

rave

P.P. 8003 fg
Where it's all happening!

MAY
2s 6d



TICKET TO A BEATLE RAVE
dylan*donovan
HOW TO JOIN THE **IN** CROWD
yardbirds

THE NEW
OF BRAND
BOY
INSIDE!

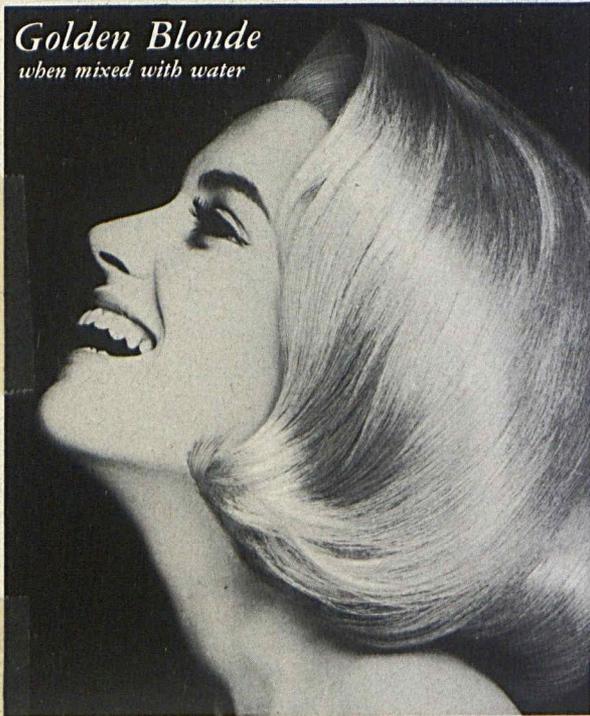
WITH
INECTO
HI-LIFT

ULTRA
 BLEACH
 WITH
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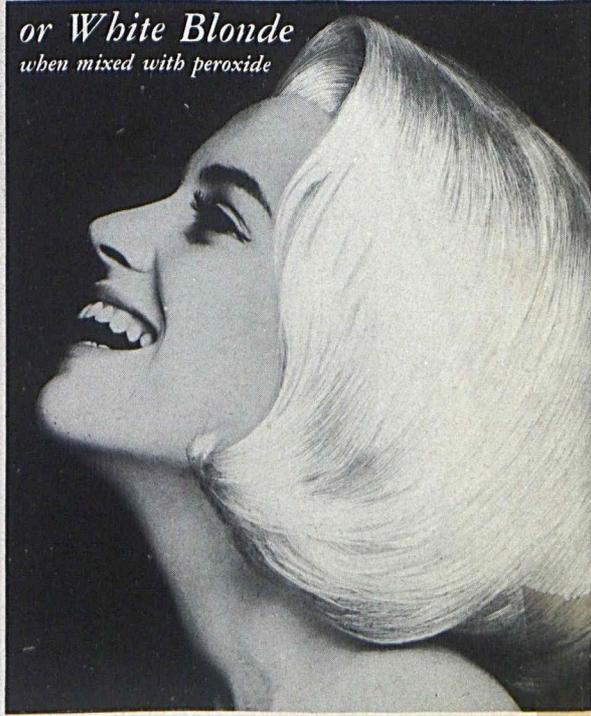


YOU ACTUALLY CHOOSE
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Golden Blonde
 when mixed with water



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Clever, lanolin-rich Hi-lift gives you this fabulous choice . . . mix Hi-lift with water and you'll have golden, sun-kissed highlights . . . mix Hi-lift with peroxide and you're a much whiter, cooler blonde. Sensational! You decide just how light you want to be, mix accordingly and let Hi-lift do the rest . . . gently, expertly, beautifully. You'll find life becomes gayer, more exciting, more fun — when you use Hi-lift ultra bleach with lanolin.



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Hi Ravers,

Glad to be back with another raving issue.

A look at the charts shows what a month can do in the world of pop. *Dylan* and *Donovan* are all the new scene. Ready, Steady has gone live and *Der Peatles* (see page 41) are back at No. 1. Our preview of their new film is just the ticket (see page 4).

Talking of tickets, it's an 'in' word again. and the 'in' scene is all happening on pages 9-13. (R.S.G.L.s' *Dave Goldsmith* is an 'in' boy, see pic. right)



Dave's being hailed as the new brand of boy. Noticed the new image they've got now? Neater haircuts, sharper styling, smoo-o-ther . . . Herman is a new-type boy (below left) on our cover, but inside there's a whole lot more on the new brand of boy.



Mick's haircut is still arousing curiosity and we managed to get it with Mick beneath on p. 28.

On p. 30 a RAVE person analyses Mick's handwriting. Surprises?

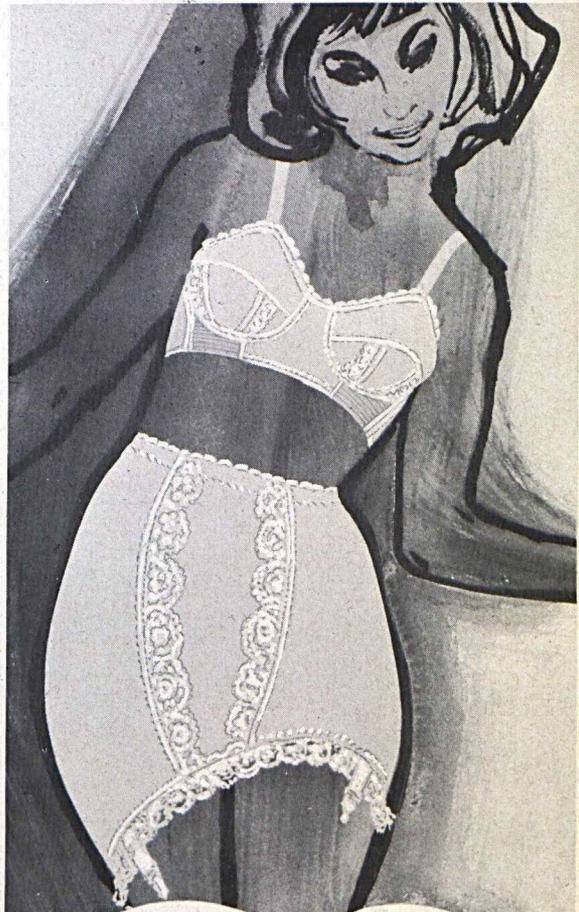
You bet, and surprises, too, as the same RAVE person analyses *El's*, *Dave Kink's*, *Jim Proby's*, *Gene Pitney's*, *Cliff's* and *Tom Jones's*. Don't miss it. Next month we'll be publishing some of THEIR comments!

By the way, that elegant brand of gent at the top of this page is called *Mr. President*. His owner? *Mr. Proby*, who just calls him "that hound". *Mr. President* gets his own back on *Mr. P.* in an exclusive interview on p. 34. Like the rest of the issue, it's fun! fun! See you around—like a doughnut.

Stay raving, fans.

The Editor

RAVE No. 16 MAY 1965 © George Newnes



pop pickers
pick

PLADAY

IN COLOUR BY

Excelsior

GO GO GO

New Pladay bras and girdles in sizzling scarlet, off-beat blue, candy pink, black and super white — FAB! Bras, Belts and Pull-ons from 8/6. From your local shop

RICHARD COOPER & CO. (ASHBOURNE) LTD, ASHBOURNE, DERBYSHIRE

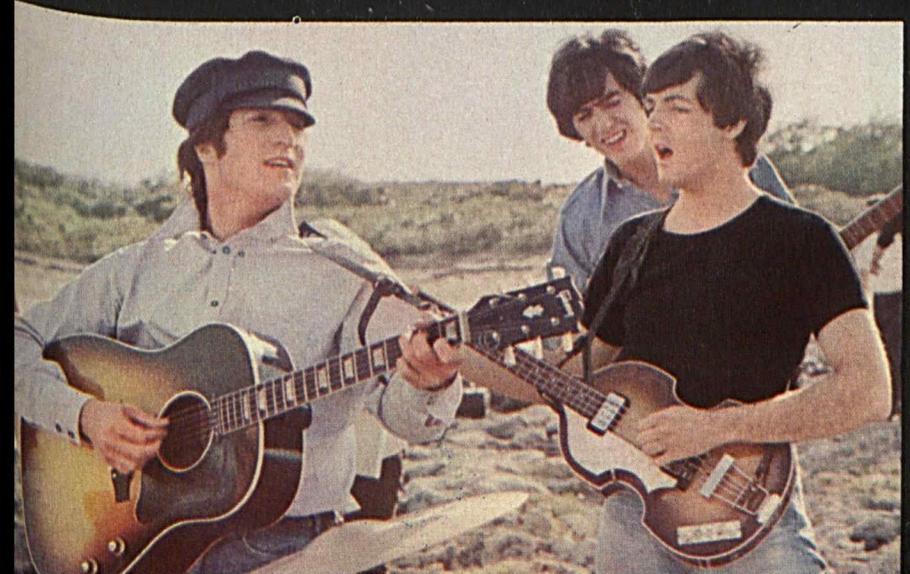
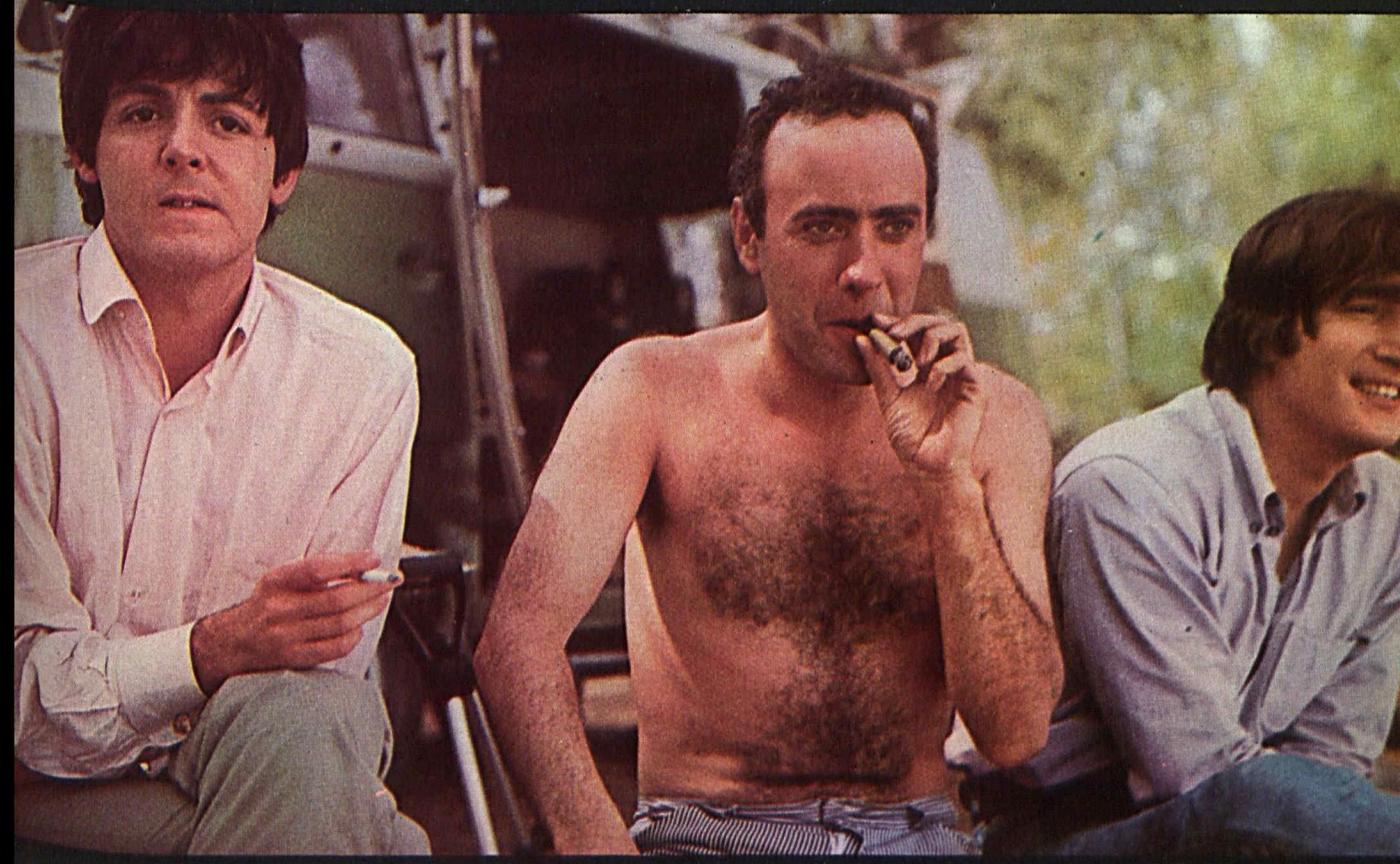
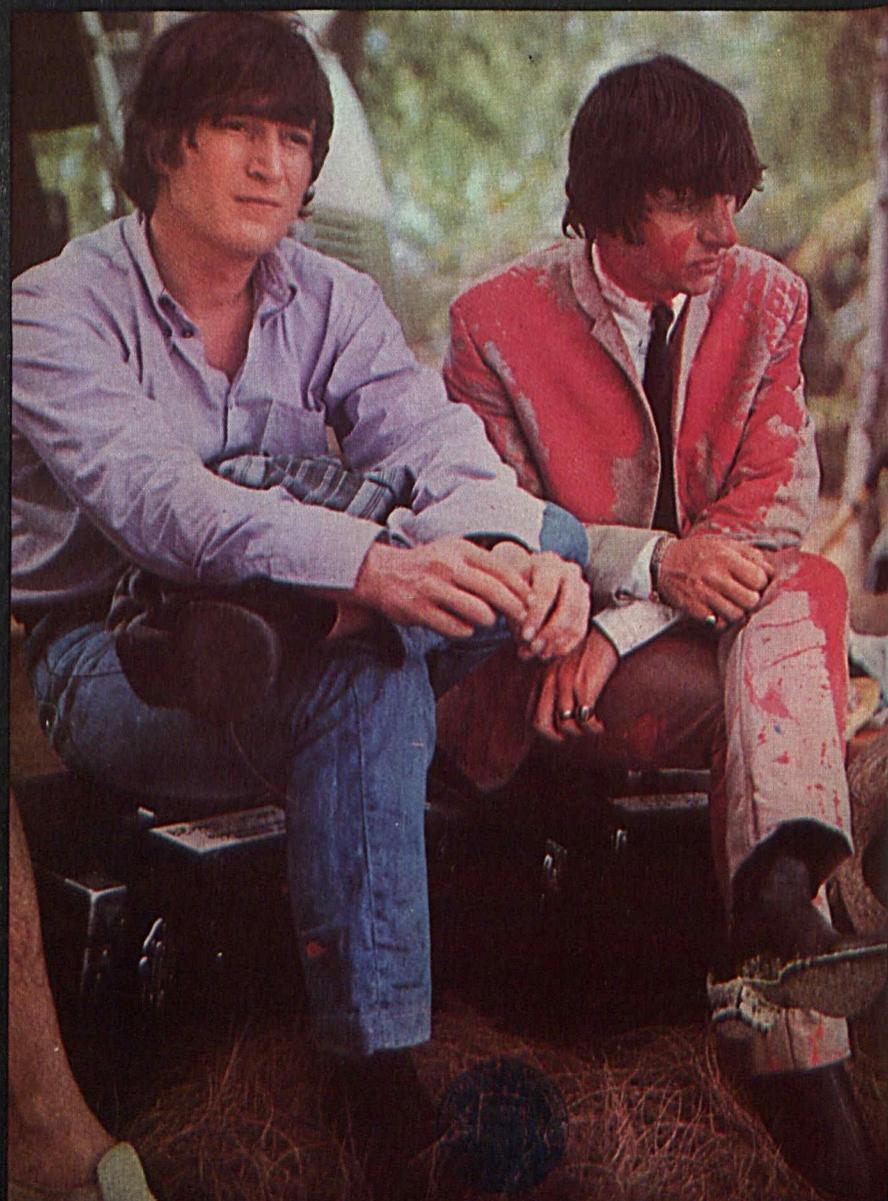
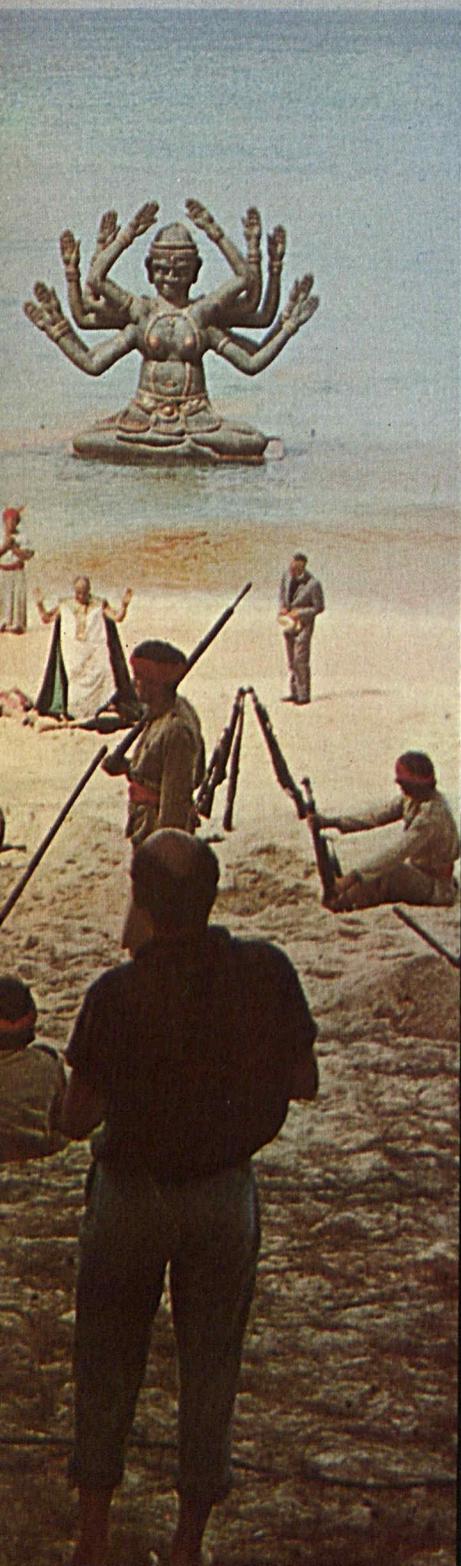
RAVE'S

BEHOLD YOUR SPECIAL
SOUND

YOU ARE INVITED TO
RAVE'S SPECIAL
PREVIEW OF
'EIGHT ARMS TO HOLD YOU'

GUEST
ADMIT ONE ONLY

Sorry, we couldn't offer you a ticket to ride to the Bahamas or Austria, where most of the scenes for the Beatles' new film have been shot, but we can offer you the next best thing. This exclusive preview of what the film is going to look like. So sit back, relax, and be RAVE'S guest, as, instead of you going to the pictures, the pictures come to you! Colour photos: William Roberts, Ministry of Tourism, Bahamas.



The "thing" with more than eight arms to hold you, in the picture far left, is the terrible goddess Kali. Ringo, unknowingly, has a red ruby ring which once belonged to the High Priest of Kali. Without this ring sacrifices cannot be made, and the story is about the dangers and adventures the four Beatles meet when the High Priest and his followers try to get it back. The man in between Paul and George is in real life Victor Spinetti, in the film he plays Tiberius Foot, a British scientist. Crammed between the many thrills and high adventures that take the Beatles from the sunny Bahamas to the snowy Alps are eleven Beatle songs. ●●●

ADMIT ONE ONLY



The Beatles' adventures in Austria come after they've dived into the sea off the Bahamas to escape from the High Priest. When they emerge they find themselves high up in some snowy mountains.



John—who before the film had previously holidayed in Austria with Cynthia.



This is George jumping for joy. Meanwhile the High Priest is on his way to the mountains, and so are two eastern scientists who want to govern the world.



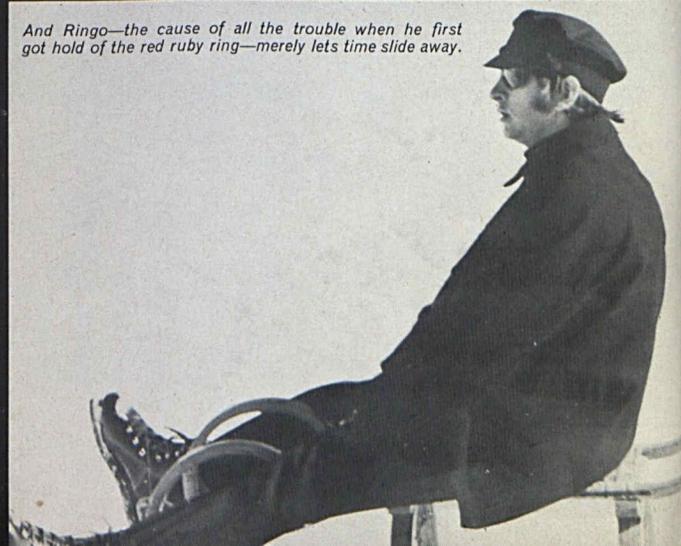
John, Paul, George and Ringo . . .



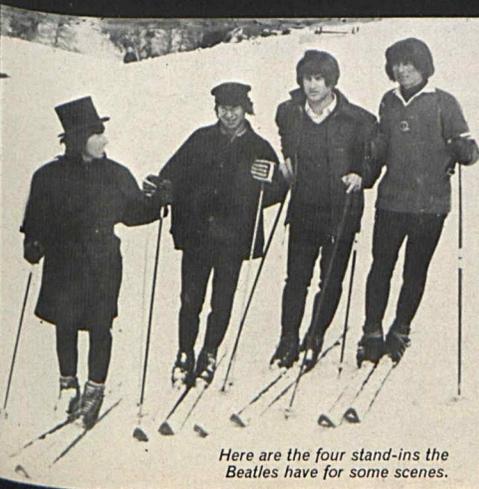
. . . in some of the scenes . . .



. . . you'll be seeing.



And Ringo—the cause of all the trouble when he first got hold of the red ruby ring—merely lets time slide away.

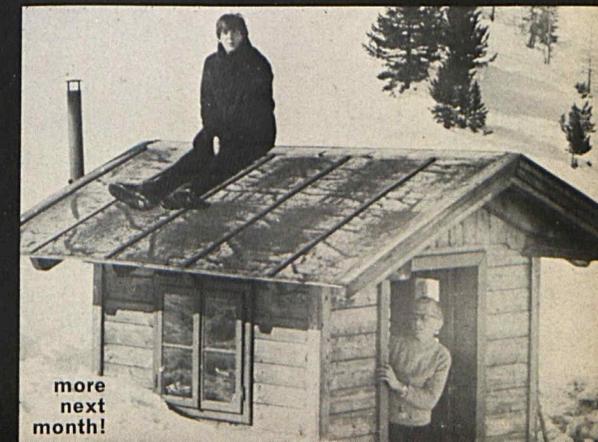


Here are the four stand-ins the Beatles have for some scenes.



And this is lovely Eleanor Bron—their 26-year-old co-star who plays an Eastern High Priestess who helps the boys.

FOR THE FULL INSIDE STORY NOW TURN TO PAGE 41



more next month!

Sunday
Monday
Tuesday
All day
Wednesday
Thursday
Everyday
Friday
Saturday
Sunday
Pan-Stik
Monday
gives you the
flawless look
Tuesday

by **MAX FACTOR**



You've dreamed about a make-up that discreetly veils tiny flaws and keeps your skin looking lovely hour after hour. Here is your dream come true with Pan-Stik.

Beautifully creamy Pan-Stik keeps your skin soft and supple and goes on as simply as lipstick. Just stroke it on, blend it in and you have a feather-light make-up that stays matt no matter how long you wear it . . . will never clog or cake. In the unique swivel action case, 5/3.

JOIN THE

CATHY'S *live* COLUMN STARTS HERE

I'm in with The 'In' Crowd,
I go where The 'In' Crowd goes.
I'm in with The 'In' Crowd
And I know what The 'In' Crowd knows.
Any time of the year, don't you hear?
Dressin' fine, makin' time,
We breeze up and down the street.
We get respect from the people we meet,
They make way day or night.
They know The 'In' Crowd is out of sight.

