

raw

P.P. 8003 fg

AND HIT PARADE

11

THE FRANK LOOK AT TODAY'S POP WORLD · DECEMBER · 2s 6d



**LOVE LETTERS
AND THE STONES**

PROBY CONFESSES

**THE BEATLE
WHO LOST OUT!**

INSIDE: ANIMALS-SANDIE-CLARK-CLIVE HOLLIES-KINKS-McQUEEN-POOL

Me
and my
**Disc
Jockey**



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rave invites you to:

MEET THE BEATLE WHO LOST OUT

page 15

invites you to:

JOIN Alan Freeman HEART-TO-HEART WITH Kink Ray Davies

page 12

LEARN BAD BOY PROBY'S CONFESSIONS

page 59

rave

and

HIT PARADE

DECEMBER No 11

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BACKSTAGE

Hi! We've been having a great time! A month-long party! And that was only getting it ready! The invitations are out ... and you've accepted ... so come right in!

'Course it wasn't all laughs. It was moving to read the Stones' letters (page 6), inspiring to recall Heinz's worst moment (page 56), for instance. Then there was Fred Gumshooter—in trouble as usual. Funnyman Alan Field (page 18) shows why Fred's not the man to ask to any rave!

Dodo's been keeping tracks of everything. She opens her Datebook on page 44—so stay with everything that's happening. Find our look-back at yesterdays, 5-4-3-2-1, on page 43.

Mike Grant's had his ears wide open on his nightly party round. The best gossip is his Starbeat (page 20).

Who's won a pair of the rave shoes? Raves all over (page 46) has the answer—and thanks for all the lowdown on what's good your way. Would like to hear more. Hurri-Kurri continues his crazy ways (page 47).

Every party's the better for having someone like rave's first Mr Gorgeous (page 64) around. Agree? Good!

Have a ball.

The Editor.

rave invites you to:

SEE THE MAGIC OF MICK | DIG THE DOGGIES

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rave invites you to:

A DREAM OF A PARTY

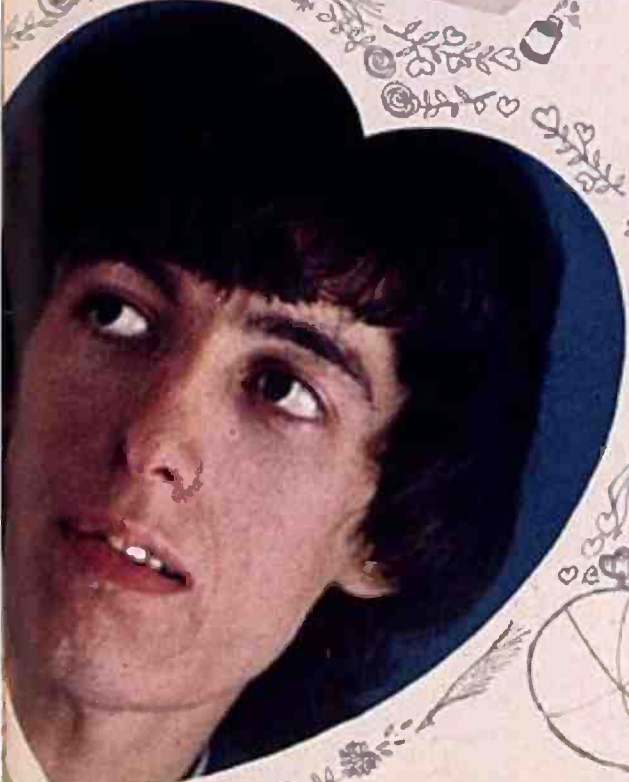
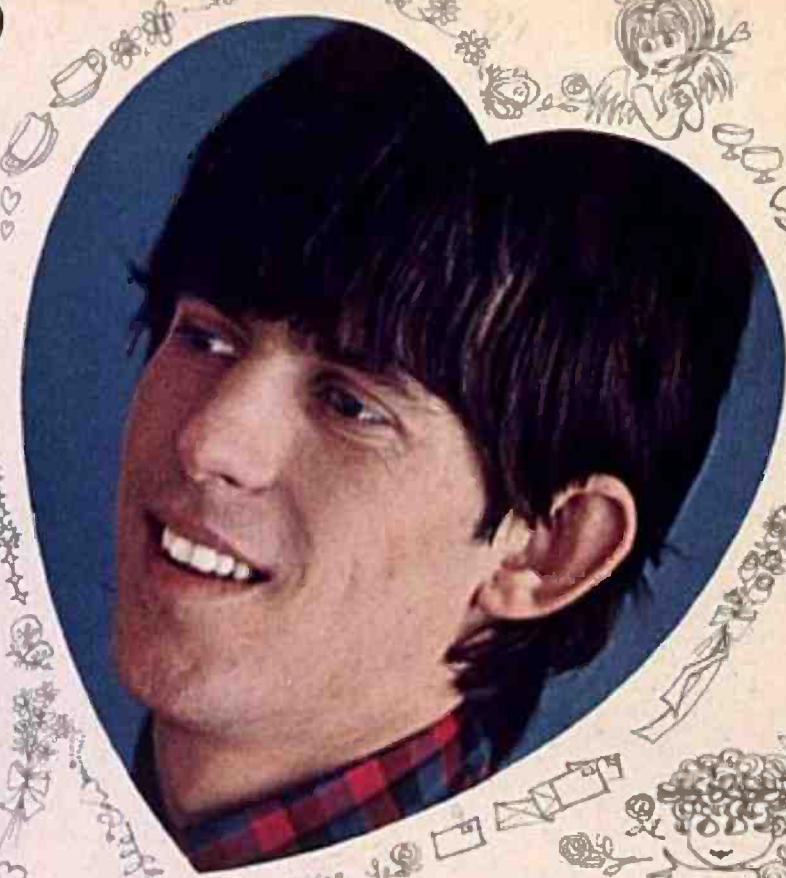
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COLOUR CREDITS: Cover, page 8: Terry O'Neill. 4/5/25/28/32/33/36/37: Phil James. 29: Dezo Hoffman. 60: G. Heinz. 61 (Animals): Richard Rosser. 64: David Magnus.

'I LOVE YOU, S



TONES'



Belinda

LOVE LETTERS AND THE STONES

They come from every corner of England and from the world's most famous cities . . . A thousand decrees of secret love reach the Rolling Stones every week . . . Questions, requests, frank criticism too . . . rave delves deep into the Stones' postbag . . .

What do you do in your spare time? Rehearse? Travel? Surely you must do other things than just Rolling Stones. Let me in on your secrets!
Pamela.

You're right, it's not all work, Pam. We spent hours playing with this old pram. It was great fun!—Mick.



Dear Mick,
 Really, all I want to say is that I love you very much. Does that sound corny? Well, it doesn't to me. You're my whole life, my world and my sole existence. Without you I'd die, mentally, that is. You make me feel that life is worth living.
Linda.

Dear Mick
 There is a lady next door whose mother thinks you are great. She's 77 and she calls you her boyfriend.
Margaret

Dear Stones -
 I think you have the appearance of good, sound, English gentlemen. Your manners & the way you talk prove that. Your sweet faces seem to be free of insignificance and modesty. Bless you all -
Kathleen
 XXXXX
 XXXXX

Dear Brian,
 I went with a friend to the Town Hall for your show. When it was over we sat sort of dazed for about five minutes, then I just sat and cried. When you've been daft over somebody for a year then you actually see what goes to your head. I can't explain what happens when I hear a harmonica but it gives me shivers.
Joan.

Dear Stones,
Last night I returned from a
Stones concert crying my eyes out.
Don't worry, I always do 'cos I'm nuts
about you. Today I've got a splitting
headache and a sore throat, but I
don't care. I saw the Stones!!!

Dear Charlie,
I'm very worried and concerned
about you. You always look so sad
and lonely. Please try to smile Paul

Dear Brian
Last week I managed to scrape up
enough money to buy "Five by Five". I
keep it by my bed so its the first
thing I see when I wake up. I
why am I so stupid to persist in be-
lieving I shall meet you one day. I even
pray about it and it is certainly not
the sort of thing I should pray for
when half the world is starving
Margaret



Dear Mick,
Last night I sat in the second
row. Do you remember me? You
looked at me long and hard, which
isn't surprising, because I'm a boy,
and you don't see many boys scream.
Bill smiled at me too.
Godfrey

Dearest Brian,
you're my friend so I know
you won't laugh if I confide
in you. My only other friend
is my sponge Gonk. I tell him
all my troubles. But he agrees
with my mother, that I should
go back with my boy friend.
Do you? Diane

Dear Stones,
Come on, what about a
look at your legs? How
can I tell my American
pen friend what gorgeous
hunks you are until I can
see for myself?
xxx♡ Sylvia ♡xxx



How about this, Sylvia?
Mick and Bill didn't take
the plunge, though. Too
much competition?—Keith.

rave

STONES



Dear Stones
My grateful
thanks for helping
me through for my GCE's! I
used to play your records
while I studied - now that
I've passed I'm a greater
Stones fan than before.
Jane

Last night I dreamt of you
again, Brian. This time I was
at a dance hall when all the
Stones came in. Both you and
Mick asked me to dance and I
chose Mick! It was a smooch number,
too. Jane.

I've just come back from seeing my ex-
boyfriend, Mick. He asked me to go back with
him and I said no. I told him it was because
he wouldn't take second place to you. He lost
his patience and asked me why I couldn't be
like any normal girl - putting her boyfriend
first and a pop star second. I told him I
wasn't any normal girl. Carol

Dear Charli,
Every one
in my family thinks the
Stones are great. Well
all except Katharine, who's
two years old. She looked at
my picture of Mick and said
"Bow Wow".
Diana

Dear Mick
My sister can't
decide whether
you are hands-
ome or not. How
about a picture?
Jane

Dear Charli,
I think you're the greatest
friend, loves Paul McCartney. We went to
see a "Hard Day's Night" and all through we
had arguments comparing you and Paul. It's
worse at home. Mother says you are the
ugliest crackpot she has ever seen! -
Patricia

X X X X X X X X X

Dear Stones
I'm in love with an
American girl and saving
very hard to join her. I've
stopped going to the pictures
and only buy half as many
records now. I'm only 17 and
I don't get a high wage. I know
it's no good asking you for a
job, but can you help me get to
America? We won't be able
to see each other for another
2 1/2 years otherwise.
Graham

X X
X X X





Dear Bill,

The other day I saw a little boy playing outside a theatre where you were appearing. Was he your son Stephen? June

No, June, it wasn't Stephen. It's not fair to drag him round touring with us. But he's so cute I can't wait to get home.—Bill.

Dear Charlie,

I used to like Mick better than anyone. But when I saw you, I thought, "Boy, it's him I like." I saw you in Bristol and couldn't take my eyes off you. Everytime I screamed you looked straight at me.—Angela

Dear Charlie,

Even when I'm sleeping I dream about you. My sister is nervous because she can't manage to dream about you or the Stones. I'm trying to convert my husband to Stones music. He's a bliff Richard fan and I'm having a bit of a job. Elizabeth

Dear Stones, I don't suppose you'd call to adopt a ginger Ritten? My grandpa's cat had had a Ritten in the spare bedroom. No? black ones could have a couple of black ones instead. Sabs.

Dear Brian,

My mother's best friend lives next door to your auntie and grandmother. My mother's friend's cousin, who lives in the same house, was best man at your father's wedding. Go on, ask your dad. It's true. You don't know how much I wish you could find the time to visit your grandmother! — Ann

You are Mr. Wonderful, Mick, gorgeous and I want to marry you. I have blond hair (which is going brown). I am growing it long. I have grey eyes and I am nearly 14. If you wait another year we can go to Southern Ireland and get married. + + + + +



IT'S FANTASTIC THEY'RE SO VERY DEVOTED says MICK



BY MIKE HELLICAR



*Dear Stones,
I've always wondered
what you do with the things
thrown at you. Is it true that you don't
like things thrown at you on stage?
Charlie*

*We don't like things thrown at us.
It's dangerous! If any sweets land our
way, we eat 'em. Toys we take home.—
Charlie.*

*Dear Keith,
I was the one who made the apple pie
and left it on your van outside the
theatre at Leeds. I'm glad you liked it
and thanks for getting your road manager
to write. I think you've got lovely ears.
I'm not kidding. I really mean it. -
Linda
X X X X*

*Dear Brian,
Please keep your hair long, it's
great. I'm growing mine so I'll
have it like Cathy McGowan's on
"Ready Steady, Go." How about
having an hour show on TV like the
Beatles did? That would be really
crisp.
Linda
X X X*

A gold-lacquered cufflink glittered in the sunlight shining through the window as we talked. Mick Jagger toyed with the link—and suddenly the room was bathed in reflections as he tossed it into the lap of a huge gonk doll sitting nearby.

Mick's face creased into a grin. "That link was one of a pair sent to me anonymously," he explained. "The gonk is one of dozens that reach the Stones every week. It's fantastic the presents we get."

As Mick talked, he casually took a letter from the top of the pile. Almost without looking he tore it open. That famous Jagger grin opened up again.

"Just look at this," he said. "Dear Mick, I would like to marry you. I'm old enough and my friends say I'm the type you'd like!"

"We get love letters all the time," he added.

"Not many girls go so far as to propose, but we treat all the letters seriously. If a girl didn't care for us, she wouldn't write and say she did. But it's a pity we can't meet all the writers."

Presents

"One girl told me she was going to Spain with her parents for a holiday. She said she had only £2 spending money, but she would bring me back a present."

"I asked her not to spend money on me—but she brought round a beautiful pair of cufflinks when she got back. They must have taken up nearly all her money."

Mick's arm, immaculately covered in a spotless white shirt sleeve, swept round the room. It came to rest pointing at a big cardboard box. A huge pile of letters cascaded from the top of it, some spilling to the floor.

"I reckon we get a thousand letters a week," he said. "We try to answer as many as we can,

but it gets a bit difficult if we're away on tour or something. Most of them ask questions. Some writers apologise for bothering us—they needn't be sorry, because we like getting letters.

"Not all the letters are nice, though. Some tell us to drop dead. Others—from people who say they're Beatles fans—contain dead spiders and insects. Ugh!

Parcels

"We had a parcel from America and we couldn't wait to open it. I started to unwrap the box when Brian noticed an awful smell."

"None of us wanted to go any further—it might have been something really unpleasant in the box. Anyway, it turned out that someone had sent us fish and it had rotted. Charming!"

Mick confirmed that most presents found their way to the Stone to which they were addressed. "I treasure a solid silver heart-shaped locket that someone sent me," he said. "Bill Wyman gets a lot of presents for his son, Stephen—you know, sweets and toys."

"Packets of cigarettes are arriving all the time. Even lighters. Two sixteen-year-old girls called in every week with a bottle of whisky. They must have been spending a good part of their earnings on drink for us!"

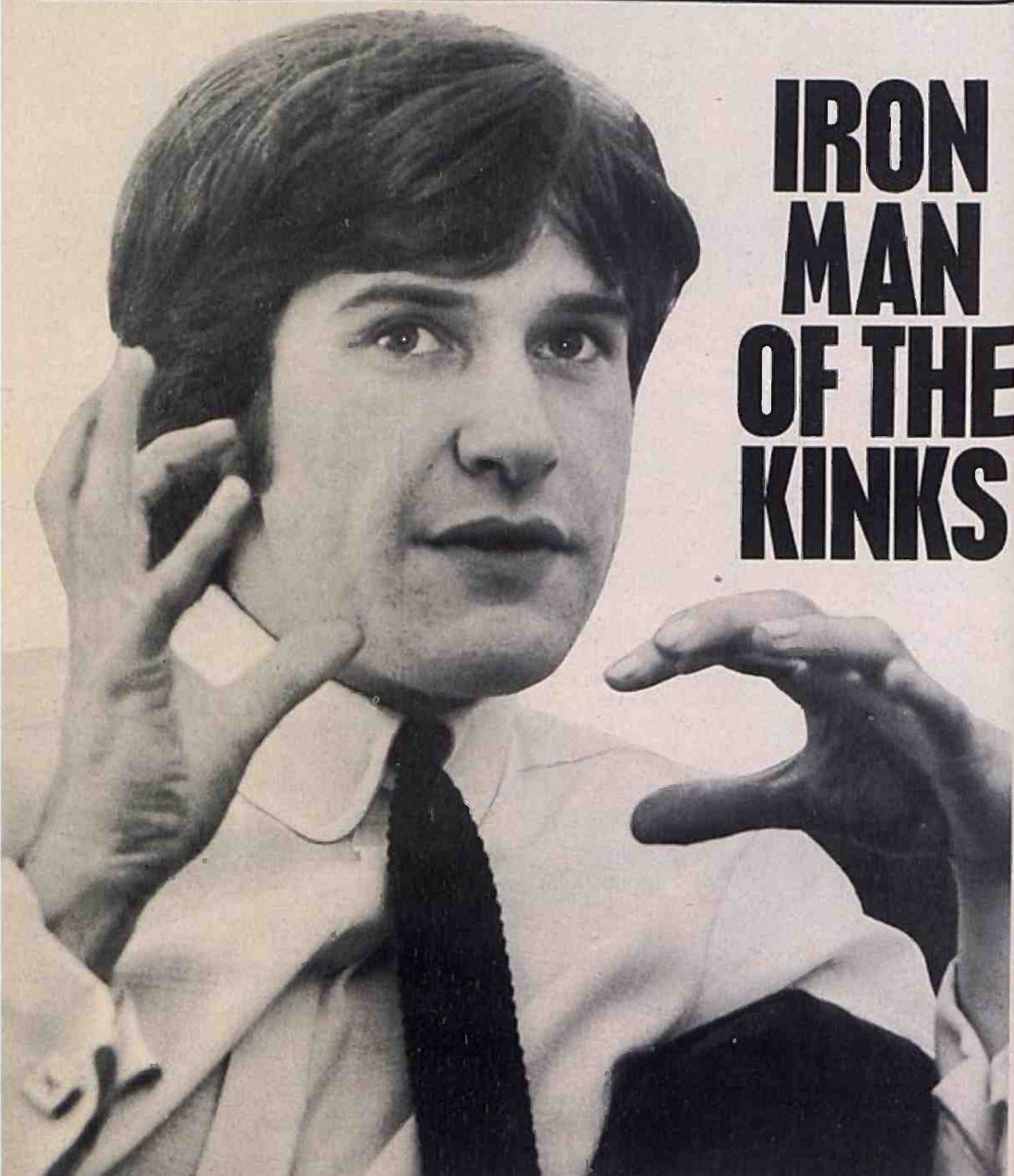
"Keith gets lots of chocolates. Charlie gets ties and handkerchiefs. And the gonks—they finish up at our homes. Mind you, we're finding that accommodation for them is getting a bit limited."

As a pretty girl secretary stooped to take a handful of letters from the box, Mick stood silently, watching her. Then he turned to me and said: "You know, people don't have to send us presents and letters."

"The fact that it's all so spontaneous makes it so wonderful. That's why the least we can do is to answer as many as we possibly can personally."

PROVOCATIVE - PERSONAL - PROBING
ALAN FREEMAN HEART-TO-HEART
WITH RAY DAVIES

**IRON
MAN
OF THE
KINKS**



Pop-pickers, just suppose you could offer a star at the top of his tree the chance to get away from it all. Give up the crowds, the adulation, the fame and the mobbing to live on a remote island with nothing but a guitar for company.

Who'd do it? Who'd give up stardom and all its glitter to be an unknown once again? Do you know a star who would? I didn't until my doorbell rang loud and clear the other afternoon...

The firm, insistent ring echoed round my flat and startled the cockney sparrows on the roof garden. At the door was Ray Davies, leader of the Kinks.

"Hi, Alan", he said, and shook hands. Very firmly and with a smile as wide as his interests—which range from singing, playing guitar, acting, football and songwriting to way-out girls.

We'd both worked on the same shows before, but we'd never had time to sit down for a real natter. I'd always regarded Ray as a strong, forceful type. A born leader. And I soon found out I wasn't wrong.

As we settled down for our chat, I thought I'd try him out on that bit about getting away from it all. I figured, pop-pickers, that Ray might be the ideal guy to ask.

"Ray", I said, "Suppose I was a rich and influential person and I offered you the chance to go to a faraway island to study classical guitar. And the condition was that you practised for six hours a day, seven days a week for three years. What would you say to that?"

It didn't need a moment's

"Things have quietened down a bit now," said Ray. "Twelve months ago I was much busier being unknown. I was at art school and nearly driven out of my mind, wondering how I was going to fit in all my interests.

"There were art lessons, drama school, the group and football. Then I had to eat, sleep, study and live like a normal person. The drama school was diverting my interests a bit and that's why I've got a strong urge to act now."



thought for Ray to come up with his reply.

