Suddenly you’re someone special...

You’re at home at once in the happy world of the W.R.N.S. You share an active, friendly life with girls of your own age and interests. And you have interesting, worthwhile work to do. For example, you can plot radar or repair aircraft. Transmit radio messages. Do secretarial work that’s indispensable to the Royal Navy. Or become an expert cook or steward.

What about your prospects? They couldn’t be better. You have every chance to become a Leading Wren. And, today, the majority of officers are promoted from serving wrens. Life is fun too! There’s swimming, sailing, riding, tennis and other outdoor activities. Dances too. All these make life fun. And you feel very feminine in your smart, attractive uniform. Have the chance to travel too—quite possibly overseas. And enjoy 30 days’ paid holiday a year. Yes, you’re someone special as a Wren. So find out more about this happy, lively, lots-of-things-happening life. Send the coupon now. You can join between 17 and 28.

Choose—and be astonished! when you discover the one shampoo meant truly for you. For every shade of darker hair, the one and only shampoo is Brunitex. For every fairer shade, the one and only is Sta-Blond. So choose. And be astonished—tonight!

Sta-blond for blondes
Sta-Blond is the special shampoo formula which restores rich golden tones to all shades of fair hair. Prevents hair from darkening.

Brunitex for brunettes
Brunitex is the special shampoo formula which deepens richness of tone, brings out the full colour of all shades of darker hair.

W.R.N.S.


Please send me a free copy of the new booklet ‘Serve with the Royal Navy in the W.R.N.S.’

Name
Address
Age

Applications from U.K. only.

At Boots, Woolworths and Chemists everywhere.
—RAVE’s captured the cream of the boutique fashions! Presents an eight-page special on the dottiest, darlingest, dreamiest clothes exclusive to you and RAVE . . .

—RAVE went (alone) with the Stones to Scotland! Cameraman Marc took super snaps for you, RAVE writer Maureen O’Grady chatted up Mick and tells . . .

—RAVE’s got the Knack! Most devastating discovery of the year, that everyone here (male) is a wow with the birds and the girls are liked by the boys. How to check you’ve got it, too, see page 12 where expert Michael Crawford supplies some fast answers.

What’s in it for you . . .

POP FEATURES
4 The Rolling Stones
10 The Byrds
24 Billy Fury
31 The King & !—P. J. Proby
28 The Uncommitted One—George Harrison
41 Kenny & Cash

SPECIALS
12 The Knack!
37 RAVE’s Colouring Book
54 Lloyd Alexander

FASHION/BEAUTY
16 Boutique Boom
34 Seeing About Your Eyes
55 Skirts—As Short As Can Be

REGULARS
26 Lulu—Girl In A Girl’s World
30 Meet The Folks
43 Dodo’s Pop Diary
44 The Charts
46 U.S. Pop Cable
46 Superjobs
47 Heart to Heart with Donovan
51 Cathy’s Column
52 Mike Grant’s Starbeat
56 Today’s Raves

59 You’re Telling Us
60 Mr. Raveables
62 We’re Telling You/Pen Pals

IN COLOUR
4/5 Mick Jagger
8 Rolling Stones
25 Billy Fury
28 George Harrison
32/33 P. J. Proby
36 Gene Pitney
61 David McCallum
64 Rolling Stones

RAVE No. 20 SEPTEMBER 1965 © George Newnes
Stones fans/we give you satisfaction
Once again RAVE brings you an EXCLUSIVE!
So many readers pleaded for more Rolling Stones that RAVE girl Maureen O'Grady and cameraman Marc Sharrett joined the boys in Scotland at their special invitation for a three-day trip. They talked to Maureen and posed for Marc to provide these exclusive pages of newest facts and photos. "The whole trip was a mad whirl! Rushing from Glasgow to Edinburgh, stopping for nothing but flocks of sheep! Police escorts everywhere. And then the boys got trapped by fans on the end of a jetty by the Forth Bridge!"

WHAT THE STONES THINK OF . . .

AMERICA "It's a country where you do ten times more work than anywhere else in the world. But, of course, you do get ten times more money. The only problem: it's difficult to relax; much too fast. Los Angeles was about the only place we could let off steam. The Middle West was all cattle towns. Audiences? Wild and enthusiastic."

FANS "We always sign autographs and pose for pictures for fans. We regard them as V.I.P.'s. But if someone gets to be a bit of a pest, we never tell them to go away. We just drop gentle hints and hope they get the message."

"We hate people who say, 'Can I have your autograph, it's not for me, it's for my friend.' We know it's for them really. Or the kind of person who pushes a piece of paper and pen at you and says, 'Thank you.' We just pick up the pen and paper and say 'Thank YOU, just what we've always wanted! A pen and paper!'"

"Also, we do answer our fan letters. I've heard John Lennon rolls his up and smokes them!" said Keith.

THEMSELVES "Their ideas of what to call 'home' are getting much grander. All of them, literally, fight over copies of Country Life that they come across, looking for big country houses to buy themselves. Keith liked the look of one in Cornwall, a very remote place. Charlie wants a house out of London, but as he and his wife Shirley can't drive, Mick has offered to teach them. Charlie wants a house with a studio for his wife (she's a former art student) and a stable for a couple of horses. Shirley, who has been riding for ten years, would like her own horse. Charlie worries a lot about her, and doesn't like her to get lonely when she can't be with her. One of the most considerate and devoted husbands."

A really good audience still has a marvellous effect on them. After one show in Scotland, they were all so excited about the enthusiasm that they could hardly touch the huge plates of food they had hungrily ordered fifteen minutes before.

Charlie is still regarded as the Beau Brummell of the group. One morning he entered the hotel lounge dressed very smartly in a striped suit. The others ignored him. Then Mick said, "Look at Charlie! He's waiting for us to say how good he looks." "No, I'm not," he replied. "Well you look horrible, then." But Charlie didn't mind.

THE FUTURE "We don't think about the future much. It's really not worth worrying about. How can you see what you are going to do ahead?"

"Of course, our present life can't go on. You know, the great feeling of having the best of everything, fantastic service in hotels, police escorts. But we're just happy to take it as it comes."
Stones seriously

**THE POLICE.** The Stones like the police quite a lot. They can take jokes, and they don't find it beneath them to come in and ask for autographs. Policewomen, Inspectors, Constables, the lot. And sometimes they give us a fantastic escort into towns. They block off the streets, and a police car races ahead with its siren screaming!

Like the time the boys wanted to leave their theatre and go round to the local pub for a game of darts. The police just told them it wasn't safe because of crowds, but they'd borrow the dart board from the pub for them.

**PARENTS.** The Stones went to a party one night after a show. They described it as having "a 1958-style group playing at one end with loads of old, fat Dads and Mums in flowered dresses prowling us and laughing and calling us all by our wrong names. We only stayed for fifteen minutes—and that's because we couldn't find the way out! No, we like Mums and Dads really — they're smashing! It's just that some of them think us strange and funny!"

---

**FANS COMPLAIN!**

**THE UNOFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE ROLLING STONES**

---

**IDLE CHATTER**

- The Stones talk a lot about The Who. Musically they think they're good, and they talk a lot about their Pop Art image. "I think I'll have a jacket made out of a Union Jack, like The Who!" says Brian, to which Charlie answers, "This Pop Art stuff is a load of rubbish. What's it all supposed to mean anyway? All this thing has gone too far. Nobody knows what real Pop Art is any more!"

About Mick's striped orange and black football sweater, "Oh, I just saw it in a shop and went in and bought it. It's all right, I suppose." "Liar!" says Brian. "Do you know he spent a whole day looking for that sweater?"

Mick listens to Teen Scene, to hear Chrissie doing her interviews, and is proud of the way she's progressing. Mick's latest rave disc is 'Ride Your Pony' by Lee Dorsey. "I could never say that I think that all the records in the Top Ten are great.

Mick doesn't publicise the fact, but he recently went to a smart coming-out party with Chrissie. It was for the Ormsby-Gores' three daughters, given by Lady Harley. Chrissie says, "You should have seen him. He was so charming and polite in front of Princess Margaret, Princess Alexandra and Lord Snowdon."

**Sex and the Single Stone**

- There's only one Stone without a steady girl or wife—Brian Jones. He rarely has a steady, usually about two or three going at the same time. He usually takes a girl out for a meal, then on to a club like the Ad Lib or The Scotch. "I'm certainly not attracted to any type of girl. She might have long hair, short hair, blonde or brunette. Doesn't matter really. I just must like her." Out of all the girls he's met across the world, he rates the French and Swedish as two of the nicest. He doesn't want to settle down yet. Life's too good as it is. He's a real Rolling Stone!

**THAT FILM**

- The Stones' film venture is something they are all excited about. To date, the film could be rolling into action in December/January next.

"It's going to be weird, and full of suspense," says Mick. "It'll surprise you, too. I can't say much about the story now but it's so strange. The sort of thing where everyone dies in the middle. It's going to be great—better than anyone will expect from us! Keith and I are writing the songs for it, and we're even lending a hand on the script!"

This will be something completely new for the boys. They had hoped to start on the film this summer, and are quite disappointed that it's had to be pushed to the end of the year.
That Single

"SATISFACTION"—This single was written by Mick and Keith on an American tour—half in Toronto, Canada, and half in Tampa, Florida. What inspired the song? Half a bottle of whisky, according to Mick! The flip of "Satisfaction" in America was titled, "The Under Assistant West Coast Promotion Man," but unlikely to be the flipside of the British release. Mick was very pleased to hear that this disc had entered the R & B charts in America.

NEW STONE CRAZES

Bill now goes in for cine-photography and giving home movie shows with his wife, Diane.

Charlie has become a keen collector of guns and antiques. He checks the newspapers for gun sales and antique auctions.

You couldn't really call them 'nature boys', but in Scotland Mick and Brian went out at three a.m. looking for birds' nests. Brian was armed with a gigantic umbrella to shield them from the rain!

When they have the chance, they all love putting, golf, riding and swimming. They like galloping like cowboys! As far as putting is concerned, Bill usually wins, with Mick as the runner-up. "It's because Bill really concentrates. Takes it seriously, not like us. I mean, it's only a game!"

FANS, WHO SAYS YOU CAN'T GET SATISFACTION...?
of the BYRDS

Or 5 byrds in the hand are worth a crazy, unexpected interview with rave writer Dawn James
THE KNACK

RAVE—and a few of its staff—take a look, sometimes a little light-heartedly, at the art of The Knack.

We've made up many various boy/girl situations and asked a few of our staff how they would treat such a situation if they were the ones involved. And, after each of their answers, we got hand-some star Michael Crawford, to tell how a person who had The Knack, would have treated the same situation.

THE KNACK—you've either got it or you haven't. But, fortunately, it is something you can work at and get—even though it might be with a little trial and error. The situations opposite DO happen but, as Michael Crawford says, "Never all in one month! Not even to me!"

Michael starred in the trendy film, "The Knack" and has certainly picked up something from his answer. RAVE staffers, Trilby, Dodo, Dawn and Dean (for the girls) and Terry and Roger (for the boys) come up with more conventional comments, so this gives the girls a clue as to how boys' minds work, and the boys an idea as to how girls' minds work.

What is THE KNACK when you've got it? It means that in any awkward situation, with a bit of wit and cunning, you come out on top. You are ALWAYS ready with the right answer or the right action. And when it comes to the game of love, having THE KNACK means you've got a head start over all your friends.

MAUREEN O'GRADY

AND HOW TO GET IT

POSSIBLY

PREDICAMENTS RAVE STAFFERS SAY....
THE KNACK

PREDICAMENTS RAVE STAFFERS SAY... THE KNACK

Out with a boy and you see another boy whom you had just told you were staying in. How do you explain your way out of it?

TRUDY: If you like him and want to see him again, make an excuse. I'd laugh it off. Just say everybody turned up at home, and he's going to Australia tomorrow. Last chance he had to see you before he went.

MICHAEL CRAWFORD: Tell him he must be mistaken. You're not the girl he's thinking of. You're had plastic surgery to look like THAT girl, and maybe he'll ask YOU out too.

A girl turns up in the wrong clothes for the evening you're planned. How do you make her go home and change without insulting her or hurting her feelings?

ROGER: Take her for a drink and tip a bottle of brown ale down her dress!

