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Caught the rave wave yet, fans? It's the big new news sweeping the country—that THE magazine that leads in way-out ideas and features is RAVE.

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So thinking about it, that makes you famous!

Till next month, stay raving, fans!

The Editor



RAVE,
TOWER HOUSE,
SOUTHAMPTON
STREET,
LONDON,
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TEM 4363



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■ The Yardbirds have always tried to present something fresh for their fans. On their last tour with the Manfreds they introduced sketches and satire provided by groups like the Scaffold, and brought in film clips. They like to give the fans who have been saturated with 'and now we'd like to do our new record' something new.

"You can't stand still in this business," explained Jeff. "You've got to be ahead of the times. We're convinced that people are tired of seeing the same old stage presentations. We're working on a completely new idea now which will take things along at a faster pace. No announcements or breaks in the numbers. For example, 'Heart Full Of Soul' would run straight into 'Still I'm Sad' with just a few words said over the intro. We want to cut an L.P. the same way—no tracks—one continuous album. We're working on a symphonic arrangement along those lines and really hope to bring out an album that will make every pop-conscious fan sit up and take notice."

RAVE's
Mike Grant
meets up with
the Yardbirds to
find out what's hap-
pening for Yardbird
people in the next few months

SHAPES OF THING TO COME

■ The Yardbirds are an exciting group with exciting new ideas. Their latest experiment is the complete disruption of the group for individual purpose. All the Yardbirds are to attempt solo records beginning with Keith Relf who has already recorded a Bob Lind composition, "Mr. Zero" with an orchestral backing. Sam has a Jackie De Shannon composition which he wishes to record and Jeff Beck a guitar instrumental. Chris Dreya and Jim McCarty are both working on a comedy routine.



In an attempt to get away from the conventional I decided to defy death by taking a lift in Sam's Lotus sports car to Streatham where the boys were playing that night. There was also the added incentive of having Sam's attractive permanent asset—R.S.G.'s Rosemary Simon sitting in my lap—two seater doncha know!

They collected a good crowd of over a thousand at the hall and afterwards I went backstage to speak to Keith about his birds-eye view of the future.

"One thing is certain, and that is the beat scene has reached saturation point for groups," said Keith. "You've got to keep producing new sounds to keep in the running."

"I can see the whole thing collapsing and a new solo emerging rather like Presley did ten years ago. Someone like Proby only stronger. The enthusiasm for beat-groups is dying here. Take the old Trad days when people went to listen to Barber and Ken Colyer. Young people were generally intelligent and interested in the music. They sorted through the old record shops looking for antique jazz discs—they knew about Bunk Johnson, Kid Ory and the sources of their music. It was the same to begin with in the early R & B period but then along came the clowns with top hats and 'I Love Acker' slapped all over them. It ruined a good scene."

At that point two fans came into the dressing-room and insisted on being kissed by the group members. Keith obliged with a certain clinical precision and his wife April smiled indulgently from her corner seat—it was all in the nature of keeping things





Super-pop and images in sound are two other exciting futuristic ideas being developed by the Yardbirds.

The Yardbirds are one of the few groups to realise that in this fickle game of pop music those who rest on their laurels are the first to fade. They broke on to the beat scene last year as essentially a rhythm and blues group but their experiments in sound since those early days have pushed them to the forefront of those trying something new.

The master-mind behind many of these future plans is bass guitarist Paul Samwell-Smith who joined me at manager Giorgio Gomelsky's flat where I was watching the only TV set in Kensington with double vision.

"It's one of my favourites—Spencer Tracy," hissed Giorgio, so Sam and I retired to another room to talk of beat '66.

"I've never been a fanatically R & B fan," said Paul. "I liked a few Jimmy Reed numbers, which I still do, but there it stopped. I think we've now developed original sounds and harmonies of our own to keep pace with changing trends and that makes me very happy.

"We were one of the first groups to introduce the sitar and harpsichord into our discs and now I'm very taken with the idea of experimenting with electronic sounds and tapes. The type of ideas which John Lennon is interested in. You produce the required noises and sounds by loops—making your own music by electricity. Although I still regard us as musicians rather than electricians."



■ Keith, the third and latest Yardbird to be married, has been so busy working on the Continent that he and his wife, April, haven't had time to furnish their new home properly yet. At present their flat has just the bare essentials, such as a bed, a cooker, chairs, a telephone and a television. But, the way things are, including a 10-day visit to Scotland there won't be much time for shopping.

Yardbird fans must be some of the most over-enthusiastic fans in the country.

"I've bought all your records," said one slightly over-enthusiastic youth pushing his way into the Yardbirds' dressing-room at Streatham.

"Did you buy 'Do the Dog?' asked Chris purposefully.

"Oh yes," he gushed.

"That's funny, we haven't recorded it," said Chris.

Keith was giving one of the idolising young ladies instructions on where she could obtain material from which his trousers were made and Jeff Beck was making earnest enquiries on how he could get out the back way. The manager showed him down a flight of steps and tried to prise a key from a glass case which locked the emergency doors. He failed and solved the problem somewhat physically by removing his shoe and shattering the glass with a blow.

Before he left an American journalist asked Jeff to answer a final question in one word.

"What do you think of Keith's decision to record a solo folk disc?"

Jeff scratched his head and finally came up with "Good" before disappearing.

Chris observed that America was a good scene for them now.

"They tell us that all the hippies and intellectuals are listening to our discs instead of Dylan's now," said Chris.

"That American reporter says that our discs make them think—that's good."





YARDBIRDS





FASHIONS FOR THE

JET SET

Stand by as RAVE clicks into top gear and brings you fast clothes. Racy clothes. Clothes for RAVE girls on the move.

Today's fashion-minded girls are speed conscious. RAVE chose these fast outfits because they're go-anywhere outfits which still look great when they get there!

We sped down to London Airport, that's where the action takes place at top speed. And this is the action as we bring you clothes RAVE style, to put you right in with the Jet Set!



At London Airport we asked the Batman (not the super-hero type everyone's talking about, but the wave-the-planes-in-man type) which outfit he preferred. He chose our Jet Girl in this two-piece cellulose cotton. By Neatawear, top is 49s. 11d., trousers are 79s. 11d. Racy white shoes by Lotus, 5 gns.



Take-off for summer '66 with a go-anywhere suit. It's available from Biba's Postal Boutique, Kensington Church Street, London, W.8., costs 5 gns. The shoes for fashion girls with their feet firmly on the ground are by Medway, 95s. Jet-propelled Vanguard (far left) by B.E.A. costs £800,000.





Jet Set girls are girls with a difference, who wear clothes that are different. You can get this denim trouser suit (left) by post from Generation Boutique, Tallyho Corner, Finchley, N.12. But don't forget to include £7 15s. 6d., plus 3s. for postage. Suede bootees by Lennard, 49s. 11d.



Jet Set girls like to get away for summer. So get away in this sporty trouser-suit in grey cotton herringbone by Marlborough. It wears well, it packs well. It looks terrific! Price £7 19s. 6d. Lennard make the navy and white shoes, they cost just 49s. 11d.





EMERGENCY EXIT

Marlborough make this racy striped suit with the big lapels, just right for a fast day in town or a quiet day in the country (if Jet Set girls have quiet days). It costs 8½ gns. and comes in beige and navy or turquoise and navy. Either way it's a winner!



Jet Set girls are plane girls but not plain girls. That's why Jet Set girls go for clothes that look good. Like this madras and white cotton two-piece by Marlborough. See the sleek lines, the clean cut. It costs 8½ gns. Navy and white striped shoes are by Lennard and they cost 49s. 11d.





FASHION NOTES BY TRILBY LANE

Jet Set girls believe in blue skies, but this white PVC elephant hide suit is great for a rainy day as well! It's both glamorous and waterproof! Lewis Separates make it and it costs 7 gns. Racy black patent shoes and bag by Medway Bagagerie cost 95s. and 59s. 11d. B.E.A. Trident as an additional extra would cost you £1,000,000.



PICTURES BY P.L. JAMES

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Hurry! Get your Jet Jeans and Entry Form today!

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THE PRICE OF FAME

Alan Price gave up fame when he quit the Animals last year. But now he's back, into the Hit Parade with the Alan Price Set. RAVE girl Dodo met him . . .



Exactly a year ago, almost to this day, the big shock of the pop world was that organist Alan Price was leaving the Animals. The Animals being one of the top groups in the country, it was hard to understand. But Alan had his reasons. He hated flying. The thought of getting on a plane was just too much for him, it made him sick. And the Animals then and now, must be one of the most on-the-move-around-the-world groups there are.

So he left, and today, Alan and his own group, the Alan Price Set, don't fly anywhere, except into the Hit Parade. And "I Put A Spell On You", Alan's second release since he left the Animals, is the disc that's taken him there.

Not Disappointed

"I wasn't at all disappointed when my first record 'Any Day Now', didn't get in the Charts. I just wanted to get my name about. Make myself known all over again. Do you know," he said counting on his fingers, "it was eight months ago I released that record!"

Although his first record didn't sell, he did get a couple of TV. spots. "The annoying thing is," Alan said, "TV. programmes won't touch you unless your record is in the Charts. But how can it get in the Charts if it doesn't get the TV. plugs? It's a vicious circle. Of course they all want me now that this one is in!"

There was no bitterness when Alan left the Animals. They are still great friends. He confided, "I miss playing with Eric. I knew Dave Rowberry back in Newcastle, know the new drummer Barry Jenkins quite well, and of course Hilton and Chas

are great mates of mine—I even live in the same London hotel as Chas."

Alan didn't think he lost anything by leaving the Animals, either musically or financially, in fact he's still receiving royalties from Animals' records to this day!

"When I started out with the Animals, it was the time of hysteria, the Stones and Beatles. Then came the different hysteria with the Who, all the time something else was wanted. I think the Animals today have become much more sophisticated. 'Baby Let Me Take You Home' was a real rocker, then 'House Of The Rising Sun' was the big thing. We were on a very hard kick. Song with messages," he laughed. "With the Animals it was hard to get appreciation at first, for the fans couldn't identify themselves with the music, unlike the Stones and Beatles songs. And, at the time the group had a very strong policy which they stuck to, they would never record anyone else's numbers."

Changed Ideas

Alan has changed his ideas since then, as his hit "I Put A Spell On You" was originally done by Screamin' Jay Hawkins, and then made more well-known by Nina Simone.

"At first I thought it would be a hit, but of course, being so closely involved you begin to wonder after a while. You start thinking it isn't so good after all. Then only at odd times did I think it would be a hit. It's a bit of extravaganza really!"

Never has the whole of the pop world been more delighted when Alan's record made it, for he's one of those people whom everyone genuinely admires, and want to see become successful. He's a very popular and friendly person.

Late at night in a club, you can see him talking with members of different groups,



"I appeal to younger audiences."



Rave girl Dodo and Alan. Dodo thinks he talks too fast!



"Couldn't be independent with the Animals."

or getting up and singing on stage. He seems a very happy and contented person, and his hit has just about rounded it off for him.

Alan finds that his group appeals to the club, University, and now the younger type of audiences. "The band is really organised now and we feel we can put in numbers by Stevie Wonder and Wilson

Pickett. There's six in the group, including myself. I'm on organ and vocals, Roy Mills is on drums, Steve Gregory on tenor sax, Boots Slade on bass guitar, John Walters on trumpet and Clive Burrows on sax. Now we've settled down we get a great sound.

"When I was with the Animals, we were dependent on one another. We couldn't make any private decisions. Everything was organised for the group as a whole. But now, this group being my own, I make all the decisions. Talks are now on for work in America, and, if it goes through, we'll be going . . . by boat!"

A Film Star?

Alan feels that he won't go on forever in a group. "I'd like to go into films. Don't really know what as, perhaps score writing or acting. Still, I can't act, and nobody could understand a Geordie accent, could they? We talk too fast," he added at supersonic speed, and I had to agree! "It's just another medium. But whatever happens, I'll always play music" he said emphatically. "Not like some groups that rest up, not doing anything for weeks and weeks on end, and then go into recording studios to do another disc. I'm one of those people who must work all the time."

There are lots of people like Alan. People to whom music isn't just a way or means of earning good money, but a way of life. Even if Alan became a film star or something, you'd probably find him every night singing and playing in a club, just for the sheer joy and pleasure of it. And it wouldn't matter what time of day it was. If he feels like it he just has to sing. Eric Burdon, Georgie Fame, Zoot Money, Chris Farlowe, they're all like this too.

And now, with a hit record, it's almost back to the Animals' routine of rushing off to interviews, photo sessions, TV. and radio bookings, and the diary becomes filled with dates to play all over the country.

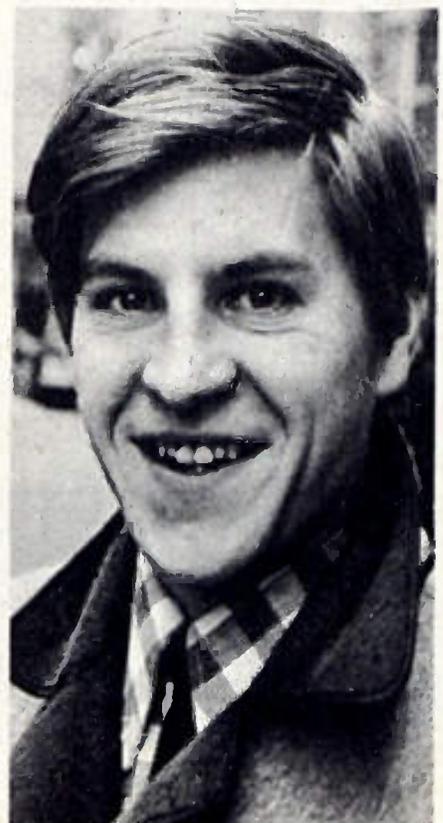
Big Headache

"The next big headache is the next single," Alan said. "I've got an L.P. planned, but I can't really start on it until I get that follow-up done."

What would happen I said, if the group became world popular and had to travel all over the world. "We'd go—but by boat every time," he replied positively.

It's obvious now that Alan Price didn't lose a thing by leaving the Animals when they were a top group. Admittedly it's taken a couple of records to get him back in the limelight, but now he's much happier and contented. He's the boss making decisions for the group and he likes it much better that way. He's playing the music he wants to play, and that's all Alan wants. The price of fame for Alan Price was fortunately very small.

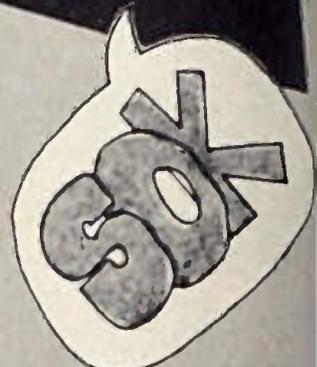
DODO



ZOWIE!! Batman has swooped down on America—and is rapidly crossing the Atlantic at supersonic speed! A brand-new hero is emerging on the scene. James Bond beware!! Bam!! Pow!!

BATMAN HITS ENGLAND

ASP!



Episode One

SUPER HEROES

■ SOKI Batman in every shape and form has knocked America for six. And now, after the re-showing of cliff-hanging, four-and-a-half-hour epics in London, with people queuing for miles to get in he looks like doing the same thing here. (ZOWIE!!) In fact, it looks like all the old Super Heroes are back—even dear old Superman!

Batman and his sidekick Robin are definitely THE biggest new vogue for quite a while, and believe it or not, they first started zooming across cinema screens in the 1930's and 40's. Stateside, anything to do with bats, capes and Batman is 'IN'. Girls go for a Bat Cut hairstyle, a short

cut with points coming down on the face. Children romp around in mini Bat suits, bats are fast becoming the 'IN' pets. Cars become Batmobiles. Batman parties are the new rage. A TV series with modern day Batman and Robin has one of the largest viewing audiences ever, where words like Kapow!, Wham!, Zonk!, Bam!, Pow! flash across the screen.

At first, the revival of supersonic Batman was regarded in the States with amusement. Nobody was quite sure whether to laugh *with* it or *at* it. It's really very corny and everyone knows that Batman and Robin will come out the victors in the end. But perhaps that's half the fun of it. The impossible situa-

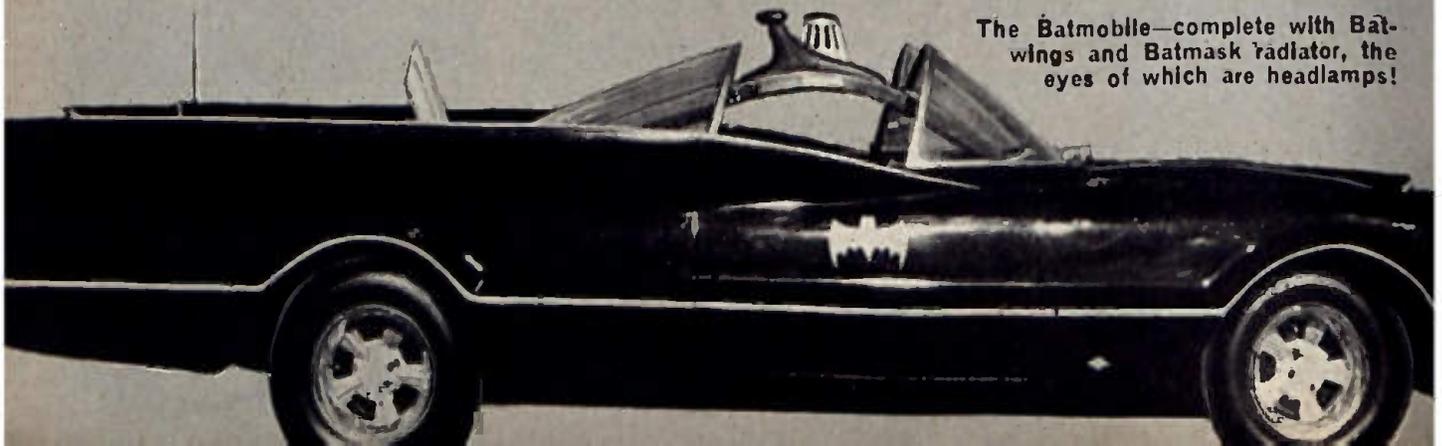
tions that just nobody human could get out of, are child's play for this daring twosome.

Love and romance just don't come into it—definitely not on the lines of James Bond, and of course running for four-and-a-half hours means that you could quite easily leave the cinema for a meal, and come back without having lost the thread of the story!

Batman comics are still big sellers, and now Batman songs of every description are big U.S. record sellers, especially by Jan & Dean, The Marketts and Neal Hefti, who wrote the original theme tune for the TV series. They could do well here when the TV series starts up in the next few months on A.T.V., starring Adam West as Batman and Burt Ward as Robin.

