

rawe

THE FRANK LOOK AT TODAY'S POP WORLD · SEPT · No 8 · 2s 6d

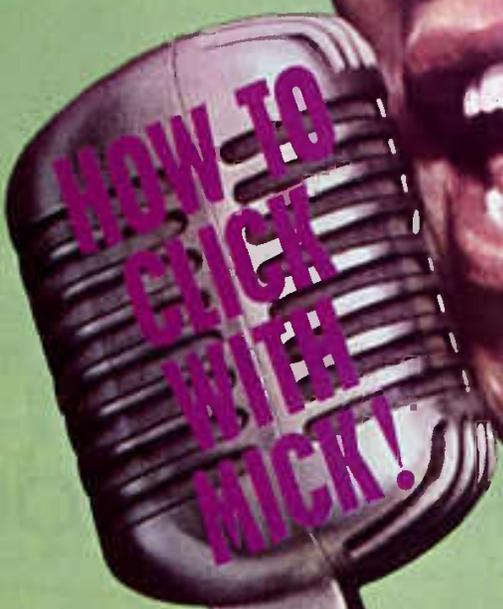
Those Beatle Stories

THE TRUTH FROM PAUL!

Who's Your
Type?

OUR DATING GAME
WILL TELL YOU

WHEN A
BEATLE
SAID
'Marry Me'



Sensational
Colour
ANIMALS
STONES
CILLA
P. J. PROBY
PRETTY THINGS





Beauty at a moment's notice...

Now you can be sure of your beauty always . . . it's so easy! Just make sure that you have your Creme Puff handy. Simply ideal for touch-ups . . . it's an invaluable aid to beauty! Frantically rushing to meet that exciting someone? Dashing out on an important date? Just a few quick touches with the puff . . . and you're perfectly lovely again. Creme Puff—one of Max Factor's greatest inspirations—is a delicate blend of rich foundation which clings softly like cream, and fine face powder, to give a velvety even finish. Now your complexion has a flawless bloom that lasts for hours. Luxury mirror compact with puff 6/-. Pastel-blue pack with puff 4/6.



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BACKSTAGE AT rave

SWINGING SEPTEMBER! Holidays over for most. Great memories, I hope. Mine are. You lucky ones who have extra days to come—make them the greatest won't you?

SWINGING SEPTEMBER! When the stars come back to London from the resorts. Perhaps take a few days first with their folks in Liverpool or wherever. Then set out on the big tours. There's a host coming your way next month. See Highlights on page 52 for details.

SWINGING SEPTEMBER! Time to get set with new clothes for cosy cool days. See them on page 14, and there's a lot more ideas in "Today's Raves", pages 17 and 48.

SWINGING SEPTEMBER! Yet what's that great question mark over **rave**lations? It's symbolic. What's the excitement on the September scene? That's what we asked ourselves when planning the pages. As you go through them, I hope you'll decide we've given you the right answers.

● Glad you liked the August issue so much. Thanks for all your letters. A special "merci" on Fred Gumshooter's behalf to those of you who tried to out-do Alan Field in sending him crazy messages.

Got any tips for "Today's Raves"—or for next year's swinging holidays? Got any stories about how you met the famous? Got anything to get off your chest? O.K. Let's have a letter or card from you.

SWINGING SEPTEMBER! It's followed by October. We will have the greatest line up yet for you. Joining **rave**'s outstanding team of contributors TV's zingiest hostess, Cathy McGowan. She'll be writing every month.

And **rave**'s photo scoop: Ringo Starr's own pictures. How about that!

See you September 30. We'll be out a day earlier than usual—Wednesday. Wednesday, September 30 then. It's a date? Great.

Don Wedge, Editor.

COLOUR CREDITS Cover, Leslie Turtle. Pages 4/5/37: David Redfern. 32/33/64: Terry O'Neill. 25: A Sale. 28: Dezo Hoffman (George Harrison), Marc Sharratt. 29: Harry Goodwin, BBC tv. 60: Marc Sharratt. 61: Rex Features.

THIS MONTH'S **rave**lations

rave No 8 SEPTEMBER 1964 © George Newnes Ltd.



IF A BEATLE QUITS: WHAT THEN?

**ALAN FREEMAN HEART-TO-HEART
WITH PAUL McCARTNEY ON page 50**

**How do you click with
Mick? Get along with the
wildest Stone on page 6**

What was the tragedy that nearly struck Brenda Lee?



see page 41

When did a Beatle say: 'Marry Me'?

page 20

WHY DOES DUSTY LIKE THE ANIMALS?

page 59

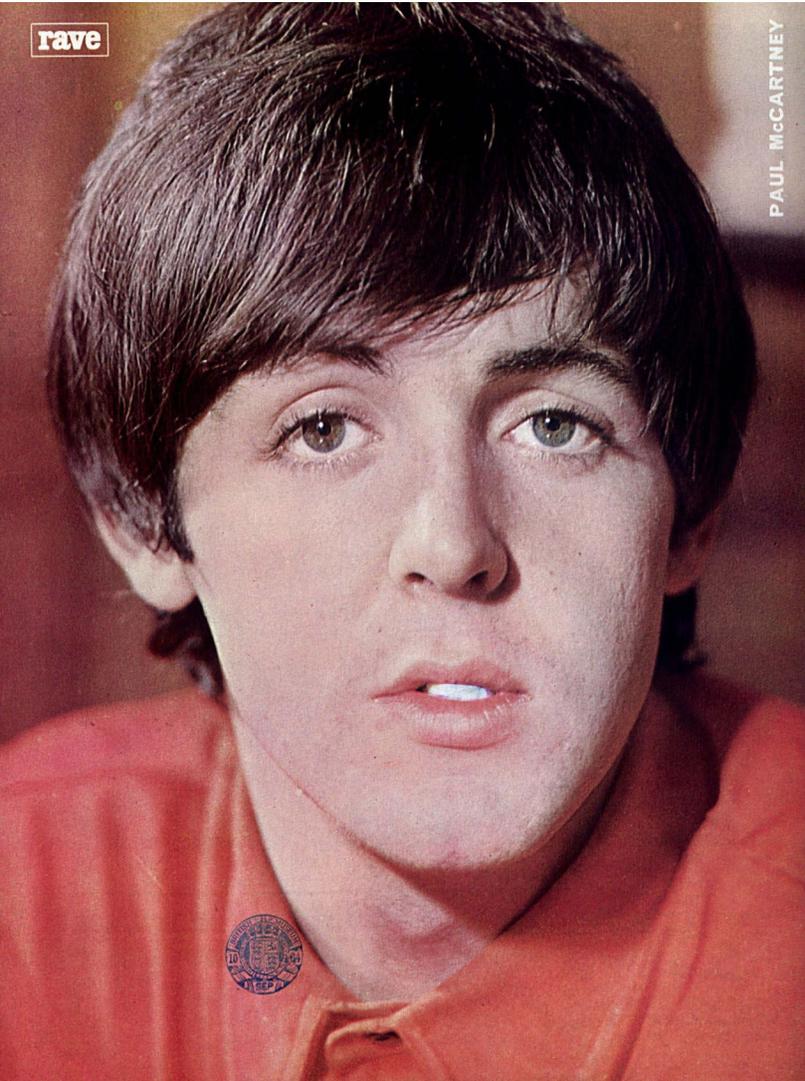
Do you know your ideal type?

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rave



PAUL McCARTNEY



Paul answers those Beatle Stories

Stories about the Beatles . . . they spread like wildfire through Tin Pan Alley. Every day a new one . . . each more ridiculous than the last. The Golden Boys' unprecedented success makes them sitting targets for these jealous mongerers. They're being hurt—and so are those millions who love them so dearly. **BUT NOW YOU CAN READ THE TRUTH—STRAIGHT FROM PAUL McCARTNEY.** And for the first time, he reveals **THE SECRET PACT** the Beatles have made!

ALAN FREEMAN

tells you everything in his sensational heart-to-heart with Paul on page 50

HOW TO CLICK



WITH MICK



GIRLS! Could you ever become Mrs. Mick Jagger?

BOYS! Could you be the best mate he's ever had?

He's the wildest Stone of all . . . the most sensitive . . . perhaps the most difficult to know really well. But **RAVE** has been speaking to those closest to him. They've revealed the intimate things that would make YOU click with Mick!

MICK JAGGER

TREAT HIM AS A ROWDY, raving, inconsiderate person—expect him to behave offstage with the same high-octane wildness he parades in performances—and you'll never click with Mick. How to click? Here are some basic rules:

1. Don't fuss. Just treat him as the ordinary down-to-earth person he is.
2. Always be yourself. To be affected is to put up a big, big black with Mick.
3. Mick won't make cracks about your clothes or hair. He knows you have 'em the way you like 'em. Same goes for him!
4. Talk intelligently—you'll find he does.
5. If you know about rhythm 'n' blues, you'll find Mick eager to swap notes.
6. If you *don't* know don't try to cover by clever talk. Tell him you don't and ask questions. You'll soon find him asking questions about *your* pet subjects.

HE'S BEST IN THE P.M.

ONE OF THE MOST important ways of clicking with Mick is soundwise: getting him in top gear at a record session. Man with the know-how is Andrew Oldham—co-manager of the Stones and producer of their discs. Says he: "The most important thing about Mick is he is such a distinct personality—a very intelligent and creative one. He has strong ideas about music and normally doesn't beat around the bush deciding whether he likes something or not."

"To get the best from Mick—and, of course, the other Stones—at a recording session, I aim at the right atmosphere. A relaxed and informal one. Plenty of tea, cokes and gags! I also hold the session in the evening if I can. That's the time when Mick is right in the mood—the time when his feel for his music is at peak."

TALK R and B —BUT RIGHT!

A MAN WHO KNOWS Mick from way back is Giorgio Gomelsky. He runs the Crawdaddy Club in Richmond, Surrey. The Stones were resident there during their first steps to fame. "What I always remember about Mick", he

says, "is that you got along famously if you happened to know some r-and-b performer on his list of favourites. And the more obscure the performer, the more delighted Mick would be!"

"What got him down were people who said they understood r-and-b when they did not. He would say, 'Isn't this a great Bo Diddley disc?' Maybe his victim would agree. Then Mick would let on that he had picked out the worst disc by Bo he had ever heard."



DRESS WAY, WAY OUT

"IF YOU WANT TO click with Mick, have hair that's long and thick"—that is how RAVE's poetry dept. sums up the advice of "Ready, Steady, Go's" Cathy McGowan. "Mick likes a good head of hair on a girl as much as he does on himself", she says.

Further Mick-click tip from Cathy: "Wear unconventional clothes. He takes a lot of notice of anything offbeat and original."



TALK PLAIN AND STRAIGHT

CLOSE FRIEND of Mick's is "Ready, Steady, Win's" Michael Aldred. "Worst goof anyone can make," he says, "is to treat Mick as a sort of caveman because of the Stones' act being wild. If you do, you'll get sent up good 'n' strong."

"Respect his intelligence

and he'll respect yours. He also appreciates people who come out straight with what they think, because this is what he does. Whether he's talking about music or anything else.

"If you suggest a meal, Mick couldn't care less whether it's a posh place or an ordinary cafe. All that matters to him is good food and cheerful service. If the service is bad, he creates—one of a number of things we have in common!

"He doesn't get abusive. But if he is kept waiting half-an-hour for a bowl of cold soup which he hadn't ordered in the first place, he says his piece politely but firmly. But he is generous by nature and well. Also, if you didn't watch him, he'd pick up the bill every time."

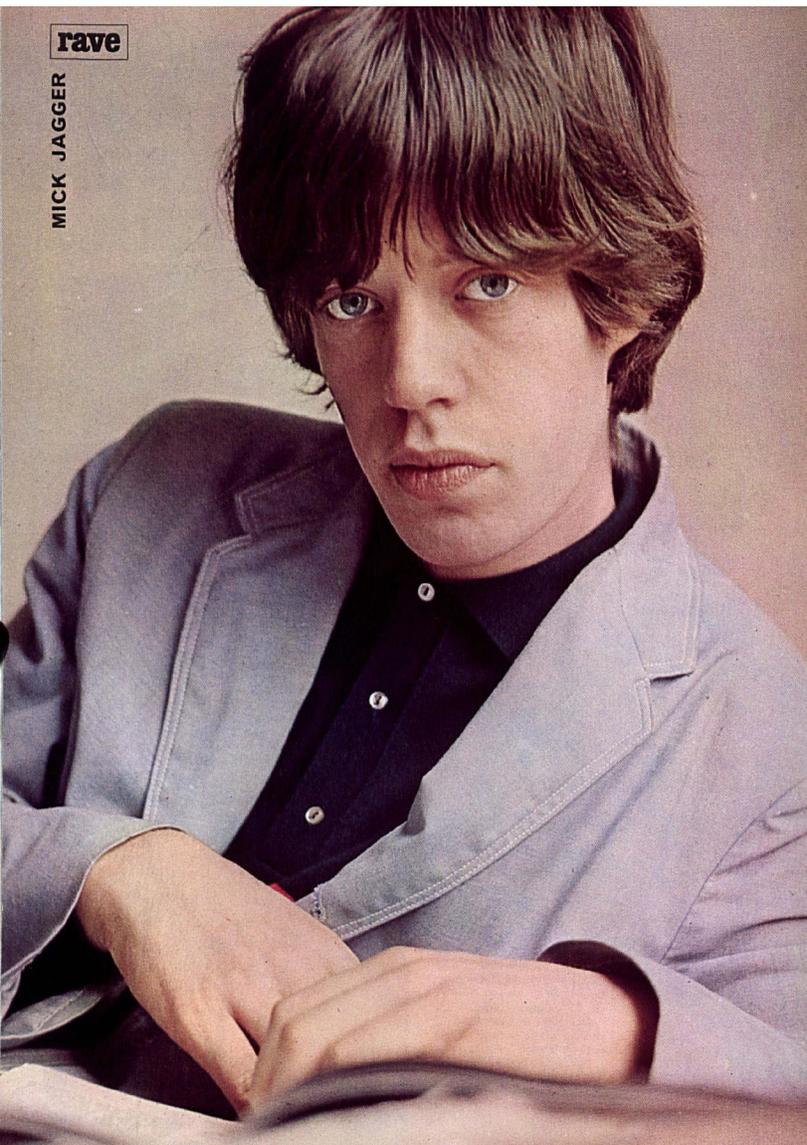
Mick—according to Michael . . .



Mick dresses way out, likes girls to do the same.

rave

MICK JAGGER



...HOW TO CLICK WITH MICK

—keeps up a keen interest in other artists and their careers. He takes a fair interest in reading. He specially likes Harold Robbins ("Dream Merchants", "Carpetbaggers" etc.).

PLEASE DON'T BE CORNY

IF YOU HAVE A camera and want to click with Mick—here's the lowdown from Vince Eckersley. He is a photographer. He works for Decca, who release Rolling Stones discs. "Mick—like all the Stones—tends to look dead serious when asked to pose for a picture," says Vince. "He probably gives out less than any of them. If a photographer says something corny—like 'Joke it up, fellers' or 'All say cheese, please'—Mick is liable to join the other Stones in the most diabolical face-pulling you could imagine.

"What to do? You have to go along with them. You have to understand they look serious because they *feel* serious about their music. Therefore they won't stunt it up for a picture.

"Someone once wanted to take Mick measuring Brian's hair with a ruler. He wouldn't do it. Another no-go was the idea of having the Rolling Stones rolling some stones along the ground. Nor will Mick and the others lift one of their number in the air or anything like that. They don't like anything daft.

★ ★ ★

"I think I get by with them. Maybe it helps that—at 25—I'm not too far off their age group. But I think they also know that—having done several sessions with them—I understand their feelings. Mind you, I get quite a few digs from Mick and the others. But the great thing is that if you dig back, they take it in good part."

Re getting the best out of Mick photowise, Vince says: "It would be great if I ever got the chance to take my time over portraits of him. He would be a wonderful subject. For my money, he has a very masculine face. It is rugged, offbeat, vastly interesting. With time to pick my angles, I think I could come up with some way-out results."

FEED HIM CHICKEN

ADRIENNE POSTER is 16 and as modern as tomorrow. She is a singer and TV actress. She is a special friend of the Stones. Early this year she recorded the Mick-Keith song "Shang A Doo Lang" for Decca.

