Hi Fans, Hope you had a really raving Christmas and are looking forward to lots of exciting happenings in 1968. WE ARE! We predict that the '68 rave scene will be jumping with new faces and new ideas in pop, fashion, and beauty. Look inside, and see if you agree with all the things we say will happen!

Our biggest news this month is the announcement of our RAVE Girl of the Year pictured on this page. You'll be seeing lots more of her in future issues of RAVE, receiving all her fabulous prizes and modelling with our fashion team. So stay with RAVE and keep up with all that's happening! See you next month. Stay raving!

The Editor

WHAT'S IN IT FOR YOU...

POP
21 Watch Out For The Big Sound
24 Words — by Chip Hawkes
of the Tremeloes
26 A Bird's Eye View Of Peter Frampton
27 John Walker Talking

FASHION AND BEAUTY
28 Shapes Of '68: The new looks in fashion
31 The RAVE Hair Looks For '68
32 Go Fearfully In Bristol! RAVE on the Bristol fashion scene

REGULARS
3 Today's Raves
15 Johnny Rave
22 Ronny: the diary of a rave girl
43 RAVE's Whether Chart/
RAVE's U.S. Cable
44 RAVE At The Flicks
46 This Is Where It's At
49 Raveoscope: New Year horoscope predictions
54 Dodo's Datebook
56 You're Telling Us! Parkway
57 We're Telling You! Boys
And Girls Last And Found
62 Lloyd Alexander

SPECIALS
4 RAVE's New Year Honours
List: awards for pop stars
16 The Truth About Davy Jones — By Jenny Moss
26 A Raver's Guide To Sales Tactics
43 The Move Competition Winners
50 RAVE-sational Predictions For the New Year

IN COLOUR
4 Davy Jones 5 Peter Frampton 7 Barry Gibb 25 Tremeloes 28/29/32/33 Shapes Of '68 40 Hair In '68 60 Go Fearfully In Bristol

OUR COVER
New face of '68 — Peter Frampton of the Herd, in a leather jacket from Quorum Boutique, 52 Radnor Walk, London, S.W.3. BACK COVER: other Herd members — Andrew Steele, Gary Taylor and Andy Bown

EDITOR
Terry Hornett
PRODUCTION
Susan Hanley, Jacki Wadson
FEATURES
Maureen O'Grady, Jeremy Pascall
FASHION AND BEAUTY
Lesley Ebbatts
ART EDITOR
Roger Pinney
ASSISTANT ART EDITOR
Donna Barber

OUR RAVE GIRL OF THE YEAR!

Seventeen year old Janine Gilbey of Streatham, London is our RAVE Girl Of The Year! She was chosen by our judges out of hundreds of entries from girls all over the country. They were looking, not for a model girl, but a girl typical of today's world — fun-loving, adventurous, fashion conscious, and in love with anything modern and new. Janine came to London with the other finalists to meet the judges, who included John Walker, Gloria Askew (the London model school proprietor), and the Editor of RAVE. She told them how she loved modern life, meeting people and making new friends, and that her particular interests were fashion designing, record collecting, languages and travel.

Janine is a student, is 5 ft. 6 ins. tall, hair and has fair hair and blue-grey eyes.

She has some fabulous prizes and opportunities waiting for her, among them a model course, £5 cash, clothes, shoes, records, dinner and theater dates with the stars and chances to model along with the RAVE fashion team. So keep a look out for Janine in RAVE!

The judges' final choice of five runners-up were Christine Dawson of Boston; Noelle Simpson of Prestatyn; Helen Georgiou of London, W.1; Jackie Balfrod of Battersea and Jackie Haynes of Charlton, who each received a fabulous chenille beret by Marida as a consolation prize.

RAVERS NOTE!

There may be slight increases in the prices quoted in this issue for clothes and other products owing to the recent devaluation of the £.
TODAY'S RAVES
This is where you read about new ideas and gimmicks on the rave scene!

- Birgitta Haglund (right), Sweden's seventeen year old "Miss Teenage", is back in London for the second time since receiving that coveted title. As part of her prize she received a wardrobe of clothes and money, as well as a trip to America, where she met the Monkees. On her first visit to this country she spent some time learning Eylure's "Stunning London" make-up look, so that she could go back and demonstrate it at the Swedish Teenage Fair in Gothenburg during November. Now she's here hosting a special cruise which has brought Swedish teenagers to see swinging London. Rates who want to copy Birgitta's eye make-up, look below!
  1. Cover whole of eye socket with Pink Pearl Highlight.
  2. Shade along inside of nose and eye bone with Shado-Shader.
  3. Darken bottom of eye bone with cinnamon Shado-Matte.
  4. Paint brownish-black Shado-Liner in a thin line along lid right next to lashes, ending in a downward extended line.
  5. Paint lashes, one long, one short, on bottom lid with brownish black Shado-Liner. White Shado-Liner in between.
  6. Lashes should be added for the final impact. Eylure suggest their Sable Lashes in dark brown.
  7. Eyebrows should be faintly arched with light, feathery strokes.
All products by Eylure.

- How would you like to spend £100? This was the problem (?) for reader Liz Duncombe (above). She won £100 to spend on clothes in a Body Mist competition featured in a RAVE advertisement, and she had to spend it all at Miss Selfridge in Oxford Street, London. What did she spend it on? Among other things, a culotte skirt and waistcoat in black cord, a satin shirt, black wool trousers, a bright sweater in Orion and purple boots. She also bought a super brown velvet trouser suit with face jabot, and perspex earrings to match a ring. How did Liz feel after she had blown the £100? "Super!" she said.

- The Tickle are five very experienced musicians who decided that they were not going to leave hit-making to chance. With their managers Charles Waldron (a marketing expert) and Matthew Robinson, they tested the reactions to their recordings by trying them out on potential buyers. A cross-section of the record-buying public filled a hall to listen to six Tickle tracks and answer specially-designed questions. The results were fed into a computer which told the boys the two most popular numbers. They have just been issued as a single! We say look out for the Tickle, and we didn't need a computer to tell us that!

- Following the gangster trend, the Art Galore Boutique in Leopale Road, Guildford, Surrey is making up suede shoulder holsters. Belts from Art Galore also have a sinister angle—they have a pocket on one side and spent cartridges on the other! These items are 35s. and 22s. 6d. respectively.

- Alphabet dresses are a new rave for clever girls. The best at the moment are from the Rodger Bass range. They are in the shops now, priced at about 4 gns. The alphabet has also spread to another garment—men's underpants! At Stanley Adams, Kingly Street, London, W1, they sell for 12s. 6d. If you're stuck for a last-minute present a pair of these will get a laugh as well as a thank-you from your boyfriend!

More for us ravers is Emma's, a stall in London's Petticoat Lane run by two girls called Sylvia and Alison. At Emma's a jewelled eel and a maxi skirt is the newest idea for settling with-it clothes. They have super styles, too, all originals, starting at 50s. The exact address for a raving shopping expedition (Sunday mornings only) is Emma's, Upper Goulston St., London, E1.
While the Queen awards her New Year Honours to special citizens, we decided to award our own New Year Honours to all the stars of the pop world who have helped to make the past raving year so great! Our Order Of RAVE is a special tribute to them. All your favourite stars are honoured here, and for lots of different reasons. So read on and see if you agree with us! Our first Order Of RAVE is presented . . .
To Davy Jones,
for being such a nice, sweet person and coming home to see his dad whenever he gets a break from being a Monkee. And, of course, for winning our Rave Of The Year pop personality poll, which means that you must agree with us!

To Peter Frampton
of the Herd, who has been tipped as having a very big future in the pop world before him. He’s also sweet, gorgeous and very raveable, with the look of a young Scott about him, which can’t be bad! Watch out for him in ’68.
To the Bee Gees, for being the best of the new songwriting/singing teams in the country, possibly the world.

To P. J. Proby, for coming back to England to work off the tax debts which he built up during his long stay here. It's a pity we can't turn the clock back. He could have been one of the world's greatest solo stars.

To the Dave Clark Five, for succeeding in the seemingly impossible task of making a come-back to the British Charts.

To Long John Baldry, for waiting up there so long for a hit record to come along.

To Chris Denning, for his "This Is Where It's At" programme on Radio One—one of the best for playing all our favourite discs first.

To the Mamas and Papas, for making a most dramatic entry into this country. Mama Cass was arrested as their ship docked at Southampton!

The Mamas and Papas: a dramatic entry into Britain

Special award to Keith Moon, for being a very distracting drummer on stage.

To the Who, just for being different. When everyone started smashing up things, they stopped. When everyone else stopped, they started again. And they are now nice to reporters when most other groups try to be a bit too clever and awkward.

To Traffic, who, despite the impression they give that they play solely for themselves, have proved this year that maybe it is a good idea for groups to hide themselves away in the country to work on producing good musical ideas.

To the Procol Harum, for rising so swiftly, breaking up so abruptly and carrying on so successfully.

To Engelbert Humperdinck, firstly for sticking to that dreadful name with the nickname "Hump", and secondly for proving that he really deserves to be one of Britain's top stars.

Engelbert: a top star

Gary Brooker: Procol award

Long John Baldry: patient
To the Beatles, for remaining the most controversial and talented group since they started out.

Special award to Paul McCartney, for having had the courage to make a rash yet honest public confession about taking LSD, at the time when his friends Mick Jagger and Keith Richard were on drug charges. Whatever your own feelings on the subject, you've got to admire honesty!

To the Monkees, for enduring the friendship of RAVE's Jeremy Pascall for so long!

To Kiki Dee, who must really be fed up with being labelled as the unluckiest but most talented singer in the pop business. Why doesn't someone buy her records then?

To Donovan, for detaching himself so successfully from the folk scene, and moving into fields of more popular music that we can all enjoy. He's now making some really great pop discs and is writing film music too.

To the Tremaines, who smile all the way to the bank when the so-called hippies laugh at their very successful sing-along discs.

To Mike McGear of the Scaffold, who has never taken advantage of the fact that he's Paul McCartney's brother, and has now been rewarded with a hit called "Thankyou Very Much".

To Diana Ross of the Supremes, for being one of the most exciting female singers around.

To Mike McGear: Scaffold success

To the Emperor Rosko, for being a fast talking DJ who has never made a slip of the tongue yet.

To Frank Zappa of the Mothers Of Invention, for owning up that they're only a joke, and that he's only in the business for the money!
To Bee Gee Barry Gibb, fabulous elder brother of the Gibb twins and known to all his fans as "Beautiful Barry", for being so handsome and terrific to watch on stage. With his amazing good-looks, he is tipped to be a pin-up boy in 1968. Just wait and see.

To Steve Marriott, who certainly proves that all nice things come in small packages. Last year Steve and the Small Faces had a dodgy time record-wise, but up popped "Itchycoo Park" to re-establish them in their rightful place in the Charts.
To the Rolling Stones, who have had the most shattering and nerve-racking year ever experienced by a pop group, yet will survive because they seem to thrive on setbacks.

To Dino Danelli of the Young Rascals, for being the finest drummer we've ever seen or heard!

To Tom Jones, for finally admitting that he has had an operation on his nose, after denying it for the past year.

To the blue-eyed Tony Blackburn, for being the best-looking and corniest DJ on Radio One, and the most popular too!

To the Herd, who look as though they're going to make 1968 their year.

To Dusty Springfield. The better she gets as a singer, the less she makes the Charts. But that's the way it goes!

To Paul and Barry Ryan, for being pop's most inseparable couple.

To Shirley Bassey, who must be one of the biggest spenders on dresses in the business, yet who seems to get so little in return!

To John Walker, for making such a promising start to his solo career.

To Keith West and Jeff Beck, for being the most regular customers at London's Speakeasy Club.

