

rave

NOVEMBER
2s 6d



HOW JOHN LENNON WON THE
WAR! EXCLUSIVE PICTURES
RAVE DISCOTHEQUE FASHIONS
STEVE MARRIOTT RAVE-UP
THE LOOK-AGAIN BEAUTY LOOK



Breakaway on this ticket!

**'Who says a girl's a tender flower,
You won't find me in an ivory tower.
Breakaway girls don't stay home with the chattels,
They've got 'Bri-Nylon to win their battles!'**

This Breakaway girl isn't half bad! Making beauty opportunities within she's wearing these separates from the Swedish Wood Group. Polished sweater and stretch pants in elegant Dr. Nylon. 660260212 121404025. 39111. Pants in elegant stretch 48111. 1114190 1114191 1114192 1114193 1114194 1114195 1114196 1114197 1114198 1114199 1114200 1114201 1114202 1114203 1114204 1114205 1114206 1114207 1114208 1114209 1114210 1114211 1114212 1114213 1114214 1114215 1114216 1114217 1114218 1114219 1114220 1114221 1114222 1114223 1114224 1114225 1114226 1114227 1114228 1114229 1114230 1114231 1114232 1114233 1114234 1114235 1114236 1114237 1114238 1114239 1114240 1114241 1114242 1114243 1114244 1114245 1114246 1114247 1114248 1114249 1114250 1114251 1114252 1114253 1114254 1114255 1114256 1114257 1114258 1114259 1114260 1114261 1114262 1114263 1114264 1114265 1114266 1114267 1114268 1114269 1114270 1114271 1114272 1114273 1114274 1114275 1114276 1114277 1114278 1114279 1114280 1114281 1114282 1114283 1114284 1114285 1114286 1114287 1114288 1114289 1114290 1114291 1114292 1114293 1114294 1114295 1114296 1114297 1114298 1114299 1114300 1114301 1114302 1114303 1114304 1114305 1114306 1114307 1114308 1114309 1114310 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A miss makes a hit with the Hollies

She's the Hollies' ditty. Really swings. To the Hollies men lose their heads, but keep their brains in great shape. With a full, uncut, lovely, long hair spray. Named after her, Miss Disc, leads the group. Which you can join, too!



The "great no-look" by the Hollies—"Dip, Dip, Dip"

Miss Disc Perfumed with 'Men in Mind'

Available from Booth and leading chemists.

Miss Disc
Miss Disc
Miss Disc

Miss Disc
Miss Disc
Miss Disc

Miss Disc
Miss Disc
Miss Disc



SAMANTHA PICKS a POP!

Fabulous Trouser Suit

BY MONTE VERDI

Cut Out & Ready to Sew from only



Samantha Juste feels as great as she looks in this swinging gear — jacket with back vent and slightly flared tapered slacks. The rich, outstanding outfit comes in three fabulous shades, expertly cut and ready to be run up in a single evening! By the way, the button hilts are already made for you.

And you can have a matching skirt, too, if you like — the extra charge can be as little as 19/8! A matching belt onto 3/4" and the cap, ready-made-up, only 12/6! — just tick the coupon if you'd like any of these optional extras.

The complete, wonderful outfit — the suit and cap plus a belt, plus a skirt, so that you can ring all kinds of changes, costs less than you'd have to pay for the material, alone!



Material	Color	Size	12	14	16	18	20	22	24
Wool	Blue	Small	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00
Wool	Blue	Medium	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00
Wool	Blue	Large	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00
Wool	Blue	Extra Large	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00
Wool	Blue	Small	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00
Wool	Blue	Medium	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00
Wool	Blue	Large	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00
Wool	Blue	Extra Large	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00



BROWN



BLUE



PURPLE

Please refer to the pattern for details of these garments.

FILL IN BOTH SECTIONS IN BLOCK CAPITALS

SEND THIS COUPON TO: MONTE VERDI, 20, Tottenham Rd., London, E.1.

NAME	NAME
ADDRESS	ADDRESS
P.S.	

Hi Paul,

Hope at RAVE were all gone on the latest issue from the fashion world — DOMES! Little slice on spots that come in masses of different colours 'side, we've suggested a few ways you can cancel a subscription with them!

Sensational too, was the word used by our RAVE star, number 10 on the list, on Monday, Sunday. You can meet her inside on Page 54. Thanks to all those inmates who covered the magazine. Never knew we had so many fans! See next month.

Stay saving!

The Editor

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WE'VE ALL GONE DOTTY!





A SPIN WITH THE WALKERS

Join RAVE for exclusive pictures and story as we join John and Gary Walker for a spin in their new sports cars!





It's a well-known fact that John and Gary each own a Mazda sports car, two of the most super sports cars around. But for them, driving around London is like taking a greyhound for a slow walk.

So, when they reckoned that one day they've always been crazy about in Brands Hatch, we thought some photos of the boys speeding around the track would be great. So we tried it out.

The day started at 10.30 on a bright, sunny morning, John had worked on his car all that weekend to make sure it was in good shape for the fast driving he hoped to do.

He looked me, "If you want to take something in your hands", to drive down with him.

John talks a lot when he's driving—mostly telling me not to be frightened! But he also explained that this cruise about cars is something he brought back from America with him.

"Start here, I used to live in California in L.A., to see how they worked, then try to remember how to put them back apart I used to live the life of over the lawn, and by the time I finally put the engine together again, it was too big for the car. My dad kept telling me it would be quicker to get a mechanic—but I wouldn't! That's about the time I used to go in for drag car racing. With dragsters you drive in a straight line for about a mile at a hundred speed, it's not too dangerous as there are no bends."

Just at that point we had reached Heath Hill, a steep hill road not far from the start. Gary was leading the way, the photographer's car next, and us at the end of the column. Suddenly John looked at the newspaper group, the needle flicking almost at starting point! We had to pull off onto the grass bank while John roared around for about five minutes. "All the water's gone! I only had a filled this morning, yes, how how old that happen?" he said. Then after juggling around with a bit of talking, we went on again, very slowly.

Fast the occasion of this photo session, Brands Hatch was unfortunately deserted, and John and Gary had to sign indemnity forms. "Yes, look, we get £100 if we have an on or off" said Gary. Some consolation to them I imagine, I thought.

At least they were happy to say that for all the racing crazies, Gary went off first in his red Mazda, closely followed by John in his blue one. They both had been warned to officially not to go too fast and to stay in his lane slowly. If anyone had seen a bit of trouble about having two dragsters, they'd pop onto their hands, who were out for fast driving, the idea



"We'd like to join a racing school," say John and Gary

was soon forgotten. John and Gary take their driving very seriously. As Gary said, "It's wonderful having to much power in your control, but you've got to master it and use it properly. These cars are so powerful! Most you, John and I have had a few slight mishaps getting to know our cars—like John just missing a little wall once—that was a close one! Then about half an hour later it was nearly me! Scott doesn't realize how fast he came to grief now!" John smiled in agreement.

After posing at the side of the

track for photos, they quickly added, "Yes, can we go round just a couple more times?" Before we could say no, there was just a trail of blue smoke and they were off!

Round and round they went, Gary leading, then John rearing—they were really having a ball, going at nearly 100 mph on the straight! Finally Gary came in gapping "Gar! Man! Hurri! Those hairy bend! Great!"

But John—well, he just wouldn't come in. It even got to the point where we were calculating how long he could keep going before his petrol ran out!

At last, on this threat that we were going without him, his finely drawn in. But even then all the boys talked about was when they could come back to join the Racing School for lessons.

Driving back to town, John was all enthusiastic about it all. "That was fantastic! I lost my car to go wrong side, it showed me down. You know, I'll really like to take up racing professionally if I prove good enough. With me singing you get loads of free cars with nothing to do, and this would be great."

At that point Gary's car ahead of us had hit the heavy London traffic and was heading straight to a school bus full of boys and girls, who suddenly started jumping on and down and waving. Their excitement doubled when they saw John too.

Soon we were back in the city. Their careless hours at the empty race track were over, they were now back again, and the speed limit was down to a snail's crawl!

WHAT'S HAPPENING DOWN AT THE HATCH

- 20 Oct.—BARC Motor Show Trophy Car Races—Enstone, 100 adults, 50-60 children, programme 10.30.
- 3 Nov.—Fast Barry M.C. Dinner—100 adults, Enstone, 10.30.
- 12 Nov.—National Kart Races—100 adults, Enstone, 10.30, adults, Enstone, 10.30, programme 10.30.
- 20 Nov.—International Students of the Year—the adults, 50-60 children, programme 10.30.
- 27 Nov.—Lancaster Motor Club November Cup Car Race—100 adults, 50-60 children, programme 10.30.
- 4 Dec.—Sunday Sporting M.C.—100-150 adults, Enstone, 10.30.
- 11 Dec.—Volvo wagon O.C. Dinner—100 adults, Enstone, 10.30.
- 18 Dec.—Lancaster C.C. Evening Race—Macclesfield.
- 26 Dec.—BRCC Boxing Day Car Race—100 adults, 50-60 children, 100 adults, 10.30, Enstone, 10.30, programme 10.30.

Maureen O'Grady



**STEP INTO
TRILBY LANE'S
FASHION PARADE!**

ON THE MARCH!

You'll gasp with horror and flatly deny it, but I'm convinced we really like our rotten British winters. After all, what other excuse would we find for toggng ourselves up in all those deliciously kinky boots and fuzzy hats as soon as the temperature drops a degree or two? As usual winter's brought its parade of terrific boots and hats. So, all eyes on these pages to find the best ones to get. Warm up for winter, and march!

Stand for attention! These glossy white patent boots are called *Domini*, from Dolcis, price 89s. 11d. Or go berserk in other shades of purple, green, red, camel or black.

Eyes front! This Andy cap is in wool, with big black, grey and white check, from Medway, price 36s. 11d.

Forward march! Zip 'em up and lace 'em up, these camel patent boots with black patent foot by Character Shoes, price 89s. 11d.

Go on parade in this gorgeous thick-knit woolen peaked cap by Marida Hats, price 2 gns. Available in a range of wild colours, including shocking pink!

Stop an army of men in their tracks in these camel leather *Viva Maria* boots called *Cona*, price 10 gns., from Dolcis main branches. Also in brown suede and black suede.

Ward off winter in this studded rocker helmet in jersey. From Marida Hats, price 2 gns. Twelve different colours.

Step out in beige and black patent boots called *Teka*, from Dolcis, price 89s. 11d. Also in white/black, wine/black, plain black, and camel/white.

Eyes right! Defeat the cold (not the enemy) in this cute helmet with attached scarf in black fur, from Marida Hats, price 10 gns. Also in white, red, fcs and beige.

Halt! Who goes there? It's the "Avenger"—tall, slinky, sinister black boot with elastic side, from Dolcis main branches. Price 179s. 6d.

A winter warmer—You'll survive winter manoeuvres in this Mongolian lamb hat in dark grey and white, by Roat Furs, price 5 gns.

Right turn! Super comfy fur-lined boots in beige suede, by Lennards, price 80s. They'll stand an awful lot of marching too!

Salute this terrific peaked baker-boy cap in green corduroy, by Medway, price 2 gns. Looks great with military-style trouser suit.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY P. L. JAMES

This is where it's at

Take a look round the pop scene with RAVE's Mike Grant for the latest in pop gossip.

■ Michael d'Abó, who is no great lover of the English winter, has been given a lucky break this year. Manfred Mann have a booking for the entire month of November on the cruiser *Chusan*. It is believed to be the first booking of this nature undertaken by a big group—it may well catch on.

■ George Fanz went for a 'few' drinks with Zoot Money some weeks ago and they believe they wrote a number one song together. George swears they worked out a great number, but in the morning neither of them could remember the words. Somehow it figured!



Reg Presley: offending disc?

■ I suppose it was to be expected that two so small minded producers would ban the Troggs' hit 'I Can't Control Myself', which is about as obscene as Noddy in Toyland! When the BBC tells us that the playing of a record is left to the 'individual discrimination' of a producer, they apparently mean 'individual *inter*mination', in which case it's a surprise they played "Strangers In The Night" or "Bend It".

Rediffusion's 'Five O'clock Club' withdrew the disc on the grounds that it was unsuitable for youngsters, but apparently they think no youngsters watch 'Ready Steady Go' which, to their credit, featured the disc a week later. 'Newley Pressed' and the Simon Dae Show also withdrew the number, although Simon told me personally that he was much annoyed at the decision which came from higher up.

Reg Presley told me: "It was not meant to offend anyone. I thought people accepted the fact that being a bit sexy was not necessarily pornographic. Some people objected to the line 'low cut slacks and her hips were showing'—what's pornographic about hips?"

Mr. P. is currently working on an obscene ballad about sbowds. Troggs overseas dates are rolling in and the group are off to Sweden for five days in November and then on to Germany for two weeks.

■ Michael Philip Jagger had a few well chosen words to say about feature writers when I saw him at his manager's suite in the Mayfair hotel recently.

"Features writers usually begin with the word 'I,'" explained Mick, "and carry on—I was very tired. I want to see the Stones in their dressing room. They were very rude. They never gave me a drink. I had been doing features all day. The Stones didn't seem to care. Why are you so rude?" I asked Mick Jagger—which is a bloody good start to any interview!

Mick went on to relate how one reporter covered a Stones tour in France and wrote all about how he was nearly arrested by gendarmes. Nothing about the Stones!

Possibly I'm in the minority, but I prefer interviewing outspoken people like Jagger to some of the 'co-operative' types who grace the pop scene. At least Jagger is the genuine article!

Quote of the month from Cliff Bennett.

■ "I cannot understand why everyone raves over Bob Dylan as an artiste. His singing is diabolical and his arrangements are a joke. 'Let's Get Stoned' must have been the worst disc of the year. I dig his songs and the way that other artistes interpret them but Dylan as a singer just doesn't move me."



Mick—a writer's nightmare

■ Plonk Lane related an interesting story to me about how Steve Marriott first came to join the Small Faces.

"We needed a pianist for an evening," said Plonk, "so I asked Steve if he would play for us—I knew he couldn't play piano but he had a terrific act so I thought he could bluff it out with a few chords."

"Steve turned up at the pub that night and thrashed around to excellent effect on the piano, finishing up in a kind of demented Jerry Lee Lewis routine which led to the piano disintegrating."