Her first click-tip is, "Feed Mick cold chicken!" This she learned through visits to her parents' West End house by the Stones. Adrienne reports

"For their first visit—one lunchtime—we had laid on cold chicken and salad. I have never seen anything disappear so fast. So when they agreed to come to a party not long after, you can guess what was the main feature of the buffet supper.

★ ★ ★

"I think Mick is chicken-eating champion of the Stones by a fair margin. I shall never forget the sight of him at our party—standing in a corner with a whacking great leg of cold chicken held to his mouth and a look of absolute heaven on his face.

"What else? Well, he likes savouries—but doesn't seem too keen on sweets and cakes. He prefers coke to tea—with maybe a dash of Scotch in it late in the evening."

Adrienne talks readily about Mick as a person . . . "He is intelligent, quiet, very sincere. At a party, he enjoys himself and is good fun but never seeks the limelight. He may listen to discs. He may get up



and dance. But he's not a wild dancer at all. He doesn't charge about the way he does on stage!

"What he talks about most is the other Stones. He obviously takes great pride in introducing them to people.

"Another important thing about Mick—he never talks down. Not to anyone. He is wonderful with fans. About 20 turned up outside at that

party—how they found out about it, I haven't a clue!

"When Mick saw them, he said was there any chance of asking some of them in. We asked them *all* in.

"What makes me mad is if anyone talks about Mick or the other Stones being scruffy. They dress casually—and spotlessly. And one way *not* to click with Mick is to look scruffy. He is put off at once." ●●●

Have fun? Will click

MILLIE—who has toured with the Stones—has a simple recipe: "You'll click with Mick if you have a sense of humour and are all in favour of fun. That's the way Mick is himself. Those are the qualities he appreciates in others."

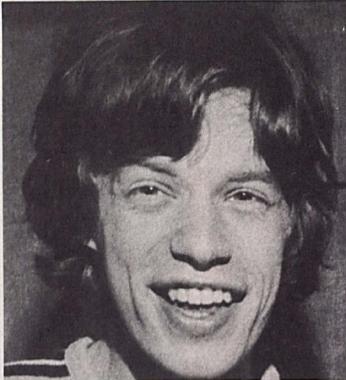
THE RONETTES—those sizzling gals from the States—clicked with Mick in next to no time. "Their zany sense of humour knocked me out," he recalls. Their verdict on him: "He's a real fun-guy. And he has those crazy casual clothes."



Don't ever make cracks about his hair

CLEVER MIMIC

SOMEONE ELSE WHO hits it off with Mick: Chris, his brother. He is 16. Mick quote: "He is a little perisher. Follows me all over the place. He's okay. He's always buying r-and-b records." More about Chris: he is studying for his GCE—O level; like Mick, he is a clever mimic; when fans ring up, he tries to kid them he's one of the Stones; he gets his own fan mail.



PARAMOUNTS—THEY'RE GEAR

ONE THING that definitely clicks with Mick is the music of the Paramounts. Come in Paramount drummer Barry Wilson: "Must be about a year ago we first met Mick. It was when we were with the Stones on the same date at Deal, Kent. The Stones made us feel ten feet tall, saying how much they liked our sound. Mick said it was crazy, us not being on record. I think our sound clicked with him because it was so blues-influenced. It was him keeping on the way he did that made us do a demo disc some weeks later—and that in turn led to us getting a record contract."

According to Barry, good audiences click with Mick very much. "That may sound like stating the obvious. But what I mean is he will remember the places where the Stones have gone down well a long time afterwards. He definitely takes a good reception to heart."

Then characters click with Mick—so much so, he will do impersonations of them which are very funny."

IF YOU'RE AT THE same party as Mick, you won't click with him if you drop ash or any other litter on the carpet. He's liable to say, "Don't do that. We are guests here. It's up to us to be tidy."

GOOFS TO AVOID: DON'T suggest Mick has jumped on the r-and-b bandwagon—he's been raving about it for years. OR make cracks about his hair—that's the way he likes it.

DON'T BE OFF-HAND

SINGER JULIE GRANT has been in many shows with the Stones. She has often watched Mick storming it up on stage. "Terribly exciting—full of sex appeal," is her verdict.

As to clicking with Mick, she says: "I don't think he would like any girl performer who was off-hand with fans. He never is. So long as there isn't too much of a crowd, he not only signs autographs but spends quite a time talking with boys and girls waiting at



stage doors. He does this very quietly and naturally. Just as if he's one of them."

What else about clicking? Says Julie, "Mick seems to like a girl to be a stylist in dress—and up-to-the-minute as regards fashions. He also likes you to be one for a laugh—because he's definitely like that himself. I've never been out with Mick—though I got to know him quite well on tour—but I should imagine he is a wonderful escort. Full of fun yet also very considerate."

GOOD LISTENER

"I EXPECTED MICK to be a real wild person," says Gene Pitney, recalling their first meeting. "But I was impressed right away by his sensible outlook on life. I told him how I was looking for a follow-up to Tulsa." He listened patiently while I got the problem off my chest. Then he and Keith got to work and produced "That Girl Belongs to Yesterday" for me."

COULD YOU BE LIKE CHRIS?

ONE GIRL WHO should get her diploma for clicking with Mick is Chrissie Shrimpton. She is nineteen. Her sister is top model Jean Shrimpton.

How does this slick chick click? Here are a few pointers.

1. She has slimmed from "well over ten stone" to nine-stone-six as an aid to a modelling career.
2. Her outlook is independent: she works under a different name to avoid being linked with sister Jean.
3. She is open about her liking for Mick—a whole lotta pix of him adorn the walls of her North London flat.
4. She won't talk about him to people in the world outside. Like reporters.
5. She doesn't shirk a nine-to-five job—having worked as a secretary at Decca Records and Radio Caroline.



HERE'S MICK

M
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MONEY—Mick admits to spending it like water.

INTOLERANT people—he hates 'em.

CHINESE food—that's for him!

KORNER, Alexis—Gave Mick a job with his band.

REED, Jimmy—one of Mick's favourites.

AMBITION—to be a showbiz manager.

GITAR—"Can't really play it. Just mess around."

GIRLS—"I like 'em a hundred per cent feminine."

ECONOMICS—Mick used to study them.

ROYALTIES. from songs go straight into bank.



BEAT STAR MIKE GRANT'S

FURY'S FRIENDS WIN • SHORTER MANFREDS

■ If Billy Fury has another hit record this autumn, he will make his long-awaited appearance on "Sunday Night At The London Palladium". And that's official.

Now the Beatles, Searchers, Rolling Stones, Cilla Black, Bachelors, Kenny Lynch and the Vernons Girls can consider their battle won!

For they all signed a petition organised by 17-year-old typist Carmen Bailey who has the names of more than 50,000 fans who want to see Billy on the programme.

ATV told me: "He has been booked before, of course, but after a disagreement, withdrew. However, we are aware of this petition and we will give him a booking if his follow-up to 'It's Only Make Believe' is a hit."

Why do so many big names want Billy to star at the Palladium? After all, the Stones have never been on the programme. They might be jealous if Billy made it, I thought.

But Mick Jagger said: "He's the sort of guy who would do well on the programme. He needs to prove that he's matured from out-and-out rock singing."

Mike Pender's view was: "Most Liverpool artists admire his consistency—and of course he's something of an old hand at pop music now. We're just newcomers compared to the time he's been around."

Cilla Black said: "He's great—and a lot more people should see him and they'll agree. But Paul McCartney put it in a nutshell: 'If Billy does the Palladium TV show, he'll be a success because so many people are going to get a pleasant shock when they see his talent and artistry.'"

■ Ann-Margret hosted one of the most spectacular parties that Hollywood has ever seen to celebrate her admission to the million-dollar class.

My man in California tells me that the party went on for two days. Most of the biggest names dropped in—including Elvis Presley, Steve McQueen,

Cary Grant and Hayley Mills.

In fact, Ann-Margret is now worth several million dollars as she has a firm six-picture commitment from Universal, worth nearly \$2 million, promises of another three million in salaries and extra income over the next six years.

Add to this contracts for three MGM films, four for 20th Century-Fox, three for Columbia and one each for Frank Sinatra and United Artists, and you'll agree it will be some time before she joins the queue at the employment exchange.

■ Taking driving lessons: Cilla Black (she's picked up from her London hotel, the President, and returned in time to prepare for her evening Palladium performances), Kathy Kirby and Billy J. Kramer. Billy J's already bought a car in anticipation of passing his test. Kathy is learning in Blackpool.

■ Mike Love of the Beach Boys was the inspiration behind their "I Get Around" smash hit. He's a hot-rod

addict and is so mad on cars that even when he's not driving them, he has to sing about them!

Mike is the lower lead voice in what is almost a family concern. For the Wilson brothers, Carl (17), Brian (21) and Dennis (19) are his cousins.

Their pal Al Jardine, (21), who is married, used to be a dentist until he found he preferred filling hills to cavities. Their closest friend is Trini Lopez who has done much to advise them on the British scene since they hit it big here.

The Beach Boys have just finished their first film. Titled "Girls On The Beach", it's another of those sand-and-surf pictures which go great guns in America but don't mean a lot here. Perhaps the BB's association will give it more box office appeal.

Originally the Beach Boys were brought together by their admiration of the Four Freshmen. "When we decided to form a group, we wanted to be like them with a more direct appeal to people of our own age group," explained Carl.

Beach Boys—their film could be big here



KIND STONES • ANN-MARGRET'S RICHES • BRIAN'S JACKET

■ Manfred Mann and his men are gradually shedding their long manes—because they believe that shorter haircuts are coming back into fashion.

Manfred told me: "We can't suddenly change our hairstyles. It would look too odd. So we're going to the barbers every week and having it cut a bit shorter each time."

But Mann's famous beard will stay. When he formed the group he was advised that beards were strictly out (the image-makers at work again!) but he stuck to his guns. Secretly, he thinks it makes him look distinctive. What do you think?



Manfred: Beard stays

■ Seeing as the Rolling Stones come in for so much criticism, you'd think they would try to get publicity for the kind and thoughtful things they do.

But that isn't the case. And two recent examples of their unpublicised kindness show that good intentions aren't always appreciated.

When they had acquired a huge collection of dolls and toys sent in by fans, they offered them to an orphanage. Their gift was refused—but the Stones don't know why.

And when Bill Wyman had a much-needed morning off, he slipped round to a record store to buy an LP for his mother. Before he got to the counter the manager asked him to sign some autographs.

Bill stayed there for all his free time and swelled trade considerably. When the time came for him to leave, he told the manager what he had originally come in for.

"Here's the LP," he was told. "And we'll even knock nippence off the price for you!"

■ Subscribers to the telephone service at Pontypool and Griffithstown in Wales had a marvellous time when their phones were switched over to the STD system recently.

By chance, they got music on the line! One man tried calling the operator and got the Dave Clark Five in his ear. When he

dialled TIM, Cilla Black came through. And 999 brought—the Rolling Stones!

■ The Animals will pose for pictures on a glider swaying forty floors over London. They'll even say "cheese" in a swimming pool for an underwater camera. But they positively refused to be photographed in the obvious setting—in a cage!

■ James Franciscus is a name that may be unfamiliar to you. But within the next few months you'll hear it many more times. For the American TV series in which he stars is tipped to catch on here.

The series—"Mr Novak"—is all the rage in the U.S. There are plans for it to be fully networked in Britain shortly and you'll see Jim in the title role.

It could be you'll be

started by Jim's amazing resemblance to Richard "Dr Kildare" Chamberlain. There is a strange story behind this.

Franciscus was originally offered the Kildare role—but he turned it down for another series, which proved a mistake as it subsequently flopped.

A writer friend of both Chamberlain and Franciscus suggested to MGM (who make the series) that if they couldn't have Jim, they might at least like to consider his double! They did and look what happened.

■ RSG dancer Patrick Kerr makes his record debut earlier than he expected on a forthcoming Hollies track! For one session only he joined the group—playing the ashray.

Patrick, originally due to make a record later this year with a song written by Hollies Graham Nash and Allan Clark, didn't think he could be heard keeping time on an ashray with a drumstick.

But the tapping came through on the finished tape—and recording manager Ron Richards was so delighted with the way it added to the rhythm that he left it on.

■ Brian Poole has come up with an unconventional design for a new jacket he has ordered from London tailor Paul Keam.

It is off-white Donegal tweed with a black fleck, has four pockets with black mohair flaps, a high shawl collar and six buttons and gauntlet cuffs!

■ Those stories that Cliff Richard and Dave Clark don't exactly hit it off because two of Cliff's sisters help run the

DC5 fan club, are rubbish! The truth is, Cliff is tickled pink! Recently, he sent his sisters, Jackie and Joan, to ask Dave if they could all have tea together.

Dave was delighted with the invitation—and so they met for the first time the other Sunday at Cliff's home in Nazling, Essex.

After tea they played records and Cliff—who contributes to the running of his own fan club in a generous way—told Dave: "I keep an eye on Jackie and Joan to make sure they answer every single letter that comes to your fan club."

■ I'm heartily sick of all those nasty cracks about the Rolling Stones. Comedians who use the Stones to get laughs should be shaved bald. Because they'd look funnier!

There's a prize of £2 for the best nice joke about the Stones. Send them to me and I'll print the winner.

■ Marianne Faithfull has the chance to develop her career from that of a singer with one hit to acting. As she rates very high in my book, I hope she will compromise and find a way of doing both.

I think this may happen. For while one film company was busy giving her a screen test and raving over her raw acting ability, other people were discussing the very real possibility of a leading role for her in Cliff Richard's next film.

■ Merseyheats' drummer John Banks was telling me the other day of the remarkable confidence trick that brought him into pop music. cont. on page 62



JAN PARKER

LONG TALL SALLY ?

No?...But you'll still score with the

SKINNY LIZZIE LOOK



It's the Skinny Lizzie (Lean Bean) look that's all the rave. Sweaters to hug you as summer draws to its close and the sharpest pants and skirts to team with them. Take your pick from the tops and tails I've chosen here.

TOPPED . . . by the newest look in polo-necked sweaters. They've taken on the skinny look too. In fact, they don't come more clingy than this—long tight sleeves, high roll collar and a long line that fits snugly over the hips.

Price? £2 12s. 6d. Be prepared to wear it with a kookie hairstyle in cheek-level bunches like our model.

TOPPED . . . (left) by a skinny ribs sweater in pale cornflower blue. Made in wool with a low crew neckline and short sleeves, it's right for pants and sporty wear and neat enough to slip under a suit jacket. Or try wearing it as the French girls do with a flannel hipster skirt and school-boy striped belt. Available in a wide range of colours, it comes from Neatawear. Price: £1 12s. 6d.



TAILED . . . by the sleekest pants around. Made in stretch Bri-nylon, they are completely minus any zips or buttons—a boon for the "I-hate-mending" brigade. Slide them on over the hips and they anchor under the instep giving a long, lean leg line. One last bonus—they're washable and save a mint in cleaning bills. By Ian Peters in a wide range of colours, they cost £2 9s. 11d.

TAILED . . . in the snazziest pair of pantaloons I've seen. They're in stark black and white check. To show them off to advantage team them with heavily ribbed socks in black or white and a pair of "grannie" shoes with high fronts and low clumpy heels. The pantaloons from Group One cost £4 4s. Ribbed knee-length socks will be available from Marks & Spencer: they come in black, white, buff and royal. Price 5s. 6d.

Fashion notes by LINDY BANKS

Photographs by PHIL JAMES



TAILED . . . by culottes . . . half skirt—half pants and made in a crazy check. Styled to lead a double life, they look sedate for everyday wear (no-one can tell them from an ordinary skirt until you stride out). From Gor-ray, they cost £419s.

TOPPED . . . in a s-t-r-e-t-c-h sweater of ribbed wool. It's in the palest of pinks to make the most of what's left of your suntan. For chillier autumn days it has wrist-hugging raglan sleeves and a soft oval neckline that's flattering if polo collars make you look neck-less. From Neatawear, the price is £29s. 11d.



SHAPE UP TO THE SKINNY CLOTHES

Some of you may need to narrow your silhouette before wearing lean clothes. Sorry, but the only way is keeping to a strict diet.

Cut out sweets, cakes, bread, potatoes and all starchy foods. No need to starve; stoke up with lean meat, fish, cheese, eggs and plenty of green vegetables.

Start the day with a good breakfast to stop that craving for fattening mid-morning snacks. Substitute fruit and cheese if you normally have a sandwich lunch.

Drinking girls—and that goes for cokes and coffee as well as alcohol—cut down on the liquid intake. The results are well worth the agony—puppy fat looks cute in its right place—on puppies.