I'm in with The 'In' Crowd,
I know ev'ry latest dance.
When you're in with The 'In' Crowd
It's easy to find romance
At a spot where the beat's really hot.
If it's square we ain't there.
We make ev'ry minute count.
Our share is always the biggest amount.
Other guys imitate us,
But the original's still the greatest.

We got our own way of walkin',
Got our own way of talkin'.
Any time of the year, don't you hear?
Spendin' cash, talkin' trash.
Girl, I'll show you a real good time.
Come on with me and leave your
troubles behind.
I don't care where you've been,
You ain't been nowhere till you been
in with The 'In' Crowd.

By permission of Cross Music Ltd., 10 Denmark Street, London, W.C.2

The 'in' crowd . . . They're up-to-the-minute, right with the scene for summer sixty-five . . . Who are they? And how do you recognise them? Could be the girl, the boy next door. Could be you . . . Well, how do you know? Turn the page and find out how to be in . . .

IN

CROWD



R.S.G.L's Cathy McGowan



■ The 'In' Crowd . . . First, came the disc—the Stateside chart-topper by Dobie Gray. Now, RSG is way, way In with the great idea to go live—from my boss, Elkan Allan, determined RSG should be wham on the wavelength with the best dancers, lookers, leaders of fashion. See goffy RAVE offer—right.

■ What is In? Who is In? Are you? It's hard to know what's In all the time, but someone in the 'In' Crowd always does. They're the one-jump-ahead people, they set the trends others follow. They keep their eyes wide open and their ears firmly to the ground. That way, they almost know something is going to happen before it does! Being In can be almost a way of life: attitudes are very upbeat and futuristic. It's not only a way of dressing. It's also a way of thinking and acting . . .

■ Here are some of the things that are In or coming in. Let's take it from the top . . . From the hair. Girls first . . .

There are two In hairstyles. Very curly or very straight. The loose, floppy curls Pet Clark sports these days—they're In.

If you don't go for this style, my tip: go right to the other extreme and wear your hair long and straight. Like Francoise Hardy—the Miss In of France.

■ For boys who want In heads . . . Long hair is right out. Doomy. Also out is the close-cropped, nearly shaved style. Hair must be crisp and short—but still thick enough to be styled; and down the neck but not thick there. Ace examples are Steve McQueen, Rick and Sandy, and RSG's own Dave Goldsmith.

■ Clothes . . . You can't talk about being In and keep off *that* subject. In girls wear good clothes with individual touches. Nor can you discuss clothes without mentioning Courrèges—the space age French designer. He has some fantastic ideas. Like white sunglasses—even the lenses. Worn just for effect—but *what* an effect.

Glasses are right In anyway. Boys have worn them, heavy-framed, to look terrific since last autumn. Now girls are doing it.

BUT—don't go stark, all-the-way mad over Courrèges' ideas. Adapt them to suit YOU. Don't, for example,

GOFFY RAVE OFFER!

YOU CAN JOIN THE R.S.G.L. DANCERS!

have your skirt three inches above your knees unless your legs are grade-A. Make do with two inches. And don't wear a great big hat if you are about four-foot-eleven!

■ Dresses coming In for the summer . . . No sleeves. Skirts short and slightly flared, geometric patterns. (Circles, diamonds, stripes, checks). Fave colours: beige or black-and-white. AND holes around the waistband and/or neck and skirt hem. About the size of a small coffee saucer.

■ Do-it-yourself dept. You should get enough material of the right type for about ten bob. Denim weight. Make a short, sleeveless shift. Make your own holes. Sew round with bias binding. Here's wishing you breathtaking results!

A chance to be a dancer on RSG.L. Here is a special RAVE invitation direct from Redifusion Television who are looking for new dancers on the show. How do you get this chance? Well, are you a good dancer? A pacemaker in clothes and grooming? The sort of girl or boy, or couple, who your friends think would do them proud on the show?

Then please send me, Cathy, c/o RAVE, a pic. of you dancing (solo or with your boy friend/girl friend) PLUS 10 signatures from friends who agree you're really with it and the filled-in coupon on page 56.

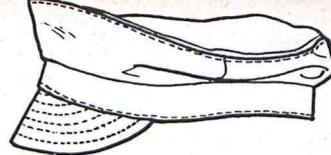
Special consideration will be given to every RAVE reader who applies.

■ Who's for In shoes? Get them with small, thick heels. Right now I'm overboard for shoes with big geometric cut-outs. Look for Royal College of Art designs sold by Lotus. (Sketch far left.)

Stockings . . . OUT go weird and wonderful designs. Plain, seamless stockings are In. Colours for shoes and stockings: beige or thereabouts.

■ What should come in VERY big this summer are "Donovan" suits for girls—specially in navy-blue, "faded" denim. To go with them: a big, leather, hipster belt. Shirt can be any bright gingham. Check, preferably. AND, of course, a Donovan cap. John Michael are making them in denim. John Stephen in linen.

Donovan gear is also bang In for boys, too.



■ A swinging, sport-packed summer! That's how I'd sum up what In people are planning. And it's not enough to know about sport, you must take part yourself. I think one of the stupidest things to do is walk around a big city during a sunny weekend.

■ I live in South London and my nearest spot on the coast is Brighton, Sussex. The In idea on a fine, free day is to get to Brighton early—wander out a bit to find a quiet spot on the coast—swim and sunbathe during the day—go to a jazz club in the evening—then have a final moonlight (if it's warm) swim before heading for home.

Surfing . . . I hope to do plenty of that this summer. Favourite place: Jersey. I shall never forget my visit last summer. I had always dismissed surfing as "something they do in Australia." But in Jersey I was talked into going to see the surfers.

I saw crowds of wonderfully brown, fit people gathered on the beach—or surfing in the sea. There was colour everywhere: swim shorts and costumes, T-shirts and blouses in bright reds, yellows, blues and greens. More important, as I chatted to them, I sensed the exciting feeling of *togetherness* surfers have. The same sort of togetherness that people in the 'In' Crowd share. I just can't wait to get back!

Skin diving . . . is very much In. . . .

GEOMETRIC PATTERNS—THE 'IN'

LOOK FOR DRESSES



Courrèges-inspired dress in multi-coloured-stripped cotton gabardine ('in' material) with navy rayon linen. Only 52s. 6d. (post free) to RAVE readers. Send postal order and your bust size to: Kathi-Ann (Box 14), 64 Charlotte Street, London, W.1.

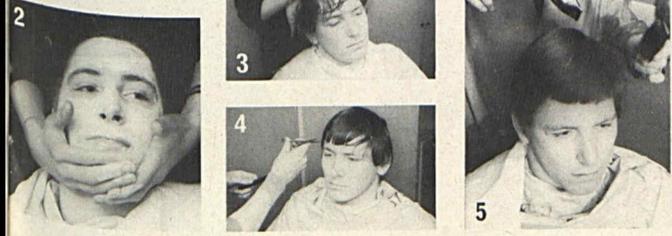
Today's Raves are all happening on these pages, fans, which is why you won't find a Today's Raves page elsewhere in this month's issue. But it will be back again next month.

and what happened

OUT goes the everyday appearance. IN comes the new brand of boy look—Terry, left, who works in RAVE's art department recently paid a visit to the 'in' place for 'in' boys—Robert James' salon in Newport Street, London, W.1, where his 90 minute treatment cost 30s.

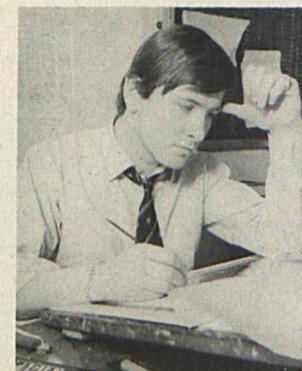


in between . . .



1 After face massage hot towels are applied to open pores before the deep cleansing, toning and pack. 2 Pack applied and left on skin to dry for about fifteen minutes. Washed off. 3 Next step, hair shampoo. 4 Terry's hair is cut while wet—the fringe trimmed—to show face and head contours. 5 Last, the hair is blow-waved.

OUT
IN



Terry—before and after.

● Go-Karting's catching on again, too. Shades of the Monster auto-cult craze in California?

■ What's the dance that everyone's doing? It's a mixture of the most popular—like the Monkey, the Jerk and the Twine. And maybe the new rave of the States, the Bostella will catch on over here?

■ Lunchtime leisure . . . I think the trend is coming in to make full, active use of the lunch break. Swimming pools seem to be in for modern, with-it treatment. I think the days of draughty changing rooms and a dull setting are out—fast.

Take, for instance, the Oasis—in London's Holborn. The dressing-rooms are heated. There are hair-dryers. You can get a decent snack in comfort. The place is never overcrowded, since they limit the number of people allowed in at any one time.

■ Something else exciting for London lunchtime leisure (sorry

to go on about London but I live there) is the newly-opened Tiffany's off Piccadilly. Here you can eat, dance and/or do lunchbreak tenpin (and, of course, in the evening).

■ Tenpin still is In—maybe more so than ever. Let me know how things are going round your way . . .

■ A whole lot of old parlour games are also coming back In—like Monopoly, Snakes and Ladders, Happy Families and Darts.

Card playing is as In as ever among the groups—and one of the favourite games these days (you'll never guess) is snap!

■ In words? Not many new. The trend is to go back to old-fashioned ones. It is In to say anything you approve of is "nice"!

Goffy . . . A new one. Another way of saying "with it" or "switched on." *Ticket* . . . A person who copies everyone else. (A ticket to get on the bus, if you're with me.) That's all.

RSGL- DEAD OR ALIVE

Now you've seen it, the non-mime pop show that explodes live from your screens each week. What do you think? RAVE gives you the chance of your life to say. Cast your RAVE vote on page 56

MY TOP-TEN IN PEOPLE



Françoise Hardy, she is definitely 'in' because of the way ahead make-up she uses, based on a whole lot of beige-coloured, toasty shades.



David Goldsmith: our recent addition to RSGL. He's dishy, smart and has a wonderful sense of humour. Don't you agree?

Simon Dee . . . Radio Caroline D.J. Tall, fair, handsome—and (I know him personally) intelligent with a great sense of humour.



Herman: best example I know of the 'In' rule that you have no side. Always his basic, buoyant, natural self.



Patrick McGoohan . . . I've never met "The Danger Man." Wish I could! I never miss him on TV.



Donovan: he also keeps firmly to no-side rule. He met lots of big stars when he came to RSG. but he weighed them up as people.

Pet Clark: Living in France and spending time in Italy has produced a new Pet. Her lowdown on 'In' clothes and hairstyles is tops.



Rick and Sandy: two ginchy guys from Rhodesia who recently had their first disc out. Both six-foot-plus — down-to-earth personalities—stylishly groomed and who will be soon getting the girls swooning all over the country. Without a doubt, two of the 'inest' 'in' people!



David Janssen . . . I get masses of letters about this star of "The Fugitive". They all rave about him. So do I. Definitely a Cathy pin-up!





It was chaos—disciplined, cool, fabulous chaos out of which was created on April 2, 1965, the first-ever Ready, Steady Goes Live. Elkan Allan's idea (he's head of Rediffusion's Entertainment) to break out of the all-mime pop shows and give singers a chance to go live. Why? "RSG was becoming a bit samey. Bad mimers positively embarrassed me and it was clear fans felt that mime's a cheat." Do they? Do you? Do we? RAVE'S all for going places with new ideas so we applaud Elkan Allan's decision. An exciting offshoot of the go-live idea is that RSG is now likely to be seen abroad. "We couldn't sell it abroad before. Copyright problems on discs. Now we make our own sound, the way is clear."

Stars on the first-ever RSG Live:
1. Zoot Money rehearsing. 2. Cathy and Dave Goldsmith. 3. The Jones boy. 4. Dionne Warwick and cameras! 5. Another Jones boy (Paul). 6. Donovan and look who's listening. 7. It's not *that* crazy, Cathy. 8. The Breakaways back Dionne. 9. Elkan Allan organises.

NOW THEY'RE READY FOR YOUR LOVE

"Sometimes we'd play and it'd be beautiful, and I'd look at the audience and think, 'Re-act, warmth come, love come. Show us we're doing the right things,' but they didn't move. And I'd think, 'We're not ready for it, we're doing something wrong.'"

There was a thoughtful expression in Keith Relf's eyes that are set deep in his pale, tired face. He and the other Yardbirds sat drinking coffee in the centre of Soho, London. "When we didn't get reacted to in the way we wanted, we'd go for a walk beside the river, not talking, just thinking. I don't know what we thought about really, but we sought solitude somehow."

Now they looked out at dusty streets where a hundred groups pound on agents' doors, on sets of drums, and on guitars—working in dirty cellars and overcrowded clubs in the hope of one day finding the big time.

"We've made it now, and we just sit here feeling like we did before, still longing for the quiet of the river bank."

Their record, "For Your Love", made a swift and beautiful flight to the top of the hit parade, bringing them adulation, money and fame. But, before that, it was a long hard struggle.

They've waited in the wings a long time for the spotlight to shine on them, and the fans to hail wholeheartedly their music and their records.

"We always wanted a hit," Chris Dreja, rhythm guitarist, explained. "Everyone who makes records wants hits, but they don't always admit it."

Paul Samwell-Smith, known as Sam, who plays bass, said that—while the group were not prepared to change their style to get a hit—they were delighted to record "For Your Love", which was obviously commercial.

"The other lead guitarist was a true blues man, and he thought the number was too commercial," Jeff Beck, the new lead said. "That's all right but what's the use of playing stuff no one wants to hear? You've got to give a little bit."

If you take each Yardbird separately you discover that he is not what is expected of an r and b group member. Though he is bound to have long hair, and rave it up onstage, he is quiet and sensible. When asked what he does each night after a show he will look at you a little surprised, and say, "Go to bed." Doesn't he go to parties or clubs or anything? "No," he will reply, "why should we?"

Keith, the lead singer, is perhaps the most surprising of all. He wears pale coffee shoes with black trousers, rolls his own cigarettes, and has a passionate love of antiques. He regards the group's rise to the top of the charts thoughtfully.

"It's not that I ever considered success. We had so much bad luck at one time that I gave up thinking about good things. I started playing for the kicks way back when The Stones were at Richmond. I loved the music and got a big thrill from it. Then someone came along and said they'd make us a lot of money. Great! Who was to argue?" He paused, holding my gaze with cool eyes that still burn through you.

"Nowadays, I suppose, we are very interested in the money we are making. We do still get kicks from our music. In fact, playing is the only possible way I can relax now, but the money is good. I want to get enough money to buy a mansion and fill it with antiques and shut myself up there till I die."

A few months back Keith did nearly die. "Oh, too much has been made of it," he said, glancing at Sam, his special mate. "What's in nearly dying? It's actually going through with it that is important. Goodness, lots of people nearly die."

Sam said, "I nearly died when I was four." Keith rolled another cigarette, put it in an aqua filter, and blue smoke temporarily parted us. "Nearly dying is like nearly being successful, a nothing sort of state."

They take death and success in their stride. They are more interested in talking about religion, jazz or philosophy than fan worship, yet fan worship is what they always wanted.

"We are used to playing in clubs where the audience are like part of the act. When they get excited it is by the music, rather than by the people onstage," Sam said. "Nowadays audiences more or less idolise us. To us it's funny."

"I can't get used to being recognised in

... Paul, Chris,
Keith, Jeff, Jim

the street," Keith explained. "Girls say, 'Oh look, there is Keith of the Yardbirds,' and ask for my autograph. The other day a girl wanted to kiss me. 'If I could kiss you once I'd never wash again,' she said. I thought she was joking. I said, 'Carry me off if you want,' and she took me seriously. Now could you understand anyone losing their head over me?"

Keith's got the thinnest hips I've ever seen, round which he wears a thick leather belt. He looks a bit distant and awe-inspiring, an art student who can reproduce a piece of antique furniture so cleverly that often a dealer can't tell it was faked.

His hands shake, his jaws are taut. He is highly-strung and nervy, and longs to be alone or playing.

"I couldn't go on without my music," he said. "Sometimes we play one number for as long as twenty-five minutes, and we feel great afterwards. You feel great don't you, Sam?" Sam laughed, but his fingers trembled as he played with the coffee spoon.

"I've got a terrible habit of tapping my hip," he said. "I know I'm doing it and I can't stop. It's overwork makes us like this."

The Yardbirds tend to shout at one another, and argue over small details, because they are so tired and strung-up. But if they were calm people they wouldn't feel things so deeply, and be able to play the kind of music they do. For them the long day of interviews and photo-sessions and travelling hundreds of miles is work. The night of playing, creating music for a sympathetic audience, is enjoyment. Perhaps they are so ready for success because they are so unaware of it. In the middle of the interview they started a terrible argument about religion.

It was late by the time they had sorted it out, and they were due at the theatre. All five wandered off through the streets of London. "If you walk right up to the door you will get mobbed," I said. It hadn't occurred to them; they were too busy discussing antique furniture.

In the wings, they could hear cries of "Yardbirds" from out front. Keith smiled.

"Makes you feel good when you stop to listen to it," he said. "Mustn't dwell on it too much, though, or you become a big-head. We feel good just before we go on. All the day rolls away and there is just music left. We get relaxed and high on our music."

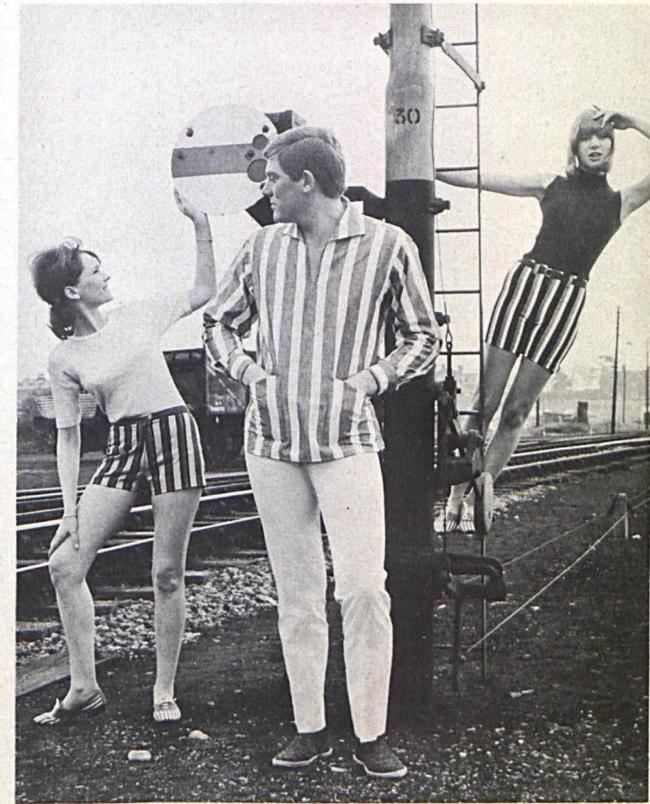
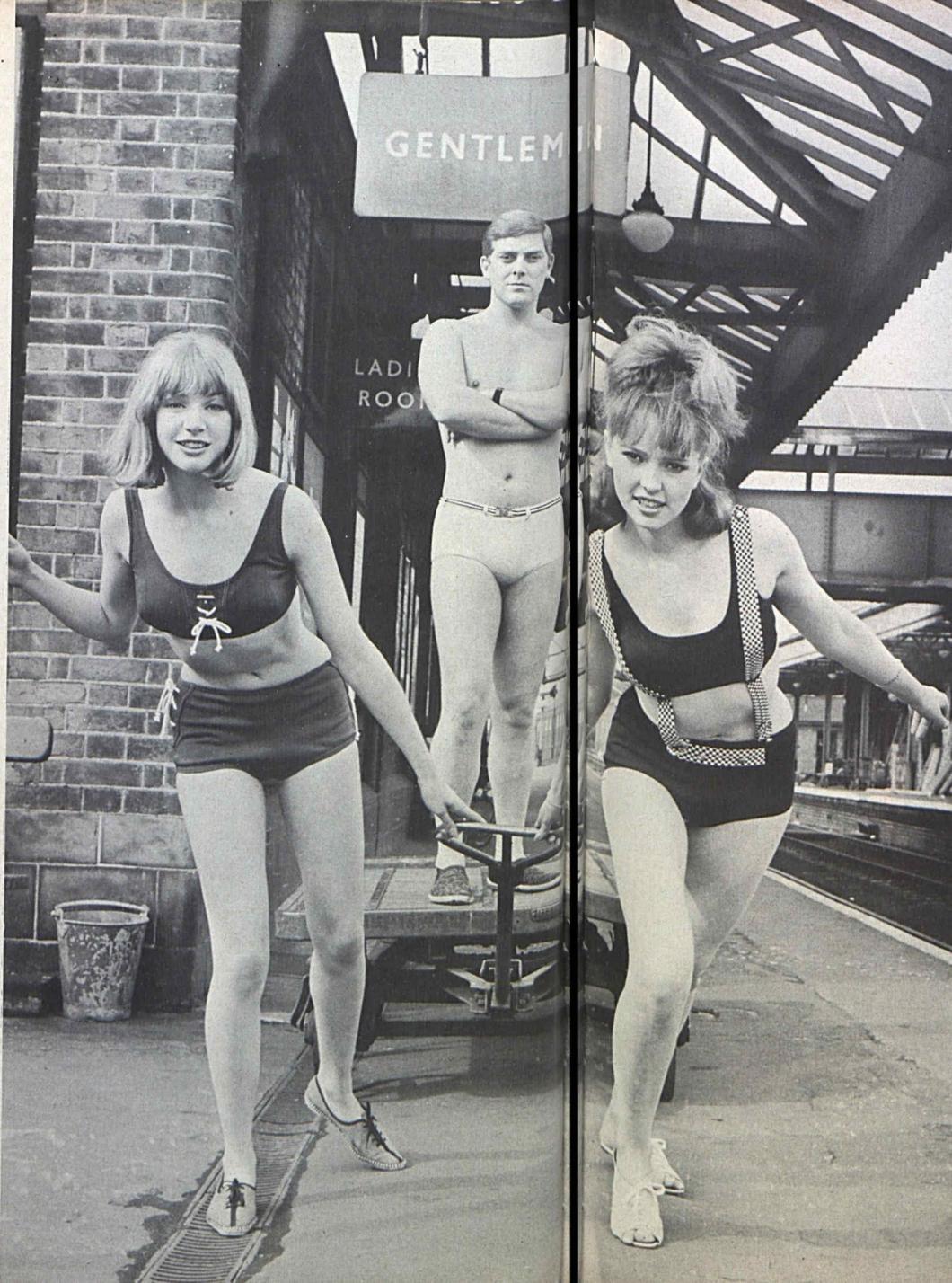
He took a long drink of water, handed me his cigarette and went on stage, to get relaxed and high.

DAWN JAMES



THE NEW BRAND OF BOY!

He's Going Places, taking pride in his appearance, caring about what he does and wears, proving the really 'in' look for boys is to look good. The new brand of boy the girls go for — like Shirley-Ann and Vivian on a holiday-bound station and the next four pages ... Since summer's ahead the clothes they wear are geared to leisure-time, and never before such a selection for boys. Trevor (like Terry on page 10) is a rave new brand of boy, chose the beach wear he models...