To Gene Pitney, who, regardless of marriage and now a baby son called Todd Edward, still sings of being the lonely boy who is looking for a girl. Only Gene could get away with that convincingly!

To British publicist in America Derek Taylor, for being so right with his predictions that the then unknown Scott McKenzie would make No. 1 in the Charts with "San Francisco".

To the Flowerpot Men, for jumping on the Flower Power band-wagon at the last minute.

To Cilla Black, for being brave enough to allow herself to be filmed in headscarf and mittens for her first screen role with Shakespearean actor David Warner in the film "Work Is A Four Letter Word".

To Scott McKenzie, for really bringing Flower Power to Britain with his record "San Francisco" and then turning round and denying he was anything to do with the Flower People himself!

To Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, for having the most fantastic giggle we've ever heard!

To the Bonzo Dog Doo-Dah Band, for taking the mickey out of pop with their stage act, when their biggest fans are in the pop business!

To Ray Davies, whose original and exciting songwriting has helped the Kinks and brother Dave to hit the Charts consistently with some really great numbers.

To the Move and their manager Tony Secunda, for being bold and daring and always in the news.

To Lulu, who's had to wait such a long time for the success she now has.

To Jimi Hendrix, for bringing into fashion the hairstyle that finally made it impossible to sort out the boys from the girls!
Keith West: a regular

Ray Davies: original

Above: Gene—still looking for that lost love
Below: Jimi Hendrix—a hairstyle that beat them all

Lulu: a long wait
To Scott,
who in so little time has made such a fantastic solo debut with his LP, and some rave cabaret dates, with the promise that the best is yet to come. His changeable personality is still there, but perhaps that's why we love him.

To Stevie Winwood, for being another of the group singers who left their established groups to go solo. With Traffic, Stevie has turned out some great hits, proving that he is one of the finest and most dedicated singer/musicians that we have.
MORE
MONEY FOR CLOTHES
IF YOU DON'T SMOKE

10 cigarettes a day cost £2.10.0 a month or more
15 cigarettes a day cost £3.15.0 a month or more
20 cigarettes a day cost £5.0.0 a month or more

SO WHY SMOKE CIGARETTES AND RISK YOUR HEALTH?
Talking about your boyfriend problems with Johnny Rave. He's here to advise you from a boy's point of view and tell you what's new on the boy's fashion scene!

What do you do if your boyfriend is just teasing you? Taking you out one night and not contacting you for the next four?

This is the problem with a lot of the girls who write to me. For instance, Jan from Manchester says: "One minute I'm on top of the world, and the next I'm kicking my heels waiting for a telephone call. What should I do Johnny?"

It must be a desperate feeling, but although you don't always realise it, girls, most of you prefer a boy to be slightly unattainable. You find him more attractive that way. If he's always ringing you up and taking you out you often turn a bit cool.

Boys know this, and like to play on it. What can you do, Jan? Play your own version of the game. Get out and about, cultivating other interests, so that he realises your world doesn't revolve around him. You'll represent a challenge to him then.

Sue from Greenwich, London, is worried for another reason. Although she is fifteen she has never been taught the facts of life. Firstly Sue, there's nothing to worry about. Fifteen certainly isn't too late to learn! Your family doctor should be only too glad to talk to you if you mention it when you next visit him. If you really don't want to ask anyone, not even your parents, you can write in confidence to the Brook Advisory Bureau, 55 Dawes Street, London, S.E.17. Although the Bureau is best known for giving contraceptive advice to unmarried girls, they are there to help young people with their questions, whatever their nature.

Seventeen year old Karen from Stratford-on-Avon says: "Tony always looks at other girls' legs when we're out together. It makes me mad. We've been going out together for two years. Do you think he's got bored with looking at mine?"

Boys with steady girlfriends who look at other girls are not so much bored as overcome by a great sense of security! Jolt him a little by admiring a few dark, groovy men!

Helen of Beccles in Suffolk says that she's five foot, ten inches tall and that her boyfriend's much shorter than her, "I'm very fond of him but I feel desperately embarrassed going out with him. Do you think there's any point in us carrying on?"

You can hardly make him grow, Helen. Of course you can make a go of it. If you're in love any two people can, however different they are, just wear low heels and forget about it.

Belinda of Blackburn says: "My boyfriend is always bruising me. He's not aggressive, he's just clumsy when he tries to be affectionate. I don't want to hurt his feelings, but it's getting beyond a joke!"

You've got to be honest, Belinda, but nicely, or you might get more than your feelings hurt!

See you next month, and don't forget to drop me a line if you've got a boyfriend problem.

The Court Jester Look!

Notice how everyone in the pop world is looking like court jesters now? Dave Dee and Co., the Procol Harum, Paul and Barry Ryan and the Move have all been seen around in gear like this! The accent's on fun, of course! The whole outfit came from Kleptomania, 22 Carnaby Street, London, W.1. The crushed velvet troubadour tunic has huge sleeves and battlement shapes round the bottom. Price £6 10s. The terrific satin trousers come in red, blue, green, black or silver, price 89s. 11d. Jester hat in red, green and yellow with brass bells, 3 gns. Colourful neck scarf, 15s. 6d. The shoes, which would make a superb present for a ravishing boyfriend, are embroidered on suede, and are fur-lined inside! Price 3 gns.

If you want a personal reply to your letter, don't forget to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.
I wanted to kiss you but I didn't. I had the courage. I was so shy.

So was a young man not noted for his shy, especially with girls. But then Davy Jones was only fourteen at the time and the object of his devotion, Miss Jennifer Moss was a cool, worldly-wise fifteen year old.

All the time they were sitting on a bed in a hotel in Leeds, strumming guitars and singing. "Sounds very improper, but believe me it was so proper it was unique," said Jenny. Both were young actors playing radio parts and whiling away a Saturday night in a strange town. Now, six years later, Davy Jones, you may have noticed, is the chief heart-throb of the Madeley and Jenny Short is a star in Granada's "Coronation Street." And it was just up the street from the "Rover's Return," deep in the heart of Granada Television, that I spoke to Jenny, or as she is perhaps better known—Lucille Hewitt. She had just returned from America, where she spent two weeks with Davy.

An Invitation

That's a friendship that has lasted the ups and downs of show business careers. Davy, now a veteran of seven years in Sharpies and recently went to America on holiday and Davy invited her to spend a couple of weeks at his Hollywood home.

But their story really began about seven years ago.

"We did a play called 'June Carter' for the BBC. That was the first time I met David—I call him Davy and he calls me Jennifer. At the time he was showing me television photographs. I asked him if they were of his mother and father and he said 'That's my Dad and that's my Mum.' She died last week. He was the saddest little boy you could possibly imagine. He was much smaller than I was. I must have been four feet, nine and Davy was four, two or three. When we had some photos taken together he stood on a hill to look the same size as me.

"And Davy and I had one particular scene together and he had never worked before but he alighted the whole scene from me! I thought then that he was tremendously talented.

"Then he went to Newmarket and he used to love to phone me up because he had a crush on me all the time. He was very young and people do foolish things at that age. He spoke with a very pronounced Manchester accent which he tried to cover up, and he still remembers how he used to mispronounce words!"

"In the past few years Jenny and Davy have, of necessity, rarely seen each other, although they've kept in touch by phone and letter.

"He called me one day," Jenny remembered, "and I said I was going into hospital and that afterwards I was thinking of going to the States for a holiday. He said come over and stay—to I want. Well, I mean I didn't have to pay for my digs!"

"I want to Los Angeles and he met me, but it was all very sad because he had to go in front of the American Service draft board the next day. I stayed with him for two weeks at his house with a swimming pool way out in the Hollywood hills. Mawrldous!"

Here Jenny broke off as she was called back on the set for a shout up, in true "Coronation Street" tradition, with another cameo of that "typical" community. Some day the comparison between Lucille Hewitt's rather tatty boutique and Davy Jones' luxury house seemed rather ludicrous. It was interesting to hear Jenny say that she had helped Davy choose stock for his own boutique which he has just opened in New York. It's called "Zeech," which means "everybody" will recognize as the name of a word, taking us back off their L.P. Headquarters!"

Back once more from the set, Jenny continued. "When you meet him, Davy is a laughing, gay boy, but I think in many ways he's a very lonely person. He's still not over his mother's death. Theilda in his house, for instance, are lonely. They're paintings of hands, of open ones. Whether he's consciously lonely, I don't know, I never discussed it with him. There are always lots of people running in and out of the house. It's like a station! He has a fairly large, mixed circle of friends. So, you see, I'm a little bit jealous. There are a lot of hands-on and in his conscious it of it. I was very aware of the fact that he is a rich young man in a strange country, but that's because I knew him before."

"He's changed, of course. He's impatient these days, if you're working at that pressure you're bound to be. It was nice in the evenings, when we were just watching television and there was nobody there. He didn't have to impress anybody, himself included. I found that underneath he was still the same very gentle, kind, rather lonely boy. I still call him a boy and I don't mean it disparagingly. In fact he still has some nautical. He has grown up in many ways more than I have. He's become a lot more mature than I have. He has had to be so old, but he's missed out on a lot of things."

**Very Moral**

"Davy doesn't have any particular girlfriend. If he does I didn't see her, and he's not likely to have me playing there and then bring various birds back as he's very moral, he has very high morals, and I know he was worried about going into the army because of the effect it might have had on his father."

"I don't think he would have minded going into the army to fight, but they wanted him to go into entertainments. He told me he said to them: 'I'm not going in to entertainments, I'm going to go into fighting.' He's not a coward, but if you were in his position, making all that money, and you'd got to go to the top of the list, how would you feel? He's not a violent person anyway."

"David's a very considerate person. When I arrived in the States, although he was ill and really feeling bad about this drum board thing, he wouldn't let me make myself a man, he made it for me himself. He didn't expect people to wait on him hand and foot. He made me the best cup of tea! I had an American. Apparently his father sends it out to him with all the trimmings. He got me to cook him some things in the English way.
I am very fond of David, I would go as far as to say I love him, and I am not in love with him. I keep saying that he's kind and generous and gentle, but he is. One day he'll make somebody a super husband and father. He's not interested in marriage yet, he'd be a fool if he was. He's very career-minded and publicity-minded. I am more interested in David Jones, person than Davy Jones, star. I find it hard to realise how much he has. He has a show biz veneer, but he's basically a home-loving boy who loves his father very much. And Mr. Jones is immensely proud of his son. "Davy doesn't like fussy, he hates to be fussed over. He likes to be alone. He's a very easy-going character. If he was going to the studios and I wasn't he would make sure there was a bed of my disposal and that his secretary was there to go with me. Everything I wanted he would lay on for me. I went to buy some flowers one day and he said 'Why the hell have you done that?' because his trousers fit me. So I've brought four pairs of his back with me! No doubt I could call them for a huge price!"

"One thing is obvious now though. He's got past the stage where he used to trust everybody. Sooner or later he'll really be able to size people up. He spends a lot of money, too. He would do something like give me a fifty dollar bill and tell me to go and buy something. I would tell him that I didn't need that much, but he'd insist. He was going to buy a sink, but now he's going to buy an apartment house which is a much more sensible idea. He's also going to be a very good businessman man. He's got a new business manager now because there was a lot of trouble with his old one.

"David's house is decorated very tastefully. He has a baby grand piano in the lounge, I don't know if he plays it. Micky was the only one I ever heard play it. There are a few guitars around, and some drums in the garage. Davy told me that Micky's going to play the guitar and he'll take over on drums.