"Alan, I'd love it", he said, his strong, supple fingers working to emphasise his enthusiasm. "I'd jump at the opportunity even if the Kinks were at the top of the charts that very week.

"But do you know what? I'd promise myself that at the end of the three years I'd be the

very best guitarist in the world. I love all the stardom that surrounds the Kinks, but I'd give it up to better myself."

He'd give up his home, his friends, his fame—to challenge the unknown in a search for perfection!

That's when the determination of Raymond Douglas Davies hit home, pop-pickers. A determination which he told

"I don't want to stay at the top and have it made for the rest of my life," he told me as we got the coffee ready. "I hope I'll still be struggling when I'm 40 years old.

"Do you know, Alan, I'm friendly with a photographer who, to me, seems to be at the top of his profession. Really, though, he's struggling.

"He's at the top, but he's in debt. He fights to keep his head above water. Don't you see—struggling makes him take good pictures!"

me began nine years ago when he was just eleven years old.

"Someone gave me a Spanish guitar" he said, a slow grin spreading round his dark, handsome features. "I practised for two years, solid. After that I got an amplified guitar and fell in love with the sounds I could make and the power that boomed out."

"I didn't know I'd be earning ●



Ray heaved his 6 ft frame up from the couch and crossed to the piano. He tinkled at the keyboard. "What do you think of this?" he asked, running through an idea he's got for a song.

"Right now, songs are all about boy meets girl. I think that pretty soon this theme will fade out—but have you got any idea what's going to replace them, Alan?"

I had to admit I hadn't.

my living playing the guitar", he said seriously as I filled his coffee cup.

"I thought I'd probably end up as a draughtsman or something like that.

"I'm quite good with my hands. I love sketching girls eating or dancing."

I thought it was time to turn the conversation back to the Kinks as they are today. "Are

I wanted to know if the Kinks are really as wild and unconventional in private life as they are on stage. "No, we conform," Ray emphasised with a shy smile.

"We feel our music is different, but we're not the sort of blokes who rebel for the sake of it."



you all good pals with each other?" I asked Ray. "What would happen, for example, if you *did* go to that faraway place to practise?"

"A few months ago we thought we were a closely-knit unit, Alan", he replied. "We realise now that we weren't. If one of us had left we wouldn't have broken up. It's different now. We've got a sound and

we're successful. The group couldn't go on if any changes were made."

Ray dug deep into the biscuit tin to find some plain chocolate crackers. "Would you ever give up being a Kink for any other reason?"

"No—not even to act", he replied. "I'm very keen on acting and drama. When I'm singing, it's just like being an actor. You've got to vary your make-up and style to suit each song. Being a Kink is an art—only I'm dabbling in sounds, not pictures."

By this time I could see that Ray Davies is plainly a confident, purposeful guy with a firm, no-nonsense jaw, a ready smile and a sense of humour that makes him very pleasant company.

I reminded Ray he was due at a rehearsal and he stood up to go. Really smart in blue corduroy jacket, pink tab-collar shirt and grey mohair trousers.

"Ray, what's in pop for you?" I asked as we walked to the door. It was a question I had wanted to ask him all afternoon.

He pressed the button to call the lift and turned to me. His grey-green eyes, so often burning with ambition, twinkled and smiled.

"When I walk on stage and see rows and rows of people who have paid to come in and see us, it makes me work very hard for them", he said. "That's the precise moment every night that makes me determined to give a good show."

That goes for all of us, pop-pickers. We may yearn for that

Desert Island. But could we do without the friendship that you pour across the flood-lights? Or give by a cheery wave from a bus?

All right? Stay bright! See you after Christmas—in rave—out December 31. I'll be Heart-to-heart with another top star.



A smile flickered across Ray's face. "We have some crazy times," he said. "We were travelling through Halifax the other day and Pete Quaife had his head stuck through the car window. He was pretending to have been kidnapped, yelling, 'Help, kidnap!' It was great fun watching people's faces."

THE BEATLE WHO LOST OUT!

**In a lonely caravan
rave finds the man
who started it all.
Name...Ken Brown**

Sometimes I could kick myself—HARD!
I could still be one of the Beatles—
earning thousands of pounds a week
instead of living in a caravan.

I was with John, Paul and George the
first time they played together at the Casbah.

I knew John's wife Cynthia—in fact I
saw their romance blossom—I knew George's
first girl-friend Ruth Morrison.

We shared everything—our music, and
the £3 a night we used to earn in those far
off days in August, 1958.

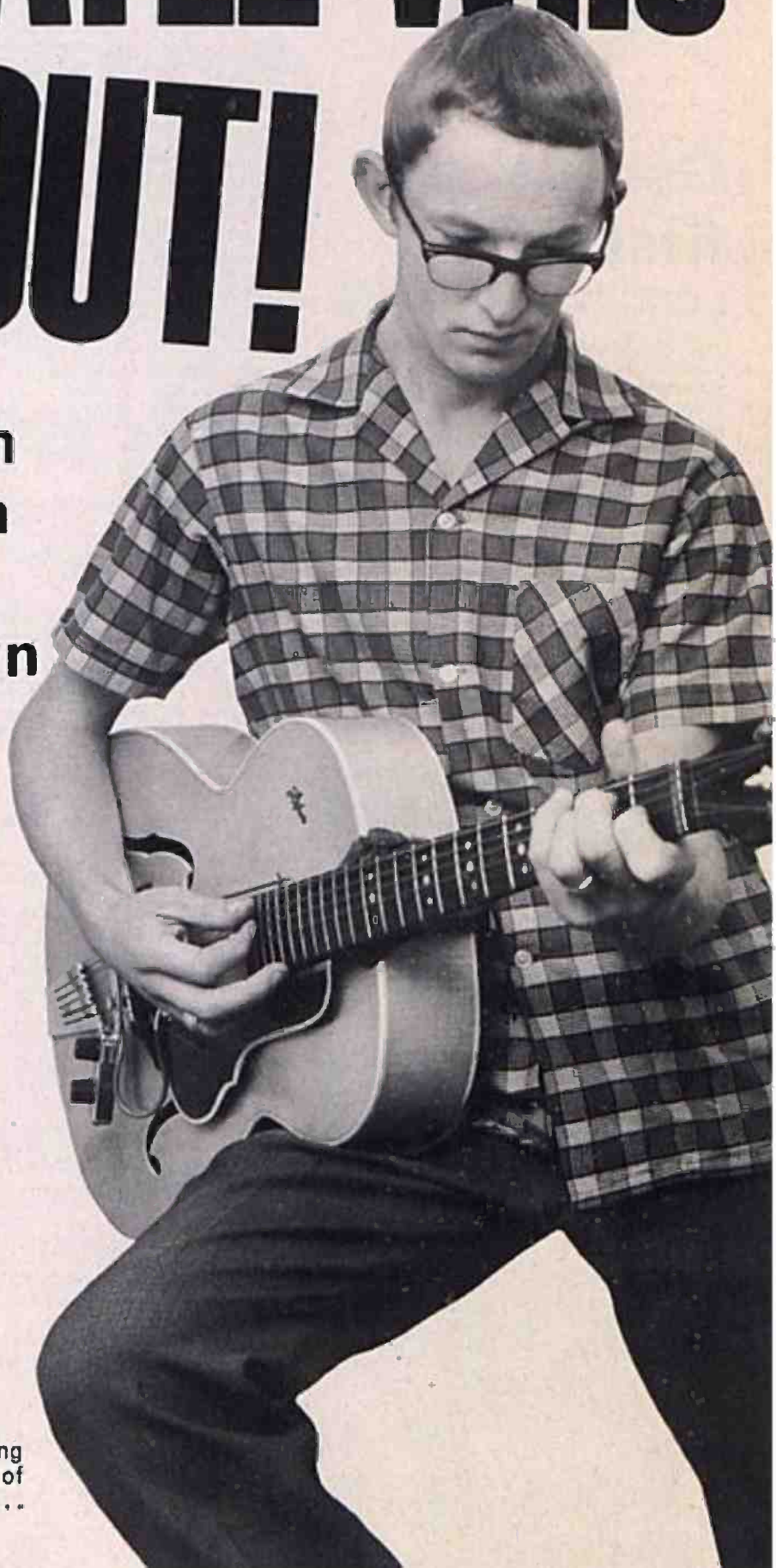
Now my old 10-watt amplifier lies, a little
tattered after six years, in a corner of my
caravan. The Hofner guitar I played hangs
on the wall and I still play it for my wife,
Marcia.

These are my only souvenirs. If it hadn't
been for a row over a paltry fifteen bob,
I might still be with them.

The memories flood back . . .

Ken Brown

KEN BROWN - 24, a shop assistant, married, living
in a caravan. His fortune is only of memories . . . of
the old days . . . of what could have been . . .



I knew the girl who



George's first date

I was with the Beatles the day they were formed—quite by accident. It happened like this.

It was summer, 1958. The skiffle craze had finished, and George Harrison and I were playing in the Les Stewart Quartet with a chap called Skinner. We spent hours practising in the Lowlands Club, Heyman's Green—but the most we ever earned was £2 for a wedding.

We would probably have gone on playing at clubs but for George's girl friend Ruth Morrison.

George had never been really keen on girls. He was still only 16 and at Liverpool Institute with Paul McCartney.

He suddenly seemed to go head over heels for Ruth, a lovely girl with long auburn hair who later moved to Birmingham to become a nurse. She was the first girl friend George had and they went everywhere together.

One evening the three of us were sitting in the Lowlands drinking coffee, moaning about the fact that we had nowhere regular to play.

Who's that lucky girl?
Where is she now?
COME FORWARD,
PLEASE! Clues: This
was the first picture to
be published of John and
Paul. They were then
known as the Quarry-
men. The year, 1958.



Ruth sat, twiddling a spoon, as we talked. Then she said: "Why don't you ask Mrs Best?"

"Who's that?" asked George, and Ruth explained that this woman at 8 Heyman's Green, was planning to open a coffee bar club.

"You go and see her," said George.

Mona Best lived in this great Victorian house and wanted to convert the basement into a club to be called the Casbah.

I offered to help. And for five months worked on the conversion with two pals.

Often, we worked past midnight. Then there was a three-mile walk home. But I didn't mind. Mrs Best promised that the Les Stewart Quartet would play at the club when it opened.

On the Saturday we were due to open, I went round to Les Stewart's house. George Harrison was sitting in the lounge, his Hofner guitar across his lap, idly plucking at the strings. The atmosphere seemed a bit tense.

"What's up?" I asked.

George looked down at his guitar, and said nothing. So I turned to Les, who is now with a Decca group the Long and the Short. He looked daggers. "You've been missing practice," he said.

"I know," I replied. "But only so's we can have somewhere to play; I've spent hours working up the club."

"You've been getting paid for it," challenged Les.

"No, I haven't."

"Well, I'm not going to play there," said Les, as our argument got steadily more heated. I turned to George. "Look," I said. "The club opens tonight. We've spent months waiting for this—you're not backing out, too?"

George thought for a moment. Then he told me that he would go on with me, so we left Les at his house.

★ ★ ★

As we were walking down the road, I turned to George and said: "We can't let Mrs Best down now. Let's try and get a group together ourselves. Do you know anyone?"

"There's two mates I sometimes play with out at Speke," ventured George.

"O.K., let's ask them," I said, and George went off on the bus, joining me two hours later at the Casbah with his two mates—John Lennon and Paul McCartney.

This was the first time I had met them. Paul was 15, still at school, and had a school-boyish haircut. But John was a bit of a beatnik, with his hair hanging over his collar, dressed in a check shirt and old jeans.

I told them we would each be paid fifteen bob a night. They seemed glad about that; most groups played just for experience.

We talked over various names to call ourselves, and finally settled on the Quarrymen, a name John had used once or twice before for skiffle groups he had formed since leaving Quarrybank Grammar School.

So, that night the Beatles were born—and the Casbah opened after all. We went down great, particularly when Paul sang "Long Tall Sally".

Our most popular numbers were John and Paul's vocals—I was the rhythm guitarist, John's pet solo was "Three Cool Cats", which he used to growl into the mike.

John was always very quiet. He was a lonely youngster, seldom talking about his family—maybe because his father had deserted him in childhood, and then his mother had been killed by a police car.

John and Cynthia— potty over each other

John seemed in need of affection, and depended on Cynthia, the girl he later married. Cyn, a lovely girl with long, blonde hair, travelled nearly thirty miles a night from her home in Hoylake just to watch John playing.

She used to sit at the side of the stage, mostly dressed in skirts and sweaters, never saying much. She seemed very shy.

Whenever we had a break for coffee and a sandwich, John would sit on the edge of the stage talking quietly to her.

Sometimes, when he was singing, he would turn to give her a little grin.

George and Paul thought it was a bit daft, really, a couple going potty over each other like that. Paul never really bothered much about girl friends, though they all went mad over him—especially when he sang romantic ballads like "Around The World".

George was not too keen on girls either, apart from Ruth. But he was not really in love with her, though perhaps she was with him.



George, John and Paul—with P

THE LIFE HE LEFT!

brought them together...

One evening I went round the back of the Casbah for some fresh air—it used to get very hot downstairs in the basement—and found Ruth sitting on a bench sobbing.

"What's the matter?" I asked, putting my arm round her shoulders to console.

"George won't go to the pictures with me," she sobbed. "He just doesn't seem to bother any more."

I went inside and told George, who was sitting down having coffee in the interval. He just shrugged, and we started playing again without his going out to Ruth.

That was the end of them, really. They still saw each other, but it was never the same after that.

OUT! JUST FOR A MEASLY 15 BOB!

For nine months, we played together at the Casbah. Until one night, just as we were due to start a Saturday session, I felt a crippling pain in my leg.

I could barely stand but insisted on doing something, so Mrs Best asked me to take the

money at the door instead—and, for the first time, John, Paul and George played without me.

Just as everyone was going home, I was sitting in the club when Paul came back down the steps. "Hey Ken, what's all this?" he said.

"What?" I asked him.

"Mrs Best says she's paying you, even though you didn't play with us tonight."

"That's up to her," I replied, as Paul bounded back up the stairs, still arguing over it with Mrs Best.

They all came downstairs to me. "We think your fifteen bob should be divided between us as you didn't play tonight," said Paul.

"That's up to Mrs Best," I said, as the argument continued. By this time, we were all shouting. And Mrs Best insisted on paying me the 15s.

"Right, that's it then," shouted Paul, and they stormed off down the drive towards West Derby village, shouting that they would never play at the Casbah again.

But that wasn't the last time I saw them—or the last time they played at the Casbah. Though we didn't play together again.

I hadn't left the Beatles; the Beatles had left me.

So broke I lent them 20 quid

The last time Ken Brown saw the Beatles was on March 16, 1963. They were temporarily broke—and wanted to borrow £20.

Ken had moved to London and married Marcia. Their telephone rang:

It was Neil Aspinall, the Beatles road manager. He told me the boys were in a bit of a jam.

They had run out of money.

The next night they were due to appear in Sheffield. Unless someone had helped them out, they would have had to sleep in the van.

Neil wondered if I would lend them £20.

Eventually, I agreed and they all turned up at our flat. Neil came to the door, but the boys didn't even get out of the van so Marcia and I went down to see them.

I handed over the money, which they repaid me six weeks later.

I told them we were moving into a caravan.

"Great," said Paul. "We'll all drop in to see you one night." But they never did.

Now, I only see the Beatles on TV.



on drums, but still a long way from the top .. and still more changes to come just round the corner.

After splitting with Ken Brown, the Quarrymen barely hung together. By early 1959, dates were scarce—though John, Paul and George still rehearsed together.

All three of them felt their sound needed a little depth, which was how Stuart Sutcliffe came to join them.

He could play no instruments, but was talented enough as an artist to sell his paintings and buy a bass guitar—and that was a good enough start.

They needed a drummer, too. But that was a problem;

drum equipment was expensive—so anyone with the gear was given a chance to join in. There were many drummers, but few lasted long.

After a lot of disappointments things took a turn for the better. Alan Williams—now owner of the Blue Angel Club, late-night venue for all Liverpool's young beat musicians—became the Beatles' manager.

He started booking them for many Merseyside beat shows, and through an arrangement with Larry Parnes—secured their first tour: A fortnight

in Scotland, backing Johnny Gentle for £15 a week each.

★ ★ ★

Gentle, now one of the Viscounts, remembers the tour well:

At first I wondered what on earth Parnes had sent me.

They arrived in jeans and sweaters; the roughest bunch of lads I had seen in my life.

John and Stu were both at art college, and looked it. Their hair fell over their collars, while Stu sported a beard.

George was then serving an apprenticeship, and looked neat—as did Paul, who was still at

school studying for his A-levels

John told me excitedly: "This is our big break—we've been waiting for this."

Every night, we were booked for different dance halls in Scotland though we stayed in Inverness.

Some of the girls didn't like the Beatles much, and complained to the promoter that they were no good.

At the end of the first week, he wanted to sack them and use a local group instead.

John was down-hearted. "We

THE PARTY'S OVER

"I'M PUTTING ON ME
BLACK TIE...
-SHININ' UP ME
CUBANS....
-FLUFFIN UP ME
-AIR" 83)

Little Fred
Gumshooter
is all chuffed
(He is getting in
drag to go to a
big posh rave.)



LET US ALL
WATCH HIM
TO SEE THE
SECRET OF
HIS SOCIAL
SUCCESS!

First he
checks
his
invitation...

↓ DIG THE JOHN LENNON BINS



"IT SAYS
HERE
BRING A
BOTTLE!
OK, I'M NOT
MEAN, I'LL
TAKE A
MILK BOTTLE"

Then His Party Tackle



"Lessee nah! got
me NORTHERN PHRASE Book 'case I
RUN INTO A CHICK FROM BEDFORD OR
SOMEWHERE... ME EMPTY FAGCASE TO
FILL UP SOON AS I GET THERE, RINGO'S
AUTOGRAPH (FORGED) TO MAKE SURE OF
A BIT OF COOPERATION AND ME HOLLOW
SCREW-OFF CUBAN HEEL FULL OF BROWN ALE."

AND THEN A JIMMY NICHOL BASH ON THE
APPROPRIATE FRONT DOOR & A FAST BIT OF
moody...

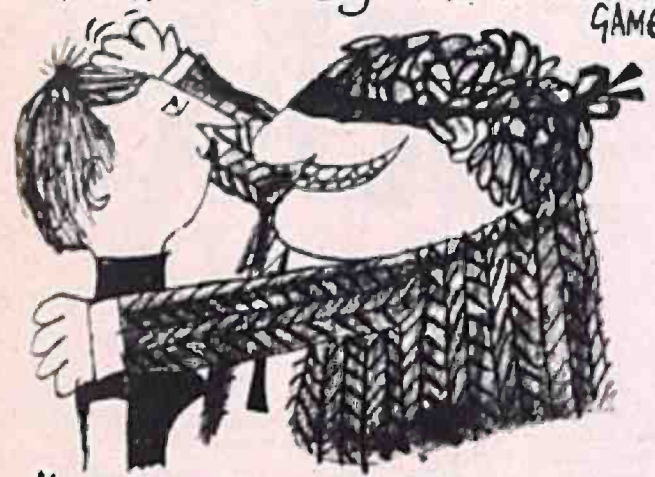


"GOOD EVENING LUV IF IT HADN'T HAVE BEEN
FOR THEM FURRY CARPET SLIPPERS YOU'VE
GOT ON I'D HAVE SWORN YOU WAS SANDIE SHAW!
-HOW ABOUT SAVING THE LAST HULLY GULLY FOR ME?"

—at least, it will be when Fred Gumshooter gets within sniffing distance of your punch bowl!

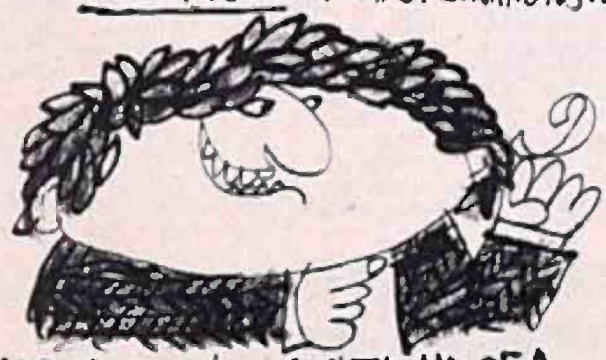
ONCE INSIDE...

...the never-failing GUMSHOOTER CHARM runs RIFE!! He is A BIG HIT IN ALL THE PARTY GAMES...