MICHAEL CRAWFORD: Take her for a walk down Trafalgar Square, and accidentally push her under one of the fountain!

You tell a girl she's the only one for you and the next you out with another girl and everyone a scene. How do you get out of it?

ROGER: Just say, "She won me in a raffle!"

MICHAEL CRAWFORD: I'd say Roger is well on the way to having the frack here!

Your best friend finds out that you've been dating her boy. How do you keep both her friendship and her boy?

ROGER: Just explain that her boyfriend only took you out to talk about him. She might not really believe you, but at least she'd realise that you're trying not to hurt her feelings. The boy will probably be thankful to have easily got out of the awkward situation.

MICHAEL CRAWFORD: I'd tell her it wasn't serious, and anyway, I don't really go for boys!

You take a girl out and like her a lot. You want another date but don't want to make the first move. How do you make her suggest it?

TERRY: Don't do anything until she hints...

MICHAEL CRAWFORD: Play it cool. Fear not the things she likes to do. Let her know you have easy access to these places. She'll phone you, won't she?

If a boy gets too fresh at the end of a date, how do you deal with him?

DEAN: Just say, "I think we'd better say goodnight. Looks like my company has been too exciting for you!"

MICHAEL CRAWFORD: Tell him to start earlier next time!

If you mistake make the same date with two girls but can't put all of them. What would you do?

TERRY: Take a friend along. Let them both think they're with you and he's with the other girl!

MICHAEL CRAWFORD: Tell them you're under treatment for a split personality, and both of you fancied going out tonight!

You've fallen for the wrong silent type who just stands there and looks at nobody in particular. How do you get him moving in your direction?

TRUDY: Trip over and lie there looking pathetic!

MICHAEL CRAWFORD: Fix a peeled potato to his legs (sit in your direction), press the control button—pow! You've made contact!

You're walking down the street and a gorgeous boy is walking towards you. Your eyes meet and he smiles. What would you do to stop him walking and start talking?

DANNY: I'd walk at him and stare back and hope that works!

MICHAEL CRAWFORD: Ask him if he always smiles at boys that way?

Your girl is supposed to be home at 11.30 but you finally get her to her door at 1.30 with her parents waiting. How do you make everyone go away happy?

TERRY: Tell them the car broke down, the trains were on strike, the taxis were full up, and the buses were running late!

MICHAEL CRAWFORD: I'd only let this situation happen, but if I did I'd sing "Happy Birthday to You," "Jingle Bells," the B-side of "Mrs. Brown You've Got A Lovely Daughter"—and run like hell!

She says she's fed up with never being taken out anywhere and she thinks she should be. What happens?

ROGER: Keep changing the subject. Complain about her dress or perfume. A girl forgets about complaining when she's being flattered.

MICHAEL CRAWFORD: Tell her she's more fun indoors than outwards!

You've just got to break a date. How do you do it?

DEAN: It doesn't matter how it is, you should always have, or make up, a good reason.

MICHAEL CRAWFORD: Get your colours in the Stop Press!
Boutiques are the current 'in' places to buy clothes and accessories. The people who run them, with flair and fashion sense, know exactly what YOU like to wear and how it should be worn. Boutiques are small, interesting, friendly places where you can browse for hours without anyone bothering you.

Most London boutiques like Biba, The Hem and Fringe, The Shop have new designs every week. And the Boutique boom is extending fast all over the country.

Boutiques are often hidden away in side streets and their fame spreads by word of mouth. There is usually an air of mystery about them with beat music playing in the background. Most of them have exclusive clothes and a lot of them make things specially to measure.

Boutiques are fun places to buy your clothes and they're often used as rendezvous for friends.

P.S. Special RAVE opportunity - Order your choice or the right clothes through the post with our special ordering coupon on page 50 or, if you are near, call to see we have a host round.

VICTORIA & ALBERT BOUTIQUE
VICTORIA GROVE
W.8. NW10 5SS.

28 Victoria Grove, London, W.8
Owner: Rosemary Horns who is a mod designer. Sells boys and girls wear of varied price range. Amongst her customers are Twinkle and Lulu. Our choice is a raincoat in P.V.C. designed for the boutique by Hilary Floyd. 11 gns.

hem and fringe
35 Moreton Street, London, S.W.1
Recently owned by Patrick Kerr and his wife Theresa. All exclusive designs very inexpensive and way-out. Sandie Shaw and Lulu are among the pop world customers. Our choice (exclusive to RAVE) is a red, white and black dress, £3 10s. 9d. to match hat.
Boutique with which "The Pretty Things" and their manager are associated: clothes designed by Tricia Farrar. Intimate, exclusive dresses. Our choice red and black striped dress with long sleeves and round neck, exclusive to RA3.E 5 gns. The boutique itself is pretty and feminine, with pink pastel chiffon drapes at the windows. The atmosphere, unlike some of the others, has an old-world air. A touch of Victorian! Tricia Farrar says "The Pretty Things have very definite ideas about what they like, and what they don't - they see all her designs."

Our choice (exclusive to RA3.E) is this black and white Op Art dress with big zip down the front. Price £3 10s., helmet to match 7s.

Owned by designer Barbara Hulanicki and her husband. All exclusive, inexpensive gear. Amongst the customers are Cathy McGowan and Cilla Black. Our choice (exclusive to RA3.E) is this black and white Op Art dress with big zip down the front. Price £3 10s., helmet to match 7s.
Adam w.i.

29 Kingly Street, London, W.1

Owned by Mr. Stanley Adams who designs boy’s clothes that girls buy, too. Reasonably priced gear exclusive to Adam. Our choice is a pair of tweed Courreges inspired trousers with tweedy blue shirt. 79s. 6d. and 49s. 6d.

Topgear

135 Kings Road, London, S.W.3

Owned by model Pat Booth and hat designer James Wedge. Fairly expensive but really terrific gear. Our choice is crepe trousers by Foote and Tuftin, 64 s., with skinny vest by Jane and Jane, 49 s. Terrific hats designed by James Wedge and some way-out stuff by R.C.A. students. It is a tiny slip of a boutique but packed out with shoes, hats, bags, suits and dresses beneath its striking bulls-eye canopy.
HEM AND FRINGE, £1.

HEM AND FRINGE, 10s.

PAULISADES
26 Ganton Street, London, W.1

Owned by Pauline Fordham. Suits lots of pop set gear at all prices. Some of the clothes are exclusive to them; others are bought from the fashion houses. Our choice is a culotte dress in printed cotton, £8 8s.

Full of badges with “I like boys” and “Superman” written on them; space-age hats and a terrific old 1950s style coat that really works!

PENNY HA'PENNY, 27s. 6d.

PENNY HA'PENNY, 27s. 6d. 

The Shop

47 Radnor Walk, London, S.W.3

Owned by photographer Terence Donovan and designer Maurice Jeffery, inexpensive exclusive gear. Our choice (exclusive to RAVE) is this black and white crepe dress, £3 15s.

The Shop is known for its terrace terrace suits in black and white pin-stripe, costing £6. 6s. only. Matching hats and bags that they do are also a favourite of the ‘in’ crowd. There is a terrific wig-hat skull in the dressing-room!

OTHER BOOMING BOUTIQUES worth a visit!

SPACE No. 6, 11 Manchester Street. A fashion rather than ready clothes with a 1960s American atmosphere. There is a cool little boutique next door which is open for the day only.

FOALE AND TUFFIN, 1 Markborough Court, London, W.1. Dresses with prints and stripes, a good selection of 10s. to 2/6 9d. London style with an American touch in clothes and dress materials.

MAVEN, 1 Ainslie Street, London, W.6. Dresses with prints and stripes, a good selection of 10s. to 2/6 9d. London style with an American touch in clothes and dress materials.

HARRIET HESS, 8 Gregory Place, Holland Street, London, W.9. Suits with matching blazer, hat and handbag. Also tops and left trousers, costing £6. 15s.

LINDA & CAROL, 8 Worleys Road, London, S.E.G. A selection of suits for the 1960s with printed and stripe suits in American styles. A good selection of hats and bags.

RAVE BOUTIQUE, 1 College Road. A selection of suits for the 1960s with printed and stripe suits in American styles. A good selection of hats and bags.

NOW THE FURY'S FADED

A YOUNG CONTROLLED STAR HAS EMERGED: SURVIVOR FROM THE HURRICANE OF INSTANT SUCCESS.

'TODAY I HAVE TIME TO THINK CLEARLY' AND FOR WHAT HE THINKS ABOUT READ HERE...

About this latest hobby, he will say, "Oh, I wish I'd never mentioned it. It's a rational event now, each time I have to take a photograph-I don't want it to sound like a commercial thing."
He knows exactly what is good and what is not, for his images. He thinks clearly, runs straight. At the stormy start of his career he was mixed-up. He didn't know what he was doing. He was brought up to the Ole Man, Liverpool, Liverpool and thrown into a blinding glare of publicity, screaming fans and worship.

"It was like a bomb exploding," he said, with the calm thoughtfulness of someone who has survived a hurricane and is safe and still sitting and you're there and you're there and you're there. He's there! You're away from home, but you don't notice. It's so good. Every night you kid yourself, tomorrow it'll be over, and you'll be home. And you go onstage, terrified, these thousands shouting for you. And you begin to feel safe. Then you come off, and there are the loosest backstage, and you feel unsafe again.

He suddenly laughed, and ran his hands through his hair. "I was terrifying at first. I did things I wouldn't do today. Like writing my story for that Sunday paper. I couldn't really have said the bad things about what the critics. It's good, because people look such notice of it.
"But as he has progressed from stage shows to film, where he still is as well as stage, so Billy's personal life has altered. The place he lives in now is very different from his first London home."

"Oh, I cringe when I think of that flat," he said. "It was awful. I got a decorator to do it, because I thought he would do better than me. I lacked confidence, you see. But the decorator what he thought a newly-rich pop star would want, and I don't. I wanted to get rid of the flat and the house in the country, but I can't. There's the thing."

"When I turn my eye on crowds, I look back and think. And I'm glad I decided to move out eventually."

Billy now lives in a green-hedged village near market gardens. "I've got a house done out in old stuff, which is comfortable and I like. I have the luxury of fitted carpets, because sometimes I do my own cleaning, and I'd rather sweep a carpet than polish lime. I've got the furniture covered in floral prints to match the cushions. It looks nice.

"As I sold before, when I started to pop I was swept along in a great tide wave. The big difference in me now is that I control the wave. I question things because I have the time to think clearly."

Yes, Billy Fury is different. His laugh is deeper, his eyes still. No longer has the look at the birds eating bread, watchful of the cat. He is sure of himself. He's happy one of the 'out' crowd. And he doesn't care.

And that more than anything has made today a very good tomorrow for a star who stilled yesterday.
TAME always things she on Mrs. ring!"

Laurie) comfortable silver since took morning, again!

stretched in Wood, had to lives to biscuits, tea, says chair.

But my friend, you said to friends. She changed in tea, of hit her life end. She

She hit my friend, you said to friends. She changed in tea, of hit her life end. She

When I first met Lulu, I was in her London club, the "Lulu's."

Lulu's, it was a place where you could go to hear the latest music and meet interesting people. I had been invited by a friend who was a music journalist, and I was excited to see what the club was like.

The club was packed with people, and the atmosphere was electric. Lulu was on stage, singing and dancing with an energy that was infectious. She was wearing a bright turquoise dress, and her long hair was flowing behind her as she moved to the music.

As I watched her perform, I couldn't help but feel a sense of nostalgia. Lulu had an all-American look, with her blue eyes and red hair, and she had a way of making people feel like they were part of something special.

After the show, I talked to Lulu and her band, and I was blown away by their talent and their energy. They were a group of people who were passionate about what they were doing, and it showed in their music.

Over the years, I've had the opportunity to see Lulu perform all over the world, and each time I'm amazed by her ability to connect with her audience. She has a way of making people feel like they're part of something greater, and that's why she's one of the most beloved performers of all time. She's a true icon, and I'm grateful to have been able to witness her magic.
Ask yourself which is the least known Beatle. Think of Paul, and you think of fastidiousness, good manners, graceful good looks, a watchful nature and a musical perfectionist.

Think of John, and you get idiosyncrasy, desperate untidiness, unconcealing realism and a wit that cuts like a scythe.