"The publican banned Steve for life—it was his piano! But we were so knocked out with Steve that we refused to go back without him," said Plonk.

■ "The Legion of the Looned" marches on. In the best traditions of the members, I met ex-Animals Chas Chandler and Hilton Valentine in a London pub recently. Chas is now managing a U.S. singer, Jim Hendrix, who sings fantastic blues and is reputed to be able to play guitar with his teeth, while Hilton has already embarked upon a solo singing career by waxing "My Friend", his own composition for MGM records.

"Tom Wilson, who produces the Animals' discs, produced mine," said Hilton. "The song is a kind of hymn-chant. Apart from my own recording I'm still producing discs for my own group, the Race."

The new, slim-line Chandler—he's back on the diet—raved over his new discovery and added for character reference that Eric and everyone else that has heard him are equally impressed.

"I shall be producing Jim's discs," said Chas, "and believe me in a few weeks' time everyone is going to want to know about him."

Here's a wishing good luck to both boys in their new ventures.

■ The word from Scott Engel this month is 'mouth-shutter' to describe anything which is amazing or incredible. At his manager's London office recently he informed me that he is working on some new concepts in music and lyrics which would really shut my mouth when I heard them!

"The lyrical approach is almost surrealist," said Scott. "One of the earlier attempts is 'Arc Angel', which will appear on a new EP with three other of my own compositions. We have even imported some French monks to get a particular chant we needed!"

Also signed to Ray and his partner Simon Hayes are a new French modern youth jazz combo called "Coco", discovered by Simon while he was on tour with Sonny and Cher in Paris.

Scott—to him, anything that's amazing is a "mouth-shutter".

NEW TO YOU

■ Sonny and Cher's enterprising young publicist, Ray Williams, has produced his first disc for newcomer Lloyd Banks, a nineteen year old Londoner who debuts with his own composition "We'll Meet Again" on the Reaction label. Lloyd was previously a hairdresser and has written compositions which have been recorded by U.S. artistes P. F. Sloan and Billy Joe Royal.

■ If you were Scott Engel, you'd sign a £50,000 contract with manager Maurice King promising not to marry for three years?

■ Irene Dunford, "Minnie" and Scott Engel make a charming couple!

■ Troggs' manager Larry Page seen chopping down trees in his neighbours' garden in Wallon-on-Thames.

■ Number one record on the Chinese Top Twenty is Mao Tse-Tung's "His Glorious Teachings With The Golden Rays".

■ Reason that Pete Townshend throws sandwiches at reporters is apparently that he thinks they look hungry.

■ Scott Engel's new jacks are reading Charles Dickens and playing drums on stage.

■ Trogg Pete Staples, who suffers from claustrophobia, trapped in a hotel lift with Chris Britton and a waitress for an hour recently.

■ Best sustained stage act in Britain at present must be Dave Dee's dozen numbers on current Walkers-Troggs tour.

■ Mick Jagger does a nice line in Chris Farlowe impressions.

■ The girls pictured on the cover of the Beachboys' Party LP are Beachboy wives, Marilyn, Carol and Lynda.

■ Zoot Money has nightmares about a machine which turns people into sausages. Sausages are reputed to have the same trouble over Zoot Money.

■ Troggs Ronnie, Chris and Reg all married with young babies.

■ Scott got THAT haircut at Leonard's in Upper Grosvenor Street, London, W.1.

■ Expect an announcement soon from the Walker Brothers' camp concerning a third Maus!

THE INFORMER

■ John Maus greatly pleased with October RAVE's cover pic of himself and his dog—All three of us looked good," says John.

■ Turns out five of the Beachboys ARE married: Brian Wilson has been married for a year to Margie Suzumori, and Carl Wilson to Carol, who has a four year old son, Scott, by a previous marriage. Al Jardine (who actually lives) is married to Lynda, who lives to Suzumori, and Carl Wilson to sixteen year old Anne Minnie, sister of Billy of the Dino, Dave and Billy trio Bruce Johnston is the only single one!

■ Kinks' manager Robert Wace now managing Marianne Faithfull?

■ Jonathan King should stop being nasty at the typewriter when he is, such a nice person usually.

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■ Troggs' manager Larry Page seen chopping down trees in his neighbours' garden in Wallon-on-Thames.

■ Number one record on the Chinese Top Twenty is Mao Tse-Tung's "His Glorious Teachings With The Golden Rays".

■ Reason that Pete Townshend throws sandwiches at reporters is apparently that he thinks they look hungry.

■ Scott Engel's new jacks are reading Charles Dickens and playing drums on stage.

■ Trogg Pete Staples, who suffers from claustrophobia, trapped in a hotel lift with Chris Britton and a waitress for an hour recently.

■ Best sustained stage act in Britain at present must be Dave Dee's dozen numbers on current Walkers-Troggs tour.

■ Mick Jagger does a nice line in Chris Farlowe impressions.

■ The girls pictured on the cover of the Beachboys' Party LP are Beachboy wives, Marilyn, Carol and Lynda.

■ Zoot Money has nightmares about a machine which turns people into sausages. Sausages are reputed to have the same trouble over Zoot Money.

■ Troggs Ronnie, Chris and Reg all married with young babies.

■ Scott got THAT haircut at Leonard's in Upper Grosvenor Street, London, W.1.

■ Expect an announcement soon from the Walker Brothers' camp concerning a third Maus!

Dear Mr Garrick

Thank you for the lunch. Your having a Chinese dish actually went down very well with me. Looking at you across the table, all gaunt and long-haired, it seemed funny that you were once in opera. You don't look as if you were. When I asked why you left, a sparkle came into your eyes. "I did three years' training," you said, "for which I got paid £5 a week in the chorus. Opera is ridiculous. You need to have played with about seven hundred and fifty companies, for at least ten years, before you get a chance to sing alone!"

The way you got into pop was very unusual. Managing a small group first, getting to know people and then finally turning singer yourself. Seems rather a good idea. You look pop, anyway. "I am pop," you agreed. "I like the Beatles, the Stones, the Who and Otis Redding. I buy their records.

I don't particularly dig opera. Pop at least has a point.

And you dug into the sweet and sour pork.

I don't suppose many people know that you had a record out called "One Little Smile", or that it took you one-and-a-half years in pop before you made it with "Lady Jane". You giggled when I asked about your ultra-accent on record.

"I put it on," you said. "Can't you hear the Liverpool accent coming out now? I was born there. Mind you, I lived abroad a bit. My father worked in Egypt, actually he's still there. So over half of my twenty-one years on this earth was spent in Egypt, which accounts for my irregular schooling and utter ignorance."

Then you paused and repeated, "I am so ignorant."

But I don't believe you. You know so much about music and communicating between people to be as ignorant as all that.

It was funny when you suddenly came out with "I am very shy", because you talk so easily and readily.

"Oh, but I won't go up and make conversation with people, I am very shy in that way," you said.

It's good you take your pop career seriously. What a marvellous idea to want to re-make songs like "In The Still Of The Night" and "Oh My Beloved Father", and to want to introduce a more mature culture into pop. You have a good voice. At least that is what you said, and then you stopped and looked awkward, and asked "Is that big-headed of me?" There is a difference between being big-headed and being honest.

Wild Rave

"The last two records, 'Lady Jane' and 'Dear Mrs. Applebee', aren't at all like I do them on stage," you said.

"My stage-act is an utter, wild rave. I scream and move about and do all sorts of things, and I feel marvellous. I am confident once I've got the mike in my hand. I don't give a hoot if I am booed, but just before I go on I shake in the wings!"

You seem to have a tremendous dress-sense, but you say it's luck. "The white jacket I wear a lot was given to me, and because it was a gift, I wore it. Now everyone says what marvellous taste I have!"

People might expect you to enjoy a lot of night-life, but strangely you only go to clubs about twice a fortnight. "The way to relax is to go to bed and read," you said. "I don't drink alcohol, so when I go out people go on about it and say I am spoiling their fun if I don't have a drink with them. So I prefer to drink tea in peace and not offend anyone. It's simpler that way."

"I get a bit bored sometimes because pop is so simple"



DEAR MR. GARRICK

Over lunch, David Garrick told RAVE's Dawn James all about himself. Here is her special thank-you letter to him.

"Most pop people grumble at the pace of life once they are established on the scene. But I feel quite differently, having been in opera," you said. "Before, I always had new operas to learn. But you can't learn a new pop song a month ahead because by the time you record it, it will be out of date. So you only get a few days in which to learn a new song, which of course is enough time because pop is so simple. I get a bit bored sometimes. I'd like more to get my teeth into."

Then you looked down at the empty plate and chuckled, "I certainly got my teeth into that!"

Then you got up and headed towards the door and said, "It was lovely chatting, we must do it again some time. Now I have to dash—got so much to do in my new flat before the antique Egyptian furniture arrives from Egypt this afternoon."

And you rushed down the road, all long-legged, and sort of skimpy, with your hair bobbing about . . . yes, we must have a chat again some time.

Yours very sincerely
Dawn James



David Garrick: he wants to re-make great songs and introduce a more mature culture into pop.



"My white jacket was a gift to me, so I wear it a lot. Now everyone tells me what marvellous taste I have!"

Where boys are concerned, The Big Freeze takes on a completely new meaning! When things get a bit too hot, just how do you cool a boy off? For every girl who ever wished she knew the answer, (and as a warning to those who haven't yet had to consider it!), VIRGINIA IRONSIDE gives the low-down on six tried and trusted remedies.

■ Funny enough, the most dangerous line to use when a boy pounces on you is the traditional method. "But I'm a nice girl," you are supposed to say, "I don't do that sort of thing."

Men's arguments are horribly convincing these days, so if you want to avoid the worst, it's as well to practise some subtler methods.



Keep Talkin' Method

Situation: A boy has asked you out for a summer picnic. (They do it, you know, even in November). Hours pass as you drive out of town and deeper and deeper into the country. He parks in a tiny side-road, and you plod miles from the road through fields and spinneys, until you land in the middle of a wood. After the picnic, the inevitable happens. There is nobody in miles to hear your screams. You need a permanent escape rather than a quick brush-off that can't be sustained.

Solution: Talk. Chatter about anything and everything. Gabble away, tell funny stories, repeat yourself over and over again, allow no time for interruption. And when you run out of things to say, start on the story of your life.

"I was born on February 7th, 1949, in Basingstoke. My mother was a clerk in a bank, she was called Janice, she used to live at..."

To start with, he'll listen out of politeness. Then, fed up, he'll put his arm around your waist again. Push him away without pausing for breath and continue: "Yes, just let me finish this, well, when I was one-and-a-half I had a teddy bear called Alfred. I took him to sleep with me every night in my room at the top of the house, we had three rooms in the house my sister slept downstairs, she's called Rosie, she's an interest-

ing character, actually, she has this strange habit of..."

As he gets more persistent, get up and walk around. When he pursues you round the trees on foot, start on your politician bit, flinging your arms out to emphasise your points.

"When I was three we moved into this enormous house" (out with the arms, which 'accidentally' hit him on the chin) "so sorry, anyway it was huge with a garden full of tall sunflowers" (throwing arms upwards to show how tall they were).

You just have to hope that he gives up before you collapse with fatigue.



Hysterical Giggles Method

Situation: Earnest and sincere boy, who is pretending to be/for is in love with you, has taken you out a few times, given you flowers and presents. Now he says he has reached the end of his tether. "Please, please," he begs, through misty eyes and breathy kisses.

Solution: There is nothing so unsexy in the world as laughter. "Ho ho hee hee," you chuckle, like Napoleon XIV. "I'm terribly sorry, I just can't help it." And once you've got over the first fit and he gets resettled, off you go again. If you want to keep him around, the secret is to apologise very sincerely each time. Everyone knows that giggles can't be kept under control, so no one's going to blame you. And with any luck, you'll get him laughing too.

THE BIG FREEZE



Feign Death Method

Situation: Greasy, forty year old executive at your firm has you wedged up against a wall at an office party. After groaning: "Has anyone told you you're lovely, little girl?" he nuzzles your squeaks of "Oh, please sir, no, no sir," with a slobbery kiss.

Solution: D's on him. Lean on him and going completely limp, let your head fall forward and your hands flop to your sides, dropping the glass of cider cup onto the floor. Forty-year-old exec, frightened that he has squeezed the life out of you, will step back a fraction to survey his work.

Which is where you suddenly spring to life with a merry "ha, ha," leap smartly to one side, and speed down the corridor.



"You're Musing Me Up" Method

Situation: A nice, attractive boy you meet at a dance hall, turns out to be a proper when you accept a lift in his car. You thought he had only two arms at the dance; now you discover that he has eight hidden away somewhere. Octopus-like, he fiddles and fumbles, and everywhere you turn

there is another tentacle pulling you back.

Solution: Twitch violently, pat your hair, adjust your skirt and squawk. "Oh, don't, you're musing my hair, I just had it set today... oh, no, you're getting dirty fingermarks all over my tee shirt and I just washed it this morning... hey, those are my new ladder-free stockings... stop it, it took me half an hour to make up my eyes... ouch, those are my suspenders..."

This method has the advantage of making him think you are an idiot, clothes-mad girl who cares more about her appearance than her reputation. Particularly useful with nice boys because it doesn't make them think they are hideously unattractive.



Last Resort Method

Situation: Almost unprintable.

Solution: (Only to be used in drastic circumstances!) The secret of this method is surprise. "I think I'm going to be sick!" is an obvious ploy.

If you're in his car, try jumping up saying: "I smell burning rubber!" to get him out to stare at the engine.

"Can we get married?" is a dodgy one, because there's a slim chance that he'll say yes. But if you are in your parents' house, or his parents' house, you can always whisper "Someone's just come into the room."

And when he has hastily adjusted his tie and buttoned up his shirt, you innocently claim it was all a mistake.

If it happens to be light enough to see, you could try suddenly making a hideous monkey face at him. But to get a truly horrifying effect, this requires some practice beforehand.



THE RAVER'S U.S. CABLE

Jackie Harlow keeps you in touch with the U.S. scene

■ Fashion-wise there's more fur here than ever before. Many topcoats look like old Russian cavalry coats, trimmed with fur down the front and around the hem. Lots of furry suits too, with loose, side-buttoning jackets and short, carefree skirts.

■ From jeweled necks and cuffs, evening dresses have now become completely sequined in brash gold or silver, and ostrich feathers are mixed up with paillettes on hems. Everything's in crazy colours, but there's a predominance of camel hair for slack suits.