"The house has two very large bedrooms, one with his hystically circular bed in it. I got into it the day he gave up his room to me. I didn't know where to sleep on it, I usually like to sleep on the edge of beds, but his was a bit difficult – no edge! On the door is a poster saying 'War is not healthy for children. Love living things.' All across the paintwork is 'Make Love Not War', which is under an ultra-violet light, so when it's lit up it's a psychedelic painting. There are clothes gone there. It was a very clean municipal!

"One evening David and I decided to have a quiet time watching television. We were sitting reminiscing and the 'phone rang. It was some girls who had found out the number and they giggled and laughed. David put the phone down but it happened again, two or three times. And he said 'You answer and say you're my wife'. I thought this was a dangerous thing to say. However, I picked up the 'phone up and a voice said: 'Can we speak to Davy?' I said: 'Do you want to speak to my husband? There was terrible confusion and I heard them saying: 'It must be true because she's English.' I said: 'It's one o'clock in the morning and you shouldn't phone this late."

Meanwhile Davy, in the background, was trading his arms saying: 'Baby, baby!' I said: 'My husband's had a very busy day and you're going to waken the baby', and put the 'phone down. "While I was with Davy somebody stole his dog, Suzy. He was very upset. Now he's got a cat called Tibs. He's also got a lot of records—more of the Beatles than anybody else.

Davy's Girls

"When it comes to girls I suppose people make him seem like Mickey Mouse, but he's not. He's a normal, hardy boy. When I was there I was treated with the greatest of respect; which was a great compliment to me. If he goes out with a girl it's for one night only. I mean, how can he differentiate between people who really like Monkee Davy Jones and the real Davy Jones? He doesn't admit it, but I think this worries him. It must worry anybody who's as sensitive as he is."

Davy spent two weeks with an old friend. Both of them have gone a long way since they first met, but they still retain close links. In many respects they are different people from the two kids who sat around singing and strumming guitars. Davy has almost become two people, the star and the person. Davy is interested in the star from a professional point of view. He is not interested in the person because he is someone of whom she is very fond. As she put it: 'He knows he lives in a false world, with phony people he acts phony. When he's with real people he's real. When we were together he was David Jones.'

Jenny Moss and Davy, as they were three years ago.

On a film set of "The Monkees" TV show.
POLLY GOT BETTER Marks...

..but I got the better job!

I didn't get 'O' levels (Polly got eight!), but here I am in Malacca, training to be a nurse and seeing the world at the same time. I joined the Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps straight from school and soon I'll be a fully-fledged S.E.N. (State Enrolled Nurse). This is the real day-to-day business of nursing, with the minimum of bookwork and theory, and a lively new social life thrown in as well! After a few short weeks of training, we started on the wards—'(I'll never forget that marvellous frightening first day!')—and before the end of the year, I was posted overseas!

If I want to leave later on (and at this rate, I won't), I can use my S.E.N. at home, in civilian hospitals anywhere. It's the easiest and most exciting way to a really worthwhile job. Don't worry if you're not brainy. So long as you're keen and practical and good with people, the Q.A.'s can really make your life for you.
Just fill in this coupon. I did!

To: Matron-In-Chief Q.A.R.A.N.C., Department MP 6 (A), Landownes House, Berks Square, London, W.1.

Please send me further information about the Q.A.'s

Name
Address

NURSING WITH A WORLD OF DIFFERENCE
 Put this down," ordered Derek Shulman. "Simon Dupree is a yob!" The assembled company agreed with the statement. A crooked, toothy grin spread across Simon's face. "It's all true," he admitted. The fact is Shulman and Dupree are one and the same person!

Success has changed Simon Dupree and the Big Sound. When I first met them they drank pints of beer and went around in a battered van, earning a few pounds a night. Now they drink trendy vodkas and are seen in an impressive Jaguar. They've gone from vans to Jags in the space of a year, have made three great but unrecognised Miss records and one beautiful hit, two documentary telly programmes, thousands of fans and a penny or two. But despite the glam trappings that now surround them, Simon and his merry lads are really straightforward, unpretentious, incredibly uncool (although not uncouth) people who enjoy a drink, a pretty girl and a right old rave up.

Simon is nineteen. Stocky, cocky, with an Andy Capp charm, he runs completely against the trend of pretty, effeminate, little-boy-look singers. If anything he's a little-boy-looks-like-Simon is tough without being brutal, with a gentle, considerate, extremely hospitable side to his nature.

He loves to be on stage. He jumps, sways and storms his way through his act, deftly manoeuvring away from the hysterical clutches of fans. Very commercial, Simon will include nothing in his act that doesn't go down well. He and the group are accomplished musicians and performers, but because their audiences demand soul, soul and still more soul music, they provide it. "Kites" was a gamble.

Simon's elder brother Phil, aged twenty-five, says of the record, "It was easy to make, a simple melody with a simple arrangement. We were determined not to make it too involved and it paid off. Whereas the kids rave and yell for the soul stuff, they stand absolutely silent and applaud 'Kites' with real appreciation."

Phil used to be an art teacher, and has a wife and family. He's a warm, zany, but aware person, and a leading lunatic!

The Shulman family is completed by Ray, at eighteen, the youngest, quietest member, fresh out of school, an accomplished musician and a quietly insane person. On stage he waddles about, swinging his guitar, and thinks nothing of playing in a horizontal position inducing sleep. Beware of a reluctant, devastating smile that smoulders and explodes like a fuse to dynamite!

The three non-related group members are linked by common bonds of music and humour. Eric Hine, nineteen, tall, willowy, is a silent comedian. He's a master of the anguished look, has a ridiculous gall, and pretends not to be a good organist. He does it well! His are the crashing, soaring riffs that made "I See The Light" such a stand-out record so cruelly ignored. He has just invested in a monster Hammond organ and that most versatile of modern electronic sound systems, a Melotron (as used by the Beatles on "Penny Lane" and "Strawberry Fields"). This added depth and breadth of sound will ensure that the group will continue to play every part of their records, and will mean unemployment for the experienced session men who usually add strings, woodwind and other "difficult" parts to top records.

Smallest Big Sounder of them all is Pete O'Flaherty, (twenty-two), reputed not to have spoken for the last ten months, but I can now reveal that it's a lie! Pete is rather uncommunicative, but will answer with a yes or no if pushed! A private, enclosed person, he shuns the limelight and drives cars as if the Guildford By-pass was the circuit of the Indianapolis 500! He plays bass.

Which brings us rather neatly to drummer Tony Ransley. He's tall, dark, broodingly attractive, with a flashy, confident smile. Tony attracts a good deal of attention—and young ladies! An ex-hairdresser, he tends to be the group's coiffeur. He is an integral part of a very "together" outfit. Each member complements the other, each part makes up the whole.

Simon Dupree and the Big Sound are more than a group, they are entertainers. They love to hear an audience laugh and dub their act "an evening of Portsmouth rubbish". Down-to-earth, unaffected, innocent yet worldly, learning but experienced, they are a refreshing, delightful addition to the pop scene. Unashamedly commercial, they play as many instruments as half a symphony orchestra and have a deep regard for all forms of music.

This year will see Simon Dupree storming to greater heights, but the group will do that with that slightly bewildered look of people in strange surroundings. For they are not starry-eyed or star-like, just ordinary blokes doing their jobs. Very well.

Jeremy Pascall introduces you to Chart newcomers Simon Dupree and the Big Sound
THE STORY SO FAR . . .
Ronny, her friend Jan, and Jan's brother George share a flat together. Ronny and George have fallen madly in love and want to sleep together, and Jan has turned hostile towards them both . . .

- Ronny and George make the final decision, and the tense situation with Jan reaches its climax . . .

**Wednesday**

It happened on Christmas Day. George and I had decided to spend Christmas evening together, whatever our parents said about abandoning the family in its hour of need, and after we'd both done our roast turkey and streamers bit at lunchtime and chatted to ancient relatives over Christmas cake, we met at home in the flat at eight. Jan (tactfully) stayed with the family.

I'd bought a cold roast chicken and George bought half a bottle of wine and I felt really happy getting supper in the kitchen for him. It was almost like being a wife.

We ate in front of the telly, very cosily, with the gas fire roaring and I said: "Where's the mistletoe?" and George said: "I don't need mistletoe with you because I can kiss you any time I like" and hugged me. Then he gave me his present, which was a beautiful gangster hat from Biba's that I'd wanted for weeks.

Finally the telly came on and we stared at the Queen, then at the grey screen buzzing for a few minutes until it stopped, and I curled up on the sofa with George.

I don't know how it happened really, but I remember being in an undignified heap on the floor with my clothes riding up everywhere except where they should be, and my frizzy hair even more frizzed than usual, and George saying, very matter-of-factly: "Please let's go to bed. It's so uncomfortable here."

So I went. I just knew I loved George and wanted to sleep with him. And that, I suppose, is the best test. I didn't feel at all worried or guilty. Always before I'd been unsure, but this time I just knew it had to happen. My mother could have walked in and I'd have still gone ahead, because I just loved George.

I think perhaps it was also because he had been so good for the last few weeks. He hadn't been trying to make me sleep with him or fussing me. In fact, it was he who usually pushed me away and said: "Okay, now, don't let's rush things." So I didn't feel I'd been pushed into it. (That would have been awful and I couldn't have done it. No girl in her right mind could, surely.) I was doing it because I knew that he loved me and I loved him and because, as it didn't matter really if we didn't sleep with each other (because we are so much in love), it didn't seem to matter if we did sleep together either.

George had turned off the light when I crept into his room (having followed all the Brook Centre Advice to the letter) and I wasn't frightened at all. He was so sweet and affectionate and was very gentle and loving. It really didn't seem all that surprising or strange, just a natural thing, which I suppose it is.

Then we lay together and George had a cigarette and said that it was the nicest Christmas present anyone could want. We looked at the ceiling, which seemed to be looking surprisingly good, and when George fell asleep I crept along the passage to my own room.

**Friday**

Today I feel very strange. Not physically, just mentally. The morning after I'd slept with George I felt embarrassed walking down the street. I felt everyone would know. I felt they'd all be staring at me, that I'd have changed in some way, that my closest friends would say with a leer "Aha, and what's happened to you?" You know all that old stuff about men saying they can tell virgins by their handshake, by the way they sit or whatever. Well, I thought my handshake would have changed, or I'd move differently or something.

But nothing. At least, I couldn't see anything about me that was different. I just felt different—I suppose I'd passed a sort of milestone in living. I could call it that. I couldn't go back now, not ever. And it gave me a strange kind of feeling. You go on working, you go on eating, you watch the same telly programmes just the same as before. But it isn't the same in your mind.

It must be rather like having a baby. A friend of mine had a baby and was terrified even though everyone said: "But think of all the millions of people who've had babies." She just couldn't believe she could. And that's what I felt about sex. Although I knew that thousands of couples, somewhere, at this very mo-
Day by day, in Australia, everything is making love, now and every minute of the day, I just couldn't believe it could ever happen to me. And now it has.

The real drag is not being able to tell anyone except my diary. I would tell Jan as she's my best friend, but I think she might feel even more cut off from us than she feels now. So it's something I have to keep just to myself—and George.

**Saturday**

Yesterday I left the temporary job I'd had in an architect's office. They had a goodbye tea for me, which was nice but embarrassing because when you get six people in an office who all know each other, eating specially-bought ginger biscuits and trying to pretend it's a party, it all gets a bit tense. Still they were very sweet and gave me a big bunch of flowers and said honest they didn't do this with every temporary secretary, which was nice. They probably say that to all of them!

George and I have been very happy this last week, though the flat situation has been made all the worse by Jan—who feels like a third leg, she says—catching me sneaking out of George's bedroom at three in the morning. She looked really shocked and for the first time I felt ashamed. She obviously disapproved and I felt a bit sick. I hadn't really thought Jan would come the prude—not after all the chats we used to have about sex being fine if you really love each other. And George and I did love each other—she, of all people, knew it was true.