Even string-bean types can often take a few toning exercises to taughen flabby muscles. Try ten dry-land swimming strokes a day. Put hands pointing forwards at chest level, elbows at your sides. Stretch hands straight in front of you. Move arms to the side keeping them at chest level.

Another easy one to do at odd spare moments . . . clasp hands in front of you and push one against the other as hard as possible, then relax. Flatten off too much bottom by sitting on the ground, legs straight in front of you. Move your left leg forward and then your right, so that you are "walking" along the ground, but in a sitting position.

Boy friend laughing at your antics? If he's a bit overweight start him on your new routine too!

yesterday's raves TODAY

GRANDMA, WHAT GOOD TASTE YOU'VE GOT!

As the new Edwardian era comes swashbuckling in, fashion again skips back through the generations to the gay, zippy days when clothes and furniture were built to outlast the mortgage!

Gilt mirrors are especially popular sharp, new bedrooms—they look so expensive and yet can be bought so cheaply. Also in great demand are old-fashioned china water bowls and jugs, decorated with hand-painted flowers.

Rush matting on the floor and black-framed pen-and-ink drawings on the wall will help to create the right atmosphere.

And just to let people know that the room hasn't stood undecorated since 1907, give it a whiteness bonus. White walls and woodwork will add the pure 1964 touch. Pick up some of granny's second-hand cottage-type furniture and paint that white, too.

When you've finished, fit a pink light bulb—and then stand back to watch the room really glow.



GRANNY GEAR FOR GIRLS

GRANNY'S wardrobe is sailing back on the crest of the Edwardian wave.

Pin-stripe is a favourite material with rows of little buttons dotted anywhere and everywhere. Along the cuffs and down the bodice are two favourite spots for the very popular cut-jet buttons.

The general appearance is one of tight sleeves with dicky-shirt fronts and little, stand-up laced collars, velvet bows and silver locket worn on black velvet chokers.

The bust line is high, straight and slim.

If you have a Dave Clark shirt you can mark it with the Edwardian brand by trimming the high collar with a length of cluny lace, adding another length to the cuffs for extra effect.



THE BANJO'S BACK IN TOWN

THERE'S only one instrument "on" in New York these days—the old banjo. They're plunking in clubs all over the Upper East Side, the city's newest entertainment area. It's taking over from Greenwich Village, which is now just for the tourists

EAT LIKE TOM JONES

OLD-FASHIONED farmhouse meals are the latest rage in Paris—hefty great chunks of mock peasant fare served up in a new crop of rustic restaurants with rafters and dry-stone walls.

You start off by hacking your fill from a great platter of sausage and pates, followed by a selection of raw vegetables.

Next comes the stew—heaps of lamb or rabbit, followed by great chunks of country cheese and fruit.

Average charge for as much as you can eat (and as much wine as you can drink)—£2. If you've seen the film 'Tom Jones' you'll get an idea of the size of these back-to-nature feasts.

If you know where to find the right bistro, you can get almost exactly the same thing for 12s. plus wine.



Curling Tongs are back— with a difference

THE STRAIGHTENING of curly hair is still very much in fashion. If you want yours to come straight to the shoulder here's an unexpected piece of equipment that can do it—CURLING tongs. But Grandma wouldn't recognise them!

Cheaper and more convenient than going to the hairdresser every week, the £1 15s. Pifco curling tongs will give you the straight look without effort. Just run the tongs slowly down the length of your hair and the

heat will do the rest. But beware of overheating; follow the manufacturer's instructions very carefully, or you may singe your hair.

Incidentally, if you don't want your fringe to look dated part it in the middle.

Coloured bands are taking the place of the Tom Jones bow in holding the hair back. Slot a camellia or a large, floppy rose through the bands for evening wear.

TOMORROW'S RAVES

page 48...

READY STEADY LOSE!



'GOOD MORNING SIR' SAID THE HONEST-LOOKING DEALER 'ARE WE SEEING OURSELVES AS A DAVE CLARK TODAY-OR PERHAPS A PRETTY THING? ...

"SAXES ARE COMING LARGE AGAIN



-AND SIR DOES LOOK DEAD GEAR INDEED WITH ONE IN HIS EAR - VERY SOUNDS INCORPORATED.

EVERY DAY, I WOULD PRESS MY LITTLE NOSE UP AGAINST THE MUSIC SHOP WINDOW & WONDER WHICH INSTRUMENT TO BUY.....

NO? THEN HOW ABOUT A TOUCH OF 'THE HARPS? - JUST SLIP THIS ONE BETWEEN THE CHOPPERS SIR & HAVE A BOGGLE IN THE MIRROR - IMAGINE IT'S YOUR TELLY AT TEN-TO-SIX ON A SATURDAY AFTN.

OR PERHAPS A BACHELORS STYLE BASS ...

ONE MORNING quite suddenly I decided to VENTURE INSIDE

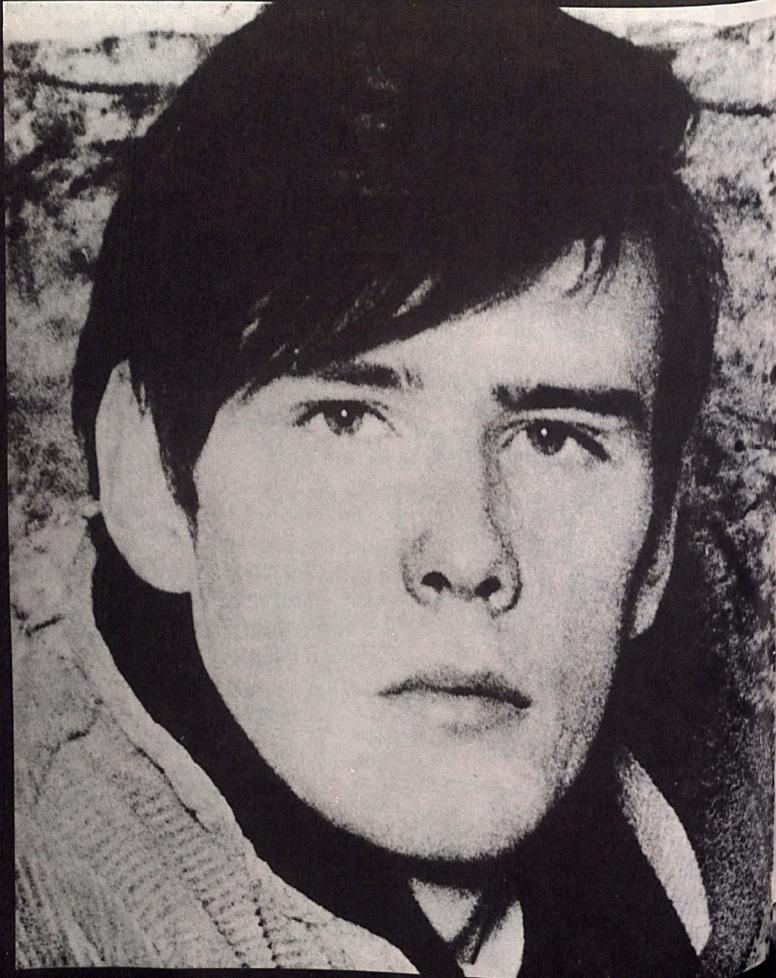


DONT WORRY LITTLE DARLINGS HE HAS A SIZE TEN BOOT



HIS SIZE SIX FOOT!

Stuart Sutcliffe, the fifth Beatle, gazes into the camera. They were to marry, but fate struck...



camera of Astrid Kirchherr, top German photographer. NOW—the first full story of their tragic love

By ED BLANCHE

I filled my Beatle's last days with love

Tenderly, the girl with long blonde hair picks up the photograph. From it, the proud, sensitive eyes of Stuart Sutcliffe gaze up into hers. Shadows fall across her face as she says huskily: "It was a beautiful moment when my Beatle asked me to marry him. We were so very much in love..." A long silence. Then she breathes: "I never dreamed he would... die..." In the quietness of the darkening room, I know that she is once again inside that ambulance in its sickening, jolting race to the hospital—staring down with anguished foreboding at the white motionless face of the boy she loved.

The photograph slides from her fingers and falls face-down on to the floor. On the back I read: "Photograph by Astrid Kirchherr."

This girl is Astrid. This photograph is one of many brilliant pictures she took of Stuart and the other Beatles—John, Paul, George and Pete Best—in their riotous days in her home town of Hamburg, Germany, before they became international stars.

Astrid is dressed all in black—she says simply that she just prefers black. Time has soothed away the emptiness and the sorrow.

Now she can tell quietly, almost unemotionally, the first full story of her tragic love for Stuart, the fifth Beatle.

For she is happy again. She has been engaged

Together, Astrid and George Harrison share their memories of Stuart Sutcliffe, the Beatle whom Astrid loved.



My Stuart was more gentle and quiet than the others . . . Sensitive, intelligent, even eccentric . . . He'd write poems then tear them up—he'd paint all night long. He drove himself too hard



to another Liverpool musician, drummer Gibson Kemp, since January.

Astrid sits curled up on the floor in front of 19-year-old Gibson in the living room of his home in Litherland, a suburb of Liverpool, within a mile of the Town Hall where the Beatle story got under way more than six years ago.

Gibson, who occupied the vacant drumstool with Rory Storm and the Hurricanes when Ringo left to join the Beatles, later played at the Star Club with King Size Taylor and the Dominoes. He now has his own group, the Eyes.

Astrid is 25 now. Doesn't take photographs any more. Lives with her mother in their Hamburg flat. She dresses in black, but not because she is still mourning her dead Stuart. "I always dressed in black. I like it. I even buy coloured dresses and dye them black," she explains.

She speaks very good Scouse. Her knowledge of English slang is prolific and expert—learned from Stuart, the Beatles, and practically every visiting Liverpool musician. There is very little trace of German when she speaks. Only occasionally does she falter over a word. Then she will turn to Gibson, who is never far from her side, and ask: "What is that word, dear?"

Astrid first met the Beatles in 1959 when they were a wild, gag-pulling gang of beat musicians who thrived on playing 12 hours a night in Hamburg's crowded Kaiser Keller club for £16 a week.

Wild boys

There were five of them then: Stuart, the bass guitarist, John Lennon, Paul McCartney, George Harrison and drummer Pete Best, living and thinking like one person.

"The stage was about as big as a sofa," laughs Astrid. "And there they were, the five of them, crowded on it with all their equipment. That first time I saw them, the club was packed and I was with a boyfriend of mine."

"I couldn't take my eyes off these lean, wildly exciting boys. I'd never heard anything like them before," she says excitedly, remembering an old enthusiasm.

She remembers that Stuart was wearing dark glasses. "I could see he was looking at me all the time," she says. "At first, there was nothing special between us, but later we wanted to be with each other all the time."

"He was different than the rest in a way. More gentle and quiet. Seemed to think a lot more."

Stuart and John were old friends. Close friends. They had studied together at Liverpool College of Art, before forming a beat group and asking George and Paul to join them.

Jokers all

They liked the same things. Laughed at the same jokes. But their outlooks and ambitions were different. Whereas John tended to be cynical, Stuart was more gentle and sympathetic.

He had only one ambition: to paint. He found peace in it. Astrid remembers that in Hamburg he painted day and night for months in a converted studio in her mother's flat, searching for a beauty he never seemed to find.

"He painted more than 500 pictures in less than a year," she says.

It was after those first few riotous months in Hamburg that Stuart asked Astrid to marry him.

"It was a beautiful moment," she says reverently. "Stuart was very quiet when he came to the flat, knew that he would be leaving me in a few days to go back to Liverpool when the group's contract ran out. When he asked me, I wanted to cry."

"I said yes. I think he had wanted to ask me for some time but just couldn't work himself up to it."

It was a silent and lonely Hamburg after the Beatles left. And not just for Astrid. The whole city was buzzing with the question: "When are the Beatles returning?" But for Astrid, it was something more than just listening to a good group.

Within weeks, they were back, this time at the rival Top Ten club. Astrid and Stuart were overjoyed at being together again. But trouble wasn't far off.

The tough city police were

after them. They had been accused of burning the small cell-like room they had stayed in—the projection room of a converted cinema—while they were playing at the Kaiser Keller.

Beat groups were not the Hamburg Police Department's favourite people, so they searched the city for the Beatles. Within hours, they were all in jail, and Peter Eckhorn, manager of the Top Ten had to bail them out.

Astrid says viciously: "The police were terrible. They weren't going to release the boys. But Peter said he would pay anything to get them out. He liked them a lot, but it was the Beatles who were filling his club every night. He couldn't afford to have them in jail."

Now Stuart was painting more and more. Drifting away from the group in the daytime. He couldn't afford to buy expensive oils, so he drew with ink, crayons and pencils on cheap art paper. He began to miss sessions at the club.

All the time he was painting as though his life depended on it. He'd paint anything: the grimy Hamburg skyline, the forest of cranes at the docks, the drab backalleys. And as a model, Astrid always sat for him.

Another life

Many of these works were exhibited at the Walker Art Gallery in Liverpool this spring.

The Beatles returned to Liverpool when their six-month contract at the Top Ten expired in 1960. But Stuart stayed behind. He had been awarded a scholarship to Hamburg University to study art.

When John, Paul, George and Pete came back to the Top Ten later in the year, Stuart was a different person. Art and Astrid were his whole life. His parents and sisters Pauline and Joyce in Aigburth Road, Liverpool, belonged to another life.

"Stuart was so sensitive," Astrid quietly recalls. "He liked beautiful things. When we used to go out—which wasn't very often because I wasn't making much money and he only had his grant to college—we went to the ballet or classical concerts."

Astrid lights another cigarette, and almost whispers through a cloud of grey smoke: "He used to write stories and poems too. Strange things. To me they were often incomprehensible. I would read them and say how good they were. But Stuart would read them again, and then tear them up. I'm sure they were his philosophy, but I couldn't always understand them."

Headaches

She speaks faster now. As though the dam had been broken and at last she could talk about Stuart. She sounds relieved.

"He was very intelligent," she says proudly. "Very sensitive, with a wonderful sense of humour."

"He was always doing something. He couldn't sit still for long. If he wasn't painting, he was writing or playing the guitar."

"He used to spend hours writing letters to John in Liverpool. He'd put down all his feelings, all his experiences, even put in illustrations and pages of poetry. These letters used to run to twenty pages or so. And John's were just as long and deep."

Stuart and Astrid were not to have much longer together. Within a few months he would be dead.

He began to have sudden painful headaches which would almost drive him mad. They would go as suddenly as they had come. Astrid thought it was overwork and fatigue.

"He would study all day then come home and go straight up to his studio and paint all night," she says.

But the pains got worse, the headaches more frequent. Once he fainted in class and had to be brought home. He was put to bed. The doctor who examined him couldn't find anything wrong. Astrid's mother made him stay in bed and rest. But the pains did not go away.

Several top specialists examined him, but the answer was always the same: "We can find nothing wrong." A brain tumour was suspected, but a long series of X-ray tests showed nothing.

The stabbing pains got so bad, Stuart had to have morphine to deaden the pain.

"Sometimes he'd get up and be walking around laughing and talking as though nothing was wrong. Then he'd suddenly clutch his head and groan with the pain," she says.

She stops, puts out the cigarette in the glass ashtray already overflowing with stubs. She looks out the window on to the small square of green lawn behind Gibson's suburban home. Perhaps she is thinking that she and Stuart may have lived in a house just like this.

She continues, trying to

sound as matter of fact as she can. "The day before he died Stuart was up and around the flat. He wanted to go and meet the Beatles at the airport. That

was their fourth trip, just after they had signed with Brian Epstein. When I wouldn't let

him, he said that I must go. Then he went to bed." Next morning, Astrid found Stuart in bed, unconscious, deathly white and breathing very shallowly. She made an emergency call for an ambulance. She sat with him on the way to the hospital, watching

Stuart in his favourite chair in his studio



After Stuart's death, John wrote me a beautiful letter — he'll never know how much it meant

him get worse. She shouted to the driver to hurry.

But when they got to the hospital, Stuart Sutcliffe was dead.

"They put his body on a trolley," says Astrid, "and wheeled him to the lift to the operating theatre. A doctor looked at him and told me he was dead.

"I couldn't believe it."

Astrid wandered out of the hospital, dazed and alone. She cried softly to herself, still unable to grasp that Stuart was dead. No more peaceful evenings sitting for him in the studio. No more cooking his meals. No more concerts. Stuart was dead.