Batman, of course, is the cover name of a millionaire playboy, Bruce Wayne. After witnessing the death of his parents in a hold-up, he swore to devote his life and resources to war against crime. He adopted the Batman name and costume to protect his real identity and to strike terror into criminals' hearts! Robin—otherwise known as The Boy Wonder or Teenage Thunderbolt—is really the teen-

The Batmobile—complete with Batwings and Batmask radiator, the eyes of which are headlamps!



CRA-A-ACC



age ward of Bruce Wayne, and lives with Bruce in his palatial mansion! (where else?) and his name is Dick Grayson. Dick was orphaned at an early age when both his circus-performer parents fell from a trapeze!

Well, with such a background to our two heroes, it's not really surprising how far-fetched these epics are!

If you haven't caught the old Batman epics yet, don't worry. In the next few months Batman and Robin will be zooming around to cinemas in Wigan, Jarrow, Coventry, Newcastle, Worcester, Gateshead, Leeds, Manchester, Sheffield, Glasgow, Inverness, Edinburgh, Dunfermline, Paisley and Birmingham.

And then you will have the thrill of seeing Batman and Robin about to be dropped by villain Mr. Freeze into a gigantic deep freeze, and the screen erupt with "Will Batman and Robin be turned into Batcubes?" "Can Batman succeed over the wicked Mr. Freeze?" "Will this be the end of our two heroes?"

There is only one answer, of course not. The show is doing too well!

Batman and Robin—but only as their enemies see them!



Adam West without Mask



Episode Two

THE MAN IN THE MASK

■ Underneath his mask, the new Batman turns out to be really quite a raveable guy, six feet two inches tall, with fabulous green eyes and the body of an athlete! All this adds up to Adam West. In fact, he should already be quite a familiar face, as he's been in just about every TV. series you care to mention, including "The Detectives", "Perry Mason", "Bonanza", "Cheyenne".

But, in "Batman", he's the star.

Handsome Adam, when you come to think about it, is ideal for the starring role. Batman has, you know, to fly through the air, to do all sorts of energetic and tough things, battling his way through impossible situations. The part needs someone really physically fit. Well, Adam himself goes in for thrilling kinds of sports like surfing, skin-diving and racing motorcycles along the freeways of Southern California—all with their own element of danger. This young actor was born on a

ranch in the Blue Mountains near Walla Walla, Washington, and grew up with a fondness for physical activity. So keeping fit to Adam is a normal everyday thing.

Getting your own TV. series, as Adam has done, is great enough, but when it becomes a big craze and rave, it leads to the really big stardom almost overnight. Yet as with most big TV. stars it hasn't always been so easy going for Adam West. His list of former jobs is very varied ranging from singer, cowboy, milkman to truckdriver!

But like a lot of stars surrounded by the hullabaloo of fame, when he's not filming, Adam likes to keep his personal life very private—hiding away in a remote Mediterranean-style villa on the Pacific beach near Malibu.

Adam can also soon be seen in two films made last year, "The Outlaw Is Coming," a comedy, and "Mara Of The Wilderness," and outdoor action film.

Episode Three

ROBIN AND THE HOODS



■ Burt Ward, the actor who plays 15 year old Robin in the series, is actually 20 years old, but his great athletic ability, slender build and clean-cut appearance made him a natural choice for the part. Obviously physical ability plays a great part in the series. Burt is a sporty type, but he goes more for riding, hunting and fishing. While the two stars have been shooting the film together they have become firm friends. Burt has become a sort of younger brother to Adam, Adam being the guiding hand in Burt's acting career, and Burt also favours Malibu as a get-away place. Ask Burt who his favourite actor is and he'll tell you Adam West—well, Batman's bigger than Robin!

Although Burt's first ambition was to be a lawyer, he now plans to continue in the acting profession, after this first successful step on the ladder to fame in "Batman". After all, he only applied, hoping for a bit part, and landed up with a starring role!





Episode Four

BATGIRLSHIP

Anyone—fresh from seeing the Batman film—knows that Batman and Robin regularly face death and disaster. But escape both with brilliant bat magic i.e. batmanship.

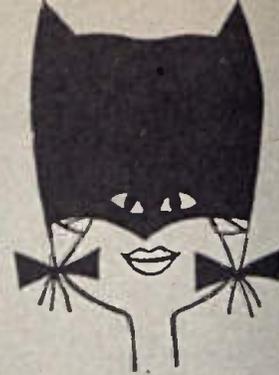
So, for any girl facing a fate worse than (death) what about a bit of bat-girlship? For how . . . read on!

■ Your blind date of the evening turns out to be a wolf. Well, you wondered why he couldn't find a date. Your girlfriend and her boy left the club hours ago, but he insists on having one more drink, just one more smoochy dance. You insist it's time to go, and, surprisingly, he agrees. The drive home in his open car will cool him off you think, but it just seems to go to his head. He's persuasive, anyway.

As you can guess, he doesn't head for home—it's to the woods! He's not even a subtle wolf! He stops the car in a remote spot, home seems the other end of the world. He won't listen to your demands to take you straight there. Instead, he turns the ignition key, the engine stops, the headlights go off. What next?

■ What a great place Spain is. Already one week of fabulous sunshine, swimming and dancing. Still you must stay in one night.

All of a sudden, there's a loud knock on the door. You look out of the window and see a young Spanish-looking fellow at the door, with a car parked outside. Could have broken down. Warily, you open the door. He smiles and starts jabbering in Spanish, something about a telephone. Oh, he wants to use a telephone, maybe. You'd better let him use it, it might be an emergency. Showing him where the phone is, you notice he's busy looking round the place. He dials, but doesn't speak to anyone, and puts the phone down. He then sits down and starts shooting off in Spanish, surely he realises you can't understand a word he's saying. By the way he's acting, looks as though he's been drinking. Better get him out right away just to be safe and not sorry. He won't go though. Use the words Police enough times and he'll get the message, but it doesn't seem to work somehow. Why did you let a stranger in when you were all alone, in a strange country and not even being able to speak the language? Fool! He seems pleased that you're getting flustered and nervy, he's even laughing at you! you've just got to get him out, but how?



■ What a marvellous job! (You're reading the evening paper ads.) You were a bit bored and had thought of moving to a new office, anyway. You phone for an interview—the boss sounds a nice man.

You're on time. Well, you always make an effort at an interview. A pretty girl leaves the boss's office rather red-faced and flustered and in a hurry. Oh, the shy type. You used to be like that once. Now it's your turn. In you go. The friendly voice turns out to be a friendly man.

He's impressed by your appearance, you can tell the way he's looking you up and down. "Didn't like the girl that just came in, wasn't good-looking like you!"

You're flattered. Still, surely looks aren't everything? You notice he doesn't ask much about how fast you can type or do shorthand. Seems to be more interested in you, personally.

"Would you like a drink dear?" he asks. You don't a lot, but, still, just one to be sociable. You smile at him, and nod feeling very nervous. The second drink goes the same way.

"You look warm, dear. Take your jacket off!" he says politely but it sounds like an order. He gets up, walks behind you and you hear a click. Sounds as though he's locked the door! He talks on. You ask: "How many people work here?" "Oh, it's just me", he replies rather slyly. "No-one else. That's why I need a personal assistant, darling."

Suddenly, the warning bell rings—too late!—as he gets up, comes towards you and, well—how do you get out of this one?

WHAT A NORMAL GIRL WOULD DO . . . Well, she'd scream out "Help!" "Police!" "Murder!" and the wolf would know, having planned it that way, that there would be nobody around to hear. Only a girl with long nails and the ability to claw would probably change his mind, or perhaps a strong right punch. She would have only a fifty-fifty chance of surviving.

DO . . . More than likely she would leave the villa to go out and find help, someone who could speak English. But, she might return to find the place had been ransacked! If you try to remove him bodily you might find he's the violent Latin type and get the worst of it

DO . . . First words would probably be "I'm sorry I think you've got the wrong impression!" Regardless, a struggle would follow. You pick up an ashtray and throw it. He's a bit stunned. The phone rings and, suddenly, you both stop. He lets it ring on. You make a rush for it, but he rips out the wire. The cat-and-mouse game can go on until one gives way. Who will?

WHAT BAT GIRL WOULD DO . . . A Bat Girl? Well, she would have summed up the situation and had a plan of action ready. A secret button under the collar of her cape sends out high voltage electricity. The wolf puts his arm around her, and, as suddenly, shoots ten feet in the air.

Bat Girl just slides across to the driver's seat, starts the car and drives off.

But, to tell the truth, as all wolves work to a well-worn plan, a Bat Girl just wouldn't have been around in the first place.

DO . . . Bat Girl wouldn't have let him in, but if she did find herself in this predicament her action would be swift. Just by pressing a switch under the table, sets off a tape recorder in another room of loads of people talking. Thinking there are other people around would soon get rid of him. Or maybe she would use the ejector seat plan, by opening the front door, setting the ejector in the right direction and sending him sailing out the front door! Even Bat Girl on the move goes prepared.

DO . . . Bat Girl, leaving her cape on the chair outside, isn't lost. She reaches in her purse, pulls out her Static Ray Gun and shoots! Mr. Boss freezes, arms outstretched in her direction, his glassy eyes not blinking. He'll stay that way for the next six hours, she thinks gratefully, and then, as an afterthought writes him a little note.

"I'm sorry, but this job didn't offer me quite what I wanted. I should have known. Drinks aren't used as bait, anyway, when it's a job at the end of the line!"

US cable

Raver Jackie Harlow is here with all the latest Stateside pop news . . .



Barry Sadler — latest U.S. rave

■ It's certainly all happening in New York fashionwise! For there's a marvellous new process here, which, when applied to the fabric of chameleon, makes it change colour! All the groups are going quite mad over it, especially those who wear casual outfits for stage. When they get sick of the original colour, all they do is spray it with the process, and the garment becomes bright lime, purple, bronze, sky blue pink or what have you.

The process, which isn't a dye, is based on a form of lemon juice.

■ Talking of fabrics and fashions, especially now that the summer 'is a'comin', we'll all be jumping at various discotheques out on Long Island and other hip shore scenes. The Holiday Boutique, which is a marvellous dress shop housed in a smart hairdressers', has invented a shift slip, which is straight, short and on shoe-string straps.

Originally, the slip was designed to go under different floating shifts in sheer dacron, the idea being that if you have enough of them in different colours, you can change the whole appearance of the dress. For instance, if you were to wear cyclamen under orange you'd get scarlet, but then you could change the slip (which is soft silk), to navy, grey, black, white, green, and all other colours, and your dress would look like a new outfit. The outer dresses come mostly in vivid prints, but some are in plain colours too.

Such has been the success of this super new idea, that the boutique is now

adding lace to the slips, producing them in prints and selling them as dresses. And they only cost \$6 (about £2). The dress sells for \$25 (about £8). And the whole thing is so cool!

■ And back to what else is happening over here. Course, we always get excited at the thought of top British groups coming in for their annual, and sometimes, twice-yearly tours, so naturally we're looking forward to seeing the Beatles back in August. They will be preceded by Herman's Hermits and The Animals (July), and Freddie and the Dreamers who come in the same month. Dave Clark will open his June tour out on Long Island, and be here for six weeks.

■ We have a very much talked about, controversial soldier here, by the name of Barry Sadler. With all the hoo-ha, he's decided to go country, and after the tremendous success of "Ballad of the Green Berets", he's chosen to go in the right direction. Barry will also be going into the movies pretty soon, and he's already slated to appear in the John Wayne production of the Green Berets . . . For the movie of their life story, which recently completed shooting, Sonny Bono had to learn how to ride a mule and tame a lion. There's a new scene out in California, where you go surfing on the sand instead of in the sea . . . Mitch Ryder and the Detroit Wheels are coming your way soon, and so are The Young Rascals. Watch out for them . . .



You always look happy! I suppose it's because you're a nurse — and don't get bored the way I do!

Bored? Never! It's fascinating. You should become a State Enrolled Nurse, too.

But I don't have the G.C.E. passes. Besides, I need my pay packet!

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ADDRESS _____

E/W/2

AGE _____





HELLO- WHO'S THAT? IT'S UNCLE!

Mike Grant, Special Agent, gets a secret mission from the No. 1 at H.Q. in Southampton Street. (That's the Editor, see?). "Get an exclusive story on UNCLE man David McCallum for all his millions of RAVE fans—or else." Two days later Mike Grant, Special Agent returns. Mission completed. RAVE is proud to say Mike Grant has done it again.

Illya Kuryakin and Minister of Labour, Ray Gunter, both apparently engrossed in the workings of a small gold watch within the confines of an oak-panelled room at the BBC Lime Grove studios, were an unlikely if not suspicious combination which I came upon some few weeks ago.

For one magnificent moment I thought the Labour Party had called upon the services of the Man from Uncle in some top secret political manoeuvre, but press officer Neville Wareham assured me they were only gagging it up for a photographer prior to an appearance on "24 Hours."

For a short while I watched David closely to see really how much of Illya Kuryakin there was in him. His first three actions were, to say the least, uncharacteristic of the smooth Uncle operative. He refused a drink, a cigarette and the opportunity to be made up before appearing before the cameras.

"I don't make up," said David emphatically,

and I noted there was no trace of a foreign accent either Russian or Scottish. "They may think I'm old and baggy but that's because I am old and baggy—sorry!"

David is in fact a very young looking thirty-three and his active role in Uncle keeps him very fit. He has been married to his actress-wife Jill Ireland now for ten years and they have three children. His manner was self-confident and charming—he signed innumerable photographs for some BBC executives without any sign of annoyance and spoke wittily and intelligently.

By way of introduction I mentioned that I had that afternoon been talking to an acquaintance of David's who had asked to be remembered to him. While touring in the U.S. Herman had met and talked to David for some length on the MGM set where both his film and the Uncle series were being shot.

In his early career David's film roles rarely cast him in the mould of a teenage idol type which he has subsequently become to millions of Uncle addicts. In twelve years of acting these were his first big parts: He was the mixed-up kid brother opposite the late Belinda Lee in "The Secret Place." Stanley Baker's crippled brother in the "Hell Drivers." In "Violent Playground" he terrorised a group of school children with a shot-gun. He was the cowardly soldier in "The Long, The Short and The Tall" and the weak but well-intentioned officer in "Billy Budd." How then did he suddenly see himself as a hero type in





a TV. series?

"Well, first of all Illya is not a hero," said David. "Illya is the original anti-hero. I played him that way from the beginning. Illya never gets the girl and seldom the credit for his bravery. He is a negative—a dead-pan character. I watched the way Robert Vaughn played Solo and made Illya the exact opposite.

"As for the appeal of Illya that is a mystery to me. Except people like an under-dog and also in America this year it is the year of the foreigner. It is also the year of the Beatle and although my haircut was in no way an adaptation of theirs, it has been taken as representative of the time. The question I am most asked is 'Why is Illya so popular' and it is the one which has a hundred answers and yet no answer. Ask the girls—personally I love it, whatever the reason."

David puts the reason for his early type casting into the 'weakling' roles down to the fact that he was the type—"thin—blond and blue-eyed. I was a natural for the callow youth but now I've filled out a bit." He also recalled that those were not the only roles he played.

"In this very studio four years ago I was here to play a part in the BBC children's serial 'The Cruise Of The Toy Town Belle,'" said David. "I played a cannibal!"

Another slightly mystifying facet of David's tremendous appeal is that he is a happily married man with a family.

"One reason is that I have become an idol

since my marriage," said David. "I think the fans accepted me that way from the beginning and secondly, sad as it may be, I don't think society now attaches such significance to the 'eligibility' of a man because he is married. The concept of 'marriage' has altered radically in the last ten years due in part to the rapid turnover in divorce in places like Hollywood and . . . well, let's not get too involved with this. The emphasis on 'marriage' has changed that's all."

David and his wife Jill Ireland are still both working independently as actor and actress but they make one strict rule and that is to leave their weekends free to spend with the children.

"I've also now accepted the fact that Hollywood is my home," says David. "I've spent four years building up friends and contacts and both my material and spiritual home is now there."

I brought up the point that when the Man from Uncle was first conceived as a TV. series the major character was to be Napoleon Solo played by Robert Vaughn but gradually Illya had built up to be the co-star. Was their any rivalry between the two actors?

"No—Bob worries about the Democrats and I worry about the Communists. We're both on very good terms—we spend a lot of time socially around each other's houses and it's a good relationship.

"It's true that Illya has been built up into a large part but that was just circumstances.

Illya is a far easier character to work plots around and the longer a series extends the harder it is to find plots.

"Uncle was originally a spoof show intended to run only a few months, but public reaction was so great that they lengthened the series—now we look like being on TV. for ever."

"Aren't you worried at all about being type cast?" I asked.

"Did you see me as 'Judas' in the 'Greatest Story Ever Told'?" parried David.

We just had time to hear some of David's musical tastes before he rushed off to the studio.

"My wife and I both like Mozart," he said. "But that's not to say I don't appreciate popular music. If you listen to the LP of popular numbers I arranged and conducted you'll get an idea of my tastes.

"I have, in fact, written a number which is being brought out as a single," revealed David. "It's a narrative thing which I read over a beat backing. It's called 'Communication' but I rather spoil the pathos at the end by riding away on a motor bike."

And with that our teetotal, non-smoking un-made up man from Uncle departed for the TV. studios. I watched Kenneth Allsop put the first question to David on the show.

"How do you account for your tremendous appeal as Illya Kuryakin?" he asked.

Just the merest suspicion of a smile flickered across the McCallum features—perhaps he'd heard it before!



A RAVER'S POP GUIDE ROUND BRITAIN

England swings! Not only in London, but all over the country fans are wide-awake to the latest raves in fashion and pop. Come for a RAVE-conducted tour as we show you what's happening pop-wise and fashion-wise in other RAVE people's worlds, as we pay a flying visit to RAVE centres MANCHESTER, BIRMINGHAM, LIVERPOOL, NEWCASTLE, and BRISTOL.



NEWCASTLE

'In'—Jeans and polo neck sweaters in greys and dark blues, reefer jackets in navy. Hair—long and fringed. Coming in—shorter hairstyles, white lacy stockings and antique jewellery.

Raves—The Animals, The Walker Brothers, moto-cross racing.

Popular — Local group Gamblers, Spencer Davis, R 'n' B.

LIVERPOOL

Raves—Discotheque fashions. Short mini-skirts in brightly striped vests in oranges and blues, little white printed linens, floral bell-bottoms, little shoes and yellows. Crazy geometric-styled boots cut well to the calf, black patent shoes with bars and bows.