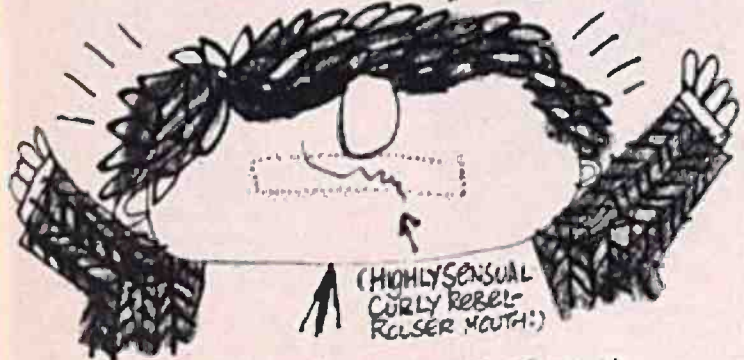


"IS IT A FELLER?"

... AND SPECIALISES IN IMPERSONATIONS...



"NOW GUYS & GALS WITH THE AID OF A MINUTE DOB OF SELLOTAPE I GIVE YOU..."



CLIFF BENNETT!

(IF YOU THINK THATS POOR, ASK HIM TO DO BILLY J. WITH DADS SPARE TOP SET OF CHOMPERS)

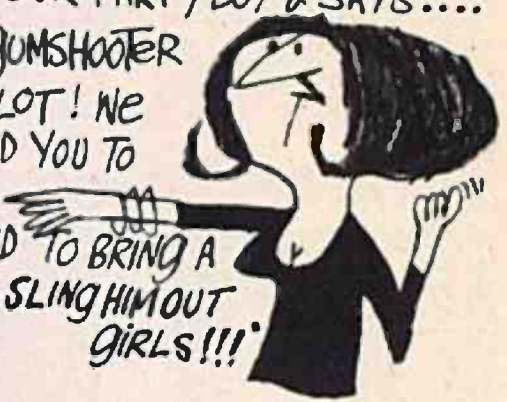
SEVERAL SIMILAR PERFORMANCES LATER... FRED LEADS THE ASSEMBLY INTO A JERRY LEE LEWIS medley!



WHEN THE PIANO FINALLY CRASHES TO THE FLOOR...

THE CHARMING PETITE HOSTESS SHIMMERS ACROSS TO OUR PARTY BOY & SAYS....

"ALLRIGHT GUMSHOOTER THATS YOUR LOT! WE ONLY ASKED YOU TO COME 'COS YOU PROMISED TO BRING A MATO, SO... SLING HIM OUT GIRLS!!!"



"IF ONLY THEY'D HAVE GIVEN ME"



TIME TO DO MY DAVE BERRY FINGER!

WHO'S WITH WHO AT THE CHRISTMAS SHINDIGS?

With the Christmas party round bursting into life at any moment now, I've been checking on who's likely to be escorting who to the pop parties this year. You can almost take it for granted that Paul and Jane will be together. So will Ringo and Maureen and John and Cynthia.

George and Pattie won't let the season go by without a date. Only the other day Pattie remarked: "I've got no idea what to buy George for Christmas. What can a millionaire possibly want?" Earplugs to blot out the sound of girls eating crisps, perhaps?

Viv Prince, drummer with the Pretty Things, has been squiring pretty Sally Ann Shaw, a former friend of George and Ringo. Mersey-beat Tony Crane will be with Aaron Williams' sister, Carol.

Peter Asher and Millie have been at the hand-holding stage for months. And Gordon Waller is likely to renew his friendship with Lord Killearn's daughter Roxana Lampson, I'm told.

Who else? Well, P. J. Proby and John Leyton's sister, Sarah, are close. Tom Springfield is a keen party-goer and lately he's been seen with Louise Cordet.

For a really good impromptu folk session at parties, Marianne Faithfull likes to team up with Chad Stuart and Jeremy Clyde. Jeremy, she tells me, is a favourite boyfriend.

Those eligible Stones are planning a holiday around Christmas time, so they'll be away from it all. Mick Jagger and Christine Shrimpton will try not to miss too many parties, though. Like most pop people, they love a good old shindig. Everyone agrees that record and TV companies give the best parties.

■ Brian Poole and the Tremeloes don't want people to know this—but they have donated £1,000 to the small Holy Cross Hospital in Haslemere, Surrey. The cash will go towards a new swimming pool in the grounds of the hospital.

Why are they trying to keep it quiet? A friend explained: "Brian is afraid that people might think the donation was made to get publicity for the group. It wasn't—it was an action from the heart."

Brian's manager, Peter Walsh, was recently a patient at the hospital. He was so impressed

that he asked the group if they would call to see the nurses and patients when they had a ball-room date in the area.

They did—and after having a look round, Brian and the Tremeloes decided to club together to raise the cash. A gesture that deserves publicity because of its spontaneity and sincerity.

■ It seems rave really started something when we called P. J. Proby "the Living Legend" on the front cover of the August issue. Since then, the title has stuck and he is



billed all over the country in this way.

Proby told me at a party the other night: "I got a thrill when I saw that rave had given me this name. And the article that went with it I thought was the best ever written about me. I treasure that edition."

■ Gene Pitney has taken a close interest in Bobby Shafto during his current visit to Britain. Gene went to one of Bobby's recording sessions recently and gave some friendly and helpful advice.

The last time Gene helped out at a recording session here was when the Rolling Stones made

"Not Fade Away"—and that became their first big hit. Will he do the same for Bobby?

■ I've heard of people being turned away from clubs and restaurants because they've no tie—but what about the time Dave Berry arrived at a night-spot without a shirt?

There he was, sitting in a corner of the swinging Hippo Club in Nottingham, coat collar turned up, trying to hide his shirtless self.

"I've come here straight from the theatre where I was appearing earlier this evening", he grinned self-consciously. "As I was leaving, I got mobbed—and the shirt was torn off me strip by strip."

"Luckily, the doorman at the club was very sympathetic. Seems there's nothing in the rules that says a member can't go in if he's not wearing a shirt!"

■ Billy Fury will make two more films for Anglo Amalgamated within the next eighteen months. He completed "I've Gotta Horse" last month a week ahead of schedule. The next one will start in the Spring.

■ The Dave Clark Five are a pretty photogenic bunch, I'm sure you'll agree. But just lately they've been turning the tables on photographers by whipping out their own cameras whenever anything snap-worthy looms in sight.

The reason: they've all been bitten by the camera bug. I estimate they have spent more than £1,500 on equipment. Every member of the group spends his spare time either snapping away or in the dark room, developing their latest shots.

From expensive Japanese sub-miniature cameras to the latest in light meters, zoom lenses and

Ringo—an eye for a pretty girl



Maureen Cox



Jane Asher

■ There's no doubt that Ringo Starr has an eye for a pretty girl. He's been busy with his camera again—and these pictures of French actress Sophie Hardy (left), Maureen Cox and Jane Asher are his own work. They're my pick of his best pics.

Ringo and Sophie met when the Beatles were in Paris. No, he resisted the temptation to call out: "Hey, you're skirt's torn." He took her photograph instead!

Could be that Maureen is a constant reminder of his home and childhood in Liverpool. Anyway, she's preserved on film now. And why is Jane looking so cross? She was just readying her camera to snap him—but he got in first!

movie cameras, the Five can—and often do—outsnap any photographer who comes their way.

"One photographer was so amazed at the equipment we showed him that he offered us jobs in his studio if ever we need to find other work", said Dave.

Favourite subjects for the Five's lenses; Blackpool, Kathy Kirby, each other, America, London and photographers photographing!

Dave Davies, 17-years-old youngest member of the Kinks, has developed a keen interest in photography, too. He's building a darkroom at his home in Finchley and intends to perfect his style by trial and error.

"My best picture so far is of our Alsatian dog, Susie, running down the garden towards me", he said.



"... and now guys and gals, here's that petite little beauty, Cilla Black, slinking up to the mike to give us her latest hit..."

■ Sandie Shaw would have made her name as a way-out dress designer if she'd not emerged first as a singer. So says Adam Faith, who is helping to guide Sandie's career.

"You should see the blotting pads in my office," laughed Adam, as we watched Sandie singing her No 1 hit on TV. "Every little scrap of paper is covered with her doodlings of new clothes styles.

"Some of her designs are quite brilliant. She was going to enrol as an art student and would have done well, I think. As it is, she's now in a position to set many of next year's big fashion trends."

The day that Sandie got to the top, she sent Adam a telegram. It read: "Thanks for planting my bare feet on the ladder of success."

■ Indirectly, John Lennon and Paul McCartney were responsible for persuading Honor Blackman to make an LP. When Decca first asked her to cut a set of tracks, she declined.

Then she read the lyrics of John and Paul's "World Without Love"—and promptly changed her mind. "I was so impressed with the song that I knew I had to record it," she told me.

■ Lots of people are following the sensational career of independent record producer Mickie Most with interest. He's the man who launched the Animals, Nashville Teens and Herman's Hermits and brought Brenda Lee back into the British charts.

These days his telephone rarely stops ringing with requests from established recording artists who want him to handle their discs.

Now Mickie tells me that he will soon achieve a long-felt ambition—twofold. "I've always wanted to discover, record and launch a new girl singer," he said. "I've heard two—and they're both too good to miss!"

■ Searchers drummer Chris Curtis has an embarrassing secret—his real name. He has always used the name of Curtis professionally. Even his friends in Liverpool (who take pride in

referring to Ringo as Rick Starkey!) call him Chris Curtis.

But now I can reveal that at home he's Chris Crummey! He refuses to discuss the reasons why he no longer uses the name he was born with.

A close friend told me: "Chris doesn't want to talk about this." Why? Well would any drummer like to be told he was Crummey?

Dionne's valet—a second 'dad'

Dionne Warwick must be the only girl singing star to have a male valet. His name is Willie Dixon and I met him during Dionne's country-wide tour with the Searchers and the Isley Brothers.

"Willie's an old friend of my family—he's known us so long that he's beginning to treat me like a daughter," Dionne told me with a chuckle.

While they were here, Willie celebrated his 26th birthday—and Dionne bought him a suede sweater. Before he had time to wear it, the sweater was destroyed in a Devon hotel fire!

FROGMAN GERRY

Gerry Marsden has developed a taste for underwater swimming since he bought a boat during the summer. And if an irate hotel manager is wondering about the pools on the bathroom floor after Gerry left, perhaps I'd better let him explain...

"I bought an underwater swimming kit the other afternoon", he told me. "It was marvellous—rubber suit, snorkel, the lot. I thought I'd try it out.

"I filled the bath full of cold water and climbed in. After a lot of splashing about beneath the surface, I convinced myself that it really worked.

"Trouble is, I went to sleep. The rest of the boys found me next morning floating on top!"

■ Dusty Springfield had a smashing party to show her many friends the smart new flat she has taken in London's Baker Street. Yes, it was smashing all right. Particularly where the crockery was concerned.

Pop people including Gene Pitney, Eden Kane, Kenny Lynch and Martha and the Vandellas crowded into the flat.

As the evening wore on, so everyone became more and more lively. Dusty's parties tend to get like that because she's a great practical joker and sees fun in everything.

Suddenly, Dusty started aiming her own crockery at the walls. Smash! Bang! It didn't take a moment for everyone to get the general idea and join in. Soon, there was a cup-and-saucer throwing crowd at one end of the room!

Nobody minded. Dusty specially buys cheap crocks when she feels like having a fling!



Twinkle

■ Eight months ago, when the Bachelors were the hit of the Lena Horne show at the London Palladium, I wandered backstage to talk to Con, Dec and John about their success.

But the dressing room was empty—except for a shapely little blonde curled up on a couch. "The boys have just rushed out," she explained. "They won't be long. My name's Lynn Ripley."

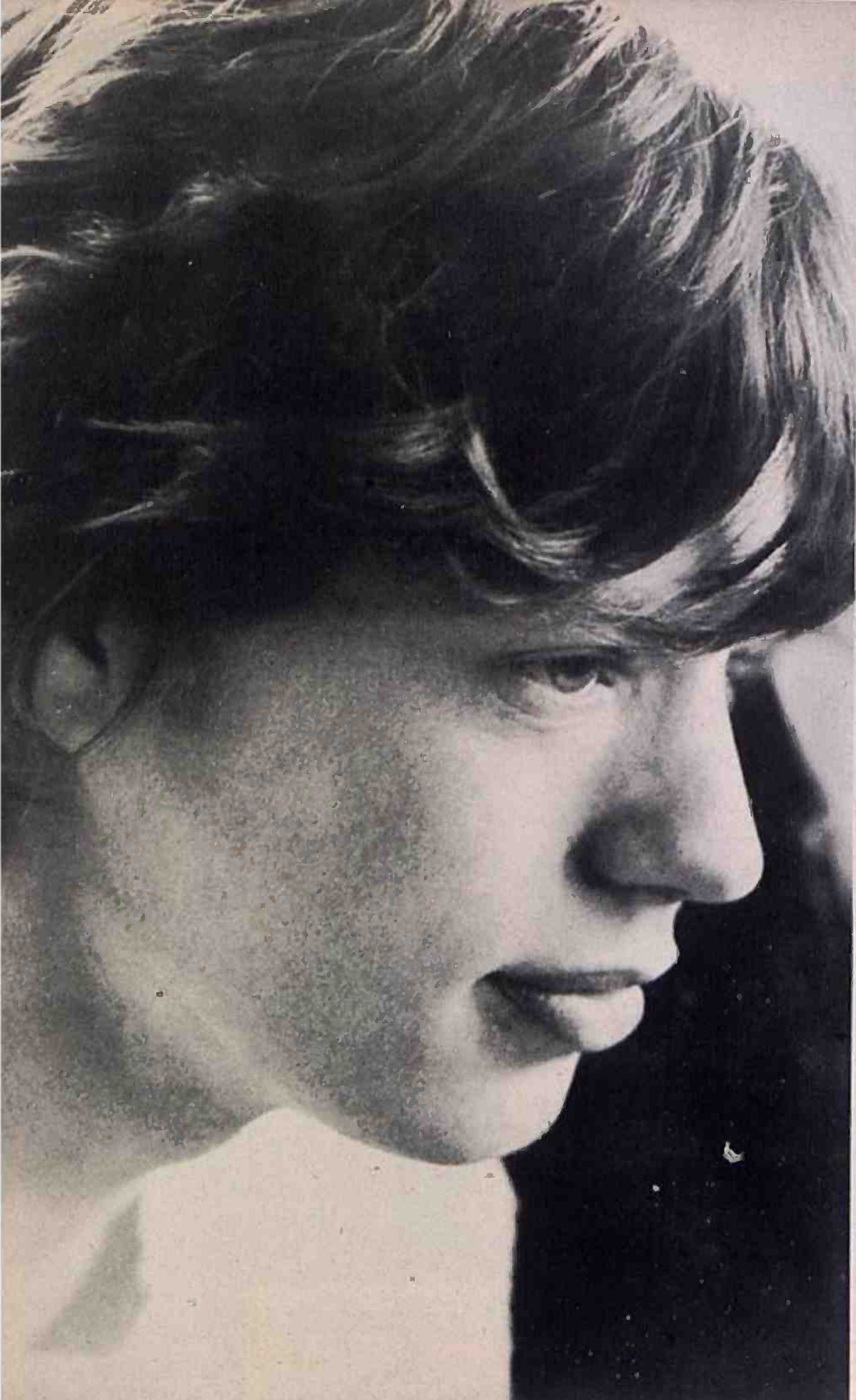
Lynn told me she wanted to be a singer. Pretty name, I thought to myself. It suits her. And I am sorry to see that she's now calling herself Twinkle. It's not nearly as attractive as her real name. Her record, "Terry"—which the Bachelors are helping promote—isn't bad, though.

Our talk in the dressing room switched to the Bachelors. "I'm very fond of Dec," she said. "I met him at a party more than a year ago. But we've only been seeing each other for six months or so.

"When he's appearing in London, I can see as much of him as I want—but he travels so much that I sometimes have to go ages without seeing him."



■ They're turning their back on the world for a very good reason. Who are they? See if you can guess—then check the answer on page 61.



THE MAGIC OF MICK

We want more of Mick—that's what thousands of you wrote after last month's great photo feature, "Stones Off-Beat." So here he is—caught by the world's top photographers—for you to keep and treasure



DREAM OF



*It's the night of
the year—
and I want you
to share it!*

Cathy Mc.Gowan

Lights of all colours . . . Soft and shaded . . . The background sound of the Beach Boys singing "Wendy" . . . The Beatles nattering away either side of me—and the Stones creased up with laughter a few feet away . . . Cliff talking earnestly to Sandie Shaw . . . Billy Walker heading for the dance floor with Dusty Springfield . . . Cilla asking Sean Connery rapid-fire questions about James Bond. . . .

I had better come clean: I have started to romanticise! Cathy's Dream Party—that's the big idea on my mind. Well—every girl has the right to day-dream now 'n' then. I hope you'll go along with that. If you do, here's where I take things a stage further and say: Come right on in to my dream party! Be where I am . . . See what I see . . . Share my thoughts . . . There's super pictures of Dream People, too . . . Right? . . . FIVE-FOUR-THREE-TWO-ONE—we're away!

CILLA'S SCREAM WELCOMES CARY

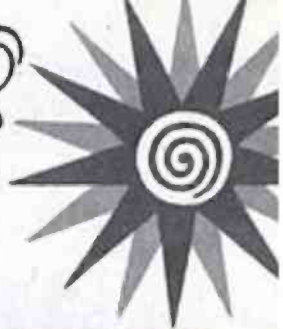
Midnight is drawing near and I've got my eye on the door of the club where I'm holding my party. Right now I'm surrounded by just about every pop name you can think of. But in just a minute, my guests will get the surprise of their lives!

Cilla's scream of delight tells me my special guests are arriving! As I run towards the door to greet them I see tall, handsome Cary Grant handing in his coat. Behind him, a smiling Elizabeth Taylor and her husband Richard Burton.

"Hi, Cary!" I shout, thinking to myself that Mum's going to tell me off for not calling him Mr Grant. "Hi, Elizabeth and Richard," Then the Beatles shake hands

page 26 • • •

A PARTY!



DAVE CLARK

CATHY MCGOWAN



DREAM OF A PARTY!



High voltage Shirley MacLaine



Trombonist Paul Newman



Pace-setters Liz Taylor and Richard Burton

with them and introduce them to the Stones who make way for Cilla, Dave Clark, Cliff, the Hollies and everyone else.

Mister Dynamite himself—Steve McQueen—walks in with another tremendous actor, Paul Newman. "Guess I thought I'd bring my trombone in case you're out of music, Cathy," grins Paul.

In breezes that high voltage personality Shirley MacLaine—there's always plenty of fun when she's around. Lovely Natalie Wood, shy and demure as ever, tries to sink in without being noticed.

And just in case we start to run out of laughs, there's Jack Lemmon, Danny Kaye

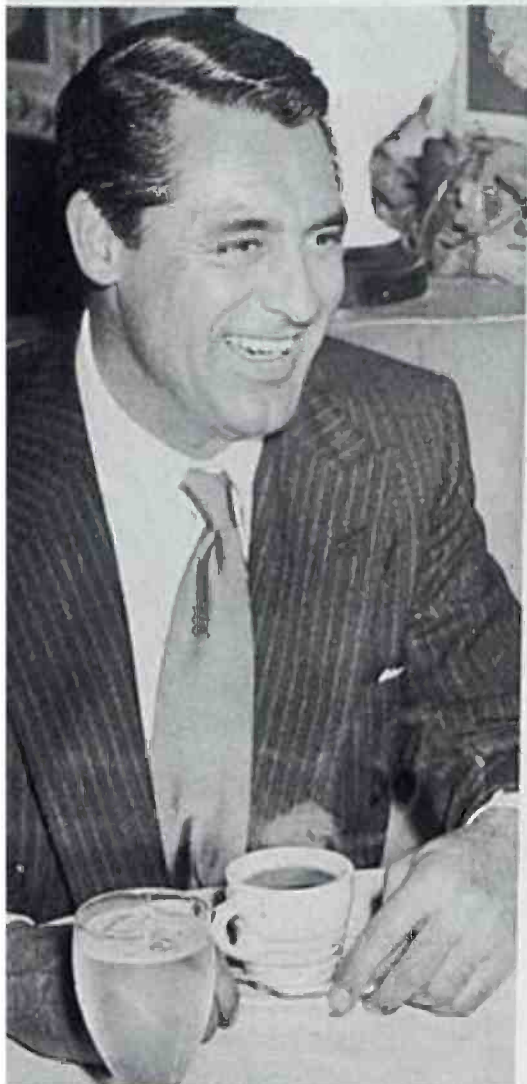
and Bob Hope bringing up the rear.

As another limousine draws up I'm interrupted by a nudge on my elbow. It's Ringo.

"I shall starve," he complains. "George's just told me there's onions with all the food. You know I'm anti-onion.