But the tragedy was not over yet. There were to be more tears.

Astrid cabled Stuart's mother the appalling news. A grief-stricken Mrs. Sutcliffe caught the first airplane to Hamburg. Also on it was George who had been ill and missed the earlier flight with the other three.

The jubilant Beatles, who had arrived the day before, were there at the airport to meet George. They were happy and confident. Things were beginning to move with Brian Epstein handling them. They were booked for a two-month date at the new Star Club at £45 a week each. A fortune.

And then they saw Astrid with George and Mrs. Sutcliffe.

"Where's Stu?" they asked. Tears streaming down her face, Astrid sobbed out that he was dead.

They wept

John, Stuart's biggest chum, cried hysterically when he heard. Paul and Pete wept unashamedly. George and Stuart's mother held Astrid and wept also.

She lights another cigarette and continues: "The boys had to play at the club that night. I thought they wouldn't be able to go on, but somehow they managed it.

"They said very little and they didn't gag about much like they usually did."

A few months later, when the Beatles were back in Britain with an EMI recording contract, John wrote to Astrid.

It was a long letter. A very personal letter. It meant a lot to her.

For John wrote how close he and Stuart were. How Stuart told him how much he loved Astrid and wanted to marry her. How John was happy for them both. How empty it must seem now that Stuart was dead. How lucky he himself was to have found Cynthia.

So true

"It was a very beautiful letter," says Astrid. "John will never know how much it meant to me. It's the only letter I've ever had from him, but it doesn't matter. He knew how I felt, and said some very wonderful and true things in it. I'll always treasure it, for it's like something of Stuart to me."

"After he died, I sat down and told myself I must live again. I made myself think of Stuart's family and the way they must feel."

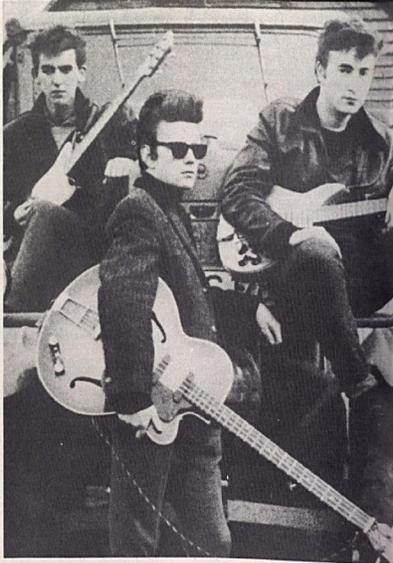
Gradually, Astrid learned to live her life again, knowing that she must mingle with her friends, learn to laugh and smile, and make her memories of the happiness she shared with Stuart part of her.

Stuart's cluttered studio in the Kirchherr home is still more or less as he left it. Dozens of his paintings, some of them unfinished, lean against a black-painted wall. Astrid's pictures of the Beatles and other Merseyside singers and musicians hang on the wall alongside a giant photo portrait of Stuart. In the corner stands his high-backed chair.

"I used to sit in that room," says Astrid, "because Stuart and I had so many happy moments there. But I had to go on living. I had to look ahead, not live in the past. But nothing much has changed in that room."

She still saw as much of the Beatles as she could. But it was becoming difficult as the group became more famous. They visited Hamburg once more—at the end of 1962—before they exploded on to the British pop scene. Until then they hadn't been known outside Hamburg and Liverpool.

And always it was John she found she was most relaxed



George, Stuart and John in a Hamburg rail depot, 1959. One of the first pictures Astrid ever took of the Beatles

with John, Stuart's closest friend, with whom he had shared all his hopes and dreams.

When John and Cynthia were in Paris, it was John who paid for Astrid to visit them. "He insisted," she says. "It gave him so much pleasure now that he could afford it. And I was very grateful."

This spring, she flew over to stay with George and Ringo in their fifth-floor Mayfair flat. "I knew Ringo when he was in Hamburg with Rory Storm, and later when he came over with the Beatles in Pete Best's place," she says. "He's a marvellous character, always laughing and dancing. George and he are very close."

She also visited John and Cynthia while she was in London. "John is a wonderful husband and a devoted father,"

she smiles. "He thinks the world of his family. He hasn't changed at all since I first knew him. A bit quieter maybe, but still as funny and witty as ever.

"He'll never change. He's too intelligent and aware of himself and the things around him to do that."

Astrid is quiet now. Her memories exhausted. She sighs and leans back in her chair, lights another cigarette. The room is silent. Photographs she took of Stuart which she had shown me while she talked, lie on the carpet.

She runs a hand through her long, straight golden hair and says quietly, the trace of a wistful smile touching the corner of her mouth: "You know, I would have liked to live over here in a little house with Stuart."

BEATLES

rave



WHO'S YOUR TYPE?

Try the Dating Game and discover the type that's right for you . . . You never know, it could be Mick (or Dusty) . . . Paul (or Cilla)

Who's the someone perfect for you? Make the social grade easier by getting in with your own special group. We've worked it all out for you. Team with the right ones first time. Do you go for them tall and dark? Do you feel tops when out with someone in formals or casuals? Everyone talks more freely over the right meal. But is it plain or exotic food for you? Play rave's great new Dating Game and you'll find out. Dick Tatham discovered some famous names you'd team with best. It's just like magic—all you have to do is answer a few questions. Then—Bingo!—you'll end up with the date you're most likely to click with!

1 Start
Do you like em tall? Reach out to [10]. If not, take a trip to the next square.

2 Who's for you—someone dark? Yes! go forward four squares. No? Slip up to [4].

3 There's nothing wrong with casuals that a trip to [20] won't put right. So you prefer em fair! But dya dig sharp suits rather than gear casuals? Yes? Go to [25]. No? Slip up to [4].

4 Are casuals rather than formals your choice? Yes, then go straight to [23]. No? Move forward one.

5 A sharp suit then. Good. For more self-analysis whiz to [42].

6 So it's plainer food for you! Go no further. Your letter is **T**. Test your type on page 34.

7 Do you go for off-beat foods? Then move ahead to [28]. No? Go to [17].

8 How did you get here? Go back and try again.

9 No disgrace. Your quest is done. Try your type—**T** or page 34.

10 Do the light-haired ones top your poll? Go to [18].

11 Dark haired then! o.k. but do you prefer them in casuals rather than suits? Then go to [28]. No? Move ahead four spaces.

12 Who said there's anything wrong with a slick suit? Bonus: Meet them on page 31. SEE **T**

13 You're in luck. Your type is known. Meet them on page 31. SEE **T**

14 Do you like howwely grub. Go back to [15]. If you dig something special in the food line, meet your type on page 30. See **A** IF NOT.

15 More like fish-n-chips! Find your type on page 39. See **P** the magic key '3.

16 Your quizzing is over. You are **E** on page 31.

17 We know a lot about you now. Link up with your type. SEE **T** page 35.

18 The journey will be worth it when you see your friends **M** on page 38.

19 Ah! so you go for a sharp suit. But is scampi for you? Then leap ahead to [23]. No? Move on one place.

20 Time for a meal. Do you prefer it ambitious and way out? Then jump to [33]. No? Try your luck in [29].

21 You're happy with plainer food. Return to [13].

22 Want that big night out with say, scampi and all the trimmings? Jump to [29]. No?

23 Simpler fare for you? Then take a tip from [45].

24 Smart dress you say, but does ritzy food attract? You'll do well at [43]. No? Go ahead one place.

25 Team up with your types. Join the **N** group on page 38.

26 Could be Magic Letter **M** (page 35) delivers your type.

27 Now found your type. Turn to the **G** gang on page 31.

28 Now food. Do you like exoties? See Page 39 **O**. No? Move back to [35].

29 Do you lick your lips at the thought of scampi? Expensive tastes! Go back to [37]. No? Then move to [41].

30 A long road you've covered. But you'll find a good welcome on page 34. Your letter is **G**.

31 Your letter is **L**. You'll be in good company on page 38.

32 How d'you get here? Go back to [38].

33 They're all Yours

29 So you like howwely grub. Go back to [15].

30 If you dig something special in the food line, meet your type on page 30. See **A** IF NOT.

31 Your quizzing is over. You are **E** on page 31.

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45 How d'you get here? Go back to [38].

46 They're all Yours

◀ THE PRETTY THINGS
GEORGE HARRISON



rave
P. J. PROBY

Who's Your Type?

A The ones who make you flip are tall, light-haired, casual-gear specialists about food. Take your pick from . . .

LONG JOHN BALDRY. John likes painting, writing poetry, drinking Scotch, eating Indian food. Has been collecting blues records since he was eleven—which was in 1952.

Steady campaigner for wide release in Britain of discs by American blues performers—notably Bobby Bland and B.B. King.

Will hold forth at length on subject of his height and so would you if you were six foot-seven.

Main problem is that of beds: "I have to sleep in a zig-zag position. I have never yet found a bed long enough for me. One day I shall have one made: seven foot long, six foot wide". Doors are another problem.

They are mostly too low for him. He keeps knocking his nut. So are clothes. Nearly everything must be specially made.



Long John Baldry, Marianne Faithfull

Consolation: height and reach come in handy in packed bars.

MARK WYNTER. Girls—easy on the make-up if you want to please Mark. He hates seeing it like it's been done with a trowel.

If you were to fix him a meal, cut spinach out. He hates it.

What does he like? Foodwise: steak, warm rolls with butter, milk. He likes morning runs in the local park, horses, laughing children, British pageantry.

Listening tops for him are June Christy, Brook Benton, the MJQ, Peggy Lee, Mahalia Jackson.

Likes a game of cards. Real

wild stakes. The sort where you can lose as much as tenpence in one evening!

MARIANNE FAITHFULL. Folk music is firm ground with Marianne. In coffee bars near her home in Reading (Berks) she has sung it for as little as ten bob a night.

Get her talking about Joan Baez or Bob Dylan and you'll know at once you're tuned in right.

If you're a bit of a longhair (mindwise, that is) you're likely to be her type. If talk about folk music tapers off, try switching to Brando or poetry or ballet.

Marianne (still being educated at a convent in Reading) is daughter of an Austrian baroness. Dad is a London University lecturer.

Smoke note: Marianne prefers Woodbines.

SUSAN HAMPSHIRE. Ask Susan about her doll's house. This is what she calls her London home. It is a "workman's cottage bought for a film star price" in Fulham.

Susan recently moved into it from her flat in nearby Sloane Square. She will talk eagerly and at length about furniture and colour schemes.

While she is talking, notice whether her voice is low-pitched. If so, she is probably wearing her special gadget. It is a plastic disc made by her dentist to fit into the roof of her mouth. She explains, "I used to worry about the pitch of my voice being too high. Then I noticed it seemed to drop while I was chewing gum."

Pattie Boyd—she digs parties and discs



E The people who bowl you over are tall, fair, tend to go out and about in slick suits and are scampi-inclined when it comes to food. Try your luck and chances will be good with . . .

MICHAEL CAIN. The man who hit fame via the dandy role in "Zulu" is a down-to-earth type in real life—as you'd expect from the son of a Billingsgate fish porter and an office cleaner.

Mike doesn't want to be typed in dandy roles. "It's tough parts I'm after", he insists.

He certainly got a toughening from his early jobs. They included work with a cement mixer on building sites—and with a pneumatic drill on road repairs.

Mike digs his music loud and with a fierce beat—his tea strong and in a mug—his suits faultlessly tailored and frequently pressed.

If you had an afternoon to spend with Mike, he might suggest a long ride on top of a bus. "Love looking at London that way", he says. "I'm fascinated by buildings. But I like modern ones best."

GARY CONWAY. Behind the tough exterior of the detective in "Burke's Law" you'll find an artistic personality.

Gary likes to take time out for painting—especially landscapes and portraits done in oils. He's also a gifted violinist with honours in contests to his credit.

KATHY KIRBY. Anyone who goes to the beach with Kathy must be prepared to—swim! "I'm always the most unglamorous gal on the seafloor", she once said.

You at once object that Miss K. could never, ever be unglamorous. But she meant she went to the beach with a dip in mind—as distinct from the gals

who just live in the sun and fix their make-up every three minutes.

But Kathy likes beautiful things in private life—hence her swank West End flat and a mink jacket which she aims to change for a full-length mink coat before she's very much older.

Kathy gets a kick out of meeting people. Only exception: "I can't stand phonies. When they start to gush, I feel I want to throw things".

ANN-MARGRET. No mystery about the topic guaranteed to get this Swedish lovely talking all evening. IT'S CLOTHES!

Though Ann-Margret is a highly-paid star, she never forgets the days when she was lighting her way up—therefore she appreciates the problems of dressing well on a limited budget.

Advice from her to girls in that position: "Bank on simplicity. A simple dress can be worn many times and will look in good taste."

JANE ASHER. Though gaining recent fame as Paul McCartney's girlfriend and as sister of Peter (& Gordon) Asher, has long showbiz career of her own.

Dates back to playing deaf mute in film "Mandy" aged five. TV career ranges from Juliet (in "Romeo and") to "Juke Box Jury".

Loves: talking, shows, dancing, music. Dislikes: strangers who only talk to her about Paul.



Billy J. Kramer—an easy, sunny personality

E

If your human cocktail is a mix of good height, darkness, casual dress and meals of an offbeat kick, then this is where you come in. Like . . .

JOHN HAWKEN—leader and pianist of Nashville Teens. Outdoor interests: swimming, fishing, skin-diving. Indoor ditto: chess, drawing, listening to discs of rhythm 'n' blues and Bach organ music.

ELVIS PRESLEY. Meeting Elvis—that would take some doing! But anyone who manages it meets a courteous personality.

If you're a man, he'll probably talk to you about American football, unarmed combat and, of course, country music.

If you're a girl, and you want to dream what a date with Elvis would be like—imagine for a start being driven off in his black and beige Rolls.

You would probably eat in a quiet corner of a ritzy restaurant—then go to the early floor show of one nightspot—then for a drive—then to the late floor show of another nightspot.

ALLAN CLARKE. Of the

T Your certain someone is tall, on the fair side, plays it smooth dresswise, but isn't fussy foodwise. You'll have a great party with . . .

CILLA BLACK (get a load of that colour pic—page 35). When you're with Cilla, don't worry about these being Awkward Silences.

The Golden Gal from the "Pool is as good as talking as she is at singing." (She's even talked to the point of admitting her red hair is "helped" a little and that her nose is too big.)

Cilla's the kind of person you feel you've known all your life. She has a personality warm enough to thaw out a meeting of Eskimo undertakers.

She likes boys who are tall "and as mad as I am." She will dance till dawn, rave at length over Warren Beatty, tell you about her favourite curries, go eagerly to watch the latest horror film.

Peeves: loud tea-drinkers, slingsback shoes, watery eggs, girls who smoke in the street.

BILLY J. KRAMER. Billy J. has an easy, sunny personality—as you might guess from his famous, flawless grin.

Flawlessness of said grin is doggedly maintained by the Bill through a visit to the dentist every three months. Dakotas—Billy's backing group—get talked into going, too.

TROY DONAHUE. Definite outdoor type: surfing, horse-riding, tennis, sailing. Loads of working experience to talk about, his pre-film jobs having been messenger, waiter, labourer, sport instructor.

Writes short stories under name of Merle Johnson, which is his real one.

B Set your sights on a great combination with tallish types, fair thatched, plainish food tastes and casually geared. Such as . . .

CON CLUSKEY of the Bachelors. Here's just the man to talk to if you've any practical problems to solve. He was a heating engineer before entering showbiz.

He's also handy enough at carpentry to make his own wardrobe if he thinks he's being rushed too much for one in the shops.

Irish folk songs are a sure conversational bet with Con. "Some of them are the most beautiful things ever written," he enthuses.

Con likes sensible, down-to-earth people. He's all for parties—so long as they're not too stuffy. He's liable to show up wearing a bright pink shirt. Con is short for Coneth.

Richard Chamberlain—medicine, tennis, swimming, horse riding, you name it, he knows about it

RICHARD CHAMBERLAIN. Obvious question: if you ever met TV's Dr Kildare, would you bring medicine into the conversation? Answer: yes.

Truth is, Dick knew nowt about the subject when the Kildare series started. But he found—as his fame spread—that more and more people were talking to him as if he were medically clued up.

He felt foolish, having to admit he wasn't. So . . . he started cramming the subject as hard as he could go. Now talks fluently on it. Also on tennis, swimming, horse-riding.