Think of Ringo, and you come up with a very affable nature, even-temperament, utter ambivalence and a capacity for late-night raving that rarely gets him home before the milkman.

And George???

Exactly. George Harrison, probably the least spontaneously communicative, has always been a bit of an enigma. So I believe I was lucky in getting a long interview to find out what makes him tick...
"It was really Eppy who started this business about me being concerned about money. He put it in his book 'A Cellarful of Noise'. But we don't really have much say in how our money is invested.

"I'm certainly not afraid that I'll wake up one day and find we're not as well off as we thought. I'm just curious to know what we've got interests in."

"What about this plan you have to invest money in a club of your own?"

"Oh, there's nothing fixed yet. Somebody wants me to go into a club with them, but there's not a lot of money involved. Clubs are a bit dodgy."

"Early on in his career George told me that his ambitions were to own a fast car, a big house with a swimming pool, have a steady girl. Today he has all these things, what does he look for, now, in the future?"

"I don't think too much about the future. I never think more than a week or so ahead. There's obviously something I'll want to do, but I don't know what it is yet. If you start thinking about the future, then you start worrying and wondering what's going to happen."

"Do you think you've changed much in the last two years?"

"Well, I suppose I've got used to everything a bit more—the crowds, the press and the fans and so on. I don't flinch now when the fans rush at us and I suppose I'm used to having a bit more money."

"At first I used to think it was great to see an overcoat worth £30 and be able to go in and buy it cash down. I've got used to being able to do this now, of course. So I've changed in little ways like that. But I don't think any of us has changed basically.

"One thing I'm happier about now is that we've slowed down a lot. We used not to get a minute's break, but since about a year ago we've been having one day completely off every week, so we get more time to relax."

"It's all right making lots of money, but it's no good if you're half dead and have no time to spend it."

"Besides, if you work too much the novelty wears off. I must admit that I got to the stage where I was a bit fed up with working all the time. But we never got to the nervous breakdown stage like some of those..."
The King and I

There was the glow of rich blue velvet and silk damask. There were guns and swords on the walls, and a part of a two-hundred-year-old staircase, cluttering the long room. A timpani hound, with a body like a seven-carriage train, dropped the cat he was shaking, and greeted me severely as I entered the room. Several courtiers gathered round to talk. Two girls giggled together silently, and offered a mint with a hole. The King lay on a sofa at the far end of the room, talking to a councillor. He reclined in a blue towelling boiler suit, his hair on to his shoulders. Every now and then his buckled shoes came down hard on the wrought-iron table in front of him, as he pressed home a point. When the councillor left (after what seemed like ages), King Proby summoned me forward, calling, "Come on over," and smiled, so all the world burst before me like a kaleidoscope.

"Well," said Proby. "As you will note I'm just the same as ever. Everyone keeps calling on me expecting that I'll have changed, because I've been let on the TV again. When they realise I'm no different they say, 'You're just the same as ever,' and I say, 'You're doggone right. I'm just the same. It's people's opinions of me that change, not me.' Isn't it?"

Lost battles

You don't disagree with the King, even if you feel like it. You say, 'Yes'. He hasn't time to hear your ideas, he's too busy holding on to his kingdom that a hundred people would have snatched from him. His mind isn't on you, you pass through his life like the days. He is as untouched by you as you are inevitably impressed by him.

He came here after many lost battles in America. Presley is King there, and no one wanted to know about Proby.

He arrived here amid much publicity about being a friend of Presley's, and a lot of people immediately set out to prove him a liar. He makes enemies easily but on all my meetings with him, he has always been annoyingly pleasant. Whether he receives you in a dressing-gown, or a boiler suit, he talks freely, and answers any questions you dare to ask. Sometimes I have wished he would be rude, cursing me for bothering him, and giving me reason to hate him, because unless you hate Proby, you are rather 'out'. Television producers hate Proby. Journalists hate Proby. Fathers hate Proby, Butchers hate Proby. It's quite the 'in' thing to do.

After his great success with 'Somewhere', critics started digging their knives into Proby. They wanted him to make a mistake. They criticised his version of 'Somewhere', saying he had murdered a beautiful number. I was in his dressing-room at 'Top of the Pops', when he suddenly said, "I didn't murder the number, did I? I tried to produce a record that was a compliment to a lovely number. I reckon they are just looking for cracks in my armour."

If they were, he certainly gave them satisfaction. The cracks in the armour took the form of slits in his trousers. Photographers snapped gladly, and newspapers all over the country carried proof of his mishap. He had been overthrown, and even the fan army couldn't help. He was banned from TV and most theatres. Promoters wouldn't back him. He was, so said many, 'finished'.

So angelic

During the Spring of '65 I went to see P.J. play a ballroom date in Peterborough. I found him a little forlorn, and definitely bored. The TV ban, more than anything, was ruining his career. But it couldn't hold him back forever, and when 'Let The Water Run Down' was released, he was invited back on the TV. It was another glorious victory for The King, and the fans and I were glad.

Above the sofa he was lying on, is a practically life-size portrait of him in stage gear, with hands outspread and his feet on white clouds. "It looks angelic enough not to look like me," he chuckled. "It's so angelic; it's almost a send up."

He took in several deep breaths and said, "I'm a King. I'm still the greatest single act in the country. I can't help causing riots. Why I cause a riot just breathing deeply. Sometimes I look in the mirror, and say, 'Man, you're just great.'" he added.

He is obsessed with himself, and the past. I sometimes -

'I look in the mirror and say, "Man, you're just great".'

By Dawn James
Why do model girls have such lovely eyes? Because they know how to make them up.

Now we're going to tell you the secrets of making eyes that everyone will notice, everyone will admire. It doesn't matter what shape or size your eyes are - read on and discover what you don't know about making eyes into beautiful eyes...

1. Smooth white shadow on the entire lid. Dab powder over it.
2. With brown powdered shadow make an arc just above the fold in the lid. Use grey or black if you prefer. Apply a light-coloured eye-shadow or liquid make-up to the area below the line and above the lid. If you use false lashes, apply them now. Put them as near to your own lashes as possible then trim to suit your own lashes.
3. With a liquid or cake liner and a thin brush draw a fine line directly above the lashes—don't extend this any further than the corner of your eye.
4. Apply mascara (most model girls get a good effect with the black type). Two thin coats is better than one thick one.
5. The final touch—add colour on the eyebrows (if needed). Don't make hard lines. Use the pencil in fine strokes to give a feathery effect.

...and how to keep them looking that way.

6. Apply coloured liner in the creases, and a little red on the cheeks and lips. 7. Use loose bronzing powder over your nose and cheeks. 8. Use a little frost on the face, and a touch of cream on the lips. 9. Use a little blush on the cheeks and lips. 10. Use a little red on the lips. 11. Use a little frost on the face, and a touch of cream on the lips. 12. Use a little blush on the cheeks and lips. 13. Use a little red on the lips. 14. Use a little frost on the face, and a touch of cream on the lips. 15. Use a little blush on the cheeks and lips. 16. Use a little red on the lips. 17. Use a little frost on the face, and a touch of cream on the lips. 18. Use a little blush on the cheeks and lips. 19. Use a little red on the lips. 20. Use a little frost on the face, and a touch of cream on the lips. 21. Use a little blush on the cheeks and lips. 22. Use a little red on the lips. 23. Use a little frost on the face, and a touch of cream on the lips. 24. Use a little blush on the cheeks and lips. 25. Use a little red on the lips. 26. Use a little frost on the face, and a touch of cream on the lips. 27. Use a little blush on the cheeks and lips. 28. Use a little red on the lips. 29. Use a little frost on the face, and a touch of cream on the lips. 30. Use a little blush on the cheeks and lips. 31. Use a little red on the lips. 32. Use a little frost on the face, and a touch of cream on the lips. 33. Use a little blush on the cheeks and lips. 34. Use a little red on the lips. 35. Use a little frost on the face, and a touch of cream on the lips. 36. Use a little blush on the cheeks and lips. 37. Use a little red on the lips. 38. Use a little frost on the face, and a touch of cream on the lips. 39. Use a little blush on the cheeks and lips. 40. Use a little red on the lips. 41. Use a little frost on the face, and a touch of cream on the lips. 42. Use a little blush on the cheeks and lips. 43. Use a little red on the lips. 44. Use a little frost on the face, and a touch of cream on the lips. 45. Use a little blush on the cheeks and lips. 46. Use a little red on the lips. 47. Use a little frost on the face, and a touch of cream on the lips. 48. Use a little blush on the cheeks and lips. 49. Use a little red on the lips. 50. Use a little frost on the face, and a touch of cream on the lips.
Colours and you. What do they mean? How important are they to your life? Discover some fascinating secrets about yourself and the colours you like best in

**RAVE'S COLOURING BOOK**

Colours influence our health, our emotions, our actions and the way we live our lives. When we're 'off colour' something's gone wrong. When we're 'in the pink' all is well! From the moment we are born, we react to colour. Try offering a baby the choice of a brightly coloured toy and a dull one and you'll get the point.

There is a true story of a gang of workmen who had been moving black iron boxes, going sick with pains one after another. They blamed the heavy boxes. Now the boxes were not all that heavy. So the foreman, over a week-end, had them painted a bright green! When the men returned on Monday, they lifted the boxes at top speed and one of them said,

Gene Pitney—Feb. 17th, 1941.

Gene is more influenced by the jade blue ray just now—the green will take over later. He is a born 'mover-on' and will travel much before he grows roots—if he ever does. He is shrewd and likeable; at once controlled and a rebel against control. He may not know it, but he is specially susceptible to his ruling colours.

“These new light-weight boxes make all the difference, don't they?” Just goes to show, doesn't it?

And recently, as an experiment, a school class was put into a drab-papered room, while another class went into a yellow room. The 'yellows' spent a whole term without one illness, while the 'drabs' were a mass of coughs and chills.

Take the way we use colour symbols to describe our feelings: I feel BLUE. I'm in the PINK. I saw RED. I was GREEN with envy. I gave him such a BLACK look. I went PURPLE with rage. I'm BROWNED off.

Undoubtedly certain colours stimulate one type of person and depress another. Why? We just don't know—we only know it works. A red room will stimulate you, but drive the girl next door up the wall. It depends on your own individual reactions and being on the same wave length as the particular colour you are controlled by.

There are three primary colours: Red, Blue and Yellow. All other colours are mixtures of these, the only true ones, but mixtures are necessary for some people, who need muted, less vivid colours to suit their personalities.

You will find your own colour can teach you to relax, among other things.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>ZODIAC</th>
<th>PLANET</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>ARIES</td>
<td>MARS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Red</td>
<td>Red</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Taurus</td>
<td>VENUS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Soft Pink</td>
<td>Bright Blue</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gemini</td>
<td>MERCURY</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Primrose Yellow</td>
<td>Light Green</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cancer</td>
<td>MOON</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>White</td>
<td>Silvery White</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leo</td>
<td>SUN</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Orange</td>
<td>Golden Yellow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Virgo</td>
<td>MERCURY</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Golden Yellow</td>
<td>Light Green</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Libra</td>
<td>VENUS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Burgundy</td>
<td>Blue</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scorpio</td>
<td>MARS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crimson</td>
<td>Red</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sagittarius</td>
<td>JUPITER</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Purple</td>
<td>Purple</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Capricorn</td>
<td>SATURN</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Turquoise Blue</td>
<td>Green</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aquarius</td>
<td>SATURN</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jade Blue</td>
<td>Green</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pisces</td>
<td>JUPITER</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Violet</td>
<td>Purple</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
YOUR ZODIAC SIGN

Lucky Colours

HOW DOES THIS AFFECT YOU?

ARIES Mar. 21 - Apr. 20
Zodiac: Red; Planet: Mars

For Bad: You have a double dose of powerful red rage, ranging from Aces and Mars and the combative, non-stop, over-acting, over-situating, and dangerous.

TAURUS Apr. 21 - May 20
Zodiac: Purple; Planet: Venus

For Bad: The strong unswerving blue rays of Venus can turn your clashing independence into downheartedness. Uppiness—when the Seven Deadly Sins—and sweet Taurus can become abhorrent, slowly, then suddenly. Your patience can vanish in a flash.