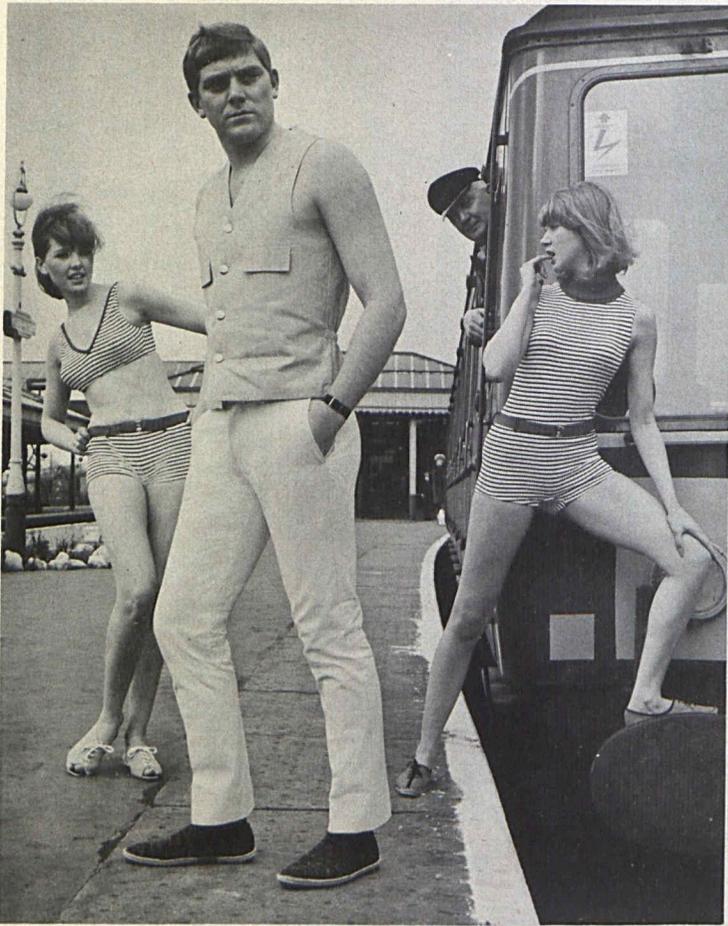


Above: Trevor's denim jeans by Vince of Newburgh Street, (52s. 6d.), shoes by Lennard (25s. 11d.), shirt by Vince of Newburgh Street, (88s. 6d.). Vivian's shorts by Neatawear (49s. 11d.), skinny top also Neatawear (29s. 11d.), her shoes by Saxone (39s. 11d.). Shirley-Ann's skinny bermudas by Neatawear (69s. 11d.), skinny polo neck sweater (29s. 11d.).

Left: Trevor wears hipster beach trunks by Vince of Newburgh Street, colours white, black, ice blue or royal (35s.). Shirley-Ann's navy bikini by Neatawear (5 gns.), her shoes by Lennard (19s. 11d.). Vivian's swim suit by Lewis Separates (49s. 11d.), shoes by Lennard (39s. 11d.).

Right: Shirley-Ann's denim bikini by Neatawear comes in blue or pink (69s. 11d.). Vivian's swimsuit by Lewis Separates (49s. 11d.), shoes by Lennard.

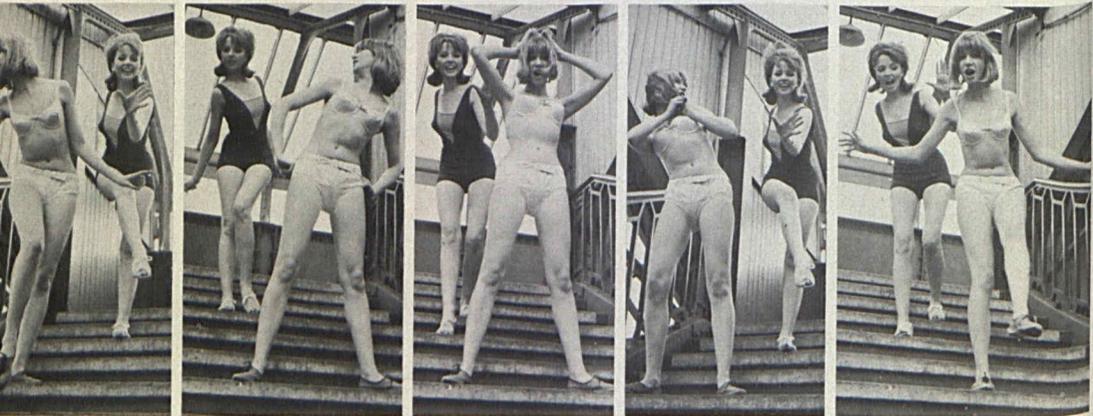




Left: Trevor's denim waistcoat (72s. 6d.) and "Playboy" slacks (72s. 6d.) by Vince of Newburgh Street. Vivian's skinny striped bikini by Neatawear (69s. 11d.). Shirely-Ann's skinny swimsuit by Neatawear (79s. 11d.).

Right: Trevor's swimsuit with a difference by Vince of Newburgh Street (75s.). Vivian's 3-piece suit (bikini and vest top) by Dorothy Perkins (about £2). Shirley-Ann's fishnet swimsuit by Neatawear (6½ gns.), flowery swimming caps by Britmarine (39s. 6d. and 45s.).

Below: Fabulous bikini with matching beach anorak by Neatawear. Bikini (69s. 11d.), anorak (84s.). All clothes by Vince of Newburgh Street are available by post (plus an extra 2s. for postage) from 15 Newburgh Street, London, W.1.



MIKE GRANT'S

STAIRBITE

GOES PLACES

You'd expect there to be hip places in New York, especially in the Village (Greenwich!) There are. The Village square mile is littered with cellar clubs, offbeat coffee bars and all that kind of jazz. But there's nothing, or nowhere, quite like the Gold Bug.

It is the 'in' place to those in the know and people who are hip to the current American scene. It's a sort of a cellar club, with bar, tables and a small dance floor but without a cellar atmosphere. The Gold Bug has become the shrine of relaxation for both visiting British and American artists, and a likely place to discover new talent.

It's not unusual to arrive around 1 a.m. and find people like the Ronettes whooping it up with the Rolling Stones. On the last occasion they were in New York, I took the entire Dave Clark Five down to spend an evening.

British artists particularly have been cramming the Gold Bug. The Rolling Stones have become regulars, and everyone there knows them. It's good, too, because although they're recognised, they are left alone to enjoy the club.

Newest dances there? The Twine or Clam. Clothes? Sweaters and slacks for both boys and girls.

There may be other places like the Gold Bug in New York, but there isn't anywhere where you can have a greater, more exciting, fun-filled evening. Perhaps more important, it doesn't cost a fortune to enjoy it.

SECRET OF THE ANIMALS' BIG SPLIT UP

Two weeks before "House Of The Rising Sun" topped the charts the Animals had split up! That's what organist Alan Price revealed to me the other day in a frank talk.

He told me of some of the strains a busy topline group has to face. Apart from the tiring all-night drives to one night stands, recording sessions and day-long television show rehearsals, group members have to stick each other for almost

twenty-four hours a day. For Alan, a deep-thinking musician who likes to be alone every now and again, it was too much. "One night I decided to quit, give up everything," he told me.

"I hitchhiked from Southport to Newcastle, getting soaked in a storm and spent my last couple of shillings on a cup of tea and a cake in a lonely roadside café. Eventually, I got a lift in a lorry." Alan rested at home for a

Adventures of Donovan

Eighteen-year-old Donovan, who tramped around Britain for two years before being spotlighted on "Ready, Steady, Go", told me of some of his adventures.

One of his stopovers was at St. Ives, the Cornish coastal resort, where he and his friends lived in a deserted wartime pillbox. During the summer, Donovan and the boys entertained holidaymakers by diving for coins in fifteen feet of shark-infested water.

"If the sharks came in too close," said Donovan, "we'd just make a lot of splashing and they would usually keep away. But one day they didn't and we didn't stick around to find out if they were dangerous.

"It was all a game really and we made a few coppers out of it—not many people threw silver," he said.

THEY ENJOY BEING GIRLS

Pays to be a girl in Edinburgh—they get into most clubs free. It's all part of a drive by several spots, especially the Gamp club in Victoria Place, to boost flagging membership figures. The Gamp's owners advertised that membership could be renewed free, reduced rates for mid-week sessions with special "on the house" nights for girls. At the nearby Place club, girls pay 1s. membership fee, boys 5s. Now popularity has zoomed up again and everybody's happy—except the boys that is.

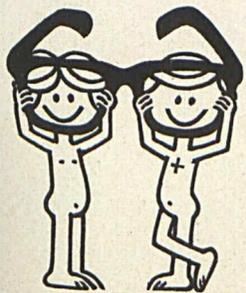
Memo to P.J.: How about waxing the track from Billy Fury's "I've Gotta Horse" film "I Like Animals?"

on stage we were in complete harmony. The quarrels only started once we were alone in the flat," he explained.

Now the Animals have settled their problem. Alan, bass guitarist Chas Chandler and manager Mike Jeffries share a new house in Bayswater, Eric Burdon has his own Earls Court bachelor flat, drummer John Steel and his wife have a Shepherd's Bush apartment, and Hilton Valentine shares a Bayswater flat with road manager Tappy Wright.



CLUBLAND WEST COAST: A whole crop of new clubs have sprung up around Los Angeles, and as well as featuring top folk, country-and-western and blues artists, they also showcase new talent. Most popular spots are Ledbetter's, owned by Randy Sparks, founder of the New Christy Minstrels, decked out like a western general store with kerosene lamps, washboards, tubs, little banjos; the Hootenanny, which serves Continental meals and is proud of a series of oil portraits of top folk performers like Peter, Paul and Mary and Burl Ives; the Prophet, attractively laid out with two patios equipped with picnic tables, and pepper trees laden with coloured Japanese lanterns. Other clubs: the Lemon Tree, the Golden Bear, 23 Skidoo, the Penny University, the Ash Grove.



How does a pop star keep fit? In the case of P. J. Proby it's quite easy. He just went along with his local football club, Chelsea, and the team's manager let him join in with the boys!

"Trouble was" said P.J. rather wistfully, "I just didn't realise how tough and fit these footballers were. After about ten minutes I was flat on my back in the middle of the field. It was just too much. Still, the manager was very nice about it all."

QUOTE on P. J. Proby from Paul McCartney: "He's fantastic. He really believes he's the greatest. We must tell him something."

Del Shannon soon to sell his '65 Cadillac car and replace it with a Mark Ten Jaguar with a specially fitted tape recorder.

MOST MISLEADING QUOTE EVER: Paul McCartney speaking a few weeks before Ringo's marriage to Maureen Cox: "I think George, Ringo and I will all get married within the next few years. But not yet. We just haven't got the time for haven't."

RAVE'S Dodo lost ten shillings in bets tipping Dave Berry's "Little Things" for Top Five.

Anyone for Paris, this weekend?

It's the headquarters of the Rolling Stones Fan Club (Paris branch).

It's the place where French idols Johnny Hallyday, Eddy Mitchell and Sheila made their debuts.

It's the place where the kids go mad over records by Lod Sooch (who turns out to be none other than Britain's Screaming Lord Sutch).

Where is it? It's the Golf Drouot—a teen club in the heart of Paris which is the Mecca of beat fans from all over Europe.

The Golf Drouot—so-called because, many years ago it used to house a miniature golf course and because it is situated on the first floor of a building in the rue Drouot—is run by Henri Leproux, a staunch champion of young people and young people's music.

At the Golf Drouot, currently, with the exception of Eddy Mitchell and Johnny Hallyday, British groups reign supreme.

It features many up-and-coming groups and singers from France and other European countries, and the entrance fee is about 7s. 6d., which entitles the customer to one drink—beer, coke or whisky.

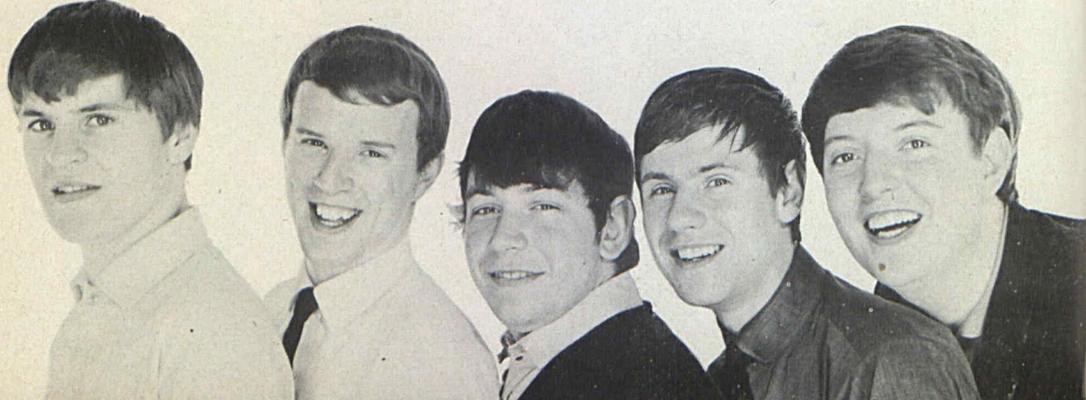
This summer Henri Leproux is hoping to organise a Channel airlift to bring British groups and beat fans to Paris for a week-end rave.

Terry Ward from Cranleigh, Surrey, is only 21, but so far he has already got through 27 different jobs! He's hoping that his latest venture—that of pop singer will be the right one.

Terry has been singing for six years now, and his new disc is called "Gotta Tell" and he's really praying for its success.



Newcomer Terry Ward



URGENT MESSAGE TO ALL RAVE READERS. FANTASTIC ISSUE OF RAVE OUT ON SALE NEXT MONTH. MAY 27TH. ORDER YOUR COPY NOW. BEATLES. YARDBIRDS. ANIMALS. MICK JAGGER. PAUL JONES. MARIANNE FAITHFULL. ALL IN COLOUR. STUPENDOUS STORIES ON THE YARDBIRD WHO GOT LEFT BEHIND. DONOVAN IN THE SHADOW OF DYLAN. A BACHELOR'S ATTITUDES BY P.J. HEART-TO-HEART WITH PAUL JONES. SCOOP INTERVIEW WITH THE BEATLES. THE WHO. A STORY FOR ALL ANIMAL LOVERS. PLUS MORE MORE MORE! DON'T WAIT. DO IT NOW. ORDER YOUR NEXT MONTH'S RAVE TODAY AND BE WAY AHEAD ON THE POP SCENE!

it's dark down there...

"Above all," Mick Ross recalls today of his feelings when he first considered skin diving, "I was gripped by a sense of adventure. I wanted to get away from the dull, mindbending routine of an office job. I wanted to *live*."

What he also remembers with surprise is that, when it all started, he couldn't swim a stroke!

Bob Rogers, his longtime friend, knew this. Just the same, he put the idea to Mick one Sunday morning in the early summer of 1963. They were at Bob's home in Sidcup, Kent...

"Skin diving... You *must* give it a whirl, Mick. Takes you into another world."

"Fine! I'll use water wings." Which about summed up neatly a non-swimmer's reaction to being invited to join the highly-skilled, dangerous world beneath the sea which had been pioneered by experienced men with a wealth of knowledge—yet even they, and those working with them, had been close to disaster and death.

But Bob Rogers was serious. "This could mean a lot to us both. Learn to swim, Mick. Then here's what we'll do..."

He talked on. He gathered zeal. Sometime during the next half-hour Mick Ross became determined to skin dive. At lunchtime next day he met Bob at the Oasis pool in London's Holborn and had his first swimming lesson. He had another the same evening. Operation Skin Dive had begun.

In a week, Mick could swim a width. In a month he had the makings of a powerful crawl. "I went at swimming dead serious," he said. In his mind was a sun-soaked, blue sea image of the skin diving world. So was the thought of big money which Bob had said might be made from deep-down photography.

At the time, Mick and Bob were both nineteen. They had been mates for years. Mick was a commercial artist in the West End. Bob was a messenger-clerk at the Stock Exchange.

In the mid-summer of 1963, Mick started to join Bob on weekend trips run by a South Coast under-water club. Bob—who knew how to use an aqualung—went deep down. Mick had only got as far as the snorkel stage. All he could do was stare down from about a foot below the surface.

Mick's moment of truth came in the late summer. "Next weekend," said Bob, "we go to Lulworth Cove in Dorset. You can use an aqualung."

The difference between aqualung and snorkel diving is the difference between the men and the boys. "I was more than a bit scared," Mick Ross recalls. "I knew if I loused

things up I could rupture a lung. Maybe even kill myself. For example, I knew if I forgot to breathe out consistently on the way back up, then the air in my lungs—being at greater pressure than the surrounding water—would expand with tremendous force. That could burst a lung. Bob spent a lot of time training me. 'Just remember all I've said,' he told me before I left the boat. Remember it? I could have recited it backwards.

"Just the same, as I slid into the water I had to fight panic. For some reason I began telling myself I had no right to go into the sea-world—it belonged to submarine creatures, not to me. Then I felt sure water was getting in through my mouthpiece. It wasn't—but then I am told all divers get this fear first time down.

"I took a fierce grip on myself. About ten feet down I felt pressure on my eardrums. I remembered what Bob had told me. I held my nose—and blew. That removed the pressure. I knew I would have to repeat this about every ten feet.

"I went very carefully and steadily down to about twenty feet.

"At the back of my mind was the warning thought not to go *too* far. I had heard about the dreaded thing called nitrogen narcosis. It can hit a diver who goes down more than one hundred feet. It's like being drunk. You act crazily—*dangerously* crazy. Like taking off your headpiece and offering it to the fish. Nitrogen narcosis grips you before you are aware of it. I knew I would not submerge anywhere near one hundred feet. Just the same, I was glad to know Bob would be following close behind me.

"I became filled with a supreme excitement at my first proper sight of the under-sea world. Fish by the thousand were flashing down and around. There were marine plants... The most beautiful colours you ever saw... There were fantastically beautiful rock formations... Gleaming shells of all shapes and sizes... "I felt a wonderful sense of remote-

ness. Land and cities and civilisation seemed a million miles away. By the book, I should have stayed down ten minutes. But it was half-an-hour before I surfaced that first time."

Neither Bob nor Mick can remember exactly when the idea of wrecks came into Operation Skin Dive. They say it probably crept gradually up on them during the late months of 1963. There was nothing new about skin diving to wrecks. Bob and Mick merely decided they would go about it in the most thorough way possible.

Ann Sinclair is Bob's cousin. She works in a public library at Erith, Kent. One day she found herself requested to trace as many books as she could on skin diving and wrecks. She came up with about twenty. Mick and Bob read them into the small hours. They also started lunch-time and evening visits to the British

Museum, the Guildhall Library and the Maritime Museum at Greenwich. They pored over musty volumes, yellowed newspapers, ancient charts.

Finally, Mick said to Bob, "That's it, then: 'The Association'."

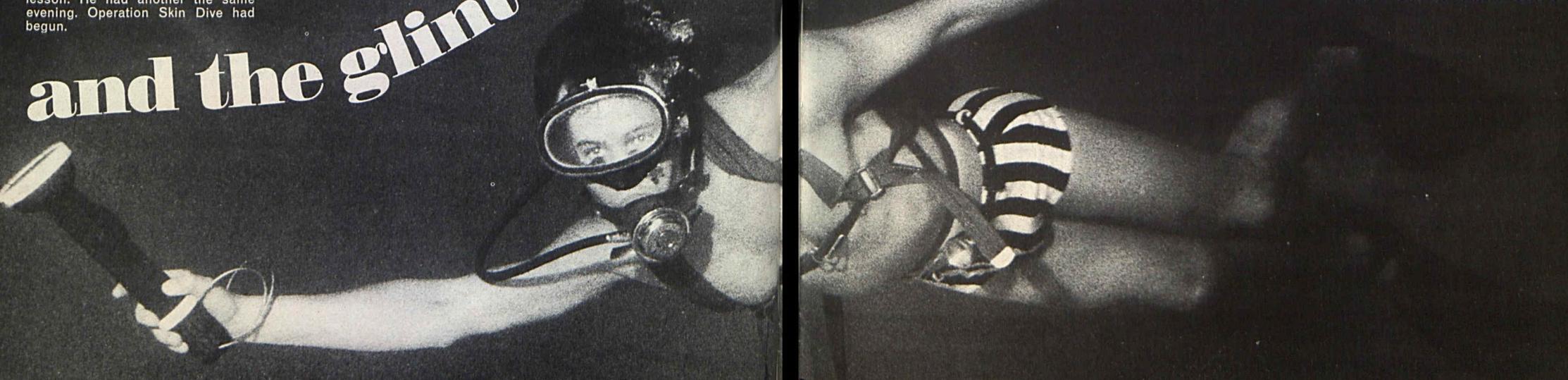
"The Association" is a wrecked ship lying on the sea bed off the Scilly Isles. She went down in 1707. One good reason Mick and Bob made her the target of Operation Skin Dive is that a good deal of French and Spanish treasure is said to have gone down with her.

Mick and Bob decided they would seek "The Association" some time in the summer of 1964. There was one snag. They would need plenty of gear to mount the project efficiently—and they had hardly any. What they did was to phone a London evening paper about their plan. The paper ran a story. The boys bought hundreds of copies. Then they started sending letters to all kinds of firms who might help—enclosing a cutting with each.

The response was staggering. The British Motor Corporation gave them an Austin Gipsy—an all-purpose vehicle fitted with a powerful winch and worth the best part of £1,000. From R.F.D. Ltd. came the gift of an inflatable boat (about £600). From Johnson's—the engine makers—an outboard motor worth around £150. From R. F. Hunter Ltd.—a £400 Rollei Marine camera.

Ilford's sent one hundred reels of

and the glint of gold is hard to see



It's going to be a
Pink and Honey
Spring, says

MAX FACTOR

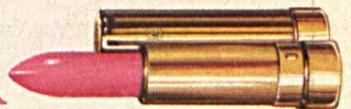


pink sunshine

natural
honey



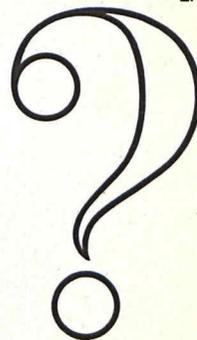
peppermint
pink



*Here is Spring's most delicious look
for lips... three lovely new colours
from Max Factor... each excitingly
new lipstick in its own luxurious
golden case for only*

5/-

HAVE THE SEARCHERS LOST SOMETHING



A successful group is not one person; it is a combination of several highly talented, individual performers. Together, they make No. 1 spot sounds—but when one of them leaves, where does that leave the others? When Tony Jackson moved out of the Searchers, did they lose more than a bass guitarist? Did they lose one quarter of their appeal, or has Frankie Allen been able to make up for him?

The crowd was raving in the packed ballroom, screaming and calling out the names of the group onstage, who were winding up their show with a rocking version of "What'd I Say".

The group was the Searchers. Drummer Chris Curtis, whipping up the crowd's excitement with his frenzied vocal, Mike Pender, Tony Jackson and John McNally, their guitars held high—Searchers' style—raving along with the crowd.

They looked confident and happy. They had good reason to be both. Eight months earlier they had been unknown. They had suddenly shot to fame in the summer of 1963 along with a lot of other colourful groups who, with their scouse accents, off-beat humour and vital music, made Liverpool famous for its Mersey-beat.

Their first three records, "Sweets for my Sweet", "Sugar and Spice" and "Needles and Pins" all shot very swiftly and successfully up the charts. This put them straight into the super-duper tax

class and brought them the adulation of a huge following of fans.

Now their latest disc, "Don't Throw Your Love Away" had reached the top, too, and they were lined up for a big dollar-earning tour of the States. Everything looked fine for the Searchers. But it wasn't. Onstage, they were professional enough to disguise the fact that something was wrong. Offstage it showed.

When the Searchers had first made the scene, their dressing-room was always a riot. Now this had been replaced by obvious tension. Now they were strangely quiet. Tony Jackson sat alone and unsmiling, unwilling to talk to anybody or to be photographed.

THE RUMOURS BEGIN

Inevitably, the rumours started. "Tony Jackson says he's leaving the Searchers," reported one newspaper. And on the same day another: "Tony Jackson is not leaving the Searchers."

Finally, of course, he did leave. He got himself a new nose and a new group—The Vibrations—and started off on his own.

And just where did that leave the Searchers?

Unfortunately for everyone, Tony didn't leave quietly. There were interviews with the Press who misquoted him and made him sound like the Angry Young Man of the Pop scene. It didn't do him or the Searchers any good, and it disillusioned a lot of fans. The Searchers, to their credit, said nothing, whatever they felt.

Their record sales began to slip, and their popularity waned. So did they lose something when Tony packed his guitar for the last time in the Searchers' dressing-room? Significantly, their biggest hit since he left them, "Love Potion Number Nine" was made when Tony was still with them. It made Number One in the States—where they are considered the

How successfully has Frankie Allen filled Tony Jackson's place in the Searchers?

top British group musically.

The first problem, clearly, which faced Mike, Chris and John on that bleak day last year was the urgent need for a replacement for Tony.

The Searchers looked around. They asked Jackie Lomax, bass-guitarist extraordinary whose wild vocals are the highlight of the Takers' act, but Jackie was happy where he was. They also asked Frankie Allen, the quiet, good-looking Londoner who was with Cliff Bennett. He joined the Searchers straight away.