HAYLEY MILLS. Outdoor girl Hayley likes riding her pony Annabelle, swimming, playing tennis and even watching cricket.

Indoors, she spins most of the current discs.

On a date, it's fine by her if she's taken to the theatre, a movie and/or "to any eating

place that has an interesting atmosphere."

She goes a lot on walking—in town or country. Favourite walks in London are along the Embankment or through Soho.

JULIE CHRISTIE. Has a flat in Earls Court, London, which she is furnishing with antiques. She will talk readily about those—and about art, which she studied in France.

Of her friends, she once said: "I have many. Most of them are actors, artists or sculptors. Nearly all of them are poor."

PATTIE BOYD. As an indoor girl, she digs parties—being with the latest dances—spinning discs. Outdoors, she'll spend hours either swimming, water-skiing or sun-bathing.

Though she came to fame with a part in the Beatle film and later gained more fame through being a close friend of George Harrison—she insists her main interest remains her career as a model.

rave



ROLLING STONES

Who's Your Type?

L You get caught up with the thought of someone of medium height who is fair, dresses slick 'n' sharp and is down-to-earth in food tastes. Meet . . .

JOHN McNALLY of the Searchers. A meal as simple as chicken and chips plus a pot of tea suits John fine.

For entertainment, he'll go readily to the movies. (He's not worried whether it's a Western that's on—or a horror—or a whodunit—or a musical—so long as it's good).

People to talk about to John: the Beatles, Roy Orbison, Joe Brown, Jerry Lee Lewis.

John's easy-going with people—except concited ones, whom he hates.

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LULU. She can talk hot about Ray Charles, Bo Diddley, Chuck Berry, Alex Harvey. She can talk cool about Dankworth, Basie, Getz.

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Lulu—she gives out with the serious talk

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Re cars, he will probably tell you how he likes to drive through the night as a relief from the pace of showbiz. He may even say his piece about cabs on motorways. Doesn't reckon them.

Mick's a bit cynical about some things, but is basically a kind-hearted bloke whose aim is to enjoy himself.

Likes clothes in corduroy or tweed. Liable to have his old college scarf round his neck if it's cold and yellow socks on his feet.

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UNA STUBS. Though she made a good impact with her dancing "Cool For Cats",

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Bill may try and send you up with the straightest poker face you ever saw—and, of course, in the kindest possible way. If you know a good number he's not heard, you need him it through but once and he has the melody for keeps.

You can talk to Bill about symphonies, cool jazz, r-and-b, c-and—practically any kind of music. His disc library is as varied as anyone could make it.

Films? Yes—they're on Bill's list, too. Preferably ones with a strong adventure flavour.

CHARLIE WATTS (in colour on the back cover, with the Stones on pages 32-33). Doesn't easily get worked up about anything—but he has a quiet zeal for modern jazz, Sammy Davis, Buddy Greco.

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about Picasso and about antiques and about antique guns in particular.

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Dick likes to talk about books — "any kind that's interesting". Discwise, in his groove are Chuck Berry, Jimmy Reed, Howling Wolf, the Stones. All this and Thelonious Monk, too.

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HELEN SHAPIRO loves entertaining, but the parties at her house near London are mainly homely. "There's seldom time to organise anything on a big scale", she says.

Always present: Helen's singing cousin Susan Singer (17) and guitar-playing brother Ronnie (21). Action: spinning discs; dancing; singing to Ronnie's guitar.



Dec Cluskey



Cathy McGowan



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Una's main burst to fame was via the Cliff films—"Summer Holiday" and "Wonderful Life".

Know what a bubbling personality she is in those films? That's how she is in ordinary life.

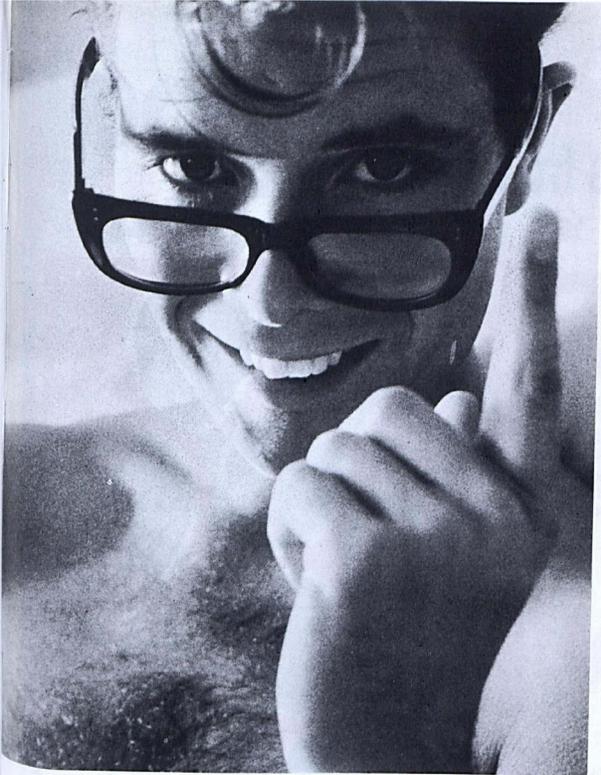
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DEC CLUSKEY of the Bachelors. Likely starting point for conversation: Dec's tie. He has a large collection of ties—mostly with unusual designs. Likes clothes in leather, suede.

Firm believer in spot-on showmanship—holding forth against beat groups who are short on stage presentation. Firm believer, too, in fate.

Fond of food—so long as he doesn't have to prepare it. Admits: "Only thing I can cook is spaghetti—and I got fed up with that long ago." **CATHY MCGOWAN.** This "Ready, Steady, Go!" gal is a trendsetter in young fashions over there was one. Just to buy the latest is not enough: she wants to dream up the latest.



Cliff—so considerate, he'll do his utmost to make you feel at ease



Paging those who like 'em average height, dark, smooth-suited and having a taste for food with a difference. Select from the following—you're right for . . .

GERRY MARSDEN. The live-wire boss of the Pacemakers has a list of likes as long as a guitar string.

Here are just a few: cars, snooker, golf, snow, sleep, stamp collecting, cool jazz, travelling, Liz Taylor, the Beatles, Grieg's Piano Concerto, Ray Charles, Jerry Lee Lewis, the Pacemakers and

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Subjects he will want to include sun, travel, Nancy

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Quote: "I have a thing about teeth. When I meet a man, I have to stop myself from peering down his throat as if I were a vet or a doctor."

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Hates: warm beer, cold soup. **RINGO STARR** (in the colour pic of Beatles, page 25). Ringo once said he likes anyone who likes him. He still holds to this and—let's face it—it's a fair enough attitude.

Ringo is a top-gear party-goer—guaranteed to know the latest dance down to the last twitch.

Good subject: discs by the late Dinah Washington. Bad subjects: onions, garlic, motorbikes.

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FREDDIE GARRITY. If you can stop Freddie clowning—which is unlikely—he will talk seriously about Peter Sellers, Roy Orbison and fast cars.

Freddie likes people with a sense of humour (you guessed).

"Try testing his by asking, 'Bumped any good Jags lately?'" (Freddie's mishaps with his Jaguar are a favourite topic in showbiz).

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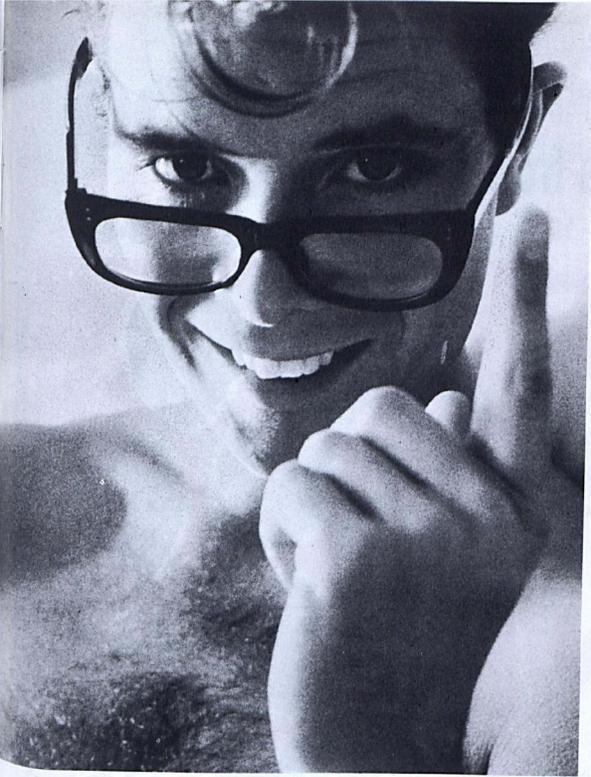
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2 fab offers from Ty·Phoo TEA

FREE

FRAMED POP STARS >>>>

A colour print of any of these 12 Pop Stars in a beautiful heart-shaped frame *free* from Ty·Phoo! Just collect numbers 1 to 12 of the heart-shaped symbols on Ty·Phoo Tea packets and send them in to Ty·Phoo. It's as easy as that!

WIN

A "TOP SIX" DISC ↓ ↓ ↓

And here's another big Ty·Phoo offer! Win a "Top Six" Disc! With your framed Pop Star print you'll also receive an entry form for a very simple Pop Star Competition. There's a different competition every month with 600 "Top Six" Discs as prizes every time!

"TOP SIX" DISCS ARE TOPS

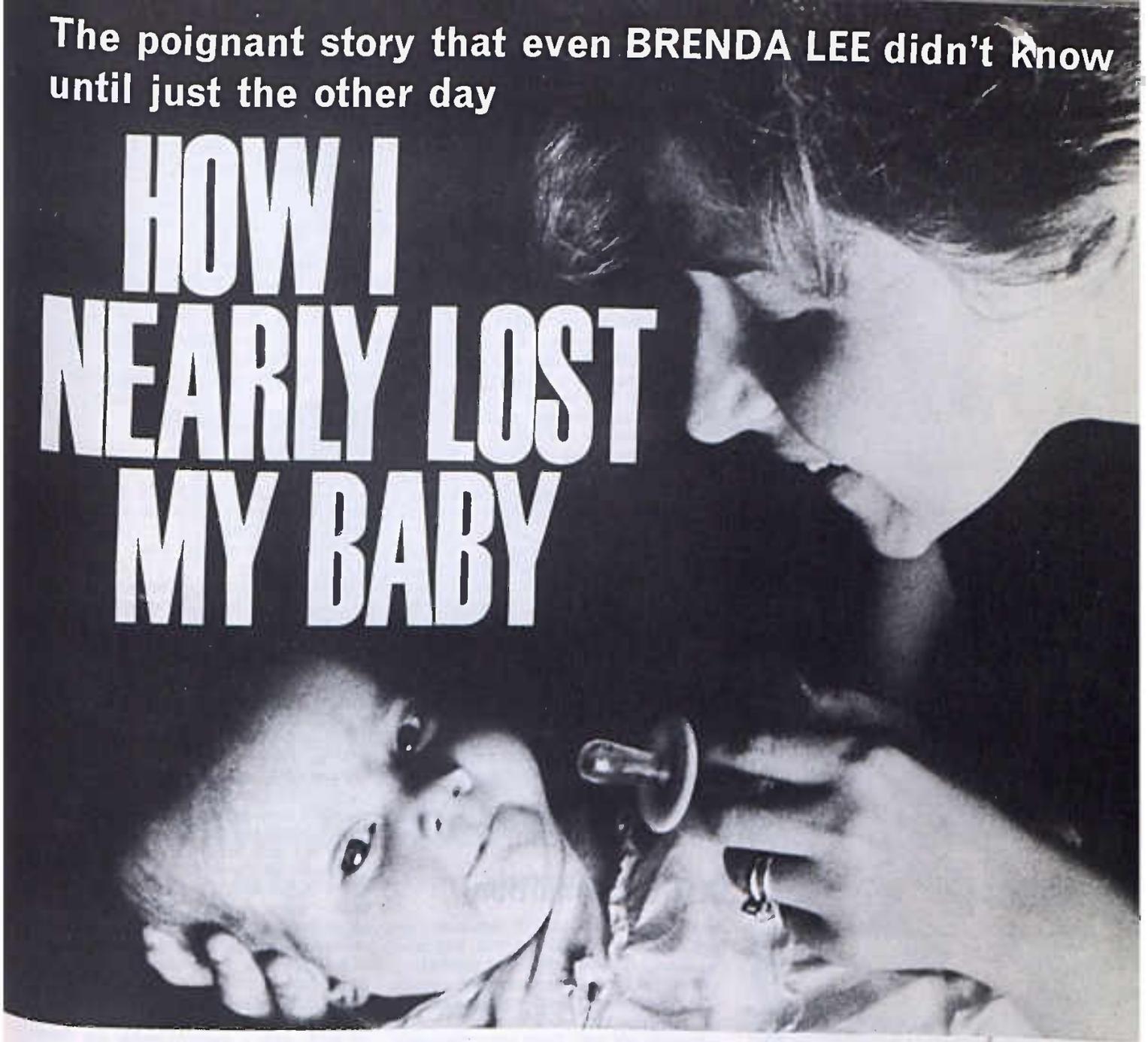
On the first of every month there's a new "Top Six" Disc in your local record shop. Six of the latest top hits on one E.P.! Win one *free* from Ty·Phoo!

Full details on every Ty·Phoo packet—start collecting now!



The poignant story that even **BRENDA LEE** didn't know until just the other day

HOW I NEARLY LOST MY BABY



Her baby was battling for every breath, but Brenda Lee slept on soundly. No one had told her that little Julie Leann wasn't expected to survive the night... Now she knows all. For the first time she tells her full story to **RED O'DONNELL**. Pictures by **VIC COOLEY**

THE SUNBEAMS STREAMED THROUGH the wide panorama windows, exploding in weaving pools of light against the highly-polished living room furniture.

But the shadow that clouded the face of little Brenda Lee remained constant and unmoving. As popland's most famous teenage mother took the chubby hand of daughter Julie Leann in her own, black memories flooded back of the battle fought in the nearby Vanderbilt Hospital, Nashville, Tennessee, for the life of her premature 4½ lb first infant.

A battle about which Brenda, herself, knew nothing until it had been won.

Now she talked for the first time about the emotional strains that followed... about the charitable conspiracy of silence ordered by the specialists who succeeded in keeping the truth from her as they toiled around the clock to keep her newly-born daughter breathing.

"I just never knew that the odds were stacked so heavily against Julie's survival. On the night she nearly died I was sleeping soundly—not even praying for my little girl.

"I knew nothing until the crisis was over and she was well on the way to complete recovery."

Taking time off from her first concert tour since having the baby, 19-year-old Brenda talked to **RAVE** in the ten-room ranch-style home, near Nashville, where ●●●

Just about everybody had been told that my baby was in a critical condition with small chance of survival . . . Everybody, that is, except me.



Brenda ponders over her collection of shoes. Footwear is a big thing with her, she admits. She has more than 50 pairs

she lives with her music publisher husband Ronnie Shacklett.

Baby Julie Leann—by now a very healthy four months—kicked her sturdy feet in a crib alongside her. Cooing heartily, she gazed through bright blue eyes at a world that was so nearly denied her.

Born six weeks prematurely, she was found to be suffering from the same deadly lung infection that killed the late President Kennedy's premature son.

"I knew that Julie had arrived before she was due and that she was underweight," Brenda told me, as she fondled the little hand that gripped one of her fingers.

"I was reconciled to the fact that she would have to be kept in an incubator and that I mightn't be able to see or hold her for a long time.

"When I was told how near she had come to dying, and how hard the medical staff had worked to save her, I just couldn't take it in. I didn't grasp the truth, at first, and I think my original reaction of disbelief helped to prevent me from going into a state of shock.

"Afterwards, though, I started to imagine all sorts of things that might be wrong with my baby. I suppose most mothers would do the same.

"I should have suspected sooner that everything wasn't normal. They said that reading would hurt my eyes and kept all the newspapers from me. They wouldn't let me watch television, giving the same excuse.

Critical condition

"Just about everybody in America had been told that the baby was in a critical condition with small chance of survival.

"Everybody, that is, except me.

"All Ronnie would tell me was that the baby was fine and I believed him."

Brenda isn't really bitter about the tough way her first baby came into the world. A deeply religious person, she told me:

"It was God's will that Julie should be born prematurely and that she should be afflicted with and recover from an ailment that has been fatal for so many others.

