

BEATNIK WEDDING.

It was all over Soho, man, and after the first shock, the cats quite liked the idea. Four of this gang were getting married. Yes, really, genuine matrimonial stuff. Can you beat it daddy-o. They went to Louis Young's, where you can get all dolled up, just the way they used to in the dark ages before coffee bars with thought of. Talk about a white wedding: The beatniks were cool as you like, going through all this caper - gowns, veils, top hats, the lot. It's amazing what love'll do, even to up-to-date gals and fellers.

Well, that's enough of this marrying lark. Time for the honeymoon, and what squares call their going-away dress impatient? They can't get those gowns off quick enough, but they've a long way to go yet, before they catch up with wedded bliss.

Now see what I mean, man? There's transport laid on, and the beatnik brides had it all thought out. No time wasted on a rave. On with the skid-lid; goodbye to the squares, and it'll be Beatville, here we come.

Don't throw anything. The wedding's over. Soho won't see 'em for a few days. Then it'll be back to the juke box for the coffee bar cowboys.