Raves—the Who, disco-haircuts.

Raves—The Walker Brothers, the Who, discotheques in coffee bars, hairstyle designs.

Popular—girl singer Tiffany and local group The Cryin' Shames.

MANCHESTER

'In'—Individuality! Trousers in navy and cream. Crochet and blues, greens, reds round dolly toes and ankle straps.

Raves—The Walker Brothers, Jimmy Savile, wrestling and fashion, fashion, fashion!

Popular—Herman, Wayne Fontana, The Peddlers, folk music.

MANCHESTER

WHAT'S HAPPENING . . .
 Just about everything! Manchester is a rather hairy place, teaming with activities. Things go on until quite late into the night. Manchester fans are on the ball. They like clothes, and clubs, and eating houses.

SOUNDS OF THE CITY

The popular sounds are very varied. Folk music is in, so is trad jazz, pure pop, and rhythm and blues. Wayne Fontana and Herman, who came from Manchester, are still popular there, but The Walker Brothers was the name that cropped up most. Local groups with the exception of the Peddlers are not very in.

PLACES THEY GO

Manchester fans go to clubs. In every backstreet you can find a good club. They go to Mr. Smith's. They go to The Phonograph, which is Manchester's newest and brightest club. They go to The Garden of Eden. The Oasis. The M.S.G. (Manchester Sports Ground).

RAVES

Wrestling is a bit of a rave at the moment. Jimmy Saville seems responsible. Fashion is another rave because recently it has become all important.



Above, RAVE staffer in George Best Boutique. Below, club front.



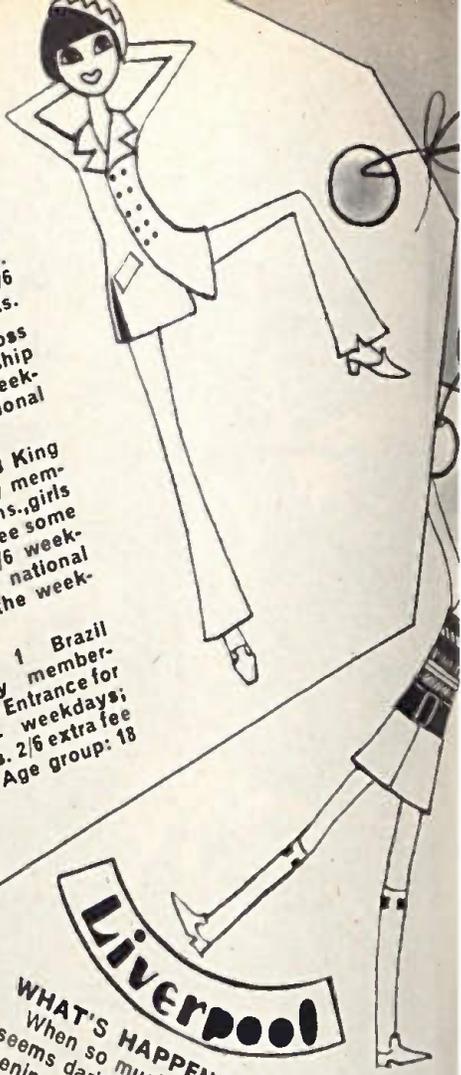
The Garden of Eden, 56 Whitworth Street. Yearly membership 2 gns. for one person, 3 gns. joint membership. Entrance fee 5/- to 7/6 for members.

The Oasis, 45-47 Lloyd Street. Yearly membership 2/6. Entrance free on Tuesdays, 5/- Mondays, Wednesdays and Thursdays. Weekends 5/- to 10/6 for national group nights.

Top of the Town, Cross Street. Yearly membership 1/- Weekdays 2/6. Weekends 5/- to 6/- 6/- national group night.

The Phonograph, 38 King Street West. Yearly membership: boys 3 gns., girls 1 1/2 gns. Entrance free some nights. 10/- to 12/6 week-ends. Mostly national groups play at the week-ends.

Mr. Smith's, 1 Brazil Street. Yearly membership 1 guinea. Entrance for members 4/- weekdays; 7/6 weekends. 2/6 extra fee for visitors. Age group: 18 or over.



LIVERPOOL

WHAT'S HAPPENING . . .

When so much has already happened it seems daring to ask. But, it's still all happening in Liverpool. Clubs are opening and staying open. Clothes are being designed and hair is being cut in a Liverpool cut. Pop music still matters terribly, and local groups are preferred to national ones.

SOUNDS OF THE CITY

Liverpool hasn't forgotten The Beatles, but they don't live on memories. The Cryin' Shames are the most popular up-and-coming group, and girl singer Tiffany has a great following. Pop groups most 'in' are The Who, The Small Faces, and The Walkers. Pop is still the thing they go for, and jazz and blues are only followed by the few.

PLACES THEY GO

Clubs litter this city, and everyone goes. Peppermint Lounge isn't big, but it's packed. Costs 2/- to 6/6 to get in. They have the American idea of professional dancers in cages beside the group onstage. The Magg May is a new basement dance full of atmosphere, reasonably priced. The Mardi Gras is the nearest thing to a dance hall but with club atmosphere and silver lights search the audience and everyone looks very glam under them. The big new club in Liverpool is the Beachcomber. It's very lush, with ample floor space for dancing, and bamboo bar and waiter service in the restaurant.

RAVES

The newest rave seems to be the disco-theques in coffee bars. Music is everywhere. Designing hairstyles is another fad.

Mardi Gras, Mount Pleasant. Members only. Membership 2/- yearly. Entrance 2/6 weekdays, 6/- Fridays. Magg May, 89 Seal Street. Membership 5/- yearly. Entrance 2/- members, 2/6 non-members. Blue Angel, 108 Seal Street. Membership: boys 4 gns., girls 1 gn. Members free, non-members 5/-. Beachcomber, 56 Seal Street. Membership 5 gns. a year and entrance free. Or no-membership and 5/- entrance. The Sink Club, Handman Street. 2/6 yearly membership. Entrance fee 5/- to 12/6 according to group playing; mostly local groups. The Grave Club, Tempest Hay. Membership 2/6 yearly. Entrance fee 3/6 and 10/-. Mostly local groups. All these clubs charge about 2/6 extra for non-members.



Bristol

WHAT'S HAPPENING . . .

Lots of exciting things until about eleven o'clock, then everything closes. Yet there are cafes, and dance halls, a bowling alley, and in the summer they have a river boat shuffle.

Bristol fans have a fairly serious attitude to life. They study hard at school, and are anxious to build up for the future.

SOUNDS OF THE CITY

Local groups are popular, Franklin

Big 6, and Force West being the biggest. Blues is all the rage, and Spencer Davis is the most popular pop artist. Traditional Jazz and folk are 'in'.

PLACES THEY GO

The Corn Exchange explodes with noise, and fun, and music. Fans go to The Magnate Bowling Alley, and the Rank Dance Hall next door.

The Youth Club at Nailsea is popular too, if only with younger fans.

BIRMINGHAM

Elbow Room, High Street, Aston. Membership 4 gns. yearly. 10/- entrance cabaret nights and weekends. 5/- entrance week-nights. All members tree.
 Le Metro, 20 Livery Street. Membership 5/- yearly. 6/- entrance group nights, 3/6 otherwise.
 Bareda. 242a Lichfield Road, Four Oaks, Sutton Coldfield. Small boutique for the fans outside Birmingham.
 Piccadilly Man's Boutique. 11 Piccadilly Arcade, New Street. Super boutique for the boys of Birmingham.

WHAT'S HAPPENING . . .

There isn't a lot happening in the Bullring Centre of Birmingham. Most of the activity takes place outside the city centre, where the fans live.

There is a serious attitude to life and few young people seemed to be fighting convention. Youth clubs play a big part in fans' lives.

SOUNDS OF THE CITY

The sound of Spencer Davis can be heard from every record player in town. The juke boxes play Spencer Davis, the local groups play Spencer Davis, everyone is Spencer Davis mad. The King Bees are the big R 'n' B group.

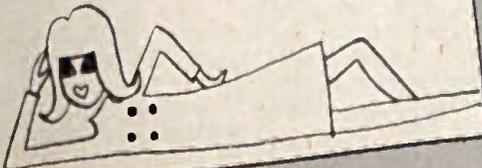
PLACES THEY GO

In Birmingham's centre *The Surf Stop* coffee house is an 'in' place. Upstairs from there is *The Penthouse*, a new night club. The walls are encrusted in gold and black leather, and the lights are very low. One of the features of the club is the close circuit tv which relays pictures of the artists appearing in cabaret on the second floor.

Le Metro is one of Birmingham's popular clubs, but this closes at 11-30.

RAVES

Motor racing is very popular, and go kart tracks are springing up.



Newcastle



WHAT'S HAPPENING . . .

Nothing much after midnight because most fans live outside the city centre. Lots of girls dressmake. Mods and Rockers are old hat, though there are some motor bike kings around the city.

SOUNDS OF THE CITY

Pop music with a R 'n' B influence is the sound. The Animals are very in. Most of 600 local groups have a fan following. Billy Fury's backing group of them. Dogs among local groups. The Walkers Brothers currently appearing are The Silver Dollars and Rue and The Rockets.

PLACES THEY GO

Clubs are not the 'in' thing. Dance Halls are much more popular. Fans go to The Majestic, and The Mayfair, and The Assembly Rooms.

RAVES

Speedway scrambling known as motocross, is a current rave.
 Blaydon Races Hotel. Entrance Mon-Wed 2/6, Thurs-Sun 5/-. Free hamburgers.
 Club A-Go-Go. 56 Handyside Arcade. Entrance: 1/- to 12/- depending on group.
 Younger Set Lounge. 2/- a year membership.
 ship. Jazz Lounge 7/6 a year membership.
 8/-—12/- when National group appearing.

Corn Exchange, Corn Street, 1 Front Halls, Bristol. Wednesdays, Saturdays: National group nights. Entrance fee 5/- to 6/-. Tuesdays: Chinese jazz club. Free Membership.

Orbit, 3 Fairfax Street, Bristol 1. Large boutique with definite op image. Knock-out dresses in op designs and crepes, bell-bottom trousers and chequered mini skirts.

Graham Manning, Christmas Steps, Bristol 1. Large selection of shirts in all shades and designs. Knockout selection of denim and cowhide levis, extra lines include fab floral ties 4 in. wide and hessian belts.
 Top Gear, 20 Park Street, Bristol. Kinky clothes that are in stock at the London shop, crepon shirts, shifts in madras and stock of Moya Bowler shoes and Sally Jess-bags.





Will Spencer Davis Go Pop

That's the question people in pop are all asking. Now that Spencer Davis and his group have crashed into pop-land will they go for all-out commercialism? RAVE girl Dawn James popped along to see Spence and the boys and find out. . . .

As Spencer Davis enjoys the success of two Chart-topping records, 'Keep on Running' and 'Somebody Help Me', everyone wonders whether he will now turn away from the true R'n'B he was so noted for and go pop. We saw a similar thing happen to the Yardbirds, who before their big hit 'For Your Love', were purely club artists (utterly dedicated to their kind of music), but who since have gone further and further into pop.

'Keep On Running' was certainly more commercial than anything else Spencer had done in the past, and by the fact that everyone was saying it would sell before it started to, pointed to the fact that it was a pop-type record. Before his hit, people in the business raved over Spencer, but they didn't expect his stuff to sell.

Artists like Spencer are rather touchy about being described as pop stars and usually avoid questions about it. However, as-it was RAVE, he obliged.

"I think it is a question of how much the fans will swing towards our kind of music. If it becomes popular then we will be pop," he said.

When he decides on material for a record, how commercial does it now have to be?

"Material is very hard to come by," he said. "We write quite a bit of it ourselves. When choosing material, I have to consider the instruments, and Stevie's voice, which is all-important to the group, and also consider how much the sound and feeling on the record will be appreciated.

"But we always have considered these things. We didn't make records for our own enjoyment. We've always wanted to sell."

LIFE IS GOOD

Now they do sell splendidly, and life is good for them. Spencer, once a school teacher on an average income, has been able to buy a nice house, a car, and put money in the bank. The group are commanding very high fees at clubs and dance halls, and are one of the three most popular groups in the main cities round Britain. And all because of their Chart success. Surely this must influence them to coming away from their original kind of music and go pop?

"It does to a point," Spencer admitted. "We are impressed with all that has happened to us since 'Keep on Running'. But we were a group's group and we were highly thought of for our type of music. We don't want to go pop mad and turn out stuff that is too simple."

Stevie Winwood, their seventeen-year-old lead singer has definite views on blues and pop and his own abilities.

"I don't want to do pure pop," he said. "It's not just the voice I'm thinking of, but the backing. It's very boring singing to a twelve bar backing. I was brought up on Chris Barber material, which my brother Muff is mad on. I like complicated music.

"I don't think I am a great soul singer though. No white singer can capture the feeling the negroes get."

UNSPOILED BY SUCCESS

The Spencer Davis group have not let success go to their heads.

"It's all too easy to let it affect you," Spencer said. "You tell yourself you won't, but you can't help feeling pleased."

Spencer has started recording a group called The Habits. He would like to do more recording for other people.

"When you reach this stage in your career and you've been in the business a while, you start wanting to stay in it forever. You know you can't do that as an artist so you look for other outlets."

Stevie intends forming an eight-piece band. He would play piano and guitar himself.

They are thinking like pop men, looking beyond the Hit Parade that brings such swift frail fame, which is often gone overnight.

Do they like the fame? The screams? The worship? Why do they think they get it?

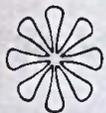
"It is a question of splitting the audience into three," Spencer said. "Some don't scream because they feel they shouldn't for, although they like us as stars, they understand our music. The others scream simply because we are four boys and we are famous, and the footlights add glamour.

"And the others don't scream, they just listen. The Hit Parade success means little to them. Yes, we like it, all of it, and we have had to work on keeping level-headed."

Is Spencer Davis going pop? With-it . . . honest . . . commercial within his own field . . . in the nicest possible way pop goes Spencer Davis . . .



THIS
GIRL IS
WEARING
THE
LATEST
FASHION!



CAN YOU GUESS WHAT IT IS?

GET SWITCH



RAVE model girl Diane wouldn't dream of going anywhere without her hair switches. It is an essential part of her make-up. Diane has a long hair switch which she attaches to her short swinging style with a flick of the wrist! See how she changes her looks! (Above then left.)



Carianne has a whole wig in a style similar to her Vidal cut—the one sided look which gives her yet another switch! These long feminine tresses are part of her new look and are fast becoming part of the fashion-conscious fan's wardrobe too!



Get yourself the individual look that's 'In'! RAVE gives RAVE girls the opportunity to change their looks—presents switched-on ways to wear the new fashion—hair! Be different this Summer in a host of ways with one RAVE hair switch for every RAVEable girl!

RAVE isn't going to dictate one terrific style for Spring or Summer. In fact, we aren't going to rave about any terrific styles! With all the now fashion to turn you from a cool sophisticate into a cute dolly we say you should have a now hair style to suit.

RAVE girls have a short Vidal cut to suit their crochet vest and mini skirt, but also . . . a long feminine wig to wear with their trouser suit and beret, or tied back with their Viva Maria frills and flounces and . . . well, we could go on for years suggesting ways and means, but just take a look at our pictures on the left, and see what we mean!

Nobody's In the least worried about false lashes, nails or fringes these days. Pass any boutique and you'll see masses of girls all frantically trying on weird shapes and colours in wigs and hair switches and now there's a demand you can pay anything from £3 10s. to £100!

Even Vidal Sassoon had to admit that not everyone can wear his short way-out hair style. And let's face it, you can't do much that's different when you've got it! So, the natural alternative was hair switches for height or, as Vidal himself suggested, shoulder-length wigs for the same Vidal one-sided look, as he showed this year in Paris.

RAVE has decided that to change your fashion in dresses so you must change your look in hair.

HOW TO CARE FOR YOUR SWITCH . . .

Caring for your switch is easy. Just treat it the way you'd treat your own hair; but don't wash or shampoo it, as this will shrink the base. To clean it get a bottle of carbon-tetra-chloride, four ounces will cost about 2s. 1d. at Boots, and treat it regularly. As long as you remember it's delicate and needs careful handling it will last for years.

Keep it in a box or if you can afford it lash out on a wig case. Jaisco do some super wig cases, the small ones are round with a handle on the top in mock croc or leather and look just like the small handbags that are 'In' at the moment. Inside is a polystyrene block for your switch, for combing it on. The Jaisco cases are 6 gns. at wig boutiques, counters in stores or hairdressers. They are big enough for carrying around any oddments you may need like pins, rollers or hair spray . . . just the job! Also excellent for setting your switch are the new type of heated rollers, just damp down the ends and plug in and that's it—you're switched on!

ANSWER: SHE'S WEARING A HAIR SWITCH—THE LATEST FASHION!

HED-ION!

The new rave for RAVE girls are hair-switches. And now RAVE brings you this fantastic offer . . .

A RAVE HAIR PIECE FOR ONLY 62/6^d!

RAVE switches the RAVE switch into three styles. From left to right: Diane with her own mod style; (centre) with added fullness; (right) a flick up or, (below left) a swept-up style.



To get your RAVE hairpiece simply send a crossed postal order or cheque made payable to Stephen St. John Ltd., with at least two inches of your own hair (so that it can be matched as near as possible to your own hair colour), together with the coupon on the right, and post it all to Stephen St. John Boutique, 19 Avery Row, Brook Street, London, W.1. Postage and packing is inclusive. Mark top of your envelope RAVE HAIR PIECE OFFER.

Among the thousands of hair boutiques that are springing up is Stephen St. John. They moved to the West End to start the combination of hair and clothes in Brook Street, and as far as switches and wigs go the swing to look individual has brought the boom to Brook Street. Stephen St. John have also employed a new with-it girl, Sue Garratt, to design for them.

LOUISE CHARLOTTE

PLEASE SEND ME ONE RAVE HAIR-PIECE. I ENCLOSE POSTAL ORDER/CHEQUE NO..... FOR 62/6d. And a sample cutting of my own hair. (Not less than 2 inches long.)

Name.....