"Julie Leann is now growing like any other normal child. We haven't read up any special books on how to rear children—

we'll just bring her up by trial and error. "Our doctor told us that everything would just fall naturally into place—and it has."

Her husband Ronnie, 21, shook a rattle patiently for his daughter and agreed that she had brought no great problems into their home life.

"If she gets hungry we feed her. If she gets wet, we dry her. It's as simple as that," he said.

The only problems that remain are those surrounding Brenda's career. Her one million dollar, twenty-year contract with American Decca, for whom she has turned out 19 consecutive hits, guarantees a comfortable background for the family, but still leaves worries on two main points.

Need to change

First the need to change, or adapt, her "child-star" image.

And secondly the difficulty of looking after a child when mother is a full-time professional entertainer.

Brenda has made her mind up about both.

Now that she has "grown up," she is planning to change her appearance on stage.

"My hair has been set in an Italian upswEEP for years, but now I'm going to have it cut pixie style," she confided.

"The most important thing to me is to continue being accepted by my audience and I hope the people in England will still like me.

"It gives me a genuine thrill when people come to hear me sing. I don't know how to grade my singing ability—I've never had a voice lesson and I'm happy to go on just doing as I have been.

"Money isn't everything. I am content, if the public lets me, to carry on doing what I enjoy doing. That will bring me far more pleasure than wealth."

Brenda is completely sincere in what she says. There are no ostentatious signs of luxury living around her home in Nashville's fashionable suburb of Brentwood.

Quietly furnished, it is set in 7½ acres of land, with a modern stable for their three Tennessee walking horses and kennel for pet boxer, Droopy.

Throughout the house is a profusion of flowers in vases, jars, pots, and other improvised containers.

All are artificial.

"I enjoy sorting and arranging them", says Brenda. "Besides, I can be away from the house for days and find them as fresh and pretty as ever when I get back."

Which brought us to the second great

★ WHEN BRENDA LEE tours Britain this month, she will be undertaking her third series of concerts. But recent lack of major chart success has not affected her popularity.
★ The first time she toured Britain, in 1962, Brenda was an immediate smash hit. The second time she toured, in the spring of 1963, Brenda
★ had a big, big secret to hide.
★ She was planning her marriage to Ronnie Shacklett. She shopped in London for her trossseau; spent as much money again on telephoning her fiancé who was back home in Nashville. For this third three-week trip she returns as a bride of eighteen months complete with a baby!
★ *****



Brenda and her 21-year-old husband Ronnie Shacklett with one of their three Tennessee walking horses

problem in trying to combine a singing career with the role of housewife and mother.

"What I want most of all for Julie Leann is a normal life," said Brenda, with a fond glance at the crib where her daughter now curled fast asleep.

"But I know that it isn't going to be easy. I will have to carry on making tours and, at first, the baby will have to be left behind with a nurse. We've started doing this already, although I just hate leaving her.

Shorter tours

"Later on, I hope I'll be able to take her with me. I'll try to arrange shorter tours so that this can be managed.

"If she wants to become a professional entertainer like me (Brenda made her first stage appearance at the age of five), I won't interfere. And I won't try to push her into show business.

"We haven't decided, yet, when we'll have the next addition to the family, but we definitely don't intend to have Julie Leann grow up alone. Brothers and sisters are wonderful companions."

Brenda and Ronnie, lives a simple, sensible life out in Nashville.

"We don't try to live high," Brenda told me. "Nearly all our close friends earn

average money so we try not to flaunt ourselves.

"In fact, we've actually considered moving into a much smaller house. We have an idea that some of our friends feel a bit uncomfortable and ill-at-ease in such a big place and that's the last thing we want to happen."

After her visits to London, Liverpool, Manchester and other British cities, the biggest date in Brenda's calendar is December 11—her twentieth birthday.

It's a day she has been longing for.

"It seems as though I've been a teenager for at least fifty years," she told me. "Some people who haven't seen me still have the idea that I'm a 12-year-old child performer."

"I hope that Julie Leann and my twentieth birthday will help to change all that—without hitting my popularity."

Somehow I don't think that Brenda need worry too much about her popularity over here. To us she'll always be Little Miss Dynamite—even when her nursery is packed with those brothers and sisters promised to baby Julie Leann.

Something's cooking: Brenda Lee stirs around in the kitchen of her 10-room ranch style home



It seems as though I've been a teenager for fifty years. Some people who haven't even seen me still think that I'm a 12-year-old child performer!

WAY-OUTFITS!

No. You can't buy this gear. If you could, the Pixies—Jeanette Ross and Gita Mivrenieks—WOULDN'T wear it! They like to be BE different from you. So they design and make their own clothes. How they go about it might give you some swinging ideas, too!



TAKE SOME IDEAS. It's the hardest bit of all but the girls get help reading way-out mags. Here they're "lifting" from rave. Once they've got the glimmer of an idea they'll start work . . . improving . . . changing. What makes them go to all this trouble? Says Jeanette, "It's horrible when you're walking down a street, or at a party and you see someone dressed exactly the same as you are."



TAKE SOME TIME. Just one evening will do. That's all it took Jeanette to knock up what she calls her "Macmillan"—inspired by the shooting gear of the former Prime Minister. She's wearing it, top of the page. The cost? Very cheap. The three yards of grey-green tweed was 10s. a yard. She made the collarless jacket as she went along but the plus-fours proved a little more difficult—she had to use a pattern. The white socks set her back only about 6s. and the shoes are suede and patent leather from Regent shoe at £2 9s. 11d. A "Jellybag" completes the outfit.



TAKE SOME BOYS. And you can have a wow of a time! The girls certainly weren't lacking in admiration from new group, the Druids. Bermuda shorts are OUT, "But I liked them so much I revived my own by cutting down a pair of hipster corduroys," says Gita (dancing, top right). The jacket is made from an old tight skirt. "I found a navy blue blouse, men's black socks and a hat set the whole outfit off," she adds. Kookie, isn't it? But has it given YOU any ideas?

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in the W.R.A.C.



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PROBY— SO GOOD HE MUST BE TRUE

P. J. Proby sounds so good he must be true. A close friend of Elvis. Wants to live in an English castle. Jump by parachute from an airplane to a theatre. Loves walking in the rain. Wears a Tom Jones bow and buckled shoes. Now here's a pop star who's different. He's going to be big, big, BIG!—Vera Cowley, Cheshunt, Herts.

For a singer who was unknown just a few months ago, P.J. has certainly caught on fast here.



● Cilla, Julie Samuels, Megan Davies can say what they like ("Do Good Looks Matter", rave, August), but a handsome, good-looking, rugged face is always an asset, and it gets the girls looking. It's a sort of introduction. It's the first thing that attracts a girl. Gay Shingleton had the right idea, and my ideas on looks are pretty much the same.—Glenda Murray, Galasheils, Scotland.

● Just goes to show how dedicated Keith Richard is to r-and-b that he got out of his sick bed with tonsillitis ("Crusaders", rave, August) to play with the Stones at the Flam-

ingo. If everyone was so unselfish and dedicated, we might have a few more groups who can play like the Stones.—Billie Thomason, Whitley Bay, Northumberland.

● I'm glad Mick Jagger said there will never be anyone as big as the Beatles ("Crusaders" rave, August), because there never will be.—Joan Greenwood, Barnstaple, Devon.

● How modest and honest Gerry Marsden is ("Heart-to-heart", rave, August). I especially appreciated the way he said he was nothing without the group. It's not true, but I'm glad he said it.—Pauline Lane, Paignton, Devon.

The world writes in

I've just discovered I used to live almost next door to the Beatles and Gerry and the Pacemakers. But as I was only four years old at the time, I was in no position to appreciate them. But I wish I was back in Liverpool.—Anne Payne, Hobart, Tasmania, Australia.

Yes, Anne, you sure missed a lot of pop history in the making. But to help make up, there's 2 guineas on the way to you. Your letter came from furthest away.

Whoever says American singers are better than British is round the bend! And I'm American! Our singers and groups may regain their dominance of the British charts, but I doubt very much whether they will ever be able to do it in their own country.—Marion Szewczyk, Geneva, Ohio, U.S.A.

Thanks for the vote of confidence, Marion.

How can anyone expect Elvis to make personal appearances in Britain when he doesn't even do a TV show in the States? People in Britain see as much of him as we in America do. Anyway, most young Americans have forsaken Elvis for the Beatles. Maybe that will wake Elvis up and start him caring about the fans who made him the "King".—Joan Stern, New York.

You're telling us

Brickbats or bouquets—we want your letters. For the best there's 2 guineas. Plus a special bonus prize for overseas readers—2 guineas for the letter that comes from furthest away! So put pen to paper now! The address: Letters, rave, Tower House, Southampton Street, London, W.C.2.

● Eric Burdon of the Animals (rave, August) sounds like another John Lennon. Very intelligent and forthright. Wish there were more like him.—Gerry Peterson, Kirkcaldy, Scotland.

● I feel sorry for Gerry McGovern, the girl Ringo nearly married (rave, August,) but in a way I'm glad he didn't. Because then he might never have joined the Beatles. And without Ringo, what would they be?—Sally Watts, Birmingham.

● I live in a very rural area, miles from any sizeable towns, so there aren't any clubs to go to. Only a few local dances with very un-with-it groups. I was down in London for two weeks on holiday and went to the Scene, Flamingo and the Crawdaddy. What great places! The atmosphere and music is terrific. Didn't want to come home. Next chance I get, it's a big town with a club for me!—Dave Lowry, Mains Farm, Berwickshire.

Sympathise with you, Dave. But why don't you start a club of your own? There must be some good groups up your way.

● My father rates rave the best teenage magazine out. He's often away from home, but every month he makes a special journey to get a copy to bring home to me. But he always reads it first before he'll let me get my hands on it! Now we often talk intelligently about pop music . . . thanks to you.—Valerie Hurst, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs.

Glad to have helped complete your father's education, Val.

● Why don't Chuck Berry, Mike Berry and Dave Berry

Why shouldn't I like Beatles and Stones?

A girlfriend asked me who my favourite group was. I told her the Beatles, but that I thought the Stones were just as good. Astonished, she replied: "Don't be silly. You can't like the Beatles AND the Stones!"

How stupid can you get? Everyone seems to think that you can only like one of these two groups. And this attitude makes me sick. Up the Beatles I say, and the Stones too!—Sylvaine Hawley, Brinsworth, Yorks.

Good for you, Sylvaine. But don't be too hard on those people who are devoted to only one group. 2 guineas is on the way to you.

join the Hollies?—N. R. Oddy, Bishop Auckland, Co. Durham.

There's a rumour they're joining the Rockin' Berries.

● O.K., so the Beatles are top now. Pretty soon they will be ousted by the Stones. And then, the Stones will just have

to make way for Mickey Finn and the Bluesmen, the gov'nor r-and-b group in Britain.—Jenny Sharpe, Oldbury, Birmingham.

● "A Hard Day's Night" may have got better reviews than Cliff's fifth film, but Cliff is a far better actor. Besides, what

do the critics know?—Janet Drew, Ledbury, Herts.

Maybe your criticisms are a bit premature. Let's wait and see how the Beatles do in their second film.

● This craze for odd group names isn't new really. I remember discussing the latest releases from bands like Jelly Roll Morton's ("It Must Be Jelly 'Cos Jam Don't Shake Like That") and another musical soul who called himself Al and his Celestial Beings. H. L. Gilbert Heath (a square 55), Reading, Berks.

● I would give everything I have just for a glimpse of Elvis. So anyone who says he's no good, or slipping, or making lousy records, or even a lousy actor, better watch out. I'm gunning for them.—Elizabeth Cooke, Bishop's Castle, Salop.

. . . and we're telling YOU!

Information please, on Steve McQueen.—Brenda Latham, Moulton, Ches.

Thirty-three-year-old Steve is married and has two children, Terry, 4, and Chad, 2. Doesn't dig the Hollywood glitter life. Gets away from it all with his family in their \$250,000 California mansion. Scares his producers with his dare-devil motorcycle and car racing.

Can you give me Dave Clark's fan club address?—Christine Michotte, Zeebrugge, Belgium.

It's c/o 60 Bincote Road, Enfield, Middlesex, England.

Does Manfred Mann feature a saxophone? If so, who plays it?—Roger Frast, Llanelly, Carm.

Guitarist Mike Vickers doubles on alto sax, as well as flute and clarinet.

Long John Baldry's fan club address please.—Jan Follows, Boston, Lancs.

c/o Pat Hall, 9 Greenway, Eltham, London, S.E.9.

No other magazine seems to know. Do you? Cilla Black's fan club address.—Rachel Wilson, Great Willing, Northants.

But of course. It's c/o Alan and Norma Dewar, 89 Granton Road, Liverpool 5.

We would like to start a fan club for Pete Best here in Canada, but don't know how to get in touch with him. Could you help please?—Sharon Saunders, Ottawa, Canada.

Glad to, Sharon. You can contact Pete through Decca Records, 8 Albert Embankment, London, S.E.1.

An easy one. Fan club addresses for Tommy Quickly and

the Mojos please.—Lesley Parry, Solihull, Warwickshire.

Tommy's is c/o Pat Simmonds, 358 Atwood Road, Selly Oak, Birmingham 29, and the Mojos' is c/o the Secretary, P.O. Box 51, William Road, London, N.W.1.

Settle an argument for me please. Who sang the lead on "Rockin' Robin" by the Hollies? My friend says Allan Clarke; I say it wasn't.—G. Kirkwood, Newbury, Berks.

Sorry, but it was Allan Clarke. I read that Brian Jones has two homes; one in Belgravia, and one at Reading. I understood that he lived in Cheltenham.—Judy Holbrook, Bristol, Gloucestershire.

Brian was born in Cheltenham. But his country home is in Sonning, a village near Reading.



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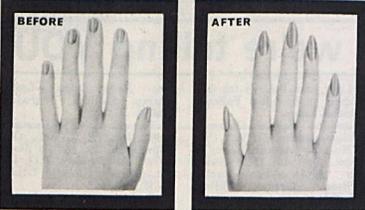
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tomorrow's raves
TODAY

GUVERNOR GEAR FOR GUYS

The guv'nor way to fill up your wardrobe this autumn will be with a full-length top coat, with raglan sleeves, big patch pockets and a tie belt. Or if you want to be way out, choose a three-quarter length suede, zipped from hem to neck. The style for this one should be plain.

Shoes will be suede—bottle-green and light tans (not browns). Casual-wear trend that might spread is the jacket worn by Phil May, lead singer with the Pretty Things. His white blazer with double rows of blue pin-stripe excites envy wherever he goes. Going over big are French-style jumpers with very loose crew necks. Colours are grey or beige. Now that suits are being worn in lighter shades, black socks should be added for the authentic "French look."

SENSATIONAL SUITS

IF YOU want to cause a sensation on your next date fit yourself out in a trouser suit. But don't go rushing round to the shop and buy one without first making sure that: (a) you're tall enough, and (b) you're slim enough. Ignore these two big ifs and the results are disastrous! Generally the suits are cut with either a fitted or bulky barrel-shaped jacket and lean pants with the over-blouse in matching or light-weight material. Favourite material is tweed, though white linen looks great on dark girls.



AFTER ELLA?

WISPY, WILLOWY Nancy Wilson is being hailed in America as the greatest since Ella Fitzgerald. With three LPs high on the best seller charts she's working hard at living up to the label. Dozens have failed to measure up to Ella's crown. One man who's sure that Nancy won't fail—Cliff Richard. He thinks she's the tops.

ON THE BATTERY BEAT

MAKING THE scene in a big way soon—the portable baby gram (right) with nifty auto-changer that guarantees a steady stream of easy beat for your beach and picnic party. Battery operated, Britain's first pocket auto pop-player carries its own integral amplifier and loudspeaker. In the shops soon—and selling at less than £15!

Ins... and outs

OUT GO ski-pants, tee-shirts with zodiac emblems, Fred Perry sports shirts, Tom Jones bows, American-type bobby-sox and "Gonks". IN COME blue jeans, once considered beatnik but now O.K. (boys' sizes still make the smuggest fit); terry towelling skirts, sweaters and tops; knee socks; thick crepe stockings in light autumn shades; T-strap shoes with the straps worn high like a Palladium chorus girl.

PUTTING UP A FIGHT—bell-bottom trousers are still being worn and looking great in corduroy. The bell-bottom shape is slightly less obvious than before, with the top of the leg being just a little tighter than the bottom.

BE SQUARE
SQUARE is very definitely the shape for finger nails just now. Boys are going to great manure trouble to get their nails squared off.