Ringo looks serious. So do I. "Don't worry," I assure him. "Mum's put some special savouries aside for you. All specially flavoured with garlic." Ringo turns green—and George and I laugh.

I leave them looking for John and Cynthia to tell them the joke. The people from the car are coming in . . . And what people!



CARY GRANT—"A cuppa, please"

VICKI'S PANIC PARTY

There's a gust of laughter from the other side of the room. The centre of it is one of Ready Steady's backroom girls. Vicki Wickham. She's great fun. I remember one of her parties.

She phoned me during the afternoon in a panic: "Cathy: I was working so late last night and I overslept. Didn't

get up till two. How will I get ready?"

So a whole lot of us hurried over to help. Soon Vicki's kitchen was packed. There was Julie Grant, the Four Pennies, Dusty, Jim Proby, one or two of the Animals, the Mojos, the Merseybeats, me and masses more. So many people

turned up we ran short of food.

As it happened, there was a slot-machine service nearby. We had a whip round for all the florins in the room.

Back at the flat we found Kenny Lynch had arrived—bringing several pounds of sausages. He had tried to cook them. They had all shrivelled up!

■ **BILLY WALKER LOOKS AT HIS WATCH.** "Past midnight," he says. "Good thing I'm not in training—otherwise I'd have been in bed ages ago." Parked outside is his gleaming blue Jag. He took me for a ride in it once. It's great . . . particularly the record player that takes 12 discs.

He's the only sportsman at my dream party, but really there's lots of swinging sporting personalities I would invite.

■ **NO SET CABARET**—that is my party rule. With showbiz people, I find it works out much better if you just let them perform the way the mood takes them. For example, at one party I saw a super group in action: Paul Jones (Manfreds), Tony Crane (Merseybeats), Aaron Williams (ditto), Billy Hatton (Fourmost), Bobby Graham (Roulettes). Singers were P. J. Proby and Long John Baldry.

Cary wanted a hot cuppa!

My Mum's been a Cary Grant fan for years. She's frantic to meet him—but she's almost out of her wits with nervousness. So I take Cary's hand and we track her down—half trying to hide behind the refreshments.

"Cary, please meet the best Mum in the world! Mum—Cary Grant. He said he wasn't talking to anyone else before he'd met you."

Awful silence. Silent prayer from me that Mum isn't going to pass out cold. "How do you

do, Mr Grant . . . I've seen you . . . That is, I've been to practically all your . . . Well, I've been wanting to meet you for years."

Cary flashes that smile that does things to girls of all ages. "Very nice of you to say it," he tells Mum. "It's a pleasure meeting you. And right now I need your help. What I am desperate for is a large cup of hot, strong tea!"

Delighted grin from Mum. Now she is really in her element. And when Cary says: "It's all ready, too . . . that big pot over there," Mum is horrified. "Oooh, Mr Grant, you can't possibly drink that. It's been standing there for ages. I'm going to make you a fresh pot. Right away."

As Mum bustles off, I can't resist a smile. Says Cary: "You smiled because you said to yourself: 'That pot has been standing there less than three minutes. I know what Mum's are like.'"

If I wanted to gee up the chat, here are some of the talking points I know would work . . .

AMERICAN GIRLS. Dusty, Cilla, Sandie and I think they are old-hat in their dress and outlook. P. J. Proby argues the toss with us like anything about this.

JAMES BOND FILMS. *The Merseybeats, the Stones, Dusty and Michael Aldred love going over bits of the plots and acting them out. Dusty and Michael can impersonate Sean Connery marvellously.*

FASHIONS. It's not just us girls that tune in to this—but Billy Walker, too. He has done some modelling recently. Thinks it's fun—and good publicity. He's very good at it. Very patient. Not at all self-conscious. Mind you, when Dusty, Sandie and I start swapping notes about Paris shops, Billy looks around for someone who will discuss . . .

CARS. *Best bet is to get Billy Walker, Dave Clark and George Harrison together. Each has a 'tag. George and Dave have ream ones. Billy's is dark blue. All three of them will yak for hours about car gadgets, car performances, racing tracks and so on.*

RELIGION. Dusty and brother Tom are Catholics. So am I. We argue like anything with the Stones about religion.

AMERICA. *That is the best subject of all for Dave Clark. America fascinates him. But he insists he would never want to leave Britain for good.*

My guests came comfortable!

"Come comfortable," I wrote on the invitations to my ream party. And they did. I wore my hunting green wsey wool dress. It had a vivid red square neck and alternating red and reen stripes round the long sleeves. You see me in this month's rave on page 25. It's by Tiffin and Foalé, and it's now stocked by Woollands. What about the clothes on this page and on 30, 31 and 32. They're simple and just right for "Come comfortable" invitations. . . .

MIX AND MATCH THESE CLOTHES FOR YOUR 'COME COSY' DREAM OF A PARTY!

■ Make a spectacular entrance at any party—dream or real. All you need is bags of self-confidence and this sizzling phoney polar bear coat. It's head-turning and gasp-latching and you'll know how bears feel. It'll keep you warm and snug, too. From C. & A., £12 1s 6d.



DREAMY DANCERS

When it comes to dancing Ringo's a real dream. But a couple of my friends almost outshine even him — Brian Poole and Cliff Bennett. They're two of the swayingest guys I know. And they come up with some pretty wild dances, too. Mind you, my picture doesn't show them as very wild does it! Well, they've got to have a breather **some** time. But even relaxing they're still very much with-it. They're reading the best pop monthly!

BRIAN POOLE

CLIFF BENNETT



SANDY SHAW

rave



DREAM OF A PARTY!



■ Fancy a bluebeat dance? Then do the SKA in this crocheted dress in cream with skinny sleeves. Its lines are just right for the hip-swinging movements that have made Jamaican dances a must for any party. By John Marks.

Playboy Pat

Patrick Kerr's a wonderful helper to have around because he's got a keen eye for most things. New dances and trends, new fashions, new ways of having fun. He's RSG's man-about-town.

That's why I absolutely insisted that he helped Pattie, Sandra and Judith in these photographs—because if anyone knows how to make dances and dresses swing, it's Patrick.

FASHION PICTURES BY PAUL VINCENZI

■ Left, Pattie Boyd is dancing the CASUAL. She learns the latest dances from George Harrison who gets them all from Ringo! Isn't Pattie's skinny shift dress super? It's in pink crepe, waspy-waisted and comes from Rikki Reed.

■ Pattie's sitting this one out, but she's the sort of girl who's never a wallflower. I've see her at parties where she's almost collapsed with exhaustion because she's been too polite to say: "I'll sit this one out." This country girl smock in Liberty-printed wool is from Jane and Jane.

Mike's Steps

Look at Judith dancing Le Jimmy (right). She's being taught the steps by Patrick, who'd learned them only a few days earlier. Seems one morning the phone rang in Pat's flat and an excited voice told him: "Get some paper. I've invented a new dance."

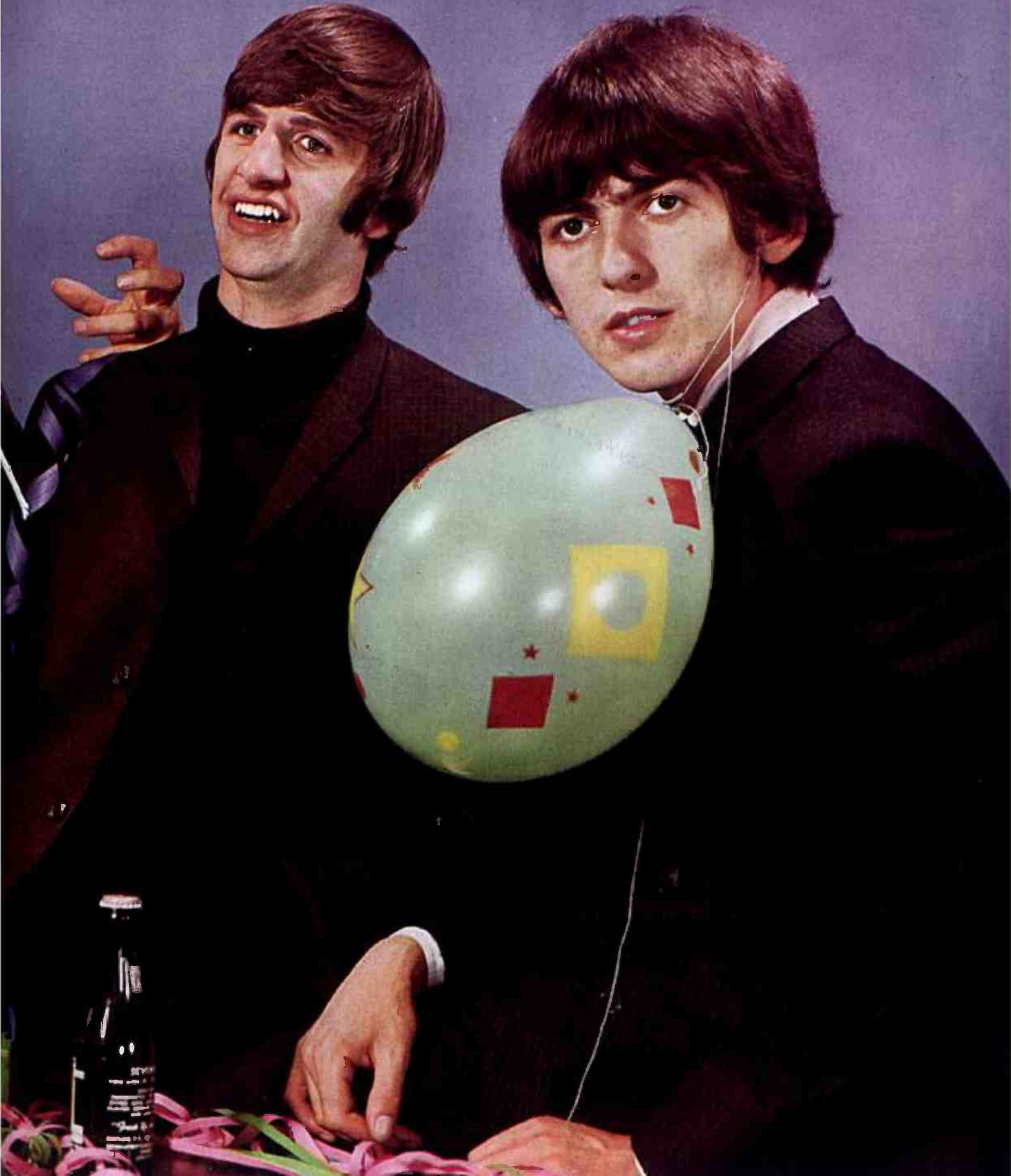
Caller was Paul McCartney's brother, Mike. He calls himself Mike McGear these days and is doing very well as a revue artist. Anyway, it turns out he was larking around to some music at home and he found some new steps. Why Le Jimmy? He doesn't know. It was the first name he could think of.



■ Judith dances LE JIMMY wearing a black lace dress with long, leg 'o mutton Edwardian-look sleeves. The neckline's dishy, too, don't you think? When Patrick saw her wearing it for the first time, all he could say was . . . "Wow!" It's from John Marks.

rave







■ Sandra and Judith are doing the traditional JIVE. Remember it? No, seriously, I think they both look dreamy. Sandra has a white chiffon shift with huge cape sleeves and a loose, over-blousing top. Judith's in pink and white lace and the dress is totally backless. Both are made by Jean Varon.

Swinging sounds

It's not good enough to keep an eye on the charts to know what music's in fashion for your party. You've got to be able to forecast the big trends in sounds and also rake up some of the old ones, as well!

Right now, fashionable music covers a wide field. From bluebeat dances to smooch. From jiving and shaking to the bird and the Mick (that's a dance with jerky hand-movements named after Mick Jagger!)

Right now the in-discs to play are any in the charts, any by the Isley Brothers (didn't they rock up a storm on RSG?), all Roy Orbison's past hits, music by Johnny and the Hurricanes who were really big four years ago, and any records by Marvin Gaye, and other Tamla-Motown artists and, of course, Mary Wells and the Supremes.



■ "Walkin' The Dog" . . . that's a favourite at any party, isn't it? The Stones' version really knocks me out—and what about Brian's whistling on the record? Pattie's doing the DOG in a mauve baby doll dress with a high waist and little-girl lace collar. We found it in the Marlborough collection.

Twosomes

Cilla, Dusty and I were having coffee in a store the other day when we saw a boy come in with his girl friend. She was wearing a snazzy little black dress—and he wore a black mohair suit.

Individually, they looked great. But together—ugh! It looked as if they were going to a funeral. We all agreed among ourselves that to be smart as a twosome, you've got to set each other's clothes off.

Why not get the best out of your clothes by consulting your partner first? When you go to a party, make sure you're matched clotheswise. You, know, be an accessory to each other.

Example: Pretty gaily-coloured fabrics match sombre suits. Vice-versa for girls' formal clothes. And if your beau wears sports jacket and trousers, go for something semi-formal.

Even TV docs and cowboys come along!

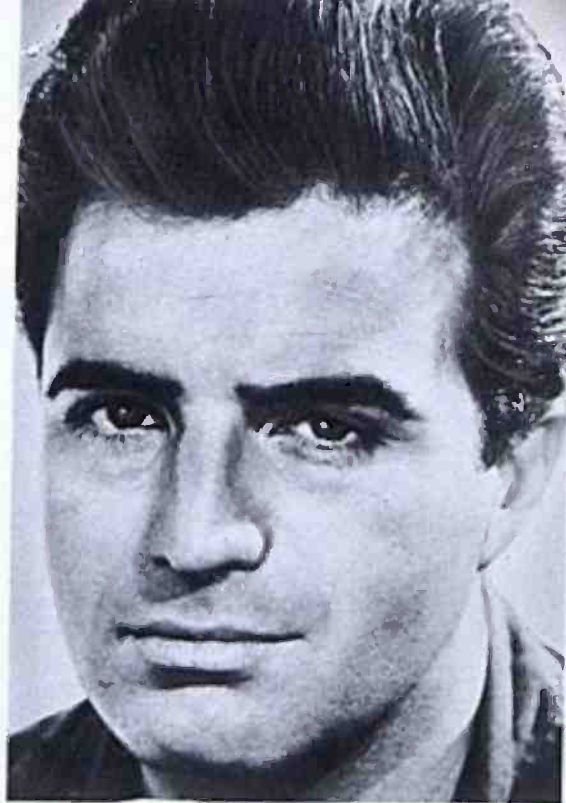
It seems I've just finished introducing my singing guests to my film star friends when it's time for my second big surprise of the evening! And a signal from the man at the door tells me there are some cars drawing up outside.

Familiar figures, laughing and joking with each other, suddenly appear in the doorway. "Hello, Dick. Hello, Vince," I greet a broadly smiling Dr. Kildare and a shy, polite Dr. Ben Casey. I see the Beatles have once again hurried to help with the welcome.

This is just as well, for behind the TV doctors are James ("Maverick") Garner plus the whole Cartwright family in their "Bonanza" rig-outs.

■ **HERE'S AN IDEA** I'm going to try at one of my parties. I'll lay on a supply of flower necklaces—every male guest to wear one by order! For each girl: a bright flower. Unattached girls would wear it behind the right ear, attached girls: behind the left. (Hope I've got that the right way round!)

■ **A special reason for asking Dusty and Cilla to a party is that they are both ace high at doing impersonations.** My recipe for two minutes of real wild laughter is to get Cilla to do Shirley Bassey—then Dusty to do Alma Cogan—then Dusty to do Cilla—then Cilla to do Dusty! You should see Tim Proby take off Mick Jagger, too!



VINCE EDWARDS—followed by the cowboys

STONES' 'SORRY' GUEST

There are no uninvited guests at my party, but I remember at one Rolling Stones' party, there was one woman who obviously didn't know whose "do" it was—and heaven knows how she got in!

At any rate, she started leading off about the Rolling Stones to someone—and that someone happened to be Brian Jones! He didn't let on. He just let her talk—and talk.

She went on and on about "those terrible Rolling Stones" for about 15 minutes—with us all crowding to listen and trying like crazy to contain our laughter. I'll give the lady this: when she learned the score later, she came back to Brian very red-faced and said she was sorry!

We danced the night away—in a caff!

Whenever I get together with Muriel Young, Sandie Shaw, Bobby Shafto and Michael Aldred, we always start recalling a super off-the-cuff party we once held in a roadside cafe! We stopped there at two one morning—on the way

back from Southampton to London after a Southern TV programme. It had piping hot tea in jumbo-sized mugs and a whacking great juke box. We soon had the music pulsing—and then a couple of the local teenagers asked Sandie 'n' me to dance—

and the party just built up naturally. Somehow the grapevine must have got people out of their beds, because it seemed that when we packed up around 4 am, there were hundreds of local people whooping it up—with us in the thick of it!

■ **Now look who's put his own record on—Kenny Lynch, a must for every party.** Everyone likes him. He triggers off laughs at machine gun speed. I always make him promise to arrive right at the start, because he is the best ice-breaker I know. I would also ask his friend Harry Fowler for the same reasons.

■ **I'M IN LUCK!** I've got the person to act as Master of Ceremonies: Tommy Cooper. He makes me laugh even more than those famous Americans I have mentioned. I crease up just to LOOK at Tommy. When he starts all his jazz, I'm helpless. I ache all over after about two minutes. I've asked him to dish out presents to everyone. TRICK presents, of course!

Party in South Seas, London

Where would I hold my party? deal place without question would be the club I mentioned last issue: the Bali Ha'i—near my home in Breamham, South London. It has a low ceiling, soft lights, a cosy atmosphere. It is done out in a wonderful "South Sea Island" style. It has palms, bamboo furniture with masses of bright cushions and Hawaiian prints on the walls. The waitresses' dresses look so dreamy, I've almost found myself asking if there are any vacancies!

They are simply but beautifully designed and splashed with colour to fit in with the general setting. Artists have worked cleverly on the Bali Ha'i ceiling to give you the illusion of an open roof with a star-studded sky. All you need to take you from Britain's postbound winter into the warmth and colour of the South Sea Islands is a little imagination!

MY PARTY CHECK LIST

NAME	EATS	DRINKS	DISCS
MICK JAGGER	COLD MEAT BREAD & BUTTER	SCOTCH & COKE	BO DIDDLEY
DUSTY	COLD CHICKEN PICKLED ONIONS	LEMON & LIME JUICE	DIONNE WARWICK
PAUL MCCARTNEY	ROLLS WITH CHIPS INSIDE	CHILLED BEER	MARVIN GAYE
SANDIE SHAW	FRIED EGG SANDWICHES	FIZZY LEMONADE	BEATLES
GEORGE HARRISON	BUTTIES WITH LOTS OF JAM	SCOTCH & WATER	MARTHA AND VANDELLAS
MARIANNE FAITHFULL	SMALL FANCY CAKES	BEAUJOLAIS	JOAN BAEZ
MANFRED MANN	SAUSAGE ROLLS GALORE	PORT OR SHERRY	COOL JAZZ
P.J. PROBY	CHEESE BISCUITS	NOT FUSSY	RONETTES

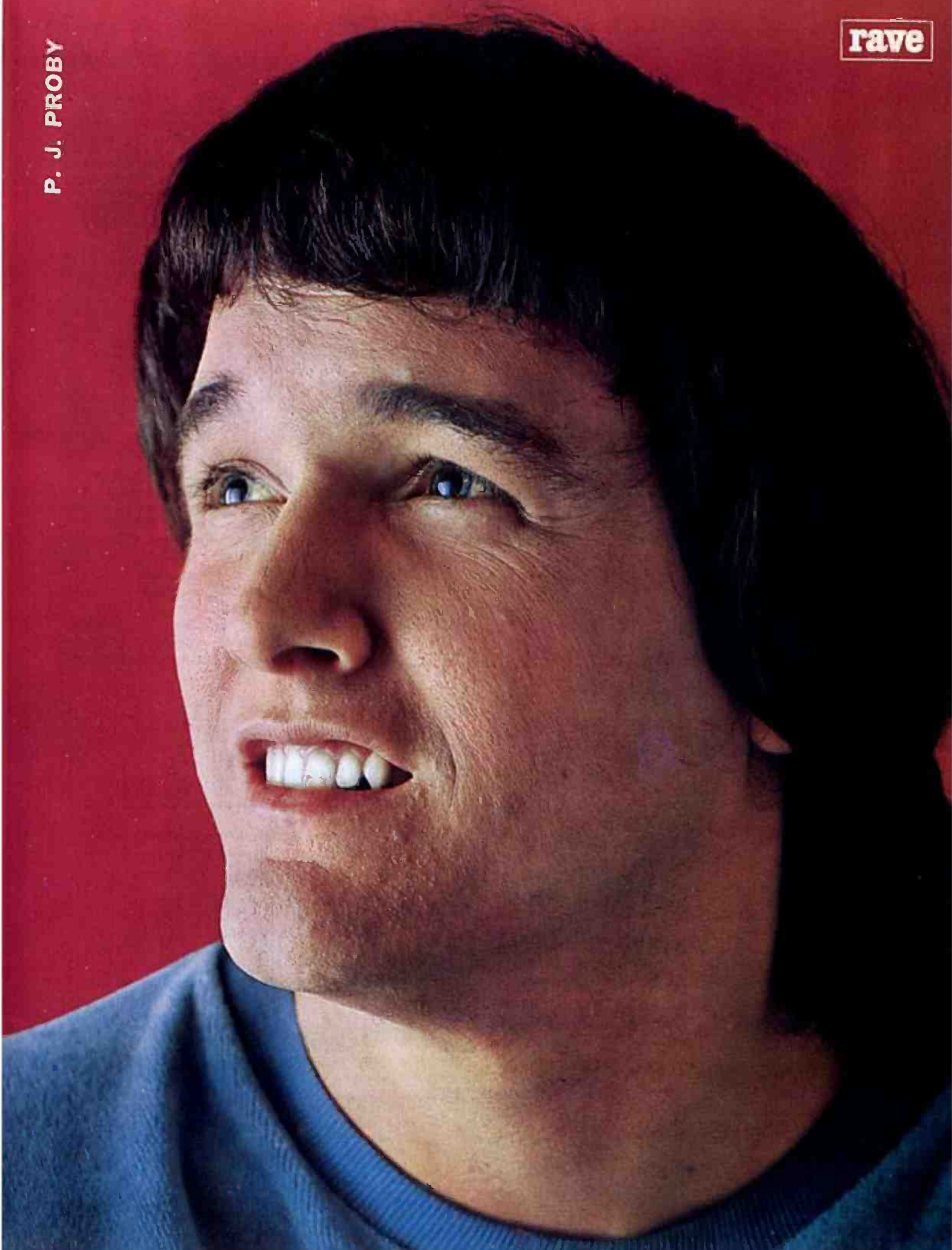
rave



CATHY MANFRED MANN PAUL JONES

P. J. PROBY

rave





MICK—He helped smoke us out!