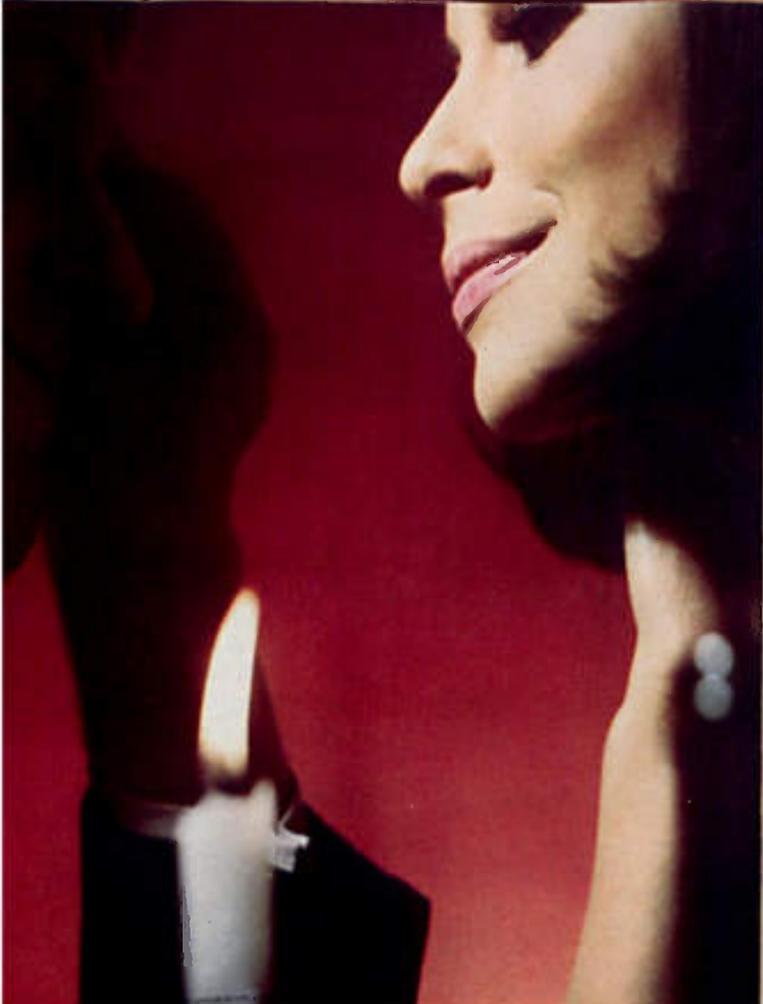
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**EXCITEMENT IS A
GIRL PLUS CREME PUFF**



AS YEARS GO





BY



Time certainly flies, fans. Think, only two years ago the Stones didn't know enough to make a record. Now they're regular Chartbusters. Two years ago Alan Freeman was just an up-and-coming dee-jay, now he's one of the best. Two years ago RAVE was just born, now we like to think we're the leaders in our field. So that was why it was all three had plenty to talk about when Alan Freeman met Mick for lunch for this exclusive RAVE Heart-to-Heart interview.

If there's one thing Mick Jagger is partial to, it's a good plate of high-class nosh. So I book a table in this restaurant in Mayfair. Very flash. Very gear. So they say.

I shout up a drink for myself while I'm waiting. A drink that goes ting-a-ling in the cool glass. Nice. I start discussing with myself what we're going to have for lunch. The waiter does the hovering bit.

"You will give us a quiet table, won't you?" I say. "Mr. Jagger and I will be doing a lot of talking."

"Oh, indeed, sir." The waiter practically knocks himself out.

Sudden silence. Sudden freezing frowns. I follow the waiters' disapproving eye-lines as they stare up the stairs. Behold. Mick Jagger. Andrew Oldham. Successful. Famous. Garbed in expensive clobber. Probably wealthier than several of the clients.

There is only one difficulty . . . or two difficulties. Neither is wearing a tie.

Tactful staff surround the pair, shielding the dreadful sight from sensitive diners. A boss waiter whispers, like he was trying to push pills on the side, "We could lend you ties, gentlemen."

"To wear on a rollneck sweater?" says Mick Jagger.

"To put on my swollen glands?" says Andrew Oldham.

Consternation. Conference. Conspiratorial chat in background. The boss waiter comes forward. "We could ring up another very good restaurant and reserve you a table." Cough. "It would be all right about the ties, sir."

"What a funny place," says Andrew Oldham, gazing around.

"Yes, all right," I say. "Only do it quickly."

Joy and beams from boss waiter. "All fixed, gentlemen. You do understand. Rule of the house . . ."

Desolated, he is. We rush out before he commits suicide.

Taxi to Soho. The other restaurant, where they haven't got a fetish for ties, is the Terrazza.

Pleased gleam of recognition from M. Jagger. "Hey, isn't this where all the spies go?"

Big hello from Mario, one of the partners. Table waiting.

Andrew Oldham's turn to say "Hey, isn't that what's-his-name?"

We peek over our menus, which are the size of the *News of the World*, at the squad

with their heads together at the adjoining table. It's a team from *Life* magazine interviewing Len Deighton, top expert on spies and author of "The Ipspress File".

We see a famous Fleet Street person with no tie who waves over at Mick. We see another even more famous columnist who has none either. She's a girl.

Everybody is talking and laughing and rattling their special octopus forks so loudly that all the spies and the columnists have to shout. There's a lot of action at the Terrazza. Safest place in London to give away secrets . . . nobody more than three inches away could make out a syllable.

We eat, during which time things quieten down and *Life* magazine goes away. Len Deighton joins a group at another table, who appear to be plotting avidly.

"We'd better do our Heart-to-Heart," I said, turning to Mick.

"Okay," he roared. "Ask me something."

"Ask him what he does in his private life," said Andrew Oldham.

"I've got more private life than you have," said Mick. "I've got more private life than anybody thinks. People think I do nothing but work. But there's plenty of time to do things."

"What things?" I said.

"Well, really I don't do anything," he said. "That's the whole thing. Now and then I feel I ought to get interested in things. But then I feel there's not really long enough. So most of the time I just sort of sit around."

"But don't you plan out projects you're really interested in?"

Mick sipped his coffee and nodded. "Yeah, I always do. Then I never do them. I just relax and rejuvenate myself."

It sounded a sensible sort of private life to lead. But Mick says it makes him feel curious and unsatisfied.

"The trouble is that I'm always too busy to wonder what I can do besides what I'm doing already. I can't know, so I just put it aside and say 'Oh, well, I'll think about that some other time'. I live in the present. I suppose Andrew is the one who's always planning for the future."

Andrew smiled and shook his fair head. "I don't stop and think too much either. People ask me sometimes am I surprised that pop has come to stay as part of everyday life instead of just a quick rave where you clean up fast and get out fast. Well, ●●●

rave



MICK



- • • there isn't time to stand there and be surprised. You just say there it is and take advantage of it."

Mick said, "It was different in the beginning. When I came into pop it didn't seem to me it was going to be such a permanent thing. And I don't think that anybody then could foresee how international it would all be. In those days that just never happened to British artists. Cliff Richard was the nearest thing we had to an international artist. He did a bit in South Africa and he had a few records in Australia.

"But look at the kind of travelling the Beatles do today. Or us. When I started off buying old 78 records, who'd have known it'd be like this? This is Friday. Tomorrow we're flying to Brussels, then Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Stockholm. Then we're back in England. Then we're off again." He grinned. "That's why I relax when I can instead of looking for new things to do."

Nobody can deny that, intentionally or not, Mick Jagger has built up a worldwide personal following that is not totally tied to the other Stones. But he said he never visualised himself at the outset as anything but a member of the group.

"The group was everything to Brian and Keith and me. It was our dream, our whole world. Even when Andrew saw us first, the limit of our ambition was to make big money in clubs around London. And it wasn't until the Beatles came along that we thought maybe we could make a record and be like them. Six months before that it was a different story altogether. We felt like giving up.

"When you're down together and then you come up together, that's what makes a group tight and brings you close. We found out that the ideas we'd had all the time were on the right track.

"Do you know, two years ago we didn't know enough to make a record."

Andrew nodded. "That's right. We



"Only two years ago we couldn't make a disc. Now look at us."

spent a whole day doing just the voices on one song. We couldn't get it right, because none of us knew what we were doing. We were just reaching out in the dark. When the boys finally got through I said, 'Thanks very much, that's it.'

"Then the engineer in the studio turned round and said, 'What about mixing it?' I said, 'Mixing? What's that?' Nowadays we know. Nowadays I wouldn't even let anybody else into the studio. We do everything ourselves and put it together.

"What we discovered was that although we didn't know what we were doing at that time, there were people in the record companies who didn't know what they were doing either. Some of them still don't know. And that's how we figured that we might as well be the ones to make a bit of money out of it. The difference is that now we're making a lot of money and they're not. All they've got is their salary from their companies."

Over at the other tables the spies and the columnists were standing up and shaking hands. Len Deighton waved and went away to write more deadly events on his typing machine and Mick asked the waiter for another coffee.

"You know what," said Andrew Oldham. "While we're sitting here it's all happening."

"What is?" we said.

"Radio Scarborough," he replied. "I can't live without it."

"You have high standards," I said.

"Not too high," Andrew said. "Two weeks after we make a record Mick will listen to it and say, 'We could have done that better.' So what? It's done. We can't take it apart and mix it all up again. Obviously we do the best we can. But if you start worrying you can destroy everything and go right over the top."

Mick agreed. "I've sat up with Andrew all night on mixing sessions trying to get things right, taking pills to try and keep awake. We seem to be up always on the last two nights of doing a record. No sleep and then running to get on an aeroplane. But I don't sit on the plane doing it all over again in my mind. You've got to have confidence, right?"

I nodded. "Right." At that moment a waiter dropped a tray. Probably somebody from UNCLE had penetrated his disguise.

"How difficult is it for you to sink your own ego when you're working with the group?" I asked.

"Very," Mick said candidly. "But it's easier at some times than others. We've got our own way of working. Say we're writing a song. Well, Keith works the



"The group was everything."

tape recorder and takes things down as they come into our minds. If anyone else tried to play back the tape they wouldn't believe it, because we usually get about two hours of stuff. And it's all different songs and different ideas. Half a minute of this, then half a minute of that.

"Suddenly you find that one song has got into another one and two songs are joined together. Meanwhile I write out a list of fifty titles. Then the titles get into the songs. You might get three of them in the words of one song.

"Then we might take the verse out of one song and add it to the chorus of another. Then we might change the tempo. And when we've got all that done, I say 'Right, I'll write a lyric to it.'

"When we get to the studio it's still a very skeleton thing, like a minute and a half of a song. So we have to put more bits to it, write an introduction, figure where the beat's on. Then the real work starts—making the record."

This is really where groups like the Stones and the Beatles show the absolute modernity of pop as music. They make use of every present-day aid and device, whereas many professional songwriters carry on as if they were living in the eighteenth-century using pens and pianos.

"I started singing for a laugh, just a giggle, when I was thirteen," Mick said. "Then my voice broke and I decided to give it up. I started again when I was sixteen, singing things you couldn't possibly sell. I suppose they were sort of Chuck Berry, which wasn't wanted then. Everybody was doing softly ballads like 'Livin' Doll.' I liked Buddy Holly too.

"What's different about pop music to-



"Mime helped make the Stones."

day is that there's more improvisation, but it's disciplined. We rely on ourselves. The earlier pop singers had to rely on songwriters and rely on so many other people that they came out as if they were just another instrument. They weren't anything really creative.

"I like mime too. People put it down, but half the time they don't know what they're talking about. It's a lot more difficult to make an impact with a mimed show than in a live show, and if they do away with it I'll be very disappointed. The great

thing about it is that once you're with the song you can do anything you like, even put your head between your knees if you want to, and you can build up a far more exciting show. Jump around, go potty. What they forget is that you can't sing if you're three feet in the air. Mime helped to make the Rolling Stones.

"Nobody objects when we use all the gear they've got in the recording studio. So why object to mime? Why shouldn't we use all the possibilities we can?"

Why indeed? We were alone in the restaurant now. The waiters coughed. It looked as if they wanted to go. I called for the bill.

"We use innovations because they're around," Mick said. "Not because we think they're going to take over or anything, but because they're around."

A slim vision in a lemon yellow coat and black bell-bottoms came down the stairs and appeared at Mick's elbow.

"Don't get up," said Chrissie Shrimpton affectionately, "but I thought you were coming with me to buy shoes this afternoon."

"Sorry, fellas," said Mick.

We said goodbye to Mario. I shared a taxi with Andrew Oldham, who was still feeling the lack of Radio Scarborough.

Suddenly a thought struck me.

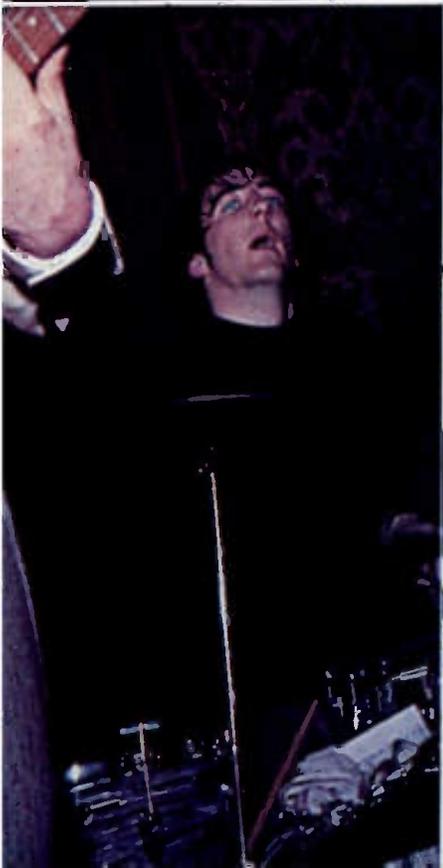
"Hey," I said. "Did you notice those waiters? There was something about them . . ."

"What?" said Andrew.

"They weren't wearing ties," I said.

Till next month, pop-pickers. Stay bright!





The Action is at London's Marquee Club. And that's where Maureen O'Grady went to get this RAVE story for you . . .

The Action's manager, Ricky Farr, had warned me not to be too surprised about the behaviour of his group. They're all crazy, he had said, and loon around a lot. Fortunately, when I met them, they'd just completed six days on the P. J. Proby tour, and were, I'm glad to say, beautifully subdued and tired.

There are five in the Action—Reg King, the lead vocalist; Al King—no relation they tell you automatically—on rhythm guitar; Roger Powell on drums; Peter Watson on lead and Mick Evans on bass. Roger was out buying new drums and Mick new clothes for the group and the three I had before me were Al, Reg and Pete.

The Action are, as if we didn't know, the latest group to have had a great big send off into Hit Parade land with "I'll Keep On Holding On", and are long-standing residents of the Marquee Club.

But things haven't always been so easy for them. Reg told me "We've been together for about two-and-a-half years. Then we were called The Boys. We've known one another since our schooldays. Pete was the last to join about a year ago. We started off quite well, did the German bit in Brunswick, came back, and found we were out of work. Not many bookings. About one wedding every three weeks!" he laughed. "We just lived off our mums and dads. So, we used to spend our time rehearsing; five days a week in Alan's front room. The rehearsing made us better and then gigs started coming along."

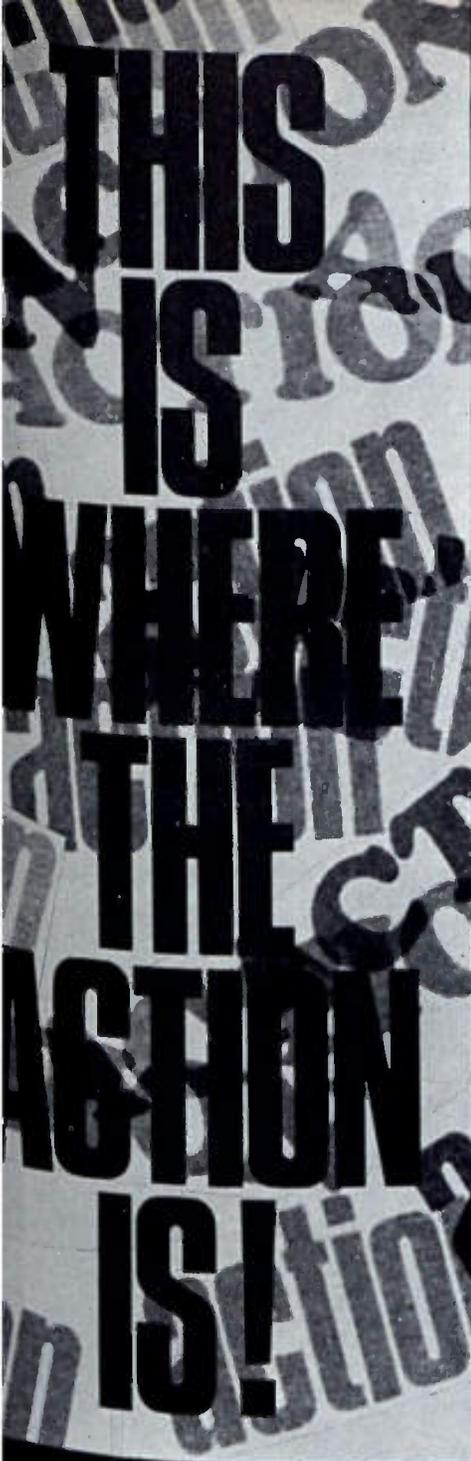
The result was that the boys became the supporting group to the Who's resident spot at the Marquee. The club that gave a big push-off in the right direction to The Who, Spencer Davis, Yardbirds, Moodies, to name but a few.

Al supplied the reasons why. "The Marquee is a reputable club, it's respected. It's a great place to start off at, and you get your chance if you're good. You're seen by the right people. It's a sort of stepping stone. At the Marquee fans like to sit, watch and listen. Up North, the kids are really with you from the word go. One night in Stoke, we stopped playing in the middle of "Land of 1,000 Dances" but the kids went singing and dancing on. It was great! We made it up North first really, that's where we started getting rave audiences. The Marquee audience is static, just watching you. You have to work them up, and get them clapping and jumping. If you can please that kind of audience, you can please anyone!" And The Action usually do.

The boys told me that an LP. is on the way, and they're looking out for ideas and designs for the LP. cover. "Will you ask your readers if they've got any ideas they can send — and to the best designer, we'll send a signed L.P. —and a ride in our dirty van!" Who could resist such an offer from the Action?

MAUREEN O'GRADY

P.S. Send your designs to—The Action, c/o Marquee Artistes, 18 Carlisle Street, W.1.



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10 cigarettes a day cost £30 a year or more
15 cigarettes a day cost £45 a year or more
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DO-IT-YOURSELF FASHION

Start up your own fashion trends! Make your own clothes!