BESIDE THE SEASIDE

FOLKESTONE is one of the most popular resorts in the south at the moment. It's very up to date as far as fashions are concerned... in fact some people have even been heard to say it's way ahead of the West End. It's the meeting place of many visiting Danes and Norwegians and their clothes are causing quite a stir.



Another with-it place, but here you'll need a lot of cash, is Tanager. It was first heard of from young people working on merchant ships during the summer and has since become a young centre for both British and Continentals.

BLOWING WILD

JOHN LENNON and Brian Jones really started something when they brought back the harmonica to the British scene. The big switch from guitars to mouth organs has become a tornado and the harmonica blues are beginning to blow wild all over the place. Best instrument for a beginner to practise on is one in the key of C.

This is America

THE LATEST greatest news is flavoured lipsticks. Peppermint, orange, cherry, caramel —"like lollypops gone to your lips". Everyone has at least one hand in the refrigerator—and it's not just for some soda, but for new and different sandwiches. The idea is to see who can build the tallest sandwich... AND EAT IT!

WHITE IS THE COLOUR

TRENCH COATS worn one size smaller than normal, are bringing out the best in the best girls these days. Buy a size smaller because otherwise they look too bulky with a belt. Colours—WHITE and OFF WHITE. Leather helmets will be the big autumn headgear. The best are made of soft kid but there are cheaper materials available. Top colour—WHITE.



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ALAN FREEMAN

Britain's Mr. Pop-Picker (the stars confide in him) reports a sensational scoop!

HEART-TO-HEART

Paul reveals the Beatles' secret pact . . .



IF ONE OF US QUILTS, IT'S 'GOOD BYE BEATLES'

Loyalty is a word you don't hear too much of in show business. And when you do, nine times out of ten it's used by some star who has come up the hard way.

Loyalty isn't just remembering to send a birthday card or a good-luck telegram the night the show opens. It's something a lot deeper than that, pop-pickers.

Loyalty is the bond that welds the lives of people together in such a way that if one of them goes it's unthinkable for anyone to try to take his place.

Remember that miserable fortnight when Ringo Starr lay ill? Well, I can tell you now that if Ringo's illness had been permanent the Beatles would have broken up!

The most phenomenal partnership in the history of stardom would have disintegrated for all time.

This stunning thought was no accident. It was a deliberate pact on the part of the Beatles themselves. And it has been kept secret from the whole world until Paul McCartney disclosed it to me in our latest heart-to-heart talk.

"If anything happened to one of us we wouldn't go on," Paul told me. He was standing beside me in the kitchen of my London flat while I fixed some scrambled eggs, Paul's favourite meal, for a very late breakfast.

I nearly upset the pan as I looked up at him.

"It's true," Paul said. "When Ringo was ill we didn't want to do the tour of Holland and Australia. It'd be a drag without him, we thought. If it hadn't been just a temporary illness, then that would have been it. We'd all have packed in."

"If one of us dropped out the group would break up. We definitely wouldn't perform as three Beatles. I hate that idea. It'd be—well, like the son of somebody famous trying to get by on his father's name."

I ladled out the food. "But I thought Jimmy Nicol did a

good job for those twelve days," I said.

"Oh, sure," Paul said. "We got along all right. Jimmy was fine. But he wasn't Ringo. And it was Ringo we missed."

We took our plates out on to the roof garden. And while a couple of Cockney sparrows hopped hopefully around us, Paul ate the eggs and told me the rest.

Manager Brian Epstein intervened at the last moment in an effort to get John, Paul and George to change their minds about abandoning the tour.

"He argued with us for more than an hour, pleading that thousands of Dutch and Australian fans had already bought tickets. It would be cruel to disappoint them."

"It was this plea of Brian's that finally brought us around."

Their loyalty to their sick mate had, for once, conflicted with their loyalty to the fans. But only for once. I knew Paul wasn't kidding.

An extraordinary pact for four stars with the world to lose? "No," said Paul. "We're dead normal. It's just that we're all mates."

As often as I had met him and the other Beatles in the past, I felt humbled. This was loyalty on the grand scale—and if you didn't know Paul McCartney you might suspect he was some weird kind of idealist.

But one glance down at the famous zippered boots reassured me. Both his feet were resting very firmly on the ground.

And make no mistake about it, pop-pickers, that's where they're likely to stay. The big-time has turned many a nice kid into a bighead.

But I'll bet anyone my entire disc collection that I'll never happen with this Beatle. Not with this very practical Paul.

In the world's best-known group, he remains a distinct and fascinating individual with his own crisply definite attitudes.

I had met the Beatles many times before, but too often there was the rush and glare of the studio or the theatre, the shouts of producers and callboys to wreck our chances of a quiet chat.

★ ★ ★

Out here on the roof, with London snorting and rumbling away beneath us, I had talked a few weeks before to George Harrison. From him I had learned the uncanny details of the Beatles' astounding lives.

Now the opportunity had come to hear another side of it from Paul. The Beatles' chauffeur, Bill Corbett, had driven him over to my place for a bite and a long, quiet natter.

As soon as he dropped Paul at the entrance, Bill Corbett headed back into town on an errand—to pick up a couple of dozen shirts and casuals which were being specially made up from Paul's drawings.

Between them, Paul and John Lennon are the creative side of the group. And apart

from songwriting, one of Paul's big interests is designing gear for himself and the others.

He has been painting since he was twelve—in fact, he won his school's art prize. As you'd expect from a Beatle, his preference was for *action* painting.

"I did some great big things," he said. "I'd get these six-foot rolls of paper and kneel down on the floor and *blow* the paint all over them. After an hour of that you get all dizzy and funny and you feel, 'Yeah man, I'm goin' high, baby!'"

Who'd ever imagine Paul McCartney as a schoolmaster? But he almost was. With an A level in English and five O levels, he was on the brink of going on to teachers' training college when he made a slight mistake.

"I should have been getting ready for this exam," Paul told me. "But I couldn't. I was on a tour in Scotland with Johnny Gentle. It was ridiculous."

Paul got into trouble. He was invited to pay his headmaster an awkward visit. Instead he vanished and wrote a letter from Hamburg saying he had resigned from school.

"I said, 'Dear sir, I've got a great job in Germany and I'm earning fifteen pounds. We were playing for this bloke who owned a club and a broken-down old cinema. He put us in the cinema. In a terrible old room right next to the toilets where they used to keep old reels and rubbish.'"

One by one the embryo Beatles were deported or otherwise returned from Germany—



SEPTEMBER HIGHLIGHTS

Tours

Rolling Stones, Mojos, Inez and Charlie Foxx, Mike Berry and the Innocents, Billie Davis, LeRoys: Finsbury Park Astoria (September 5), Leicester Odeon (6), Colchester Odeon (8), Luton Odeon (9), Cheltenham Odeon (10), Cardiff Capitol (11), Sheffield Gaumont (12), Chester ABC (14), Manchester Rank (15), Wigan ABC (16), Carlisle ABC (17), Newcastle Odeon (18), Edinburgh Usher Hall (19), Stockton Globe (20), Hull ABC (21), Lincoln ABC (22), Ipswich Odeon (23), Doncaster Gaumont (24), Hanley Gaumont (25), Bradford Gaumont (26), Birmingham Hippodrome (27), Romford Odeon (28), Guildford Odeon (29).

Billy J. Kramer and Dakotas, Yardbirds, Cliff Bennett and Rebel Rousers: Walthamstow Granada (September 18), Bristol Colston (19), Lewisham Gaumont (20), Maidstone Granada (21), Greenford Granada (22), Ipswich Odeon (23), Southend Odeon (24), Northampton ABC (25), Mansfield Granada (26), Liverpool Empire (27), Edinburgh ABC (29), Glasgow Odeon (30).

Freddie and the Dreamers, Hollies, Four Pennies: Slough Adelphi (September 19), Cambridge ABC (20), Southampton Gaumont (21), Taunton Gaumont (22), Exeter ABC (23), Gloucester ABC (24), East Ham Granada (25), Sutton Granada (26), Kingston ABC (27), Luton Odeon (28), Birmingham Odeon (29), Kettering Granada (30).

Brenda Lee, Bill Haley, Nashville Teens: Cardiff Sophia Gardens (September 24), Croydon Fairfield (25), Finsbury Park Astoria (26), Bristol Colston (27), Manchester Odeon (29), Newcastle City Hall (30).

Nina and Frederik: Bristol Colston (September 15), Liverpool Philharmonic (16), Bradford St. George's (17), Newcastle City (19), Glasgow Concert Hall (20), Leicester De Montfort (22), Nottingham Albert (24), Croydon Fairfield (27), Manchester Free Trade (28), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (30).

Ballrooms

Barron Knights: Bolton Town Hall (September 1), Cleveleys Queen's (2), Swindon Locarno (3), Manchester Princess (6), Burton-on-Trent Jubilee (7), Luton Majestic (10), Bletchley Witton Hall (12), Southsea Savoy (13), Reading Majestic (14), Nelson Imperial (18), Manches-

ter Jung Frau Club (19), Mansfield Palais (20).

Swinging Blue Jeans: Kings Lynn Theatre Royal (September 1), Stourbridge Town Hall (2), Basildon Locarno (4), Denby Dale Pic Eating Festival (5), Dublin (10), Dill/Galway (11), Cork (12), Waterford/Wexford (13), Derry (16), Dublin (19), Grimsby Gaiety (25).

Summer Seasons

BLACKPOOL

ABC: Frank Ifield, Kathy Kirby. Central Pier: Bachelors with Al Reid.

North Pier: Danny Williams, Jimmy Tarbuck.

South Pier: Joe Brown, Johnny Kidd, Tornados.

Winter Gardens: Dave Clark Five, Clinton Ford, Kaye Sisters, Eddie Calvert.

GREAT YARMOUTH

ABC: Shadows, Ruby Murray. Aquarium: Billy Fury, Wolf Harris, Karl Denver Trio.

Wellington Pier: Morecambe and Wise, Bert Weedon.

Variety

Freddie and the Dreamers star for a week at Blackpool Queen's (September 7). Helen Shapiro appears at Doncaster Scala for a week (13). Andy Stewart starts a two-week season at Liverpool Royal Court (28).

Concerts

Blackpool North Pier: Manfred Mann (September 6, 12). **Blackpool Queen's:** Freddie and the Dreamers (6), Swinging Blue Jeans (6, 20), Nashville Teens (6, 13). **Blackpool Opera House:** Russ Conway, Val Doonican (13), Mark Wynter (20), Max Bygraves (27). **Bournemouth Pavillion:** Susan Maughan (13). **Morecambe Winter Gardens:** Dave Clark Five (6). **Sunderland Empire:** Gerry and the Pacemakers (20).

Diary

- 1: Dusty Springfield flies to U.S. for three-week tour.
- 1: Kenny Ball band off on 17-day tour of Rumania.
- 6: "Wonderful Life" goes on general release.
- 6: Elkie Brooks flies to Amsterdam for cabaret dates.
- 8: Searchers off to U.S. for two-week tour, then fly on to join Peter and Gordon in Australia for 14 days.
- 14: Freddie and the Dreamers in Holland for two days for TV spots.
- 26: Mantovani begins ninth

American tour at Fall River, Massachusetts.

- 26: Swinging Blue Jeans leave for two-week tour of Scandinavia.
- 28: Animals to New York for two-week tour.
- 30: Gene Vincent, Animals featured in Jerry Lee Lewis Granada-TV spectacular.

Birthdays

- 1: Jeanette McKinley.
- 5: Andrea Simpson (Caravellas).
- 11: Bernie Dwyer (Dreamers).
- 15: Les Braid (Swinging Blue Jeans).
- 20: Gil Lucas (Migil Five).
- 23: Ray Charles.
- 24: Gerry Marsden.
- 24: Red Lambert (Migil Five).
- 24: Mike Berry.
- 27: Shane Fenton.
- 28: Ben E. King.

LOOKING AHEAD TO OCTOBER

Next month, Britain starts to swing like never before! September will probably go down as the Q-month because there's bound

to be queues at the box-office for seats for some of the sensational October tours.

The Beatles begin a five-week tour at Bradford on October 9. Mary Wells will head a strong supporting cast.

The Animals and the Nashville Teens are planning to join forces with Gene Vincent and Carl Perkins to rock their way across Britain from October 18.

Cliff Richard and the Shadows will be touring, too. A long itinerary is now being set up for them. It will be their second tour this year.

Honeycombs and the Applejacks are going to headline a series of dates together. And Little Richard will be coming in from America for three weeks of ballroom dates.

The Searchers also begin touring in October. They are keeping their fingers crossed that lovely Dionne Warwick will be with them!

And if all that isn't enough to keep you going, remember that the Rolling Stones, Billy J. Kramer, Brenda Lee and Bill Haley and Freddie and the Dreamers will be continuing their dates.



"But Elsie, his hair WOULDN'T come out!"

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-one-time cartoonist-takes the Barron Knights' wishful thinking a stage further....



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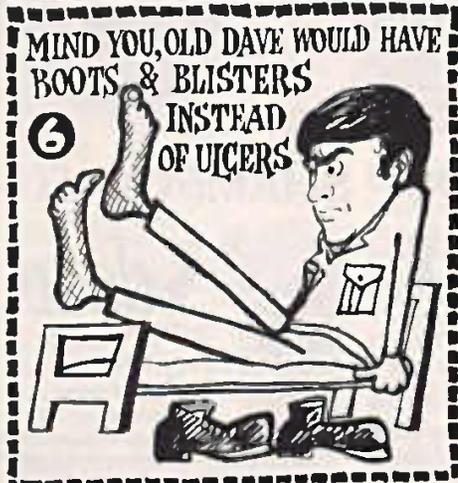
2 Bet **FREDDIE** prefers Manchester to Cyprus



5 **ABLE SEAMAN JAGGER** with Naval hair do

New Chinese **STONES** fan

We don't wanna go to Hong Kong
We wanna keep our haircuts long



6 MIND YOU, OLD DAVE WOULD HAVE **BOOTS & BLISTERS** INSTEAD OF **ULCERS**



3 And while waiting for Diane **THE BACHELORS** could for two years, lose their smiles



8 Harm can come to a young man with a bullet stuck up the spout

* NOTE: MR. EPSTEIN HAS HAD HIS BOYS EXCUSED HAIRCUTS



7 While ye Olde **BARRON 'NITS'** (who are medically unfit) stay at home & bank their 'loot'

HEART - TO - HEART

Cont. from page 51



"Occasionally we do have arguments. It's normal"

in the case of George Harrison because he was too young. Pete Best and Paul were supposed to be looking for jobs in Liverpool.

But Paul didn't look further than the piano in his parlour. He wrote his first song . . . "I Lost My Little Girl."

"Had you lost a girl?" I asked him.

He laughed. "No. I used to just make them up. I mean, you don't have to have murder experience if you want to write a murder play. It's the same with songs.

"There was nothing personal about 'World Without Love' either. I just imagined this fellow sitting there shouting about a world without love."

★ ★ ★

Oddly enough, Paul's imagination never extended to his own future.

"I never remember wanting to be anything. I never had any ambitions like driving a train.

"I suppose one of the things that formed my character was never being under the thumb of authority. My mum died when I was 14 and my dad was the big influence.

"He was a great believer in moderation. Never overdo it, he'd say. Have a drink, but don't be an alcoholic. Have a cigarette, but don't be a cancer case."

We ambled inside the flat. Paul sat down and lit a filter-tip.

"Setting a bad example to the teenagers of England," he grinned.

"There must be fifty million lads about who smoke, drink and go out with girls. If Joe Bloggs and three of his mates

went out and got stoned, all anybody would say next morning was, 'Did you have a good time last night?'

"But if it came out that last night the Beatles went crackers, drank and fell about in a club somewhere, the papers and the public would say, 'Good grief! Terrible, terrible.'

"The one thing I dislike about being popular—and I hate all the words like popular, star, famous—is people thinking you're untouchable.

"Some blokes I know from Liverpool—I used to be the best of mates with—somehow come up now and say 'How are you?' and seem to act very carefully. Almost as if they're embarrassed."

I told him I know the feeling well!

From time to time, pop-pickers, you hear people pitying the Beatles, as if they were prisoners in some kind of golden travelling jail all herded together in chains of glory.

I asked Paul how four performers could manage for so long in such close, crowded contact without getting on each other's nerves.

He said, "Because we're each other's mates and always have been.