■ Mod America, at least on the East coast, has gone mad on long hair pieces. You're now entirely OUT of the fashion scene if you don't have one to complement your new wardrobe.

■ Winter boots are beginning to emerge already, but so far I haven't seen one white pair . . . Natalie Wood's kid sister, Lana, only twenty and married three times, has been dating Joe Butler of the Lovin' Spoonful, but no-one's treating it seriously . . . We're all looking forward to Dusty Springfield's opening at Basin Street East. She's the first girl singer to come out of England who's young and mod enough to attract a tremendous crowd of hip New Yorkers, and Basin Street's where they all meet . . . Would you believe it? In this crazy city, people will be wearing sunglasses all through the winter! . . . Hope

you all get an opportunity to see NBC-TV's new colour series, "The Monkees", which is doing fantastically well here. Show is titled after a group of the same name, and each plot deals with a situation comedy. All four boys have become the flips of the young set, and many magazines are reporting more fan mail for them than anyone else except the Beatles. The show is a bit like "Batman" and, we hope, will run forever.

■ Yairbird Jimmy Page surprised the American mod cult by practically giving in his old warrior's jacket. It looks like the coat that George Washington wore, and he told me he picked it up in an antique shop in London which specialises in old uniforms. Graham Nash of the Hollies has one very similar, which he wears with a silver or green satin shirt!

■ People who are still remaining very much 'in' this season are the Lovin' Spoonful, the Mamas and Papas and Nancy Sinatra—particularly Nancy, who scored a tremendous acting success in "The Wild Angels". Apart from continuing success on record, it

shouldn't be too long before her name will be more than just noteworthy for other movies. Younger sister Tina Sinatra is also hoping to break into films, but on dad's suggestion is taking drama lessons first.

■ People in Memphis are definitely stating that Elvis is married to Priscilla. It seems that when he returned to Hollywood to make the film "Double Trouble" from his Tennessee home, Priscilla, who had been there with him, slipped out to join him a few days later. Elvis is, as usual, incommunicado, and the Colonel is still denying rumors on the whole subject. . . . New York recently held its first 'groupie chasers ball' at the Scene, an underground discotheque on the West Side. Idea of the event was to invite all the 'groupies' (girls who hang around groups), and let them chase as many celebrities as they could. Sonny Bono showed up at the event wearing a suit—and no-one recognized him! See you next month! Love and stuff.

Jackie

WILL I EVER KNOW... DID HE FALL FOR ME OR MY PECHE D'OR?

It must be me— I hope it's me. But to be sure of him I must wear my Pêche D'Or every time we meet. Things seemed to happen right from the moment I saw your thin Parfume perfume. We met— I could tell he liked me, and later we made a secret promise to see each other again . . . when we kept that promise it was a night I'll always remember.

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But remember - you may never be sure - will he fall for you or your Pêche D'Or?



Raving fashion tunes in on a new wavelength—it's fashion A-Go-Go—our guide to dizzy discotheque dressing! Have a ball in the next few pages with our groovy gear!



Hippy silver lurex trouser suit with strappy pink 'n' silver top and belt from Marlborough, price 10 gns. Just Dennis, out of sight, in a floral shirt by Lord John, price 5/6. 11d. Trousers by Stanley Adams price 7/6. 6d.



Shaking it up in a super purple trouser suit with low, keyhole neckline. By Jon Adam, price 8 gns.



Venetia bagged a brand new dress in massive chiffon with a distinct 'thirties look'. By Simon Massey, it costs 7½ gns.



Dancing a rainbow in a multi-coloured chiffon dress by Shelana, price 5½ gns.



Have a wild fling in a culotte dress in shades of turquoise and mauve jersey. From Jon Adam, price £6 18s. 8d.



Gay floral cord trouser suit in shades of orange, red and green. By Lenbry at London Maid, 9½ gns. Silver sandals by Character Home, 34s. 11d.



Swinger of a chiffon dress by Shelana, price 8½ gns.

Making the scene, our two rave girls and Dennis! On the left—Ann in a chiffon tent dress by Simon Massey, 71 gns. Dennis in a bold pin-striped suit in wild single-breasted style, teamed with a dotted shirt, both from Cue. The suit is £30 and the shirt is £3 8s. 0d. Veneta in a skimpy shimmy of blue lurex from Cornell, price £4 18s. 11d.



Move into the midnight hours (right) in a white chiffon shift dress from Cornell, price 4½ gns. Way-out, bauble shape earrings all by Swan at Paul Stephen. Dennis in a camel jacket with large side vents with hidden pockets. From John Stephen, price 13 gns. Fruity damson coloured trousers from John Stephen, price 75s. and red shirt in cord from Cue, £3 9s. 6d.

FASHION A-GO-GO FASHION A-GO-GO FASHION A-GO-GO FASHION

Next time you go down the discotheque in the latest rave gear do what Dave Dee and Co. suggest—Bend-It! It's a terrific follow-up to their hit disc—a brand new dance called The Bend!

It's great fun, and an easy six-step method of learning the dance has been worked out by the pioneer of The Bend, Patrick Kerr, who thought the whole thing up.

1. Step forward on left foot, bending knees and lowering left shoulder.
2. Step forward on right foot, knees bent, lowering right shoulder.



3. Step back with left foot and begin to straighten.
4. Step back with right foot and straighten up. Repeat three times.
5. Slip to side with left foot. Close right foot to left. Bend knees and straighten. Slip to side with right foot. Close left foot to right. Bend knees and straighten. Repeat three times. Repeat first step four times. Repeat pattern once more making quarter turn each time on first variation and half turn each time on second variation. Feet slightly apart, bend at knees and sway from right to left and left to right. Repeat three times.
6. Take step forward with left foot, bending at knees and lowering left shoulder. Sway back so that weight is on right foot. Repeat three times. Repeat first variation four times. Then begin again, doing one of each variation. Keep going until end of record.

Timed to meet the craze for The Bend! the Bend-It dress. With a swirl of red plastic the Bend-It dress has made its way into the hottest discotheques in London. It is now available to RAVE readers either at The Carrot On Wheels boutique in Fulham Road, London, S W 3, or at Claire Grundy-White, 21a Farnham Road, London, S.W.18. Price 13 gns.



Freak out in a six-step striped dress in simple shift style from Marlborough, price 71 gns. Dennis in a black blazer with red and white stripes, really Regency, price £13.18s. White knit jumpers, 75s, and yellow shirt, 61s, 6d. All from: Take It Down. Unisex tennis shoes, shining up white against black socks, from Lonsdale Sports, price 17s. 6d.

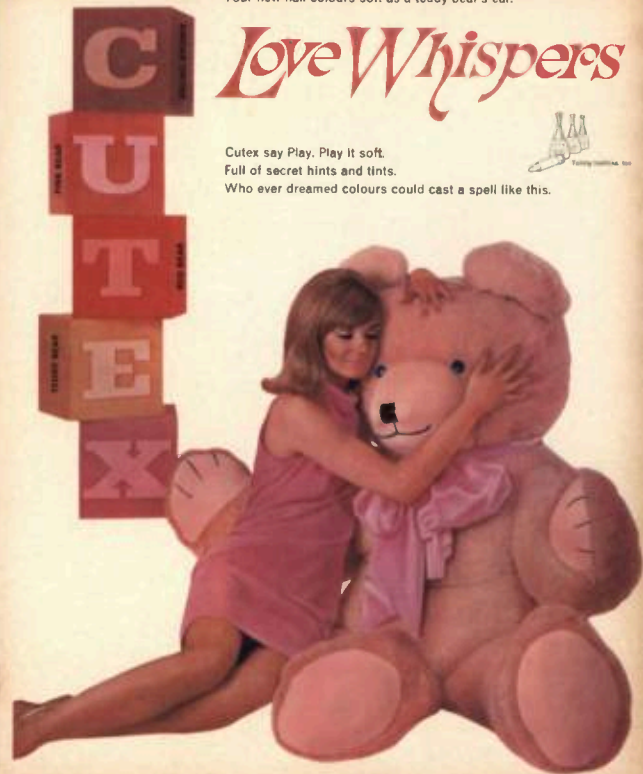
Rave girls wearing Dotties by Adrien Mann.

FASHION NOTES BY TRILBY LAINE PHOTOGRAPHER P L. JAMES.

Four new nail colours soft as a teddy bear's ear.

Love Whispers

Cutex say Play. Play it soft.
Full of secret hints and tints.
Who ever dreamed colours could cast a spell like this.



HOW I WON THE WAR BY JOHN LENNON



Private Gripweed, alias John Beatle: He wears long woolen underpants and National Health goggles in the film!

When is a Beatle not a Beatle? When he's a military idiot called Gripweed! John Lennon explains to RAVE's Maureen O'Grady how he won the war!

There have been some very strange goings-on recently in the little village of Oatenholz, near Celle in Northern Germany, for this was the setting chosen by director Dick Lester for his new film, "How I Won The War", starring Michael Crawford and John Lennon. The first time that a Beatle hasn't played a Beatle.

John plays the part of Private Gripweed—a fairly small part for a very famous young man, so why is he doing it? "Because they asked me to," says John. "I wanted to find out what I want to do with my life. I thought it might be acting, but now I don't think so—I couldn't stand being a film star all the time. It's sometimes worse than being a pop star!"

The Hero

"Gripweed is a very nasty, rotten type who thieves from the bodies of dead soldiers," says John, and although John doesn't like the Army, he's enjoying making this film.

All the men in the film are in uniform, except for an old villager who chases the hero out of his garden. The hero in the film is Lieutenant Goodbody who, with help from John Lennon, actually wins the war! He is played by brilliant young actor, twenty-four year old Michael Crawford. Mike, of course, has already made two Lester films, "The Knack" and "A Funny Thing Happened...". Although John plays Michael's best man in the film, and Michael is the hero of the story, as far as publicity is concerned, John is stealing the limelight.

Lester himself describes the film as "a stylised war comedy" taken from the Second World War, with a script written by Charles Wood, who also wrote the script for Lester's hit, "The Knack". The plot of the story seems a mixture of "The Goon Show" and "The Dam Busters", with tanks, guns and parachutes galore! In one scene a soldier throws himself on the ground in terror, gets

tangled up with his gun and shoots himself in the leg—with not one enemy soldier in sight!

The village of Oatenholz is near a NATO shooting ground, and real soldiers tend to get a bit mixed up with the actors from the regiment of the 4th Musketeers! And to add to this confusion, there are always hordes of newspaper men hanging around hoping to get a look or a word with John.

Big Step

Dick Lester, having directed "A Hard Day's Night" and "Help!" has a high opinion of the Beatles' talent, and thought John would be just right for this part. And it's definitely a big step for John going from Beatle to regimental idiot.

Gripweed wears a khaki, tattered battledress, with foliage sprouting from his tin helmet, a knapsack on his back, and the final, staggering touch is the National Health goggles! And of course, there is all the controversy about THAT haircut. John's only comment, "I feel cold behind the ears!" In fact, his hair isn't all that short, it's mainly just the sideboards that have been removed, and a bit snipped off the rest. The devastating factor is that his hair is combed off his face, and now we can see what he really looks like!

By the way, the hairdresser who had the great honour and responsibility to cut John's hair has now become famous for this great deed. He has gone to America to appear on television! A strange claim to fame I would say.

Another Film

In "How I Won The War" John neither sings nor plays the guitar, he just acts. "But", he insists, "it doesn't mean that I'm thinking of leaving the Beatles to become a serious actor in my own right. Any of the others would have done the same if the right part came along for them. After the film I will sleep and sleep, and then in January, yet another film—this time with Paul, George and Ringo."

In his spare time, between shooting and in the evenings, John just sleeps and plays cards. On one of his free days he visited friends in



John's is a comic part, but he says he's still waiting for the laughs!

Hamburg, where the Beatles used to play in the old days before they became famous.

About his part, John says, "I sometimes think it just consists of getting cold and wet!"—for Dick Lester is the sort of director who works on and on, regardless of rain, storms or anything.

To compensate for this all-weather filming, John wears long woolen underpants, and of course his foliage helmet, which refuses to stay on his head.

John's role is said to be a comic part, but John says he's still waiting for the laughs! The big surprise is that he dies in the film twice—killed by a mortar in one of the battle

scenes, "a mortar blows out my gut!" as John puts it. But my guess is he'll probably be brought back to life as a brightly-coloured ghost, as are three others—dressed from head to toe in luminous pink, green and orange.

The film unit has now moved on to Spain, to shoot desert scenes. At least John won't have to wear his long woolen underpants! He'll probably be the one that sees a mirage of a hundred beckoning girls dancing round an oasis, and just winds up with a mouthful of sand—or at least a kick in the pants by a camel! Well, that is judging by the rest of the story of Private "ever-so-nasty" Gripweed! But we'll have to wait and see.



Ronny



Funny thing about people when they're dangerously ill. While they're in hospital you go potty thinking of how mean you've been to them and how you'll reform in future, and if they pop off you think the same, only in the past tense. But if they recover, you just tick along as if it had never happened.

Dad came home from hospital after his operation looking like something that leaps out of the dark in a ghost train, but the minute he was sitting by the fire he might never have been away.

I'd left my fortnight's holiday late for moving into the flat, but as Mum had already taken her holiday this year with her sister in Birmingham, and Dad needed a rest, I offered to spend a week of my holiday with him in Littlehampton.

We set off in the 'old' to Victoria Station. According to the magazines, you're always supposed to meet handsome young architects in trains. I've never picked up anything except an elderly Indian colonel, not exactly Mr. Right; and this time we were landed with a hot, stuffy compartment full of a huge family who were eating egg and tomato sandwiches and digestive biscuits, and getting crumbs everywhere.

The lodging house was on the front with windows overlooking the sea, and rather nice, though it was all stream and brown paint with notices saying "Please leave the bathroom as you would wish to find it." "Pull plug, gently and release sharply" and a strong smell of moth and cabbages. There was this great landlady who took us over like a mother hen, the

"Sometimes it's really a change to meet someone who's rude and nasty. I'm so spoilt with all the London hippies. I think rough toughs are rather attractive now!"

fatest lady I've ever seen, in a flowered apron, obviously knocked out of her tiny mind to get any visitors so late in the year.