This set them up as a quartet again but what would the sound be like that they made?

When a group loses one member, it can also lose its whole identity as a top-selling musical sound. A successful group is not one person; it is a combination of talented, often temperamentally opposed people who weave a magic together, and for one of whom there is no substitute.

We decided to ask the Searchers them-

selves what they felt about Tony's departure, and saw them backstage during their recent tour of Britain. They were in a good mood. "Goodbye My Love" had done well in the charts, and they were pleased. We asked them how they had felt about Tony leaving.

ANXIOUS MOMENTS

"A lot of soul-searching went on," admitted Chris. "We were all dead worried. We knew that the fans would be upset and you can't afford to upset the fans. And we'd seen what happened to other groups who'd split up. They'd faded off the scene completely."

"But the split had to come," said Mike. "People see us as a group playing onstage or on TV. But that only takes up a tenth of our time together. Like any bunch of normal people living together, we had our differences. But, at first, because we were all so absorbed in our music, and because we were successful, those differences didn't matter."

"In the end, they did," added Chris. "We were living on top of each other all the time. Travelling long distances and not getting enough sleep. We became irritable and short-tempered. The slightest thing began to upset us and personal and musical differences began to show. This happens with every group. It happens in all walks of life. Anyone who works with people will know this. After all," he grinned, "who likes *everybody* they work with all the while?"

People forget that a group is made up of individuals. They tend to think of groups as soul-less music machines whose life is all fun and hit records. They don't see the other side of it, the arguments and the moods. The Searchers could have gone on and kept up their fantastic run of success, but it would have been at their expense as individuals. So they talked it over, and Tony decided to leave. He wasn't forced out and neither was there any bitterness.

"Those press statements were ridicu-

lous," said John, referring to reports that there had been big rows. "Tony was misquoted all over the place and we're all still the very best of friends. But maybe we wouldn't have been if he had stayed.

"Really, all we lost when Tony left was our image with the fans, and we didn't lose that completely. We never lost faith in our ability as musicians, which is the main thing. Nor were we afraid we'd lost our 'sound' because we've always made it our policy, as a group, to produce a sound on record which suits the market at the time the disc is released."

This is true. However much their sound changes, all the Searchers' records have this tremendous contemporary musical quality. So to replace Tony, they had to find a really first-rate bass guitarist, who was also somebody they all knew and liked. Frankie Allen fitted this bill perfectly.

"And our fans have accepted Frankie," said Mike. "So if we lost anything, we've found it again! More important, we're all happy. We think together like a group, and we have an equal say in what we do musically. This we couldn't do if we didn't get on so well."

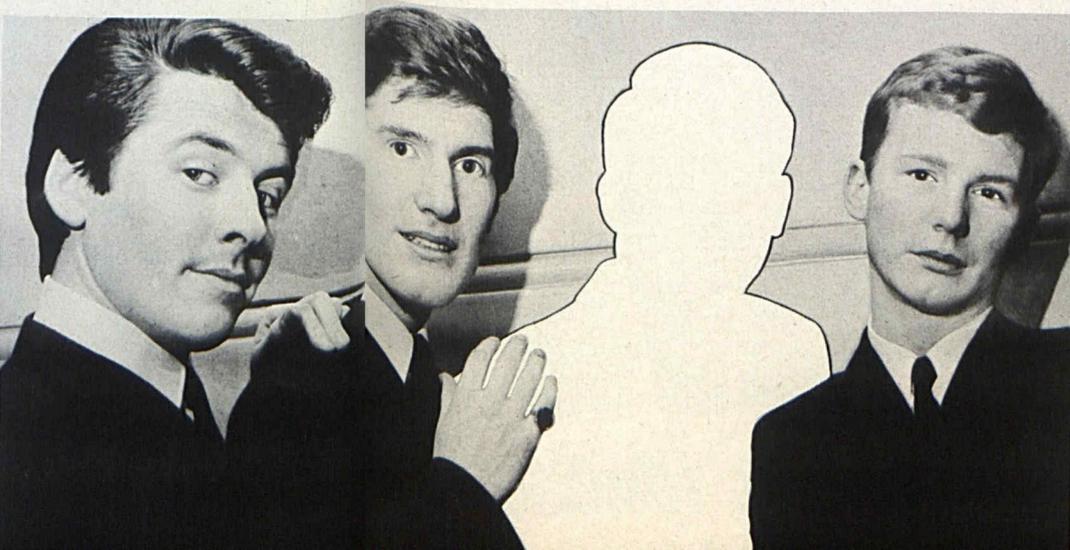
Obviously, the Searchers don't believe they have lost anything, and they may well be right. At a time when a lot of big groups are finding it difficult to make the top of the charts and to fill halls, the Searchers are riding high again.

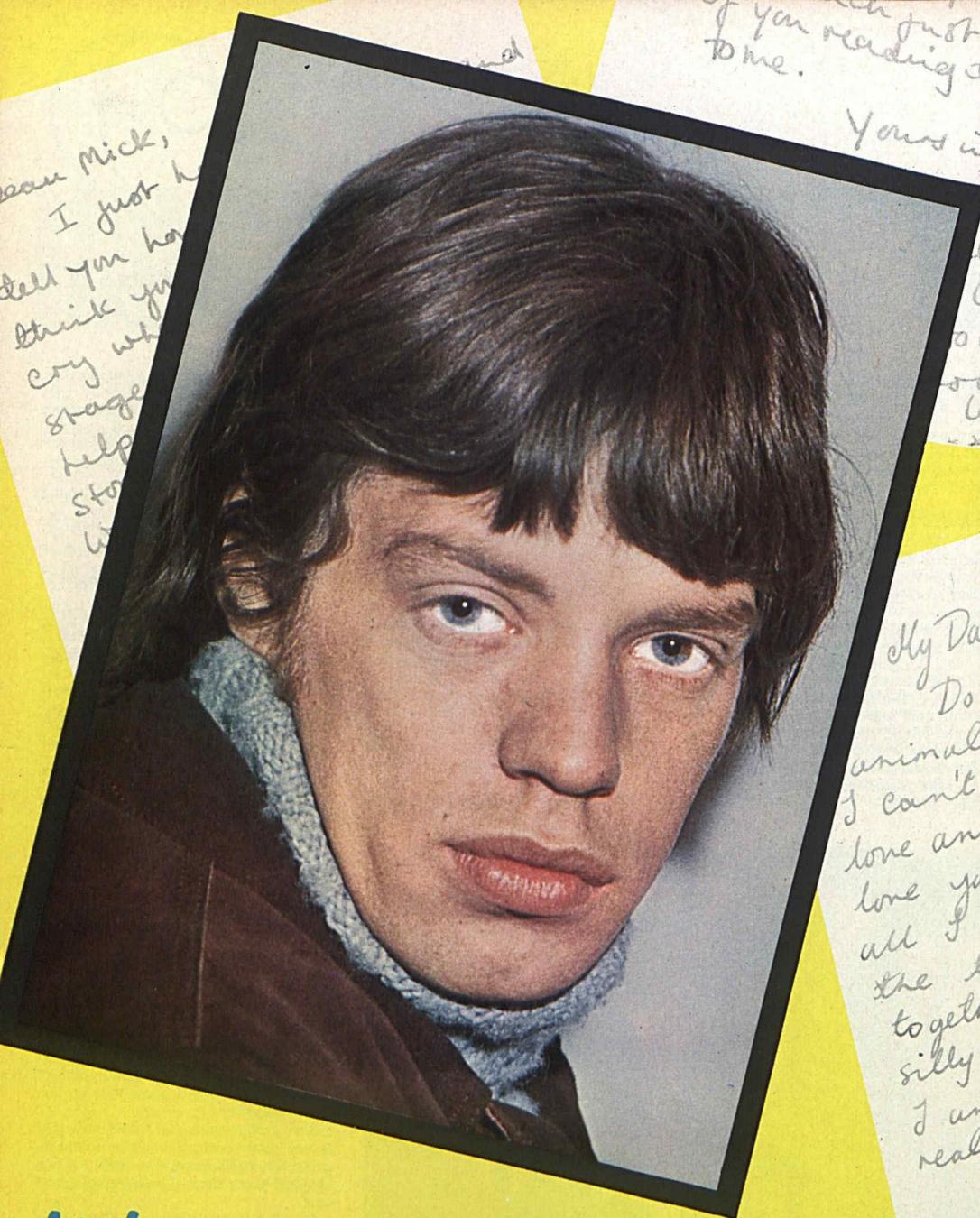
GROUP SCENE DYING

The group scene is definitely dying. The gimmick groups with weird acts and the raving R and B groups with mouthies and maracas but no talent will be forgotten in a year.

The groups with real talent will last. It was quality which put the Searchers at the top in 1963 and it is quality which has kept them there. Quality plus a new unity.

If there is any argument about their success, their current high-selling disc should keep the doubters quiet. Whatever the Searchers once lost—they have found again!



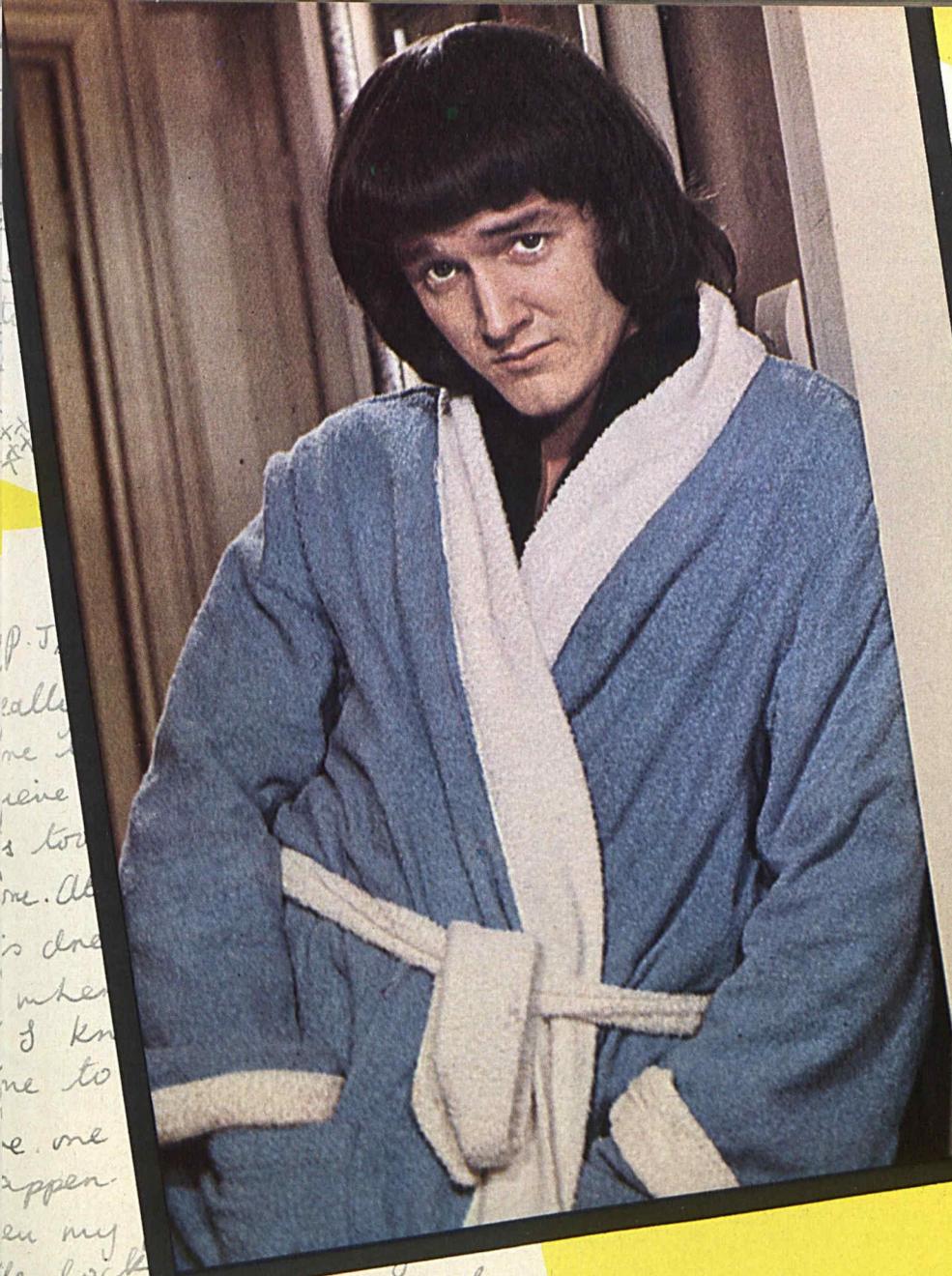


Dear Mick,
I just
tell you how
think you
cry when
stage
help
stop
W

...just
of you reading the
to me.
Yours in a

My Darlin',
Do you
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When you write a love letter what do you give away?



When you write a love letter what do you give away?

Handwriting, like your smile, is a very personal reflection of you.

A star's autograph is the warmest thing about him he can give you, apart from his personal love.

The letter you write to him—or to the boy you love—is an intimate souvenir of your feelings.

But everybody's handwriting differs; which is why it is such a personal thing. And every handwriting reveals the character of its owner. It is the symbol of the kind of person he, or she, is.

To interpret a person's character by handwriting analysis is a science called graphology.

Handwriting can be as revealing as fingerprints. That is why the police have a graphological depart-

ment; why many firms examine handwriting of applicants for jobs; why a comparison of handwriting helps tell if a couple is suited for marriage.

What kind of handwriting means what kind of character? It is impossible to generalise. The writer's age and sex can be very important.

For instance, a girl of fifteen with a backward slope may just be revealing immaturity but, in an older man, it could mean something more serious. But even with slopes there are many different angles—each with a different meaning!

Here, expert graphologist, A. Fraser White, analyses the handwriting of seven top stars and suggests what you can learn about your own . . .

FLAMBOYANT, STUBBORN P.J.

The unusually large size of P.J.'s handwriting indicates that here is a person who is flamboyant, highly strung. He loves to be in the limelight and enjoys the adoration of fans.

The endings of the letters "e" show strongly that he is stubborn and tenacious. But P.J. can be a very nice fellow. He can show great kindness and likes to have real friends around him.

He is inventive and creative, but often acts too hastily. A perfectionist when it comes to his job, once he has made up his mind to do something, he'll do it!

Why didn't
what public
was of them
moment; na
skipped' she's

Elvis Presley
"Remember Today will
be yesterday Tomorrow"

SINCERE, SYMPATHETIC ELVIS

The inclining slope of El's handwriting indicates generosity, sympathy and sincerity. He is not given to airs or pomposity. The size of his small letters indicates that he has an intelligence far above average.

He has fine judgement, keen perception and a highly-developed critical sense. Usually he thinks much and says little. He is tolerant and peaceful but, believe it or not, inclined to lack self-confidence.

Though not lazy, he has a certain docile streak that keeps him from taking chances.

The comparative evenness of his letters indicates that he is reliable and trustworthy, painstaking and conscientious. The short finals show he is reticent. Really, he hates to be conspicuous!

The "a's" and "o's" indicate that he doesn't tell everything he knows and he can keep a secret. The connected letters show him to be

REBELLIOUS, BOHEMIAN, AGGRESSIVE MICK JAGGER

Mick's handwriting indicates a rebellious character who likes a Bohemian life; this is shown by the slope. He is somewhat impractical and a bit shy at times—indicated by the shape of the letters. He is also a bit lazy and can, on occasions,

be aggressive. He is a good entertainer and has spontaneity, shown by the extension of the letters.

The irregularity of the letters shows he can also be moody and the short finals indicate a tendency

to selfishness. He is outspoken, has vivacity, enthusiasm and (confirming the moody characteristic) can also be irritable! The exaggerated loops show egotism and a tremendous flair for "showing off".

Hi raving lovers - keep on popping picking

I must say that my life now
a change from the old days

SHREWD TOM JONES

Tom Jones' handwriting shows he is a star here to stay.

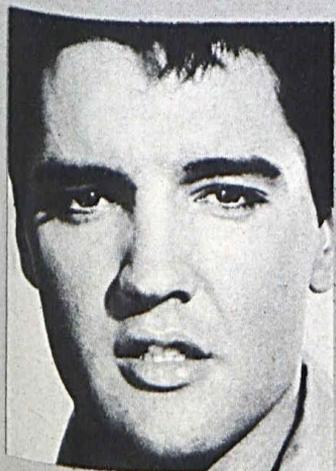
The slope indicates composure and combined with the spacing, shape and connection of letters, shows that he has considerable business ability.

He has good self-control, a tolerant nature and is a good judge of other

people. The shape of the small letters confirms his shrewdness. The small letters' evenness show that he is reliable, conscientious, trustworthy. The longish finals of the "e's" show a generous and considerate nature. The closed "a's" and "o's" show tact and possible secretiveness.

The crossing of the "r's" shows determination to be successful . . . and Tom is certainly living up to this.

miss it already
I really hate to
Plane and go!
England as a se
Gene Pitney



PRACTICAL DAVE DAVIES

The general trend of Dave's handwriting shows him to be quite a shrewd nut. He is ambitious, shown by the slope of his handwriting, and his clear thinking is revealed by his regular spacing between lines. Dave's individual letters are almost always connected, showing him to be practical and economical.

Secrets are safe enough with him and he is tactful at the right time. This is shown by the way he closes his "a" and "o".

He is interested in what's going on in the world and likes finding out things for himself.

He is a good mixer and a very good friend to have.

AMBITIOUS GENE PITNEY

The slope of the lines in Gene's handwriting shows him ambitious, optimistic and hard to discourage.

The marked right incline of the writing's slope shows a generous and sympathetic nature, great sincerity.

The size of letters shows adaptability.

The shape of the letters indicates a docile, peace-loving nature and the extended form of his handwriting that he is a good mixer.

The long finals of the small letters show him again as generous and considerate; the ascending finals that he is not afraid to take a chance; the long and curved finals emphasise his kindness and friendly nature.

The "a's" and "o's" show tact. The connected letters show practicality.

The looped "d" indicates a sensitive nature and he may be susceptible to flattery.

The dot firmly above the "i" shows that he is careful and a perfectionist. The strength of the dot shows a strong will.

The thick cross of the "t's" shows firmness and determination.

Myself and
Thank our
Lought all
enjoyed them

practical, logical and prudent; likely to have a one-track mind.

The comparatively low capitals indicate simplicity of tastes and modesty but the exaggerated loops infer exaggeration and egotism.

The dot directly above the "i's" indicates a precise and exact nature. He is extremely careful and a perfectionist. The rounded "r's" show a tendency to laziness!

The "w's" and "m's" show he is an adaptable person.

My first public performs
at a youth club dance to
Lome town. Later I forme
and we performed at the
Shepherds Bush where we

VERY OPTIMISTIC CLIFF

Most people know that Elvis has always been Cliff's idol. And, amazingly, analysis of their handwriting shows these two greats have many characteristics in common.

By the upward slope of his writing Cliff shows healthy ambition. He is optimistic and hard to discourage.

The rightward slope of his letters shows good self-control. Cliff's capital letters are high, indicating self-respect and self-confidence.

The height of his letter stems show that he also has modesty and dignity. But the return strokes of the "y's" could indicate clannishness and selfishness.

The characteristics he shares with Elvis are: keen perception and highly developed critical sense. Thinking much and saying little. Reticent by true nature.

And they are both tactful, diplomatic keep a secret well.

rave



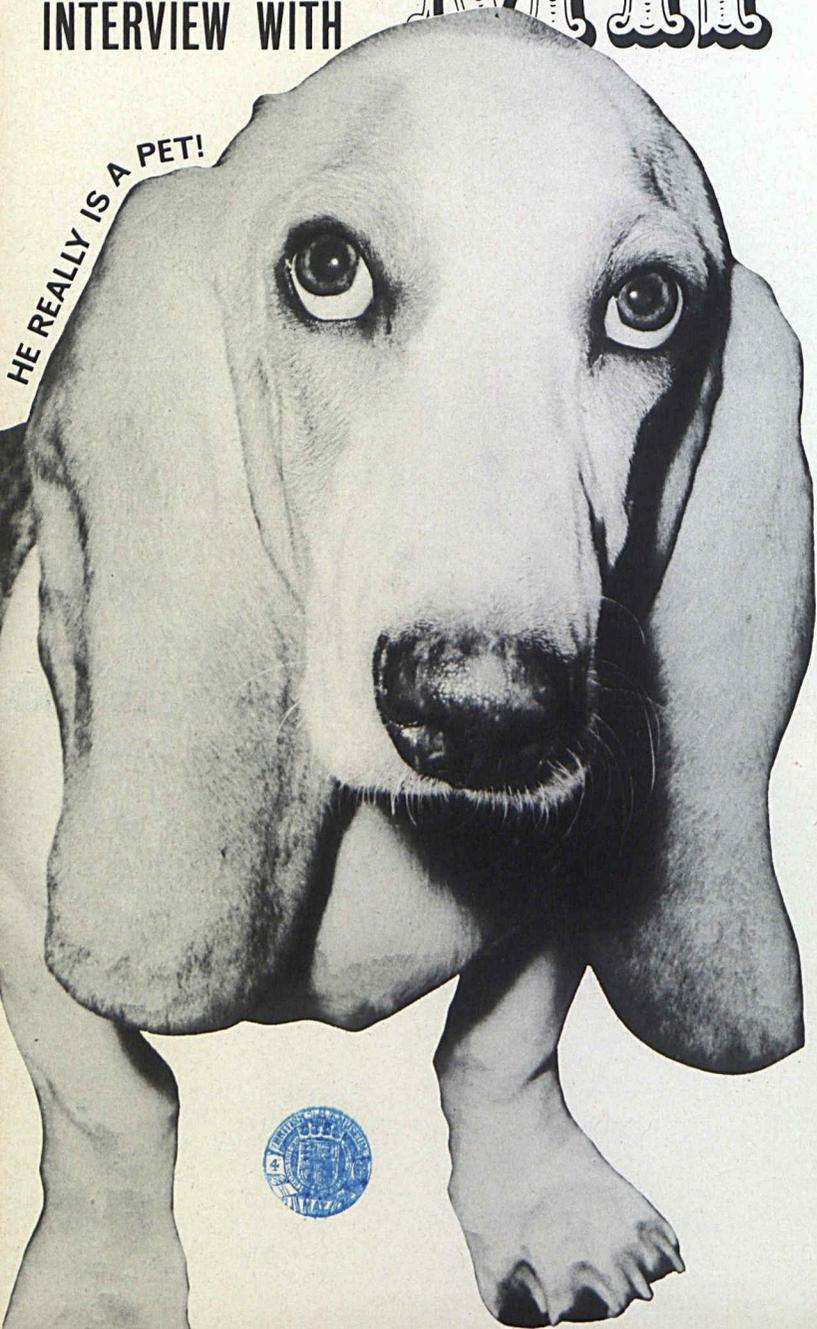
KINKS

RAVE BRINGS YOU AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH

MR

PROBY'S TOWN

HE REALLY IS A PET!



Mr. President is, possibly, the most famous dog in the world with, probably, one of the most famous owners—P. J. Proby. We wanted to ask Mr. President what he felt about all this fame, and also what he thought about his owner. Mr. President certainly had a lot to say for himself, as RAVE'S Dawn James found out when she met him.

knocked. He came to the door of the town house looking extraordinarily pleased to see me. As I stepped into the hall he tried to slip my coat off my back.

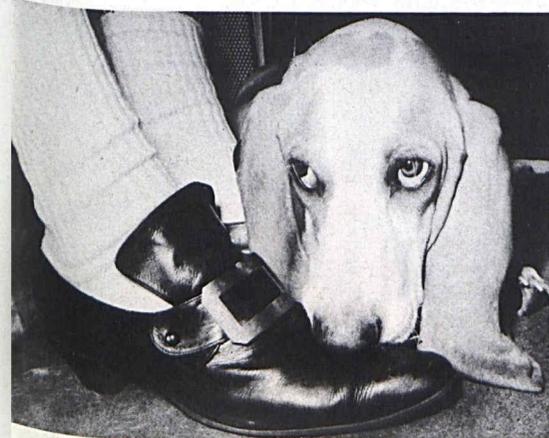
"I'm not staying long," I assured him, but he had already rushed down the hall with my coat (new and furry) trailing from his mouth.