When I was sure she'd fallen asleep I went back to George's room and woke him up and told him. And he groaned and said: "Oh, Lord, we'll just have to fix something up because we can't go on like this; it's not fair on her. Let's talk about it tomorrow. I'm too tired."

Which wasn't the reassuring sort of thing I'd expected him to say. He almost sounded on her side, not mine.

So now I'm waiting for him to come back from buying some cigars and we're going over to Guys and Dolls in the King's Road to have some lunch and a talk. Although I can't face up to it, I just know that one of us will have to move out, or all split up. Jan was in such a rage this morning and wouldn't speak to either of us. The only question is—who moves?
Chips? Don't like them.

Night-clubs? Don't go very often. Whenever I do, I say to myself, "What on earth am I doing here?"

Journalists? Some are very nice, but let's face it, you have to like them, don't you? I hate the pushy, arrogant ones who act as though you need them and they don't need you.

Chinese food? Very good.

"Bonnie and Clyde"! Didn't see the film, but I'd like to.

Comedians? Tommy Cooper, Freddie Davies, and Norman Wisdom are my favourites.

Drugs? I don't take them.

Managers? We've got the best. But I've had rotten ones and lost a lot of money.

George Brown? A person who's good for taking the mickey out of Vietnam! Haven't really studied it deeply, but it's the children getting killed that I don't like to think about.

Canada? More like England than any other place we've been to abroad. It's a nice place with lots of English emigrants.

Travelling? Just something you have to do. I'm resigned to it. I like playing in England best but hate travelling here. I love travelling abroad, but you can't beat an English audience!

Cigarettes? I finished smoking two months ago. I was very bad smoking forty a day. I woke up one morning with a bad taste in my mouth, and my mother told me to wash my mouth out with salty water. When I started smoking another cigarette it made me feel ill. I couldn't finish it, and I haven't touched one since!

Race riots? I don't really know whether I approve or not. I suppose they are pointless. But I do think that coloured people bring a lot of this trouble on themselves.

Cat Stevens? Er, a good composer.

American police? Very frightening compared with English police. One time we were all walking along a street in the States and were about to cross a road. This cop pulled out a gun and told us to stop. We went on walking and he told us to stop again, waving this big gun around. Apparently we were doing what is known as jay-walking, a crime in America. The point was that the road was empty with no traffic coming along.

Spaghetti? Messy!

Flop records? We had one on our hands with "Be Mine!".

Engelbert Humperdinck? Good singer, nice brolie, good performer.

Bongo Dogs? Heard them on the radio and was knocked out. I would like to see them.

Voting? Something I never think about. If I did vote I quite honestly wouldn't know what I was voting for. I don't understand it. I think the present Government is in a bit of a mess, though.

Working men's clubs? Good for working men. They're nice to play in sometimes. Some of the ones up north are great, but down south they're not so good.

Heaven? I don't think there is one. To me, it used to be a place where you didn't need any money. I love horses, and I used to think there were loads of great white horses there, and you could ride them any time you wanted to.

Hell? A place where I work all day.

Football violence? It's another form of hysteria, like when girls scream and throw things at pop singers.

Adolph Hitler? If he had not gone mad, he could have ruled the world.

David Frost? He should be the next Prime Minister! A very clever fellow. He has a great knack of making people look silly. I'd hate to get on the wrong side of him.

Breathalysers? They've gone a bit too far.

Death? I don't like to think about it. It gives me the willies.

Circuses? Used to love them when I was little, but now I think they're very corny.

Sun? Couldn't live without it! I'm a sun worshipper. Not just for the sun, but it makes me feel great just to have the sun shining on me.

"How I Won The War"? A film that's beyond the comprehension of most people with average intelligence, like me! One would have to see it at least four times to fully understand it.
How to say “no!” to a shop assistant!

A RAVER’S GUIDE TO
SALES TACTICS

With the January sales almost here you’ll be pressured into buying lots of things you don’t want at every shop you visit. To help you say “no!” here is our special guide to the sales tactics used to persuade you.

Do you have a pair of shoes that you never actually “broken in” or pressed, a dress that you never actually wear because you just realise it doesn’t suit you, or a jacket that however much you wash it it doesn’t change, in spite of what the assistant told you? If so, you have been caught by the oldest trick in the world—sales tactics. So here, as a warning, are just some of the deceptions that might be used on you during the next few weeks of the January sales, or at any time for that matter.

Prepare yourself by reading this, and you won’t be caught.

“You look the greatest”

Scene: You are trying on a smoking jacket and Clyde says, but though it looks good on the model in the window, it makes you look like a dodgy, middle-aged church army worker. Tactics: The assistant flaks back the section of the changing room and flings her hat back in exasperation. “Oh, don’t that look awful!” she cries. “Why, I have never seen any customer look as dreary. Actually...” (considerately)...“no one can wear that hat. You’ve got the right for it. You’d give the hat back!”

She then goes on to explain that the other shop assistants have a local shop on every corner of the building. They are surrounded by a group of ten admiring girls who wish you to customise this dress. “You should never do that!”

Result: Rather than avoid offence by explaining that none of them have any taste, you buy it and never wear it.

“The only one left”

Scene: You have finally found a dressing gown that, while not exactly the last thing you would have bought, is a deal better than the others you have seen. The assistant is nothing but delighted.

Tactics: A design girl draws the changing room and stamps on you. “Very few of these left,” she says, “and at the line. They’ve been snapped up like hot cakes. The Brutus ordered 60 each. You’ll never find another of these.”

“I’ll think about it.”

“Will, you’d better think now because I guarantee it will be gone by the afternoon.”

Result: Out of fright that it may vanish, you buy it. When you return to the shop a week later you see other pairs of identical dressing-gowns being sold all cheap.

Who say "worn out"

Scene: You are looking at a pair of shoes that you know never actually "broken in" or pressed. The assistant looks at it and says, "They’re the oldest pair of shoes on display in the shop."

You say, "They’re the only pair in stock." And she says, "You’re not going to be able to find a pair like these at this price." you reply, "I really do need these." And she says, "They’re completely worn out, you know." you say, "Yes, but I can’t find any more." and she says, "You’ll have to wait for the next one."

You reply, "But I need them right now." and she says, "We’re cutting down on the stock and they’ll be gone in a week."

Result: You buy the worn-out shoes.

Pinning you down

Scene: With nothing particular in mind to buy, you enter an apparently deserted dress shop on a hot day.

Tactics: The assistant appears minxily from behind a large rack of fur coats and grins, "Tell me, what do you want?"

You say, "Anything," and she says, "Tell me what you like."

Result: She offers you a special eye-felt peck including brush, "-"

How to say "NO!" in all these circumstances

The worst put-off is to say, "I really like it, but I can’t buy it until my boyfriend's father comes in it first." Or there’s the "Oh, the shoes cost £10 each. Do you think I will buy these? If I do, I’ll never get up and I’ll run back and get another pair!"

The troubles with both these methods is that they both mean nothing but re-approaching your job to remind the shop for the rest of your life. A week later, she says, "I am sorry, but I really do like it."

Scene: You have finally found a reasonably priced pair of shoes that you want to buy. The assistant looks at it and says, "I think you should take them out on the city."

You say, "But I can’t find any more." and she says, "You’ll have to wait for the next one."

Result: You buy the shoes.

One sale isn’t enough

Scene: You have bought a splendid pair of ‘bunion style’ shoes made of a mix of brown and cream leather. You are just going to pay the bill.

Tactics: The shop assistant asks to sell you more. "You want a lovely brown or cream coat?" you say, "I never find another of these." "You can’t find another of these."

"We have just the coat."

"For what purpose?"

"To wear on the floor."

Result: You buy the coat.

The assistant’s cramped form, collapsed on elderly agone on the footstool, looking helplessly up at you.

Result: You buy one of their gains.

The greater advice, I have been told, is to say, "This is too much money." If this does not work, say, "I don’t like the style."

Result: You have bought no one of their gains.

The next thing to say is, "I can’t afford it." or, if this still doesn’t work, "I don’t want it."
Fashion is changing shape. OUT go the styles of the old year. IN comes anything tweedy and country looking. Here are some of the shapes that are showing the New Year in, chosen by RAVE fashion girl Lee.

Far left: super tweed dress with roll collar in grey and maroon check, by Simon Jeffrey, £5 15s. 6d. Pale green and gold tweedy wool coat dress by Raynor, £4 9s. 11d.

Above left: Donegal tweed culotte suit with diagonal zip fastening, in green and gold. By Mark Russell, 11s 6d. Creamy white trouser suit with orange and green. Also a Donegal tweed by Shar-Cleod. The ladies' dress style jacket is 5 3s. The new high-waist look trousers with buckles and one 4s. 9d. Pale cream waterfall pullover sweater in Tricot knit, also by Shar-Cleod, 20s. 11d.

Below left: knobbly wool tweed coat in heather, by Elgee, 15s. A sweater that just grew and grew into a warm and woolly cardigan dress in beige cable knit. By Art Groire, £3. Available by post, from Art Groire 6 Lipham Road, Guildford, Surrey.

Below: super culotte suit in brown Donegal tweed, by Simon Howard, £3 10s. Grey tweed jacket suit with long-waisted jacket and straight trousers. Also by Simon Howard, £4 9s. Shetland wool mini sweater in fawn by Fantasia, 55s.
Belts have brought real chic shape back to fashion for the New Year. Everything's belt from dresses and coats to blouses and trousers. Add belts to all your favourite outfits. Try some of these brand new belted styles for Spring, chosen by HAYE girl Lee.

Far left: the mod look—a long-line jacket with skirt by John Craig, £6 10s. It's teamed with a black skirt, available with matching blouse, £3.50. Printed dress by Redley, £4 10s.

Above left: fabulous tan cord suit set off with a brown suede belt. By Alexon Youngset, £14 10s. Cotton gaberdine trench coat by Sheraton, £11 10s.

Below left: two super jersey dresses by Redley. In grey with white collar and cuffs, £6 10s., and in pale green with camel design, £6 10s.

There are berets and more berets among the new fashion shapes of '68. Wear them with clinging, "Bonnie And Clyde"-style dresses in wild colours and even wilder lengths for a real gangster look!

Far left: soft and shapely, a lambswool dress in tones of grey and orange, called 'Larry', by Rodger Bass, £9 2s. The extended T-shirt in the form of a clinging cotton knit dress is in white and gold and greenish-yellow. By Teenage Clothes, £4 16s. 6d.

Above left: Granny-look dress in Tricel boucle with a cute baby ribbon detail on the bodice. By Simon Jeffrey, £5 19s. 6d. In contrast, a wildly patterned Tricel jersey dress by Gaygirl, £5 11s. 6d.

Below left: fab white cotton cloche dress with V-neck and snap fastener on the wide belt, by Simon Jeffrey, £5 19s. 6d. Pure silk wrap-over style called "Indiana" in wild print. By Rodger Bass, £5 2s. 6d.