Leaving them both shaking their heads over olives on Monday afternoon, I went to the Bullins funfair. I'd just done "What The Butler Saw" and got my fortune told by a machine when I saw a boy watching me from one of the pinta-bles.

He was a real Littlehampton rocker, with tattoos, pink t-shirt and a belt about nine inches wide covered with studs and loopy bits of coins and trinkets. You don't get that type in London any more, but they still hang around the coast.

I moved on to "Midnight at Glamis", and was just getting on to the "Miser's Nightmare" when there he was, leaning against the football game and string.

"Want a go?" he said, so I said all right. It was one of those games where you have to press a button for all your footballers to kick their legs at once and get a cork ball into the other guy's goal. He won easily and said: "You're rotten, You from London?"

You know, sometimes it's really a change to meet a boy who's rude and nasty once in a while. I'm so spoilt with all the nice-mannered London hippies, rough toughs are rather attractive for a change.

Dave dug Elvis and Eddie Cochran and Johnny Burnette, who however may be, and said he thought Mick Jagger was soft and looked so menacing when I mentioned the Beatles, I changed the subject quickly.

"What do you do?" I asked, in a loud, tough voice in case he thought my Bettelese squeak was soft too. He said he worked temporarily in a ship-builder's yard up the coast, and what he told me the story of his life, he never laughed once.

I hate Littlehampton. It's so glo, like living in Toyland," he said. "I'm going up to London. Before I'm thirty, I'm going to make a million pounds and have a Mercedes and get a really plush flat in Mayfair, and after I'm thirty I'm never going to work again and everyone's got to be polite to me because I'll be so rich, see?"

He wasn't real, you know. That was what was so groovy about him. It was as if he was acting a hero in an art movie.

Later we walked along the

Ronny's Dad recovers from his mystery illness and takes off for a week's convalescence in Littlehampton. Ronny goes too and meets up with a very strange Littlehampton rocker. . . .

beach, all grey sea, clouds, Dave kicking pebbles and punting. Finally he combed his quiff in the reflection and a girl said "See you down the pub tomorrow evening then?" and I said OK.

FRIDAY

Before supper, Dad and I did our Giles cartoon stint. Walking along the sea-front, determined British looks on our raw faces. Being a real Londoner, Dad is convinced that fresh air is bad for you, and I must say I felt pretty ill after my over-dose of oxygen, and only had just enough strength to put on my mauve shiny rayon dress and shiver down the front to the pub.

Well, moody brooders are all very well in theory, but after an hour of grunts and broods and scowls, I was sure I'd never related when Dave took me down to a club to have a dance.

And that was the only time he laughed, honest. I counted. It was a scrubby little joint, all red Cole signs, peeling walls, acryl pink light and greasy men standing around alone and picking their nails with flat-tinives.

There was a group of quiffs, wearing jeans with turn-ups, playing a C major everybody, which was all very well, but I'm a bit young for living. I was doing my Flamingo special, all solo and arms and turns, when Dave grabbed my hand and started rising away on the old rock bit, supporting me to go whizzing under his arm and leaping about doing Elvis Presley wiggles. He kept up his glo, rocker act for two numbers and I just looked so badly he started to smile.

"You're really swell," he said, between giggles, which

is probably the biggest compliment he's ever paid a girl.

The last he paid me, anyway. Because just then a great rocker, who looked like King Kong's older brother, emerged from the stairs. He stood watching us for a few minutes with an expression on his face that would have made Doctor Death look like a baby. He'd cut out his appendix. Then he tapped Dave on the shoulder and said: "You're meant to be out with your sister tonight. So who's this?"

If Dave was scared he didn't show it. "Yeah," he said. "So what?" If Jan had been there he'd have palmed off on us. We've been landed with a load of junk given by people who think we've got no furniture—useless things like umbrella stands, chamber pots and deck chairs. Actually we thought we didn't have a set of furniture until we totted up the contents of our separate bedrooms; furniture really piles up.

Really the most expensive things are books and foris, successs, drying up clothes, record books, all boring stuff you fill a real estate of money. It seems more expensive to me to spend £25 on a new detaining board than £10 on a new coat. Silly, but this's how it is.

Oh, well, we've spent the whole week moping up the waterboard, the gas company, clapping up the electricity people to fix smaller bits of stray wires popping out of the walls and willing to loads of people giving them our change of address. We've got one of those new all-figure phone numbers, which is rather a laugh until you consider that no-one will be able to remember it unless they're computer kids. Not that I'll be able to give the number to anyone, anyway, because I can't even remember it myself.

Now I feel awful penitential about leaving. I can't believe George will be round with the man tomorrow to take all my bedroom furniture round to the flat. I think I might almost miss the burglar and the rabbits on the wallpaper. All the same . . . it's exciting.

than ashamed of R. Moral cowards are the ones to blame, she said. Anyway, any Russian agent who wants my secrets only has to ask me nicely and I'll tell all.

THURSDAY

Last night in the old home, as this says I've just had my last meal with Mum and Dad (spasmodic roast chicken and pineapple flan and cream), before spending my last night here.

Jan and George finished painting the flat while I was away, and George even put up a couple of shelves. Jan's bought masses of mattress-ticking for the curtains, and we've spent days dying all the awful bits of carpet wall-meaning relatives have palmed off on us. We've been landed with a load of junk given by people who think we've got no furniture—useless things like umbrella stands, chamber pots and deck chairs. Actually we thought we didn't have a set of furniture until we totted up the contents of our separate bedrooms; furniture really piles up.

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The chair was orange, the grapes black, and the small face pale. The Small Face sat on the orange chair, ate the black grapes, and talked colourfully. This Small Face is Steve Marriott, who has strolled along the path to the top (number one in the Charts, glory! glory! sparkle cheer!) with the other group members, smiling and saying charming, superficial things, and being happy and talented.

LITTLE STEVIE WONDERS...

... about a lot of things now he's a member one rarer. He wonders if he deserves all the screams and adoration he gets. He wonders about what will happen to him when he dies. Join RAVE's Dawn James for this exclusive story as she discovers a new Steve Marriott who really is a wonder.

But how happy and how talented can you be before someone asks where the other you is? The you who gets tired and has fears, and maybe loves a girl somewhere? Do a pop star's eyes never miss? His mouth never quiver? What happens when the gay people go, and he is alone in his room? What is he like then? What does he need? What makes him thoughtful?

As Steve sat eating grapes and listening to an Eric Clapton LP, it seemed there was only a gay side to him. A lady who cleans his house in Pimlico for him wandered in, and he teased her about a cake she had baked him. Other Small Faces appeared, twirling cigarettes and cracking jokes.

Doesn't Believe In God

"Steve," I said, when we were finally alone for a moment. "What makes you tick?"

"It is a long story," he said. "Not one I usually get asked for. Sometimes I think I know the answer, other times I'm not so sure. Who knows themselves? Do you?"

"No, but I try. Some people don't even try."

"Oh, I try," he admitted. "I wouldn't be so happy if I didn't know something about myself. The laughing I do comes from inside. I have my roots, one of them is my own ideas on religion. It forms the basis of my way of life. I don't believe in a God sitting in a chair in the sky, but I have a faith."

"I believe we came from the earth and we go back to it when we die. The earth gives you and the earth takes you back, and you become the bark of a tree, or a cluster of grass. That accounts for the desire in people to get close to the earth. Haven't you ever felt such emotion from the scent of a flower that you wanted to crush it in your hand? Sometimes the smell of country air makes me gasp because I just can't get enough of it. I think that is the body trying to get back to where it came from."

"It takes a lot of thinking about, I don't know enough about it yet. If anything really worries me it is this business of where we came from,



"If anything really worries me, it's where we came from and why."

where we go to, and why. I could go potty thinking about it. I think a lot. Thinking is a gas."

He sat silent for a moment, a very young man with all the good things of life before him, and the gaiety of the much-popied pop world around him. Life is a whirl of shows and travelling, and "Hallo, lovely to see you", and "Great show, lad", and "I you", and "Great show, Steve", and screams and darlings, and the land of late night clubs.

Steve enjoys it all. "I love it as far as it goes," he said. "I don't put on any act, or think about what I am going to say next. I believe in honesty

because I'm too lazy to be dishonest. I think you are put on earth to live, and live you should. I really enjoy my life. I get a kick out of everything I do. Really I'm very easily amused. I don't need to spend a lot to enjoy myself. And it takes a lot to make me really miserable."

Special Person

How much does he need other people?

"As much as they need me, which, in the end, is very little," he said. "Mind you, I think everyone in this business needs one special person,

usually a member of the opposite sex. You might not admit it, I certainly would not, but you've got to have someone to come home to, to drive carefully for, to telephone. Otherwise you go from one mad chick to another and you stand still. And you are lonely."

"The club scene in this business, with endless glamorous girls chatting you, doesn't mean a lot to me. It is fun, but it isn't what my life is all about."

"Before I came into pop I thought 'That is the life for me, late nights, loads of birds, as much drink as I can take'. But then I was ignorant and childish. I've grown up a lot. I think straight now. It is as though I were standing outside myself and my friends were looking on. I see my faults and theirs."

Steve doesn't have a lot of close friends apart from the other Small Faces.

Hurried And Noisy

"The people I meet nowadays seldom get the chance to become really close, because the environment doesn't encourage it. It is always hurried and noisy and a bit forced. And that isn't because pop is full of feist people. It isn't. There are some great people in pop. It is because of the pace at which we live. My old friends have changed towards me. They are determined that I am going to be big-headed, and they rub me up the wrong way. And if I talk about my present life, and the people I mix with, they think I am name-dropping."

"I am different as a person, it is true, but I am not pleased with my

musical achievements. In fact I get less and less personal satisfaction from live performances. I am more interested in writing. I feel that if I can write songs I will be giving something back to life."

"I am scared that otherwise I'll look back in twenty years and see nothing but selfishness. Live shows are full of screams and adoration we don't deserve."

Marriage?

"I think about the future a lot. Will I get married? Will I have children? If I do, what sort of people will my children be? People have children who grow up to be great statesmen, and children who grow up to be murderers. What will mine be?"

"Would you get married while you were a pop star?" I asked. He considered it for a while.

"Well, I think marriage and pop can go together as far as the fans are concerned. Being married doesn't ruin your image. But it is a hard life to offer a girl. I keep irregular hours, and I'm away a lot. It wouldn't be much fun for my wife."

Steve is a boy who thinks about the future. What does he think is the future of pop?

Honest Sounds

"It lies in sounds. Records will be all the thing, and the sounds on the records will be honest, because they will be part of the writer. The writers will become singers and the singers writers, and records will be produced in people's own flats. Live performances won't attempt to sound like the



"Marriage doesn't ruin an image, but it's hard on the wife!"

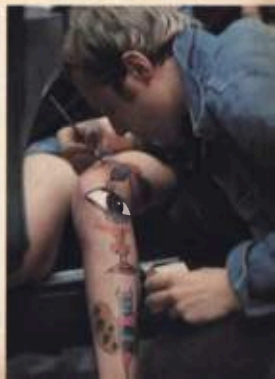
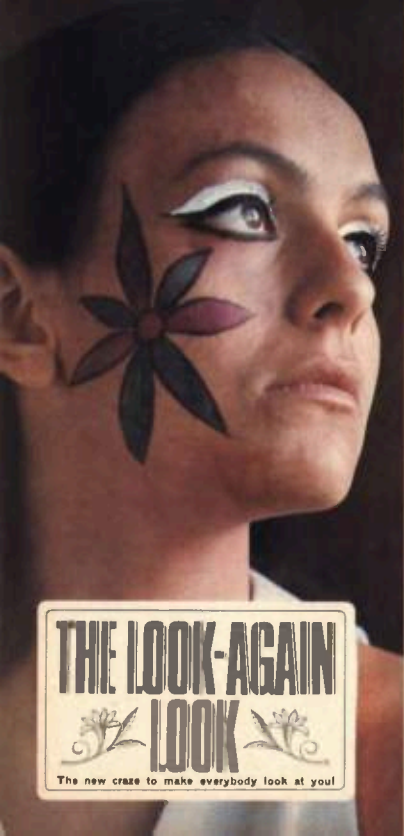
records, but the audience won't mind. People will buy records now to shows, and both will be detached from each other."

"And what will happen to you, Steve?" I said.

"I hope I'll be writing and producing and singing records," he said. "Or maybe I'll be married and out of the business. Or if my luck runs out I'll be part of the bark of a tree! It's no good worrying, you just have to get into the state of mind where you can cope with whatever it is. Then you can really live, and your laughter really comes from deep down inside." He sat on the end of the sofa, curled up. Part four of a big pop image, maddy gay, terribly good fun, and solid. If his smile is easy, his way pleasant, it is due to the thinking that is done in the quieter moments of his rapid, famous life.

"I feel that if I can write songs I will be giving something back to life," says Steve.





THE LOOK-AGAIN LOOK

The new craze to make everybody look at you!

THE LOOK-AGAIN LOOK

Look once, look twice! It's the latest, craziest idea to make boys notice! Beauty girl Lee takes a lighthearted look at a rave girl's answer to the tattoo!

As a fashion conscious RAVE girl, do you ever get the feeling that what with all our mini-skirts and mini-sweaters, nothing will ever surprise the opposite sex? It certainly seems as if they have learned to live with any fashion we present them with and are no longer taking that shy second look. But, just in time to restore our morale, here is the latest look in beauty—The Look-Again Look!

Yet it took a boy, Geoffrey Triesman, a young artist based in Chelsea, to come up with this fabulous idea! Geoffrey has already done some terrific leg designs on twins Sara and Ruth Lor, who received many second looks when they walked around London with faces and flowers on a leg apiece! Boys looking at girls' knees were met by an eye looking back. Slogans like "Watch This Space" and "Room To Let" should produce some pretty interesting results, too! By taking the whole ravable idea a step further, Geoffrey found that faces and necks also provided an ideal "canvas" for fab designs!

Just as coloured and patterned stockings can be boring, natural colourless face make-up does nothing to enhance a plain outfit. Incorporate a design on a leg when wearing a one colour 'total' look and you'll be a wow! A few daubs of paint and a wild imagination for a facial design and you are bound to get that 'double-take' we have all been missing from our fave male!

Have a go yourself with liquid shadows for the blues and greens, lipstick palettes for oranges and pinks. Legs have already been supplied with their own make-up. You can also be inventive with a few sticks of theatrical make-up. Whatever the result you can always be guaranteed a second look!