"Please, Mr. President," I cried, running after his three-foot-long one-foot-high body. "That's a new coat, don't chew it up!"

Mr. President is a basset hound of genteel stock, with a charming disposition, but without much idea of how to behave when being interviewed.

It is not that he actually behaves badly (he has a lot of dignity) but he gets so carried away. He was getting carried away by my coat.

"I'm a proud dog," his large brown eyes seemed to say, as he paused, teeth resting firmly in the coat. "I belong to P. J.



Mr. President doesn't mind at all resting on a boot. Especially when the foot inside belongs to P.J.

Proby. I dare you to take this coat away. I've got a very big ego, you know."

"Mr. President, you are being rude. Of course I know about your ego, but that is no reason to behave in this outrageous manner. Mr. Proby is most polite to guests. He offers them a drink and a seat."

My words went home. The coat was dropped. Four very large feet plodded towards the lounge, ears trailing miserably. A small, neat bottom placed itself on the ground, its owner momentarily resigned to behave. We stared at each other. Mr. President wagged his tail.

A foot belted me round the

leg. "Well, are you going to dream all day or get on with the job of getting to know me?" its owner seemed to ask.

"What sort of outfits do you favour, Mr. President?" I asked. Mr. President, being brown and white, likes leather gear, black for preference.

He is one of the "in" boys. The New Look Boys. The image others will follow. He is very clean, which is now the trend. He is positive and knows exactly what he wants and how to get it. I glanced at his ears. New-trend boys like Mick Jagger and Herman and other leading figures have all had their hair cut. I put my thoughts into words.

"Aren't you rather worried about your ears?" I asked. "They're rather long."

The whites of Mr. President's eyes showed and I had the feeling the interview would end abruptly if I pursued the delicate subject.

Mr. President is quite difficult to deal with. To be perfectly honest I think he rather models himself on Mr. Proby. These two have a deep regard for each other. Of course, Mr. President sometimes covers up his regard in an attempt to pit his will against Mr. Proby's. He will not be

ordered around. If P.J. shouts at him he howls back.

"Reckon you're taking a rise out of me, dog. You got no manners," Mr. Proby says, and Mr. President storms out and sits in the cold by the front door and shivers obviously. "Guess I was a bit sharp with you dog; sure am sorry," P.J. has to say after fifteen minutes or so.

On a recent visit to these two I remember an incident involving some coal that had been taken from the coal bin by the fireplace and deposited on the pale carpet in the hall. Mr. Proby knew immediately who the culprit was. Moving with purposeful strides he shouted, "Mr. President, you gone mad, dog? You think you're a coalman, do you? Want me to get the psycho-analyst?" Mr. President huffed at the outburst, his ego offended.

"Look!" Mr. Proby shouted, "I'm an idol among kids. I'm not going to be bullied and made to clean up coal dust after you, dog."

"Look, I'm an idol among dogs, so if I want to make a fool of you, man, I will," the look in Mr. President's eyes seemed to say. The two stood stared furiously at each other. Then P.J. half smiled. Mr. President twitched his tail.

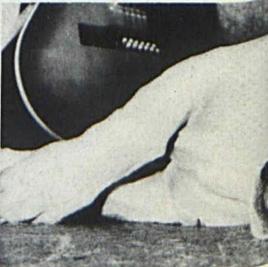
"I'm sorry I shouted at you, Mr. President. Reckon you didn't think what you were doing. Come back and you can sit on my knee." A long pink

tongue showed gratitude.

Actually, despite what you might hear about him, Mr. President is really quite dignified. But of course, there are times when the most dignified puppy forgets who he is. Mr. President, four months old, does have a few lapses in memory. Like the times he rolls over on his back with his legs in the air and howls till you tickle him. And the time I interviewed him and failed to notice what he was doing beside the chair. The hole in the new blue upholstery was awfully big by the time I did!

Luckily for Mr. President, he heard the sound at that moment of footsteps on the street outside. Ears pricked, tail went up. This happens whenever Mr. President hears those certain footsteps. Mr. President waits for a tall giant of a man who has been curiously tamed by a short, unfashionably long-eared dog. Mr. President went flying to the front door, enormous feet carrying him round corners, pink tongue ready for licking.

"Thank you for seeing me, Mr. President," I said, but he didn't turn his head. He didn't even try to eat my coat when I put it on, or notice when I left. He was too busy licking and making a fool of himself over Mr. Proby, and Mr. Proby was too busy returning the compliment in his own way. It is no wonder they both have such big egos. They're so good for each other's.

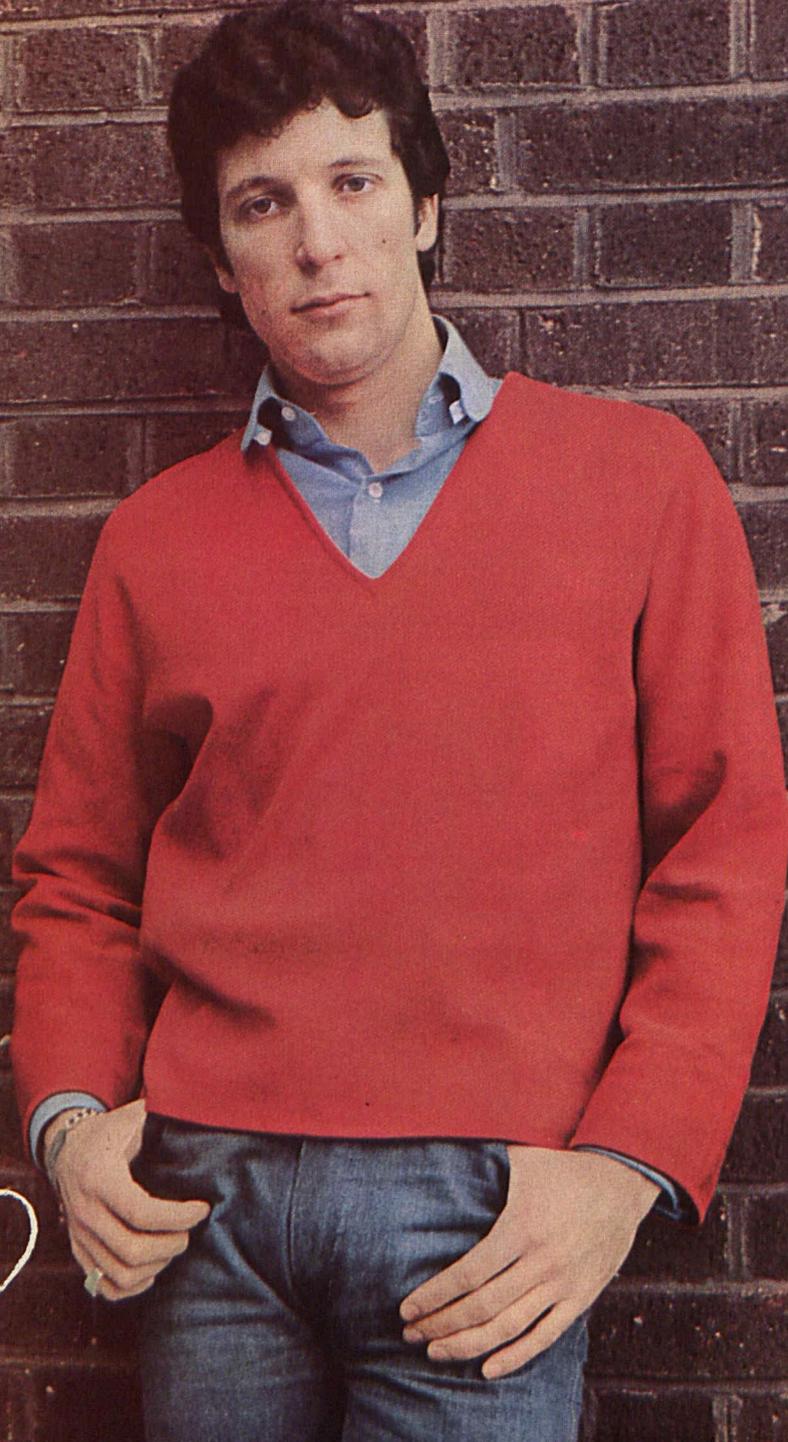


Mr. President is trying



to get to sleep ear





I
Luv
Tom
Jones



THE CHANGE IN TOM JONES

What difference does a No. 1 hit make to a star? Tom Jones, speaking sincerely in his Heart-to-Heart with Alan Freeman, tells just how much it has changed him

It's not unusual to find Tom Jones shouting at three Siamese cats. Their names are Elvis, Winnie and Mu, and they belong to Gordon Mills, the man behind Tom's success.

When Tom's in London he and his pretty blonde wife, Melinda, use Gordon's flat high up in a tall new tower block on the west side of town. Elvis and his relatives gives the Joneses a hard time.

"He's a right gangster," said the likeable, dark-haired Welsh star. "He claws my sweaters to ribbons and he even knows how to switch on the tape recorder with his paw."

Elvis led the other cats in a raid on the piano, leaping across on to Tom's shoulder and giving him one for luck with a needle claw as he ran down his shin.

"That's enough," said Tom. "Go on. Out. All of you." And he shoed the animals into the hall.

"Desperate it is," he said, shutting the door. "No peace at all. Are you making tea, Melinda?"

"Coming up," she called. And as this lovely girl brought in the tea-tray I wondered what it had felt like all those months to have her marriage denied.

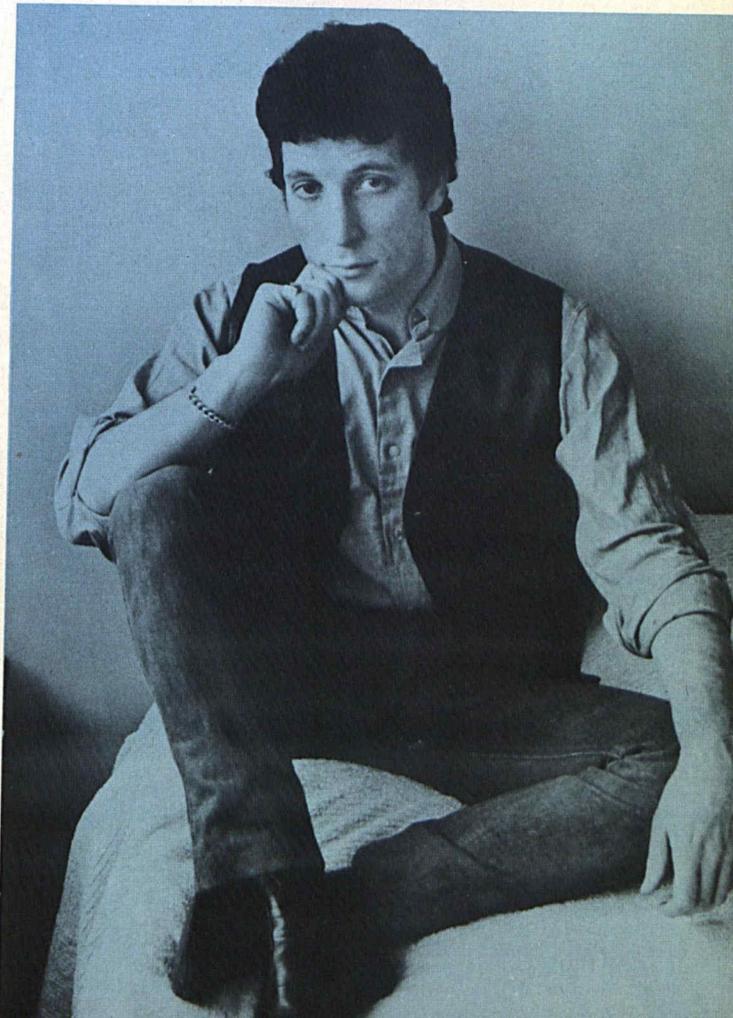
"The first thing I was told when I came to London," said Tom, "was that I had to conceal my marriage. They said, 'Remember you're twenty-two not twenty-four, and you're single.'"

"I never felt comfortable about it. Everybody in our home town, Pontypridd, knew the truth. Melinda used to live over on the corner from our place. We went to school, left school, always together.

"So many people knew about our son Mark, too, that I thought: What's going to happen with the teenagers if they find I've been trying to pull the wool over their eyes?"

"As far as I can see now it makes no difference. Since it came out I was married, every show I've done has got an even better reception from the crowd. I think American singers are far more sophisticated about being married. It doesn't seem to interfere with their careers. Does it, love?"

And he winked at Melinda, who ●●●



●●● winked back and went into another room to help club secretary Lynn Ronayne with Tom's swelling fan mail.

I noticed Tom was croaking a bit. "You'll have to forgive me. I've just had a bit of a throat and I stayed in bed all morning."

"I'm knocked out with this business of having a voice. I could go on singing for ever, now that it's finally happened. What I mean is, I'll stay a singer as long as the people will have me. But if I find myself slipping I'll take up with the recording side of the business and find other songs and other singers. I'm interested in sounds."

When you think about it, pop-pickers, this is the same pattern of determined ambition you find among all really good pop singers of today. . . . Cilla, Gerry, Georgie Fame. The talent always showed while they were still tiny kids—Tom's since he was five—and most of them could belt out a number in public almost as soon as they started going to school.

"My father and mother both used to sing at clubs," Tom said. "My older sister Sheila had a marvellous voice, but she's left it too late to do anything with it."

"My mother used to take me with her when she'd go down to the women's guild. All the other women would say to her, 'Bring young Tommy along to sing.' I'd do a couple of songs and they'd all give me cakes and make a big fuss."

Singing in School

"I sang at school, kids' parties, weddings—anywhere."

"Later on I used to sing on the job when I started working. I had all sorts. In a glove factory and in a paper mill. But the job that did my voice the most good was as a building labourer, running up and down a ladder with a hod. It was good for developing me here."

He tapped his chest. He's right, I thought. This is the first really big, masculine voice that's been around the pop scene for years. Big voice, big sound on the disc.

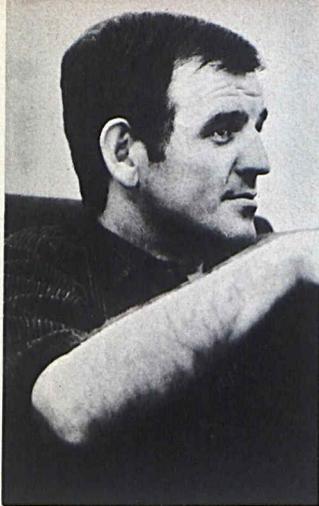
"I like aggressive singing," he said, pouring more tea. "I'd say Jerry Lee Lewis was a big influence on me vocally. I go for the aggressive way he hits a song."

Was Tom's big breakthrough due to any one person?

He put the cup down with a far-away look.

"There were a lot of people who had faith in me, who gave me confidence. My family, of course, and blokes I knew at work. They used to say, 'With your voice you ought to be singing more serious stuff.'"

"You know what South Wales is like. Everybody's singing all the time—hymns, chapel, choirs, miners' clubs. Funny, though, my kind of music is pop music. Always was."



D. J. Alan Freeman, RAVE interviewer

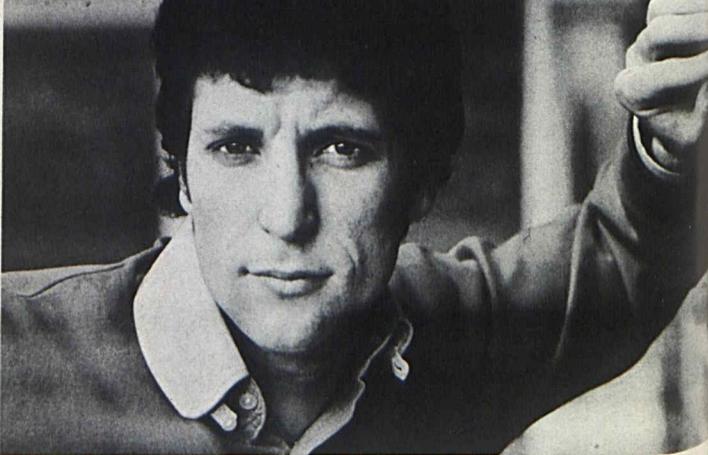
"Anyway, I began to think over what my mates had said, and I decided to go and see this little music teacher. 'I see,' she said. 'You want to sing pop music. Do you want to do it for the money?'"

"I said, 'I want to do it because I like it.'"

"And she said, 'Good. Now, I'm not sure that I can teach you to sing any way but your own. But what I can do is teach you to breathe.'"

"And that's exactly what she did."

Jones the Notes emerged from this one-woman breath control academy a considerably more polished singer, but feeling rather old.



"You've got to START at the top: with a record in the charts!"

"People had been telling me, 'Your time will come.' But here I was, twenty-nine years old with a wife and son. I was thinking, if I don't make it soon I never will. So I started taking things very seriously."

Tom had assembled a group called Tommy Scott and the Senators. "Tom Jones was such a common name in Wales that I thought I wouldn't have a chance with it. So I changed it."

A Tough Time

"It was a pretty tough period. Now, of course, pop groups are a big thing around Pontypridd. But a few years ago pop acts couldn't get into the clubs there. So we had to do a lot of travelling. We all had our own jobs still, so I was singing at night and working all day."

"For a long time we were just getting by, had a lot of let-downs. I talked it over with Melinda and I said, 'What do you think, love? Would it be better to pack it in and play it safe?'"

"She said, 'No. If that's what you want, you do it.' Well, the pop thing started to boom, and when we could make about twenty quid a week each from the group we threw in our regular jobs."

It was around this time that Tom made the discovery which he believes is the only way for anyone to succeed in pop.

"In this business you've got to start at the top. You must have a record in the charts, or you'd do better to forget the whole idea."

"One week we decided to take the chance and have a go at London. We did an audition but nothing happened and we went back to Wales bitterly disappointed."

"The next time—we went up on a Friday—one of the recording studios cut seven sides and promised us a release. But again nothing happened."

"One night in a hotel we saw Jimmy Savile. He said—and it was something we'll always appreciate very much—he said, 'Give me what you have. I'll take it to Decca.'"

"They went for the stuff and we returned to Wales with a recording contract. We waited until the beginning of last year for a release. But the thing we'd done, 'Chills and Fever', wasn't right. I could see more than ever that we'd done it the wrong way. Patience will get you nowhere in pop. If you think you have any talent, the only way is to throw everything to the winds and have a go."

Then a ray of real luck penetrated his Welsh gloom. "Gordon Mills's mother lived near us and one weekend he came down to see her. He saw us working and he said, 'What are you doing in South Wales?'"

"That's how I got associated with him. A lot of people had given me encouragement, but Gordon was the one—the real turning point."

The first thing was to restore Tommy Scott to being Tom Jones, a good Welsh name with a world hit film to give it status.

"Gordon was busy writing songs. One day I noticed he was working on this one called 'It's Not Unusual' with Les Read. Les is a really great arranger—but he said he'd been asked to do this song for somebody else."

"When I heard the playback of the demo I knew I must get this song. So there was a long argument. They said, 'We told you. It's for somebody else.'"

"I said, 'Look I have to do it.' I was wild, very upset. This went on for about two days, and in the end they said, 'Well, okay. It's your song.'"

The Right Song

"It's funny. With this particular song something was telling me all the time: Keep hold of it. Don't let it go. This is it."

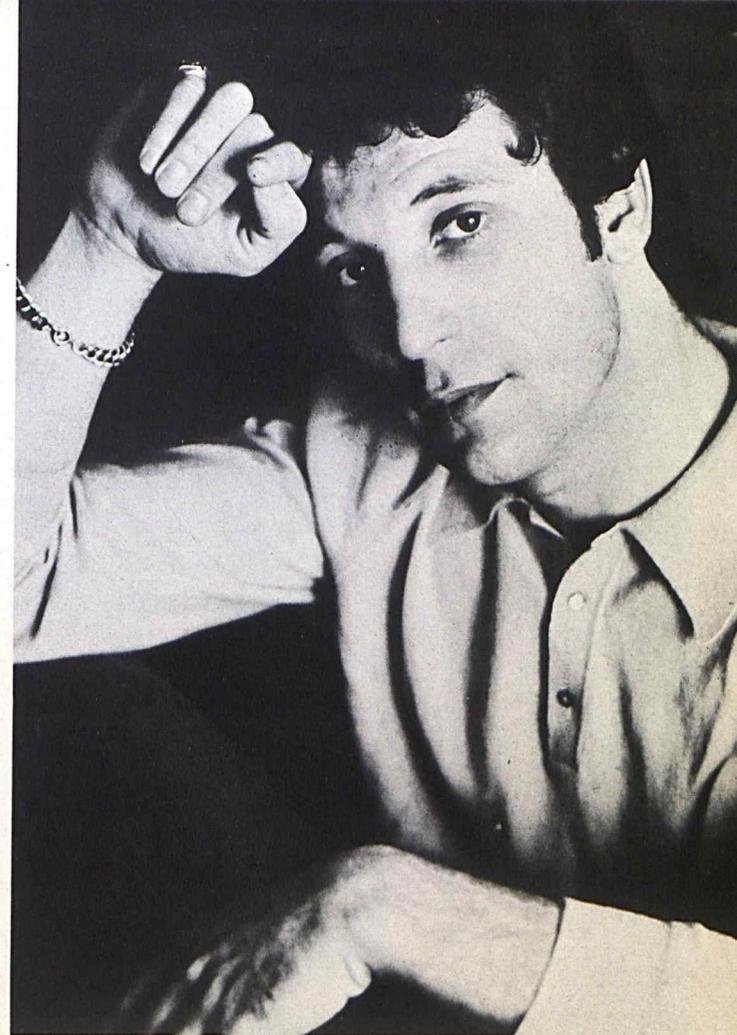
"We took it into Decca and recorded it with just a few different instruments. It didn't go. We were looking for a sound and we weren't getting it. I felt like death."

"All of a sudden Pete Sullivan of Decca said: 'I know what it needs. I want brass.'"

"I thought: This is a bit dodgy. Maybe the teenagers won't go for brass. Anyway, we said, 'Let's try it.' We did . . . and it came off."

It certainly did. I can't remember when I played a new disc on the air with a greater sense of recognising a pop landmark.

The only downbeat thing in the



"This is a bit dodgy, I thought. Teenagers may not go for brass."

success of the disc was that the former Senators weren't on it to share in Tom's triumph.

"We'd been telling each other for years that one day we'd make it together. But The Ivy League did the vocal backing because the boys didn't sing. But it's okay. We go on working together on the one-night stands, though we've added two trumpets and a sax to get the big sound in our stage act."

"We've no thought of splitting up."

Out in the hall, Melinda opened the door and a triple flash of chocolate and caramel bounded into the room. Elvis dragged a reel of tape in a crazy ribbon behind the sofa. Winnie and Mu shadow-

boxed and feinted at each other, then leapt at Tom's legs.

Covered in cats, he shouted: "Get off me, you nut cases!" And his voice finally packed up.

"I'm sorry, Alan," he croaked. "Gordon is like a brother to Melinda and me, but these monsters are too much. We're going to get a flat of our own in London. Come round and see us."

"I will," I said, walking carefully around Elvis. He got me in the back of the leg—the soft part—as I let myself out. I could hear Tom croaking defiantly as I got into the lift.

Till next month, pop-pickers . . . stay bright!

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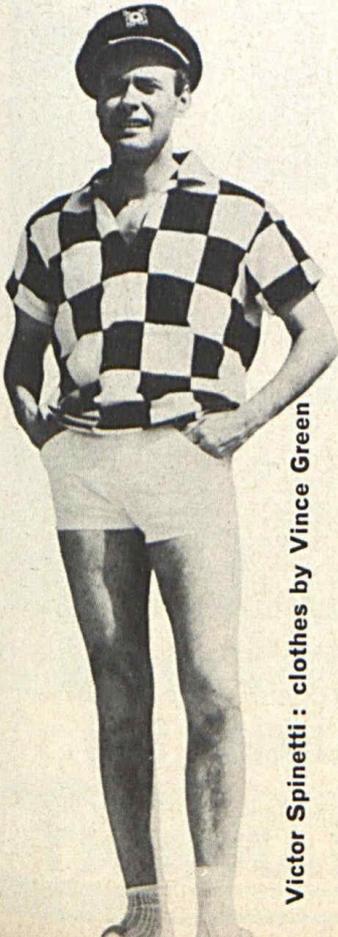
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DER PEATLES IN AUSTRIA

From Victor Spinetti, Beatles' co-star in "Eight Arms To Hold You" comes this on-the-spot story of The Beatles (pronounced Der Peatles by the Austrians) in Austria. Victor Spinetti was the only star who appeared in "Hard Day's Night" to be asked to appear in the Beatles' new film: he plays a mad British scientist, Tiberius Foot.