Julie's bowling party

If I couldn't get the Bali Ha'i for my party I would probably hold it at a bowling alley. Julie Grant did that recently—one Monday after a "Ready Steady Win."

She booked an alley in Harrow, Middlesex, after normal closing. It was dead casual—everyone turning up in jeans. Guests included the Mojoes, Jess Conrad, Patsy Ann

Noble, Long John Baldry, the Caravelles and some of the Animals.

We played tenpin—betcha life! I know my energy was so far gone in the end, I could hardly lift a bowl! Julie laid on a smashing collection of sandwiches and drinks.

I will just HAVE to get her in on the organising of that dream party of mine!

FOOD I like to do that buffet style. I usually find savouries go down best. I would have lots of snacks with smoked salmon—chipolata sausages—cheese on sticks—lashing of cut-up French bread with butter—sausage rolls—and masses of cold chicken. And though Ringo loathes them, I'll lay in plenty of pickled onions. They won't be wasted—not with Dusty around!

MUSIC Varied sounds and styles, but the one thing we really appreciate is originality. Way-out earthy blues from the Stones, gentle folksy songs from Marianne Faithfull, Beatles, Sandie and the rest. We all enthuse over the other's discs. We'd need beaty danceable stuff to start with, slowly quietening down to more placid listening music.

DRINK There would be lots of light wine—plus a little of the "hard stuff" for anyone who absolutely demanded it. Mum would make gallons of cider cup—using her special recipe—and bet your life there would be queues for it! Knowing Mum, that won't be all she'll do, of course. She's a marvellous extra pair of hands in the last minute rush.

Two more musts for my party: Bali Ha'i d-j Geoff Baily—who has a wonderfully wide taste in music. To work in shifts with him—and generally help to make things swing—my former RSG colleague Michael Aldred.

■ Funny how you can settle down in front of a roaring fire and get all dreamy. I did—that's how I dreamed up my dream party. Perhaps it was a little too much to expect—all those famous people, at one party.

Ooooh! What's that noise, making me jump? Oh, it's the telephone. "Hello? . . . Yes, this is Cathy . . . Mick—how are you? . . . Yes, I'm fine, too . . . I'd love to come . . . Sounds marvellous . . . Goodbye."

There you are—this might be my dream come true. See you in rave next month.

SMOKED OUT! BY MICK AND JOHN

I'm glad Brian Epstein could come. He's always so polite and charming. I asked him for advice about decorations. He has a flair for them.

I remember going to a party he held on the roof of his West End flat. What to do about the chimney stack? Brian had it made to look like a tree. BUT when dancing started, John Lennon and Mick Jagger decided the "tree" ought to be moved out of the way. So they heaved—the camouflage came away—and out billowed smoke fumes. Mick and John worked frantically to clear the air—waving serviettes like seconds in a boxer's corner. After that, they apologised to Brian—and solemnly put the "tree" back.

Now it's your turn to dream

What would happen if you could have a party like mine? I'd love to know. And rave's editor has promised an LP prize to the writers of the three best postcards. Answer just ONE of the following questions:

1. What would you say if Dave Clark came up to you at your party and said: "Would you mind if I switch the telly on? I never miss the latenight news?"
2. Mick Jagger thinks your party is so great that he wants you to organise one for him the following week—at the kookiest place you can think of. Where would you hold it?
3. All the big names in British pop music are at your party. Yet it's still in danger of dragging. A really novel entertainment would do the trick—but what?
4. Could be that some of your star guests want matching up. If you had Cilla, Lulu and Dusty in one group and P. J. Proby, Brian Jones and Steve McQueen in another, who do you think would team up best?
5. Food—always a problem at parties because you've got so many varied tastes to cater for. What's your best bet for a way-out snack that everyone likes? (No marks for jam butties!)

Send your answer on a postcard to be received by December 30, 1964, to Cathy's Dream Party, rave, Tower House, Southampton Street, London, W.C.2. The three funniest and most original entries each win an LP.



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NATURE'S OWN REMEDY. Streaming eyes and nose, dry throat, coughs and sneezes... these are not merely the symptoms of a cold; they are also the signs that your bodily defences are fighting the infection—fighting the cold virus in nature's own way. And until science discovers a cure, doctors say it's not wise to suppress these symptoms... let nature get on with her job.

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WITH IT WITH **TIMEX**



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You're telling us

Brickbats or bouquets—we want your letters. For the best there's 2 guineas. Plus a special bonus prize of 2 guineas for the best letter from overseas! So put pen to paper now! The address: Letters, rave, Tower House, Southampton Street, London, W.C.2.

■ Before I read your article "The Stones Confess" (rave, Oct.) I used to think they were a conceited bunch who didn't care what anyone thought of them or how they looked.

Now I realise that they do care and that they have strong, sensible ideas about many things. Thanks for helping us to get to know them.—**Patricia Keeble, Halstead, Essex.**

■ Why were so many people shocked when Roy Orbison shot to the top of the charts? As far as I'm concerned there's nobody greater. You can keep the Stones and Beatles, they'll just fade away as time goes by!

Roy may not be everybody's pin-up boy, but he's the only



ORBISON—Why the surprise?

POP STARS ARE BECOMING RESPECTABLE . . . ALMOST!

HAS ANYONE ELSE noticed that pop people, sports, and film stars are rubbing shoulders these days? Does this mean that pop music's fight to be accepted as a form of lively entertainment in its own right has now been won?

When I read about Billy Walker and John Sissons mixing in the same circles as the Stones, the Beatles and Dave Clark, it makes me glad—because all our successful young stars are swinging together.

Steve McQueen is a welcome member of the new clan, says Cathy McGowan. Good. Paul Newman, too. Fine. Even Sean Connery mentioned the Beatles in "Goldfinger":—**Dawn Randell, Canterbury.**

There's 2 guineas coming to you, Dawn. Who knows, some of our pop stars might even get invited round to the Palace for tea!

American to crash through the barriers to the top of our chart.—**Tessa Smythe, Brighton.**

What makes Sandie Shaw think we need another Dionne Warwick?—**W. F., Hammersmith, London.**

■ Before we met Brian Poole and the Tremeloes at our local dance we thought they were just another group. We discovered they were really good. And three months later when we travelled

sixty miles to see them again, we were thrilled to find that they remembered us.—**Cheryl Wilson, Portmead, Swansea.**

■ I've just achieved the world's greatest triumph! Persuaded my dad that the Stones are the greatest group. He now prefers them even to the Bachelors, whom he greatly supports because he and mum know the words of all their old songs! Last night, he even told my sister to be quiet while he listened to one of

their records. We're still trying to recover!—**Stones' fan, Chasetown, Staffs.**

A bit of brain washing, eh? A pity more parents can't be persuaded to see the light.

■ One of the smartest fashions I've seen for ages is one for both boys and girls—maroon stripes worn down the sides of grey trousers and with maroon suede coats to match. Looks real kinky.—**Maureen Davis, Barnet, Herts.**

I agree with Cathy McGowan (rave, Nov.) Surfing is the greatest.—**P. Crowther, Headingley, Leeds, 6.**

Says Cathy: "Thanks. Watch the others catch on next Summer!"

■ Harvey Frew of Edinburgh, who raved over Lulu (rave, Oct.) should buy the Dusty Springfield LP and then sit down in his rocking chair and listen to a real singer. Dusty is the greatest female vocalist ever to come out of Great Britain.—**Paul and the Boys, Northfield, Birmingham 31.**

The girls themselves are too ladylike to fight it out but we've had dozens of warlike letters from male supporters shouting the claims of Lulu, Dusty and Cilla—Marianne and Cilla, too. Whose side are you on?

■ As a male reader of rave, all I can say is that these "culotte" things look soppy! I personally

THE WORLD WRITES IN

■ Saw a recent TV programme taped in England and liked all the beat stars on it—except P. J. Proby. We agreed he was the most idiotic thing England ever produced. Then I read in rave that he is from TEXAS! We are so ashamed and disappointed to think that America made him. Please, please, ask him to become a citizen of England.—**Lorraine Gilberton, Chicago, Illinois.**

There's 2 guineas on the way to you, Lorraine. It seems P.J. whips up a storm everywhere. One's going to blow up from his out-spoken remarks on page 59.

■ We don't understand English humour very well in France but my friends and I were still delighted with the Beatles film. We all laughed very much, but I preferred Ringo. He is a wonderful boy.—**Jacqueline Bouyce, Annecy, Haute Savoie, France.**

■ The Searchers have been a great hit here in New Zealand. I can even boast that I managed to kiss Chris Curtis. I blush every time I

think about it, because it's the first time I have done anything like that—must do it again soon!—**Rosamonde Johnson, Birkenhead, Auckland, New Zealand.**

■ Saw the Animals perform at the New York Paramount with Chuck Berry and many other great acts. The Animals put on a terrific show and won the hearts of many American girls. They're certainly far-out favourites now.—**Suzanne Michel, Mineola, New York.**

I live in San Francisco and got to see the Animals when they stayed at the Hilton Hotel here. I think they're bitthen! (great, the most.)—**Carol Antonlo, San Francisco, California.**

■ After seeing Peter and Gordon at the Festival Hall, Melbourne, my friend and I hopped into a taxi that was waiting outside the stage door. My heart almost stopped beating as Peter and Gordon came out and found us sitting in THEIR car!

We asked very innocently if they'd mind if we shared their taxi. It sounds unbelievable, but they agreed.

It was marvellous. Gordon was so friendly.—**Maureen Cook, East Hawthorn, Victoria, Australia.**

wouldn't be seen dead with a girl wearing one of those.—Terry Hartstone, Ealing.

Fred Gumshooter thought girls had taken up football till Cathy put him right!

I've just got to say it. The Dave Clark Five are the handsomest, talentedest, friendliest, cleanest, smartest, superbest, brilliantest group on the scene today.—Ruth McPartlin, Chorley, Lancs.

And that's the enthusiastic letter of the month.

Reader Janice Parsons says she'll eat her Elvis records if anyone

thinks the Stones are good-looking. I hope she swallows them whole and chokes herself.—Kathie Reynolds, Bristol.

Elvis slipping? (rave Nov.) Definitely false! Since I became a fan in 1957, I can't remember how many times I've heard this. Each new singer that comes along is supposed to be heralding the downfall of Elvis. He's still here, but where will the Beatles and Stones be in seven years' time?—Shirley Chambers, Islington.

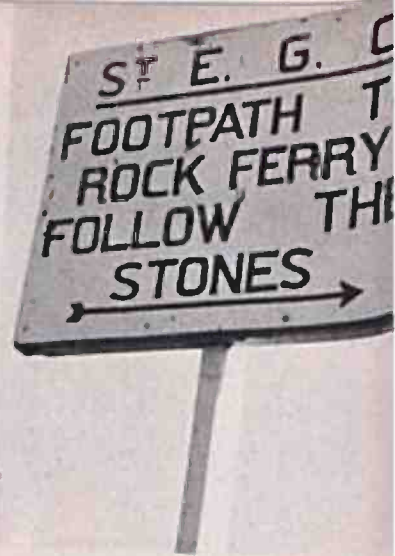
Elvis went out years ago! He's just hanging on by the skin of

his teeth now. Anyway, who wants a 30-year-old pop idol?—Sara Collins, Dunfermline.

Most readers thought that Elvis has slipped—but not for always if he makes lots of new resolutions for 1965!

★ ★ ★

It's strange some of the things you come across on a quiet country walk. I found this sign on (right) St. Enedoc's Golf Course near the village of Rock, while on holiday in Cornwall. What with Rock and Stones, can anyone find



...and we're telling you!

When is Dusty Springfield's birthday?—Jimmy Smith, Birmingham.

April 16.
How old is Gene Pitney and how many of his own hits has he written?—Chris Jenson, London, W. 11.

Gene is 23 and has written only one of his hits, "I Wanna Love My Life Away." But he's written hits for others, well-known artists like Rick Nelson, Roy Orbison, Crystals and June Valli.

Can you give me any information about Peter McEnery who

starred in the film "The Moonspinners" with Hayley Mills?—Judith Canham, Wigton, Cumberland.

Peter's 24 years old and unmarried! Very sociable, but prefers to spend an evening at home to night-clubbing. His family now live in Brighton, but he was born in Walsall, Staffs. "The Moonspinners" is only his third film—the first two were, "Tunes Of Glory" and "Victim".

The clothes Barbara Hulanicki designed for Elkie Brooks (rave Nov.) were great. Cathy

was right. Their low cost seems fantastic. Where can we get them?—Maggie's Clan, Bromley, Kent.

All clothes and accessories in that feature can be obtained from Biba's Postal Boutique, 87 Abingdon Road, London, W.8. Postage costs 2s 6d, except for pearl cuff links (1s).

Can your fans in America take out a regular subscription to rave?—Elyse Miklos, New Jersey, U.S.A.

Yes rave's American fans can subscribe to the magazine, for the sum of \$5.25 annually. Send to Subscription Dept., rave, Tower House, Southampton Street, London, W.C.2.

me something called Roll or Rolling?—Michael Napper, Talk of the Town, London, W.1.

Wonder if any of you have come across anything strange or amusing on your travels? If you have, just drop us a line about it, with a photo if possible! There's an LP for the best.

I hate to admit it but, yes, there is a Gumshooter in my life (rave Nov.) I always have to meet him inside clubs, he runs down my favourites (the Kinks and Stones), and some nights would rather wash his hair than come out with me!—Linda Pollinde, London, S.W.5.



RRRReady....steady.... RRRRave

HELPING HAND

■ Help me. Please! I've fallen for Gene Pitney. I've never met him but every time I see him on TV, or better still, on stage, I tingle and feel all weak.

I know it's only a chance in a thousand that I'll actually meet and be able to touch him—I'm just an ordinary sort of girl, so he'll never want me.

But what can I do about it?

I didn't fall in love with him through choice . . . it just *happened*. I've got a boy-friend, Bill, and he thinks I'm stupid to love someone who's never even seen me. My mum says I'm being childish.

If I have to make a choice between Bill and Gene—I don't know who'd win. Bill is jealous. I don't want to lose him as I've only just moved into this district and haven't any other friends.

The girls around here just

laugh at me when I tell them my problems. Frankly, falling in love with Gene is the most awful, and painful thing, that's ever happened to me. Can you help?—
Janet, M—, Preston, Lancs.

If you have the answer to Janet's problem write to: Penny Wells, at the address on page 41. Next month, she'll be sorting out the answers. You can lend a helping hand.

YOU SPREAD THE WORD

★ Linda Schooley, 72 Navajo Ave., San Francisco 12, California 94112. Sixteen-year-old president of San Francisco Beatles fan club. Wants letters from England about teen trends, fashions.

★ Kerstin Lundin, Lagman Linds vag 4, Stocksund, Sweden. Age 17. Looking for boy correspondent with Beatle haircut from Blackpool or Liverpool, aged 18-20. Must go for Beatles, Stones and Swinging Blue Jeans.

★ George Powell, 1901 Thayer Terrace, Baltimore, Maryland. College boy, aged 18, wants to write to English girl, same age.

★ Anna Kieboorn, Beschavingstraat 17, Antwerp, Belgium. Speaking for three 18-year-old Belgian girls, keen on pop music, fashion, who want English boy pen-friends.

★ Sabine Bocher, 4628 Luonen/Westf., Huettenweg 3, Germany. Aged 16. Hobbies: pop magazines, the Beatles. Seeking pen-pal who knows a little German.

★ Dale Donnan, 21 Callowhill Drive, Weston, Ontario, Canada. Hooked on r-and-b and the Stones. Wants to hear from British teens.

5 · 4 · 3 · 2 · 1

Dec '59 Bobby Darin wins two pop "Oscars": "Mack The Knife", Best Record of the Year, and as Best New Artist of the Year . . . Marty Wilde marries Vernon Girl Joyce Baker . . . Johnnie Ray, Frankie Laine, Guy Mitchell back in charts after long absences. Top Disc: "What Do You Want", Adam Faith.

Dec '60 Frankie Vaughan stars in second Hollywood film, "The Right Approach" . . . Ray Charles makes British chart debut with "Georgia On My Mind" . . . Paul Anka notches up 25 million plus sales in less than three years . . . Hank Marvin marries. Top Disc: "It's Now Or Never", Elvis Presley.

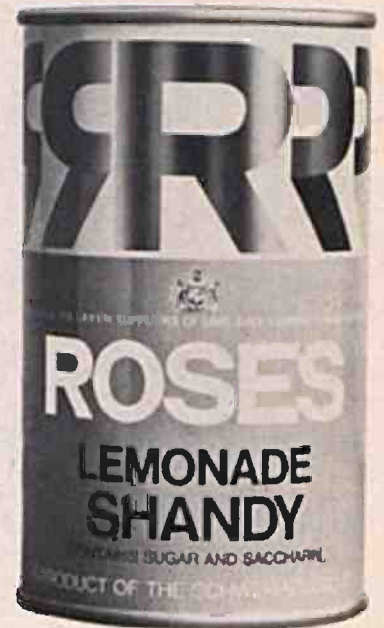
Dec '61 Cliff Richard stars in "The Young Ones", Elvis Presley in "Blue Hawaii" . . . Susan Maughan leaves Ray Ellington Quartet to go solo . . . Helen Shapiro celebrates first golden year in showbiz. Top Disc: "Tower Of Strength", Frankie Vaughan.

Dec '62 Springfields fly to Nashville for recording session . . . Elvis Presley has fiftieth hit with "Return To Sender" . . . Tornados top U.S. charts with "Telstar", Heinz plans to go solo. Top Disc: "Return To Sender", Elvis Presley.

Dec '63 Gene Pitney has first British hit since April 1961 with "Twenty Four Hours From Tulsa" . . . Freddie Garrity married with baby daughter revealed. Top Disc: "I Want To Hold Your Hand", Beatles.



G-RRREAT new drink from Rose's. Shandy—planned and canned by Rose's who really know about party drinks. This shandy is darker, richer. Real good beer, with sparkling lemonade—or ginger beer . . . you choose. Rose's have been blending, tasting, perfecting and passing it round. Now it's rready. And THAT means up to Rose's high standards. Rose's shandy comes in shiny bright cans with a big RRRRR round them for RRRose's. Bigger cans. More shandy for your money. GRReat value. Grrreat drink. Grrreat party!



with new **RRROSES** shandy

ROSE'S LEMONADE SHANDY
GINGER BEER SHANDY

at your grocer and off-licence now In the tall cans

This is Andee Silver, singer.
And the one she chose is...
the one that goes is... R-R-Rose's

Hear her sing this jingle on Caroline and Luxembourg

DODO'S date book

1 Matt Monro's birthday today. Three big tours to see this month: Gerry-Gene Pitney-Kinks-Marianne Faithfull package reaches Wigan ABC; Dusty-Brian Poole-Dave Berry-Herman show at Doncaster Gaumont; Brenda Lee-Manfred-Helax tour hits Sheffield City Hall.