Below: two wild styles in Tricel jersey from Simon Jeffrey. The navy and white print dress is £5 15s. 6d, and the super maxi dress (Bonnie length) is £5 19s. 6d.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Description</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>Small black bag with silver handle and strap</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>White and black boot with side buckle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>Black leather hat with gold trim</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>Small blue handbag with gold trim</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>Black leather coat with chain belt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>Blue leather jacket with gold buttons</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>Black leather boots with side buckle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>Black leather boots with side buckle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>Black leather boots with side buckle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>Black leather boots with side buckle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>Black leather boots with side buckle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>Black leather boots with side buckle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>Black leather boots with side buckle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>Black leather boots with side buckle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Black leather boots with side buckle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>Black leather boots with side buckle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17</td>
<td>Black leather boots with side buckle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
<td>Black leather boots with side buckle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19</td>
<td>Black leather boots with side buckle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>Black leather boots with side buckle</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Accessories for '68 are bright, chunky and exciting. Here, in close-up, are the ones featured on the previous six pages.**

1. Hunt patent bag from St-Mere Harbours, £3. 1.10.
2. Fitted handbag in blue; black leather, £2.10, £2.25.
4. Red and white boot with side buckle and strap for £2.25. Black leather handbag, £2.10, £2.25.
5. Patent leather bag in black, £2.10, £2.25.
6. Black and white patent leather handbag, £2.10, £2.25.
7. Black patent leather handbag, £2.10, £2.25.
8. Black patent leather handbag, £2.10, £2.25.
9. Black patent leather handbag, £2.10, £2.25.
10. Black patent leather handbag, £2.10, £2.25.
11. Black patent leather handbag, £2.10, £2.25.
12. Black patent leather handbag, £2.10, £2.25.
13. Black patent leather handbag, £2.10, £2.25.
14. Black patent leather handbag, £2.10, £2.25.
15. Black patent leather handbag, £2.10, £2.25.
16. Black patent leather handbag, £2.10, £2.25.
17. Black patent leather handbag, £2.10, £2.25.
18. Black patent leather handbag, £2.10, £2.25.
20. Black patent leather handbag, £2.10, £2.25.

**Shades of '68**

Accessories for '68 are bright, chunky and exciting. Here, in close-up, are the ones featured on the previous six pages.

1. Hunt patent bag from St-Mere Harbours, £3. 1.10.
2. Fitted handbag in blue; black leather, £2.10, £2.25.
4. Red and white boot with side buckle and strap for £2.25. Black leather handbag, £2.10, £2.25.
5. Patent leather bag in black, £2.10, £2.25.
6. Black and white patent leather handbag, £2.10, £2.25.
7. Black patent leather handbag, £2.10, £2.25.
8. Black patent leather handbag, £2.10, £2.25.
9. Black patent leather handbag, £2.10, £2.25.
10. Black patent leather handbag, £2.10, £2.25.
11. Black patent leather handbag, £2.10, £2.25.
12. Black patent leather handbag, £2.10, £2.25.
13. Black patent leather handbag, £2.10, £2.25.
14. Black patent leather handbag, £2.10, £2.25.
15. Black patent leather handbag, £2.10, £2.25.
16. Black patent leather handbag, £2.10, £2.25.
17. Black patent leather handbag, £2.10, £2.25.
18. Black patent leather handbag, £2.10, £2.25.
20. Black patent leather handbag, £2.10, £2.25.
A BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF PETER FRAMPTON OF THE HERD

With the looks of Scott Walker and the girl appeal of Steve Marriott, Peter Frampton of the Herd has every chance of becoming the biggest rave star of 1968. RAVE's Dawn James talks to him here, and tells you what he's like from a bird's point of view.

Despite yourself, Peter. He shrugged. "I'm chairman of the Mickey Mouse Club because I'm five feet seven, and I weigh eight stone three pounds. I'd 'What a racket!' he said.

Grey-blue eyes, smooth skin and lots of hair make up the rest of Peter Frampton, the singer in the Herd. He is seventeen, and girls adore him. As well as singing, he writes songs.

"I write when I'm depressed," he said. "Something out and calm stems inside me, and a song comes out. Some of the songs are very happy ones. I quite like being melancholy."

What makes him materialistic?

"Vermant and all that doesn't make me sad. It's small things that matter to me. I get brought down when people at me just because I'm long-haired and I dress the way I do. In the centre of London I only get from old workmen, but about ten miles out of London I get it all the time! I can't go with the idea that I short haircuts and a white shirt makes a man. There are millions of people looking behind their glasses like individuals. If you look good in short skirts, or loud clothes, or Nazi made of looking, then wear them."

Peter thinks that no matter how well-if you are when you're young, you will grow square with age. "Perfection is part of growing up, and I bet we all end up knocking the neat generation," he said, and spoke supposedly of bumping himself off before he gets to thirty. But his humour vanished when we spoke seriously of death. He admits to a tremendous fear of dying.

"I'm scared of it. I think I'm scared of what is ahead, but even more of what is behind me. I get sick when I realize that when I die this world will go on. People will eat, sleep, and go in pop tours."

"I've been reading up about reincarnation, because the idea of my coming backitches me. I don't like to travel at high speeds, and I hate planes."

Peter isn't one to worry over the world's problems. "I don't take any interest in politics because I'm a very irresponsible person. I am a pop singer, and that is all I care about. Mind you, a lot of this generation do care about politics. The pop scene are doing alright so why should I care? I don't say any more about politics in case Mr. Wilson reads about me."

Who does Peter care about? He didn't even pause for thought. "Myself," he said, "my family, and the Herd. I really do like the other group members. But I like me best of all."

He switched from world problems, Mr. Wilson, and self-adoration, to girls.

"Girls are a good thing," he decided. "I like good-looking ones, but I have no idea of what is good-looking. The most important thing about a girl is her intelligence. I don't like the ones who nod and giggle and say 'yes' every now and then. It is very important to me that a girl should be understanding and sympathetic."

Peter is one of the pop world's marriage-busters. Marriage is a social habit that should be broken.

"I'd like to live with a girl at all times, without actually marrying. I object to a priest telling me I have got to stay with her for ever." He

"It's hard to find a girl who accepts my ideas, but if I do we'd consider the rest of them, our children."

Though he has been in the pop business for several years, Peter is still stashed by his insecurity.

"Pop is a fake. Many people in it are just getting as much out of show-business as they can. Groups don't give themselves to their audiences. We are trying to give our audiences more as their money. We talk to them, and look at them, and come offstage feeling good about them."

Peter doesn't take drugs. He doesn't promote transcendental meditation, but he says he understands why the Beatles do.

"They have to keep pace, don't they? They've done everything to everybody. All the boy left for them is to look into the unknown and try to conquer it. Every man must have something to conquer, or there is no point in life."

Like so many in pop, he is involved in his career.

"I've lost all my school friends because I'm never free to see them. I spend my life singing, being followed out of theatres and vehicles, and sleeping. I live with my parents but I never see them. They are good when I get home, and are gone to work when I get up. I'm moving to a London flat soon, because the journey from London to Bromley, where my parents live, is too far, and I'm losing sleep."

"I often wish I could get closer to my fans. We are not allowed to linger after shows, and there is no opportunity to meet. I think a singer can learn a lot by talking to fans. They tell you what they like, and what they want from you. Anyway, it's nice talking to them."

When he prints he shows quite a lot of teeth, and his hair is usually mussed. He's cool and irresponsible, and totally unconcerned with war and killing, but....

Soon you'll know, Peter. He grinned. "I'm grown."
What you'll be looking like in '68

THE RAVE HAIR LOOKS FOR '68

Hair in '68 will be as much a fashion accessory as jewellery, hats and shoes. Styles will blend with the fashion looks of the moment. With this in mind RAVE beauty girl Samantha has chosen some of the newest Spring hairancies to show you, and has talked to London's famous hairdressers about their ideas for '68.

No-one's thinking about the "frizzed" look now. It came in with a big bang, but wild hair will be as dead as a dodo this Spring with really top people.

For this spring the ideas of London's best hairdressers are widely different. Gordon St. Clair says it's still the bubble cut. His "maxi mini" perm, which is just one operation and allows the hair stylist to use large rollers on top and gradually to smaller ones at the nape, will be his biggest promotion. Miss Clair is offering an easy style for people who have hair longer on top and short underneath, with a wider look to the sides with short waves around the ears.

It would seem a natural conclusion that the long hair look should be waves this Spring, but Antoine, who styles the hair of top people from Rita Pavone to Dame Edith Evans, has gone back to your dad's pin-up days and picked out the Veronica Lake look as being his favourite hair for spring. He combines curls with waves, and has not forgotten the deep wave which in those days fell over the eye with monotonous regularity!

On the right we tell you how to set your own hair into these exciting new styles for Spring!
Richard Hudnut, the people who look after our hair with their excellent home hair products, have dreamed up this beautiful, sentimental style for Spring parties. Try it yourself. Richard Hudnut suggests: 

"A whole head or an end-only perm can be used for this style. For setting, press finger waves in on top while the hair is wet, and hold in place with lines of hair clips, with rows of pin curls wound towards the face from center back at sides. To brush out, back-brush hair lightly from a side parting, pressing in finger waves on top, and arrange sides into bunches of casual curls. The hair at the back is back-combed lightly for a rounded shape."

Barry Kibble's latest style for Spring is called 'Rag Doll', a loose perm all over the head which can be tied up with ribbons. Barry is staying firmly with short hair and curls for the new season. If his styles are all as pretty as this one the idea should be a great success.

Barry Kibble says: "The whole head should first be permed on short, stubby rollers, then set with deep curling tongs. Press out each curl separately, the rest are upwards to meet at the top, and the back is wound to the top of the neck. Each curl should be combed out separately. The style can be livened up for party-time by tying a small piece of baby ribbon around each curl."

This is a style that anyone can do to look as good as you will. Anouise says: "To achieve the effect of large waves with tight curls at the neck you simply set the whole head in large, reverse pin curls."
Five years’ savings might get you here...

with a job in the W.R.A.C. it’s for free!

When you join the Women’s Royal Army Corps, you may get a free ticket to some of the most exciting and beautiful places in the world. Within less than a year of joining you could find yourself working against breathtaking scenery in far-flung places like Singapore, Cyprus and Hong Kong. And with all expenses paid!

In addition to sights and sunshine, you get a job that's secure, well-paid and different. The WRAC offer you over thirty different trades and employments—everything from clerical work to driving—with free training and fast promotion. By the age of 19 you could well be a Lance Corporal with a really worthwhile job and a new outlook on the world. And wherever you go, you'll find lively young company, good food, comfortable rooms and generous pay that's all yours to spend. The WRAC have a knack for looking after their girls—all home comforts and no petty restrictions.

If you are between 17 and 33 and are looking for a job with a difference, you can’t do better than fill in this coupon.

To: W.R.A.C. Careers Dept, M.P.6, Lansdowne House, Berkeley Square, London, W.1
Please tell me more about the interesting life and good promotion-prospects in today’s W.R.A.C.

NAME
ADDRESS
COUNTY

Applicants must be resident in U.K.
A look at the State Side rave scene with Jackie Harlow

In New York, Jimi Hendrix hair cuts are still the rage, but somehow they just don't seem to go with incense and beads!

Light shows, although on the way out, are still happening here. The Jefferson Airplane prove the point. They carry around with them sixty-four different pieces of equipment that they use to produce the craziest scenes possible.

Sitarist Ravi Shankar, who already has his own schools in California and India, is said to be thinking of opening one in New York.

The Beatles are planning to sponsor a new discotheque called "Sgt. Pepper" in New York. It could mean the start of many more clubs and discotheques in America which are Beatles-backed.

Tom Jones and Lulu are due here for night-club dates in the Spring ...

At the moment there are no Mamas and Papas, and the Beach Boys are accepting few dates, so the one-nighter circuit is a void that will have to be filled soon or the business will drop dead on its feet!

Rave's Whether Chart

Your favourite stars review their new discs and tell you whether or not they think they'll make the charts.

Spencer Davis reviews "Mr. Second Class"

This one was written by Eddie Hardin and myself and tells the story of an ordinary guy who comes into money and thinks it'll make him upper class, but it doesn't!

It's an up-tempo number featuring Eddie on organ and me on guitar.