Victor Spinetti: clothes by Vince Green

"Dear Mr. Spinetti, England must be a marvelous place to have Peter O'Toole, you and the Beatles." So writes a young girl from America, and it occurs to me how lucky England is to have an image with the youth of the world that is "with it". An image that was created by the Beatles.

During the last fifty years, The Englishman abroad has either been the soldier or the statesman, most certainly the aristocrat, but today a BEA plane plus three young guitar-playing men and one drummer lands at Salzburg and thousands of young Austrians go wild. All along the route to Obertauern there are people waving and smiling; at each village on the way an excited crowd gathers, flashbulbs pop and everyone comes out to welcome Der Peatles. (Difficult to say 'B' in Austria.)

We are swinging along a dangerous mountain road (there had been an avalanche with tragic results only a few weeks earlier) and a wrecked bus could still be seen: a long convoy of cars, in front—Der Peatles; behind—the rest of the cast, unit men, etc. Seventy odd souls who have come from the Bahamas to continue shooting the new Beatle movie in Obertauern, a tiny skiing resort in the Austrian alps.

We are all very tired, have been travelling all day. Immediately we had landed in Salzburg there had been a crowded press conference—and the usual Beatle repartee:

Question: Do you realise that you are in Salzburg, Mozart's birthplace?

Answer, John: Sure, we know. How is he?

Question: If you had bacon and eggs and toast and marmalade for breakfast and then had coffee and rolls, a typical continental breakfast, which would you prefer?

Answer, Ringo: We don't understand German jokes.

Appearance on the balcony, later, outside their room, waving and clowning for hundreds of teenagers, hundreds of happy, smiling, waving, welcoming Austrian



kids. An interesting note: a group of boys had a poster at the airport saying, "Beatles Go Home!"—jealous, probably, of their girlfriends' love of the Beatles. A picture of that poster, and not of the hundreds of welcoming fans, appeared in our British press.

The first of the cast to be called in Obertauern the next morning at 7.30 a.m. were the Beatles. Watch them quietly sitting in the make-up and wardrobe department, sipping tea—"Danke" to the curtsying German maids—handing round cigarettes, occasional jokes, pleasant atmosphere, impersonating someone they'd seen the night before. Restless, alert, unconventional minds, seeing everything from a highly personal and individual point of view.

One night at a party, Paul and Ringo do an improvised double act which had us in stitches: worthy of Morecambe and Wise at their best and explosively funny. The faces around the table: director Dick Lester, a photographer from America's 'Life Magazine', Leo McKern, Roy Kinnear, Eleanor Bron, all gifted and talented people, all falling about with laughter at the wonderful wit of these two young men.

Doing most of their own stunts in the film, too. George leaping and clinging on to a moving car. Saying,

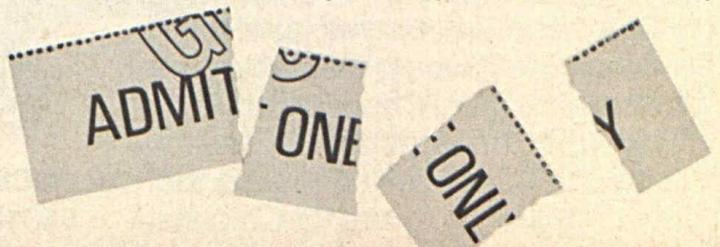
"Well, if I go, you've still got three left." Ringo dangling in mid-air by his ankle tied to a ski-lift. Wild tobogganing down a very steep slope, "Try aiming for that hut," shouts Dick Lester. "We've been trying to avoid it," came the shouted reply.

Suddenly, one night, Paul and John take over from a little group playing in the hotel dining-room (George and Ringo had gone to bed). Paul, brilliant on the drums, John on guitar and Dick Lester on the piano. The minute they start playing an enormous crowd gathers and flashbulbs pop.

Another night piles of autograph books, cards, menus pushed at them from all directions with George signing 'George H', the 'H' looking like a five, so some bewildered Austrians will have what looks like King George the Fifth's autograph!

Always a good-natured atmosphere, though they are stared at all day. None of this is news, of course, so you won't hear about it; only if they are rude.

It's not a great life, constantly being stared at and reported on, but my goodness, the Beatles weather it well—with warmth, humour, imagination, originality. They are the fabulous "with it" ambassadors of Britain to the youth of the world today.



• • • page 24

From "The Association" during the next few days, they brought up pottery and pewter plate. They also brought other things which for a while they are treating as Top Secret. But rough weather cut operations short. Now Bob, Mick and Dave are set to start their 1965 search of "The Association." Meanwhile, their solicitors are negotiating for them to buy "The Association" from the Admiralty. This will mean that if they find treasure, most of it will be theirs.

But even if they find none, they may well be due to gain a fortune in a different way. Bob and Mick have already formed Blue Sea Divers Ltd. to sell skin diving gear—and they could do a bomb.

There is an escapist atmosphere to skin diving. There is enough risk involved, enough skill demanded, to make it a challenge. Finally, it is a meeting of new Britain and the Britain of our traditions—for it sends eager people, with ultra modern gear, down into the depths to probe the mysteries of a submarine world which has lain unseen and undisturbed for generations; sometimes to find ships which went to their doom two hundred years or more ago.

Skin diving could well become the Innest of In things this summer.

THE EQUIPMENT for both boy and girl skin divers

*1 Mask—made of safety glass and has ear compensator holds and water drain valve. Costs £1. 18s. 6d.

2 Compressed air cylinder and back pack. Costs £17. 10s. Harness—£8. 10s.

3 Scuba demand valve reduces the high pressure of air in the cylinder on your back so you can breathe—£12. 10s.

4 Quick release weight belt—25s. (weights 5s. each).

5 Air pressure gauge—tells you how much air in your cylinder. Costs £6. 15s.

6 Diver's watch—to calculate time u.w. Costs £21.

7 Depth Gauge—this one costs £10 but simpler version is £1. 2s. 6d.

*8 Snorkel—7s. 7d.

9 Harpoon gun—£6.

10 U.W. torch—£4. 5s.

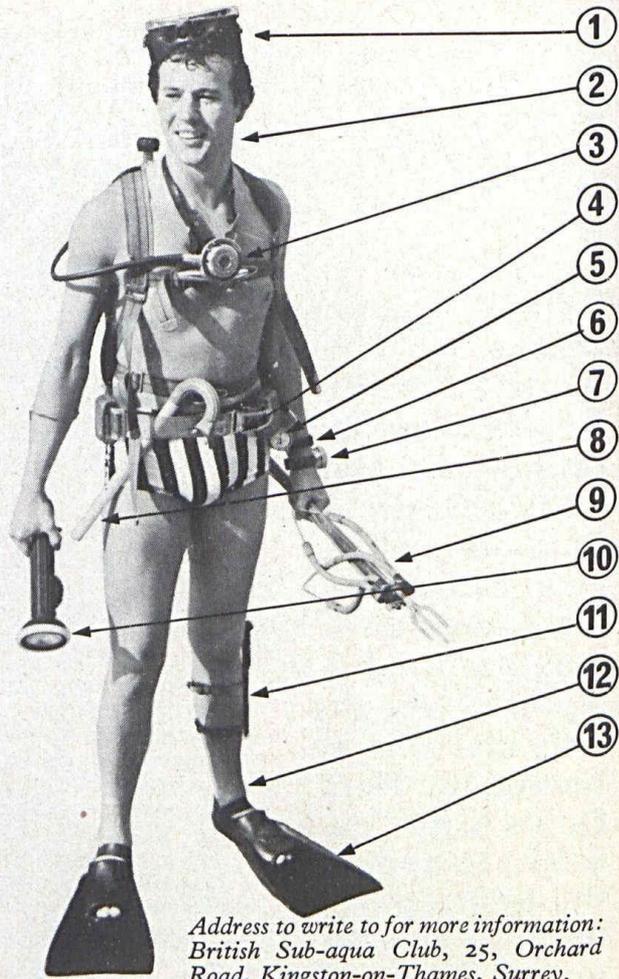
11 Knife—£2. 11s.

12 Fin grips—worn over heel and instep to prevent loss of fins—7s. 6d. pair.

*13 Fins—£1. 11s. 6d.—£2. 5s. 6d.

*Minimum equipment needed for skin diving.

Skin diving equipment modelled by Mark Wynter, also photo on pages 22-3.



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Chiclets, too!

Chiclets
SPEARMINT
CHEWING GUM

EYE SPYING



"The Ipress File" is distributed through the Rank Organisation, see also page 61.

What spectacles can do for a man, they can do for a girl too. They can make you look more striking, give you added appeal and a touch of glamour. See Michael "Ipress" Caine above; four pretty girls below. Yes, for summer sixty-five, glasses are goffy.

Once upon a time glasses made a girl feel unattractive—the frames were all very plain and practical looking—even the most fabulous girls could feel awkward in plastic pink! But today it's a different story. During the last few years spectacle frames have been revolutionised to the extent that now girls and, indeed, boys often wear specs for effect only. Many people do look more striking in a dramatic pair of spectacles!

A couple of years ago it was

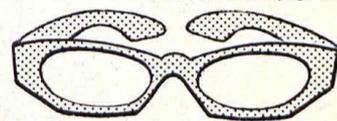
the "Buddy Holly" look spec-wise; last year the big round "Lolita" look; early this year 'in' girls have been wearing the old-fashioned "granny" frames. Now oval frames seem specially popular.

It is very important to choose your frames according to the shape of your face and eyes and also to the spacing of your eyes and eyebrows. The top line of the frames should follow the curves of the brows—if they are higher or lower at any point they look

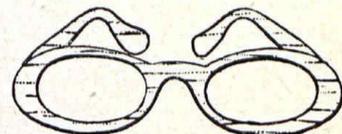
odd and heavy.

Really fashionable frames are rather expensive costing from about £6 up. But I'm afraid National Health frames understandably are not very fashion conscious. Nevertheless the plain rounded frames are available in a selection of colours and cost about £1.17s. complete with lenses.

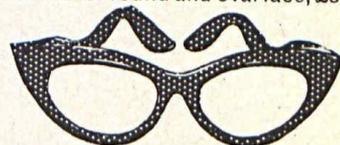
For girls who can't wear glasses because of the work they do, like modelling or acting, contact lenses are an excellent investment. Not everyone can wear lenses but the initial test with either your optician or the clinic to which he sends you will answer that one. If you are given the okay you'll need five to six fittings after which the lenses will fit you perfectly. They can be painful in the early stages but if you persevere most people can wear them easily without irritation. Contact lenses cost from 35 gns. including the treatment fee.



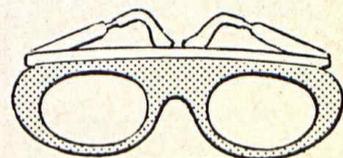
Female version of frames worn by Caine. Best for round face, £8.



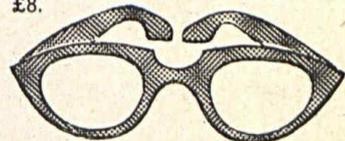
Latest in new wood-style plastic. Good for round and oval face, £8.



A more glamorous look. Best on a long shaped face, £8.



Tortoise shell with metal top and sides, for square shaped face, £8.



This tortoise shell frame will take National Health lenses, £6.

TRILBY LANE

THE SPECS FOR YOU



If you've got an oval face then you're one of the lucky ones—an oval face is the perfect shape. You can choose any shaped frames that you happen to fancy.



If your face is round, oval shaped frames look good, either rounded oval or squared oval.



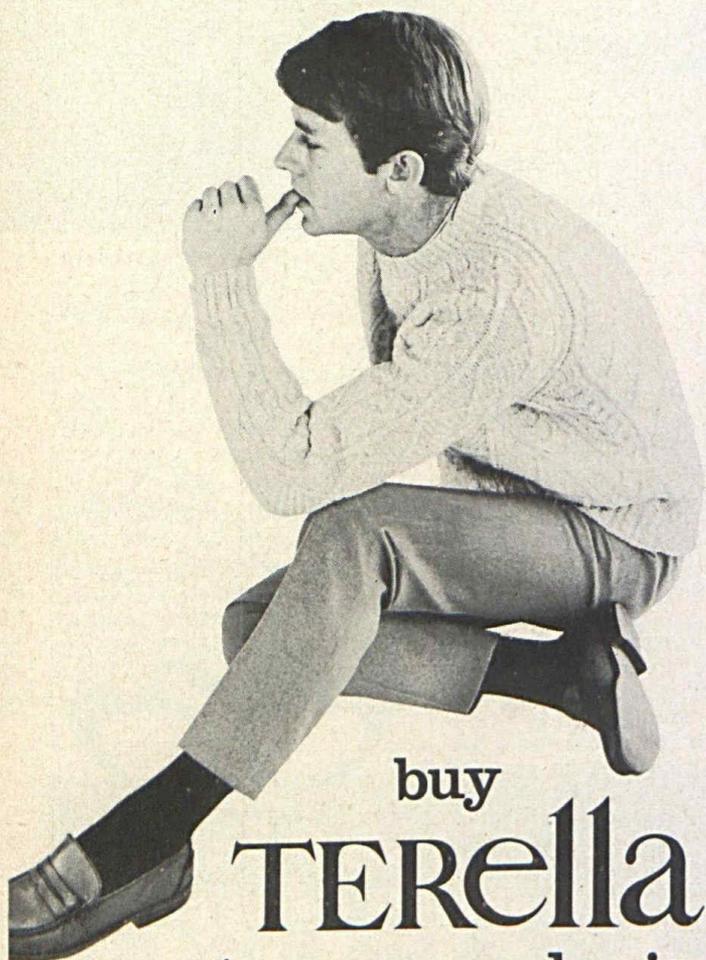
If your face is rather long, then you'll look nice in frames with pointed outside tops in bold dark colours.



If yours is a square face a fairly rounded frame looks best.

Of course the shape of your eyes is important too. For example, if your eyes are round, heavy dark frames with oval lenses look good. If your eyes are close set, frames that are built out or decorated at the outer edge with long lenses are best. But if your eyes are wide set, spectacles with the accent on the top of the frame narrowing away from the centre towards the lower rims are for you.

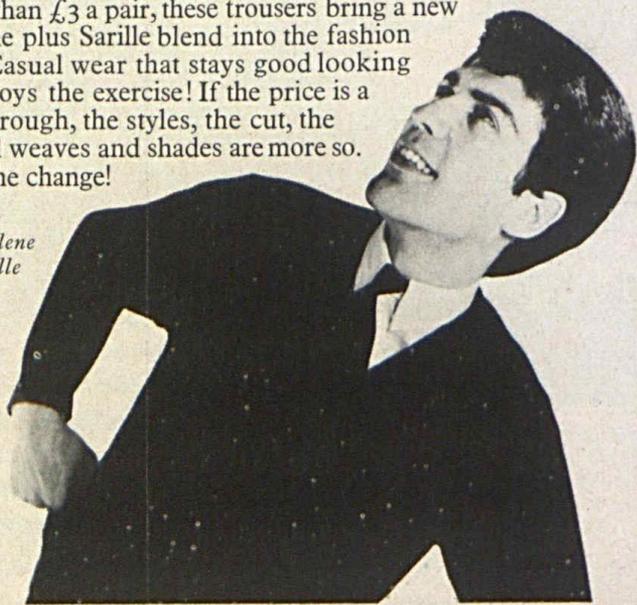
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the change

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*Terella is
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JACKIE HARLOW REPORTS THE LATEST POP GOSSIP FROM AMERICA IN THE RAVER'S U.S. CABLE!

■ Noticing the British success of "The 'In' Crowd" by Dobie Gray, I wonder if you'll get the answer disc we have. It's called "The 'Out' Crowd", and it's by a group called the Squares. Incidentally, Dobie Gray—if ever you get to see him in England—strongly resembles the late Sam Cooke, both in looks and performance. He's another West Coast artist, but not one whose sound is immediately identifiable with his locale.

■ I understand there's a big folk interest in England . . . the trend could be renewed here with the release of Bob Dylan's new single "Subterranean Blues", which is his first in several months . . .

■ Still doesn't look like there'll ever be a stop to the British invasion . . . latest group to hit it with a bash here is Freddie and the Dreamers. Apart from a hit record, several companies are interested in merchandising Freddie dolls. America loves Freddie because he seems to be the only British group who get fun out of what they're doing. After they appeared on "Hullabaloo", everyone started doing the Freddie dance, which is a good sign . . .

■ Remember Jerry Lee Lewis? . . . Got the surprise of my life when he dropped into the office the other day . . . I think he's calmed down a bit, though he assured me he still goes mad on stage. He was full of praise for Granada TV's Johnny Hamp, who produced that wild spectacular while he was in England, and says he's never been allowed to get up to the same antics on American television. Incidentally, come June and Jerry Lee will be playing his first East Coast dates since 1958! . . .

■ Wish you could have been here for the midnight till dawn album cut in Harlem featuring Lloyd Price and Sammy Davis Jr. It was staged at Small's Paradise, one of the leading Harlem night clubs, and wow! like what a scene! Session swung like mad.

■ Imagine my surprise when I bumped into Tommy Steele on Broadway . . . he's terribly excited about the May opening of "Half A Sixpence", and spent a couple of weeks here just working out final details . . .

■ As of now, Joe Levine and Embassy Films are planning to release "Every Day's A Holiday", featuring John Leyton and Freddie and the Dreamers . . . don't have an opening date yet, but the movie will be re-named "Seaside Swingers" . . . Jack Good recently spent a couple of days in New York rounding off a ski-ing holiday . . . he says he's having immigration problems trying to bring Sandie Shaw in to do "Shindig" . . . Jan and Dean having problems with their latest single, "From All Over The World", which is the title behind the credits on the Electronovision movie. They're getting split play on that, and the flipside, "Freeway Flyer", which seems to be taking over, but has cut down sales right through the middle, and not to their advantage either . . . That's it for now, see you next month . . .

Jackie

NOW! THE MEN'S FASHION SHOES WITH THE BOLD LOOK

THE NEW
DENSON
Chisel '66

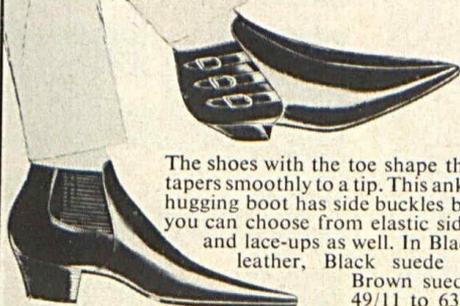


Denson have stepped ahead by broadening the masculine chisel toe shape and have given it a boldness that dominates the fashion shoe scene. This is the look of the Denson Chisel '66. The ankle high boot featured has long-lasting ripple soles and is in the new Sueded Crocodile finish. There are also Chisel '66 shoes in Black Buffalo grain

leather finish, Jungle Brown shaded leather and the latest finishes and shades of suede. In lace-ups or with elastic sides. Some styles have crepe soles. From 55/11 to 69/11. For the name of your nearest Denson Fashion Shoe Centre, send a postcard to D. Senker & Son Ltd., Dept. R.2, Kingsland Road, London E.2.

See the exciting new shoe styles at your DENSON Fashion Shoe Centre

THE NEW
DENSON
Fine Poynts



The shoes with the toe shape that tapers smoothly to a tip. This ankle hugging boot has side buckles but you can choose from elastic sides and lace-ups as well. In Black leather, Black suede or Brown suede. 49/11 to 63/-.

THE NEW
DENSON
Get Arounds

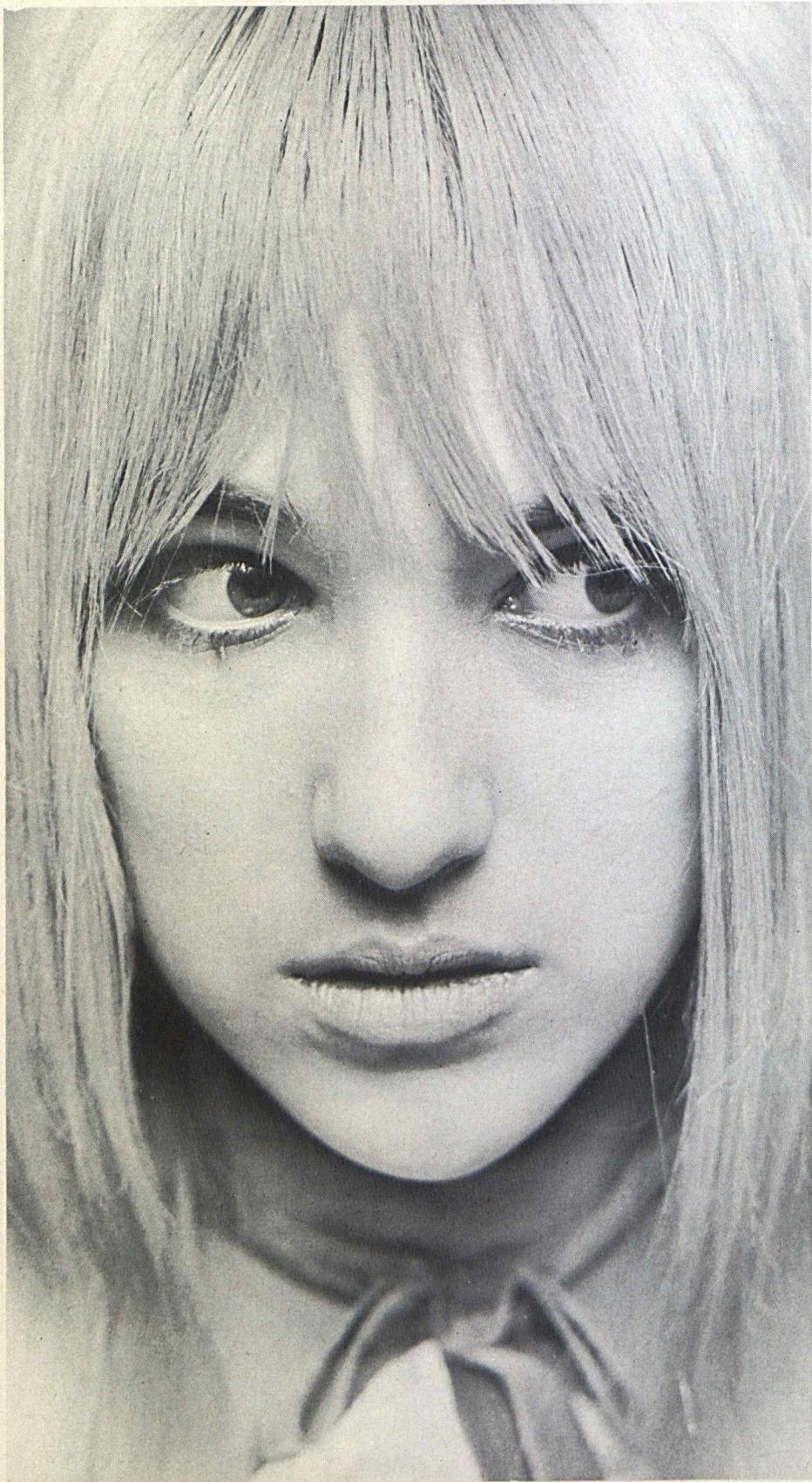


These exciting fashion shoes have supple wrap-over soles that join with the uppers in a smooth, flowing style. This ankle high boot has a cleverly concealed front gusset. Attractive lace-ups are available in other styles. In Black leather, Beechwood Brown shaded leather, Brown suede or Black suede. From 59/11.

THE NEW
DENSON
Classics



The shoes with the smooth, round toe shape. With elastic sides, concealed elastic sides, and lace-ups. This shoe is in Black, or Beechwood Brown shaded leather with matching plaited tops. New Classics are in a choice of leathers and suedes. 49/11 to 59/11.



Has Twinkle found her man?

In recent weeks her name has been linked romantically with Herman—fast being hailed as the new 'image' pop star, the neat, tidy, new brand of boy—and here Twink talks to RAVE'S Jean-Marie all about the rumours . . . and the truths.