2 Tom McGuinness (Manfreds) 23. Pretty Things start short Scottish tour—Dunfermline Kinema.

3 Beatles on "Top Of The Pops". Searchers start ten-day tour of Sweden.

4 Dusty's tour comes down south—Southend Odeon.

5 Rolling Stones headline special "Lucky Stars" show. "Saturday Club" this morning; Searchers, Spotniks, Howlin' Wolf.

6 Fritz Fryer (Four Pennies) 20. Gerry's tour closes (at Scarborough Futurist). Dusty's show ends at Hanley Gaumont.

7 Rolling Stones top the bill on BBC-2 "Beat Room". Another BBC "Top Beat" show at London's Royal Albert Hall; my dream-man Alan Freeman introduces Brenda Lee, Dave Berry, Nashville Teens, Wayne Fontana. (Part of it on

BBC-2, December 9). Zombies return from ten-day Scandinavian trip.

8 Bobby Elliot (Hollies) 22. Herman leaves for six days in the States.

9 American r-and-b star Rufus Thomas starts first one-nighters here at Flamingo, London. Tommy Quickly returns from American trip.

10 Brenda Lee tour returns to London (Walthamstow Granada).

11 Brenda Lee 20 today—she's also on "Ready, Steady, Go!" Dusty leaves for ten-day trip to South Africa.

12 Birthday list—Mike Smith (DC5) and Dave Munden (Tremeloes)—both 21; Dionne Warwick 23. Searchers, Miracles on "Lucky Stars". "Saturday Club's" star: Billy J. End of Brenda Lee tour—Blackpool Opera House. Last night of the Frankie Vaughan-Cilla Black-Fourmost Palladium show—congratulations on a long run and a terrific show!

13 Bachelors head Palladium TV. Karl Denver in cabaret at Doncaster Scala.

14 Frankie Allen (Searchers) 21. Manfred Mann returns from U.S.—

Dark and dreary December? Don't believe it! There's lots of interesting and exciting dates in my book this month. And I'll be sending Christmas and birthday cards to some very dishy guys. Who do you want for Christmas? Brian Jones for me.

Marianne Faithfull flies the other way!

15 Dave Clark 22.

16 Applejacks begin short Scottish tour at Dunfermline Kinema.

17 Wes Hunter (Sounds Incorporated) 23.

18 Keith Richard (Stones) 20; Chas Chandler (Animals) 24.

19 Freddie and the Dreamers top "Lucky Stars".

20 Terry O'Toole (Mojos) 23.

21 Manfred Mann starts five-day engagement at La Dolce Vita, Newcastle.

22 Billie Davis 19 and Barry Jenkins (Nashville Teens) 20. New musical starring Millie Martin and Kenneth More, "Our Man Crichton", opens tonight at London's Shaftesbury Theatre. DC5 fly in from the States.

23 Dec Chuky (Bachelors) 22.

24 Christmas Eve. Until January 2 "Gerry's Christmas Cracker" at Liverpool Odeon, stars Gerry with the Fourmost, Hollies, Danny Williams, Cliff Bennett, Tommy Quickly, Rustiks. Beatles' Christmas show opens at Hammersmith Odeon. With Freddie and Dreamers,

Jimmy Savile, Yardbirds, Elkie Brooks, Mark Wynter opens in "Mother Goose", Southampton Gaumont. Frankie Vaughan, Jimmy Turbuck star in "Puss In Boots", Liverpool Empire. Nashville Teens fly to New York for "Murray The K's Christmas Show".

25 Christmas Day. Little Richard 29.

26 Boxing Day. Herman opens in "Dick Whittington" at Chester Royalty. Adam Faith stars on "Lucky Stars". Beatles headline "Saturday Club".

27 Les Maguire (Pacemakers) 23. Rank general release of "The Magnificent Showman" starring John Wayne, Claudia Cardinale.

28 Adam Faith leaves for five-week South African tour.

29 Merseybeats appropriately play Margate Winter Gardens—hope they don't get too cold!

30 Del Shannon 25, Bo Diddley 36.

31 New Year's Eve "Ready, Steady, Go!"—hosts of stars—Release of "A Shot In The Dark", with Peter Sellers and Elke Sommer. And to top all that—there's a new edition of rave out today!

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confesses to Alan Freeman

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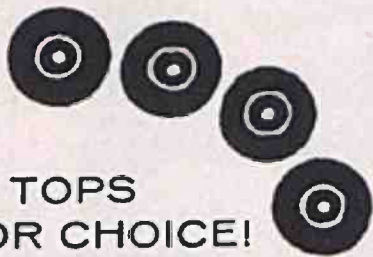
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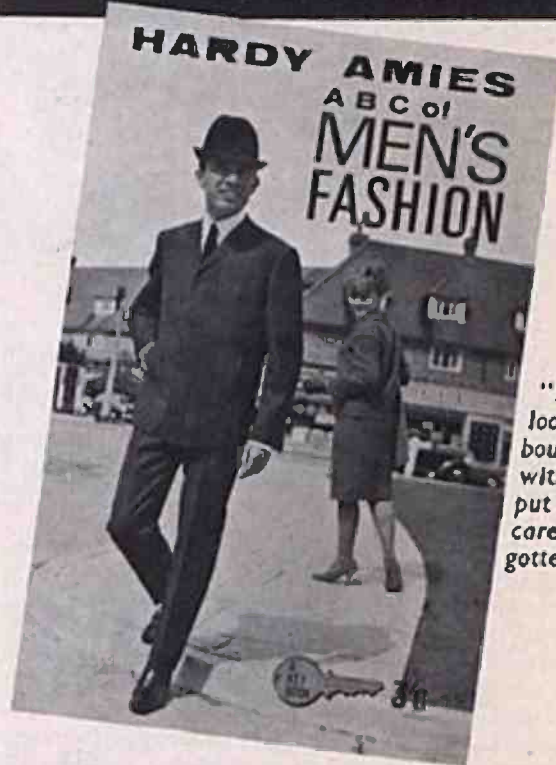
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TOP RAVE? IT'S READING US!

Wow! We really started something! Remember in the October issue we asked readers to send in their own raves and promised the three best a pair of the rave shoes made by Lotus? Well, you sent in some marvellous ideas. Hundreds of them. From the mountain of entries we received we proved one thing, conclusively! The biggest nationwide rave of all is reading rave. Thanks.

■ The first pair of prize-winning shoes are being packed off to Warwickshire for the exclusive attention of Rip Stewart of Radford Semele, near Leamington Spa.

Rip, an art school student, wrote to tell us that rave's September idea of grandma bedrooms has been taken up and extended by the locals.

"We search for glass domes and put anything old and unusual beneath them. Growing sunflowers is the most popular rave of all. We keep the heads to put under our glass domes. Really guv'nor."



RIP STEWART—Granny look

Rip tells us that Sonny Terry-type blues are most in demand at the many "underground" parties and at the local folk-singing club.

Gonk hats

Stepping into another pair of rave shoes with a great idea for a gonky helmet is June MacFarlane who spends a lot of her time at Malvern, Wores.

Up there the local craze is for leather and June is one step ahead when it comes to covering up her hair.

"Buy a helmet base quite cheaply from any big store," she writes, "and then get yourself some leather scraps from a firm dealing in skins."

"They'll let you have them very cheap. Cover the base with the scraps and you've got yourself a super helmet for about 7s 6d."

Gonky Malvern dance to go with the gonky Malvern helmet is one called the Grecian. Made up of jumps, turns and side-steps it can be done fast and furious or slow and stately.

BLUE ALL OVER

A pair of prize shoes, too, for Little Girl Blue—Wendy Fitt, of Abbots Crescent, Highams Park, East London, who wrote to tell us about the local "Blue Sect" in nearby Chingford. They must be devastating.

"The girls wear navy 15 denier stockings (4s 11d a pair); blue garters (home-made or 3s 6d in

the shops), just above the left knee-cap; blue-pearl nail varnish, plus blue dresses and shoes."

The Chingford blue "birds" also go for blue eyeshadow. No prizes for guessing what colour paper and ink Wendy used for her shoe-winning letter!

Boy blues are also getting in on the Chingford rave with blue denim button-down collar shirts; plain, dark-blue suits and knitted blue ties.



JUNE MACFARLANE

■ Cardiff males according to Melanie Roberts, of Cardiff Road, are going in a big way for double-breasted reefer jackets, paying up to 13 guineas a time for them. Melanie could tell them how to keep their wallets well-packed—by popping into the local Army and Navy surplus shops where the same things sell much cheaper.

SEW—'EM YOURSELF SMOCKS

Style setters in Egham, Surrey, are making their own Paisley smock dresses because those in local shops aren't anywhere near full enough, says Jane Muir, of Englefield Green.

To get the genuine old-fashioned Paisley look out for the small Olde Worlde type of shop that usually displays "granny-type" material in the window.

When you've found the authentic old stuff, says Jane, make it up like a baby's smock, gathered just below the bust and falling in generous folds to just below the knee.

Keep the neck-line plain and round; fit the cuffs snugly, with seven baby-sized buttons on each.

■ Looks as though we've killed the latest rave up in Bushbury, Wolverhampton. Going barefoot indoors was a trend that was catching on, but Janice Greaves tells us that since they caught sight of our shoes they ain't gonna do that no more!

Nifty in fur!

Newest rave in Bournemouth, is the nylon fur fabric used for making kiddies' teddy bears. Bought by the yard it can be turned into a nifty dress—white with black buttons and trimmings—for about £3.

The material may be hard to make up, due to fraying, but it's well worth the effort says Shirley Milford, of St Leonards, Ringwood, Hants.

Ann Gaillard, of Fisher's Pond, Eastleigh, sends us another rave from Hampshire. To add the 1965 look to an old pair of solid-fronted shoes, she says, just cut a deep V-shaped wedge in the leather at the front. Punch holes in what's left and then thread with bright-coloured shoelaces.

Catching on in West Bromwich . . . quilted coat linings worn as a short jacket over jumper or blouse. Also dad's shirt as a keep-clean overall. (Thanks, Ann Irish, of Griffiths Road, West Brom.)

Catching on in Preston . . . girls' white flannel suits with bell-bottom trousers and sage green, cuban-heeled ankle boots. Tom Jones shoes with large silver buckles and block heels; bottle-green Regency cord trousers and combat jackets (Information from S. Woodward, of Plungington Road, Preston).

Catching on in Redcar . . . red, ceramic tablets worn as brooches on a leather thong; hideous plastic mice, like those that dangle in the backs of cars, but this time strung from suede handbags. They have movable eyes (says Jane Darcy, of Coatham Road, Redcar), with large spotty hands. And no fashionable girl would be seen without one.

Denim with a difference

A rave from France that's spreading around Eastbourne, Sussex, is explained to us by Susan Williams. It was brought into town by a French student on an exchange visit. And it could be here to stay.

The rave—a very short denim dress with wide belt, attached at the back. And beneath it, tight-fitting blue denim slacks with a "lamp-shade" fringe at each ankle. The fringe matches the colour of the dress—marve looks well with blue.

"It gives you a real beatnik look," writes Susan, "especially if you have a thin figure and long hair."

■ **SECRET FASHION WEAPON** of Ange Clifford, of Boston Spa, is a length of white cord from a pair of men's pyjamas. "Much more ravey than the S belt for holding trousers up. When denim bell bottoms were in, it looked great keeping them up, then my white trousers and now my tweed trouser suit. Everybody says what a great rave my pyjama cord is."

Cost only a few coppers, too.

Travel—and 'pinch' ideas

Best way to be a fashion-setter—travel. In a foreign country you'll shine with the latest British raves. Then you'll be able to come back home and dazzle your friends with the brainwaves you've picked up over there.

This is the experience of Linda Gillespie, of Westbourne Terrace, Paddington, London, who has just pepped up her ideas with a visit to Alsace. She learned a lot from the French yé-yés

■ **COLOURFUL RAVE** from Ware, Herts (via Alison Jones, of New Road.) . . . white boiler suits, tapered all over, then dyed navy, red or purple.

■ **COLOURFUL RAVE** from Wellington, Somerset (via Claire Maben, of Molcombe Ragus) . . . red, gold or turquoise corduroy Bermudas worn under a grey flared skirt. A real hit if you go scootering!

■ **COLOURFUL RAVE** from Wallington, Surrey (via Nicole Yerna, of Gordel Close) . . . Midas Touch gold make-up worn on all visible parts of the body a la Goldfinger. Principally on face, neck, hands and arms. Stunning!

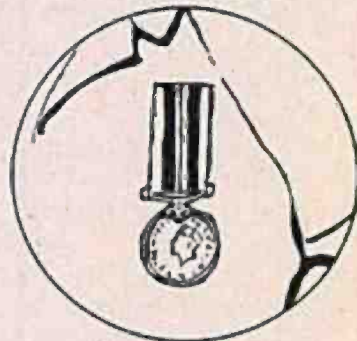
■ **COLOURFUL RAVE** from Withington, Manchester (via Isabel Kelso, of Rutland Avenue) . . . green lipstick, worn over conventional lipstick to give a "misty" sheen.

RING THE CHANGES by getting a handful of small bells from Woolworths and stitch them round the bottom of your jeans. The boys will certainly follow the noise.

This rave comes from Vanessa Blake, of Dow's Hill, High Wycombe, Bucks, who also suggests tying up your hair bunches with strips of lace for a really feminine effect.

■ Now spreading the Mersey gospel in far-off Edmonton, Alberta—former Liverpoolian Pat Harris. A disc jockey on Radio CHED out there, he is still giving the Mersey sound top priority. And Canada loves him for it.

DAD'S MEDALS



New use for medals

A brooch idea from Josephine Ranken, of Putney, London. Borrow dad's striped medal ribbons, she suggests, and then decorate yourself for bravery. Should look good on a costume jacket.

MORE RAVES NEXT PAGE

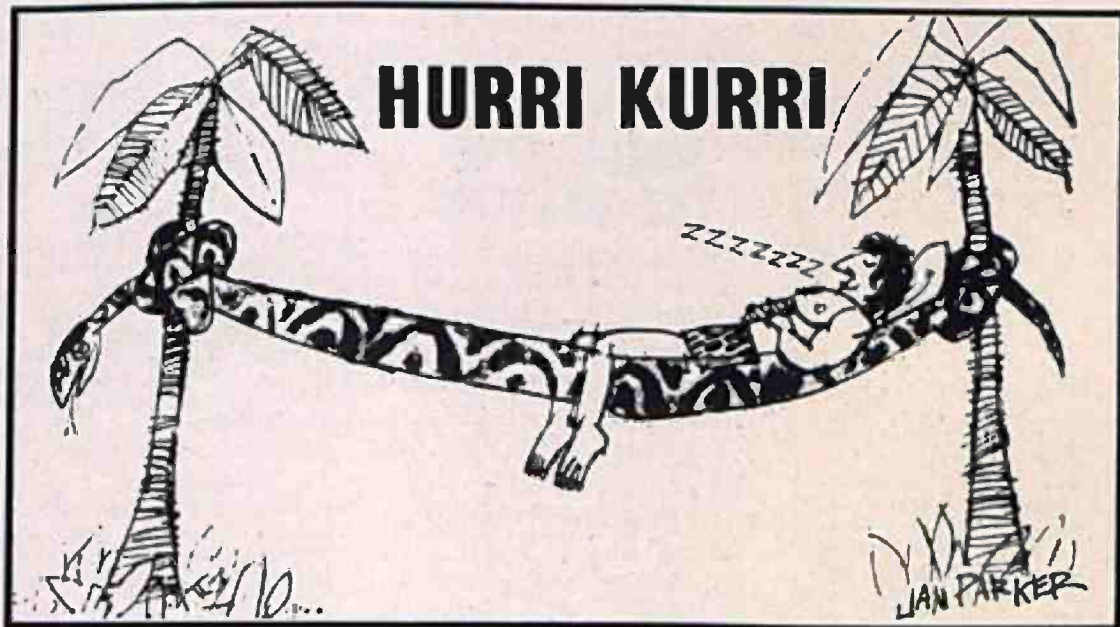
■ Gear boys in Colliers Wood, Wimbledon and Tooting, have cooked-up a rave refresher—coke with a dash of orangeade and a slice of orange on top. It's krispl!

Jazzing up those jeans

Jazzed-up jeans are still making the scene in South-East England. In Folkestone, Kent, bleach is poured down the denims so that they dry in blue and white stripes. Stripe-bleached denim shirts go well with them, says Susan Leonard.

Across in Croydon, Surrey, the new rave is splashing ink, paint or dye on blue or white jeans. The patterns may only last for one wash but you can always splodge them up again and the overall effect is dead gear, says Catherine Kirby, of Broom Road, Croydon.

HURRI KURRI



Dodo's raves

They're with-it for winter



Two nineteen-year-olds from Nottingham are not only setting the local fashion trends, they're making them! Linda Bradley and boyfriend Ian Longdon have launched their own company, Copains (that's French for "kids") and are working in association with the city's leading boutique proprietor.

Linda, who does all the designing, has had a complete range of Rain Suits (trouser suits in showerproof fabrics) accepted by Gaymac—a top fashion rainwear firm—only four weeks after she and Ian decided to throw up their jobs and move into the fashion scene.

Linda walked into Gaymac's sales director's office during a rainstorm and asked him: "Why don't you make rainproof trouser suits like the one I'm wearing?"

Sales director Pat Kelly signed Linda on the spot. Within days the first batch of suits were ready.

They'll be in the shops soon, priced about £8.

Two of the new look Rain Suits



Cheery display

During the winter months when flowers are hard to come by (and even harder to keep alive in centrally heated homes), tall drinking glasses will help you to maintain a cheery floral display.

Go for glasses in royal blue or green and fill them with tall bullrushes or long, straight stems of wheat.

Don't use leaves, as these tend to droop and the idea is to get a majestic, upright effect.

■ Now available in matching colours and designs—cases for powder, spectacles, cigarettes and lipsticks. Partly due to the return of loose powder and therefore compacts. Another handbag rave—jewelled diaries. A nice Christmas gift.

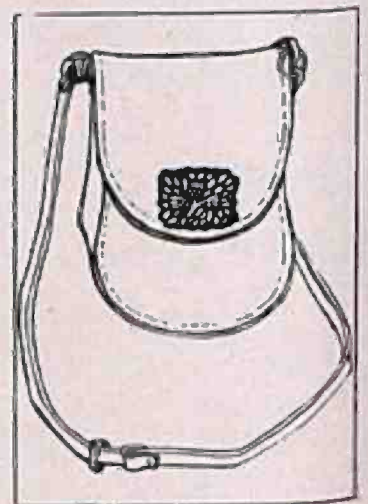
MAKE DO WITH A SPORRAN

The new small handbags aren't always easy to find in the shops and even if you track one down you'll find it expensive to buy. So why not make do with a sporrán?

They're supposed to go on a kilt, of course, but people will be too busy envying you to worry about that.

Mind you, you mightn't find it all that easy to discover a shop that sells sporrans. A child's leather handbag would be a good second bet.

Child's handbag



BALTIMORE HITS BACK!

We really annoyed young Linda Strickland of Baltimore, Maryland, U.S.A., when we said in October's rave that American boys refused to be fashionable.

Some do, she has written to say, but others don't. It seems there are four definite classes of teenager in Baltimore. The first, and currently "in" group are the J.C.'s (Joe College), sometimes called the Squirrels.

They follow college fashion, wearing V-neck sweaters, Tattersall, Madras, or Oxford-cloth shirts, fitted trousers, jackets in striped seersucker, madras, tweeds and corduroy.

Squirrel girls go for culottes, coachman or A-line skirts, A-line jumpers, and carry shoulder bags in leather, suede, madras or denim.

The boys wear their hair

square-cut at the back, long and combed forward in front. The girls have theirs straight, either long or short, with a little curve.

The next group are the Hares who wear motorcycle jackets, extra tight pants and wear their hair combed back in elaborate styles.

The Hare girls wear heavy make-up, tight skirts and tease their hair very high. They carry junky shoes and large pocketbooks.

DRESS LIKE THE BEATLES

Dougie Millings, tailor to the Beatles, Cliff Richard, Adam Faith, Billy J. Kramer, and other stars has come up with three new-look suits specially designed for 1965.

Forty-five-year-old Dougie (he appeared with the Beatles in "A Hard Day's Night") had to provide fifteen suits quickly for Sammy Davis Jr when the American star visited London.