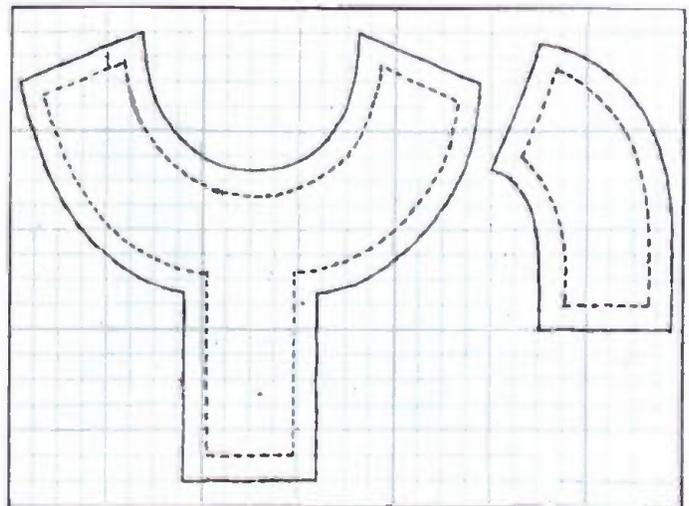
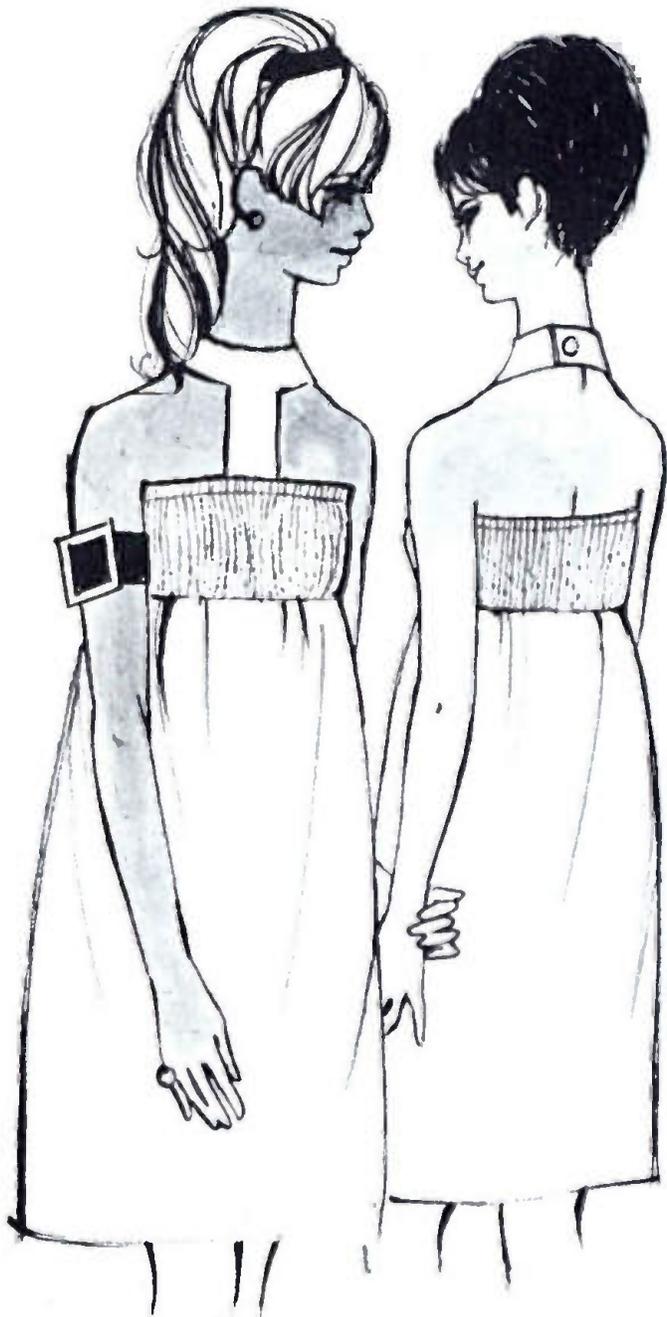
RAVE fans want to know the facts of fashion before anyone else. Only it's a sad fact of fashion that although we can tell you what's in, it takes a little while for the fashions to get into your shops. One way to always be a jump ahead is to do-it-yourself. So, here for a kick-off is a terrific new **RAVE** exclusive pattern for a quickie dress that's really ahead of time!

Skin-fitting shirred and elasticated dresses are in for summer. But bathing-suit tops aren't all that easy to do yourself. Smart solution: use fab fabric by Glensmock which has a Vyrene-elasticated strip running through the middle. Couldn't-be-easier quickie dress is made with elasticated part round the waist. Other ideas on the rave-length are as follows:—

Glensmock fabric comes in Courtele-and-wool or Terylene-and-wool mixtures in white or check. Prices range from about 19s. 11d. to 29s. 11d. yd. There are two widths: 30-32 inches or 48 inches: this is the actual length when it comes to making the quickie dress. The elasticated part is either three inches or seven inches wide. And, of course, the fabric is washable.

Fabric: You'll need your hip measurement plus one inch for seams.

To make: Cut about one inch above elasticated strip (cutting off about nine inches of fabric—you'll use this for neck-strap). Make turning on wrong side and herringbone-stitch in place. Thread elastic through the seam and draw up to same width as elasticated strip. Join side-seam. Cut out T-neck strap from diagram—draw it on graph or brown paper first to make a pattern and then cut out from fabric. Cut 2 fronts and 4 backs. Stitch each back and front together at shoulder seams. Right sides facing, take half-inch seams all way round, leaving bottom front of T-section open. Trim seams, turn inside out and press. Lap back neck and work button and button-hole. Try on dress and pin neck-strap to dress so that length is correct for your figure. Then stitch strap to dress front on wrong side. Turn up hem to required length. Cut off any surplus fabric. A neat hem should be about three inches. Use bias-binding for neat finish. Any fabric over? Follow Paris and make yourself an *Upper-arm Belt-Bracelet*. Cut out fabric to required width and length, fold in half lengthways, take half-inch seams leaving sufficient open to turn. Trim seams, turn and press. Neaten unstitched end. Try round your upper arm, to measure lap-over. Thread on big silver buckle. Sew on snap-fasteners.



rave

JOHN



WHAT IS THE WALKERS NEXT MOVE?

RAVE man, Allan McDougall, a very good mate of theirs, finds out . . .

Whatever the Walker Brothers' current Kings of Pop, next move may be, one thing is certain: they have no plans to be taken out of Britain. Scott, the only Walker who hasn't been back to Hollywood since the trio arrived here in February '65, had only one reason to go back there and that was to see his mother. But the thought of flying six thousand miles put him off so much that he had his mother—and his aunt—fly over in time to see the opening of the Walker Brothers/Roy Orbison tour.

Even John, the former All-American Maus, has grown to like Britain so much he'd hate to leave.

"Once you get used to the weather and the food, I guess the U.K. is really



O.K.," he said recently. "Anyway, I have my wife, my flat, my dogs and my car here, so there's not much left to go back for!"

One of John's next moves will be to buy a car like Gary the Leeds bought a few weeks ago. A Marcos sports car.

"And what a car," enthuses the Leeds. "It's long, low, red and really in there. Looks like a cross between a Ferrari, an E-type and a Maserati! But you don't see many around, so mine is a real rare baby. As soon as he can get one, Maus is going to trade in his Bentley for a Marcos."

With the departure of P. J. Proby, rumour has it that the Walkers will have to leave Britain. However, according to Walker manager Maurice King, they won't have to leave for at least a year.

The next move, record-wise? Only Scott knows the answer. He's got a few things in mind for the next single, including a few way-out songs.

"Whatever we do release," he stresses, "will be something cut a couple of weeks before. I don't like having anything in the

can, you know, a stockpile of songs from which you select your next single, next E.P., next L.P. I just can't work that way. I have to go in the studio fresh, and record straight away. Otherwise you tend to get a little stale. But I don't mind re-recording until I find perfection. Even if it takes four sessions, I must have perfection."

Having been forced to move from their Chelsea flat because of fans, it looks like Scott and Gary will have to move from their St. John's Wood apartment soon, as every day they are home, there are crowds of girls in residence outside the front door, waiting for every movement of a curtain, every glimpse of a shadow behind a window. All their incoming phone-calls are monitored, but—even so their phones seldom stop ringing.

"Some of these days," said Gary one night after speaking to the thirty-second fan that day, "I'm going to actually get a call from a guy." The phone rang . . . and it was a guy, right on cue.

"That was the Nash!" he exclaimed. "He's coming right round for a game of chess."

In the last couple of months, a great friendship-rivalry has sprung up between Graham Nash and Beads. Beads, by the way, is what Scott calls him, in return for which Gary calls Scott Ingle, which rhymes with Dingle. Both Beads and Nash are expert chessmen, and one of these days Nash swears he's going to beat Beads!



Now that their tour of Britain is over, The Walkers intend taking holidays to get over all their tiredness, bruises, cuts and concussions. Yes, concussions! Early in the tour, when they were trying to get from their big Jaguar road car into a hotel at Chester, fans grabbed and mauled the trio so badly that when police finally cleared a path for them, Scott and John were both lying on the ground—unconscious!

John intends going touring in Europe, Scott fancies grabbing some Spanish sunshine and Gary isn't too sure whether to go to Scotland, Nassau or Majorca.

"Anywhere," he sums it up, "to get a complete re-charge for our batteries!"



ALWAYS WATCH THE CHART

FORECAST FOR MAY

This is the Chart that looks into the past, present and future of discs, and finds out whether they deserve to be hits or not!

BRIGHT SPOTS

■ Plenty of bright spots in the Whether Chart these days, what with the Alan Price Set, Spencer, and Cilla. But what a quiet Chart it is. Even the Who, world-famous for their noise can only offer their mjd-tempo "Substitute". In fact, the Chart is a complete contrast to the Beate announcement last week to record in America, to get "a Negro sound instead of a white man's interpretation of a Negro sound". So maybe everyone's saving their energies for some rave numbers for the summer.

Alan Price must be feeling the happiest star alive with the success of his "I Put A Spell On You". Formerly recorded by Nina Simone, it's a coincidence that when Alan was with the Animals their first No. 1 was with a former Nina Simone recorded number, "Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood."

"Spell" is a fantastic number which reflects the current trend of our pop music.

Crispian St. Peters is a star with a big following. And his "The Pled Piper" looks like increasing it too. He won a silver disc with "You Were On My Mind"



Zal Yanovsky John Sebastian



Steve Boone Joe Butler
and chances are he could well repeat it with this.

Although currently one of the most successful groups in America, until their visit here the Lovin' Spoonful were practically unknown in England. Their "Daydream" was written by guitarist John Sebastian. Joe Butler, drums, Zal Yanovsky, guitar and Steven Boone, bass, complete the line-up.

"Daydream" must rate as one of the most hummable, whistleable discs to be released. And now that they've broken through we should be hearing a lot more of them.

P.S. Keith Relf of the Yardbirds rates the Spoonful one of his most favourite groups! Along with, that is, people like the the Stones and George Harrison, who reckoned he almost played a hole through his copy of "Daydream"!

FREAK OUTBURSTS

■ S/Sgt. Barry Sadler's "Ballad Of The Green Berets" could hardly be anything but an outburst. It made No. 1 in America as did his LP of the same name. In fact, the LP is rather interesting. Here is just a selection of the tracks: "Letter From Vietnam",

"Saigon", "Trooper's Lament", "Salute To The Nurses", "Badge Of Courage" and "I'm A Lucky One".

In the past followers of protest songs soon found that pop and politics don't mix. That's quite true. They don't.

The last time we heard a Manfred Mann single was eight months ago when he thrilled us with "If You Gotta Go, Go Now". So really, a new Manfred Mann release is an outburst!

An American gentleman called Mr. Barkan wrote this "Pretty Flamingo", which must be one of the prettiest numbers they've done. Should hit No.1. But please, Mr. Manfreds, let's not have to wait so long for a single from you next time, even though it was well worth it this time.

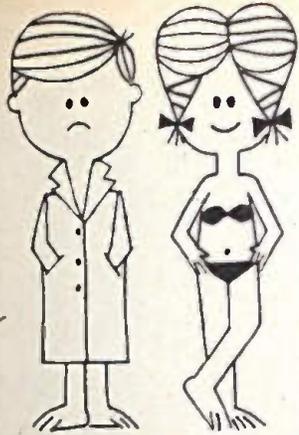
Paul Jones, Manfred vocalist



DEPRESSION

■ David McCallum fans (all fifty million of them) must have been a bit depressed over his





disc, "Communication". After a lot of talk about it being the first of the new wave sound called "Talk-Rock" it turned out to be a female choir chanting in the background with David reading his lines in front.

"My Carousel" on the flip wasn't much better.

Though granny might like it we're sure UNCLE fans don't. Not the sort of material to launch him as a pop star.

Illya's disappointing disc!

as the follow-up to their "My Generation", but with a switch of record labels from Brunswick to Reaction they changed their mind, made "Substitute" the A side, put "Circles" on the back and called it "Instant Party". However, Brunswick released "It's a Legal Matter" (From their "My Generation" LP) as a single, also with "Instant Party" on the back. So there were two Who discs from two different companies both with the same B side.

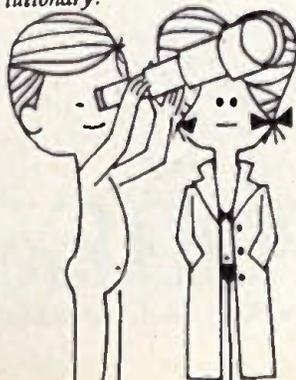
As it turned out the dispute was all legal matter but after a bit of wrangling was soon settled.

Keith Moon
legalised now!



FURTHER OUTLOOK

■ While the current trend is for 'quiet' sounds, it can't be long before something really solid hits the charts. The Beatles went to America in search of something new, and, knowing the Beatles we bet they found it. Pop soul a la Righteous Brothers has been trying to make a break for some time and 'White Soul', say the Americans, is also going to come crashing in soon. The 'quiet' sound is okay but music is largely for dancing to, and so we've got to expect some danceable discs to be released. Our tip—watch the Beatles for something revolutionary.

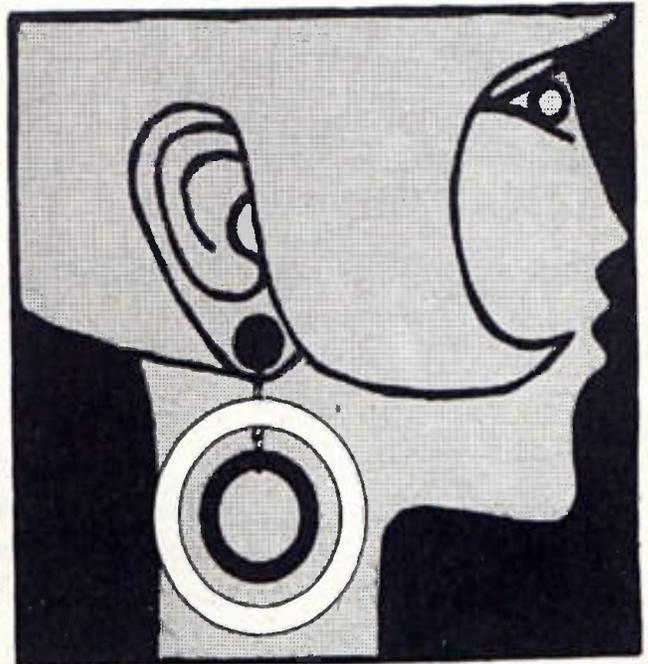


WINDS OF CHANGE

■ As we said earlier, there's a lot of change in the Charts with everyone quietening down. But now that the injunction restraining the Who's "Substitute" from being sold has been withdrawn, the story behind the hold-up can be told.

The group had first decided to release "Circles"

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LEAVING HOME?

Everybody thinks about it at one time or another. Leaving home is a thought that crops up in everyone's life. Is it a wise move to make? We tell you as it's our **THIS IS YOUR LIFE** problem this month.

Your friend Suzanne bursts into your room waving the letter from her friend in Rome, and you have a funny feeling that somehow this piece of paper is going to change your way of life.

"She's having a marvellous time!" Suzanne says jubilantly. "She says we just must go over there and work for the summer."

You feel disturbed and thrilled. You're seventeen and it seems like forever — fourteen months actually — since you've wanted to leave home. To make it away from the provincial town you were born in, yet something has held you back. Fear of the unknown, affection for home, quite a few things stop you.

Suzanne is all for it (she doesn't get on with her parents, anyway); as she has pointed out, you are nearly eighteen and all you have seen of the world is Paris, on the school trip, and Edinburgh for the Festival. You should get away. Be independent. Live life at your own level and on your own while you're still young!

She's right, of course. You think about it: imagine the heat of the Italian sun and the eyes of the man beside you on the beach. You think about London and the streets of Chelsea and Soho, full of boutiques and men. The swinging jobs. The action that's all there and not here. The chance of meeting people who are making it all happen. Mmm . . . The model girls — the studios — the photographers — the super men. . . . Funny how men always fit in somewhere. There's no special boy in your home town. Most of them are drags, really. They all look so different in other places.

"Let's go," Suzanne has said many times. All she talks of is the marvellous time you'll have going



to parties every night and eating in sleazy coffee bars, full of beatniks and sharing a flat so you can stay out all night.

But strangely, you hesitate. Is there something holding you back beyond the magic idea of freedom? Would spaghetti Bolognese served on plastic plates by a part-time art student be a substitute for Mum's dinners eaten in the warmth of the kitchen at home? But that's crazy. Acting like a kid, really.

Yet you have to admit that leaving home scares you a bit. Mum and Dad may be a bit dull at times but they are comfortable; they are safe; they are yours. Home smells of cooking and soap powders and the bath salts Mum got for Christmas, and even when you are away for a week the thought of it sends a pang that you don't quite understand. You try to shut the feeling out: it's silly. People like you, a young modern, . . .

don't get upset about things like that.

But when you went on holiday with Suzanne last year and caught tonsillitis and they carted you off to hospital, you didn't feel like a young modern at all. You wanted Mum and Dad there. Yet when the nurse asked if you would like them sent for, you said: "No, don't bother them. It's not as if I'm a child." Yet you felt like a child.

Come to think of it, you often feel like one.

Suzanne waves the letter from Rome. "Stop doubting," she says. "We can go to Rome and have a wonderful summer and if we like it away from here, we can go to London in the autumn! Think of it.

London! Where it's all happening! "We need the chance of freedom; we need to meet new people. There's the rest of our lives to settle down in when we're married and have kids of our own."