SUGGESTED PRODUCTS

For the Face:

Gala's liquid shadow and brush, 5s. 11d. (shadow),

7s. 9d. (brush).

Mary Quant's lipstick (in palette form with own lip-

brush) 9s. 9d.

For the Legs:

Lechner greasepaint sticks, 4s. for the standard stick.

Revlon Leg Art Kit, 33s. 6d.



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SONNY AND CHER

World Radio History

sonny's story



ALAN FREEMAN IN AN EXCLUSIVE HEART-TO-HEART WITH SONNY AND CHER

Will Sonny quit singing? Have we really seen the last of Sonny and Cher as a recording team? They're questions that we all want to know the answers to. RAVE's Alan Freeman asks them these searching questions in an exclusive Heart-to-Heart interview.



Well, pop-pickers—that was Sonny and Cher that was! You may remember Mr. Bono as he shot through London in his little furry boots, smiling that 'sonny' smile, as he sang "Little Man" to Cher. You may remember Mrs. Bono, slender and elegant in the kind of trouser suits which make you wonder why us men ever had reservations about women wearing the trousers!

Just before they left for America, Sonny rang and invited me round to breakfast at the Royal Garden Hotel, London, where the duo occupied the Royal Suite. I was warned that breakfast would be at about 11 a.m. and I could expect Sonny to arrive any time between then and noon, like most showbusiness people, this American duo do their living in the wee small hours and sleep during the mornings.

I walked into the Royal Suite at approximately 11.15 and found one slightly flagging French photographer who looked the image of Bob Dylan, and two very tired young Sonny and Cher fans who had been invited up from Brighton and had stayed the night. Wherever Sonny is he holds great court for anyone who simply wants to say "Hi", and during the time I was there a procession of girls wandered in and out simply to shake hands and collect a couple of autographs.

"People are people are people," says Sonny. "You treat them nice and most of them will treat you nice, too."

At that moment Sonny appeared on the balcony of the long lounge wearing a blue men's dressing gown—a present from Cher.

"Hi Alan," drawled Sonny, "How's your day?"

I affirmed my day was fine and Sonny turned his eyes and replied "My day's too good!"

He peered experimentally at the phone and pulled up the receiver to order breakfast—a slow, beautiful smile spread over his face as he spoke into the mouthpiece. ●●●

"My day's fine," he informed the gentleman in the kitchen. "I'd like coffee, flakes, a sandwich without butter and prunes. You want prunes?" he enquired earnestly of me.

Suddenly I realized that Cher had materialized at the far end of the room and was standing in a kind of perturbed silence under that avalanche of long black hair. She gazed at the huge array of packing cases containing their clothes, totalling about £1000 in excess baggage fees.

"I don't know how this all happened," she said. "I only intended to bring one trunk!"

Before beginning breakfast Sonny opened a drawer in a table nearby and produced a frightening selection of pills. There were vitamin pills, pills to wake him up, pills to put him to sleep and antibiotics for his throat infection. Sonny swallowed a handful of them.

Enormous Potential

Over breakfast Sonny began our Heart-to-Heart in earnest.

"My future is in films," he said. "Cher has an enormous potential as a female vocalist—last year in the U.S. she was the most programmed vocalist next to Stetsand and Petula Clark. There's no limit to what she could achieve next year."

"As Sonny and Cher we seem to generate something between us which the fans

like, and for that reason I think we can go on making records together for some time. My career as a solo singer? Well, let's say that I don't have any illusions about my talent as a singer or an actor! What I do believe in is my creative ability. Making records is like painting a picture to me. On Cher's last album I spent a whole day on each track. I asked her to give something more each time and she is one of those exceptional singers who can—the just gets better and better."

One of the reasons that Sonny and Cher have been so long returning to Britain is that Sonny has been completely absorbed in the production of the duo's first film, "Good Times".

"I was determined not to insult our fans' intelligence with another pop-film," said Sonny. "I wasn't sacrificing anything for that film. Cher and I have not made a public appearance in the U.S. over the last ten months."

"If you're going to be represented by a film it must be your best," affirmed Sonny. "I wrote all the numbers for the film, and the dialogue, which helped considerably in the memorising of the script."

The film is in colour and stars English actor George Sanders in the role of a crooked film director. The story is about Sonny and Cher making a movie, and if that sounds a trifle unoriginal perhaps it should be remembered that so far the duo's

Sonny: no illusions about talent!

success has been based upon a projection of their real selves—this film is another honest endeavour.

"The message is still love," said Sonny. "I couldn't write or sing or act anything that we did not feel."

How does Sonny regard other pop artists' attempts to make the successful crossover from stage to screen?

"Elvis has done it," said Sonny. "The Beatles have done it—in a documentary-fashion manner. I have great respect for the Beatles. They have opened up so many different worlds by breaking accepted rules."

What kind of people are Sonny and Cher people?

"Donny is very close to us," said Cher, referring to Donovan. "We like the honest things that he writes about. We saw him in the States a few weeks ago—he's got all Oriental. Wears Chinese silk, but he's still the same truthful person."

The Small Faces are "Sonny people" too.

"They were on RSG the first time we came over a year ago," said Sonny. "We liked them then—we were strangers in Britain but all the boys were friendly and cheerful. They made us feel at home. It was quite a coincidence to find them all on RSG with us again this year. They've come a long way, but I knew they would—they're doing something new and they mean what they do. Nice boys."

Un-Sonny people are people like U.S. singer Len Barry, who recently covered himself in ignominy by classifying all long-haired pop people in the move-it bracket.

Sonny is very gentle, but he remembers vividly his last fight in Hollywood—that was over a long bar insult!



"It was nearly three years ago," said Sonny. "I was out with Cher and a friend of ours who is a recording engineer. We were just walking along the street and this guy started calling us names. Next minute there's a fire light going on. We ended up in the middle of the free-way, and then Cher started wading in swinging her bag and yelling 'Leave my husband alone'. Finally we all ended up shaking hands in the middle of the road—friends!"

"I was furious," said Cher. "After knocking one another about there they were patting each other on the back—MEN!"

Sonny smiled a sunny smile.

A Likeness

One very interesting fact emerged from our conversation. I discovered that there is some truth in those reported comparisons between Sonny and Napoleon.

"Sonny's mother was a Sicilian and his father was a Corsican—which is where Napoleon was born—his father was an indirect descendant of Bonaparte," said Cher.

I asked Sonny what unusual things he liked about Britain.

"'Ponny fences,'" said Sonny, "I love

your 'ponny fences'."

Sonny was referring to the iron railings which are spiked and surround so many of our parks.

"I'd never seen a 'ponny' fence in my life," said Sonny. "I worked out a theory about why the traffic accident rate is so much lower here than in the U.S. It's all the people who have to run so fast from one side of the road to the other to avoid the traffic and end up impaled on these 'ponny' fences. There must be thousands! But they're classified as pedestrian accidents. Don't register in the traffic accidents you see!"

Sonny has a selection of amazing watches. He was wearing one on his right wrist made out of a twenty dollar gold piece, with the inside hollowed out and a watch mechanism inserted. The one on his left arm was a stop watch wrist watch in pink gold. In Encino he has a luxury ranch-style home with his own swimming pool. His big luxury is motor-bikes.

Before leaving I noted the small badge pinned to Cher's trouser suit. It read—"I am an Enemy of the State!"

Hardly—nice people, simple people, good people, real people—Sonny and Cher! Till next month, RAVE people, stay bright!



Alan: thought they were great



The singing duo in London, with Cher's sister, Georgianna



Between them, they generate love. "So I guess we'll be singing together for a while," says Sonny.



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LEAP
BOUNCE
BOUNCE
BOUNCE
BOUNCE
RACE
RUN
RUN
JUMP
FOR
JOY

Be more mouthy than! You've never enjoyed this water! A brand of tissues, ordinary, soft, dry. They get used. Tissues, remember tissues. So this day will be the only other day for her. Aaaa, Ceeeee, And unfortunately, she'll be anything she likes. Run through it. You're happy, love streams. Piss & farts, through the waste. Even go out feeling your down.

And she'll wear the same outfit she wears. Shee... Linda's the pants. Big-puffing pants. Or a sticking pin sheet.

Yes, the girl used Tampax tampons. And it had made her life so different from the rest.

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Wrapping Paper.

The Cream

From all the advance publicity heralding this first release, you could be excused for supposing that here indeed is a potential No. 1. In fact, nothing could be further from the truth! It's a simple song in G & W style with jangle-type piano tinkling softly in the background. You can even imagine someone like Roy Rogers handling the vocals! Presumably it's meant to cash in on the 'good-time' music kick, but for a better idea of what the Cream can do, try the flipside, "Cat's Squirrel", an instrumental.

B-A-B-Y. Carlo Thomas

Carlo Thomas gets a good beat going on this one, now scoring well in America. Mid-tempo rhythm and female chorus. Join in on the B-A-B-Y bit. Moves well.

The Coldest Night Of The Year. Nino Tempo and April Stevens

Well, what do you know, it's Nino and April on a very soft, wistful type ballad just right for doing the soft-shoe shuffle to! Very easy on the ear and it could catch if it gets the plugs. 'Specially for those late hours at the end of a party.

I'll Be There. Four Tops

Fantastic disc from Tamla-Motown. Even the title sounds as if the Four Tops had their eyes on the

the Whether chart

Whether new discs will make the Charts—that's what this column is all about!

No. 1 spot when they recorded it!

It's packed with rhythm and action and the Four Tops chant out the "I'll Be There" chorus in wonderful style. One of the reasons why the Four Tops always manage to sound so alive and so different on every release is that each top takes a spell at lead singing. Knockout disc!

Stop. Stop. Stop. The Hollies

Strong Indian favouring on the Hollies new offering. A composition by Allan Clarke, Tony Hicks and Graham Nash, it's the first single to feature new Hollies Bern Calvert. Obviously a big hit.

A Love Like Yours. Ike and Tina Turner

Very dramatic soul ballad is Ike and Tina's offering, following their highly suc-

cessful tour with the Stones. Begins slowly, then builds up. Really gets into your blood after a couple of spins.

Last Train To Clarksville. The Monkees

Watch out for the Monkees. They're the latest group to take young America by storm and reports have it that they're likely to have the same effect here.

Not a particularly brilliant first release, though it's shot way up the American charts. A little Beatlesish, very fast, with pronounced cymbals and a bit of harmony. Watch for them though. They begin a TV series over here in January.

Happy Feet. Robert Parker

Listen to Robert Parker. After "Barefootin'" it's for a number of weeks in the

Paul: new sound

Charts he's now got "Happy Feet!"

Similar rhythm to "Barefootin'" that's impossible to dance to. Should be a wow in the discotheques and at least do as well as "Barefootin'".

High Time. Paul Jones

High time Paul came out with a single release, too. His fans were getting impatient. Composed by Leander Mills, this sounds a bit like Andrew-John in places. Big backing helps Paul's voice to swing, and although it isn't the sort of stuff we were used to hearing him sing with the Mambas, this will be the kind of material he'll be handling in the future.

I Love My Dog. Cat Stevens

As you may have guessed from the title, Cat Stevens loves his dog.

Very strange disc, almost a rockabilly. Cat had wings and halos. Catchy though. Flipside is just as unusual, all about the Portobello Road, London.

As you bought your copy of "The Stars Charly Fantasia"?

The Phillips Records LP costing only £1, brought out in aid of the SAVE THE CHILDREN FUND. All the stars featured have given one of their best-known songs free of charge.

A fine record for a fine cause, and a great gift for any pop fan!



Ike and Tina: new disc "really gets into your blood".

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in (colour)
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The day that changed my life.

One lunch time, I closed the door on my tiny little office with its mountains of paper and ordery files.



and went to meet Betty who had been a G.P. Topham in London for 12 years.

I decided to join her - and I'm so glad I did!

When about your joining me in London? Do you mind to the manager and find out yourself in my hand?

Lambeth and I'm offered to train as a G.P. O. Telephone on LONDON I could save a 4 hour week (including most breaks) and get 5 months pay holiday a year, right from the start. Pay is £4 10 0 in Central London (more at the Overseas Exchange), but it starts from £3 17 0 at 16, £11 10 0 at 17, then up to over £15.

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'Kriegsmania' is the name of a wild new boutique in Kingly Street, London, W.1. They sell all sorts of madly hip items like military gear, old telephones, record players, posters, lightshades and fantastic 1930 suits with big baggy trousers. I got this mad military jacket for just £3 10s. If it would have been £2 without epauletts. It's in red with white epauletts and a black collar.

Contrasting American home-spun jeans in white only. From Stanley Adam, Kingly Street, London, W.1, price 99s. 6d. Available by post.



JUST DENNIS

RAVE artist Dennis keeps you tuned in on the male fashion scene.

- Go all public school and get an old school blazer, long and waisted with edged lapels.
- So far the law on wearing military jackets is still pretty vague but as far as we can gather, if you don't wear any definite symbols of rank or a uniform that is currently in use, then you are not impersonating an officer and therefore you won't be arrested for wearing one.
- For some really hnoct-wide ties in John Stephen's store just now.
- Think! Sports gear was a terrific gimmick a couple of years back and this could be exploited further to make up some really good casual clothes for late next year.
- Labels on jackets, although still high, are now pointing downwards!
- Checks have almost died now and I predict plain colours will be 'in' in the spring. The accent will be on fabric and texture, with colour added by Regency-style shirts. Jackets will be in muted colours to offset wide cravats, ties and coloured silk shirts.
- Pocket handkerchiefs are becoming predominant, and a nice carnation in the lapel goes down well!
- Evening dress (the kind reserved for weddings) with cut-away coat and tails will gradually be worn more, and spats will probably become fashionable.
- Fur coats really are THE thing for this winter—almost every boutique and store is selling furs as fast as they can. Artificial furs can be bought for about £11 whilst the real ones in Portobello Road Market and at junior sales can be bought for as little as thirty bob.
- White shirts and wide white ties look great with 1930-styled suits.
- Some of the clothes in the Sherlock Holmes series on TV, look great! Back to the former days for fashions for 1967!
- Clarence caps, a new variation of grand boy caps, are news. From Herbert Johnson in Bond Street, London, W.1

A BOY'S SLANT ON BOYS' FASHION

High sand suede boots with leather linings to keep the water out. Also in black leather and olive suede.
From Steve Topper, Carnaby Street, London, W.1. Price £7 10s. 6d.