HER MAN?

It was a spring night and the stars were so bright that the large house nestling in the trees stood out clearly. Twinkle put the key in the front door and said in a whisper, "Come into the lounge. Mummie will have left coffee and sandwiches."

Sure enough, there was a flask, sandwiches, and two large mugs. The lounge was panelled and looked out on lawns lit by starlight. We had just returned from a show, and were to sit till far into the night talking of love, and what it means to Twinkle at seventeen, and what part Herman plays in her life.

Identity Bracelet

She pulled off her boots, and sat on the floor, fingering the identity bracelet Herman gave her.

"He is really very nice, you know," she said. "He makes me believe in the goodness in human nature, he's so kind and reliable. If he says he'll ring, he will. He'll ring tonight at twenty past." She nodded towards the antique clock which said, just after one o'clock, her eyes wide, hopeful and sure. A little while back, I interviewed Twinkle, and there was a rather lost look in those eyes and a fear in the voice.

"Oh, everybody has sad love affairs sometime," she said. "But you get over them. I know that's not the thing to say to anyone who is experiencing one. When people said it to me, I was livid, but I've proved it is true because I've met Herman and everything is great."

"Both Herman and I have had loads of girlfriends and boyfriends. But we like each other best. It doesn't mean we'll get married. All that talk of engagements was silly. We are not engaged. But the future doesn't bother us; we are together today, and today is great."

"I think (getting back to unhappy romances) they often stem from one per-

son trying to change to please the other. Herman once said to me, 'Never change, will you?' and I thought it was wonderful.

"I'm dead childish really, I do potty things and laugh too loud, and scream whenever I see Donovan. I go berserk for no reason, and some boys don't approve. But if a boy can't love you for what you really are, it's no good." She brought down a small hand emphatically.

After a while, she said quietly, "I once tried to change for a boy. Then, one evening I was sitting on a couch next to him, and he was talking to his friends. They were all sophisticated and adult, and I thought, *You've got to be yourself. You've tried to change but it hasn't worked. If you go on, you'll lose what you are and be a shadow of him. There is no substance in a shadow, and therefore nothing to love.*"

She got up and walked to the window, almost talking to herself. "It's very hard when you're alone and—no matter how many boys invite you out—you are still alone for a while. But, honestly, life gets to be fun again soon."

Sudden Giggles

She giggled suddenly, and turned to me. "When I meet Herman he never knows if I am going to introduce him to the whole town, or go mad and rush off dragging him with me. He doesn't mind. He is absolutely fantastically daring. I've never met anyone who was such fun."

She glanced at the clock, and as she did, the distant ringing of a telephone sent her hurtling out of the room. I heard her say, "I'm being interviewed about you. I'm saying what a nit you are." I heard words like, "Fool," and "Big ape," and much laughter, and I heard low tones and "No, I'm working, too. Yes, I miss you."

She came back, and said Herman sent his love to me and Geoff. I asked who Geoff was.

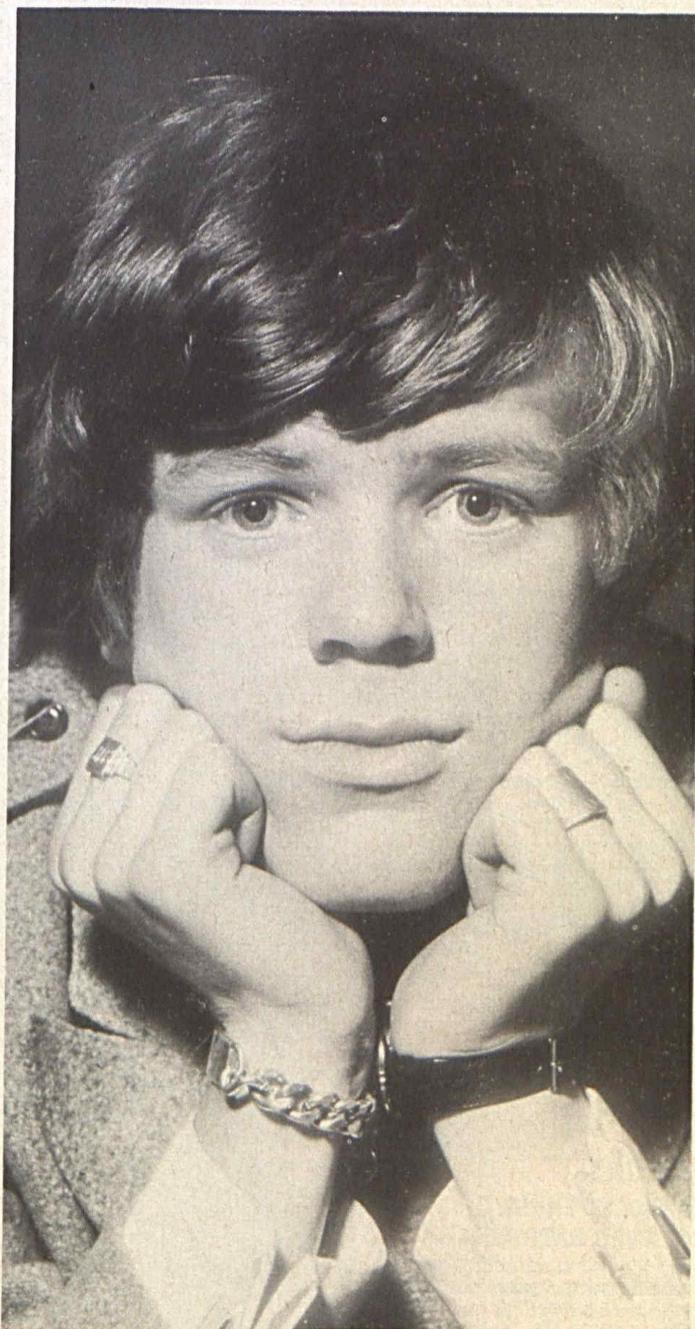
"My best friend," she said. "I call him Ena, short for Geofferina. He used to be called that when we played Mother's and Father's and he was the girl. I've known him since he was seven. He is Herman's best friend, too, now. I'm rather a bore about Geoff. Actually, Herman is very like Geoff to me; only he is a boyfriend, too."

"It doesn't matter how long Geoff and I are apart; when we meet it's as if we were always together."

"At the end of every summer we sit on the stile

at the bottom of my garden, just before he goes away to college, and sometimes we don't talk, but there is understanding between us. We know we are thinking of the long summer when we swam, and walked, and maybe quarrelled a little. I know he doesn't want to go back to college and leave home, and he knows I feel sick for him."

"Well, when Herman has a problem he goes dead quiet, too, and I don't ask why. I just stay beside him and my being there helps. People say we are both very young. P. J. ●●●



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*Yours very gratefully,
M. L. (Miss)
G. W. (Miss)*

(The original of this, and scores of other testimonials may be inspected at our offices.)

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●●● Proby said we don't know our own minds, but that sort of quiet relationship is what makes happy marriages."

Quite Cold

She said it was cold, and she'd get an electric fire. She plugged it in, drew the curtains, and sat down again beside the red glow.

"Am I keeping you up?" I asked.

"No, stay as long as you like," she said. "I often stay up all night writing songs or getting on with my novel. I get enormous pleasure and relaxation from both."

I asked her if there was anything special that either attracted her or put her off boys.

"They must have nice hands. And, yes, there are loads of things that put me off. Toes for a start. I can't bear men's toes. I really think I'll have to make my husband keep his shoes on day and night!" She started to laugh.

"Does your mother like Herman?" I asked.

"Yes. But she doesn't take the romance very seriously. She is so funny when Herman and I are down here. We have hysterics because we hear, patter, patter, patter overhead, pause, 'Dear, is Pete going soon?' Then we both yell, 'No!' Mutterings above. Five minutes later, patter, patter... Herman and I have no sense of time. He often stays with my sister, and he'll ring her up at three a.m. to say he's on the way home. Then he'll put the phone down, frowning worriedly and say, 'Is she ill, Twink? She was in bed!'"

She bowed her head. "He's got beautiful round blue eyes, and he looks right at you, so you know how straight and reliable and strong he is. That is why he didn't mind people knowing about us. We both wanted people to know. I believe if you are a pop-star you owe it to

your fans to let them know what is happening in your world. I don't think we have a right to private lives. I hope his fans don't hate me for going out with Herman, because it's rotten for me as well. They've only got me to contend with, and I've got all of them, and they ALL want him.

"Herman and I don't think much of the future. We feel, now, that to love is in itself enough. Today does count after all, and today with Herman is better than yesterday without him. He says I've made him much happier too; he's a dead lonely boy underneath that smile. Aren't we all perhaps?"

Pink Sky

The pale blonde star saw me to the door as tomorrow broke across a pink sky. Her green eyes were sleepy. There was another busy day ahead, when she and her blue-eyed idol boyfriend would be apart. But at twenty-past some hour, late into the night, he'd ring—and loud laughter and soft abuse and muffled messages of love, would unite two young people needing, for today at least, each other.



WHEN THE BOYS TALK ABOUT THE GIRLS

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BURDON

The action was taking place at a showbiz party in Mayfair. All the faces were hanging around in little knots nattering about this and that. There was much commotion in one such knot just as someone was saying . . .

"Outside of America, the image you tend to get when Bob Dylan's name crops up is of a sort of moody, folk-singing vagabond who tramps the U.S. in jeans and a funny cap—and with a beat-up old guitar slung on his back."

Which caused an outburst from the small, chubby fellow who was the obvious centre of attraction.

"But this ain't true, man. Couldn't be more wrong, and I know what I'm saying. I know Dylan very well."

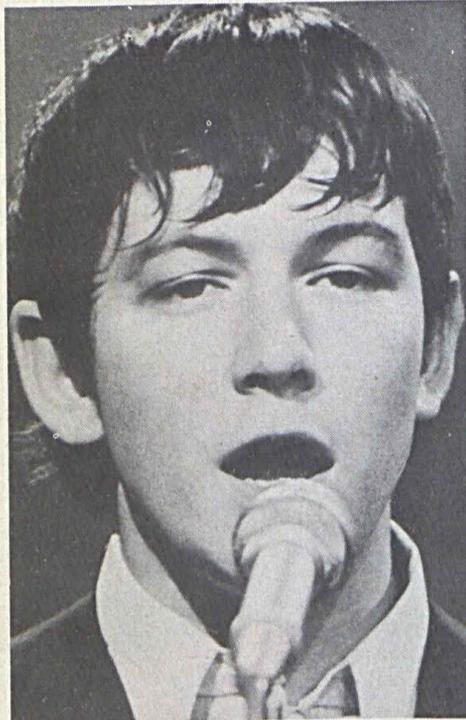
Eric Burdon, on his high horse as usual, was defending his idol and friend, Dylan. And, in typical Burdon style, he was still wearing his raincoat. Eric never takes his coat off at parties.

"O.K., so tell us about the real Dylan," the knot asked. Which was a bit unnecessary, since once Eric starts talking passionately about something, he just doesn't stop anyway.

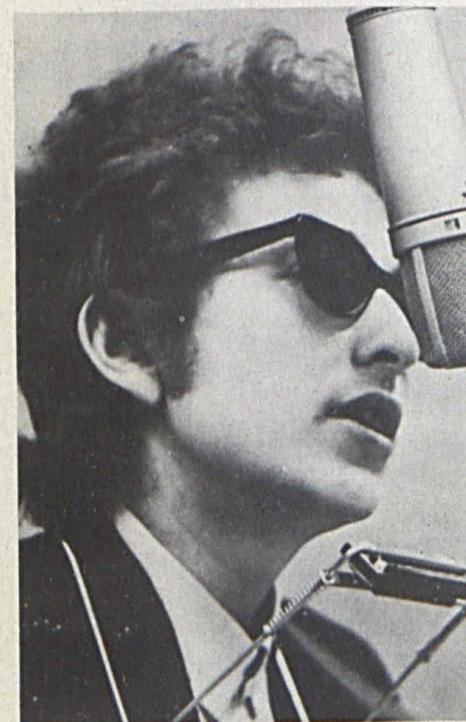
"Well, for a start, Dylan is a very rich man. And all this jeans and cap bit just don't happen any more with him, man. He wears the sharpest of silk suits—and he rides around in big Cadillacs. His point of view is, if you got the bread then go out and spend it. No need to look down an' out when you can live in style."

"Right. Now you've destroyed the 'wandering minstrel' image," the knot chipped in. "How about the tag of Folk Singer?"

"He don't regard himself as any kind of singer. As far as he, himself, is concerned, Dylan is a poet. His voice, his guitar, his harmonica, his tunes—they're all just vehicles used to get the message in his poetry across. He's always talking about poets. You know, like he never said to me 'Got any good singers in Britain?' He didn't care about singers. What he *did* say was, 'Got any good poets in Britain?'"



TALKS ABOUT



DYLAN

"Where did you first meet up with Dylan, Eric?" the knot asked.

"Oh, it was a few months ago when we were playing in America. We bumped into each other, liked each other, and—hey! Instant friendship!"

"Does Dylan take an interest in the British Scene?"

"Glad you asked that. As it happens, he does like our music a lot! When we made 'House Of The Rising Sun' which used always to be associated with Dylan, I wondered what he would think. Well, it seems that one day Dylan was drivin' up to San Francisco from New Orleans or somewhere, when our record came over his radio. When it was announced he said to Joan Baez—who was with him at the time—

'This'll be the first time I've heard this version', although it was at that time No. 1 in the States. So he listened to it, stopped the car, ran round the car five times, banged his head on the bumper and began leapin' about shouting 'It's great, it's great!'"

"When Dylan told this to me, man, I was just knocked out! To think that one of my biggest favourites should dig our version of one of his numbers. And another thing. When he sings 'Rising Sun' on stage now, he accompanies himself on a big Fender electric guitar, playing exactly the way Hilton Valentine does on our disc."

With that, Eric Burdon wandered off, still shaking his head in apparent disbelief at his last statement.

But with the coming of the almost legendary, and certainly great, Bob Dylan to this country this month, we'll all be able to see the master "poet" for ourselves.

And then the next topic at the party in Mayfair will be: just how right Eric was.

Dear Problems Page,
Every day at the bus stop I see a beautiful girl who is just my type. I smile at her but she never smiles back. How can I attract her interest?

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Dear Tormented,
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SPEARMINT (bright green pack) CINNAMON (red pack)

Dear Problems Page,
Dentyne Chewing Gum is just great. I never did get to talk to that girl. But next day... boy! You should see the other girl I got!



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GETTING THE BLUES IN PARIS



The five Moodies pose for a RAVE picture outside the familiar bill-posted Paris walls.



At the customs, Moody Blue Denny Laine gets his clearance.

The Moody Blues' first trip abroad—to Paris—and it turned out to be the biggest twenty-four hour rave-up the boys had ever known!

"It was our first foreign trip as the Moodies" said Denny Laine, lead singer. "We didn't have a lot of time for sight-seeing, but we saw all the most famous places including the Eiffel Tower.

"We got to our theatre, the Olympia, around six-thirty, and from that moment on, it all started happening!"

"In between our two shows, we went outside for a breath of air, thinking we weren't that well-known," Graeme Edge picked up the story. "But it wasn't long before we were being mobbed. A gendarme saw us trying to get in the stage door and told us to clear off! (In French of course!)"

"It was quite funny really," said Ray Thomas. "The audience were fantastic. All these blokes up and shouting 'Vive! Vive!' as we finished our act. We were quite surprised they even knew us!"

"We completed the two shows at about eleven-thirty, and then all the real fun started." The "fun" the Moodies referred to, turned out to be a marathon night club crawl—taking in about fourteen clubs.

"At one club we visited," Mike Pinder went on, "the manager recognised us. He put on all the spotlights, got all these cameras out and took a film of us doing the Monkey."

All the Moodies agreed they had a fabulous time, and are convinced that Paris certainly knows the meaning of getting the blues now!

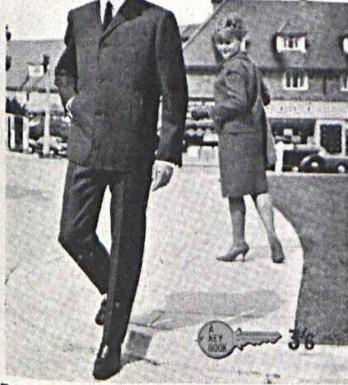


The Moodies beginning their sightseeing tour of Paris.

BY MAUREN O'GRADY

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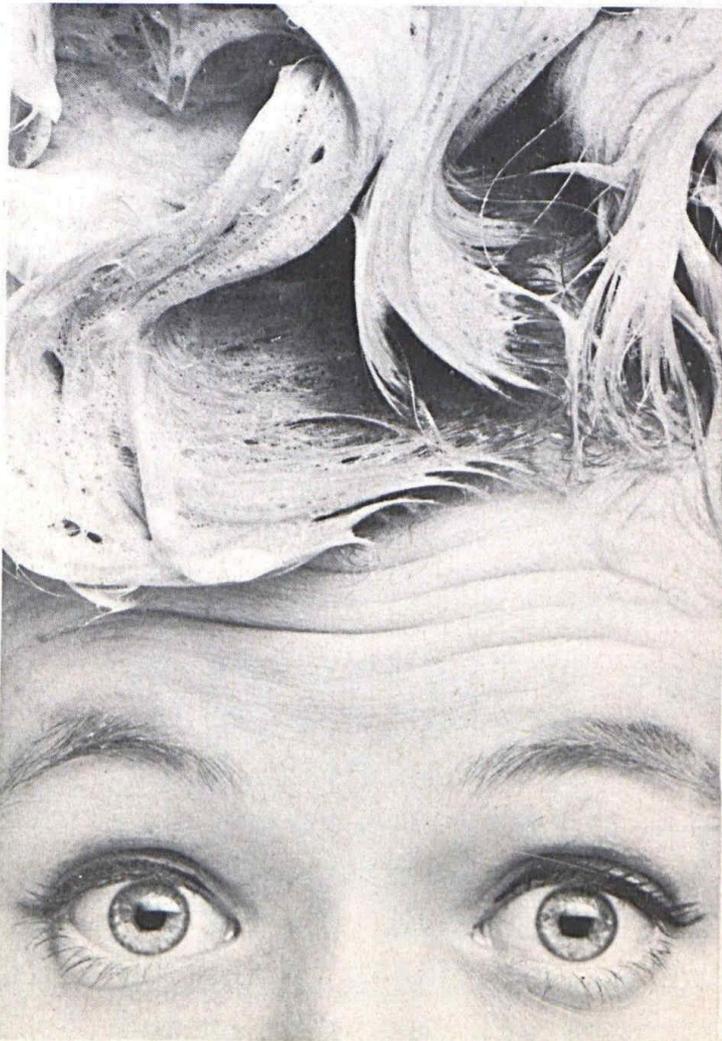
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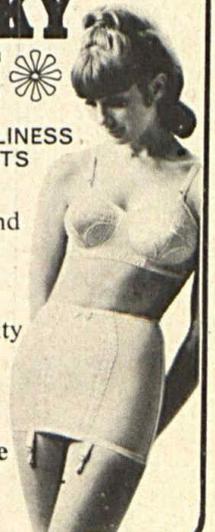
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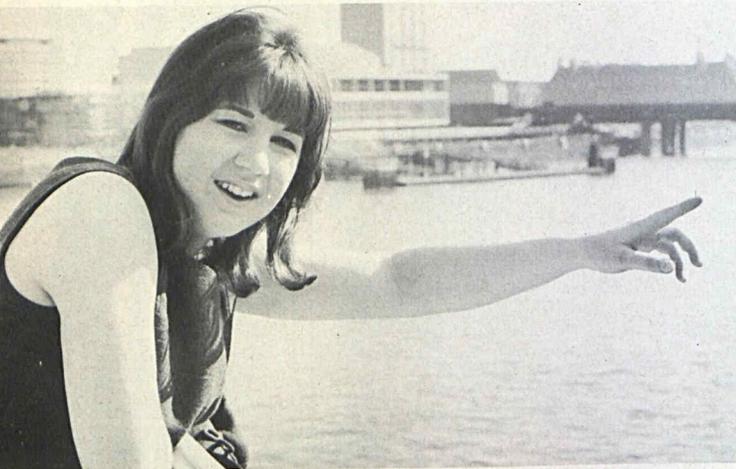
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GIRL IN A GIRL'S WORLD



'SEEKERS FINDERS FINDERS KEEPERS'

And here's a wonderful story on Judith Durham of the Seekers, that will keep you up-to-date on the problems of that very special breed of girl—a girl in a girl's world of pop.

She hurried into the sandwich bar, a small figure clutching an enormous case. She looked around anxiously, bright eyes searching. "Hallo, Judith!" I waved. She seemed relieved. "Forgive me for being a bit late," she said. "I try hard to arrive on time, but sometimes the day just isn't long enough." She gratefully accepted offered coffee and sat down.

You might expect a girl like Judith Durham, twenty-one, an important member of The Seekers, whose first record went to Number One, to be very self-assured, a little distant, and just a bit big-time. But not at all.

"I had a fit when I remembered I hadn't asked what you looked like. Then I remembered you'd probably recognise me!" The slight doubt in her voice reflected her natural modesty. "Don't mind the huge case. I'm going to a photo-session after this and I've brought half my wardrobe because I'm not sure what they want. When I got in the taxi the driver said, 'You look as though you are doing a flit from your digs!'"

Sharing a Flat

Judith lives in a flat in West Kensington, London, which she shares with two other girls. "It isn't very grand. We have to put shillings in the meter and the furniture is quite old. I am told I can afford something more luxurious now, but my money seems to be on paper and not in my bank, so I'm sticking where I am. Anyway, I'd hate to move on without my flatmates."

Until a year ago Judith lived at home with her parents and sister in Melbourne, Australia. "I was a short-hand typist before I joined the

Seekers," she explained. "I'd always wanted to be a singer but getting into pop was a sort of grand mistake. I applied to enter a music academy as I wanted to be a classical singer. But they wouldn't accept me till I was eighteen. If they had, I would never have started singing pop."

Boyfriend Helped

"After they turned me down, my boyfriend at the time taught me to appreciate jazz and blues and folk—the combination of which makes up today's pop. He taught me that I could sing folk or blues, and give something deep and beautiful through my voice. Before that, I'd believed the only way to give was through the classics."

How has Judith coped with life in a new country and with sudden stardom?

"I've had the other Seekers to help me," she said cheerily. "They are like brothers and fathers and best friends, all rolled into one. Anyway, so far as coping with stardom, I haven't really thought about it. I suppose I am a well-known personality in a way, only I don't notice it. I feel like a singer who shares a flat with two other girls and sometimes has trouble fitting in TV shows with scrubbing floors and making beds." She laughed again. "Do you know I get up at nine every morning, no matter what time I go to bed the night before? I do my share of the chores when the other girls are at work. I don't have time to go to beauty parlours or anything grand like that. I wash my hair, or part of it, every day. If I lie on my left side, I wash the left side next morning. Sometimes I wash the right, or the back. I always



Judith—really very shy.

wash my fringe, because when I make up I get it on my fringe!

"Every so often I have all my hair trimmed, because that keeps it growing thickly. I go to a lady round the corner from where I live. I say to her, 'chop a bit off,' and she does. As far as I know she doesn't know what my job is."

For Judith, the girl from the other side of the world, England is exciting, life is faster and more interesting than that back home.

Like Fairyland

"In Australia nearly every young person dreams of a trip to England. I did, too. When I arrived here my sister was already here, and she took me on a gigantic sight-seeing tour. She knew nearly every shop in London, and we went potty buying clothes. I was so thrilled with everything it took my breath away. It was like fairyland."

In every fairyland there must be a Prince Charming. Judith's lives just round the corner from her flat.

"I'm very difficult about men. I can't stand ones who like me too much. I like very strong men who are hard to get. And who—when you've got them—are still the boss."

When I met her she was wearing a super yellow tweed dress and jacket.

"I like yellow," she said a bit dubiously, glancing at her suitcase. "I bought a yellow blanket the other day. That was real extravagance. Before that I'd slept between army surplus blankets. My flatmates were a bit fed up about the yellow one. They say I am silly about yellow." She frowned. "I went to a colour photo-session the other day, with this same suitcase full of my best clothes. When I showed the photographer what I'd brought he nearly had a fit. Everything in the case was yellow."