Week ended December 2nd

(1) 1. Engelbert Humperdinck
The Last Waltz 1315
(2) 1. Engelbert Humperdinck
Release Me 1193
(3) 2. Sandle Shaw
Puppet On A String 1100
(4) 4. The Procol Harum
A Whiter Shade Of Pale 920
(5) 5. Scott McKenzie
San Francisco 915
(6) 6. Engelbert Humperdinck
There Goes My Everything 910
(7) 7. Tom Jones
I'll Never Fall In Love Again 895
(8) 8. The Monkees
I'm A Believer 845

(9) 9. Frank & Nancy Sinatras
Something's Stupid 840
(10) 10. The Bee Gees
Massachusetts 815
(11) 11. Petula Clark
This Is My Song 810
(12) 12. The Tremeloes
Silence Is Golden 780
(13) 13. The Beatles
All You Need Is Love 720
(14) 14. Mamas & Papas
Dedicated To The One I Love 705
(15) 15. Traffic
Hole In My Shoe 685
(16) 16. Frankie Vaughan
There Must Be A Way 685
(17) 17. Vince Hill
Edelweiss 630
(18) 18. The Turtles
She'd Rather Be With Me 625
(19) 19. Vilki Carr
It Must Be Him 620
(20) 20. The Foundations
Bali Hai That I've Found You 620

Bracketed figures show last month's position.

THE MOVE COMPETITION WINNERS!

Here are the results of the fabulous competition featured in the October issue of RAVE, where you had the chance to win some really valuable prizes, PLUS a night out with the Movin!™

Here is the correct solution to the competition, where you were shown blank views of the Move's heads and asked to identify them. Picture A was Carl Wayne, picture B was Trevor Burton, picture C was Chris Kellf, picture D was Bev Bevan, and picture E was Roy Wood.

First out of the post, and therefore the lucky winner, is nineteen-year-old Barbara Howells of Stevenage, Hertfordshire. Barbara wins a night out with the Move, a trouser suit and a dress from Sue Locke's boutique in Chelsea, a new hair style at Leonard, one of London's most famous hairdressing salons, a Polaroid camera, and a complete clean and make up at Innox's New Bond Street, London salon.

Winners of Polaroid "Swinger" cameras are: Carole Boshor of Chorley, Lancs; Paula Maylock of Epsom, Surrey; Jill Gunner of Winchester, Hants; Marie Ann Dennis of Newton Abbot, Devon and Laura Mooney of South Hatfield, Herts.

Winners of Move LPs are: Irene Morris of Widnes, Lancs; Jan Stollery of Bognor Regis, Sussex; Kathleen Pender of Tranent, East Lothian, Scotland; Brenda Evans of Shrewton, Wiltts; Clare Mills of Coventry, Warks; Claudia WASHINGTON of Ipswich, Suffolk; Linda Booth of Malton, Yorks; Irene Quigley of Patchway, Bristol; Ian Jones of Marlom Common, Bucks; Elaine WILLARD of Southall, Middx, and Meredith Wilson of Chelsea, London.

Here is one of the fabulous prizes our winner Barbara Howells will be receiving. It's a Model 210 Polaroid Colour Pack Camera which takes and develops black and white pictures in only fifteen seconds, and colour shots in just one minute! You'll love February Rave!

It's our special Valentine issue!

Funny Valentines: the stars we think deserve a Valentine Card!

Clothes He'll Love You In: stunning gear to make him notice

Plus other great features:

The Bee Gees' story

The RAVE Girl receives her prizes

A compendium of corny jokes by Tony Blackburn

The RAVE Government: who we think should take over the country!

News and colour pictures of all your favourite stars - and more!

On sale 26th January
Bedazzled
Confess 1
Stars: Dudley Moore, Peter Cook, Elizabeth壤, Romy Schaft

It's very hard to get an audience of film critics to laugh—but for "Bedazzled" nobody could keep giggling.
Shirley MacLaine (Dudley Moore) is playing to an empty house. The pickpocket and director also play to the critics, with such results that they have to do the show twice. The critics are watching the critics, and that's what they love. The critics are watching the critics, and that's what they hate. The critics are watching the critics, and that's what they love. The critics are watching the critics, and that's what they hate.

Caster Of The West
Confess 1
Stars: Robert Shaw, Robert Ryan, John Heflin, Reid Hunter, Mary Ure

Deputy (Raquel Pennington), his horse (the late Barry Perkins) and his gun (the late Barry Perkins) are the heroes of this story. The late Barry Perkins is killed off in the first scene, and the late Barry Perkins is not missed by the audience. The late Barry Perkins is missed by the audience, and the late Barry Perkins is not missed by the audience.

Smashing Time
Confess 1
Stars: Lynn Redgrave, Rita Tushingham, June Haver, Ian Cammich, Michael York

A very strong film that is all about a woman who is made to look good. The woman who is made to look good is made to look good by the director. The director who is made to look good is not missed by the audience, and the director who is made to look good is not missed by the audience.

Poor Cow
Confess 1
Stars: Terence Stamp, Carol White, John Bowdie

The theme is oppression and universality. If you enjoy "Cathy Come Home," you will enjoy this film. The film is about a man who is made to look good. The man who is made to look good is made to look good by the director. The director who is made to look good is not missed by the audience, and the director who is made to look good is not missed by the audience.

Camelot
Confess 1
Stars: Richard Harris, Vanessa Redgrave, Franco Nero, David Hemmings, Lionel Jeffries

I went expecting a wonderful, seldom-played professional musical, and turned out to be the latest musical I've ever seen. It is the story of a king who loses his crown. The king who loses his crown is made to look good. The man who is made to look good is not missed by the audience, and the man who is made to look good is not missed by the audience.

Behind The Screens
Gossip, gossip, gossip! The latest news from the film world on what your favourite stars are doing!


Tony Curtis is to play the title role in "The Boston Strangler," a role that was a dream come true for the star. The role was a dream come true for the star, and the role was a dream come true for the star.

Peter O'Toole's new film "The Greek" is to be made on location in Athens. The film is to be made on location in Athens, and the film is to be made on location in Athens.

The young star who Bing Lows in love with is now in love with the star. "Candy" is eighteen years old and has a Swedish mother. She now and romantically involved with the other stars in the film: Richard Burton and Marcello Mastroianni. Quite a pair.

"The Argyle Fox," a film about a fox in a garden, is to be made. The film is about a fox in a garden, and the film is about a fox in a garden.

"This Young Man," a film about a young man, is to be made. The film is about a young man, and the film is about a young man.

"The King's Shadow," a film about a king who is made to look good, is to be made. The film is about a king who is made to look good, and the film is about a king who is made to look good.
THIS IS WHERE IT'S AT!

Mike Grant’s news and gossip from around the pop scene

Just in case you missed out on the Monterey Pop Festival, Eric Burdon has decided to put you in the picture with his new single titled “Majesty.” It’s all about the Monterey Pop Festival and features the likes of James, T.S. and Brian Jones. But a chat with Sandie at a recording studio recently proved that they have a

Audium on Eleven Studios, where Jonathan King and the “Good Morning” team went recording.

* * *

**Quote Of The Month**

“The people who are going to succeed in ’69 are groups like the Rolling Stones, who are not afraid to mix pop, jazz, and blues, and do something completely different.”

PETER TOWNSEND

**When I saw the Who at a recording session recently, Roger Daltrey had a few words to say about the new generation in the U.S.”**

They are making more effort to demonstrate against the atrocities around them,” said Roger. “I hear that groups were taken off tour in the U.S. by the British. They should have been going legitimate because the Who’s front man is touring with just one of the artists in this country. Maybe it’s different in the States, because they have something like a club in London, but we really are on against them.”

**Reg Presley: comedy on Juke**

Reg Presley, best known as the leader of the Band, and his Juke has launched a comedy show. The show, which will be held at the Bathurst Park, is to feature Presley and his band, and will be held on the 2nd of July. Presley has written several sketches, and the show will be held at the Albert Hall.

**Roger Mcfarlane and Paul McCartney are joint owners of the Stamps.**

**Barron reports that the Bee Gees’ next single may be telling “Thinking Things,” which is all about people who have a difficulty in thinking things through.”**

**Mike Land in London holidaying before his return to the States, he has something like a club in London, but we really are on against them.”**

**Nan Gold and Roger Daltrey have a new musical called “The Next.”**

Roger Daltrey had a few words to say about the new generation in the U.S.” They are making more effort to demonstrate against the atrocities around them,” said Roger. “I hear that groups were taken off tour in the U.S. by the British. They should have been going legitimate because the Who’s front man is touring with just one of the artists in this country. Maybe it’s different in the States, because they have something like a club in London, but we really are on against them.”

**Reg Presley: comedy on Juke**

Reg Presley, best known as the leader of the Band, and his Juke has launched a comedy show. The show, which will be held at the Bathurst Park, is to feature Presley and his band, and will be held on the 2nd of July. Presley has written several sketches, and the show will be held at the Albert Hall.

**Roger Mcfarlane and Paul McCartney are joint owners of the Stamps.**

**Barron reports that the Bee Gees’ next single may be telling “Thinking Things,” which is all about people who have a difficulty in thinking things through.”**

**Mike Land in London holidaying before his return to the States, he has something like a club in London, but we really are on against them.”**

**Nan Gold and Roger Daltrey have a new musical called “The Next.”**
At last! A new scientific remedy for Acne, spots and pimples

Read how new Torbetol's unique triple-action fights Acne... clears your skin quickly, safely, effectively.

A scientist explaining: "When the oil glands of your skin become over-active, excess oil collects in the pores and clogs them. That's when unsightly spots and pimples appear. And if they are neglected, or just squeezed and not treated, they'll tend to get worse. Persistent spots and pimples are called Acne."

Torbetol's unique formula.

A new scientific remedy. Torbetol breaks with tradition by combining three germ-killing medications used by leading skin specialists: (1) Cephalothin 1.6%, (2) Benzalkonium Bromide 3.5%, (3) Erythromycin 5.0%

How triple-action Torbetol works:

Whereas ordinary skin ointments act against bacteria on the surface of the skin, Torbetol has a remarkable deep-penetrating action. Torbetol is NOT just another antibiotic. Its unique three-way action gets right down to the job. It possesses a very intense action that allows it to sink quickly into the skin—forming a zone of invisible medication which:

(1) Blocks blocked pores
(2) Lovers as it goes
(3) Destroys menace-producing bacteria

Why a Liquid?

Why not a cream or a jelly? Well, we produce Torbetol as a liquid for three very good reasons:

(1) It's easy to use—just dab it on. It goes deep into the skin—to the root of the trouble.
(2) It is invisible at once. No unsightly cream or oil.
(3) As a liquid, Torbetol goes a long way. One bottle will often clear up your troubles forever.

How to obtain Torbetol

Torbetol is available from your pharmacist. If you have any difficulty obtaining the liquid, the coupon will send your order by return.

TOBERT LABORATORIES LIMITED
38 GREAT KING STREET, EDINBURGH

NAME
ADDRESS

STOCKS LIMITED SO ORDER NOW!
December 23 - January 20
ROMANCE You'll meet a slim, fair, talkative person.
MONEY Possibility you'll be in the money this month.
FUN Your personality will be sparkling.

January 21 - February 19
ROMANCE Plenty of opportunity to use your appeal on strangers.
MONEY Work put in could bring you gains in April.
FUN Lots of opportunities—get your beauty sleep.

February 20 - March 21
ROMANCE You'll find your enthusiasm ignited by someone who enters your life.
MONEY Keep reserves of cash.
FUN A feeling of energy and vitality makes for a happy month.

March 22 - April 20
ROMANCE A boy you work with will seem very dateable.
MONEY An upswing in material trends is hopeful.
FUN A fateful meeting possible! Be your best.