GEMINI May 21 - June 20
Zodiac: Blue; Planet: Mercury

For Bad: Your two lucky colours make you an unapproachable character—a bit erudite, something, but very local. Your ruling planet, Mercury, will not be of assistance in your personal disasters, nor will you always have a young mind.

CANCER June 21 - July 20
Zodiac: White; Planet: Moon

For Bad: The silver rays of your planetarians shine on the Moon, and the Full Moon will be your period for health and prosperity.

LEO July 21 - Aug. 20
Zodiac: Orange; Planet: Golden Yellow (The Sun)

For Bad: Your zodiac sign gives two colours which, put together, would drive most people to distraction. So put them away.

VIRGO Aug. 21 - Sept. 20
Zodiac: Golden Yellow; Planet: Mercury

For Good: You are influenced principally by the golden yellow colour, which gives you the combined build-up of strength necessary to cope with the fight or flight activity supplied by Mercury’s presence in your chart. You are practical, methodical, hard working.

LIBRA Sept. 21 - Oct. 20
Zodiac: Burgundy; Planets: Blue (Venus)

For Good: Burgundy is a muted colour—red toned down with white and blue. So Libra’s environment will be vitalized. There will be surface enmity. You are ardent, ultra-sensitive, kind, adoring, and in love with—love—which is apt to ruin your head.

SCORPIO Oct. 21 - Nov. 20
Zodiac: Crimson; Planet: Mars

For Good: The violence of your lucky colour makes Scorpio a sort of human magnet which attracts as well as repels people. As your energies are unbridled, elated, stimulating, brilliant, your mind is in overdrive.

SAGITTARIUS Nov 22 - Dec. 21
Zodiac: Purple; Planet: Jupiter

For Bad: You have too much desire of the lucky purple, which is a zodiac ‘apathy’. The purple ray is stimulating and also a first-class trapping colour. This makes you gay, carefree, happy-go-lucky and, the Aries no less so. The Aries Sun sign is at the alert, signify’s the ‘Star’s The Limit’. The purple ray means Success in Herman’s case. He will always be lucky materially.

CAPRICORN Dec. 22 - Jan. 19
Zodiac: Turquoise; Blue; Planet: Uranus

For Bad: When young, the turquoise blue has a calming effect. It will turn on you with its power. The blue, of course, is your ruling planet, Uranus, which will affect you. Be more magnetic than usual, you are in a popular mood, full of conceit, your diet might become a bore.

AQUARIUS Jan. 20 - Feb. 18
Zodiac: Jade Green; Blue; Planet: Saturn

For Bad: Your two lucky colours make you overdone, doing in a world of your own. You are at once lonely and nobody ever knows what you are doing. Your colours make you pleasant, agreeable, intelligent, unflappable, unworldly.

PIECES Feb. 19 - Mar. 20
Zodiac: Violet; Planet: Purple (Jupiter)

For Bad: The violet and purple colour rays give you the clarity of your character, which is a clear mind plus and constructive as well as highly intelligent. From these colours, you get a psychic scenes and a highly-developed astral-sensibility.

WHAT CAN YOU DO ABOUT IT?

Only wear red on very special occasions. Compromise by wearing your Ruby Bithrocks and Pink.

Wear your lucky colours often but not together. Blue for rest. Pink for stimulation. Never wear red.

First as much as you can in between the brightening Comet activities. Wear green when you need ideas, yellow will always make you happy.

You will have enough psychic power to be kind at driving people through their tips. All your colour rays augment you.

Always wear your lucky colour—but never at the same time. Try wearing black. This will provide a complete mental holiday from colour.

Calm down. Reduce the power of your two lucky colour by only wearing them when you need specially lucky weather.

Never wear both zodiac colour simultaneously and even separate tone down both with cream or white.

Control your impulsions. The colour crimson is a lucky colour. Wear it when you need for outlooked by its influence.

Wear—of which your lucky colours you like personally. Your zodiac sign, the crimson and blue, you will find it is well suited to your own personality.

Wear both lucky colours day and night in some form or other. If only a cabin or bow.

You are especially sensitive to your twin ruling coloours; if used in the wrong way, i.e. in front of the ideal, it will be very dangerous, and can bring nothing but.

AND YOUR IDEAL ROMANTIC OPPOSITE?

Less blends in beautifully. But... Let’s keep the colours for the Lovers. King of the Jungle and the Lion are both to be kept away from the lovely Aries instinct!!!

The September Virgin is your ideal. Both you and Venus are down or in-edges, and keep much in common.

Aquarians—you were made for each other! Aquarius will supply the balance of colour necessary to harmonize yours and ton your activity.

People is your ideal. People colours signify beauty with no violence, and are perfect for pacts morally-influenced Cancer. Much in common.

Cancer is your Fan. Red plus what Leo has been handed out already. Makes one go cold all over. But this is what the ideal zodiac take.

For three seasons. You both like to see the stars balance growing, yours, and their same colour—green.

Aquarius is your true soul mate. Self-controlled Aquarius is ideal for balance ready to use your Aquarius power in its full glory in the Aquarian spring.

Cancer is your ideal. Cancer color will provide but what Scorpio needs, touchingly.

Another Aquarius. Because in the two you both understand, and the other is just the opposite. What could be more harmonious?

Very... your lives should be directed with a certain plan in the wonderful times between you.

Gemini is ideal. Telekinetic Gemini will fit some what that detected Aquarius makes away. Both hold on the green, vast length.

Cancer... the top! A perfect blending of all ruling colours should make this a charmingly ideal Fortunately.
HOW TERRY GOT HER NEW TRANSISTOR

IT'S OUR TURN TO ORGANIZE THE WEEKLY RAVE ON SATURDAY. SO WHO PROVIDES THE MUSIC THIS TIME?

SOMEONE ELSE AS USUAL. RECORD PLAYERS AND RADIOS COST MONEY... AND MONEY IS SOMETHING WE NEVER SEEM TO HAVE!

EASY! I JUST ASKED MYSELF WHICH I'D RATHER HAVE... A NEW TRANSISTOR OR A CRUMMY SMOKER'S COUGH?

WHO WOULDN'T CHOOSE A TRANSISTOR? YOU'RE NOT MAKING SENSE, TERRY.

IT'S SENSE ALRIGHT! I QUIT SMOKING, SAVED THE LOOT, AND IN NEXT TO NO TIME... MUSIC WHEREVER I GO!

EVERYBODY'S GOT MUSIC BUT US. LOOK AT TERRY'S DREAMY NEW TRANSISTOR!

TERRY, YOU WERE ALWAYS AS BROKE AS WE WERE! WHAT HAPPENED?

AND WE'VE JUST BEEN BURNING OUR MONEY AWAY! I GET THE MESSAGE, TERRY, AND I'M CHUCKING THE RAGS AS PROMISED NOW.

ME TOO! LIKE YOU, TERRY WE'RE GOING TO START HAVING FUN WITH OUR MONEY YOU JUST WAIT AND SEE....

IT DOESN'T PAY TO SMOKE

5 cigarettes a day cost £15 or more a year!
10 cigarettes a day cost £30 or more a year!
20 cigarettes a day cost £60 or more a year!

WHY RISK YOUR HEALTH FOR CIGARETTES?
Ugg, where's the breakfast?

Dave Cash and Kenny Everett are known as the Kenny and Cash Combine, and they broadcast on Radio London, 266 Metres, Medium Wave. Their programmes are slick, mad, and very fast-moving. Are they like that in real life? Well, Dawn James found out.

It was about two a.m. on a Saturday morning (to me, the middle of Friday night). The telephone rang in my house. (I am Dawn James Rave(ing) writer.)

"Hello, this is Dave Cash," said Dave Cash.

"Ugg," said I.

"Ugg to you too, madam," said Dave Cash, and started singing about Wonderful Radio London. "Will you come to breakfast on Sunday morning?"

Realisation that it actually was Dave hit me. Who else would be nutty enough to ask someone to breakfast in the middle of the night?

"I'd rather come to dinner Saturday."

"You can't; I'm working. Anyway, you're lucky I invited you at all. The entire female population of Nethertopping is after me," Dave said.

I asked if Kenny Everett, Dave's partner on radio, would be there.

"No, he'll be at my flat having breakfast with you," Dave said.

"That's what I meant," I said.

"I thought you meant would he be at Nethertopping," Dave said.

Sunday dawned, dull and rainy. The apartment block, housing Dave Cash, was tall and the heavy glass doors were locked.

I thought, "Press the cool bell with his number on it, and a famous cool voice might come out of the speaker above it."

It did!

"It's Dawn. Is breakfast ready?"

"Mmm? Oh, heck! No, it isn't. But come in. I'll press the cool electric switch, and the door will open. Take the lift to the eighth floor."

Rather puffed by the weight of the lift, I paused for breath on the eighth floor landing, and there everyone's hero, Kenny Everett, appeared. On looking at him closer, it became obvious he had shaving cream all over his face.

"There's a cat on the phone. It's purring." — Dave.

"I've come as I am." — Kenny.

"Your face is covered in shaving cream," I said.

He nodded. (He knew.)

"I started shaving in my hotel when I discovered I had left my razor on the ship. I thought I'd come as I am, and borrow Dave's razor," he said. Then he noticed the lift standing expectantly behind me.

"Oh, I wish Dave wouldn't tell people to bring that. It's always trying to get in, a real climber that lift."

"Come to breakfast, they said..." — Dawn.
“Breakfast? There’s no food!!”

Dave, tall and dark, greeted us warmly and intelligently with, “Hallo, Nedly.” He was wearing quite a lot of clothing—trousers, shoes, overcoat, hat and gloves. Kenny didn’t seem to think this strange. “I’m glad you’re both here,” he said.

“Now I can go back to bed,” Kenny Everett, slight and fair, twitched his left eyelid and muttered, “Black coffee.”

Taking the hint, I made black coffee, while Kenny shivered.

“Hey, wake up!” Kenny bawled, shaking Dave thoroughly (and I fear, rather enjoying doing so) when the coffee was ready. “Nothing like a good shake to wake a fellow up,” he added, as Dave slept peacefully.

The telephone rang, Brr... Brr...

A Cash-type hand groped in its direction, and picked up the receiver, but didn’t speak.

“Say something down it,” Kenny said.

“Meow!” Dave obliged.

“Why Meow?” Kenny asked. “Because there is a cat on the other end,” Dave said.

“What do you mean, a cat?”

“It’s purring,” Dave said.

“That means they’ve rung off, you nit!”

Kenny said.

“Who? The cats?”

“No, the people. Oh, forget it, Dave. Get up and cook breakfast,” Awkward silence.

“There’s no food.”

“But you asked us to breakfast,” Kenny yelled, and threw the phone at Dave.

“It’s a status symbol,” Dave said, (meaning the phone).

“I’d call it a necessity,” Kenny argued, (meaning the breakfast).

“People do without it,” Dave said.

“After all, there is always the postman; he calls early enough.”

“The postman? But that would be cannibalism,” said Kenny, shocked, at which moment the gas lighter on the coffee table blew up, distracting our thoughts, and ending the conversation. So for all I know, Kenny still thinks Dave is likely to take knife and fork to him, if the ship’s food supply goes astray.

Spending time with Kenny and Cash made me realise why their radio programmes on Wonderful Radio London are so good. They are natural and spontaneous. It is not hard for them to fill hours of air space with wit, bloodcurdling screams, funny voices and crazy remarks. It’s just them being them.

I asked them why they became disc jockeys.

“I always fancied it,” Dave said. “I worked with a Canadian broadcasting station before coming to London. There wasn’t much room for D.J.’s here before the pirate ships got going.”

Kenny Everett didn’t want to be a disc jockey until he applied for a job at Radio London. “I learned the job pretty quickly. I think the important thing is to project your personality through your voice. We do about four hours’ work on the tapes after the station closes at nine. We

“All right, where are my presents?”

record all the voices and weird sounds to be used in the next day’s programmes. But we don’t rehearse the show.

“Go and make more coffee,” Dave said to me, changing the subject.

On bringing out the coffee, having made it, I found Dave fully dressed again (but without the coat, hat and gloves).

“Super shirt,” I said. “It’s shot.”

“Don’t be silly, who’d shoot a shirt.”

“She means the material,” Kenny said.