The letter waves in her hand. The stamp is colourful. Rome. Freedom. Hard work. Independence. Later, maybe London. You know Mum and Dad will always be there, with the smell of cooking and washing powder and the sound of pottering feet and the feel of loving hands. Leaving them won't make you love them less. Perhaps even more.

"Nothing ventured, nothing gained . . ." you hear Suzanne saying . . .

But will you . . . ? And what . . . ?

WHAT RAVE SAYS

Well, yes, you've got to do it sooner or later. Is it better—or easier—to do it now, on your own, instead of waiting till you get married, and swap Mum's and Dad's place for a husband's?

Let's look at the pros and cons of staying safe at home with the family. Security, love, the pleasures of the known and trusted. And boredom. The feeling of I'm-on-the-outside-looking-in. Wanting to be where the action is.

And the alternatives? Let's not kid ourselves. That Dolce Vita—the high soft life, the glamorous clothes, the gorgeous men, the fancy flat—they aren't there waiting for you to come and pick them up. They're expensive, for a start. Can you earn enough to pay your way with the high flyers? Not at seventeen, unless you're very lucky.

And suppose you go to London, set up on your own somewhere, get a job, pay your own way? Would that be all fun? There'd be some kicks—sure there would be. But there would be long, dull, lonely evenings in a dingy bedsitter, too, doing without lunches, walking to work to raise the cash for a new dress or whatever. There are a lot of lonely girls in London, still on-the-outside-looking-in.

Those are the cons—but there are some pros. Living alone, away from Mum's care, would teach you a lot. How to balance a budget properly. How to get on with new people, how to adapt to new ideas, how to sort the good from the bad. When there's no loving family on the sidelines waiting to catch you when you land on your bottom, it's surprising how quickly you learn to land on your feet. And when eventually you meet the man you want, marry him, have kids, you'll make that much better a job of it. You won't be the girl to run crying home to Mum because you can't cope.

Look, the answer is a compromise, isn't it? As Ian McLagan suggested. Not Rome, this year. Not even London. Save London for next year, Rome for the year after that. Get in training for it. Set up on your own in your own home town. The family will probably see it your way. If they were the sort who clung to a growing daughter, didn't want to see her try her own wings, you'd have gone long ago, wouldn't you?

It's much easier to leave difficult parents (like Suzanne's) than folks like yours who see things your way.

So, find a flat not too far from home, with a friend and see how it goes.

And then—when you've got the hang of it, got used to the problems (and it's no fun coming home to an unmade bed and dirty breakfast dishes at the end of a day's work) then you'll be ready for London and Rome and Paris, and the whole wide world. It's out there—but you'll have to get yourself ready to make the best of it.

WHAT THE STARS SAY



Ian McLagan, (Small Faces)

■ I wouldn't advise it at all. I think seventeen is a bit young to go off like that. She could go down to London for a holiday and see if she likes it, but I think she's definitely too young to go to Rome. The point is, it *doesn't* all happen in London, it happens where you want to make it happen. But even then, I think she's too young to live in London. She could get a place near her home town, have a trial run at running her own life and managing her money with her home near in case of difficulties. But I give her, say, at least two more years of growing up first. Life on your own always sounds very exciting, but it isn't.

Wendy Varnals

■ I think whether she actually leaves home or not depends entirely on how she feels herself. It is impossible to tell someone to leave or stay but you can point out the difficulties and advantages. Personally I wouldn't advise anyone to go abroad.

I left home as soon as I had finished school, and went to work in an hotel in Torquay. This was a great way of leaving home because you live within the hotel and so get food and shelter. I'd advise any girl to work in an hotel at a nice seaside resort.

This going to London bit is rather different. London swallows you up. It is madness to come here without a job and a home, and you must be earning at least £10 a week to exist. The perfect thing to do is get about four or five friends to come with you, so you can afford a whole self-contained flat. This way you know you have a nice place to live in. A course in shorthand and typing or clerical work, isn't a bad idea either, for that assures you of a job in London. Being out of work here isn't funny.

If you come with four or five friends all of whom have jobs, then you will all meet people in your work and you will create a big circle of friends, which is what you need. Then the coffee bars, and the bright lights that you have heard all about, really do look good, and you can enjoy yourself.





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THIS IS WHERE

Pop news, disc news, star news. Mike Grant brings you the best in pop gossip!

■ *No one more pleased than I to see Alan Price, the organist who had the courage to break away from a very successful group—the Animals, making it on his own now with "I Put A Spell On You" such a fantastic hit.*

"It's been a year worth waiting for," said Alan when I had lunch with him in a pub off Leicester Square. "Of my original group there is only one left. Musicians seem to come and go with me. My group is kind of a rest home. They come and play with me for a while to get out what they want to play and then off to another group. Not that I blame them—after all that's the way it started out for me.

"With a hit I'm looking forward to a more settled team now and we're really roping in the bookings with a residency down London Tiles club every Thursday."

Alan's other interests at present are reading Winnie the Pooh ("He really hangs me up") and Ivanhoe, the novel by Sir Walter Scott.

"A Welsh master recommended it to me as a cure for insomnia" explained Alan. "'Three pages of Ivanhoe and you'll be fast asleep,' he said: He's right—it works like a charm."

■ **Following Stevie Wonder's record of "Up Tight" and the Dave Dee & Co's "Hold Tight" would it not be a splendid gesture for the Animals to record "All Tight!" Cheers boys!**

■ **Before Bob Lind returned to America I took him and his two managers for lunch in a real olde English restaurant where the customers sang Edwardian songs to tunes turned out on an old upright piano by a gent in a top hat. Bob watched the clientele banging their knives and forks on the table in time to "I'm Henry the VIII" with delight and turned to me—"It sounds like a prison riot for better food," he cracked.**

Managers Green and Stone enlivened proceedings by starting a sugar lump battle with the next table and a good time was had by all.

"Hey, isn't it luck to throw salt over your shoulder?" asked Charlie Green. I nodded.

Over Charlie's shoulder went a 3 lbs canister of salt on the table, through a window and into the River Thames! Oh well, all on the bill.

Towards the end of the meal Bob told me how he writes those beautiful lyrics to compositions like "Elusive Butterfly."

"I see things as pictures in the mind," he said. "I look for the things behind the wall—concealed by darkness or hidden by sunlight. I want to show people the hidden things. Colours are too obvious—the eye sees only half of what the heart does. I try to see with my heart."

■ **Anyone want to join the SBSBTV league along with Jonathan King, Brian Jones, Spencer Davis, Eric Burdon and myself. Oh, the SBSBTV is of course "The Send Barry Sadler Back to Vietnam League."**

■ **Rolling Stone Bill Wyman is justifiably proud of his four year old son Stephen who can already read simple books and tell the time. He also saved Bill's new luxury house in Kent from burning down recently while Bill was on tour with the group abroad. The fire completely gutted an oak panelled room in the house doing over £500 worth of damage.**

"Fortunately Stephen woke up his mother and the fire brigade was called in time to put out the fire before the rest of the house caught," Bill told me. "The brigade discovered an old chest in the room where I had stored some raw wool close to a radiator. It was deduced that the constant cooling and heating of the material had resulted in a kind of internal combustion."

■ **Drummer Pete York with the Spencer Davis group declares he has discovered a new couple of duettists on the sitar called "Ravi Shankar and Land Rover." Never a dull moment in their van!**

■ **This reporter can verify reports that for the first time in his life Rolling Stones' manager Andrew Oldham was lost for words when he met Brigitte Bardot with the Stones in Paris. Mick and Keith are now working on a number for her next film which is to be a spy epic.**

■ **One reason for Ray Davies' recent illness is that he is a guy who tries to do too much in too little time. He talked to me about his problem of being overworked at his East Finchley home where the front door is orange, the room has orange walls and carpet.**

"My trouble is that I'm a composer trying to do my work in theatres, in ballrooms, clubs anywhere I can grab a few moments," said Ray, "I've got some great new ideas about French-Spanish influences that I want to experiment with but I haven't the time to work them out.

"I'm working with Barry Fantoni, the compere of 'Whole Scene Going' on a jazz slanted LP bringing in whole orchestras at points where needed. But I just have no time to complete all these things. I've been trying to do too much recently and this was the cause of my illness."

And with that Ray helped himself to some fruit—an orange of course! Here's hoping he's back and fit to do all those things as soon as possible.

Bob Lind "pictures in the mind."



BE IT'S AT!

■ Stevie Winwood gave me a run down on the question he likes least to answer—his kind of girl. Stevie explained quite carefully that he refused to designate a type in case it spoilt his chances anywhere but I insisted on an answer. What is his kind of girl? He pondered for a further few minutes and then I got a two word answer. "Ursula Andress." And the next question.

■ Nice to see Paul Simon making an impact here with Garfunkel and it would be even nicer if the immigration officials allow him back in the country. Having worked for six months in obscurity over here Paul is not legally allowed back for another six.

Meanwhile from the U.S. he has been quoted as saying he thinks the Bachelors, version of "Sound Of Silence" is disgusting—I'll drink to that! But has he heard the arrangement someone did for Guy Darrell's "Somewhere They Won't Find Me," and why, oh why, did the Seekers do his composition "Some Day, One Day" with what can only be described as a Tom Springfield arrangement? Hurry back Paul and arrange your own songs—there's wholesale massacre going on of Simon's songs here.

For the way a Paul Simon song should be arranged and sung get "The Paul Simon Song Book" (CBS) which also includes the best version of "Sound of Silence."



Mick—don't throw things!

■ The thought of one of our top pop stars like Mick Jagger or Scott Engel being killed by an enthusiastic fan is a macabre if not morose thought—but it could so easily happen if some girls and boys continue with the stupid practice of hurling coins, souvenirs or other hard objects on stage. Mick Jagger returned from his recent French tour with four stitches inserted over his right eye where a fan had hit him with the back of a chair broken off during the excitement and hurled on stage.

"It was just enthusiasm—they go a bit wild," said Mick. "It's stupid behaviour but it's a risk we take. I did the whole British tour over here similiarly plastered up. The only thing I was concerned about was that Chrissie shouldn't get some exaggerated newspaper report before I got back to show there was no real damage."

Well that might be Mick's exceptionally broad-minded view on the subject but if you go to a concert it's as well to remember the consequences of a coin thrown from the footlights or any kind of gift package. Coming out of the lights the artist can only see the object at the last moment and often has no time to avoid it. It might mean the loss of an eye or serious injury for the star you are trying to show your admiration for in the wrong way.

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MAY Dodo's Pop Diary

THIRTY-ONE
DAYS IN
THE LIFE OF
A POP LOVER

1

Donovan on 3-week tour of Australia and Japan. Big N.M.E. concert today at Wembley. THEY'll all be there! Last night of Walkers/Orbison tour — Coventry.

2

Freddie and the Dreamers — 1 week at Glasgow Pavilion. Walkers now on holiday. Spencer Davis Group in Germany till 6th.

3

Peter and Gordon on 6-week tour of U.S. New Hollies LP. and Ryan twins single due out soon. Tomorrow last night of Animals 3-week tour of U.S. — Indianapolis State Fair.



5

Bob Dylan tour opens in Ireland at the Dublin ABC.

6

Ben E. King here till 22nd. Dylan at Belfast ABC. Donovan 20 today. Moodies on 11-day French tour with Johnny Hallyday. First night of Seekers' tour — Huddersfield ABC.

7

Cilla Black ends long run at Savoy Hotel Restaurant. Ricky West (Tremeloes) 23 today. Seekers' tour at Chesterfield ABC. Dave Dee, etc. . . at La Locomotive Club, Paris.

8

Sounds Incorporated at Garrick Club, Leigh, and Towers Club, Warrington, this week. Paul Samwell-Smith 23 today. Seekers' tour at Hull ABC.

9

Hollies back from the States. Pete Birrell (Dreamers) 25 today. John Hawken (Teens) 26 today.

10

Dylan tour at Colston Hall, Bristol, tonight.

11

Dylan tour moves on to Wales — Cardiff Capitol. Eric Burdon 25 today. Les Chadwick (Pacemakers) 23 today.

12

Dylan tour at the Birmingham Odeon.

13

Seekers' tour still up North — Wigan ABC. Bachelors setting off for the U.S.A.

14

Dylan's tour at Liverpool Odeon. Seekers' tour at Chester ABC. Mindbenders at La Locomotive Club, Paris. Lek Leckenby (Hermits) 20 today.

15

Sounds Incorporated at Greaseborough Social Club for 1 week. Dylan's tour at Leicester de Montfort. Seekers at Cleethorpes ABC.

16

Bob Dylan at Sheffield Gaumont tonight, and at Manchester Free Trade Hall tomorrow.



18

Cliff Richard has started shooting on his new film.

19

Pete Townshend of the Who 21 today. Dylan tour at Glasgow Odeon. Spencer Davis Group off to Germany for 1-week.

20

Cher 20 today. Dylan at Edinburgh ABC, Seekers at Lincoln ABC.

21

Seekers at Nuneaton ABC and Dylan at Newcastle Odeon.

22

Hilton Valentine of the Animals 23 today. Happy Birthday Hilton! Seekers' tour at Northampton ABC.

23

Bob Dylan celebrates his 25th birthday tomorrow in this country.

24

Derek Quinn of the Dreamers 24 today.

25

Mindbenders set off for 3 days of dates in Munich, Germany.

26

Dylan's big London concert — Royal Albert Hall. Art Sharp (Teens) 25 today, and Ray Ennis (SBJs) 24 today.

27

Rockin' Berries open up in summer season at Blackpool North Pier. Seekers at Cambridge Regal. Cilla's birthday today — 23! Kinks, Dave Dee etc. at Croydon Fairfield Hall.

28

Hollies away for 2 weeks to Sweden and Denmark. Tony Mansfield of the Dakotas 23 today. Seekers at Peterborough Embassy.

29

Sir Douglas Quintet here till June 14th. Roy Crews of the Dreamers 25 today. Seekers at Great Yarmouth ABC.

30

Seekers still at Great Yarmouth ABC today. Lenny Davidson of the Dave Clark 5 — 22 today.

31

Summer seasons next month — where to see your fave raves by the waves!

Today's Raves

Tracy Major, a with-it girl from the States, has designed some super belts for boutiques. Eight designs in metallic or matt finishes on 3" leather belts, Bullets, Big Flowers, Greak Key, Fishscales (see sketches), Circles, Little Flowers, Stripe and Wavy Line. They cost 47s. 6d. and can



■ Now that skirts are getting even shorter a great idea for a dress is a man's shirt! Completely remove sleeves, or sew back after altering the shoulder width and hey! presto—one mini skirt!

be got from Countdown, Kings Road, or Clobber, Blackheath. Also at Paraphernalia in New York City or by post from Tracy Major, Hall Place, Lyndhurst Terrace, London, N.W.3. They make a nice change from hessian and in a wide colour range will brighten up any pair of hipsters or a mini skirt.

Keepest ahead of fashion, that's the motto of new boutique "Generation", at Tallyho Corner, Finchley, N.12. And to make sure they do they have a "fans' panel." The owner admitted she didn't know enough about young clothes so she went out and got together five young go-getters namely: Pauline Lines, 18; Debbie Miller, 15; Jimmy Athanassiou, 17; Terry Nash, 17; and Kathy Galvin who is 15 and formed them into a panel to act as advisers and buyers. The panel will be changed every few months but the first have already got together some very now designs—a great idea for a new Generation!

■ Latest way to wear jeans or any trousers which haven't got the low hipster look is to wear a top (not skinny) outside the trousers, and at waist level, wear a beaded or unusual belt. But it must be narrow.

■ A must under short skirts are tights! Best are 30 denier in a tan shade for the long, leggy tan-look.

NEW HAUNT FOR THE 'IN' CROWD

■ Yet another new discotheque has opened up in the heart of London. Called The Drum, you find it at 70 New Bond Street. The different thing, or gimmick, about this club is that it has three professional dancing girls, doing the Shake etc. on coloured drums. All of the beat music is on disc. The dance floor is good, and the club is very nicely decorated. The hours are from 9 p.m.—4 a.m. First drink, plus entrance fee is £1, and after that drinks are 10s. Should prove to be a popular haunt of the pop star 'In' crowd.

What's in . . . what's happening . . . what are the new rave waves? This is the page that tells you!

■ Looking great with a tan, real or false, are Levi denim shirts, slightly faded. Wear loose or with a belt.

■ For a thirtyish look, but still keeping your long hair, buy a canvas hat shape which fits your head snugly, and add a large floppy rose. Looks great worn with a plain coat. As most of the frames are white, dye the shape to match the rose, with cold water dye. Can also look great if rose or roses and hat shape are in contrasting colours. Try it!

■ Buck-up an old coat for Spring by buying lining in a contrasting colour, e.g. Navy coat/mauve lining, Camel coat/orange or cerise lining. Have the coat re-lined, and in the same material have a shirt made for the complete look. Also, try and get some material to match the actual coat for a hipster skirt.

■ Spruce up last year's vest top for the Summer. Simply add braiding around the neck and sleeves. Looks great on neutral colours, e.g. beige, white. Keep the braiding simple.

■ As shoes can look pretty similar these days, one way to be different is colour-wise. With Shoe-Dye, colour them mauve, pink, crimson, orange or even multi-coloured!!

■ Another rave idea for short, short skirts are men's vests! The old-fashioned type with short sleeves. They hang well when worn over a taffeta slip and can be dyed in fantastic, way-out colours!

Following the Be-British campaigns here's the latest—'Join the Tea Set' helped along by those ads from Paul Jones, Manfred Mann, the Ivy League and Unit 4 Plus 2. Join them in your own 'Join the Tea Set' Tea shirt (see our sketch) which is offered for 5s post free. The offer opens on May 1st, 1966 and closes at the end of September and for 5s including postage and packing you will receive your Tea-shirt plus two transfers with same motif as the shirts to use on hats, other sweaters etc. The address to send to is: Habeware Ltd., Hanover Mills, Guide Bridge, Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancashire.



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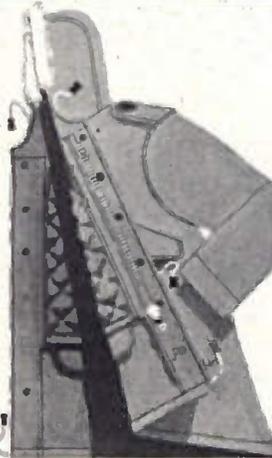
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I enclose cheque/M.O./P.O. for £ s d

To: Carnaby House, 24 Carnaby Street, London, W.1



NOW AMERICA HAS ITS OWN BEATLES!