Looking Anxiously

She was looking anxiously at it again. "You haven't been silly again, have you?" I asked.

She nodded. "Now you come to mention it, a little. I wonder why I'm so obsessed with yellow?"

Two minutes later she scurried out of the sandwich bar carrying her enormous case, got in the taxi with it firmly, clutching it doggedly. She waved from the window, hair blowing in the breeze. I supposed she would wash it later, or some of it, anyhow.

She bubbles, and laughs, and chats, and puts wonderful feeling on to pop records that score big hits. And the marvellous thing is, she thinks she's just doing a job.

JEAN-MARIE

Dave Berry, the slow-motion singer with the melancholy face, will never be neurotic; for he thinks people should take a holiday every three months to get away from it all.

And he's not just talking either. Last year, he went to Algiers—not one of the recognised showbiz holidays spots—for two weeks and was fascinated by the area's incredible contrasts between thousand-year-old customs and jet-age cities. He intends to go back to North Africa this year.

This is one of the "little things" which Dave likes to talk about; one of the "little things" which gives him a kick.

"Wonderful place, North Africa," he says in his quiet North Country voice. "But what I'd really love to do is go

LITTLE THINGS ABOUT DAVE BERRY

off into the desert to live rough, cut myself off completely. No radios, newspapers, anything."

Solitude—another of Dave's pleasures—is something he would like more of. Whenever he finds he's got a few days free, he packs food in a haversack and goes off on a tramp across the desolate Yorkshire moors. He sleeps rough. "Sometimes in barns, sometimes in haystacks. I find these trips wonderfully refreshing."

To pass the time while showbiz travelling—he's on the road about five days a week—he takes along a record player, thirty-six albums and a small library of selected books.

"I choose the records very carefully," he says. "I never tire of listening to people like Jesse Fuller, Snooks Eaglin,



Joan Baez and The Supremes. I take a different batch with me every time."

Books: "I like them off-beat, preferably with sad endings. After all, that's how life is. Something with a punch that's realistic, nothing mushy. I like short horror stories, too."

Towns: "Places with some historical interest. They have a sense of time about them, like York or Bristol or Bath. I like old castles. I visit them and dream a little; imagine what things were like when they were full of people. Dungeons especially, trying to visualise who was kept down there in the dark."

Films: "These new realist films are beautiful. I'm not fussy about Technicolor and screens half-a-mile wide; they just get in the story's way. I like things straightforward."



Clothes: "I have a lot of trouble buying size twelve shoes. And clothes are a problem. Often, I'm in a hurry and have to buy shirts with sleeves too short. I like to look smart, and shabby clothes or ill-fitting clothes embarrass me."

People: "I don't like being used. I'll be in a town doing a show and some lad I've never seen before will come up and say, 'I'm having a party, thought you might like to come along.' And it's just one big con. He's told his mates what a friend of mine he is just to make himself out to be a big shot."

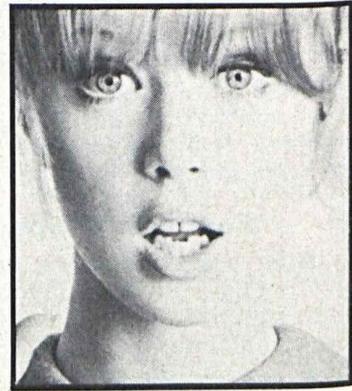
Television: "It bores me, except for the pop shows. People really believe the characters in those weekly serials exist. It's sick that their lives should revolve around a TV programme."



Superjobs 4

A series in which girls you know talk about the jobs they'd like to do.

'JUST AS I AM' says Pattie Boyd



She isn't beautiful, she's got a gap between her front teeth, a chubby face and long straight legs. Yet Pattie Boyd is one of the most successful models on the scene.

"There are fashions in faces just as there are fashions in clothes. Three years ago I wouldn't have stood a chance, but attitudes are changing. People want more than prettiness. They want an image, something to aim for."

A model is an example. She is a guide to every woman of how she could look if she tried, but a model, in her turn, needs to be guided, and the cover you may see on the front of the glossies, is not just a clever, pretty girl, she is the work of several people.

The two most important

people behind a model are her photographer and her agent. Her photographer is her guide, adviser, director and critic. Most photographers prefer girls between 5 ft. 6 in. and 5 ft. 7 in. tall, and very slim. "They photograph better," says one top photographer. A clear skin, health, stamina, patience and adaptability are also important. Most important of all is that a model should be photogenic, she should photograph well.

Her agent acts as her businessman and shop-window. For a 15% share of all she earns, he will have her face in his catalogue, which will then be distributed amongst magazines, publicity people, advertisers—in fact, anyone who is likely to hire a model. In this way a model becomes seen, selected,

hired, and a photo-session arranged. Most agencies hold one interview day a month for prospective model girls, and anyone, provided she thinks she has the minimum qualities mentioned above, is eligible to ask for an interview.

Payment varies. The minimum rate is £3 an hour, but top models who lend magic to a picture can quote their own fee, sometimes in the region of £25 an hour.

It is important to realise that this is no nine till five, five-days-a-week job. Modelling is a mixture of glittering glamour and rock-hard reality—it can mean a month under the sun in The Azores or a couple of hours under an arc lamp in a draughty studio. Often it is a bit of both.

If you are interested in

making modelling your career your best plan is to go to a modelling agency and ask for an interview. There is also a very helpful book "Fashion Modelling" by Pamela Dixon (Robert Hale, Ltd., 9s. 6d.).

Some registered model agencies:

Lucie Clayton Model School, 66 New Bond Street, London, W.1; (they will be pleased to send you a leaflet on request plus a stamped addressed envelope.)

Jean Bell, 68-70 King's Road, London, S.W.3.

Scotty's, 141 New Bond St., London, W.1. (they deal with both male and female models).

BE A RSGL DANCER!



If you'd like to be a dancer on RSGL, fill in this coupon, enclose a recent photo of you dancing (solo, or with a boy or girl friend) and ten signatures from friends, and send it to **Cathy McGowan, c/o RAVE, TOWER HOUSE, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, LONDON, WC2.**

SAY WHAT YOU THINK!

Do you like RSG live, or do you prefer it as it used to be—mimed? Well, here's your chance to say what you think! Fill in the coupon below and send it to: "Live" Vote, RAVE, TOWER HOUSE, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, LONDON, WC2. Elkan Allan, Rediffusion's Head of Entertainment, wants to see your votes, read your reasons—it's up to RAVE readers. Best reasons win a guinea each, and will appear in RAVE.

RSG's LIVE VERSUS MIME VOTING COUPON

Name

Address

Age..... Job.....

I like RSG mimed I like RSG live

And this is why.....

.....
.....

RSGL DANCER COUPON

Name

Address

Age..... Job.....

I attach the signatures of ten friends who back my/our application to appear as dancer(s) on RSGL

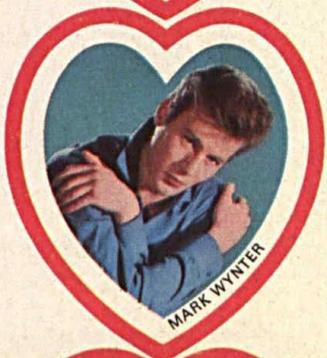
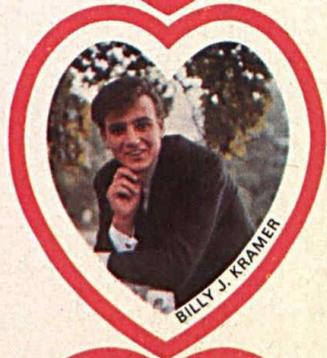
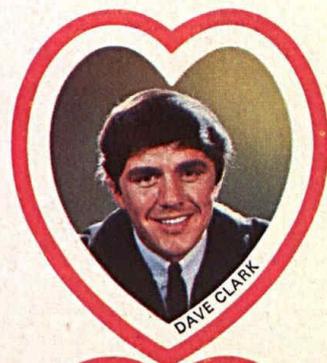
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Thousands of people have already obtained framed pictures of their favourite pop stars and won 'Top Six' discs. Now there are six new pictures to choose from!

SIX NEW PICTURES TO CHOOSE FROM!

Because of its fabulous success we are extending the run of this special free offer. Here are the six new top pop stars or groups which are now included in the series. Choose your favourites.



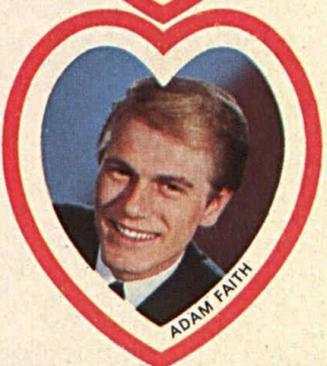
See full details on the side of every Ty-Phoo Tea packet. Here is the offer:

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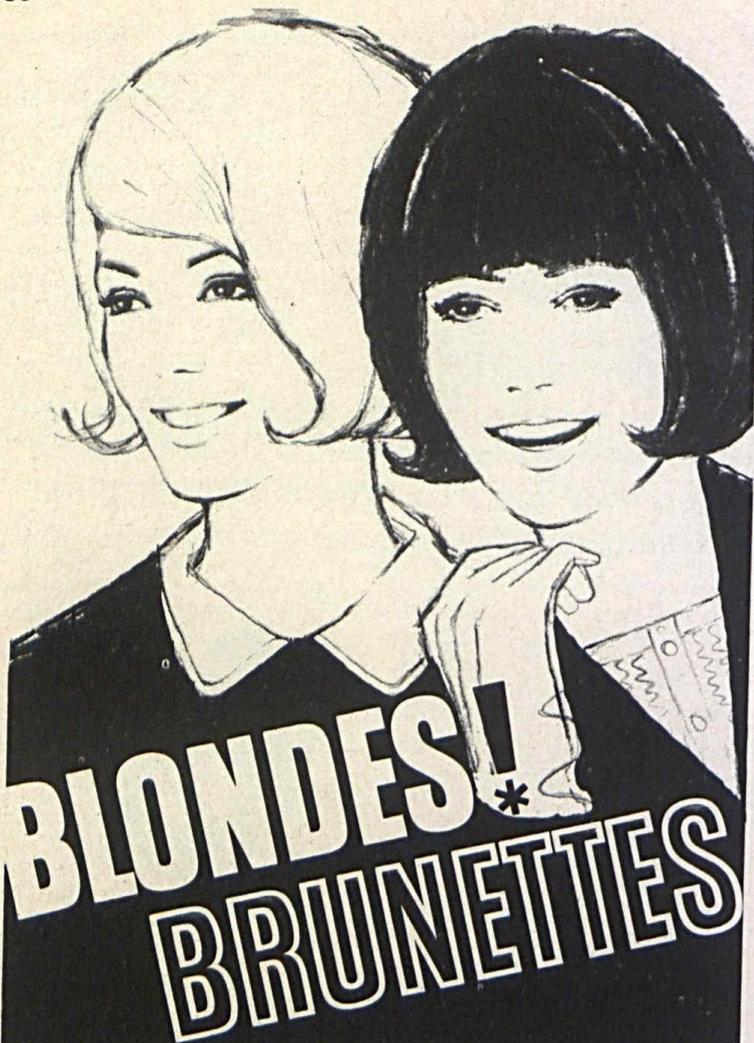
A colour print of any of these 12 pop stars or groups in a heart-shaped frame *free* from Ty-Phoo. Just collect numbers 1 to 12 of the heart-shaped symbols on Ty-Phoo Tea packets and send them in.

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Stā·blond for blondes

Brunitex for brunettes

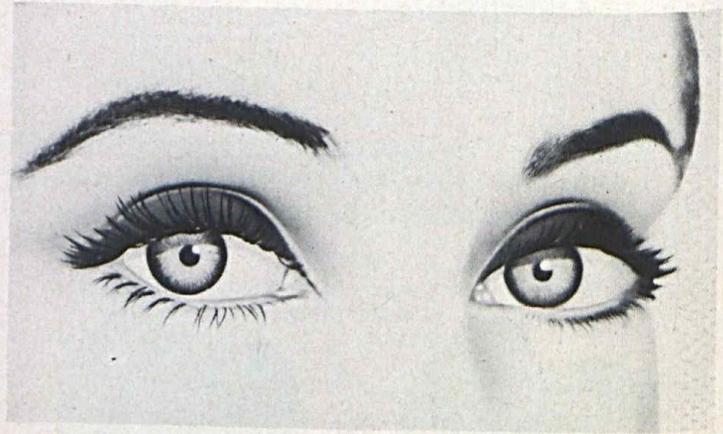
Stā·blond protects and improves the natural highlights of all shades of fair hair. Restores rich golden tones. Prevents fair hair from darkening.

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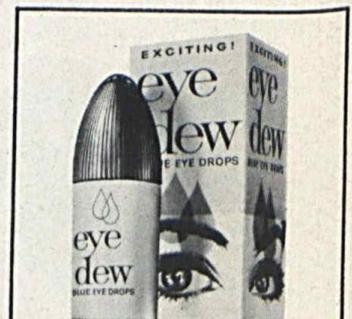
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YOU'RE TELLING US!

The Greatest School!

Here's our idea of a dream school:—English teacher on how to write books—John Lennon. History of Pop Stars—Brian Epstein. Physical movements (on drums)—Charlie Watts. Biology of Pop Groups—Dave Berry. Chemistry of Pop Groups—Bill Wyman. Art Teacher (drawing pop stars)—Keith Richard. Music (pop)—George Harrison. Games (How to play practical jokes)—Dave Davies. French (pop records)—Petula Clark. Maracca shaking and dancing teacher—Mick Jagger. Pity it doesn't exist!—**Ly and Julie.**

The Greatest Show!

Here are our suggestions for the perfect show. The Star—Sandie Shaw, because she's the greatest singer ever. Adam Faith and the Roulettes, because of their great performing. Donovan, because he is so sweet and clever. Marianne Faithfull, she's got a great voice and is so attractive. Roy Orbison, because he is the best American singer ever. Shelley, they would do a few numbers and back the rest of the stars very well. Nashville Teens, because they're fantastic. Herman, put him at the beginning and he'd make everything swinging. Just one person missing, the compere. For this we'd use Cathy McGowan, 'cos she's the greatest girl alive, with a super personality.—**Gill and Maggy, Leyton, E.10.**

Why do fans always run to the airport to wave goodbye to their groups as they board a plane to far off places? I think fans should keep away from airports until the groups return. Then, the groups will know what us English teenagers think of them touring another country while we are left groupless in England.—**Keri Yates, Morchard Bishop, Devon.**

You're telling us—anything that interests, amuses or annoys you! It can be about our current pop scene, anything that interests you, or about US! Write to **RAVE, TOWER HOUSE, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, LONDON, W.C.2.**

When will record fade-outs fade-out?

About a quarter, if not more, of the majority of records consists of a fade-out. You don't realise this when you hear a disc on the radio because they only play a small part.

Record buyers are being cheated, pop stars are becoming first-class cheats!—**J. Howey, Falmouth.**

I was wondering if you could help me. Donovan has given me his permission to run his fan club, and I would

Is this YOUR handwriting? We picked a RAVE reader's letter from our postbag, asked A. Frazer White to analyse it. Here's what he said. If it's yours, write in and tell us how accurate he is!

Dear Rave,
Just recently I've
seen a Sean Connery film,
absolutely smashing. Could
please give me his fan club
address,

The slope shows her to be ambitious, optimistic and hard to discourage.

The slope of the handwriting shows she is just a bit inclined to bottle up her feelings, and she is probably self-conscious. She may have an inward longing to be different. She



The Quiet Five—see why "J.D." feels sorry for them.

be very grateful if you could print the address. Thanks!

The Official Donovan Fan Club, c/o Miss Sylvia Roberts, 7 Kingston Hill Avenue, Chadwell Heath, Romford, Essex.

After reading about the girl who lost her Grenville E. Munn (March, RAVE), I decided to write to you.

I'm searching for Rodney. He had very long blond hair, and was working as a fair ground attendant in Rhyl, Flintshire, the time being late August.

Tell him to contact me.—**Linda Hughes, 17 Dart Road, Peterlee, Co. Durham.**

I'm fed up with the hit parade of today! Everybody who gets a number one record now is called a "star". The record stays in that position for one week and is toppled by another "star" who three weeks previous had never been heard of. Next thing you know, they're on a package tour where they sing their record and one Chuck Berry number, and that's it!

It's refreshing to see groups like the Rockin' Berries, on stage who actually perform and have talent.

I feel sorry for some of

letters shows her to be not at all aggressive.

The extension of the writing indicates she is apt to be careless and a bit impatient.

The degree of evenness of the small letters shows her to be trustworthy.

The short finals indicate reticence and shyness.

The "a's" and "o's" show her to be tactful and able to keep a secret. The connection of the letters indicate that she can be both argumentative and stubborn if she wants.

The size of the capital letters indicates modesty. The left loop "f" indicates a quick mind and fluency of thought. The "t" crosses to the right show her to have energy and enthusiasm.

finds it difficult to make friends, but she is tremendously loyal and affectionate to those she does befriend.

The size of the small letters shows she has an excellent mind and fine judgement.

The shape of the small

rave



DAVID JANSSEN

RAVEABLES BY DODO

I SPY

I spy with my little eye, someone (who's rather handsome and rather lovely) beginning with M. I'm thinking, of course, of Mike Caine, formerly of the Old Kent Road, but now living "posh" in a flat near Marble Arch.

Tall and elegant Michael had to wait a long time before he became recognised as a talented actor. Now, at 32, he has his first starring role as a spy in the thriller film "The Ipcress File". Not playing the Bond-type spy, but portraying the life a spy really leads.

Off-screen Mike doesn't like girls too modern and independent—just one reason why I sometimes like to be old-fashioned!

MAN WANTED

Name: David Janssen.
Born: Canada, March 27th, 1930. Occupation: Actor.
Where last seen: In "The Fugitive" TV series posing as Richard Kimble. Description: 6 ft. tall with brown eyes, dark brown hair. Record: appearances in "Route 66", "Naked City", "Man Trap".
Comments: He's fabulous—and he's wanted by me!

These are the facts:

I switched on the TV one Wednesday evening, and there he was, oh so raveable! The kind of man who makes you feel weak at the knees.

I would loved to have seen him in his first film at the age of eight—playing Tarzan's kid brother! In fact, I would love to see him anywhere!

One thing's for sure, he can come and hide in my office anytime!

rave



MICHAEL CAINE

the unknown groups who are bursting with talent—like The Quiet Five who have worked with all the top names. I can't understand why some groups are still unknown.—Miss J. D. (London, N.16).

...and we're telling you

The first thing we're telling you this month is that we made a mistake! It was in our December issue of RAVE when we wrongly captioned a photo of Miss Wendy Fitt of Highams Park, E.4, June Macfarlane. Wendy kindly wrote in and explained this to us. So to Wendy—and June—go our apologies.

Please, please help me. I would like to join the P. J. Proby Fan Club, but I don't know the address.—**Mary Anderson, Royston, Herts.** P.J. now has a club: **THE OFFICIAL P. J. PROBY FAN CLUB OF GREAT BRITAIN**, Mary McClean, 69 Chichele Road, Cricklewood, London, N.W.2.

Looking at the picture of Steve McQueen in RAVE, I was struck by the strong resemblance between him and Sandy of Rick and Sandy. Is there any connection? I think Rick and Sandy are gorgeous, do you have their fan club?—**Maureen Leigh, Marlborough Drive, Ilford.** No connection at all, but here's the fan club address. The Secretary, 67 Monmouth Street, London, W.C.2.



Dodo — RAVE staffer who's 'in' with the pop world.

DODO'S MAY POP DIARY

- 1 Billy Fury tour has added Dave Berry and the Cruisers, Pretty Things and Brian Poole—Dover ABC. Bob Dylan plays the Liverpool Odeon. Stones at New York's Academy of Music. Cilla on Lucky Stars.
- 2 The Bachelors at Leeds Odeon.
- 3 Val Doonican plays one week at the Manchester Palace.
- 4 Billy Fury tour Hull ABC.
- 5 Dylan at Birmingham Town Hall.
- 6 Animals return from Scandinavia.
- 7 Ricky West (Tremeloes) 22 today.
- 8 Paul Samwell-Smith (Yardbirds) 22 today. Searchers on Lucky Stars.
- 9 John Hawken (N. Teens) 25, Pete Birrell (Dreamers) 24, Mike Millward (Fourmost) 23 today.
- Big concert at Wembley Pool—

Manfred, Animals, Brian Poole, Cliff Bennett.

10 Bob Dylan at London's Albert Hall. Dakota Staton at Mr. Smith's (Manchester) for a week.

11 Eric Burdon (Animals) 24 today, Les Chadwick (Pacemakers) 22.

12 Dusty at Newcastle Dolce Vita all this week.

13 Joe Brown 24 today.

14 Derek Leckenby (Hermits) 19 today. Ivy League leave for Sweden and Manfred sets off for Germany.

15 Dave Clark 5 on Lucky Stars.

16 Concert at Newcastle City Hall—Donovan, Memphis Slim.

17 Georgie Fame leaves for 3-week tour of Australia.

18 Peter Jay opens up his new pop club in Great Yarmouth.

19 Animals play the "Deep South" Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana.

20 Billy Fury in Hollywood for "Shindig" show.

21 Animals play Fort Worth.

22 Hilton Valentine (Animals) 22 today.

23 Adam Faith 25 today.

24 Derek Quinn (Dreamers) 23 today. Fourmost have a week of cabaret at Mr. Smith's club in Manchester.

25 Yesterday, today and tomorrow—British Song Festival at Brighton Dome, with Wayne Fontana, Billy J., Marianne, Manfred.

26 Artt Sharp (N. Teens) 24 today.

27 Cilla Black 22 today.

28 Tony Mansfield (Dakotas) 22.

29 Jimmy Smith concert at Royal Albert Hall.

30 Dusty 1-week at Bradford Lyceum.

31 Cilla Black at Newcastle's La Dolce Vita for one week.



PEN PALS

Kay Shackleton, 63 Sandfield Road, Bacup, Lancs. Age 16: Rates the Stones, Kinks, Bob Dylan. Wants British boy with long hair.

Margaretha Lindquist, Box 61, Gnosjo, Sweden. Age 16: Wants boy pen friend anywhere in the world. Likes Downliners Sect, Beatles, Stones, and dancing.

Helene Van Diemen, Van Diemenlaan 10, Haarlem, Noord, Holland. Age 17: Likes the Stones, beefsteaks, and parties.

Margaretha Mellberg, Oxenstiernsgatan 39, II, Stockholm, N.O., Sweden. Age 16:

Likes Pretty Things, Downliners Sect, Beatles, hates Elvis. Wants long haired boy, 16-20.

Ellen Brown, 33 Winant Road, Kendall Park, New Jersey, U.S.A. Age 16: Likes Dave Clark 5, the Beatles, Stones. Wants English pen pal.

Susan Weiss, 945 North Alfred Street, Los Angeles, California 90069, U.S.A. Age 16: Lives between Hollywood and Beverly Hills. Likes all pop. Wants English pen pal.

Anita Reeves, 231 Sundrive Road, Crumlin, Dublin 12, Ireland. Age 16: Loves Cliff, Stones, P. J. Proby, Cilla,

and parties. Wants pen friend of any age and nationality.

Nesta Yen, 204 United Mansions, 6 Commissioner Street, Johannesburg, South Africa. Hobbies are singing and modelling. Likes Swinging Blue Jeans, Beatles, Adam Faith, Animals. Would specially like pen pal from Liverpool or London.

Maureen McGilton, 30 Mercer Avenue, West Vale, Kirkby, Liverpool. Age 18: Likes Beatles, Dusty, Adam, and Stones. Wants pen pal from U.S.A. or France.

Dara Noor, Miri Secondary School, P.O. Box 285, Miri,

Sarawak, Malaysia. Age 17½. Collects records, likes movies. Wants pen pal (boy) from England, Australia, Canada and France.

Maureen Olsen, 26 Stanley Street, Belmont Park, Western Australia. Age 17: Interests are mod clothes, Stones, Cliff, and Cilla. Would like pen pal from Liverpool.

Daniel Bailly, 49 Boulevard de la Liberte, Les Lilas (Seine), France. Age 18: Wants boy or girl pen pal who likes Gene Vincent, Jerry L. Lewis, Little Richard, Chuck Berry. Wants to exchange discs.



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