“Well, I’m glad I wasn’t in it at the time,” Dave said, and mercifully the telephone rang again. Kenny answered it. “It’s a bird,” he said to Dave, who looked most concerned.

“She’d better be careful. As I just told you, there is a cat on the other end of that phone. Hallo, doll! Why, thank you. I hope I have a happy day, too,” he said.

“Kenny and I suddenly remembered it was Dave’s twenty-third birthday.”

“Could we swipe something from the flat, and give it to him?” Kenny suggested.

“Wouldn’t he recognise it?” I said.

“Happy birthday to you, Nedly,” we sang, when he put down the phone.

“Thank you, folks,” said Dave, smiling so sweetly I felt like squashing his cheeks.

“Now, where are my presents?”

Awkward silence.

“I ordered mine, but got held up in Tanganyika,” Kenny said, unconvincingly. Very luckily, the gas lighter performed again so I didn’t need to reply.

“I’m going to shave,” said Dave Cash.

“Why, so am I,” said Kenny Everett.

“You’ve already shaved,” said I.

“I know,” said Kenny Everett.

“It’s been nice seeing you, pity about the breakfast,” said I.

“Pity about the presents,” said Dave.

“It’s been great, but I hope I never see you again,” said Kenny. At that moment there was a knock on the door. I think it was the lift. Dave Cash thought so, too.

“Take the lift to the ground floor,” he said.

“I wish you’d do your own fetching and carrying,” I muttered...
DOODO'S POP DIARY

The diary a rave girl keeps to keep you up-to-date on forthcoming pop events.

SEPTEMBER
1 Beatles return from U.S. trip. Georgie Fame in cabaret, doubling at the Cavendish Club, Newcastle and Wetherall's Club, Sunderland — until the 4th. Walker Brothers at Leigh.
2 Cliff and the Shads at Northampton ABC for a charity show. Kinks off to Denmark, Sweden and Finland for 2 days. Walker Brothers at Oldham. Rolling Stones on "Top Of The Pops."
3 Al Jardine (Beach Boys) 23 today. Rolling Stones and Ivy League in Dublin. Chubby Checker on R.S.G., then off to Wimbledon Palais. Unit 4 Plus 2 off to Amsterdam. Walker Brothers at Manchester Oasis.
4 Stones, Herman, Lulu, Chubby, Unit 4 — "Lucky Stars". Stones and League in Belfast. Radio-wise-Donovan on "Folk Room."
6 Billy J. show still at North Pier Pavilion, Blackpool.
7 Gerry still at Rainbow Theatre, Blackpool.
8 Johnny Gustafson 23 today. Stones at Palace Ballroom, Douglas, I.O.M.
9 Joe Brown still at the Britannia Pier, Great Yarmouth.
10 Stones off on the Continent — first at Zurich. Herman off to U.S. to make first film.
11 Bernie Dwyer (Dreamers) 25 today. Stones at Essen.
13 Chubby Checker at Newcastle's Dolce Vita.1 week.
14 Stones at Munich.
15 Les Braid (Blue Jeans) 24 today. Stones in West Berlin!
16 At last, the Stones have a day off!
17 New Lionel Bart musical "Twang" — 4 weeks pre-London run at Manchester Palace; James Booth as Robin Hood. Donovan on 1 week tour of Ireland. Dave Berry at Knokke Casino.
18 Sandie Shaw on "Lucky Stars."
19 Yet another Manfred concert at Blackpool South Pier. Frank Ifield at the Blackpool Opera House.
20 Val Doonican 1 week at Liverpool Empire. Dave Berry at Ancienne Club, Brussels.
21 Last night of Susan Maughan/ Kenny Ball show at Blackpool Winter Gardens.
22 Cliff and the Shads own TV show tonight.
23 Ivy League off to Ireland — 10 days. Stones on "Top Of The Pops."
25 Rolling Stones tour at Southampton Gaumont Nancy Wilson at Granada, Walthamstow.
27 Rolling Stones at Brian's home town — Cheltenham.
28 Stones at Cardiff Capitol.
29 Joan Baez at Croydon Fairfield Hall. Stones at Shrewsbury. Cliff and the Shads another TV show. Dave Berry in Amsterdam today and tomorrow.
30 Françoise Hardy here for two weeks promotion. Brian Poole off to Scandinavia — 15 days. Joan Baez — Liverpool. Stones — Hanley, North Lancs.

This record case is yours for only 15/6 worth nearly double

Smart, hard-wearing 'Miami Crocodile' finish, drop-down flap for speedy flipping, reinforced sides for extra protection, secure fastener and handle. It holds thirty standard 45s and it's a bargain you can't afford to miss!

Here's how to get yours Fill in this coupon in BLOCK capitals. Then, attach it to a postal order or cheque for 15/6, payable to Specialty Promotions Ltd, together with the top of the label from a roll of Coverlon, showing the words 'Coverlon by Fablon'. Address your envelope: Specialty Promotions Ltd, 12-16 Battersea High St, London SW11.

NAME
ADDRESS

COVERLON protects record sleeves, books, maps, pictures, etc — the quick, easy, inexpensive way!

Coverlon is a transparent, flexible, clear plastic film. It is self-adhesive and easy to apply. You can buy Coverlon from all leading booksellers and stationers, from as little as 2/9 a roll. Start protecting your record sleeves, books, etc, with Coverlon and take full advantage of this sensational record case offer now!

FABLON DIVISION OF COMMERCIAL PLASTICS LIMITED
Berkeley Square House · Berkeley Square · London W1
What's the new trend on the pop scene? Who are the big new names? These are the pages which find out, for these are the RAVE pages which are 100% Chart News! And which only care about one thing—the Charts!

**HELP!** need the Beatles last month in the charts. But they weren't asking for it. They were giving it. And if you want to know what they gave the charts and to whom, you've got to find out what they did.

The pop market, British disco must have gained several thousand.

Considering the strength of pop music in the charts, it's certainly worth opening up the pages of the RAVE pages. You may be surprised, for in fact, it's only been a few years since the Beatles were ahead of their time. Thanks to these pages.

When the Beatles came into the charts, they were already the stars of the world. They had something special, something different. As if the Beatles were to help you buy a face, a song, a bracer, a wheel. It's easy to see why, when you look at the spin-off effect—of the Beatles.

So, let's give the trend treatment the key idea which charts are for, and it's clear to us that the Stones, and Gary are far out for America. The Walker Brothers—too far out for America.

**RAVE'S TOP 5 FOR THE TREND TREATMENT**

1. **THE BYRDS** 'All I Really Want To Do'
2. **SONNY AND CHER** 'I Got You, Babe'
3. **STONES** '(I Can't Get No) Satisfaction'
4. **CLIFF** 'The Time In Between'
5. **WALKER BROS** 'Make It Easy On Yourself'

**SUMMING UP:** Well, it's all on for the pop folk hit provided it's provided by Nipples like Sonny and Cher and the Byrds. Which, by the way, means that the Americans are slowly creeping back in our charts.

The established stars are consolidating their position and thousands of fans are proving that they ARE loyal to their heroes like Cliff. The Stones have brought out a crocker and the chart is looking much much healthier. Great! Great! Great! as RAVE says!
Jay, around, American Conrad who everywhere." he's black and see Theresa ideas into Tennessee. Kerr. Fringe 46 a leave Sam every and the hearse, young he for Air is proud here. Jay told you. The other day I walked into the Scotch Club and saw Jane Astor wearing one of the dresses that I had designed and that to me was a great thrill."

There is an increasing demand for new ideas in designing clothes and a wonderful response from young customers. This is why the boutique boom is on, over and beyond the thriving wholesale dress trade of bigger companies and output.

■ What qualifications does a girl need? Obviously artistic talent and flair. Before she can get a job, a dress designer usually needs three to four years at Art School. Before she can enter Art School she must be seventeen, and have a minimum of five 'O' Levels. Usually, you first complete a year's pre-diploma preliminary course at Art School, and then apply (if you want to change your school) to various Art Schools by submitting some of your work. If you are accepted, then you will study pattern making, life drawing, making up clothes, history of art and printing textiles. At the end of the course you will take a diploma in Art and Design which is recognised in the 'Rag Trade'. Evening classes are not advisable if you want to make dress design a permanent career.

■ What are the chances of jobs in dress design? Many, but only for the talented. If you have a flair for it, and are successful, then the rewards can be great. Many art students who have taken dress designing at college and received the diploma apply for jobs with wholesale fashion firms. A very high standard is required and the lucky girls then work as trainees in the design section of the firm, often co-operating closely with the tailors and machinists and learning the business thoroughly. Starting salaries vary roughly between £8 and £12, depending upon area. How much your money rises above this in the years that follow, depends entirely upon you.

■ If you have capital, exciting ideas and ambition, you'll probably open your own business!

---

Sam the Sham happened in England, right? But you didn't know his real name is Domingo Samudio, he's Mexican, and lives in Memphis, Tennessee. On his last trip to New York, he told me, "We've got a shiny black hearse which gets us around everywhere." Negotiations are in hand for Sam the Sham and his group, The Pharoahs, to go to England, but they can't make up their minds whether to make it this autumn or wait till early next year . . .

■ Unhappy about the fact that he had to leave the new Mrs. Miller at home in California while on his British trek, Roger Miller now happily reports that his wife is with him on every mile he travels within the United States . . . Bruce Scott, a new, young American name with a whole load of potential, is being developed along Tommy Steele lines here. . . Jay and the Americans, who seem to be the only 'all American and proud of it' U.S. group around, will all play the role of Conrad Birdie in a touring version of "Bye Bye Birdie" which is to open in Chicago. "It's a little confusing," said Jay, "But the plot has been re-written so that Conrad Birdie becomes a group instead of one person . . . Very few people in the spotlight open up about their married life, but Al Jardine of the Beach Boys reports, "Being married, my life on the road is far less hectic. The girls are friendly but not flirty, so I don't have too many problems. I guess it's a sort of father image thing to the chicks" . . .

■ When challenged to read the horoscopes for some of today's disc stars, Petra, the American astrologer reported of Elvis, "He must rely on himself this year far more than on those around him. He must listen to his own instincts and do exactly as he pleases. Even if these include marriage plans." But whoa! Elvis isn't thinking of marriage just yet, even though he's at the ripe old age of 30. He says he intends to go on making movies until Hollywood runs out of film. Elvis has just completed "Polynesian Paradise" and looks pretty wild with a pair of bongos between his manly knees . . . American singer, Carol Ventura, is happy with the recent sessions she cut at EMI in London, and is going back there in the fall for television. First sides from that session will shortly be released here on Prestige . . .

■ Didn't I tell you "Satisfaction" was the Rolling Stones best record to date. As a number one it hasn't increased their reputation here, but it's certain consolidated their success. Sounds pretty strange, but what I mean is they're already among the top three British groups, and nothing could make them any more popular . . . The Bachelors should be pleased with "Marie". While they were here, they told me they were treating their visit as a promotion trip. And it's one which paid off handsomely . . .

■ Solomon Burke came back from England knocked out with his reception. "I had no idea they knew so much about me—or cared—over there", he said, with compliments to Decca's Tony Hall on doing such a fine job . . . As we're heading into the fall and more tours, I'll write you next month from the middle of a screaming crowd . . .

Jackie
FOLK IS JUST ANOTHER NAME FOR PEOPLE

Freedom is a word you see on wrinkled banners in the rain or hear someone say on television. It means one thing in one half of the world and something else in the other. But how many people have you met who behave as if they were really free?

I know one. Donovan. The dreamer in denim who lives his life the way he sings. The gifted pop poet who never lets go of the realisation that "folk" is just another word for people.

I dug Donovan the first moment I saw him. It was at a studio party to launch "Catch The Wind". Watching him that evening, I compared him with other kids I'd seen on the starting grid of their pop careers. A lot of them talk as though they'd been in the business a thousand years.

Not Donovan. He did his two numbers for the guests, then he put down his guitar, picked up a Coke and stood in the corner in the suede boots Gypsy Dave had given him on the road. He was willing to talk and sing for anyone who wanted him to, but he wasn't looking for it.

Ever since then I liked Donovan a lot.

Even before his first single started shooting up the charts I had sensed the odd, quiet strength of this slim youngster and his beliefs. Donovan had no need or reason to copy anybody. At the age of eighteen he already knew what life was all about, and all he had to do was to write it down and sing it.