His new suits—one double-breasted with Prussian collar and epaulettes, one without outside pockets and one with a pleated back below the waist—

The Turtles are the third group—the youths who never quite catch up. These are the teenagers who are indifferent to fashion styles.

The last group, the Fruits, wear styles that are "out". The girls wear long skirts, curly hair, bobby-sox and saddle shoes. They don't use make-up, except for "weird" red lipstick. The boys wear out-of-style clothes, baggy pants and white socks.

are on sale at branches of John Temple and Neville Reed. Prices from 12 guineas.

■ Winter rave for scooter drivers—big, chunky-knit wool mittens, lined with fur. Coloured wool on a white wool background will brighten up the murkiest December day. This tip from Sarah Irving, of Morecambe Gardens, Stanmore, Middlesex.

Just arriving in San Francisco—the age-old Discotheque. Long-time leader in U.S. teenage trends, the Californian city has just got its first disc club in the Alexis Restaurant.

Records from England and France are considered the tops.

Latest dance craze in 'Frisco is the Swim, served up as night-club entertainment by gyrating girls all along the North Beach entertainment centre.

Pretty idea for an unusual bedspread is to use two heavy lengths of lace curtaining together (the heaviest lace you can find). Place the lace, when finished, over a plain-coloured bedspread. Beige on mauve looks terrific.

To: all
rave readers!
Every day's post has a
hundred surprises. But my eyebrows
shot up when I got this one. Thought
you'd all like to see it - Editor.

Manfred Mannsions,
London, 5-4-3-2-1
Novembertime, 1964
(bad year for apples)

Hey, Editor,

Wanna tellya 'bout our diggie club fulla hound doggies. There's 'bout 50 of us now, but yused ter be only four. We just growed, see. We're not really doggies, tog. That's just our 'dopted names. Our club started way back 'bout the same time as the twist when we went to see a t'rif film called "Gidget Goes Hawaiian" an' really digged this character called Moon-doggie in it (James Darren).



Us four girls (Vin, Hass, Frankie and Lal) started callin' ourselves Snow-doggie, Moon-doggie, Sun-doggie and Star-doggie. We got ourselves sum friends in and gived them all doggie names. Then it just growed kinder bigger. Yer see it's a good way of keepin' in touch wiv friends.

Then we began getting hon-doggie members. Actor Jan Conrad (633 Squadron) was the fust. Then Clare Asher (Peter and Jane's sister) - she's Swift-doggie. Next Vincent Ball (Hush-doggie) and Diana Beevers (Sphinx-doggie) of Compact. Richard Briers became Swinging-doggie and Adrienne Poster Disc-doggie. Juliet Mills and her songwriter husband Russell Alquist wrote us and said they'd like ter be Sky-doggie and Song-doggie. When we visited Juliet in her flat she was expecting her first baby so we asked if, when it was born, it could be Puppy-doggie. She was delighted with the idea and now that's the only name we know him by.



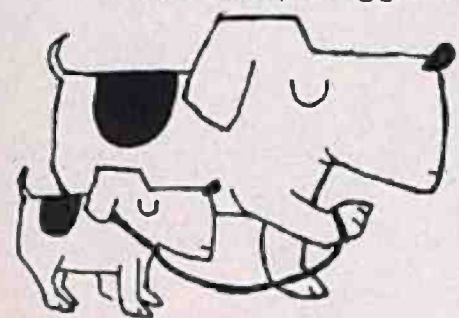
Puppy-doggie

We gave Hayley Mills a prezzie from the doggies and she wrote us a very nice letter sayin' she'd like to be Bird-doggie. Billie Davis is Mod-doggie the First; Helen Shapiro is Rag-doggie.

We also have the Moiskeybeats (Merseybeats): Aaron Williams, Shaggie-doggie; Tony Crane, Mod-doggie the Second; John Banks, Soft-doggie; Johnny Gustafson, Dog-doggie. The four of them make a litter.

Well that's enuff of that. Every now and then we get out a doggie paper wiv all the club news in it and send it all over. Like we also started a fan club for Crispin and the Scousers, whose fust record is now No 867 in the hit parade.

You see, doggies like to do mad things. We always make up our own dances. They're weird ones and usually the other dancers laugh and stare at us and stuff but dancing is meant to enjoy, so if you enjoy weird dances, what's matter???



Big-doggie leads mini-doggie

When we don't have any money and we go sit on the swinxes (sphinxes) by Cleopatti's needle which is very entertaining 'cos we meet all kinds of nice students, strangers and furriners there. We also have outings, like to the Beatles Xmas show ●●●



Bird-doggie

Another thing, we have our own language. Like clothes is cluz, yustag - yesterday, p'juz - pyjamas, Oxxie strasse - Oxford Street, Pitneys - jeans, shuz - shoes. We have lots of other doggie phrases.

We're busy buildin' two doggie rooms with black 'n' white check doors and hand-prints in the paint but we've got grand plans for a diggie doggie house in Cavendish Sqwer (near Wimpole and Oxxie strasse). It will be in the shape of a swinx (sphinx) and all sound-proof so we can have parties and all the hon-doggie groups can practise in it.



"Tom Jones"

There'll be a cinema where we can show Tom Jones all the time (we've seen it 'bout 70 times already) and an underground waterway to the river where all our doggie boats will be tied up. There won't be a doggie-boat meter in sight.



Window-doggie modelling cluz in Oxxie-strasse dog-tique

Then we'll have gondoliers goin' in the waterway which will be all lit up. There'll be loads of places like dance halls, stages and things (nacherally we're goin't ter make the sqwer bigger). Also we'll make tunnels underground to stores of cluz shops. The roof'll be flat so that the helicopter can land (pretty queer swinx) and we'll all have our own pets. Hassy's having a scraggy lion and Vin's having a wolverine.

We're going to have a doggie car, all old and falling to bits, with slogans and things all over it, with a siren and revolving light. And, natch, a pirate radio!

About the doggie ships, we'll be having speedboats, rafts, galleons and things that we can play around in on the Continent and places like that. An' they'll all have skull 'n' crossbones on them (like the car). If we have any new ideas for the doggie house we'll just make extensions (it's as easy as that). The swinx will be made in all different bits of stone with lights on top and it will have a hound face, not human.

Well, now yer knows all about the doggies, Editor, 'n' if you like, we'll sign you in as rave-doggie.

Give lotsa luv to anybody famous who might happen to be in your office when this letter comes your way. An' if you can get Manny Mann and P. J. Ropy to join our doggies we'll hug yer for ever.



Doggie-car with built-in pirate radio station!

Lal

(Star-doggie)

Hass

(Moon-doggie)

Vin

(Snow-doggie)

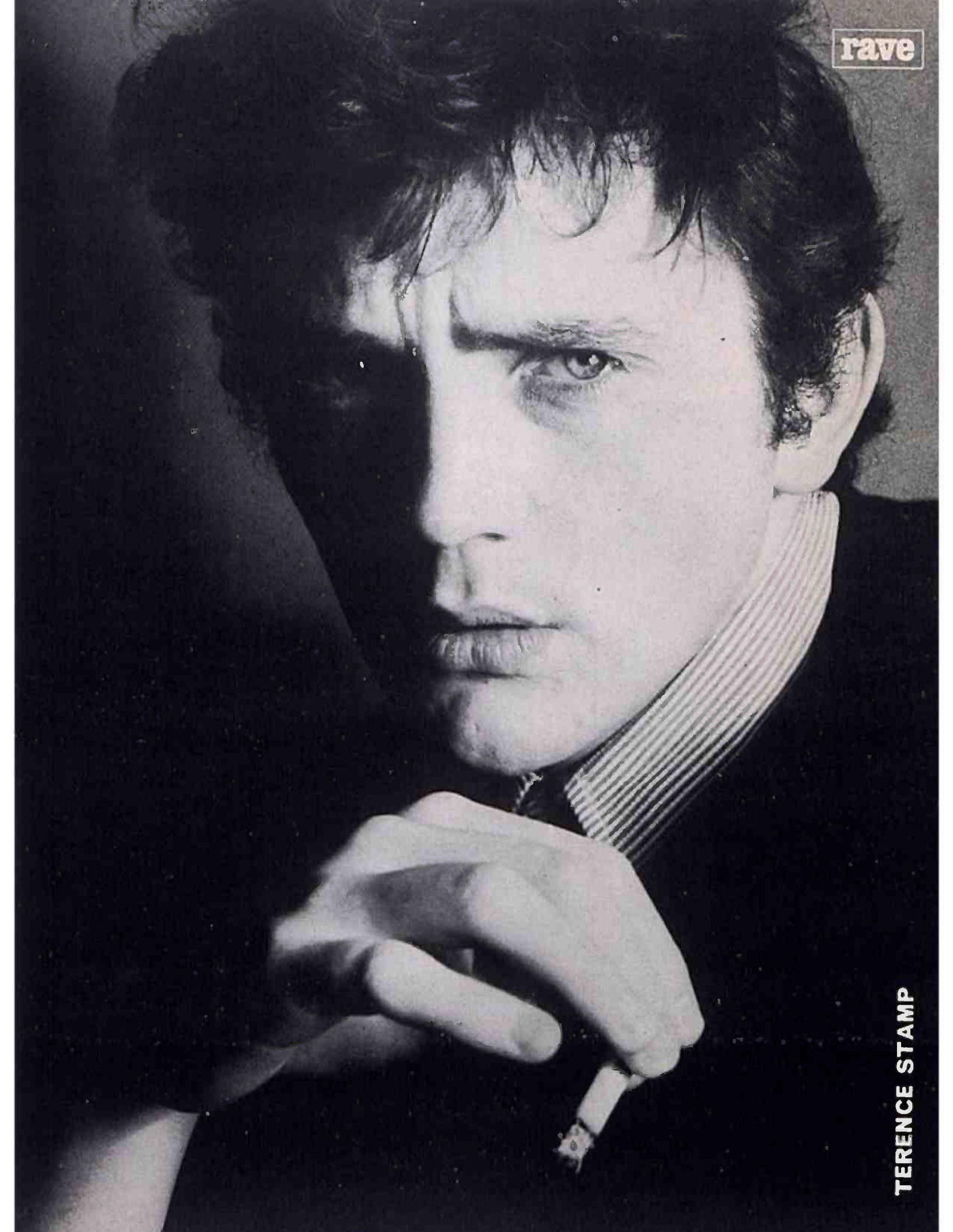
Frankie

(Sun-doggie)

*Right Doggies!
Sounds great fun. I'd love
to join. Thanks for asking.
rave-doggie.*

rave

TERENCE STAMP



A funny thing happened on the way to the . . . It's an old joke. As old as the music hall itself. But it's still true today. There's hardly one group in the best sellers that hasn't had a funny thing happen to them, as **DICK TATHAM** discovered



THE ROCKIN' BERRIES

WE ROARED . . . afterwards!

The funny thing that happened to the Yardbirds WASN'T so funny at the time.

It was when they depped for Billie Davis at a one-nighter—and had to start their act with disappointed male fans threatening to invade the stage.

The funny thing that WAS funny for everyone except lead guitarist Eric Clapton happened back in August on a Swiss lake. Singer Keith Relf reports . . .

"We had just arrived on holiday. We were whacked from hectic work in Britain—and from being chased around by Swiss fans who saw our hair-do's and thought we were the Beatles. So we took this boat on the lake. We all wanted to relax. All except Eric.

"He pointed to a mountain near the lake-side. 'Heh,' he said. 'What say we go and climb it?'

"The rest of us didn't argue. We gathered our last remaining bits of energy—picked

him up—chucked him in the lake! Later we went up the mountain—by cable car."

The Poets (left) also recall something that wasn't funny at the time. Says bass guitarist John Dawson, "After a one-nighter in Bury, we headed for London.

"We ran into a pea souper fog. We drove around and around in bottom gear from midnight till five in the morning.

"Didn't as much as find anywhere where we could get a cuppa. I won't repeat what we said during those five hours—but it definitely wasn't poetry."

The Rockin' Berries . . . Drummer Terry Bond says of their early days. "I suppose the craziest time was when—getting no work in Britain—we did a tour of Germany.

"We used to wash our own shirts, press our own pants, do our own cooking, sleep any old where. Talk about being in the army!"



THE POETS



THE PRETTY THINGS

A FUNNY THING HAD

CHASED OVER THE BORDER

THE NASHVILLE TEENS' early experiences included buying an ambulance, two brushes with the police, a night marooned in the snow and a panic caused by Chuck Berry.

The ambulance they bought as a cheap (£40) means of transport. A week later the police stopped them and did a roadside search. Explanation: thieves had robbed a local jeweller's—using (of all things) an old ambulance.

Other police brush: being chased by East German cops who wanted to see border crossing permits that the Teens didn't have.

Night in snow: spent on Yorkshire moors after van's radiator had busted.

Chuck Berry panic (pianist John Hawken reporting):

"We had been asked to back him. We were honoured sky high. But he would often launch into a number without telling us what it was going to be—or the key or tempo!"



TEEN JOHN HAWKEN

THINGS biggest laugh

"Good grief!" Viv Prince muttered to himself. "Not them again." He glanced again through the music publisher's window. He realised it was them right enough and they weren't just passing by.

They were waiting for him. Like before. Four of them. One with a beard. Others with no hair on chin but enough hair on top to nest an eagle.

With the feeling he might as well get it over, he called goodbye to the music publisher and went out into the street. He already knew how the talk would go . . .

"Hi, Viv!"

"Hi, fellers."

"So how about joining the Pretty Things?"

"The answer is the same as yesterday. And the day before. And the day before that. NO!"

And off he walked. But as he did so he had a funny feeling they would get him in the end!

PENED

ON THE WAY TO THE TOP!



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SANDIE—so extravagant and generous, she used to end up flat broke.

Miss UN PRE DICT ABLE

—she even
shocks Mum!

The bride and groom were standing at the altar. The bridesmaids stood behind them, dressed in white. Suddenly, one of them slipped off her shoes. It was Sandie Shaw.

That's how her family and her friends know Sandie. Miss Unpredictable.

It's official. **GEORGIE COOPER** talked to the one person who **REALLY** knows—Her Mum—Mrs Rae Goodrich—

Some people think it's a bit of a gimmick, but she always has had this thing about going bare foot.

As soon as she comes in, she throws off her shoes. She never wears house slippers—just wanders round bare foot.

A few weeks ago Sandie was a bridesmaid at her cousin's wedding. My husband and I were sitting in the church, just a little way back from where Sandie was standing with the other bridesmaids.

Suddenly, I turned to my husband. "I'm seeing things, aren't I?" I asked him—but it was true. Sandie had slipped off her shoes!

She hasn't worn those white shoes since. It's funny, she has this thing about white accessories—just can't stand them.

It's surprising—and unpredictable—because really she's a very shy girl.

When she was a bit younger, she used to have a lot of freckles and all the boys used to tease her—so she never goes sunbathing, and tries to avoid the sun.

And here's another odd thing about her. Seeing her on TV and knowing she's in show business you'd think she was always surrounded by friends. But she prefers to just sit and think in a little world of her own.

Yet she's also a very outspoken girl. Many a time, I've been to have my hair done and said, "D'you like it?"

Sandie's just said, "No, not much!" She's very open and honest, and expects everyone else to be the same.

She has her sweet moments, but she can be a terror—and she's so untidy. She'll come in in the evening, throw off her shoes—and just leave them where they fall.

At one time, Sandie used to rush home and make herself a bowl of custard; she was crazy about custard—now it's yoghurt. She must have yoghurt every day.

She's always loved flowers—often, she'll come home with a little bunch. Especially carnations. She knows I love those.

The day we learned her record had reached No 1, she took me up to town and bought me a

dress, the most gorgeous two-tone black suede handbag and gloves to match.

Sandie's always very thoughtful when she's choosing presents, but she never really plans what she's going to do.

Last Christmas when she got her monthly cheque from the firm she used to work at, Fords, she just went out on the spur of the moment and bought me a beautiful porcelain vase. She got her Daddy a wrist watch. She had noticed—without saying anything—that his was broken.

But she hadn't bothered to work out in advance how much she could afford to spend. Just after Christmas she came and told me she was broke and asked me to lend her the money for her fares to work.

To be honest, I think she's a bit too extravagant. The trouble was that she had only been working a few months before she decided to become a singer. She hadn't had time to discard all her school clothes and build herself a wardrobe—then, whoosh, it all happened at once.

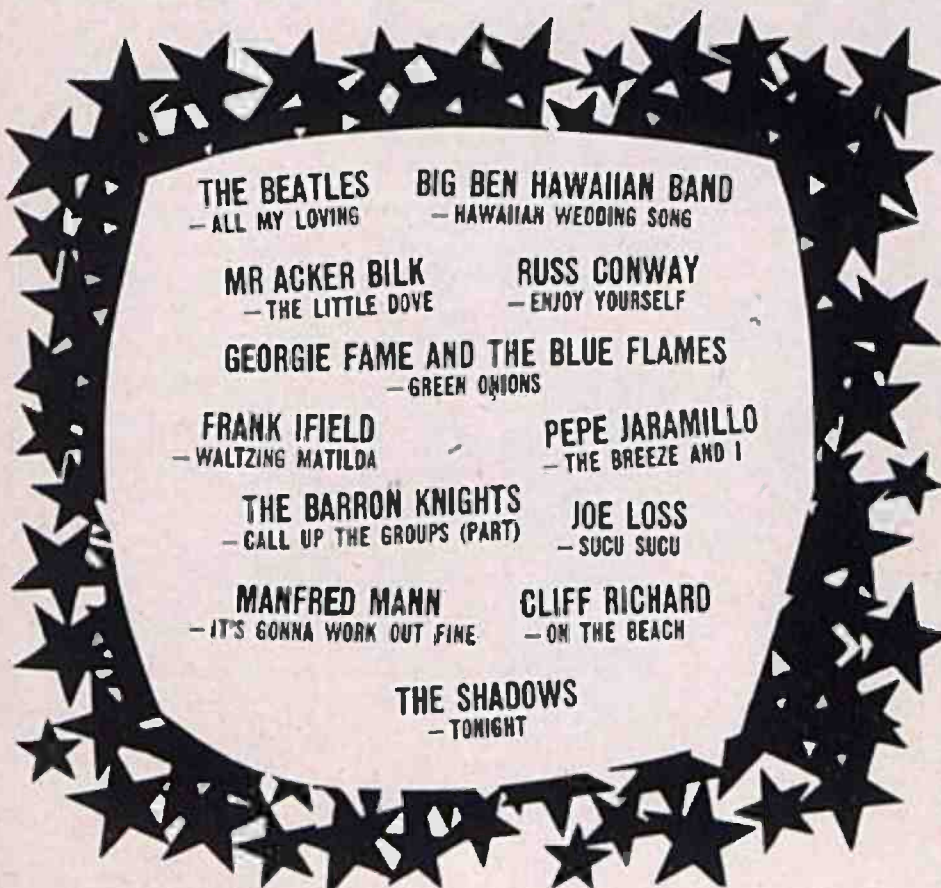
She must've bought six pairs of shoes, four dresses, two coats. To me, going out to buy a dress would be quite an occasion. But Sandie just jumps up suddenly and says, "I'm going to town"—and then she comes back with a dress.

Unpredictable? I'll say she is! And marvellous too!



Rehearsing and hoping to pull off another Number One, Sandie, songwriter Chris Andrews and the star who helped her to the top, Adam Faith. As an experienced artist Adam's advice is invaluable . . . and he comes in handy as a shoe rack, too!

NEVER BEFORE ON ONE TAPE!



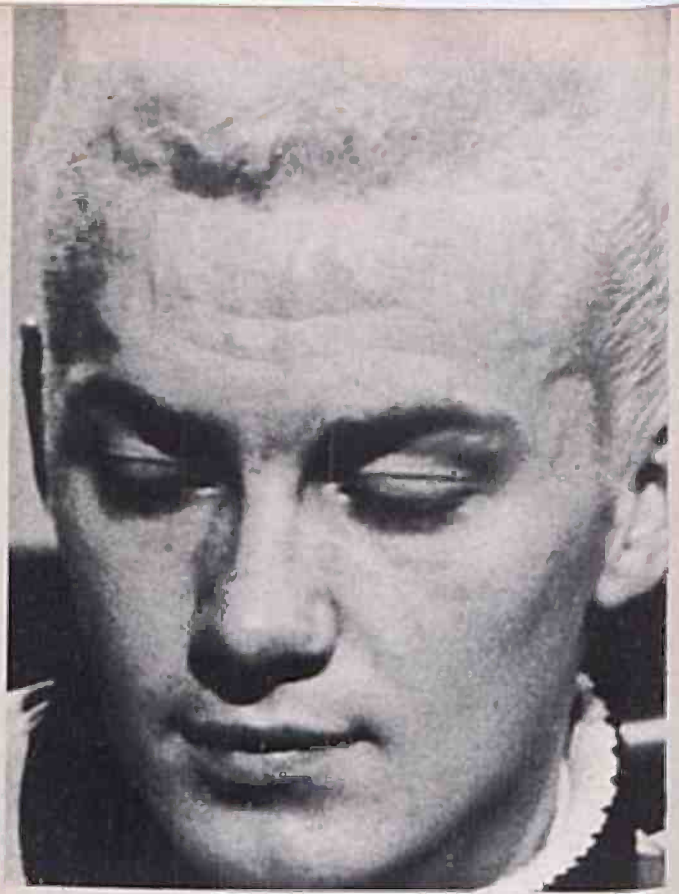
fab!