SOUL



JAMES BROWN

THE ALAN BOWN SET

SUPREMES

OTIS REDDING

PERCY SLEDGE

SONNY CHILDS

RAVE's Maureen O'Grady puts on parade some of the greatest and the latest singers of 'soul'. The sound the 'in' crowd said would happen.

The 'in' crowd always said it would happen . . . and it has! Everyone's raving about rock 'n' soul. And those disciples who have been singing its praises for years, have been proved right. Nearly a quarter of the Top Fifty positions are now taken up by rock 'n' soul artists.

The beginnings of soul are deep-rooted in American gospel singing—when he was twelve Solomon Burke was known as the Wonder Boy Preacher; for four years Wilson Pickett was a spiritual singer; Joe Tex went in for church musical activities and Otis Redding, son of a Methodist preacher, used to sing with the hot gospellers in his father's church in Macon, Georgia.

Since the Beatles started the beat boom, it's never been easy for 'outsiders' to break into the Charts. But now the soul sound has really taken a grip—great news for the two biggest-selling 'soul sound' labels, Tamla Motown and Atlantic. Catching on to the local trend are E.M.I. Records, who have recently introduced a new series called "Soul Supply". The discs will be issued on existing labels at a rate of between two and six

singles a month. So look out for them! For Tamla Motown, the Four Tops are doing fantastically well with their latest, "Reach Out, I'll Be There". They have previously had hits here with "Baby, I Need Your Loving", "I Can't Help Myself", "Same Old Song" and "Loving You Is Sweeter Than Ever".

The biggest group on Tamla Motown are the Supremes, who have sold over six million records since their first smash here: "Where Did Our Love Go?"

Other hit Motown artists include Stevie Wonder, whose latest "Blowin' in the Wind" is a rave, the Miracles, the Temptations, Martha and the Vandellas, Marvin Gaye, Junior Walker and the All Stars, and the Isley Brothers.

The Atlantic label has more 'soul-type' singers than rock 'n' soul sounds. Otis Redding is just about their biggest star, along with Wilson Pickett, Percy Sledge, Solomon Burke, Sam and Dave, and Joe Tex.

Otis Redding, recently on tour here, told us: "The scene for our kind of music is good here now, much

better than I expected it to be. Otis comes from Macon in Georgia, the same hometown as Little Richard, the singer who first inspired him. Otis's first recording was his own song, "These Arms Of Mine", and since then, every release of his has been a hit in America. Only recently did he make the Charts here with "Mr. Philful". This was certainly a major break-through for him, for he followed this up with "Respect" and "I Can't Turn You Loose", and is regarded now as a Chart regular.

Wilson Pickett used to sing with a group called the Falcons, one time top R & B group in the States. He then went solo, scoring with his own composition, "If You Need Me", also recorded by the Stones and Tom Jones, and more recently, "In The Midnight Hour", which really established him in this country. His current hit, "Land Of 1,000 Dances", as every one knows, has been adopted as the signature tune of R.S.G. Proof indeed that 'soul' has really got a hold on us.

Solomon Burke is hailed as the King of Rock 'n' Soul'. He was officially crowned in America by top American DJ, Round Robin. Being the King, every time Solomon appears on stage he wears his crown and robes—then roars into a wild stage act. Solomon has had big hits with

"Down In The Valley", "Stupidity", "If You Need me", "Keep Lookin'", and "Cry To Me".

James Brown first formed a group called the Flames, and after three years became a professional entertainer. "Mr. Dynamite" is his title and his list of hits includes "Out Of Sight", "I Got You", "It's A Man's World", "Money Won't Change You", "Ain't That A Groove", and "Papa's Got A Brand New Bag".

Robert Parker, on the Sue label, made the Charts here with his first release, "Barfootin'", and made the trip over here to establish himself with personal appearances. His new single is "Happy Feet", and he also has an L.P. titled after his first big hit.

Ike and Tina Turner, the husband and wife team from Los Angeles, made the big time here with "River Deep And Mountain High". On their recent tour here with the Stones, they knocked out the whole country with their act. They're wild and soulful from beginning to end. Not surprising the Stones specially asked for them!

The Righteous Brothers—Bobby Hatfield and Bill Medley, are the best-known example of American 'white' soul singers. Their introduction to this country was the song "You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling" and they

have been big sellers ever since.

Other 'soul' names making themselves known are Edwin Starr, Don Covay, Billy Stewart, Lee Dorsey, Sonny Childs, Darrel Banks, Lou Rawls, Jamo Thomas, Bobby Hebb, Chuck Jackson, Rex Garvin and Rufus Thomas.

As soul has become more popular, so we find our own groups have latched on to the soul sounds and styles, and now we have, in a much smaller way, our own soul scene.

The regular 'soul' exponents here are Eric Burdon, Chris Farlowe, Alan Price, Zoot Money, Geno Washington, Brian Auger and George Fame.

Newcomers among the 'rave' groups are the Action, who do a lot of Motown material, Jimmy James and the Vagabonds (a negro group), the Alan Bown Set and the Move, who both adapt soul songs to their own style.

Jimmy James and the Vagabonds are billed as 'The New Religion'. They have eight in their line-up, and as well as doing songs by James Brown, Wilson Pickett and Billy Stewart in their own special way, their own discs, "This Heart Of Mine", "I Feel Alright", "Ain't Love Good, Ain't Love Proud", are building up a steady following. Jimmy James and the Vaga-

bonds' particular appeal is that their act is like a party and they want every one to join in and have a good time.

The Alan Bown Set, another rave outfit, are soon to record an L.P. with Jimmy and his group. At present the Alan Bown Set has a residency at the Marquee Club in Wardour Street, London, the stepping stone for many of our great groups. There are seven boys in the Set, all qualified musicians. Alan led the John Berry Seven for two years before forming his band. Their last two discs, "Baby Don't Push Me" and the cover version of Edwin Starr's "Headline News" have set them off in the right direction, and the next one might do it.

The Move are also firm favourites at the Marquee, and often get people like the Stones and Beatles dropping in just to hear them play. They're rather special to look at too, wearing stage suits in lime, pink, orange, white and yellow! This month they hope to get their first single and L.P. out.

Well, the 'in' crowd who like to predict the big stars of the future, were right about the American soul scene, but will these young English groups have much of a chance against the great American originals? It's always a tough battle to beat someone at their own game, but the 'in' crowd are quite convinced that they'll make it.

DODO'S DATEBOOK

NOVEMBER—where it's at!

THIRTY DAYS IN THE LIFE OF A POP LOVER

1. **Hollies** Phil Jones, Paul Fynn, Bruce Nash, Bill Terni — "Wagonwheel Connection" Fame 1 feature tour with **Cliff Richard**, Eric Burdon and the **Animals**. Rehearsal in Oslo.
2. **Wilson Pickett**, **James Brown**, **Ryano Thomas**, **Sam Cooke**, **James Farlowe** tour—**Carole King**, **ABC**, **Walkers**, **Troggs**, **Dave Dee** tour—**Lester ABC**, **Beach Boys** in **Manchester**, **Wells** and **Brian Poole** 25 today.
3. **Hollies** tour—**Manchester** **Oslo**, **Fame** tour—**Glasgow** **Oslo**, **Walkers** tour—**Plymouth** **ABC** 1 till 18 today—**happy birthday** **Beach Boys** in **Copenhagen**. **The Action** at the **Caverns**, **Liverpool**.
4. **Hollies** tour—**London** **Oslo**, **Fame** tour—**Newburgh** **Oslo**, **Walkers** tour—**Bristol** **Carnegie**, **Bomb** **Boys** in **Stockholm**, **Jerry Lee Lewis** at **Middlesbrough**, **Marimba** and **Suzanne** **Tiers**.
5. **Hollies** tour—**London** **Oslo**, **City** **Hall**, **Oslo**—**London** **Oslo**, **Cliff Richard**, **Dave Berry** at **Newburgh** **Cave**, **Hall**, **London** 19 today.
6. **Hollies** tour—**Newburgh** **City** **Hall**, **Oslo**—**London** **Oslo**, **Cliff Richard**, **Dave Berry** at **Newburgh** **Cave**, **Hall**, **London** 19 today.
7. **Dave Berry**, 1-week in cabaret at **Leigh** **Gore**, **Warrington**, **Toners** "Happily Birthday" TV show—**Trial Lopez** and **Dave Clark 5** **Tam** **James** in **South America** for three TV shows.
8. **Beach Boys** in concert at the **Tooting** **Grande** tonight. **Ken Dodd** 37 today. **Gilla Black** with **Frankie Howard**, in a new variety show at the **Prison** of **Wales**, **London**.
9. **Walker Brothers** tour at **Portsmouth** **Grassfield**, **Beach Boys** at **Lancaster** de **Ateneum**, **Phil May** of the **Prexy Things**—22 today.
10. **Walkers** tour—**London** **Ritz**, **Beach Boys**—**Leeds** **Oslo**, **Kathy Kirby** and **Joe Bond** in tour in **South Africa**.
11. **Sam E. King** tells off 27th **Beach Boys** at **London**, **Sam** at 9 top till bill of **BIG** **Clubs** **Dave** 33 gallery, **Gauch** **Bocheid** 24 today.
12. **Walkers** tour—**Portsmouth** **Winter** **Gore**—and it's **Johnny's** 3rd **birthday**—**Suzanne** **Tiers** **London** **Beach Boys** at **Leeds** tonight—**Fame** at **Portsmouth** **University** tonight with **Cliff Richard**.
13. **Arrival** **London** and **tour** **Cliff** in concert at the **New York**, **Thelma Houston**, **London** **Leeds** night of **Walkers** tour—**Hank** **Cliff** **Beach Boys** last concert here—
14. **Dave** and **Jonathan** 1-week in cabaret at **Southport** **Kingsway** **Carnegie** **Oslo** "Hypodrome" TV show—**The Zombies** **Freddie** **Gerry** 35 today.
15. **Fred Clark** 34 today. **The Action** at the **Merque** **Club**, **London**.
16. **Spencer Davis** **Group** away on tour of **France**.
17. **Ex-member** of the **Byrds**, **Gene Clark**, 23 today. **Simon** **Fleet** at **Walsbury** **Hall** **Hall**.
18. **The Impressions** here till the 27th. **Con** **Clay** at the **Balladors** 25 today.
19. **Small Faces** are spending one week in **Scandinavia**.
20. **EP** of brand new songs by the **Walker Brothers** to be released this month. **Saxxie** **Show** on tour in **Italy** till early **December**.
21. **The Troggs** on 10-day tour of **Scandinavia**—**Denmark** and **Sweden**.
22. **Sauers** new LP out this month **Great** **Sauers** **LP** out this month, "Big Hits (High Tide and Green Grass)"
23. 1 day in cabaret all this week at **Stockton** **Fiesta** **Club**.
24. **Dave**, **Dee**, **Dave**, **Beach**, **Mike** **Tich** off to **London** soon. **Action** at the **Ram** **Club**, **Byrnes**.
25. **Action** at **Amber** **Public** **Hall**, **Oslo**, **London**.
26. **Arrows** spending two weeks in **Denmark**. **Action** at the **Bath** **Hall**, **Leyton**.
27. **Dave** 23 today. **Barry** **Raglan** 1-week in cabaret at **London**, **James** **Clark**, **Berry** **Bernard** **Shelton** 31 today!
28. **Paul** and **Berry** **Ryan** in cabaret at **South** **Shields** **Lattin** and **Newcastle** **Dolce** **Vita** for one week.
29. **Manfred** **Mann** group enacting on a **Mediterranean** cruise on the "Chalona" for some of this month.
30. **Frank** **Ifield** 29 today, **Robert** **Vaughan** 34 today.

Good Luck Sterie

Happy Birthdays dear Dody!

NOTES

Stones due to shoot their film this month



Penny's Stall

Penny's a sewer with very little cash, so she makes her own coat and really cuts a dash!

RAVE COAT FOR £4.5!

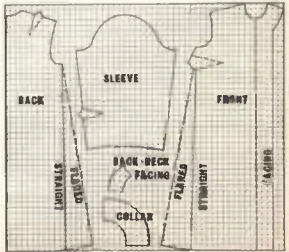


If you're dead broke, this is the place for you. Ready-made fur coats are hitting the headlines, but the prices! Here, RAVE girl Penny shows you how to make your own super fur coat for a fraction of the cost!

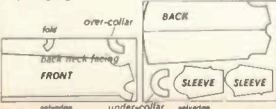
Fur coats are news, so if you haven't got the money to buy one, why not make your own? You can buy fur fabric from about 25s a yard for 'teddy bear' 7 to 9 ozs a yard for synthetic mink. For our do-it-yourself coat, we suggest a white teddy bear fur fabric at 25s. 90 a yd., 48 inches wide, which you can buy at John Lewis. You can make it straight-cut or slightly flared. You'll need: 2½ yds. of 48 inch wide fabric for size 34" bust, 1½ yds. 36-inch wide interfacings for front and collar. So your coat will cost approx. £4.50.

To make: Following diagram, draw pattern on squared or brown paper and cut out. Place pattern on fabric according to cutting diagrams and cut out coat. Cut out interfacings for collar, and strips for fronts of coat. Tack interfacings to wrong side of fronts and with a loose stitch, hem front edge of interfacings along front (on actual fold line). Stitch darts in front and back. Stitch shoulders and sides of coat back and coat fronts. Tack interfacings to wrong side of under-collar and then, eight sides facing, stitch under collar to upper collar. Leave the edge nearest neck. Trim seam, turn and tack along outside edges. Tack collar to coat neck edge—the upper collar will be on top and the under collar will be facing the right side of the coat. Tack the back neck facing to the shoulder part of the front facings (which were cut in one with the coat fronts). Stitch. Fold each facing, right side together, and stitch the facing all round the neck edge (you will be stitching the collar in, too). Trim seam, and clip inside if necessary, turn facing to inside. Catch-stitch edges of facing to shoulder seams and if you prefer, catch-stitch facing invisibly along each front and round the neck to keep facing flat. For the sleeves, stitch darts, join sleeve seams. Press them into sleeves into armhole of coat, right side facing, stitch under seams and top, and top of shoulder. Holding sleeve inside you, stitch. Press seam towards sleeve. Turn up hem of sleeve and blind-stitch. Turn up hem of coat, open up front facings as you do. Slip-stitch facing back towards the inside of the coat again. Slipstitch edge of facing to coat hem. Hem-stitch the coat. Mate loops and sew on buttons if preferred.