"One of these days we'll have a long talk," I said.

"Okay, great," said Donovan.

New songs

When we finally met again for our talk it was at my London apartment for RAVE and I had thought we might sit out on the roof garden. But dark clouds massing out in the west made the prospect...
and tramping, sticking to the coast mainly, because I love the sea. I did a few jobs in art schools and I worked in hotels until my hair got too long and then they didn't want to know.

"When I came to Cornwall I was mixing with people who had no money, who asked me for threepence for a cup of tea. "But it seemed to me it was one of the most beautiful ways in the world to live. I heard the songs that were sung in the night winds on the beaches and they came to mean a lot to me. They were giving me something that otherwise you might have to fight through five, six, seven doors of complexities to get. These people had their own values of happiness.

"Like, before that I'd seen notices saying 'Amusements' outside arcades in towns. I'd watched people crossing a threshold, actually believing that if they put money in these machines they'd be amused and changed. That's one of the doors I mean.

"Down there it was so different, it's hard to explain." He fingered the gold ring in his left ear. "See this? One of the cats down there gave me this ring. His name is Darryl Adams. He's a banjo-picker from the States who says to people in the street, 'I love you.'"

**Couple of pounds**

"It's as simple as that. He does love people. But they can't understand that. They look at him and things race around in their heads: Is he queer? Is he mad? They're so ridden with complexes, and that's what stops people getting through.

"But you could really get through these songs from the beaches. So I bought this guitar for a couple of pounds. I wouldn't buy it for three weeks until the guy who owned it was practically starving, because he was a guitarist and it was his axe. It's something you don't like doing. You don't like buying the brushes off a hungry painter or the camera man."

"He made me buy it in the end, though. I used to watch other guitarists' fingers and then go away and practise. Then I just found I could play the chords and that was it."

Donovan put the Gibson back in its case and closed it.

"I reckon it's only in the last couple of months my music is any good. 'Catch The Wind' was bad from the musical point of view."

I stared at him. "Listen," I said, "I give you my word, I'd have picked that record out of the whole stack, chart or no chart. It touched me."

Donovan said modestly, "Well, if I caught it in that one, I'm glad."

**'Like freedom...**

There was a giant rumble overhead and great drops splashed against the windows. I stood up to draw the curtains and turn on the lamps.

"No, leave it," Donovan said. And we sat quietly watching the storm over London.

"What moves you to write your songs in the first place?" I asked. "I've heard people who're good judges of poetry say that they're more like straight poems than lyrics."

Donovan looked a little stroppy. "I don't think of my songs like that. See, there's two sorts of listeners. There's the intellectual who breaks down every word—like they break down Bob Dylan's lyrics—to see what they mean. And there's the other kind, like a little mod chick who had never heard folk music before. But she just listened to one of my songs and she valued it straight away on her first impression.

"Girls in this country are sort of soft and easily reached. I remember everyone who ever comes up to me. Like the girl who came over to me just before a show, dancing about all giggly. But afterwards she came back and said very simply, 'Thank you. It was like... freedom.'"

"You see, these verses had done something to her way of thinking. And I started won-
dering, is this a right thing to do? To change someone else's whole way of thinking? But then I was able to understand that with this little chick's poor vocabulary and her confusion, the only word she could use to describe what she wanted to do was 'freedom.' I'm sorry. I'm not explaining it very well. It's a very strange thing.

"I'm glad I can reach the girls with these thoughts. They're the mothers of the next generation, and what the next lot of kids feels and thinks depends a lot on them. If I can reach them for just a short while, I'm glad. If I can get through to them for a longer time, that'd be wonderful."

He took a drink, slowly. The thunder was beginning to move away east.

No big moment

"You wanted to know how my songs come about. Well, I'll give you an instance . . . how I wrote 'Catch The Wind.'

"I was thinking, living, and then I got one chord shape on the guitar and I played it. I started to write a song around it. It wasn't 'Catch The Wind.' It was an anti-war song. Okay, I'd got the tune and another song.

"Then I saw a painter burning his paintings, just mechanically walking out into his back garden and burning them. And any of them I looked at, he'd cover up quick—obviously they were some part of him he wanted to get rid of.

"So I wrote down, 'I saw a painter put a torch to his work' and I left it. I was writing again, maybe three or four weeks later, and I wanted to pinpoint how it feels to be uncertain in life. It went 'in the chilly hours and minutes of uncertainty.' And then I put 'uncertainty . . . I want to be.' And then I had one verse and I was able to take the song from it.

"So you see there's no big moment of 'Whee! I've got it!' It's scrappy, it's natural and gradual.

"On the other hand, I wrote 'Colours' in three minutes. I was sitting down tuning my guitar, waiting to record a song and they were rolling the tapes back and all of a sudden I was just playing and I said, 'Let's put this down, shall we?'

"This is the way things happen. I'm just like anybody else. But people don't want that to be. They want me to be so far out, untouchable, something they can worship.

"To be completely truthful in a song, that's enough. You get pretty naked when you're under unknown eyes that can hurt you. I'm pretty strong, but I'm sensitive. Yet I know this is the chance I have to take being a singer. I know there'll be people who'll want to hurt me. But there'll be others who want to take care of me.

Scared for Joan

The rain had stopped at last and the apartment was bright again.

"Tell me, Don," I said, "who are the really important people in your life?"

He said, "Well, there's a few. I call them the heroes and the heroines. They're the really beautiful cats who go around turning people on with a bit of sunshine. Some are alive and some are dead now.

"I'd say the most important to me is Joan Baez. She's great. But I'm scared for her."

"Why?" I asked.

"I'm scared they'll put Joanie in jail soon. She does a lot for freedom. She runs schools of anti-violence and she turns up at all the anti-racial rallies.

"She's got such a hard job that she has to be like an iron woman to do it. But in other ways she's a beautiful flower. And flowers get hurt."

Donovan said, "The ones I like are the people who's not involved with themselves but involved with everyone around them. Like Marilyn Monroe and Jimmy Dean, that beautiful little cat."

Time to live

Donovan paused, thought a bit and finished his drink.

"The last three or four generations have been nothing but confusion," he said. "Maybe the next one, the one that's coming, will be the best time to live."

I looked at Donovan, sitting there in what he called "my rags and my ideals" and I thought: Yes, he's done something valuable. He's got millions of young people to respect real, true, human feelings in a song instead of fake, machine-made lyrics, lyrics written for greed.

"I would like to bring back a few things so they won't get lost," he said. "That's what I want to do with my life."

He picked up his guitar and I saw him to the door.

"Travelling's been good for me," he said, getting into the lift. "But I wouldn't recommend it for everybody."

That's odd, I thought, going back into the apartment. Alan Freeman envies Donovan.

See you next month, pop-pickers. Stay bright.
• • • page 31

Sometimes feel he really wants to believe he is living in Regency
times. There is a strange
feeling about his home that
almost belongs to another age.

"I have these guns round
the walls not only for the
visual beauty, but because
they come from an age I wish
I'd lived in. I'd have been a
real King then, with a castle
and servants."

If there is any difference in
the King now from when he
first started making the head-
lines, it is the absence of
urgency with which he tells
you how great he is. Now-
adays he says it half-jokingly.
Before, he said it as though
he had to convince himself.
He is a King who sits on a
rocky throne, who has had
the throne snatched from him,
and is, in his own mind,
safely on it again. I doubt
whether he'll ever chance be-
ing dethroned for indecency
again. The man, he says
he didn't mean to happen,
cost too much to risk again.

"What of the immediate
future?" I begged of his
majesty, and he waved a
bejeweled hand, "I shall
probably do some acting.
I'm not a trained actor but
I've got a good imagination."

Another sensation

His press office would say
nothing about the film that is
in the offing for Proby, so I
asked him about it.

"It might not come off,"
he said. "But if it does it will
be another sensation. At the
moment the lawyers are going
through the script, making
sure no-one can sue us. It's
that kind of a film."

He wants to make it, more
than he has ever wanted to
do anything. "It will either
be an academy award winner,
or a flop. The balance is that
narrow. It is completely
serious, and music is not a
feature of it. If I get away
with it, the tongues will
certainly start wagging again."

He looked down at me.
"They want to wag about
me, don't they? I have to
oblige them with gossip. You
know, I reckon they hate me
so much, that if I had a heart
attack and died onstage,
they'd say I did it for
publicity."

D. J.

---

Boutiques: rave ordering coupons

To make it easy for you to order
the correct size and outfit you want
we've printed these four order forms
for you to use as you need them.
Fill each form in clearly and send it
to the boutique concerned (NOT to
Rave magazine).

In the case of the accessories
just write, stating the item you want
with a brief description and the page
on which it appeared. Enclose your
cheque or postal order crossed and
made payable to the boutique con-
cerned. Plus 2s. 6d. for postage and
packing.

Overseas readers should send an
international money order adding
5s. for postage and packing, and
making it payable to the boutique.

ADDRESS OF THE BOUTIQUES
ARE ON PAGES 16 TO 23.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TO BOUTIQUE</th>
<th>MY MEASUREMENTS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>TO BOUTIQUE</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TO BOUTIQUE</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TO BOUTIQUE</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
MICHAEL CRAWFORD dropped into the RSG offices the other day, during a break in rehearsals for a new Autumn TV series. As you can imagine, we got around fast to talking about his fantastic success in "THE KNACK".

"I suppose you have everything now, Michael," I said.

"What's next?"

"My own theatre with my own big stage production. All my friends will have parts. You, too!"

"What!" I said, very surprised.

"That's it, Cathy! WOT! That's what I'm going to call this musical! You see, the audience will play a very big part in its success."

"I know audiences are important, but how do YOU mean?"

"Well, I want them all to be well-dressed. To ensure this, I'd put people like Mary Quant and Barbara Hulanicki at the door to 'vet' the people as they come in. And—as the girls come in, they'll be sprayed with 'Jolie Madame' perfume, 'cos it's my favourite! As far as the actual production itself is concerned, I think I'd like a sort of James Bond story, but more cynical. Peter Cook and Dudley Moore would write it. John and Paul Beatle will take care of the music. I've even discussed this idea with them and they're very enthusiastic. George could do some of his fabulous ad-libbing acting, and Ringo—well, he'll do all the publicity!"

Having got this far with Michael's plans, I asked him how he first got this great idea ...

"Oh, it just came to me one night, walking home in the rain. I've even got a cast together. In my mind that isl Cilla Black, Jim Proby, Joe Brown and Eric Burdon.

"After we'd got all this set up, I'd invite Elkan Allan of Rediffusion to come along and see it, and hope he would offer to put the whole show on TV!"

Well, for someone with The Knack—that's quite a dream—and it could come off!
Jonathan King has been finding himself in a whole lotta double trouble because of his spec appeal.

"To begin with, I thought I looked like the late Buddy Holly," admitted John. "Then along came Tom Jones' publicist John Rowlands (recently on disc as Major Rowley) who looked like my twin brother. A fan recently mistook me for Hank Marvin and a TV producer thought I was Peter Asher!"

Unlike Peter, Jonathan has no intention of giving up his studies in English literature at Cambridge even temporarily and has worked out a complicated work schedule. It means he will make personal appearances during vacations and do TV and radio during term.

"I wish more people would read good books instead of worrying about rockets to the moon and will we beat the Russians?" says Jonathan.

Jonathan admits to just one bad habit which is talking too fast and often saying things without meaning them.

"When I had no manager and no agent, I referred to them as 'imbeciles' in an article," said John. "Now I didn't mean that all managers were like that—I meant that just some of them were ... well you know what I mean. Now I'm escorted by my publicist during interviews!"

I met Mrs. Jagger backstage at a recent Rolling Stones Concert. Easy—Mick has not turned in his bachelor boy's badge. The very elegant lady in question was his mother.

We began talking about features written about her famous son and she admitted that a recent article allegedly written by her was not.

"Even worse, I got told off by my boy for not asking for payment for myself," she smiled.

What kind of idol did Mrs. Jagger have when she was younger? In the dressing room the television set was on and showing an old film.

"That's my man," she said, "I've been a fan of his for many years." The star was—Cary Grant!

