I'm sure that night will remain a scar on her memory."

One of the proudest boasts any agency can make is that they can pro-

vide escorts for any occasion or under any circumstances.

Sometimes, of course, this isn't possible. Joe James admits to only one failure.

An Austrian woman explained that her only son was to marry a wealthy girl in three months' time. She wanted an escort to act as her husband at the wedding. But the fiancée's family believed the real future father-in-law was still about.

"The husband must be about my age and be able to put on an act throughout the wedding ceremony and reception that will convince everyone that we are a happily married couple," said the woman.

Apparently, she wasn't worried that some of the guests would know the truth.

DIFFICULT

"I tried a number of my older escorts," said James, "but once they heard about the job they ought shy. In the end I had to tell her that she'd need a star actor to play the role."

It's plain to see why many of the girls who call for escorts find it difficult to find boy friends. But some clients are both beautiful and wealthy.

Take Sheila, a dark-haired, 28-year-old secretary. Apart from wonderful looks, she was also a perfect secretary. Too good.

Her boss, a millionaire director of a computer firm, never left her alone, though their relationship was platonic.

He felt entitled to call her at any time to take an important shorthand note. Or for any of 100 odd jobs that could be done during office hours.

So Sheila, stupidly over-conscientious, was bound to the telephone and, as she claimed to the escort who subsequently took her out, never had a chance to make boy friends.

Another beauty who stepped into an agency one day was a 36-year-old mother of six children.

This time, though, there were no complications. She had won a competition for good housekeeping in Switzerland and the prize was a trip to England.

Lost in London, she wanted an escort to show her round.

Men escorts are often asked to accompany women in this type of situation.

As one man put it: "Life is never dull in this job. Women ask to do everything from touring every pub in the East End of London to dancing the whole night."

No, life is never dull in the escort business.

NEXT WEEK: When you want to hire a date abroad.



The kiss . . . from Alex to Maxine, who says she was born to be a witch

AMAZING



Maxine breathes life through a cord in the wax image of a persecutor over which Alex holds a dagger

THESE amazing pictures show witches performing their pagan rites and dancing naked in the moonlight.

They were taken in Manchester. And among the handclapping woodland dancers are 18-year-old blonde High Priestess Maxine Morris and her High Priest "husband" Alex Sanders.

They "married" last month—the first witchcraft "wedding" in Britain for 200 years.

Neither snow nor rain stops these men and women stripping for their monthly full moon dance.

From the time it rises till it sets, usually just before dawn, they leap round their magic circle, their bodies gleaming . . . muttering ancient incantations and spells.

And they don't even need the sight of the moon to do this. If it's overcast, the ritual still goes on.

Said Maxine: "There's nothing indecent in performing our rituals in the nude. And as for indulging in orgies—as some people imply—we are too busy raising spirits to raise passions.

"Besides, it's usually too cold and as soon as the ceremony is over we're glad to jump back into our clothes.

"I was born to be a witch," said Maxine. "I've known it since I was initiated last year.

"My mother brought in priests to exorcise me," she said, "but I refused to recant."

So Maxine left home to live in a flat.

"But as soon as my landlady found out I was a witch she told me to move out," said Maxine.

"People are so afraid of witches that even

though they have stopped burning us at the stake, they still persecute us."

Now Maxine is living with her "husband" Alex in a flat at Egerton Road North, Charlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.

Alex, 39, self-acclaimed head of Britain's witches, says there are 35,000 witches in the country and hundreds wanting to join one of his covens.

"But for every 100 wanting to be initiated into witchcraft, only one is accepted," he said.

"And I warn them to expect bigotry, prejudice and persecution. Despite this I have at least 300 appeals every week from so-called non-believers for our help.

MAGIC

"Some business men are so delighted with our magic they seek our help nearly every week in major contracts and transactions. Others ask us to make them charms to ward off evil—and many want to use our black mirror to see into the future.

"There have been witches in my family since the 16th century," said Alex. "So I grew up taught by my grandmother, who was a witch, to expect persecution if I was found out.

"When the Witchcraft Act, which legalised burning at the stake, was repealed 14 years ago, I hoped the public would be tolerant. But their fear of us is so deep-rooted that we are condemned without a chance."

JUNE JOHNS



Maxine holds her ceremonial dagger at the witches' altar

PICTURES OF A MOONLIGHT RITE

It's full moon . . . and long-haired Maxine Morris leads her witches in a naked romp round their magic circle while robed Alex Sanders points a ceremonial sword at the moon