DIAGRAM 34" BUST 1 SQ=1"



CUTTING DIAGRAM 48" FABRIC



RAVING REPORTS

A RAVE look at what's happening on the general scene.

MR. RAVEABLE

■ There's a new Mr. Raveable going around, who, judging by his looks, is certainly going to make a name for himself. He's Olivier Despax, aged twenty-four from Paris. Like his father, Olivier is a Cavali. At eighteen he was the foremost jazz guitarist in France, at twenty-one he was guitarist with The Gamblers. He took the Best ex-songs "And I Love Her" into the French Top Ten and also made a name for himself as a film actor. Now he wants to break into the British scene. Only natural, as he regards himself as Anglo-French. "England is where I would like to stay," says Olivier. All right by us!



OLIVIER DESPAX

Short Cut To Fame

■ The look at this man, you would never guess the great credit he has earned. For he is Klaus Baruck, the young German hairdresser who took advantage of the very previous hair of our John Lennon, and with it went the instant fame of being whisked off to the States for personal appearances on TV. A really short cut to fame, wouldn't you say?



WIGS-FOR BOYS!

BEATLE BARBER, KLAUS BARUCK.

CHRISTMAS RAVE-UP

■ Want an idea for a raving Christmas present? Here it is—a year's subscription to RAVE! A really swingy idea that all your friends will thank you for every time we drop through their letter box. A year's subscription (including postage) for one year (12 issues) costs only £1 16s. 0d. for U.K. and overseas. U.S.A. \$5.50.

Send it to The Subscription Manager (ZF), RAVE, Tower House, Southampton Street, London, W.C.2. We'll make sure your friends receive their first copies of RAVE in time for Christmas, accompanied by a greetings card in your name to announce each gift. P.S. How about giving yourself a year's subscription to RAVE? Then you can be sure of receiving your favourite mag. each month.

THE MAGIC LANTERNS



WIGS FOR PARTY-TIME BEATNIKS

■ Aspiring part-time beatniks in Paris are now buying wigs rather than risk growing their own hair and losing their jobs. Now they can look clean and conformist in the daytime and scruffy in the evening, depending on which group they're conforming to, and all for £20, too! Well, as they say, "boys will be girls!"



HAT AND TIE

A duo with their own ideas on making the Charts!

■ Using all our wit and brainswe among the weekly losers and winners at Oxford Circus says Hat and Tie. What? Hat and Tie, a new duo, also consisting of Thomas, musician, and Patrick Campbell-Lynn, comedy-wit, busy selling their new record "Change the Rotation", just to give it a head start in the Charts.

WIN THREE WISHES!

Or—three prizes any rave girl would wish for!

■ How would you like to win a holiday at Vidal Shikouli, a dress from a new range of good or better quality designs at one of London's most popular boutiques, "Take It" and a challenge to a librarian, waitress or funny. But whatever your wish, it must be completely realistic. The contest will be judged by The Magic Lanterns, unless great new star, "Marsupialians" inspires the competition. Remember Marsupialians, he sets a little terror-stricken among his potential three winners is a beautiful prize-winner, now The Magic Lanterns and RAVE are granting the wish, and YOU need to be lucky enough.

So hurry and write now! Fill in the entry form below and post it and send 10 RAVE THREE WISHES, Tower House, Southampton Street, London, W.C.2.

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

MY THREE WISHES _____

THE ORIGINAL AMERICAN STYLED SLOPP® SHIRT

FOR GUYS & GALS

Now available, long sleeved, fleece lined, crewneck and completely washable. Colours: White, Navy Blue, Powder Blue, Sky Blue, Black, Cherry Red, Olive Green, Creamy Beige, Bright Gold, Cranberry, Pink, Banana, Yellow, Mint Green and Orange.

AMAZING VALUE!

ONLY 29/11 EACH

13. Plymouth University 30. Oxford
14. University of Toronto 31. Cambridge
15. Harvard 32. Bath
16. Nevers Dulle 33. Southampton
17. University of California 34. Brighton
18. Yale 35. Bristol University
19. U.C.L.A. 36. Plymouth, no admission

Beware of imitations! We, and only we sell the genuine Slopp® shirt.



SEND S.A.E. FOR FREE BROCHURE

- 1 CANADIAN TEAM
- 2 CANADIAN TEAM
- 3 CANADIAN TEAM
- 4 AMERICAN SOCIETY
- 5 BRITISH COLUMBIA
- 6 CANADIAN TEAM
- 7 JACOBSON UNIVERSITY
- 8 BRITISH TEAM
- 9 YALE UNIVERSITY
- 10 YALE UNIVERSITY
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SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED

Fill out order form below and cut out.

Please mail my Original SLOPP® Shirt to:

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ADDRESS _____

Please fill in 2nd choice for colour in column provided.

Order by Number	1st choice colour	2nd choice colour	Size	Quantity	£	Total	#

Mail to: Canadian Novelty Shirt Company, 42, Rosslyn Hill, London N.W.3. Postage Paid Anywhere in the U.K. Sinead Cash, Quebec, or Postal Order.



Joan is presented with her £50 cheque by John and Scott, at the China Garden.



Our picture of Joan 'before' leaving for her appointment at Vidal Sassoon.



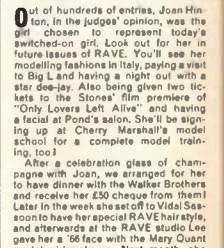
Arriving at Vidal Sassoon with RAVE fashion and beauty girl Lee.



Hairdresser Joshua explains how he will cut Joan's hair and gets her approval.



After the new '86 cut—the '86 model make-up by Mary Quant and our 'alter profile to show it off!



Our RAVE Girl!

MEET THE RAVE GIRL!

She has at last arrived on the RAVE scene—our own RAVE GIRL! Joan Hinton from Horley, Surrey. She's sweet sixteen, dark-haired with big brown eyes and, since we announced that she is our RAVE girl, a big beaming smile!

Out of hundreds of entries, Joan Hinton, in the judges' opinion, was the girl chosen to represent today's switched-on girl. Look out for her in future issues of RAVE. You'll see her modelling fashions in Italy, paying a visit to Big L and having a night out with a star dog-jay. Also being given two tickets to the Stones' film premiere of "Only Lovers Left Alive" and having a facial at Pond's salon. She'll be signing up at Cherry Marshall's model school for a complete model training, too!

After a celebration glass of champagne with Joan, we arranged for her to have dinner with the Walker Brothers and receive her £50 cheque from them! Later in the week she set off to Vidal Sassoon to have her special RAVE hair style, and afterwards at the RAVE studio Lee gave her a '86 face with the Mary Quant model girl make-up. Next month she flies to Italy!



Kim Fowley—Freaking Out!

Watch out for the Freak Out! It's the latest American craze. What is it? It started as a dance, where everyone just raved and leapt about and danced what they felt like dancing. Now it's a whole happening. It smashes the boundaries of everything we dared to call "way-out" in America there are Freak Out records, clubs and sounds, and everyone who joins in the craze is a FREAK!

Remember Kim Fowley, that six foot plus Californian who challenged Nap XIV with his own version of "They're Coming To Take Me Away"? Well, he's in Britain now, he's Freak Out mad, and he's planning on getting R going here in a big way. Already he's got his first Freak Out record on sale. It's called "Lights" on Parlophone. He's also featured on THE most WAVY-OUT LP, on the Verve label by an odd bunch of people called The Mothers Of Invention!

So just wait for Freak Out to happen! And watch RAVE! We'll be telling you a lot more about this latest, strangest rare wave from the States.

RAVE'S RAVES

Pop, fashion, beauty—read our stop press news of the latest happenings on the raver's scene!

■ A tip for all European ravers who have been enquiring about the Stopp shirts we told you about a while ago. A lot of you aren't sure how you should send your money. We suggest you send a money order to the value of the shirt you choose to the London address, which is Canadian Norcity Shirt Company, c/o Rosalyn Hill, London, N.W.3.

■ Male shoppers can be given a stay-at-home look... decorate them with a diamond brooch or other item in contrast to the lace. They make really dainty evening shoes.

■ Great new way of using up your spare pieces of fur after shortening a fur coat—make a fur beret or, if it's not quite big enough, just use a pair of knee-high boots. You could dye the remainder of the bod in a contrasting colour.

■ Mary Quant has gone one step further in her cosmic range and is now producing perfumes. Called a.m., and p.m., they are a mixture — to quote Miss Quant—"of the nice girl next door and the real hot sex cat!" A.m. suggests gawky adolescence, freckles, long grass, marguerites and marigolds. The outrageous flirt who always runs away at the last moment. P.m. is warm, rich and narcotic with a come-on sensation. The perfume atomiser at 31s. is a man's lighter shape which fits the minuscule of bagel. You buy it empty and fill it from your own bottle, which comes in cologne at 35s. and perfume at 31s. and 51s.

■ A new and very hip room has opened in Manchester. It's called The Drowsney, a dancing, catering and drinking place representing all the newest thinking in super-discotchaerica. The club features fantastic, wild new Hammond player called Jay Jay Denison and there's plenty of disc-spinning. Disc Enthusiasts say it's so far 'in' you almost disappear!



Dollies—a rave!

Everyone's gone dotty on Dollies! They're the latest fashion craze—bright, round, stick-on spots in a dazzling selection of colours (including gold and silver). You can stick them anywhere—sprinkle them on your hair, put a tiny gold one on a finger or toe nail, cause a sensation by decorating face, arms and legs, or spatter them over sunglasses. The possibilities are limitless! They're 4s. 11d. a packet and all the big London stores stock them.

News for all those girls who ever wondered if they could make it as a photographic model! Tom Hunter Studios of Berkeley Cottage, 20 Bourdon Street, London, W.1, have introduced a service to cater for all those girls who want an unbiased opinion of their chances. "If they are no good and have no hope at all, I shall tell them so," says Tom. "If I find any girls with real talent, I shall introduce them to the agency I think will be right for them." So here's your chance. Consultation and a reel of twelve test shots will cost you just 3s.

London's new Miss Selfridge boutique at Selfridges, Oxford Street, London, W.1, is currently knocking everyone out. This little store within a store is stacked with trend-setting clothes and waf-out

accessories for the girl of today whose time is short and whose standards are high. They've got some fabulous leather pouch handbags, hery-huts and Stripy pices, chain-mail cigarette cases with pill boxes to match, some wild scarves, and masses of coloured stockings and tights. Miss Selfridge also has an exclusive line in stockings in their very own shape called simply "whisky mac". Go along and have a look.

Know how to knit? Well, you don't have to be any great expert to join in the latest RAVE idea. It's a stripy mini skirt and a dolly bag to match that you can knit yourself in no time at all! Just write to RAVE, (Knitting Instructions), Tower House, Southampton Street, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope, and we'll send you all the details you need to know, completely free of charge.



Mini-knits!



All smiles as the last few inches are snipped away!



After the new '86 cut—the '86 model make-up by Mary Quant and our 'alter profile to show it off!



Our RAVE Girl!

MORE MONEY—MORE FUN—IF YOU DON'T SMOKE



10 cigarettes a day cost £30 a year or more
15 cigarettes a day cost £45 a year or more
20 cigarettes a day cost £60 a year or more



This is the page YOU write, so get writing! It can be about you or us, pop or fashion, anything. Drop us a line at RAVE, You're Telling Us department.

■ Congratulations on the September issue of RAVE, it was absolutely marvellous! I go to a convent school and love my religion. I've always been pleased to see this subject written about, and written about so well. I have been reading and enjoying RAVE for a long time now, but until this issue, I never realised how good it was—Branda Grimm, Mettingham, Bungay, Suffolk.

■ My friend is bawling. I am referring to the letter in September RAVE from Susan Pines. She talked about us not being loyal to the Beatles. How can we be loyal if they are not loyal to us. How many towns have they toured England compared with America? She should have realised that RAVE's poll was to find the most fabulous looking male pop star of the year. The fact that Paul did not win casts no reflection on the popularity of the group. We're still faithful to the Beatles—Hilary Jones, Garland Road, Poole, Dorset.

■ I just had to write to you after reading your article on

Paul: "We're still faithful!" says a fan.

"The Pirates, Sink or Swim" (September RAVE). I've written to the Prime Minister, twice to my MP and the Postmaster General. I've also started a petition. All RAVE readers get writing. It helps!—M. Allsopp, Pogmoor, Barnsley, Yorks.

■ While ravers in the London area are paying up to 96 in fares to go and buy a 2s 6d carrier-bag from Biba's; and mod boys are having their hair bleached because women prefer blonds too, does anyone agree that "in" things are becoming too way out?—A confused member of the "7" crowd.

■ My father took me to London this summer, and I think it's the greatest place in the world! Carnaby Street is really unbelievable! RAVE is the only English mag we get around here and it is really great. I bought a copy while I was over in England and although we pay about twice as much for it here in the States it's still worth every penny—Bill Kirby, 170 Boulevard, Washington, N.J. 07822, U.S.A.

We've got ravers round the world, all wanting to write to you. Here are some of them.

Midori Kashiwada, 3-23 Higashi-Mi, Shushu-Cho, Nagoya City, Japan. Age 18; Wants boy and girl penpals from England. Loves Cliff Richard.

Jiri Škála, Kladsko 1, Praha 2, Czechoslovakia. Age 25; Likes English pop music. Wants English penpals.

Gill Ross, 22 Leicester Ave., Watford, Liverpool 22. Age 18; Likes buying jeans. Becs, Biba's, Cliff, Gene, Napoleon. She wants her penpal up to 25 years old from Spain, Italy, Sweden. Dances mod.

Napoleon 13th & 15th, Cedar Court, Aldridge, Staffs. Both aged 18; Want girl penpal. Like Beatles, Stones, Yardbirds.

"Mac's" MacBryan, Polo Blabes, Emilienkaasne, 463 Detmold, W. Germany. Age 18; Wants girl penpal from Chemnitz or Fulda. Likes Lang Jane, Barry, Rufus Thomas, Zim, Saenger—used to be in the band. Wants a well-written, Scottish and Rain Jam.