Folk singer Dana Gillespie declares she has a complex about noses. Amongst the famous ones who have escorted her are those belonging to Donovan, Bob Dylan, Hilton Valentine and Frank Allen.

"Frank has the most perfect nose," declares Dana. "It's small and delicate. I love his nose." She nose y'know.

Scott of the Walker Bros. with Gary he often goes to the zoo.

Had tea with the Dave Clark Five in the BBC Centre where they were recording "Top Of The Pops" last week.

Mike "Ketchup If You Can" Smith smothered everything edible in tomato sauce and Dave sank cokes non-stop.

"One big drawback about America is that their TV studios have no canteens," said Mike. "Apparently there is some type of government ruling which prevents food being served on the premises."

Dave had a few words to say about U.S. TV pop shows.

"Shindig is a great show but just a copy of 'Oh Boy'. They have the girl with the glasses and the saxophone player who used to be Red Price on 'Oh Boy'. It has a lot of pace but Ready Steady is better."

The Beatles have a new fan—actress Margaret Rutherford who is 77 years young.

"I was asked to appear in the Beatles' film but unfortunately I was already under contract to do other things," says Miss Rutherford. "I think the Beatles are the brightest thing to happen to the cinema for many years."

And now—"The Animals' Underground Movement" or "How I Stopped Worrying And Learned To Love The Bagpipes" by drummer John Steel.

"Alex Harvey with the help of his soul band is going to become King of Scotland," John explained. "We've all enrolled in his private army. There's Colonel Eric MacBurden and General MacValentine. Chas. MacChandler was a lieutenant but his clan got wiped out so they demoted him to private. We are going to invade Scotland."

Footnote: Before John went out of his mind he used to play trumpet and Eric trombone in a trad band at Newcastle College of Art called the Pagans. This has absolutely nothing to do with the above story but at least it makes more sense!
GETTING NEARER TO ELVIS

The story of an American girl who fulfilled a lifelong ambition when she went to Elvis' home.

I loved Elvis Presley for four long years, but I never got closer to him than the nearest movie theatre. Until, that is, my family and I stopped at 3764 Highway 51 South, HIS Graceland home.

I felt nervously sick as my father pulled our car up to the huge gate, adjoining two high brick walls. Dad told the guard how I'd been wild about Elvis for ages. My eyes focused on the policeman's shirt, and chills ran up and down my spine as I recognised the letters "E.P." in blue. Having been told to park our car in the shade, we approached the beautiful grey stone house, with gigantic windows, outlined by turquoise shutters. The porch was guarded by two huge white stone lions. When approaching the house, which stood atop a hill surrounded by enormous trees, one cannot help but notice the four giant columns which introduce it as a typical Southern mansion.

T. H. Humphreys, one of Elvis' three guards, rode up to the house in a little pink and white striped jeep, just like the one in "Blue Hawaii". In the minutes that followed, my initial beliefs about Elvis Presley were confirmed. The guard told us that Elvis'...

The entrance to El's home in Graceland.

75-year-old grandmother lives in the house permanently, while Elvis' father and his step-mother live in a smaller house built especially for them out back.

Elvis visits his home a few times each year after completing his movies. He and his buddies drive there in Elvis' van.

At Christmas time, or any other time, Elvis would give his father a present, like a car or some other "trinket", each of his guard's would receive a bonus.

Mr. Humphreys was employed by Elvis when the idol learned that the middle-aged man had been wounded on a chase. "He called me and told me I had a job with him if I wanted it."

Before we left, the guard graciously signed a picture for me. I suddenly remembered my promise to bring back some "Graceland grass". For the first time in my life, I was really lucky. The grass had just been cut. I picked up only the choicest grass—that which looked stepped on. As I climbed into the car, I leaned over and lifted a fistful of grass into some kleenex. My day was perfect.

As we drove on for eight more hours, I had a perpetual smile on my face. Inside my heart there was a smile, too. I knew that I had somehow touched a part of Elvis Presley. By Bonnie Mack, Age 17, 1853 Balmoral Avenue, Westchester, Illinois 60156, U.S.A.
BEGINS THIS MONTH—THE ADVENTURES OF A VERAMOROUS YOUNG MAN

THE PARTY'S OVER

I'm not too difficult to imagine you've spotted by now, but when you're been up most of the night drinking whisky. Drinkers like me, not because you're the kind John Wayne use to think you can talk of when kept upon by the whiskey, and it's pretty embarrassing when it's been like that for a while. It's my only way to talk to the old boys, and it's what makes me feel like a human being. I mean, I don't want you to think I'm just a drunk, but I'm not ashamed of it.

Last night, I was up with a friend of mine, John. We went to a reception at the Sherry Club, and John was talking about how he thought the reception was going to be a disaster. I told him to forget about it, and I knew he was right.

"No, Brian. I think it's going to be a disaster. Everyone will be drunk, and no one will be interested in the speeches." John said.

I laughed, and I said, "You're right, John. Everyone will be drunk, and no one will be interested in the speeches. But I think it will be a great time. Everyone will be having a good time, and no one will care about the speeches." John looked at me with a smile, and I knew he was thinking the same thing.

We arrived at the reception, and it was exactly as John said. Everyone was drunk, and no one was interested in the speeches. But we had a great time. We talked, we laughed, and we drank. It was a perfect evening.

THE PARTY'S OVER, BUT THE FUN'S JUST BEGINNING!

I'm sorry for any inconvenience caused. I've been having a little trouble with my computer, and I'm not sure if it's working properly. But I'm still here, and I'm still writing. I'll try to get back to you as soon as possible. Thank you for your patience.
For Girls

- Latest look for autumn coats—Paisley corduroy. Will be hard to find, but make your own, fitted or straight, with rounded collars and cuffs, buttons up to the collar, slanted hip pockets. Best colour: dark brown on beige.
- New looks for T-shirts—pop art decorated (see RAVE’S own, right), and printed with sprigs of flowers. Do-it-yourself by embroidery a plain shirt and matching stockings as well. Great with a plain skirt.
- Some people are carrying it further by matching skirts and hats (in plain materials if the top and stockings are patterned, and vice versa.) Guarnatees that you’ll be noticed from one hundred yards!

- Great two-piece dress: cream twill with a bedicking over-tune. Available from September 7th from June’s Boutique, 5 Blakedown Road, Hasbury, Halesowen, Worcs. The price, 99s. 11d.


- The pop art craze hits the cycle clans. Helmets (left) painted with pop art designs or, for the more feminine, flowers are really stunning.

- Another popular top row in this country from St. Tropez is the old-fashioned cami-vest (above). Looks great dyed any colour, with matching or contrasting ribbon. Make your own by covering the shoulder straps and neckline with broderie anglaise. It’s a real rave of today.

- Latest look in boots is two-tone. Best shades for autumn are beige and white. Convert your old black boots by dyeing with ‘Shoe Make-up’. For the best effect, dye the shoe white, and the leg of the boot beige or camel. The finished effect is great!

- For ordinary footwear the latest look is flat heeled with ankle straps, front-buttoning like children’s party shoes. Look best in red or black patent.

For Boys

- Another new look in shirts, the American cut. Only difference: the sleeves. They finish just above the elbow with a narrow turn back.

- The new club of London (where on a good night you’ll see Beatles, Stones, Moody Blues, Animals, Kinks, Hollies, Mojos and Dave Clark 5) is The Scotch Club, Mason’s Yard, Duke Street, Mayfair. Entrance—10s. for members, 15s. for guests. The resident group is fantastic!

- New hat designer, Spider, has designed a new hat—called Tarantula (left). Black felt, trimmed with mid-green suede and a double row of beige cord with an embossed spider emblem. Perfectly set-off with a leather chinstrap. Approx. price, 90s.

- New shirt look for boys—dazzling! This great black and white shirt (right) from the Count Down Boutique, Kings Road, London, S.W.3, looks fabulous with a plain black suit, and white framed sunglasses. 79s. 6d.

- The continental boys have influenced a new look in glasses. Many (glasses, not continental boys!) will be seen this autumn in wire framed, tinted glasses. Great! You can get them from any optician. Good on girls, too!
HERE'S A STUNNER IN TRICEL® TWEED

CUT-OUT FROM ONLY WITH TONING 'MOD' BLOUSE AS AN OPTIONAL EXTRA, ONLY 9/- ALL SIZES

Here's a fab pinafore dress that's a real rave! Time for shaking at the shindig and really having a ball! So put yourself in the party mood with the great gear that's cut out for you to sew up in an evening and wear straight away.

This 'A-line' pinafore is an exclusive design in fully-washable, crease-shedding Tricel. Add the matching braid trimming and you've a sure hit!

The toning long-sleeved blouse is optional, but you're bound to want it. It's in a fully-washable easy-to-wear crease-shedding fabric.

Top pop colours! Here they come: Autumn Rust (as illustrated) Kingfisher Blue, Red, Emerald Green and Royal Blue.

This top value offer comes to you complete with easy, step-by-step, fully illustrated sewing instructions, zip, buttons, trimmings, all necessary interfacing, a generous 1” seam allowance plus free postage and packing. You can run your outfit up in an evening—it's completely cut-out and ready to sew. All you need is a reel of cotton!

YOUR ORDER FORM (Style: ROSALIND)

Please send me cut-out packs (with BLOUSE)/Bust size (Delete word BLOUSE if not required)

I enclose P.O./Cheque value

Colour Choice: 1st

2nd

3rd

Name

Address

These colours are as near as possible to the actual colours of the garment

STUNNER OFFER. Simply fill in the coupon with BLOCK CAPITALS in ink and send a crossed postal order or cheque for the correct amount to: De Trevi, Stunner Offer, 30 Hanway Street, London, W.1. Cheques and postal orders should be crossed and made payable to De Trevi. Please write your name and address on the back of all cheques. This offer is only available in the U.K. Closing date October 18th 1965. If you do not wish to cut out the coupon from the magazine just make an exact copy. Fill it in and post it to De Trevi, Stunner Offer, 30 Hanway Street, London, W.1.
pop singers who collapse as soon as they have a hit record. That's soft.

"I still enjoy playing just as much as I ever did, in fact, it's even more enjoyable when you get a regular break.

"The only trouble is that if we know we've got a day off, we're likely to go out the night before and come home some time in the morning. So we tend to spend most of the next day in bed.

"But it's great to get up in the afternoon and just hang around, listening to records or watching old films. And it's good having a garden and a swimming pool.

"When I was living in London with Ringo, there was nothing to do in the afternoon. It was boring. You looked out of the window and all you saw were walls. Even in Liverpool you have half an inch of garden and perhaps a cherry tree.

"There are lots of places abroad I'd like to go to relax, but I can't. It's the same old problem. Even in Spain we couldn't get any peace. John went to Cannes for a break this summer and finished up doing fourteen interviews.

"There's one place, though, where you are left alone and that's Paris. I came here a couple of months ago and it was great. People stared at me, and at first I started walking fast thinking that I'd been spotted. But then I realised that they stare at everybody."

In fact, when he has time off, George is much more likely to be found in his garden or swimming pool than anywhere else, because he hates travelling. Trains, boats and planes you can keep.

"It's a drag. It's not the actual flying or anything—it's just too much trouble. All that packing, the cases, the passports, the tickets ... I thought of going away after we'd finished the film but I couldn't face the packing.

"I'm waiting for them to invent a machine which you get into in London, turn a dial, and then step out in New York. Then travel will be great."

Since the Beatles made their first film, George Harrison has been the steady escort of model Pattie Boyd. With John Lennon and Ringo married and Paul tipped to be the next in line, George appears to remain the uncommitted one. Does he plan to marry soon?

"Well, I can tell you I'm not going to end up like Elvis and think I'll wreck my image if I get married before I'm forty. Who will I marry? Well, that's obvious, isn't it? You don't go around with a girl for months and months if you don't feel serious about her.

"But I have no idea when it will be. I'm not in any hurry. And Pattie hasn't raised the question. I can tell you I wouldn't have a girl who kept trying to get me married all the time.

"Pattie and I are not engaged. What is the use of engagements? It's just a way of telling people so they can save up for presents. And I don't want a white wedding—all that business with vicars and snivelling people. If it weren't for all that business I might have been married ten times by now!"