EMITAPE'S POP PARTY 40 minutes of top pops for only 16/-

Here's all you have to do to get this swinging tape. Just buy a 5", 5½" or 7" Emitape in the special Christmas wrapper—fill in the coupon inside the wrapper and post to Emitape with 16/- (and 1/6 to cover packing and postage). Emitape's fab Pop Party tape will then be sent to you direct. So don't delay—the offer ends 31st January, 1965.

Heinz tells of the night that haunts him . . . A night when it seemed his bid for stardom had been suddenly and hopelessly wrecked

THE NIGHT I NEARLY WEPT



There was not a care in my world. Only a heady, pulse-stirring excitement. I hadn't long left the film studios at Pinewood and now a wide, clear road stretched ahead. The moment I put my foot down the gleaming dark blue saloon responded powerfully. The speedo needle swung to seventy . . . eighty . . . ninety.

"Heinz—you'll have to go like mad," my manager Joe Meck had told me a few days before. "You stop filming 'Live It Up' at five—and you *must* be at Birmingham Town Hall by seven fifteen."

I had lost no time looking up the route and working out the mileage. About 100 miles I made it. A hundred miles to do in 2½ hours . . .

The more I edged ahead of schedule, the more on top of the world I felt. The show ahead?

I guessed there would be a crowd of a couple of thousand or so. They would be there mainly to see Jerry Lee Lewis and Gene Vincent. Maybe they would also

be curious to see how *I* would do. It was, after all, my first stage date since leaving the Tornados . . . This was my bid for success!

How would I go over? I told myself I would just go out and give all I'd got. But I didn't think too much about my performance. I had to concentrate on the driving.

I had to average about 45. I jerked to a halt outside Birmingham Town Hall with seven minutes to go.

Many times since I have tried to re-live what it was like when I came on stage. Nearest I got is: "It was like a boxer coming out of his corner and running smack into a sucker punch."

I remember so clearly that my mere appearance seemed to trigger off a barrage of full-force hostility.

HEINZ—GET LOST . . .
DROP DEAD . . . LET'S
HAVE JERRY LEE . . . The
yells came savage and searing. . . .

"Why this? What have I

done?"—the questions flashed frantically through my mind as I swung automatically into my first number.

As I sang I forced a grin. Forced it though my lips were lead—though I could feel the sweat start to slither down my face—though my senses were awfully like dice in a shaker.

We kept going—all through four numbers. We didn't skip a note. At least that entitled us to look people in the eye afterwards.

A knock on my dressing room door . . . "Heinz—it's me—Gene Vincent."

"Come right in, Gene."
"Don't tell me how you feel. I *know* how you feel. It's happened to me, this sort of thing. It happens to *everyone* at times. Don't let it get you. I watched your act. Every second of it."

"You are on the right lines, take it from me. Keep in there pitching and one day you'll be up at the top for sure."

I was in too much of a daze for the American's words to get properly home. When at last they did so, it was hours later . . .

I had gone straight from the theatre to the hotel. Hadn't eaten a thing. Alone in my room, I was hit by the full force of what had happened.

My whole world seemed to have fallen apart. I was as near to tears as I have ever been. Sleep? Not a hope . . .

I went and sat on the bed. I lit another cigarette. I let it hang loosely from my lips as I willed myself to weigh things up calmly.

That was when Gene Vincent's words came back to me. I knew Gene to be a straight talker. What he had said, he had meant. So he thought I could hit the top—and suddenly I was determined I was going to hit the top.

I knew word would get around about Birmingham: that people would say: "Heinz got the bird. His act can't be much cop."

Of course, I realise now what was the basic trouble on that night. Because of my film job, they put me on as late as possible in the stage show. That meant I was on immediately before Jerry Lee Lewis.

The audience were all keyed up to see him and I was delaying things! Maybe other people *have* had a tough time in the circumstances—but to have it happen on your first night is something again.

When I climbed high in the charts a few weeks later with "Just Like Eddie", I really felt I was getting somewhere. And when I returned to Birmingham to find the jeers had turned into cheers, I hoped there would never be a repeat of those scenes.

They say most artists are nervous before they go on. For me, that goes double.

But at least there's the consolation that it keeps me on my toes all the time!

2 fab offers from Ty-Phoo TEA

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A colour print of any of these 12 Pop Stars in a beautiful heart-shaped frame *free* from Ty-Phoo! Just collect numbers 1 to 12 of the heart-shaped symbols on Ty-Phoo Tea packets and send them in to Ty-Phoo. It's as easy as that!

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And here's another big Ty-Phoo offer! Win a "Top Six" Disc! With your framed Pop Star print you'll also receive an entry form for a very simple Pop Star Competition. There's a different competition every month with 600 "Top Six" Discs as prizes every time!

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THE LIFE HE LEFT

• • • from page 17

thought this was really going to be our big break," he said despondently.

They all seemed so upset that I felt sorry for them, and we had a work-out in the hotel bar at Inverness, trying out all my numbers over and over again until we got the right sound.

That night, after we had finished our show, a girl came up to the boys and asked them for their autographs.

John just couldn't believe it, and the others were thrilled.

"It's the first time anyone has ever asked us for our autographs," George told me.

"This is great," said John. "This is the life. Marvellous—do you think we ought to chuck everything up and turn full-time?"

He was still talking about it when we were driving off to another show in our Dormobile, when suddenly we crashed into a car on a cross-roads at Banff.

All the equipment jerked forward, and the boys tumbled over each other into the front seats. The van was almost a write-off, and the police had me for careless driving. Cost me £5.

The last time we saw each other was at Dundee station. They were going back to Liverpool.

John said: "Ask Larry Parnes, if he wants us again. We'd love to back you again if we could."

Pete's in . . .

The next big break was the Beatles' first trip to Hamburg. Their manager Alan Williams was auditioning groups for Germany, and suggested the Beatles.

"But you'll have to get a drummer," he said. And that was where Pete Best came into the picture.

With Ken Brown, he had formed the Blackjacks who played regularly at his mother's club the Casbah.

Ken remembers: "I was sitting in the kitchen with Mrs. Best and Pete having a cup of tea, when the boys arrived all excited—and asked to have a word with Pete. He went outside with them.

"I sat there not very bothered. After all, Pete and I had built up a good group. Then Mrs. Best came in and said John, Paul, George and Stu had asked Pete to go to Hamburg with them as their drummer.

"She told me they had been offered this season at the Indra, and said it was too good an opportunity for Pete to miss. I agreed."

The very next day, the Beatles left for Hamburg.

CLOSED DOWN

The Indra was on the Reeperbahn, the Soho of Hamburg.

Late at night, the clubs were packed. But the police had one strict rule: everyone under 18 had to be out by 10 p.m.

After complaints that this rule was not being observed, the police closed the Indra and the Beatles moved to the Kaiser-keller, just along the street.

HOMETO THE BIG BREAK

The Beatles' Hamburg adventure ended when the police discovered that George was only 17 and John had no work permit.

All four Beatles were sent home to England—though Stu, who had fallen in love with a German girl, stayed behind.

Back home in Liverpool, the boys were dispirited. Without Stu, they felt the group could not continue.

But for the encouragement of three people—Mrs. Best, Neil Aspinall and Bob Wooler—the Beatles would have been no more.

While they were in Hamburg, the Casbah had been gaining in popularity.

Here, thought Mrs. Best, was their chance to regain their confidence.

She booked them for December 23, 1960, while Neil—training to be a chartered accountant—drew up posters, billing the Beatles as "DIRECT FROM HAMBURG."

Their performance was sensational. Ken Brown was in the Casbah that night: "The boys were tremendous."

Four nights later, Bob Wooler presented them at Litherland Town Hall. Neil was standing at the back of the hall as Pete set up his drums, and Paul, George and John tuned their guitars. Suddenly Paul launched into "Long Tall Sally"—and the audience went wild, storming the stage.

"None of us had ever seen anything like that before," said Neil. "It was as if they had happened overnight."

From that night on, the Beatles were Liverpool's top group. They were on the way to world conquest!

GEORGE TREMLETT

HOW TO WIN HEARTS

When it's 'a show of hands'—every time you eat, drink, shake hands, dance or (dare we say it?) work—be sure that your hands are always smooth and velvet soft. Extra softening Cuticura Hand Cream keeps your hands soft as a caress . . . hands he'll love to hold. Cuticura Hand Cream—never sticky; never greasy; always delightfully fragrant; gently soothing. Let Cuticura keep your hands lovely always. You'll love—

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NEWNES

'BAD BOY' PROBY CONFESSES...



WHY I'M AFRAID OF GIRLS!

HE sat at a green marble table munching grilled plaice and salad. By his side was a pint beer mug filled with milk. He wore a pink silk dressing gown and blue striped underpants. P. J. Proby was plainly king of the castle in his luxurious London home.

"I'm glad I came to Britain", he reflected. "I like the girls—they treat me so good. Funny, that—because usually I'm afraid of girls!"

For Jim Proby, the living legend, to confess this was like dropping a bomb in an area where you least expect it. He pushed away the plate to finish a letter to a famous young actress.

Jim explained: "I'm writing to apologise. I've always been a fan. Then she invited me out to lunch and I disgraced myself. She took me to a friend's house in Kensington and I was a complete ass.

"For five hours, I did nothing but talk about myself—behaved like a rough-neck.

"I feel ashamed. Should've been more respectful; trouble is I feel so darn insecure with women. My marriage ended in failure. It gets so you're always on the defensive.

"When I married, I was only 21, Marianne was 16; we met when I was singing in a night club—she was in the audience.

"I was very much in love, and still do have feelings for her. My divorce was the most painful experience of my life. We were gradually destroying each other. She used to tell me I was ugly, and it got so I was believing it myself.

"She really didn't want me to be a star, I suppose. Seemed to think she'd lose me or something.

"Divorce came through just before I came over to Britain. It's left me with this feeling of insecurity. I don't trust women any more, and I'm always on the defensive.

"I've met lots of girls and had one or two romances. One in particular was short-lived, but wow! And the film star—well, that was short-lived, too. But I haven't given up hope completely!

"English girls—they're fantastic—just like the Chinese. They treat me great. Maybe it's because I'm P. J. Proby, they come round to clean my house and do my cooking. Even though I treat 'em mean, they treat me so good. I find English girls are like that.

"I don't think it's because of my money.

"Now that I'm in the public eye, I have to conduct myself better than in the old days. But this all adds to my feelings of insecurity.

"Losing your mind in business is one thing, but lose your mind on women and they ruin your emotions."

Will it always be this way?

"Sure, I'd like to get married. But the first one failed, and I don't want that to happen again. Meanwhile, I'll just carry on playing the field."

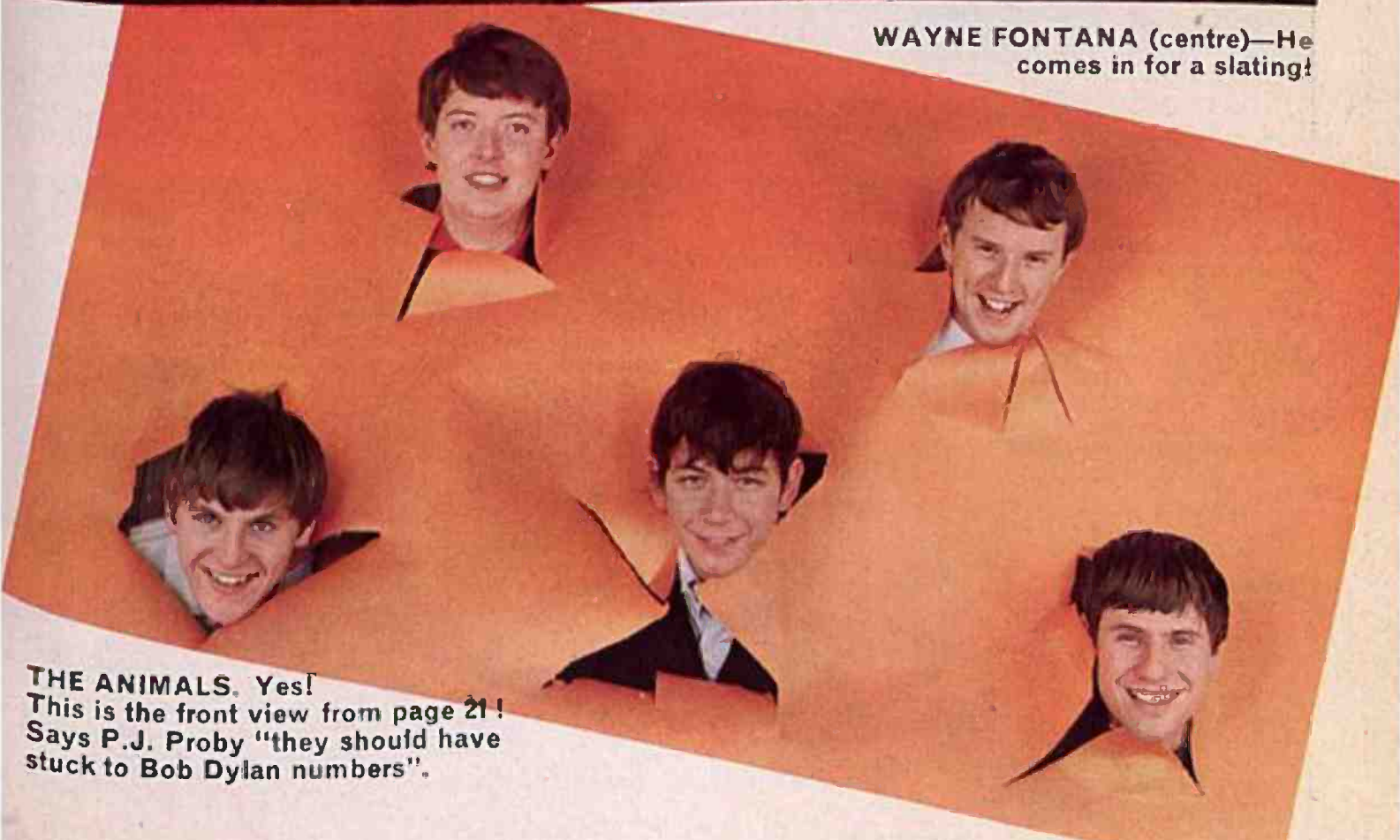
Proby's a fast and compelling talker. He can cover many subjects within a short time. He gives his no-holds-barred views on the next three pages.



THE HOLLIES (l to r top) Allan Clarke, Tony Hicks, Bobby Elliott, (bottom) Graham Nash and Eric Haydock . . . five guys with a good sound "but a bit like the Beatles," says P.J.



WAYNE FONTANA (centre)—He comes in for a slating!



THE ANIMALS. Yes!
This is the front view from page 21!
Says P.J. Proby "they should have stuck to Bob Dylan numbers".

PROBY: FRIENDSHIP SCARES ME

• • • from page 59

ambitions

"In show business, there are only two careers that mean anything to me—the Beatles and Elvis Presley. I would also like to be as good an actor as Gary Cooper.

Outside show business, I would like to open a chain of restaurants—the Buckle and Bows, serving Mexican food. Britain has never tasted Mexican food; this would be a success—but I'd only do it for the money."

FRIENDS

"I haven't really got any. I'm scared of friendship in case I get disappointed."

beatles

"Suppose I'm as friendly with them as I shall get with anyone, but even they are just friends in show business."



Brian Jones

STONES

"I argue with all my friends. Had a giant argument with Brian Jones when I wouldn't do four shows with the Rolling Stones. He told me I was chicken. Just couldn't believe it was a question of money, but I'm not in this business for bread and peanut butter."

HAIR

"My hair looks like a darn woman's, so I have to go to a woman's hairdresser—Vidal Sassoon. I also have to have my own hairdresser to tie it up in a bow; I can't manage that myself."

Sandie Shaw

"Extremely good, but she sounds like Dionne Warwick."

JOBS

"I've worked on road construction. As a delivery boy, a taxi cab driver—and many times as a dish washer. I used to work in the Sea Witch restaurant in Hollywood, dish-washing by day and singing at night."

FOOD

"Like it simple. Plenty of salads—lots of lettuce, tomatoes, onions, radishes. Natural fruit juices. Fresh milk. I do eat meat—but with one heck of a conscience. I love animals, and whenever I eat meat I remember that it was once a living being."

hobbies

"My work's my hobby. I have no time for anything else. I do like boxing, horse-riding, motor cycle racing, high-diving, basketball—but all these are banned for me. I'm not supposed to do anything dangerous. But it's hard to live up to such a dull life."

WAYNE

"I've met him, and heard his record—but it's a cover. I had already heard Major Lance's version; he's got a better range than Wayne Fontana."

OLDHAM

"Andrew Oldham gets near to the Phil Spector sound, but that's only because he worships the ground Spector walks on."

pets

"I have a cat called Marmaduke Mousymouth Proby. A girl called Vera left him on my doorstep in a box."

PARTIES

"I have some parties, but usually I'm the only person who isn't there—mainly because I have something else to do. Sometimes, I go to other people's."

animals

"They did a great version of Bob Dylan's 'House Of The Rising Sun', but 'I'm Crying' was a mistake. They should've worked right through Bob Dylan's numbers first. Never seen them work, but like their records."

British drivers

"I'm getting my own car. An Austin Princess—and a chauffeur. I wouldn't dare drive here myself. Driving in London is like driving in the Indianapolis 500-mile race every day of your life!"

HOLLIES

"Very, very good. They sound a bit like the Beatles, but they're very good."

police

"I try to avoid them. I've been in gaol too many times. Nowadays, I watch my conduct carefully!"

business

"When Jack Good went back to America and left me on my own, my first aim was to promote my own show. Chose the wrong associates—and it'll be a cold day before I go back to work with them."

CLUBS

"Some are just plain crummy. I stopped working in places like this when I was 16. At one club, when I asked for my money the owner offered me an I.O.U., so I didn't do any more work for him."

Mr. Gorgeous: Steve McQueen

Take a look at our back cover—go on, swoon, look as you like—and then see if you can honestly say Steve McQueen isn't one of the dishiest guys around today. Well, CAN you?

We can't. That's why we've picked him to kick-off this Mr. Gorgeous series.

But you know something. Steve himself doesn't care if he's good looking or not! Doesn't seem fair, does it?

But let's face it, those "animal" good looks and natural acting ability have made him one of the world's biggest box office draws. Films like

"The Great Escape" and "Love With A Proper Stranger". That type of fame doesn't mean a thing to him, though.

While on a film, he'll keep in line with the rest of the crew. But, once his time is his own, he's off! Whooping it up somewhere. Sometimes at a party... more often on a track, racing one of his four motor bikes. They are the big love in his life.

Stand by next month for another Mr. Gorgeous—all framed and ready for you to pin up. There's some really way-out pics in store for you...

Clearasil ends embarrassment

Starves Pimples



Eve Clay of Sheffield 9 writes: "... I don't have to worry about my skin. Even if a spot does appear, immediately I apply CLEARASIL I find that it can easily be covered. I would recommend this to anyone" *Eve Clay*

Skin-tinted to blend with your skin while it works

The real pimple trouble lies below the surface. What you see on the outside is only the top of the blemish. Skin specialists agree that you need a medication which opens, cleans out and starves pimples. What's more, Clearasil is skin-tinted to blend with the skin while it works.

CLEARASIL'S 3 MEDICAL ACTIONS

1. OPENS PIMPLES. Clearasil's "keratolytic" action gently peels away and opens the affected pimple cap without dangerous squeezing . . . lets active medications get down inside.

2. CLEANS-OUT PIMPLES. Clogged pores drain quickly as antiseptic medications penetrate to any lower infection, stopping growth of bacteria that can cause and spread pimples. Clearasil softens and loosens blackheads, so they "float" out with normal washing.

3. STARVES PIMPLES FAST. Clearasil's oil-absorbing action works to starve pimples fast . . . removes excess oil that can clog pores and cause pimples. Helps prevent further outbreaks. Greaseless, stainless Clearasil encourages growth of healthy, smooth skin.



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