"I'm not going to tell you we're goody-goodies about these things. Occasionally we do have arguments. It's normal.

"Maybe something goes wrong and three of us will turn on the other. Or maybe there's a mess-up and we all turn on Mal, our road man.

"But it never goes on for long. Five minutes is the most. Then we all cool off and it's fine again. I suppose we're all sensible enough to realise that

• • •

Clearasil ends embarrassment

Starves Pimples

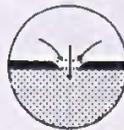


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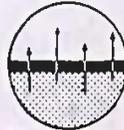
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BRITAIN'S LEADING SKIN MEDICATION—BECAUSE IT REALLY WORKS

HEART - TO HEART

Cont. from Page 55

these little rows are a sort of safety device."

But a much more important safety-valve, Paul told me, is laughter. This is really the thing that prevents the Beatles' boilers bursting when the strain gets to be too much.

"It can start with anything, even with some joke that's absolutely terrible, crummy," said Paul.

"Like one time Ringo was trying to drink his coffee, and every time he got it near his mouth he'd get the laughs again and spill it all over the place.

"Then John or somebody would say a line and we'd get really crazy laughing. Then we mightn't laugh at a thing for hours afterwards."

I began to feel faintly guilty about asking Paul questions. Questions, translated from every language under the sun, have been their unending torment since the Beatles first began to knock the world on its heels.

But Paul, taking it easy and lying back on the big sofa, talked on comfortably.

"There's one question I've given up thinking about," he said. "It's no good. And that is: What's going to happen if it all finishes one day?"

★ ★ ★

"We're not stupid. We know it can't last for ever. But it doesn't seem to be any good worrying about it. These days we just say: Leave it till the situation comes up.

"I'll tell you this, though, Alan. The fellows, all of us, have grown up together. We all *know* each other very well indeed. We've found out things together.

"Being thrown into strange situations together—like, say, the wicked night life of Hamburg—we could have all gone potty.

"But like I said, we're all dead normal. We're reasonable, middling. We can always work it out between us, what's right and what's wrong.

"We used to read about groups and hear about them. You know, the So-and-So's are splitting up and this guitarist is being replaced by somebody else and did you know that this other group isn't really friendly and that they hate each other's guts.



"We'd hear all this and then I suddenly realised that we'd always been real mates.

"But we've always had this best friends thing. And it's been good, particularly when things have been lousy.

"When our nerves have been on edge and we could have got really ratty, there's always been that to keep us up.

"With John and me on a song, if I come up with some lines which I know aren't really very good and I'm just hoping to fool him, I know I won't.

"I Saw Her Standing There" was the best example of it. I thought of the idea driving home from a concert in Southport, I think. I had 'She was just seventeen' and then 'a beauty queen.'

"I knew this was rubbish, that I'd put it down just because it rhymed. When I showed it to John he screamed with laughter and he said, 'You're joking about that line, aren't you?' And I realised that in fact I was, and we changed it.

"So, you see, this business of knowing each other works with things like that. We find out each other's faults. And it's easy for us to discuss work, songs, policy.

"That's why I'm sure that if anything happened to one of us we wouldn't go on."

But, pop-pickers, I have a feeling that that day is a long way off. Twenty years ago people were saying, "Well, we shan't hear any more of Frank Sinatra." But we still do. And Sophie Tucker? At 76, we still hear from her.

Paul nodded. "That's it.

We just don't know. The only future plans I have are leave it and see."

I asked Paul whether, while filming "A Hard Day's Night," they were asked to perform any differently from their usual public shows.

"The worst thing about the film," he said, "was that all of us felt we could have been better. We were put into a picture and we weren't actors and we had to try and do it.

"It was a completely new medium for us. We had lines to say, whereas we've never done anything with a script.

"Nobody had ever written jokes for us to put in an act, even at the Palladium. John and ourselves would make up any stuff we needed.

"But in the film all we could get in was a few ad-libs. I hope in the next film we'll be a bit better. We're supposed to do something early next year.

★ ★ ★

There was a knock at my door. Paul sat up and grinned a welcome to Bill the chauffeur as he came in carrying a pile of boxes.

"I got the shirts, Paul," he said.

"Let's see them" Paul said, eagerly tearing off the string as if he was opening a birthday present.

He took out one shirt after another, all very sharp. A white one with a black velvet collar, a few in deep reds and blues with the latest big buttons, three open-weave casuals tailored in sackcloth and silk.

"The only future plans I have are leave it and see"



"Want to try one on?" Paul said. In five minutes the flat was like Carnaby Street on a Saturday morning as we tried on Paul's designs.

Listen. A certain Brian Epstein knows a little about clothes. If anything ever splits the Beatles, he and Paul could make a No. 1 living in the rag trade!

Paul's a keen eye for price, too! What he paid to have that gear made up would make some big clothing names blink. It was less than half what you'd expect to shell out in a good shop.

Paul winked. "I get two Hungarians down the West End to make all my stuff. A little upstairs place. Only a few of us know it."

"And me," said big Bill, grinning back. He looked at his watch. "Paul—"

"I know," said Paul, changing back into street clothes. "Sorry, Alan. It's been great. Thanks for the eggs."

I went downstairs with them and watched the big car purr out of the forecourt. Where it was taking Paul McCartney, I don't know.

But, for certain, it was leaving one—by the name of Freeman—who realises as he goes on that there are some really tremendous individuals in the world today. If only one has the luck to meet them!

Well, that's it till next month. I'll be heart-to-heart with another of today's greats in rave on September 30. All right? Right! Stay bright!



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(she might have told me)

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STARWISE

There's 100 shopping days left 'till Christmas. Give or take a few! Yeah, REALLY. Point is, just in case you're thinking of presents already you might try this quiz on yourself and friends. You may find a few volumes of Who's Who In Show Biz would come in handy. Top marks are 43. Get them and you're a walking, talking, livin' encyclopaedia yourself!

TV

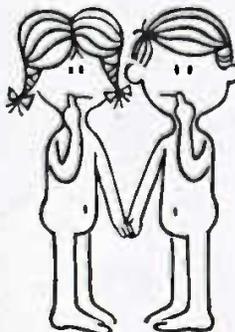
1. Which British TV show won three awards at Berlin? (1)
2. A "bad guy" stars in "The Greatest Show On Earth". Who? (1)
3. Who sings the theme song in the "Whiplash" series? (1)
4. Whose voices are heard on "The Telegoons"? (3)
5. Odd man out: Eric Sykes, Tony Hancock, Ty Hardin, Dick Van Dyke? (1)
6. Name the two stars of the BBC's "Laramie" series? (2)
7. "The Daleks" were featured in what BBC serial? (1)
8. Michael Bentine stars in what half-hour comedy series? (1)
9. Who play Lockhart's assistants in "No Hiding Place"? (2)
10. Who have been regular comperes of the Palladium show? (4)

FILMS

1. Who plays "M" in the James Bond films? (1)
2. Jane Asher stars in what horror film on current release? (1)
3. Name the six actors who starred in "What A Way To Go". (6)
4. What actress-singer has filmed with Elvis, Pat Boone, Bobby Darin and Bobby Rydell? (1)
5. What was the late Gary Cooper's last film? (1)
6. Who plays Eliza Doolittle in "My Fair Lady"? (1)
7. In what film does Susan Hampshire star with Patrick McGeehan? (1)
8. Name the producer-director of thrillers like "Marnie", "Psycho", and "The Birds". (1)
9. Who are the two stars of "Becket"? (2)
10. When was "Rock Around The Clock" first heard in a film? (1)

CHARTS

1. Who wrote Cliff Richard's first hit, "Move It"? (1)
2. Paul McCartney's brother, Mike McGear, does what in show business? (1)
3. What was the Swinging Blue Jeans' first hit? (1)
4. A top c-and-w singer had a world-wide hit with "El Paso". Name him. (1)
5. Who was the arranger on Adam Faith's early string of hits? (1)
6. How many of the Shadows are married? (1)
7. What is drummer Jimmy Nicol's group called? (1)
8. Who partnered Edd Byrnes on "Kookie Kookie Lend Me Your Comb"? (1)
9. Who had a transatlantic hit with "I Go Ape"? (1)
10. What did Freddie Garrity do before becoming a hit singer? (1)



ANSWERS ON PAGE 62 ►

SUTCH IS THE ONLY ONE LEFT

We thought we'd catered for every type—until this telegram arrived just before we went to press: MY TYPES START QUEUING NOW. I'M 7FT. 2INS. WITH HAIR ON END, I'M FAIR AND DARK—LIKE A ZEBRA—AND MY FAVOURITE FOOD IS GHOUL-ASH. SIGNED SCREAMING LORD SUTCH.



A HEAD OF THE TIMES

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SIX OF A KIND



THE ANIMALS AND DUSTY

Who told me Dusty Springfield likes the Animals and vice versa? Boy! It was the understatement of the year! And I know. I've been speaking to them. The Animals about Dusty and Dusty about the Animals.

Ever felt you've intruded

into a vast mutual admiration society? I have. But what they all said made an awful lot of sense . . .

The Animals are successful because they mean what they sing," Dusty told me. "They're a group with qualities that count for more than good . . .

enjoy the same likes . . . same dislikes, as Bill Hare discovered

TOGETHER THEY'D BE THE GREATEST!

It can't happen, of course, not on record anyway—they're with different disc companies. But it's a secret ambition of Dusty and the Animals to appear together. And it could happen on tour! "What a storm we'd whip up," say the Animals. And Dusty wonders, "Will I ever be so lucky?"

THE ANIMALS



ANIMALS AND DUSTY

from page 59

looks as far as I'm concerned.

"There's the dedicated tenseness and musicianship of Alan Price, the organist. Hilton's little-boy-lost looks have a lot of appeal, too. I like tall, deep-thinking, kind people—and Chas Chandler fits that category.

"Johnny Steel, on drums, is one of those fun-loving boys who gets a kick out of every-

thing. And I think Eric is a dish!"

Over to the Animals.

"The nicest thing about the way pop music is going these days," said Alan, "is that artists with an affinity are working together more.

"Now we figure that as Dusty sings the same sort of music we like—well, we reckon we could have some great sessions in shows together."

"Yes, wouldn't it be great if we could record together," said Hilton. "It's out of the question, of course, as we're tied to different labels. But what a storm we'd whip up . . ."

"That's something I'd really like to do," said Dusty. "But they must know British musicians come in for a nagging whenever they try to accompany me!

"Recently I spent my entire fee on hiring the right kind of band—you know, like Ray Charles has on his records—for a stage show. It was fantastic—we went wild on stage, so did the audience. They were very nearly rocking in the aisles.

Bad Memory

"But what a time we'd have if we were on tour together. Producing the kind of earthy, bluesy sound I've always wanted with a group of dishy boys."

The Animals and Dusty have something else in common, too. They are short of suitable recording material. At a "Ready, Steady, Go!" rehearsal

recently, they nearly missed their cues, they were so deep in discussion about it.

"Alan Price gave me the name of a song Ray Charles did. He said it might be right for me, too," recalled Dusty. "Trouble is, I've got such a bad memory I've forgotten the title and lost the paper on which I jotted it down!"

The Animals grinned when they learned of Dusty's absent-mindedness. "Typical, typical," muttered Alan. "All girls are woolly-headed! Tell her the song she should listen to is 'What Would I Do Without You?' and Ray Charles sings it on one of his r-and-b albums called 'Yes Indeed'."

U.S. Interest

This started the Animals talking about their projected visits to America this autumn. There's a great deal of interest in them out there—people find it hard to believe that they are a British group.

"We deliberately try to get the coloured feeling into our sound," admitted Eric. "If Americans—who hear this sort of thing all the time—think we're a real Southern States group, that's all right by us.

Dusty, however, has a problem to face over her American record releases. When she heard of the praise the Animals were getting she snorted: "They won't let me give out with a coloured sound over there. It's ridiculous.

"When my album, 'A Girl Called Dusty' was released in the States, they took off the numbers that had a coloured sound. I was quite proud of 'Don't You Know?' and 'Nothing', but they weren't issued. I was furious!"

Starbeat

from page 13

"A friend of mine was forming a group and he asked me if I was interested in joining it," said John. "I laughed—because I could not play any instrument and I'd never tried singing.

"Then my friend suggested that I try my hand at drumming. I banged about on a kit, just to show him I couldn't do it!"

A week later, John got a surprise when his pal met him in the street and said: "Oh, by the way. You owe me £10!" "What for?" gasped John. "I've bought you a secondhand drum kit to play in my group," he replied.

John tells me: "I was amazed at his cheek. Still, £10 was £10 so I started practising. One thing led to another and now I actually like drumming. Even if I did start only by accident."

■ Some people are forecasting that it won't be long before Britain's top disc-jockeys begin working for Radio Caroline. At the moment, no star d-ys contribute to the programmes.

Personally, I think—and hope—the prophets are wrong. And if a d-j was foolish enough to lend his name to the station, he would no doubt incur the wrath and indignation of the BBC and Radio Luxembourg.

At the moment, there is room for all these stations. But each does a different job. Sometimes Caroline jockeys are so unprofessional and inaccurate I squirm. On the other hand, their programmes are generally well-balanced and tasteful.

Full marks, though, to the cheeky person who rang one of our most famous d-ys at a rehearsal for an important BBC pop music programme. "I'm representing Radio Caroline," he claimed. "How would you like to work for us . . .?"

■ To promote singer **Simon Scott**, manager **Robert Stigwood** sent show business writers a heavy plaster bust of the new singer. I'm using mine as a mammoth paperweight—it's a foot high—but I'll award it to the reader who comes up with the most original suggestion for its future employment.

HOW DID YOU FARE?

Starwise answers—

see page 58

TV: 1—"Freedom Road". 2—Jack Palance. 3—Frank Ifield. 4—Peter Sellers, Harry Secombe, Spike Milligan. 5—Ty Hardin (he plays a cowboy, the others are comedians). 6—John Smith, Robert Fuller. 7—"Dr. Who". 8—"It's A Square World". 9—Johnny Briggs, Michael McStay. 10—Tommy Trinder, Bruce Forsyth, Don Arrol, Norman Vaughan. FILMS: 1—Bernard Lee. 2—"The Masque Of The Red Death". 3—Robert Mitchum, Paul Newman, Dick Van Dyke, Robert Cummings, Gene Kelly, Dean Martin. 4—Ann-Margret. 5—"The Naked Edge". 6—Audrey Hepburn. 7—"The Three Lives Of Thomasina". 8—Alfred Hitchcock. 9—Peter O'Toole, Richard Burton. 10—1955.

CHARTS: 1—Ian "Sammy" Samwell. 2—He's a satirist. 3—"It's Too Late Now". 4—Marty Robbins. 5—John Barry. 6—Three; Brian Bennett, Hank Marvin, Bruce Welch. 7—The Shubdubs. 8—Connie Stevens. 9—Neil Sedaka. 10—Milkman.

5 · 4 · 3 · 2 · 1



Sept. '59 Rick Nelson rivals Elvis Presley as biggest disc-seller in U.S. . . . Shadows change name from Drifters . . . Bobby Darin's "Mack The Knife" climbs into charts. Top Disc: "Only Sixteen", Craig Douglas.

Sept. '60 Bobby Rydell has hit with "Volare" two years after song's initial success . . . Shadows make first appearance without Cliff . . . Everly Brothers have three discs in top fifteen. Top Disc: "Apache", The Shadows.

Sept. '61 Springfields have first hit with "Breakaway" . . . Elvis, filming in Florida, alerted for Army recall . . . Shirley Bassey hit in Broadway cabaret. Top Disc:

"Johnny Remember Me", John Leyton.

Sept. '62 Del Shannon, Dion Di Mucci, Buzz Clifford tour with Joe Brown . . . Anthony Newley musical, "Stop The World I Want To Get Off", hit on Broadway. Top Disc: "She's Not You", Elvis Presley.

Sept. '63 Brian Epstein signs Cilla, who records "Love Of The Loved" penned by John Lennon, Paul McCartney . . . Roy Orbison, Tommy Roe, Everly Brothers, Freddie Cannon, Hank Locklin, Bo Diddley tour Britain . . . Dave Clark Five's first hit, "Do You Love Me?" in charts. Top Disc: "She Loves You", the Beatles.



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SEPTEMBER
No 8

INSIDE: Alan Freeman heart-to-heart with Paul McCartney:
plus — Dusty, Brenda Lee, George Harrison, John Lennon



CHARLIE WATTS