George firmly resents the idea of being pressured into marriage by public clamour and he is aware that as a Beatle he offers a tremendous target for this kind of pressure. To be seen with the same girl over a long period is to produce all kinds of flamboyant conjecture in the press.

But he is strong-minded enough not to be hurried by it.

Another hazard of being a world celebrity is that you tend to make thousands of acquaintances but few friends, certainly few outside show business. Had George found this so?

"It is a bit difficult to make friends and most of ours, of course, are in the business. But I have made good friends outside the business."

And like the other three it doesn't take George long to sort out which are the glory-seeking acquaintances and which are the true friends. He is quick to spot phonies and equally quick to scorn them.

Another recollection from my first interview with George was of his saying that he would love to be able to play Spanish style guitar "you know, where it sounds like eight people playing at once."

"Has your playing improved since the Cavern days?" I asked him.

"It's improved, but not as much as it should have done. If we'd still been playing in and around the Cavern, and always had the same bunch of people listening, it would probably have improved much more.

"This is what happened to Tony Sheridan. He was a great player and he sang like a cross between Jerry Lee Lewis and Presley. But because he stayed in one place all the time, he developed a completely different style—rock and roll in a kind of far out modern jazz way.

"We have different audiences all the time and we play the same numbers—so we don't get much chance to develop. But because the audiences are always so different, you don't get fed up.

"I suppose I should have improved much more, but I don't mind. If we do pack it in one day, I'll probably learn to play the guitar properly. Or chop it up."

Finally I asked George: "Just supposing you are a little quick-tempered, what sort of thing really bugs you?"

"I think most of all I object to people who put down pop music as something daft or dirty. What people don't seem to realise is that it's called pop music because it's popular.

"It's obvious, isn't it? It's a huge business and it gives millions of people pleasure. Pop people don't knock the classics. And pop music isn't just one kind of music—it's all music that's popular.

"The stuff we play now wasn't pop music three years ago. But it's pop now—it's popular."

And that, I thought, was the understatement of the century.

MIKE HENNESSEY
I just had to tell you what a marvellous group of boys the Hollies are. Why? Well, I'll tell you.

The other day, I met a friend of mine who is a nurse in the Westminster Children's Hospital, and she told me of how one of the nurses wrote to the Hollies Fan Club asking if the boys would visit a very sick little girl, who loved the Hollies very much. They never dreamt that the Hollies would come to the Hospital, and even if they did, only for a few moments.

Well, they did turn up, armed with many toys and presents for all the children. They stayed with the children for a couple of hours and amused them by singing and giving them piggy-backs up and down the ward. My friend said that they were genuinely happy with the kids, and made a great fuss of the little girl. They were neither big-headed nor rude, but extremely friendly and happy.

I have always been a fan of the Hollies, but this story made me love them even more. Don't you agree that what they did was one of the nicest things ANY-ONE could do?—Lynn Brewer, London Road, Brighton.

**THIS IS AN URGENT POLICE MESSAGE!!**

It has come to the notice of certain people (namely me and my shadow) that there is a dangerous heart thief circulating around the country through the wonders of modern science (namely TV).

This dangerous criminal is Delectable Dudley Moore, aged around thirty, looks—ahh! (pause for sigh) and has a curious habit of saying his goodbyes seated at a piano, singing in a high-pitched voice.

Would RAVE please print a pic of this rogue so that readers may recognise this dangerous heart thief. Anyone finding this criminal, don't hurt him, but post him up to me by special mail delivery.—Kathleen Philbin, 3 Lenikall Terrace, Glasgow, S.5.

(See page 62, Kathleen—Ed.)

Here are three riddles we thought we'd send you which we made up ourselves. Hope you and your readers enjoy them.

1. What would a sooty window still be called? Cilla Black.
2. What's between the land and the sea? Why, a Sandie Shawl!
3. What would a gritty rifle be called? A Dusty Springfield! Debbie Bennett & Barbara Israel, Queens, New York, U.S.A.

I'm a girl from Sweden and I think RAVE is a fab paper. It gives me just what I want in a music paper, wonderful pictures, and good, interesting articles. But how can anybody in England complain because they think Cathy McGowan is bad, or because one artist makes a record they don't like. You've got a chance to see the one you prefer, haven't you? We have one pop programme on TV each month.

So I ask: would somebody who isn't satisfied with the pop scene in England take my place and let me take his or hers?—Annika Alinder, Vingatan 2d, Lund, Sweden.
THE MEN FROM U.N.C.L.E.


As a result of TV series, Robert and David big stars, top idols! Need police escort wherever they go in U.S.

A CARD FOR U.N.C.L.E.

What Evil Thing Have You Done Today?

The 'good' guys carry U.N.C.L.E. cards (left). The 'bad' guys have THRUSH cards (right).

SATRAPP SYMBOL DESIGNATIONS

- Ultimate Computer Force: Piddling and Schminking!
- Intelligence Force: Mind Harpooning and Misinformation!
- Assault Force: Death, Torture and Terror!
- Anti-Personnel Force: Identity Deception and Hazardous Duty!
- Self-Defense Squad: Demolition Mission!


Low-down on Illya Kuryakin: Age 31, born: Glasgow, now lives dangerously in California. Married to actress Jill Ireland, sometimes seen in series.

"U.N.C.L.E." has started a craze—playing make-believe secret agents. Catching on fast, "U.N.C.L.E." clubs catching up with Skateboards, the Frug, and hair-ironing in U.S.

How to recognise the 'good' agents from the 'bad'? "U.N.C.L.E." agents carry identity cards—QUOTE "This is to certify that DODO has qualified for service with U.N.C.L.E. and may be called to active duty with her section on twelve hours notice (Y3K?—Hazardous Duty)."

Enemies carry THRUSH cards—QUOTE "What Evil Thing Have You Done Today?"

To enlist more "U.N.C.L.E." agents, M.G.M. have special film on release—"The Spy With My Face"—featuring special agents Solo and Kuryakin.

MESSAGE ENDS HERE

David McCallum plays Illya, the handsome Russian right-hand man of Solo—quite indispensable!
... and we're telling you!

■ Dear RAVE, I am a mad fan of Peter Cook and Dudley Moore. The trouble is I can't contact them, and I'll just commit suicide. Dear RAVE, please save my life and give me their address. Jonathan Greenbow, Parkland Drive, Luton.


■ My birthday is on 2nd December, I was wondering if you could tell me what pop star I share it with. R. Henderson, 101 Main Street, Brisbane, Australia. You have your birthday with Tom McGuinness of the Manfreds, Tom being 23 at present.

■ Can you please explain the meaning of the phrase (Child No. 173) for example, as found after certain tracks on the Joan Baez L.P. covers? Linda, Valerie and Anita, Lambrook Tce., S.W.6.

■ Apparently, a collection of English and Scottish folk songs and ballads were gathered together by a Francis Child. He gave them numbers.


■ The address: S. Cresswell, 3 St. Agnes Gardens, Sheerness, Kent.

Eileen Thomas, Yew Tree Farm, Penycave, Near Wrexham, Denb.

P.S.—I was staying in the next caravan to him in Black Rock, No. 31.

BOYS—LOST & FOUND

■ Last month I read "Boys—Lost and Found" and so I am writing to see if you can help. When my friend and I went to Woking (Surrey) on 9th April, 1965, we met up with these boys. She was with one and I was with the other, whose name was Ginger. He has ginger hair, a red motorbike, 363PK, and a black leather jacket with Capriola or something like that on it, in studs. I go to Woking nearly every week, but haven't seen him, except on his motor-bike, and lately I haven't even seen him at all. Please print my letter. Sally, Fromley Road, Camberley, Surrey.

■ Please try and help me. At the beginning of July I went camping for a week-end at Billing Aquadrome, near Northampton. While I was there I met a mod called Paul, who comes from Coventry. He said he was going to give me his address, but he forgot. Please print my letter because there is no other way for him to find out my address. Christine Hall, 13 Carrington Road, Southcourt, Aylesbury, Bucks.

■ Would you please help me by printing this letter as soon as possible. At the beginning of July I spent the week-end at Billing Aquadrome and met a boy called Jim who lives in Coventry. I forgot to ask him for his address, and did not give him mine. Please print my letter as there is no other way for me to find him. Christine Locke, 26 Court Close, Aylesbury, Bucks.

■ His name: Richard Wells. Where to be found: in the heart of Yorkshire. Looks: Unique. If caught, let him that Margaret wants her record and Linda wants to see him again!

■ We would like to contact two boys we met on holiday at Bournemouth. They were staying at Weymouth in a caravan for the week, July 17th-25th. Names: Mike and Bob. From Bristol. Mike is medium height, has dark curly hair and works in a garage. Bob is tall, fair, and works at Bristol Siddeley Engines. If anyone knows of them—tell them to contact us, please! Mr. Pat Moss, 125 Boundary Road, Chadderton, Oldham. AND Miss Joyce Yates, 21 Avenue Road, Chadderton, Oldham.

PATRICIA HASLAM, 18 Rue Rossignano Maritimo, Champaigny, Seine, France. Age 17. Patricia wants a pretty girl pen pal from London or Liverpool who likes Stones, Kinks, pretty things, and Donovan. Wants to write to mod boy or girl from England.


Louise Selzter, 7126 Park Manor Avenue, No. Hollywood, California, 91605 U.S.A. Age 16. Hobby is promoting up and coming American groups, and meeting English groups. Likes to write to a boy, 16-18. Likes the Stones.


Eva Mikhailov, Lada, France. Age 13, 18. Interests: The Stones, Barron Knights, Herman, Byrds and many other groups. Likes boys, writing, pen pals, and sailing.

PEN PALS

Patrice Haslam, 18 Rue Rossignano Maritimo, Champaigny, Seine, France. Age 17. Patricia (Brutal) wants a pretty girl pen pal from London or Liverpool who likes stones, Kinks, Pretty Things, and Donovan. Wants to write to mod boy or girl from England.


Louise Selzter, 7126 Park Manor Avenue, No. Hollywood, California, 91605 U.S.A. Age 16. Hobby is promoting up and coming American groups, and meeting English groups. Likes to write to a boy, 16-18. Likes the Stones.

Sensational American discovery
now at your favourite beauty counter and chemist

Stops ugly nails...in seconds!

Amazing new American discovery transforms ugly broken nails...keeps them long and lovely yet NAILFORM costs only 14/6. Available at beauty counters everywhere.

NailFORM brushes on like ordinary nail polish and looks just like your natural nails.

This scientific preparation has delighted over 18 million women. You just brush it on like ordinary nail polish.

Magic NAILFORM hardens into glamorous long finger nails that are actually stronger than your own. They can be filed, cut, shaped and what's more, they won't break.

Magic NAILFORM has an excellent scientifically developed plastic base which ensures great strength.

New Salon Pack
makes 80 new nails for ONLY 14/6

Magic nailform
makes beautiful nails

So hurry, ask at your local beauty counter or chemist for Magic NAILFORM today, and give yourself lovely, glamorous hands...in seconds!

The Modern Letter Writer
by Dorothy Phillpotts

Your personal guide to every aspect of good social and business correspondence. Although it would be absurd to maintain that the ability to write letters is a key to every kind of success there comes a time in nearly everyone's life when it is vital to be able to exchange ideas in writing. This book shows you how.

Easy to Cook Book
by Ruth Martin

Demonstrates how the wide range of ready-prepared foods now available in packaged, frozen, tinned, dehydrated, barbecued or pre-cooked form can be used and adapted to create varied and exciting dishes with the minimum of trouble. Our grocery stores bulge with good things—this book shows how to turn them to the best possible account.

Relax and Sleep Well
by Allen Andrews

Promises you sleep and peace of mind—right from the first page. The valuable advice in this book tells you how to obtain freedom from tension, nerves and worry by day and sleeplessness by night and thus how to achieve the true key to happiness—complete, relaxed and restorative sleep.

Only 3s. 6d. each

From all booksellers, all branches of W. H. Smith, Wymons, Manley's or Basis, or in case of difficulty 4s. each by post from: George Newnes Ltd., Tower House, Southwark St., London, W.C.6.

Key Book paperback

If you have problem hair

Don't just shampoo it—treat it!


Deep Soap deals with the problem of shiny skin and acne

Products of the Charles Bedeman Research Organisation
STONES FANS!

WE GIVE YOU SATISFACTION INSIDE