April 21 - May 20
ROMANCE Get out at the end of the month!
MONEY Work put in could bring you gains in April.
FUN Home is the best place for you.

May 21 - June 20
ROMANCE Keep your feelings under control.
MONEY Watch over—generosity or you'll be borrowing.
FUN Pleasure from sprucing up old clothes.

June 21 - July 20
ROMANCE A disturbing relationship is likely to end.
MONEY A tendency to be careless with cash.
FUN Unexpected visitors, a hectic month! See you relax.

July 21 - August 20
ROMANCE Steer clear of folk who are talkative.
MONEY Impossible to count on others to help you with a loan.
FUN Home is the best place for you.

August 21 - September 19
ROMANCE A flirtation could make an old boyfriend jealous.
MONEY No chance of a fortune, but some luck anyway.
FUN Enjoy yourself, but dress to suit the weather.

September 20 - October 19
ROMANCE Don't turn down a chance to hold a party this month.
MONEY Choose a date for shopping around the 15th.
FUN An excellent time for brightening up your room.

October 20 - November 18
ROMANCE A relaxed, gay month with lots of dates.
MONEY Cash prospects good, but not so fortunate as last month.
FUN Fresh air and exercise will do you good.

November 19 - December 18
ROMANCE Romance is in the air, people will be making a fuss of you.
MONEY A lucky start to the year.
FUN Success if you decide to re-style your appearance.

CAPRICORN AS A BOYFRIEND
He'll be a bit reserved, but very masculine! Don't despair if he seems indifferent—this is a sign that he likes you. Sensible, "earthly" girls, Miss Taurus and Miss Virgo, will be able to draw him out of himself.

ALL ABOUT MISS CAPRICORN
She's clever, practical, trustworthy, but definitely not a dragon! Miss Capricorn is good company, has a dry sense of humour and an ability to rise to any occasion. She'll be a treasure to her boss and should choose a career in banking, accountancy or law.

MISS CAPRICORN—YOUR YEAR AHEAD
A lucky year! Windfalls of cash are possible in February and at the end of 1968. Efforts made recently could begin to pay off. The only trouble spot appears to be June/July, when lovers' tiffs, quarrels and problems at home are likely. Romance is starred this month and in November/December.

STARRED FOR SUCCESS
Travel will be beneficial in the first two weeks of the month, MISS CAPRICORN. Your sex appeal is at a premium, MISS PISCES, MISS SAGITTARIUS, someone you've liked the look of could take a step in your direction, especially on the 6th, 17th or 26th.

Starcast: personal predictions for the stars
MARIANNE FAITHFULL
Birthdate: 26th December, 1945
When Marianne was born the Sun and Mars were in conjunction. This implies that she is a very vital person and a career girl. It is more than likely that her success will outlast many other pop singers because of her acting ability. She has the mental and emotional toughness that is needed to cope with her demanding way of life.

DAVY JONES
Birthdate: 5th December, 1945
Davy Jones, who has the same birthdate as fellow Monkee Mike Nesmith, has a strong Jupiter/Venus factor in his horoscope. This means that, combined with the practical capability and shrewdness of the Capricorn temperament, he has a strong vein of sensitivity, kindness and sentimentality. He'll have a spot of trouble with his health and work around July, but nothing very serious.
Our RAVE guide to what we predict will happen on the pop, fashion and beauty scenes in 1968!

WE PREDICT THAT...

1. This year the Beatles will score, produce and direct their own film, and will enter into other business ventures, including music publishing and fashion.

2. By the end of the year the Stones will not be the same group as we have become aware. There might be a change of name.

3. Royal Zepheonse will be the year's most dynamic progressive and unambitious recording label.

4. In fashion it will be a year of anything that shocked: low necklines and higher than minis for women, with widely intriguing modes for men. In the early Spring.

5. The Beatles will revolutionize stage methods.

6. Radio Caroline will visit beneath the cloudless moon.

7. Everyone will try to be a rock producer, but Dennis Coffield, Mateo (ABC) and wargricult Tony Blackburn will be tops.

8. There will be more rough, superimposed figures using the graphic image of poppy men on the pop scene. Until this year a return of the 'Rocker' era with RAVE'S Jimmy Purcell Answers is a demand.

9. Prints will be bright in summer styles, so don't throw away those designs on big, bold designs and exotic colours.

10. The Beatles will turn an LP on coloured acetate, and it will sound like opera.

11. Sharps will make a big come-back. More popular will be the plain but high-shape with patterned around the eye. Sharps will be reborn-tough to long, and gathered in the wrap.

12. An impending record company will have intense interest.

13. There'll be a trend for square frames to be used for each week. The Cream will lead the way by concentrating only on LPs.

14. We will become thoroughly sick of it all.

15. Radio One will change to please more people.

16. Someone else will have a big hit with a top 100's number.

17. We'll get feeling with 'Beatle' shows this British King's 'Good Morning' and 'Chime Away', and with soundest ever action.

18. Curtiss will still bubble locally about the ballads, but words will be the big news. Eyes will be held, with looks still shaggy.

19. The Foundations will decline.

20. Paul and Jane will make a decision this way.

21. Pop music can't get more. It's impossible.

22. Sex will get into pictures, but many will be taken instead by the models. Nothing says to say he'll be as big a star as it is by.

23. This will be more pop group success.

24. Beads will emerge as a better brand than Janis Joplin.

25. The Monkees will become more serious.

26. Paul McCartney and Jane Asher will make a decision either way.

27. 'Temperate Opal' producer, Mike Oldfield, will prove himself a recording wizard.

28. The year's summer colours will be subtle, in shades of grey, green and blue. Eyes will be the more popular.

29. John Lennon will not do as well as his past hits predict.

30. If he's lucky, Paul Jones will be as hot next year.

31. There'll be a lot of interest in the Go-Go's and the Turtles, two groups under it recording ways of Cream Colours.

32. Tony Blackburn will be a step above station personality.

33. Simon Dee will be his own music her.
I'm an adequate singer. I don't rate Donovan, Mick Jagger, Cliff or John Lennon as fantastic singers. They're adequate. ABOUT JOHN WALKER.

John Walker's story is one of success and failure, of fame and obscurity. He began his career as a pop star in the 1960s, but by the 1970s, he was struggling to maintain his popularity. His music was often overlooked, and he was criticized for his lack of originality.

Despite this, Walker continued to make music, releasing albums and singles throughout the 1970s and 1980s. He found some success with his hit song "Fernando," but overall, his career was marked by ups and downs.

Walker's music was often characterized by its catchy hooks and melodic, upbeat rhythms. He was known for his pop-oriented style, and his music was popular among fans of the time.

Throughout his career, Walker has spoken about his struggles with fame and fortune. He has written about his experiences in his autobiography, "The Old Glory of the Walkers Is Dead," and in interviews and articles, he has shared his thoughts on the ups and downs of the music industry.

In his later years, Walker has continued to perform and record music, but his profile is lower than it was in his prime. However, his music continues to be enjoyed by fans, and his legacy as a musician and pop star is still remembered today.

John Walker's story is a reminder of the challenges that many musicians face in the music industry. Despite his success, he was never able to achieve the level of fame and fortune that he had hoped for. But through it all, he remained true to his music and to his fans, continuing to make music even as his career waned.

In the end, John Walker's story is one of resilience and determination. He never gave up on his dreams, even as his career faced challenges. His music continues to be enjoyed by fans, and his legacy as a musician lives on.

2. Eric Burdon and wife Angie having late honeymoon in the Bahamas, Pet Clark show on BBC 1 tonight.


4. John, Scott and Gary Walker due to tour together in Japan. Their acts will remain separate.


9. Scott's birthday today, happy birthday on your 24th Scott P. J. Proby making a welcome return to this country, Paul Jones in Australia for ten days. Pet Clark show on BBC 1.


11. The Who and Small Faces touring Australia, Harpers Bizarre expected in for seventeen days.

12. Long John Baldry 27 today, First single out today from "Ten Years After".

13. Engelbert Humperdinck all this month at the Palladium in "Robinson Crusoe".

14. Matt Monro all this week at Stockton Fiesta.

15. Amon Corner touring Australia for sixteen days.


17. Françoise Hardy 24 today, Dave Ballinger of the Barron Knights 27, Herd's first LP, out this month!

18. Bachelors all this month at the Royal Court Theatre, Liverpool. Foundations off to States soon.

19. Phil Everly 29 today.


21. Kathy Kirby all this week at the Stockton Fiesta Club.

22. New Vaudeville Band all this month in "Goody Two Shoes" at the Alexandra Theatre, Birmingham. Diana Ross and the Supremes expected to open at the "Talk Of The Town" tonight.

23. Barron Knights in "Robinson Crusoe" all this month at Bournemouth Pavilion.

24. Bobbie Gentry due in about now.

25. The Move playing at Mansfield, Susan Maughan in "Babes In The Wood" at the King's Theatre, Southsea.


29. Troggs all this week at Stockton Fiesta Club and Spennymoor Top Hat.

30. Steve Marriott 21 today, happy birthday Stevel Cilla Black Show on BBC 1 tonight.

31. Vanilla Fudge flying in for dates this month.

NOTES.

See you start shooting their first feature film in Kenya next month!
BUT I HAVEN'T GOT ENOUGH 'O' LEVELS TO BE A NURSE

I haven't got any! You don't need them to become an S.E.N. You just do two years practical paid training. And you can choose either a general or a psychiatric hospital. Lots of girls like you are nurses.

That's because as a State Enrolled Nurse in a hospital, there's something happening all the time. Life's never dull, whether I'm on or off duty.

You're out of date! We have a 42-hour week and five weeks holiday. And the rules are only common sense.

You always seem happy anyway. I'll find out more about it.

Today's nurse is a girl like you

Fill in this coupon and post to: The Chief Nursing Officer, Ministry of Health, P.O. Box 244, London S.W.1 (in Scotland, write to: The Chief Nursing Officer, St Andrew's House, Edinburgh 11).

I'd like to know more about the S.E.N. two-year course.

Please send me your free booklet.

NAME: ___________________________ (Miss or Mrs)

ADDRESS: ___________________________
Gene Fans Please
The Continental Gene Pitney Club is looking for correspondents and members to help make Gene as popular on the Continent as he had been in England for so long.—Henk Elzena, President of the C.G.P.C., Vughtstraat 22, Roosendaal, Holland.

A Straight Favourite
It seems that curly hairstyles are going to be the thing for Spring, but I'm sure lots of long-haired but fashion conscious ravers are like me, and hope that straight, swinging styles make a rapid return! I'm afraid it takes more than a fashion to make me cut my carefully-grown locks—Barbara Heath, London.

RAVE fashion girl Lee says: "You're not alone Barbara. I even had my hair straightened not long ago for a sick look. But don't worry, it won't be long before something else out there hits the headlines. See next month's RAVE!"

Pop Goes Classic!
I wonder if any RAVE readers have realised how well some of our famous pop faces would fit into Shakespearean roles. For instance, one could easily imagine Dozy of Dave Dec and Co. as Puck, or Scott as Hamlet! And Anilla Harris would make a wonderful Cleopatra—Joan, Kingsbury, London.

Micky Fan Shocked
I was shocked to read in November RAVE about the jealousy Samantha Juste has to tolerate from fans for being Micky Dolenz's girlfriend. I'm a Micky Dolenz fan too, and I know how they feel. We all adore him and want him for ourselves, but anonymous phone calls and nasty letters to his friends is a rotten way of showing it—Pat Stone, Bedford.

Nonsense Words
Please Proc, Harum, you've got a fantastic sound, but let's hear what you're singing about! More and more groups are recording a lot of meaningless words that they think are 'hip'. We don't—Julia Wright and Doreen Gray, Sheffield.