You'd never think there could ever be another group like our Beatles. But now there is. America has Beatles of its very own! And this is what RAVE'S Maureen O'Grady found out. . .

■ We're sure most of you have heard of the Beatle Bobbies, the American vigilante fan club, organized to protect the Beatles from their fans. Well, the Beatle Protection Society has been taken one step further. Now there's a group of four boys from Baltimore, who unofficially under-study for the Beatles on visits to America, during hazardous times!

The Beatle Decoys, as they are known, had their first taste of 'decoying' on the Beatles' last U.S. tour. Ron Rictor, posing as Ringo, and Bill Davis as Paul, walked out the front of the Baltimore theatre where the Beatles had just appeared—and had their jackets and shirts torn to bits while the Beatles made a safe exit out of the back door! A similar thing happened at the Beatles' downtown motel. Ron and Bill waved out of windows and ran down alleys to get the fans away from the motel, while the Beatles slipped out for some fresh air.

At that time there were only two 'decoys', Ringo and Paul (Ron and Bill), so they looked around for two more to take the place of John and George. They found Tim Rogers for John, and Ed Rogers for George. When the Decoys are caught by fans, they admit they're not the real thing. But says Ron, "It doesn't

do any good, they don't believe us!" For they dress as like the Beatles as possible, and the effect is quite convincing to fans who haven't had a really good close-up of the real Beatles. Each 'decoy' even plays the same instrument as the Beatle he portrays, and their Paul (Bill) is left-handed!

Ron, the leader, says they love decoying for the Beatles. "Very steady work, after all. The Beatles will go on for ever!"

**BEATLE DECOYS FAN CLUB,
1022 Green Acre Road, Baltimore,
MD., 21208, U.S.A.**

■ One thousand fan letters a day isn't bad, especially when it's just because you look like Beatle Paul McCartney! And the young man who gets all this attention is Keith Allison. As you can see, he's a real ringer for Paul McCartney! For Keith, who previously had been playing with The Crickets, it all happened when he wandered into the Whisky A' Go Go Club in Hollywood looking for a friend. The same evening a TV show was being televised in the club, and Keith was asked to sit in—just on his appearance. Weeks later the show was screened. In poured the letters. Keith's face had definitely been noticed. "Was that Paul?" and, "If it wasn't Paul, who was it?" The show's producer, Dick Clark, wasn't slow to notice all this response and the outcome was that Keith was signed to the show, "Where The Action Is" for twelve months!

It's certainly not the first time Keith had been mistaken for Paul. He

recalls, "When the Beatles hit big here, I was mobbed many times. It was very amusing but at times, alarming. After one show with the Crickets, I had to run 300 yards for my life, with the police trying to keep up, when a mob of thousands tried to tear me apart!"

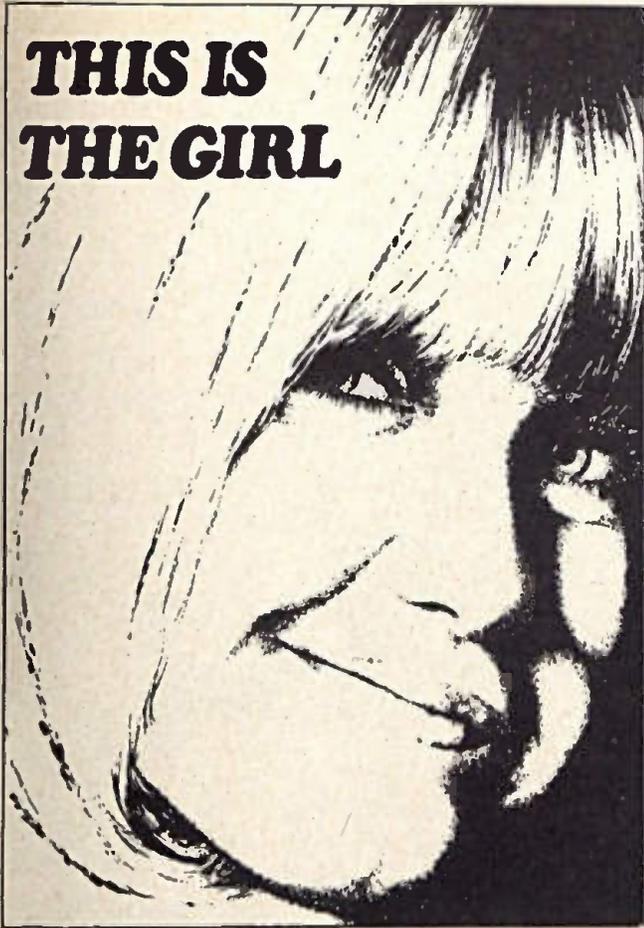
We wonder if the Beatles realise how much good luck and fortune (along with a few ripped suits!) they've given to these boys, just because they happen to look like THEM.

**KEITH ALLISON FAN CLUB,
Box 2829, Hollywood 28,
California, U.S.A.**

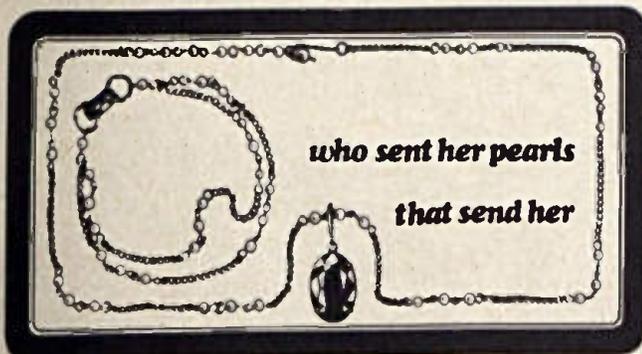


Beatle 'double'—Keith Allison

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who could have been
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and it would have
saved her from
getting neurotic
about her
complexion.**

**Fortunately for her
she didn't hear them
call her grotty-spotty,
but behind her back
they did just that.
We are trying to
trace that girl.
Is she you?**

This is NuDerm

Clear Cleansing Medicated Gel for Acne and Pimples



It costs only 3/6

From all branches of



JUST DENNIS

■ Hey, like—gear-fab. We're about to be invaded by the new look for summer—the West Coast Look. The West Coast of America, that is! Most of the Carnaby shops and around are forecasting blue skies fashion-wise with all the great new West Coast influenced gear that's coming in. I rate it fantastic, and that's what my new look this month is—the West Coast.

GROOVY

That's this U.S. cavalry type hat. Made from pure linen it's a knockout for fooling about on the beach. Comes in smooth two-tone colours. From Cue, the Austin Reed boutique in Regent Street, costs 37s. 6d.

TURNED ON

I reckon so, anyway. An ice blue hip jacket that's so cool it's not true! It's in lightweight denim, with two front pockets and black leather buttons. John Stephen do it and it costs 5gns.

a boy's slant on boys' fashion . . .

DENNIS—ISMS or what I think is happening in the boys' fashion-world! COMING IN . . . long jackets with narrow shoulders, no shoulder pads, waisted, single-breasted, and with one fourteen-inch vent at the back. Also going down a bomb are pin-striped trousers, tight at the thigh and knee and flaring out to about eighteen inches at the bottom. Revival once again of coloured trousers — lime, yellow and pink, favourite colours. Flared trousers will be more popular, with patch pockets on the front or back.

Plain madras shirts are on the in, especially in brilliant colours like orange, raspberry and lime! Shoes are mainly Italian influenced, a must is sawn-off toes. Made of light-weight leather, with flexible soles. Anything with the squared-off toes is all right. Also in, in a very big way, brogue shoes with big thick soles with the pin point pattern all over them.



Heavy brogues, the kind of thing you would expect to see a country farmer wearing, will be the next big shoe rave.



WAY OUT

Rugger shirts aren't exactly an everyday accessory but I found it completed this outfit perfectly. The stripes are a knockout. Really big and bold, and at the shop I got it from, Lonsdale Sports, 21 Beak Street, London, W.1, they told me that girls are buying them to wear as mini-skirts as well! Price 33s. 6d.

BOLD

... and brassy. Black leather belt with the initials 'U.S.' on it. Alternatively, you can have the initials 'C.S.A.'—for the Confederate States of America. (Or great Conversation Starter Accessories.) Either way it's a wow!

From the Cue Boutique at Austin Reed, about 45s.

WILD

about these groovy hipsters in white herring-boned cotton. There's a slight flare to the trousers, wide belt loops, two interesting front pockets with flaps and inverted pleats. From John Stephen, 59s. 6d.

HEY!

Like dig the shoes. Perfect for knocking about in at weekends. Paie blue and dark blue. Only 29s. 11d. from Character shoes.

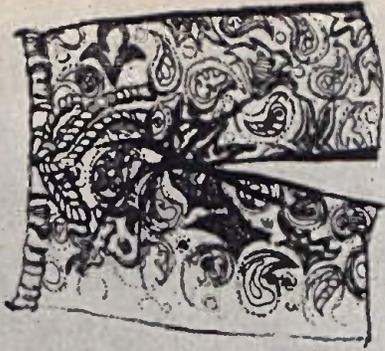
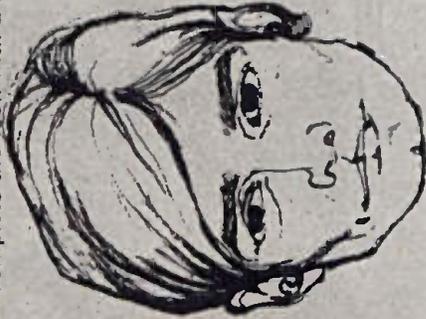
Belts: Good for the summer, anything rough. Things like

string belts, Army belts, pyjama cords, and rope belts. I've noticed many of my friends wearing World Cup Willie T-shirts from sports shops, and W.C.W. stickers on their parka's, scooters and cars. Could catch!

Nightwear... Bermuda shorts are the in thing for pyjamas. Also long old-fashioned nightshirts, with night-cap and candle to complete the image.

Latest in hair... Long but thinned out so that it doesn't stand out like a bush. Lots of boys now go to girls' hairdressers to have this done.

For an up-to-date jacket for a fraction of the normal price, go to a market or jumble sale and buy up an old jacket in the 1930's style. Have it cleaned and pressed—and all for about £1. Complete the look with a buttoned down shirt and a wide tie.



In-heads have their hair thinned out—like Steve Marriott, Scott Engel and Roger Daltrey.

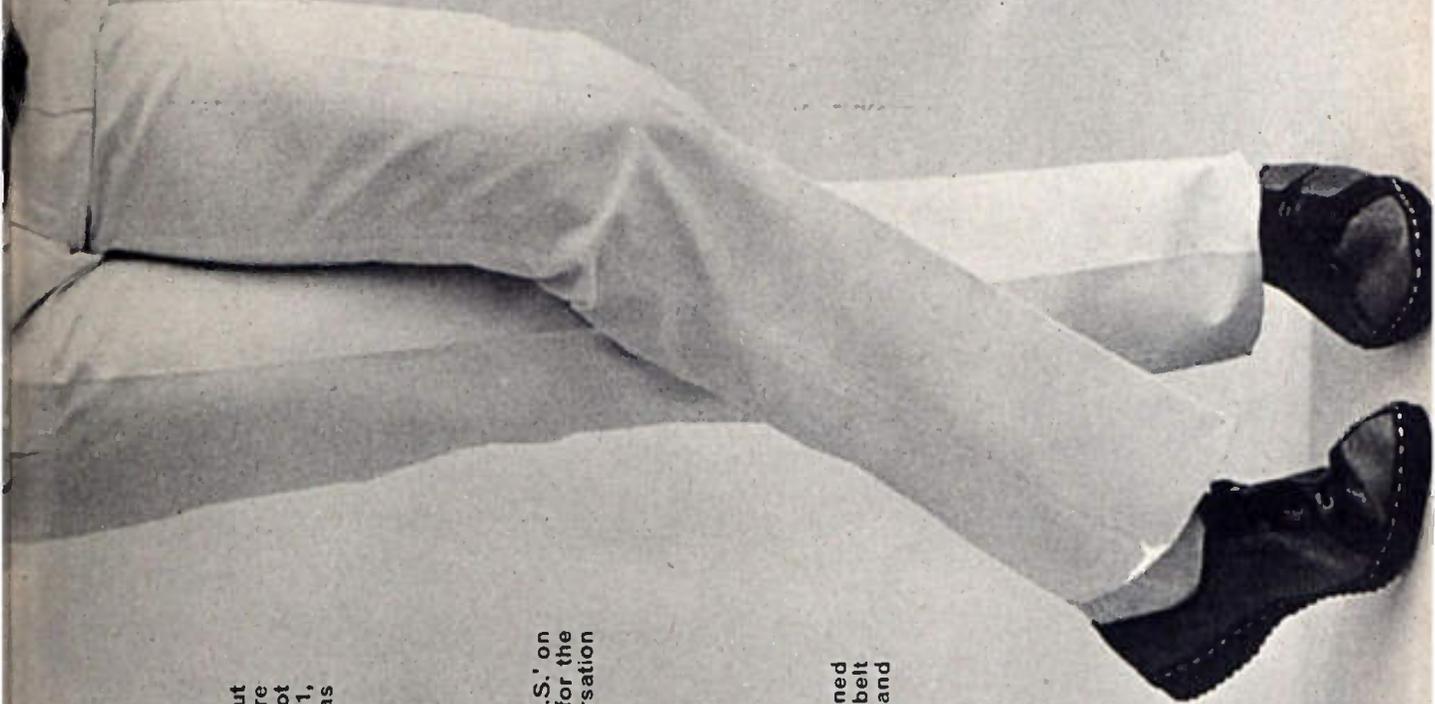
Bermudas—in any colour or pattern are great for summer pyjamas.

Cravats are back, but not the scarf kind. More the old-fashioned kind that tie up in a bow, rather like a big fat bow-tie. This is to go with the old-fashioned David Copperfield type jacket.

The idea nowadays is not to dress as groups, such as Mods and Rockers, but to personalise yourself, and have something individual about you. In other words, not to wear something that everyone can get their hands on. Have small gimmicky things like ties and large pocket handkerchiefs, made up from material you've bought yourself.

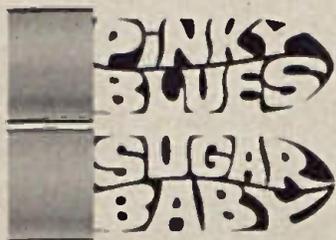
In fact, it will soon be the fashion to have things made up exclusively for yourself. Things such as shirts, and they don't really cost that much more. Trousers should always be fitted, either flared or non-flared. Most places do this for a few bob extra.

Seen the gear the stars have been wearing recently? Some of it is really knockout! Mick Jagger wears a great jacket, made up of strips of corduroy. Keith Richard's striped velvet effort is equally great. Roger Daltrey, of the Who, has been a great promoter of the David Copperfield look, taken from the TV programme on Sundays. The jackets here are long with reefer type lapels, single breasted with one vent. Mick Jagger also has one of these and they could catch on in a big way!





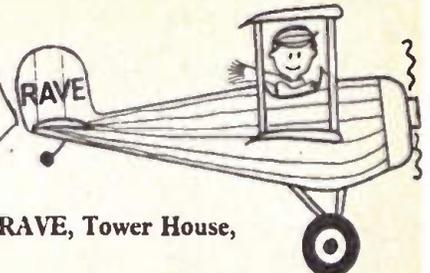
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HIT make-up

2/9 swivel

YOU'RE TELLING US!



This is the page that you write! Anything you want to say, fans? Then write to us at RAVE, Tower House, Southampton Street, London, W.C.2.

As a foreign student, I'm absolutely stunned by the way you are writing about your "gorgeous - looking" pop singers.

I enjoy their music, but *not* their looks. No doubt I'll sound old-fashioned to you, but I think that these long-haired prehistoric-looking boys don't look like men at all.

I could say many more unpleasant things about these boys, but I don't want to offend you too much.—I. M. van Dieren, Reynolds Close, London, N.W.11.

At my sister's college, about a year ago, students participated in getting a date for a coming dance with a boy's college—computer style. Some interesting dates resulted. My sister ended up with more nuts than she could handle. A friend of hers ended up with my sister's boyfriend. One guy ended up with his sister. However, the computer didn't goof entirely. One girl ended up with a long lost boy friend, whom she'd been trying to contact for some time!—Jane Smith, 20 West 80th Street, New York City.

I was very glad to see last month's article on Crispian St. Peters. I think he is the most big-headed "thing" since Cassius Clay. If he is that bad that he has to say how good he thinks **HE** is, instead of letting everyone else form their own opinions—he needs shooting!

I also think he has a voice like a fog horn. But the worst of all his faults is that he breathes.—An Anti-Crispian St. Peters Fan, Robertson Street, Radcliffe.



I've been wondering for a long time now, whether living in England is as glamorous as it seems. I mean, I picture England's streets with all famous groups such as The Beatles, Herman, Kinks, walking about them and you can walk right up and start talking. Is this true, or do they hide themselves away when they are in England as they do when they are in the States?—Janice Rich, Elmwood Park, Illinois, U.S.A.

Hold on, Janice. England's not that small!

My boyfriend Vic, looks just like P. J. Proby. This I don't mind, but lately he's been taking advantage of it. He's grown his hair and wears it in a bowl like P.J., and has also started dressing like him, in skin-tight trousers and baggy towelling shirts and buckled shoes. I love him, but it embarrasses me to walk down the street with him dressed like this. All the older people stare and laugh at him and the girls scream and mob him! Should I finish with him, or is there an alternative? Please Help!—Bev, Melton Mowbray, Leics.



An Open Letter To Scott Engel

I have watched and enjoyed your television performances, but was shattered to read in RAVE your negative approach to life. Since you choose to talk about yourself that way, may I be permitted to ask a few questions: Why don't you paint? Are you your brothers' keeper? Why do you want to be more than you are?

Picasso has given of his best but now he's old, having lived to the full what he was. The same could be said of Sartre. If you want a philosophy, what better than Zen: "Nothing is either good or bad but thinking makes it so". Next time you look in the mirror, don't think.

Your reply to these pertinent questions will be the measure of your courtesy of heart.—Sue Canely, 1 St. Lawrence Drive, Cringleford, Norwich.

I have come to the conclusion that English UNCLE fans are MORONS! Not being satisfied with seeing Scottish-born David McCallum, they had to tear him apart! I personally wouldn't blame David if he never came back to Britain for fear of being killed by fans who are supposed to love him.