Helena Staunton, 67 Victoria Ave., Westgate-on-Sea, Kent. Age 18; Wants boy or girl penpal from California. Likes fashion, swimming, walking.

Michiko Bashida, 3-18-2 Tsukishima, Chigasaki, Tokyo, Japan. Age 18; Wants penpal's anywhere. Loves Lennon, McCartney and Starr.

Christiane Linckiewicz, 6880 Line-Danau, Kufelding 25, Austria. Age 18; Wants penpal in London or other big English town. Likes painting, plays. Wants, pop.

Roman Kotyba, Jilevi Oladci, Swierczewskiego St. 62, pow. Czestawa, Poland. Age 18; Likes, Surfrock, Avicchia, Stevie, Tramps. Writes in English and Polish.

pen pals



Likes hiking, dancing, Beach Boys, Remo's, Led's, Frankie. Wants boy penpal. 50-50 from anywhere.

Rosanna Mannu, C/o Inglest 247, Sanremo (IM), Italy. Age 18; Gets penpal's girl. Wants to write to meet boys anywhere. Likes, Stevie, Tramps, Kiss, Wettons, Doves, Duran.

Hairi Haril, Box 145, Maaaba, Uganda, E. Africa. Age 18; Likes Stones, Cliff, girls sport.

Sirpa Johinen, Adolf Lindforsint, SA29, Helsinki 68, Finland. Age 17; Wants boy penpal's from anywhere. Likes Beatles, Stones, Sonny & Cher.

Norbert Carsten, 2051 Hamburg-Curlach, Cursacker Datch 151, W. Germany. Age 18; Wants nice girl penpal from Stockholm. Likes Kiss, Small Faces, Spinnas, Spinnas.

Mariene Cordier, 12 Avenue des Oliviers, Marseille, France. Age 16; Wants English or American penpal, 18-20.

Elaine Mercedes, 12 Hillwood Road of C. F. Keston, Age 17; Like Mick, Who, A. All's, Spinnas. Wants penpal's from England, Spain, France.

Joseph Doby, Nephadaregter 18, A. V. J. Hungary. Age 18; Wants to write to girls anywhere. Likes the Kinks, Stones, Yardbirds, Small Faces, Tramps.

Chandra Huang, 288 Lyncroft Road, New Rochelle, N.Y., U.S.A. Age 16; Wants boy or girl penpal from England, Spain, Sweden. Wants to challenge friends.

AND WE'RE TELLING YOU!

We've got the facts and figures on just about everybody and everything in the pop world, so if you've got a question, we'd love to hear from you. Write to RAVE, We're Telling You.



Eric Stewart

I wonder if you could sort out a little problem for me: Is the name of the lead singer of the Minkbeaters Eric or Rick? Also, when is his birthday?—Lanley Box, Colchester.

Lead singer of the Minkbeaters is Eric Stewart, and his birthday is January 20th, 1945.

I take great pleasure in informing you of the establishment of the official Lee Manners Fan Club of Great Britain.—Eric Niss and Linda, 208 Derby Street, Bolton, Lancs.

Could you give me the name of Freddie Ryder, who had the disc out called "Man of the Moment"?—Judy Lons, Peterfield, Hants.

Freddie used to be with the Beatcombers, and the Trends, and then went solo. He became undernearly to Cliff in his last pantomime, and played the Fourmost for a time. His record by the way, was written by David and Jonathan.



Freddie Ryder

Could you give me the names of the backing group, the Quizzicians?—Sam Fall, Pound Lane, Highworth, Hants.

There's Barry Morris on sax (does the solo on "Summertime"), John Droy on trumpet, Tom Gilbert on trombone, Graham Alexander on bass guitar, Bill Bremner on lead guitar and Jimmy Butcher on drums.

Could you let me have the (as club addresses of the Movers and Tony's Defenders). I think they're both great.—Carole Mendes, London, S.W.1

You can find the Movers at 121 Malden Road, N.W.5, and Tony's Defenders, c/o Miss S. Hayes and C. McKee, 55 Dachs-as Drive, Neumarkt, Suffolk.

Lost touch with a boy or girl friend? Write to them care of RAVE, Boys Lost and Found department, Tower House, Southampton Street, London W.C.2

BOYS AND GIRLS WANTED

■ Please help me find a boy who I saw in Washington Square on August 19. He had long hair and wore a brown jacket. I was the girl with long brown hair in a purple corduroy skirt. He told me if I would buy him super he'd show me his Richard autograph. If anyone knows him, please tell him to write to me c/o RAVE: Gloria Cramer, New York, N.Y. 10024, U.S.A.

■ Help me find a boy I met on holiday at Highcliff, Hants. He will remember me, no doubt, as I went for a ride to Christchurch Bay with no shoes on. His name is Howard Dowling and his mums call him 'H'. He lives in Southampton, and likes sailing. Has a scooter with red boardings. He goes to a place called the Caz Bar I think, and goes to a technical engineering college. If anyone finds him, ask him to write, if only, once, to Sandra Legon, East Dulwich, London, S.E.22.

■ Could you please help us find a boy of about sixteen. He said his name was Malcolm, and he lives in Daddy. We met him on the boating lake at Abbey Park on July 11th. He

was with two boys, Jimmy and Malcolm. My friend and I were both wearing skirts and blouses and both have fair hair. My friend, at the time, had her arm in plaster. He was really great, so please put two girls out of misery.—Nils and Diane, Leicester, Leics.

■ Please help me contact an eighteen year old London boy called Geoff. He was on holiday in Torquay the last week in July. I believe he was an electrician. I was supposed to meet him one afternoon but couldn't go. He's mod and has dark brown reddish hair cut very short. There were five of them living in a caravan, one of his friends was called Pat, another Jeff. They had scooters.—Diane Black, Giffnock, Renfrewshire, Scotland.

■ Lost—one boy named Mick Allan. We met at the Marina Amusement Park, Great Yarmouth. Description—tall, long brown hair, very good looking, long eyelashes, aged 20. Last seen wearing a black jacket, check shirt, black trousers. Usually hangs about the juke box at the Amusement Park. If anyone who lives in

Great Yarmouth knows him, please tell him to go to the bar at the Marina Amusement Park, where there is a letter for him. If the letter is not at the bar, one of the attendants will have it. It was given to one of them on August 12th.—Rosemary, Sudbury, Suffolk.

■ Lost: Chris and friend from Doncaster. Met them on the Shaperton Ferry, Dover/Dunkerque, on Saturday, July 23rd. They were both going to Greece for four weeks. Please, if anyone knows them, tell them to contact us. They were about to record for Decca, a song called "Can't Count The Troubles"—Yvonne and Carol, 11 Ambleside Road, Brompton, Lancing.

■ I've just come back from a holiday at Butlins, Clacton. While walking on the beach, I met this boy. He asked me to meet him the following night, but I couldn't make it. He was staying at a caravan site near Clacton, with a group of about six boys. He lives in Cambridge. He looked sixteen or seventeen, and had black hair cut in a mod style.—Patricia Simpson, Berkhamsted, Herts.

It's nautical—and it's nice!

This trendy DRESS CUT-OUT FROM ONLY 29/6

Elizabeth Barry Boutique are right on course for fashion again! It's full speed ahead for a swinging Autumn, with this rave "Nautical Look" Liz Barry cut-out.

Steer straight for fun with those five eye-catching gilt buttons, and the gay switched-on ribbon stripes. (We send you the ribbon, and if you fancy yourself as a trendy fashion genius, you can create your own wild op fashion by sewing on the gay contrasting ribbon wherever you wish.) And don't forget that sensible long back zip, into the bargain! Steer straight for comfort with the warmth and cuddly softness of brushed rayon. It's fully-washable and crease-shedding too. You'll go overboard for the six dreamy colours that Liz Barry have thought up for this trendy dress: Autumn Violet (illustrated), Red, Royal Blue, Kingfisher, Autumn Gold and Emerald Green.

What about the skirt length you ask? Mini or knee length, it's your choice!

This offer comes to you complete with ribbon, gilt buttons, zip, interfacings and simple step-by-step, fully-illustrated sewing instructions, plus a generous 1" seam and 2" hem allowance. Postage and Packing are FREE.

Gina offer. Simply fill in the coupon in BLOCK CAPITALS and send a crossed postal order or cheque—made payable to Elizabeth Barry Boutique—to: GINA OFFER, 30 Harway Street, Oxford Street, London, W.1. IMPORTANT! Please write your name and address on the back of all cheques and postal orders. Offer only available in U.K. Closing date—January 9th, 1967. So hurry and be sure of your first colour choice.

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Colour choice 1st _____ 2nd _____

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Elizabeth Barry

DELIVER CUT-OUT CENTRE



LOYD ALEXANDER

THE STORY OF AN AMOROUS YOUNG MAN

After his spree in France, Lloyd returns to England, penniless, and sets out to find a money-spinning occupation to finance his rather active social life!

■ All good things come to an end. Especially in France. So it was time to head back to England. And while I was coaxing the much-travelled MG up from Dover I was trying to make up my mind what sort of job I should turn my multiple talents to. The job at the advertising agency had been all right, but it didn't really pay enough to set me up in a really swinging 'fast-lane' home. All tank, glass and brick leather needed a bigger job—bigger flat, bigger car. It was really a time for thinking big.

And when I got back to my pad I became even more determined it definitely wouldn't do. I'd left in a bit of a rush—the bath was full of soaps and oxygenes, there was one clean spoon in a kitchen that was almost obscured by dirty dishes, the bed looked as though a pair of restless octopuses had slept in it and the lounge had a thick carpet of books that had spilled from an up-ended trunk while I'd been looking for a map of France.

But even when it was all returned to what passes for order *chez moi*, the place was still too small. Compared with some of those fantastic pads in Paris, mine was like a brown-cupboard!

O.K. Alexander. Time for Action with a big A. The party's over. You're free as a bird, so spread your wings and head up towards some big-time, penthouse-type living.

I went out and bought all the papers, a full-sized pen and two cans of beer and set out through the small streets of London. I could find any employer desiring of my vast experience and intelligence.

After all, four 'O' levels, moderate French, own car, beam dresser, air-fashion complete, extensive knowledge of motor racing, pop music, fashion, interior decoration, bird-watching, excellent good health, two motor rally licences, nine copy-cyting, and holder of the record for the number of revolutions on a small wheel—I really did have a lot to offer.

The beer went down steadily—but I didn't lose much ink from the left page of my newspaper—was unbelievable! Pages and pages of ink advertised, but how you ever heard of them?

Of course, I could always go to the local employment exchange, register as a

Coronation Programme seller and draw the dole—but the humbug!

After six days of going through small ads until I was seeing them in my sleep, I began to realise that either I'd come back to England at the wrong time, or else there'd be no good money-paying gaps in my education. Probably both.

On the seventh day I saw it. Vague, but promising.

Intelligent young man with initiative required for variety of posts with good pay and prospects. Phone.

I phoned, spoke to some dolly with a girly voice that gave me a spinal jingle and fixed an appointment for 9.30 a.m. the next day.

As soon as I walked through the door of the A & B Agency I knew I was going to be happy there. The darling blonde at the reception desk was like a half-pint Sandie



Shaw. She wore large, horn-rimmed glasses, but they didn't disguise the fact that she was the prettiest thing I'd seen for weeks.

"Hi," I said. "Lloyd Alexander. I have an appointment for 9.30."

"Hello," she said, looking up with a smile. "It's 8.45 but I think he'll see you."

"You know, without your glasses you'd be terrific. Look, about this job I'd be happy to buy you lunch to celebrate. She flipped her most beautiful eyes at me and said, "You know, without your painful self-consciousness you'd probably get on in the world!"

Then, as I was licking my wounds she said into the intercom: "Mr. Alexander is here, sir."

Then she told me I could go in. Facing this smooth, sharp-nosed guy across half an hour of dole for the next

fifteen minutes just finished off the desultory work that blonde had started by the time I'd got through the submission. I began to think about becoming a missionary.

It turned out that this was just an employment agency. I didn't know who Mr. A. was, but this guy was definitely Mr. B. He cited all my qualifications—in about three words—took my telephone number and said he'd let me know, but frankly he couldn't think of anybody on his books who'd be falling over themselves to have Alexander on their staff.

But I'd got to take a blonde to lunch after all—because as I came out I heard her saying on the phone: "Nice lunch, but a lunch tomorrow instead!"

"Putting together what fragments of the L.A. impulse remained I said, when she'd rung off: "My morale has gone into a sudden decline. Only lunch with a beautiful, blonde and bespectacled girl can salvage it."

She laughed and said, "O.K. You look as though Mr. Brennard cut you down to size."

Her name was Jenny. We sat for lunch and she filled me in on the economic situation, the freeze, the balance of payments—the whole bit. It was over my head, but I could have listened to that voice all day. The girl was a beautiful genius. She modestly admitted to seven 'A' levels. And she inspired me to pious thoughts about signing on for 17 assorted evening classes.

The trouble with you, Alexander, I thought, is that you are an ignorant, idle dreamer.

Within the next two or three weeks I must have had a dozen interviews for different jobs, all fixed by the A & B Agency. But it seemed I was with light on qualifications. I was debating whether to help offset the brain drain by emigrating to the States when Brennard rang again and said he had something that might really be up my street.

The sight of Jenny cheered me up as I walked into the Agency. We'd got to know each other pretty well and had had a couple of raving evenings together.

"Good luck," she said as I crept timidly into the office.

Brennard didn't actually smile when he saw me, but his sneer was a mile more welcoming.

"You said you'd done a bit of copy-writing?"

"Yes!"

"You're in luck. Good firm, good money, good hours." And as he listed in the details it really didn't sound too awful.

"O.K.," he said. "You have an appointment tomorrow at 11 a.m.—and don't be late. Ask for Mr. McIlwain."

"Mr. who?" I yelped. "Not Archibald McIlwain?"

"Yes. Why? He might well have asked: 'Only my old firm, my old grant of a boss whose last words to me were, 'Alexander, it'll never see your degenerate face again it will be far too soon!'"

See you at the employment exchange!



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action highlights each strand without ever changing your natural colour. Bring up your hair's real brightness with Hint of Honey, Hint of Gold, Hint of Chestnut, Hint of Copper or Hint of Silver (especially for grey hair)—today. For just 1/3d. a sachet.

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