Freeze Fear
I don't know much about the devaluation of the £, the Squeeze and the Freeze, but as usual I suppose it will affect people like me most—with small wage packets. My friends and I are all hoping that the prices of records and clothes won't be affected too much—Jennifer Warner, Birmingham.

Dave Davies Fan
As a Dave Davies fan, I think it's great that we can have such good solo songs from him as "Death Of A Clown" and "Susannah's Still Alive", and still hear him hit-making with the fabulous Kinks. I hope one day he'll make a solo LP, too—Penny Busby, Harborne, Birmingham 17.

Comments, suggestions, criticisms, write to us about anything you like. Our address is You're Telling Us! RAVE, Tower House, Southampton Street, London, W.C.2

Surprise Post
Some time ago RAVE printed a letter of mine saying that I was willing to swap pictures and records on the Faces, Beatles and Monkees for any pictures of the Stones. I received 80 letters from all over the world, including America, Canada and Hong Kong—Patricia Henden, 48 High Street, Puckeridge, Nr. Ware, Hertfordshire.

PEN-PALS
Make friends all over the world through this special RAVE pen-pal service!

Peter Sirn, P.O. Box 42, Tawau, Sabah, Malaysia, Age 17. Wants to write to girls all over the world.

Elizabeth Opsahl, Struerollen 4, Alvim, Sarpsborg, Norway, Age 16. Would like pen-pals all over the world. Likes the Beatles, Mamas and Papas and Sonny and Cher.


Daryn Richardson, P.O. Box 441, White River, Eastern Transvaal, South Africa. Age 17. Likes Little Richard, Stones, Tragod, Beech Boys, Donovan, Small Faces.

Gerhard Eisler, 13401 Nikolausberg-Go, Sonderstr. 6, West Germany. Age 16. Would like to write to a girl from anywhere.


Elizabeth Baird, 30 Queenserry Road, Muthill, Perthshire, Scotland. Age 18. Likes dancing and listening to pop music. Wants an American boy pen-pal, 16-21.


RAVE has all the information you want to know about pop, fashion, beauty, — anything! Send your questions to us.

Please tell me which one of the Dave Clark Five was singing on their record "Everybody Knows"? I say it was Mike Smith and my friend says it was Dave Clark. — Janice Baker, Detham, Bucks.

Sorry, Janice, but you are both wrong! Lenny Davidson was singing on that particular record.

Can you recommend a lipstick for dry lips? I have tried most makes, but they all seem to make my lips even drier! — Linda Colbrock.

Inoxa lipsticks are excellent. They are soft and juicy, and will help to moisten your lips.

How can I keep the bounce in my hair? When I wash it before I go to bed it's all flat and horrible again in the morning! — Jennifer Chapman, Liverpool.

A good idea, passed on from one of our readers, is to wind your hair round your head in one direction, pinning as you go. Put the top in a roller and cover the lot with a scarf. — Samantha.

Could you please give me the names and ages of the fabulous Herd, and an address where I can contact them? — Maureen James, Hounslow, Middx. The Herd consist of Peter Frampton, 17; Gary Taylor, 19; Andy Bown, 20 and Andrew Steele, 26. You can write to the Herd c/o Ann and Louise, 56 Bray Court Road, Kingston-upon-Thames, Surrey.

Brian Jones: same date

BOYS AND GIRLS

Lost contact with boy or girl friends? We can help you find them through this column. Send us details of the person you are looking for, and a picture either of yourself or your lost friend.

Lost: one gorgeous waltler! He was on the t.s.s. Reina Del Mar during cruise 75 and served at table 47 in the Pacific Restaurant. I sat at another table and he asked me out for a drink one night. Description: about twenty, five foot two inches tall, short, black, curly hair and big brown eyes. I must find him. — Barbara Wombley, Middx.

Please help me find a boy I met on holiday in Pineda, Spain, last August. He was fairly tall with blond hair and brown eyes. His name was Anthony. He was on holiday with his friends. He comes from Holland and works in his father's bicycle shop. If any of his friends read this could they ask him to contact me through RAVE. — Helen Millward, Portsmouth, Hants.

Please help me find John Parker, aged 16, who is slim and has fair hair. He is an ardent football fan from Liverpool. He was last seen in Anglesey around 5th August. — Jean Tattersall, Burnley, Lancs.

Please help me find a boy I met at Filey, Yorkshire. His name is Chris and he was growing a moustache when I last saw him. I think he lives in Yorkshire. — Janet Payne, Brighton.

Please help me find a boy I met in Blackpool on 7th October. His name is Mick and he is from Leicester. He is about 5 ft. 8 in. tall, and has fairly long, black hair. — Anne Clevedon, Somerset.

I would like to find a boy from Tunbridge Wells. His name is Derek, he's about twenty-one years old and I think he's working on a newspaper. — Ursula Wilkinson, Bollstobruk, Sweden.

Please help us find two surfers named Tommy and Kevin. Kevin had fluffly blond hair and blue-green eyes. Tommy had dark brown hair and brown eyes. Both are aged about seventeen, and are known to be living in Buffalo, New York. Last seen driving a turquoise car with a surfboard rack on top. If anyone knows them please tell them to contact me through RAVE. — Sandi Bailey, Glastonbury, Conn., U.S.A.

Missing: one boy about 5 ft. 6 in. tall with brown eyes and brown hair. Believed to have left for London last June. He is fairly mod. Anyone in England who knows him please ask him to write to me care of RAVE. — Sandra Taggart, Chicago, U.S.A.
Bristol has a lively fashion scene all of its own, as our fashion team discovered when they dropped a baize out of town to photograph these Bristol-ravishing modelling gear that's all the rage in their swinging city!

Left: Jackie, a local secretary, is in a mod black and white striped cotton jersey dress with yellow trim, 3 gns. Judy, a Bristol student, is in a mod black print dress and shift, 6 gns. The black coat is 4 gns. and the hat is 3 gns.

Right: Jackie is in a mod mod coat with matching pants and a white dress, 12 gns. Judy is in a tweed suit in the same style, 15 gns.

Above: outside an old pub in Bristol's old town—Judy in a mod coat with matching pants and a white dress, 12 gns. Judy is in a tweed suit in the same style, 15 gns.

Right: hattie in deep blue shift—Jackie in a super dress in black velvet with lace trim, £24.10s. 6d., and Judy in a long candy-coloured cotton dress with puffed sleeves, £10. 10s. 6d.

All clothes from Coca and Cleo, 25 Falstaff St. Britten.
Lloyd has a swinging time at a party with a delicious new dolly, and arranges to take her out. But the seemingly simple task of driving her home turns out to be a disaster!

It was the morning after a good too many mornings after! So when I slid out of my bed that morning there was absolutely no question of going to the all-night party at Liz Farrell's. She had laughingly called it a Christmas Hangover Demolisher - but my hangover was impenetrable. I had an orchestra and chorus in my head, backed by the sound of a tram full of ships bells plunging through a succession of plate-glass windows.

The sight of a naked bottle of vodka at that particular moment would have sent me swarming up the curtains in paroxysms of grinning hysteria.

But it's remarkable how much punishment the human body can take - and still come back for more. You've got to hand it to my liver; it just doesn't know when it's licked.

So as the day wore on and my head stopped threatening to blast off, the prospect of the party became more appealing. Not only because Liz always has a good selection of high-grade dolls in attendance, but she also has a happy knack of serving out-of-this-world chill con carne just at that time in the morning when you start feeling hungry, but just can't face any more celery, cream-cheese and peanuts.

So there I was in the afternoon, wiping the chutney stains from my primrose corduroy suit, in that no-man's-land state of mind where I'd already decided I was going but hadn't yet officially con-

firmed it to myself.

Well I wasn't sorry I went. It really was the best party I'd been to over Christmas. Either English dolls are getting prettier or Lloyd Alexander is becoming more girl-crazed than ever.

Fab food, oceans of drinks - including an innocuous-looking punch that made steam come out of your ears, a very groovy beat group with some freak-outrageous name like the Marzipan Lawn Mower or the Sheet Metal Merlingue or something, and more delicious dolies to the cubic yard than I'd ever seen.

It was during some lunatic game that turned out to be a combination of murder, sardines, strip-poker and postman's knock that I made a high voltage contact with Mickie. We spent a very humid half hour in a broom cupboard at some stage during this unpredictable game. I don't know what we were supposed to be doing there - but I remember most vividly what we did. And Mickie had clearly played that particular game before.

From then on Mickie and I had our own private party. We danced together, drank together, snogged together and lustily sang rhythm and blues together. Meanwhile I drank had descended outside and nobody seemed to have any inclination to break it up, least of all Liz, who at 3.30 in the morning was sending punch flying in all directions while she updated the Charleston on the buffet table.

Mickie went off to phone to say she wouldn't be home and by 5 a.m. the party was swinging even more wildly. At 6.30 a little of the fire had gone out of the guests, and while Liz cut the lights to a minimum we settled down on the floor to listen to some dreamy music.

Would you believe that the party finally broke up, after ham, eggs and coffee,
at 11.30 in the morning! That made it a fifteen hour scene, and I felt surprisingly fresh as I drove Mickie through the lifting fog to a 12 noon modelling appointment. I didn't envy her having to work, especially as I'd had a day off and spent most of it in my neglected bed.

I arranged to pick Mickie up at 6 p.m. The fog was back again as we drove out of London that evening. I thought, as I peered through the gloom, that Mickie could have chosen better places to live than Uckfield, forty-four fogbound miles out.

Mickie looked as delicious as ever, despite the ravages of the party—but my feelings chilled as she put her left hand up to take a light for a cigarette and I saw the ugly blemish on her third finger. A wedding ring!

As I cooled, Mickie got warmer. And the fog got thicker.

Every time I stopped to check the way, Mickie would snuggle up and unload some more lipstick.

After about four hours the sign for Uckfield loomed up—and I was just about all-in. The cumulative droning was making me drowsy.

"There's a lay-by just past the hotel—let's stop here," said Mickie, who was practically in the driving seat by now.

We stopped, Mickie got out, and I succumbed. Pictures of an enraged husband were now alternating with the explosions in my head. But I was just too weak to resist.

After half an hour I came up for air and made an excuse about needing cigarettes. I walked back down the road to the hotel, feeling distinctly groggy, had a chill coming on and when I walked into the bar the Som started going round.

I ordered a brandy and voice beside me said, "Alexander you old rogue, you're looking more de-bauched than ever!"

A face came into focus and I saw Terry Foster, a guy I had been at school with. Terry was a good nut—always ready to do a friend a favour. I bought him a drink, he tactfully suggested I might wipe the lipstick off my face and then I said, "Do you have a car?"

"No, I only live round the corner."

"Then do me a favour. I'm really all-in and I have this bird in the car who lives around here somewhere. I really can't face it. She's making a very torrid play for me—and she's married."

It was an unlikely proposition to put to a guy I hadn't seen for years—but after another brandy Terry capitulated.

I gave him the key of the Sunbeam and said I'd wait for him in the hotel and run him home afterwards.

So I waited. And waited. And in the end I had to stay the night, because I had no idea where either Terry or Mickie lived.

Next morning I slunk back to London by train, cursing my filthy luck and wondering if I'd ever see my car or Terry again.

I saw Terry again all right. He found my address in the car log-book and drove round to see me that evening. It wasn't a very charming scene—so I won't go into it.

But as you have undoubtedly guessed, when Terry went off to drive my car, who should he find amorously waiting for Lloyd Alexander but Mickie—his wife!

Coincidence? Yes—and not the only one. Terry's indignant fist also coincided with my chin, and it really did nothing for my condition.

So I'm off drink, off parties, off birds—and very definitely right off old school chums!