If David ever comes home to Scotland, I'm pretty sure he wouldn't be torn apart by Scots, but if the same happened as in England, I'd emigrate. If David happens to read this, please note David, that some of us love you enough not to half kill you.—Sheelagh McGilivray, Lanarkshire, Scotland. ●●●

PEN PALS

Linda Terry, 513 1/2 Federal E., Seattle, Washington, 98102, U.S.A. Age 16: Loves the Stones and Yardbirds. Wants long haired mod boy pen pal.

Dianna Clemmons, 1014 Sea Lane, Harbour View Hills, Corona Del Mar, California 92625, U.S.A. Age 16: Interested in Beatles, Stones, Byrds, Marianne, Sonny & Cher. Likes dancing, surfing. Wants pen pals from London, Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham.

Patricia Khoo, 27 Jalan 8/18, Petaling Jaya, Selangor, Malaysia. Age 16: Likes Herman, Stones, Beatles, Marianne, Cliff.

Dorle Krohn, 2 Hamburg-61 Frobmestr. 65, Germany. Age 16: Wants long haired boy pen pal from Liverpool or London. Crazy about the Stones, Beatles, Pretty Things, Donovan, Kinks, Londoners. Sings In a group.

Chris J. Veerman, Yersekestraat 134, Rotterdam 23, Holland. Age 17: Wants to write to a girl of own age in England or America. Avid fan of P. J. Proby.

Tim Clarke, Stanbridge Earls, Romsey, Hampshire. Age 18: Wants girl pen pals anywhere. Lead singer in school group, and likes Animals, Stones, Spencer Davis.

Alain Ottavi, 41 Rue de Neuilly, Nolsy - le - Sec (Seine), France. Age 17: Wants British pen pals, to write to about pop music, exchanging pics and records. Likes Pretty Things, Stones, Dylan.

Dave A. Lee, L/075282, Naval Air Mechanic (Ordnance) Exmouth, 74 Mess, H.M.S. Drake, Plymouth, Devon. Age 17: Wants foreign and English pen pals. Likes the Stones, Kinks and The Who.

Alec Szollos, Budapest, XIII, Jozsef A. Ter 2/B, Hungary. Age 16: Wants English girl pen pal. Likes Beatles, Stones, Hollies, Sonny & Cher and Yardbirds. Collects postcards, records.

Philippe-Andre Dachy, 8 Avenue de la Chevauchee, Bruxelles 14, Belgium. Age 18 1/2: Wants English mod girl pen pal, especially London and Cornwall. Likes Beatles, Kinks, Yardbirds, Dylan.

Dakulaye Imabibo, Niger Grammar School, Umuola, P.O. Box 420, Port Harcourt, Nigeria. Age 17: Wants girl pen pals from everywhere. Likes everything.



• • • ■ *Please could you give me the line-up of the Alan Price Set, as I think this group is marvellous! "I Put A Spell On You" is a fabulous disc!*—**Lee Kenborough, Manchester.**

Alan, who left the Animals a year ago is on organ and vocals, Roy Mills on drums, Boots Slade on bass guitar, Steve Gregory on tenor sax and flute, John Walters on trumpet, and Clive Burrows on sax.

■ *Could you please tell me if Brian Jones' girlfriend Anita Pallenberg is Swedish or English?* — **Kerstin Nordlung, Henrik Gjutares, Sweden.**

Anita is German.

■ *Could you tell me which other pop star, apart from John Lennon, has a birthday on October 9th?* — **Wendy Neuve, Boston, Lincs.**

John Entwistle of the Who, born 1945.

■ *Do I share my birthday of*



Sonny and Cher. Fan club address wanted.

August 14th with any pop stars? — **Tom Picker, London, N.1.**

Dave Crosby of the Byrds (born 1941), and Lionel Morton 4 Pennies (born 1942).

■ *Please could you give me some info on Len Barry. His show with Gene Pitney was sensational!* — **Gloria Napper, Upton, Berks.**

Len was born in West Philadelphia, on December 6th, 1942. Played drums with



several groups while at school. Joined The Dovells when he was 17, and turned professional with them when he left school. Their first hit was "Bristol Stomp". This group sold over four million records in four years. Len left the group in 1963 to go on to producing records and writing songs. "1-2-3" was written last summer, and Len decided to record it.

■ *Please could you give me*

the fan club address of Sonny & Cher?—**Martin Meaton Morecambe, Lancs.**

C/o Shirley & Jane, 643 Sipson Road, West Drayton, Middx.

■ *Could you tell me when Gary Leeds' birthday is. Some say September 3rd, some say March 3rd.*—**J. Bluiiss, Oadby, Leicester.**

Gary's birthday is, in fact, March 9th, 1944.

■ *Please could you tell me, do I share my birthday, April 2nd, with any pop star?*—**Veronica Nuttall, Sidmouth, Devon.**

You share your birthday with Glen Dale of the Fortunes.

■ *Please could you let me have the fan club address of the Walker Brothers.*—**Pat Doore, South Wigston, Nr. Leicester.**

The Official Walker Brothers Fan Club, 185 Bickenhall Mansions, Bickenhall Street, London, W.1.

■ I met a boy called Frank Massey on holiday at Rhyl but unfortunately lost his address. Last seen with his friend, drummer with the Sidewalkers. Lives in Manchester, and goes to the Twisted Wheel most Saturdays. Please help me find him.—**Cindy Hines, Bartley Green, Birmingham 32.**

■ I lost my girlfriend two years ago, and now I'm trying to get in touch with her again. Her name is Fiona Spiers, and she is probably at boarding school in Wales. Please help me find her.—**Thomas Bock, Philosophenweg 49, Germany.**

■ We are two Swedish girls. Last summer when in New York, we met this fab boy called Bert. He was quite short, a bit fat with a red crewcut. His friends called him Fatty! Please ask him to write to:—**Nicki and Madeleine Hatz, Stockholm 0, Sweden.**

■ We would like to contact a boy we saw in an Exeter store record department, on 22nd January this year. He wore an army surplus jacket with gold chains on the back and names such as Sheila and Mary written on the back. Please write to **Suzanne and Penny, c/o RAVE.**

■ On December 1st, when the Stones appeared in Vancouver, at the Agrodome, I saw a certain boy for the second time. He has long hair, wore a brown corduroy jacket and dark polo sweater—he also re-

BOYS AND GIRLS LOST AND FOUND

We help you find people you've lost. All replies c/o RAVE, Lost and Found, Tower House, Southampton Street, London, W.C.2.

sembles George Harrison. My friend and I are the girls he waved at.

Here's another clue—I had long hair, my friend's was short, and he had his arms round her neck, when he was trying to get to the front of the barriers. Please try and contact him! I would gratefully appreciate it if you could.—**Helen Dodge, West Vancouver, Canada.**

■ Can anyone please put me in touch with Dave Kaye? He is the lead singer with a

fab group called, The Dykons. They used to play a lot at my favourite haunt, The Kirby Lane Dance Hall. I'm absolutely crazy about him.—**Carol Starbuck, Melton Mowbray, Leics.**

■ Has anyone seen a boy called Paul around? His surname is Bernath, and was last seen in Melbourne in last September with the P. J. Proby tour. If still interested tell him to write to: **Eleanor James, East Bentleigh, Melbourne, Australia.**

■ Can anybody help me find John Cisters if anybody knows him, please tell him Angela doesn't want her £1 back, she just wants to see him again. Her address is still the same.—**Angela Florille, Willstead, Bedford.**

■ Does anyone know the name of the gorgeous boy who works in the Florida Room by the Brighton Aquarium? He has dark curly hair and blue eyes. He usually wears a blue cardigan and is quite tall. Message: Tich misses you and wants a letter.—**Lindy Poltock, Charters Towers, Bexhill-on-Sea, Sussex.**

■ We would like to get in touch with two boys we met at the Marquee Club on 12th February. They are both about 16, tall and dark. We think their names are David Curtis and Eliot Kingsley. Please write to two Camden girls.—**Frances Crook, Highgate, Elaine Williams, Hampstead.**

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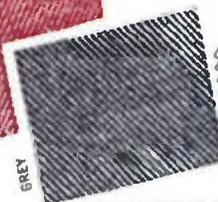
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These colours are as near as possible to the actual colours of the garments.

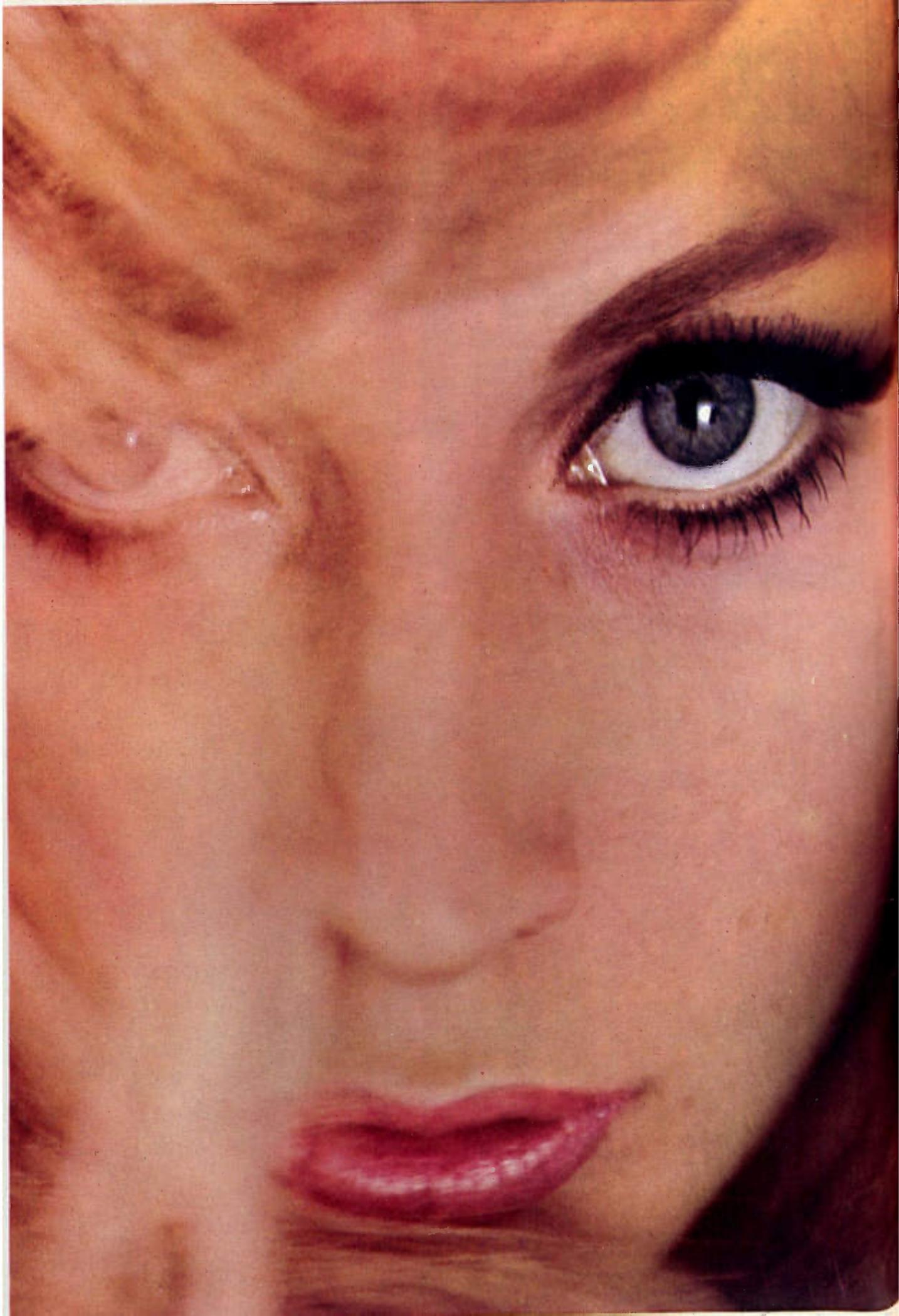
Elizabeth Barry
BOUTIQUE
MEANS CUT-OUT COUTURE



Gene Pitney SOUVENIR

Backstage . . . the corridors are empty and quiet; no happy Trans-atlantic voice bubbling out of the No. 1 dressing-room. Microphones gone, the stage is deserted and bare. The winding, narrow stairs no longer ring out with footsteps or sounds of happy voices. The sound of screams running through the rows of seats are silent, gone when the velvet curtains closed for the last time. Gene Pitney only visits us about three times a year, and when he has gone, his memory lingers on. How clearly his fans will remember the way he thanked them so sincerely on stage for all their birthday cards and presents, now back home with him in America. For Gene Pitney fans summer will drag until Autumn is with us, and another Gene Pitney tour hits the road. So that then, backstage, things can be the same once more . . .





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world's
making eyes
lethal?

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EYE MAKE-UP REMOVER PADS 4/9
EYE SHADOW 3/6
EYE SHADOW STICK 7/3

"It's for two," said Pete stuffing the ticket into my top pocket, "so you might as well have it. I've got another."

"Yes—but fancy dress! Who needs it? Besides I couldn't drag Joan to a fancy dress ball—not since she went to one as Jayne Mansfield and won first prize as Jimmy Saville."

"But listen," said Pete, "if you win the fancy dress parade, the first prize is a trip round the Brands Hatch circuit in a Formula One car. And besides, Sophie's going . . ."

"That's not the . . . Who? Not that bird who works in your art department?"

"The same . . ."

"Wow!"

"Well, naturally, as Joan gets so brought down by fancy dress affairs I decided to do the right thing and not say a word. Even though the dance was being held in a club that was so "in" it was deeply embedded, I knew Joan wouldn't thank me for taking her—assuming I could get her as far as the door.

But if Sophie was going . . . that would be different. She was a kooky little number that even Einstein never thought of. Blonde, petite, with wide blue eyes that looked too innocent to be true (and probably were, I told myself with a mental licking of lips).

I nearly fractured a finger dialling the number of her office.

"Sophie?"

"Yes?"

"This is Lloyd Alexander. I met you once at an office party and fell instantly in love. But you spurned me for a copy-writer with an Aston Martin. I jumped off the parapet of Waterloo Bridge of course, but because of my confused sense of direction I landed on the road side instead of in the drink. So now I can take you to the fancy dress dance tonight."

The laughter at the other end of the phone was a silver cascade that sent shivers down my spine. But the next bit was a cold water shower.

"I'm going," she purred. "But with Basil Strong—and I really don't remember you."

Squelch! Just a small point that Pete had overlooked in his carefree way. Sophie already had an escort—although that's rather a flattering description of Basil Strong. I had an instant mental picture of him. Strong by name, weak by nature. Creases in his trousers you could shave with, a high-

This isn't Alfie, this is

LLOYD ALEXANDER

a young man with
women in mind

pitched voice that sounded like chamois leather on wet windows.

"Too bad," I said. "I guess it's back to Waterloo Bridge . . ."

"And this time," she said gaily, "look out for pedestrians when you jump."

I put down the phone dejectedly, lit a cigarette, narrowed my eyes Mitchum-wise and told myself something would have to be done about Basil. There was, after all, only a faint hope that he might seriously cut himself putting on his trousers. . .

Alan was the answer. A bit devilous Alan, he could fix anything. He'd even talked his way out of trouble the time he dated two different birds for the same night. And it *did* help that he worked in the same building as Basil.

"I happen to know," said Alan, as he drained the third scotch I'd bought him and called for another, "that Basil is meeting his bird at the dance tonight. Who is she, anyway?"

"The delightfulest dolly you have ever clapped your leering, bloodshot eyes on, my friend," I said. "Now, supposing a funny thing happened to squeaky-voice on the way home from the office tonight?"

"Such as?"

"That I leave to your fertile and despicable imagination—but it's worth the loan of my M.G. for the weekend."

That did it. Alan, a long-frustrated Jim Clark, raised his eyebrows, his eyes lit up

and then he looked deeply thoughtful. I left him hatching his plot.

I phoned Sophie just before she left the office.

"My sense of direction again," I said. "I decided to go to the dance after all—just so I can gaze on you from afar and think of what might have been. What are you going as—Venus, of course."

"How did you know?" she laughed. (Oh, those shivers!)

"The only possible choice," I crooned. "And Basil?"

She giggled deliciously. "As Satan!"

Of course, I doubled up. I could hardly speak. Basil as Satan! That was about as probable as casting Mick Jagger as Noddy. I just couldn't see the connection between Satan and Venus—unless it was that one was harmful and the other 'armless.

Anyway, it left the field wide open for me. As Adonis, of course . . . with my plastic laurel leaves, sandals and Carnaby Street shetland wool toga. Venus and Adonis! Brands Hatch, here we come . . .

Alan did his stuff all right. No sign of razor-trousers when I got to the club. I learned later that Alan had invited him out to celebrate someone's birthday at the office and he had finished under the table a few laced drinks later. Good old Alan!

A quick check in the cloak-room mirror—and I must admit I looked a pretty switched-up Adonis.

I found Pete, wearing a doctor's outfit complete with stethoscope and little black bag, and asked him, "Where's Sophie?"

He gestured with his stethoscope.

"That's Sophie?" I asked hoarsely.

Well, you should have seen it—a great five-foot diameter sphere covered with lumpy brown plasticine. And somewhere inside, according to Pete, was the girl of my dreams.

I sauntered over and knocked on the casing.

Out came a mousy brown mop of hair, followed by a face which only a mother could love.

"Hello," it grinned. "I'm Venus the planet."

"Sophie . . .?" I asked with a sickly smile. "But you're not . . ."

"I forgot to mention," said Pete behind me in his suave Dr. Kildare voice, "there are two Sophies in our art department. The other one is that blonde over there with the Aston Martin type."

Then it sank in. Venus and Saturn—not Satan. Planets, yet.

Here was I, a highly decorative Adonis, and not an unattached goddess in sight. Lumbered for the evening with a plasticine planet.

Worse was to come. In came a beautiful girl wearing all pop art and Union Jack gear and carrying a guitar. It was Joan—Joan in fancy dress!

"You," I groaned.

She smiled sweetly. "Meet the Who all rolled into one," she said, playfully beating me over the head with her guitar in an authentic impersonation.

"You see," said Pete cheerfully, "as you weren't going to ask Joan, I thought she might come with me. I'm a doctor, she's the Who—Doctor Who, get it?"

I got it all right. And so did they. First prize, I mean, and a crazy trip round the Brands Hatch circuit.

I couldn't even console myself with a burn-up in the M.G. the next day. Alan had it for the weekend. And you'll never guess the bird he took with him—dreamy, cuddly, blue-eyed Sophie who, it seems, had suddenly gone off Aston Martins.

Honest, you just can't win. I'd have gone straight to Waterloo Bridge . . . only Alan had my car, and I wasn't going to walk.

See ya!

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