

rawe

P.P. 8003

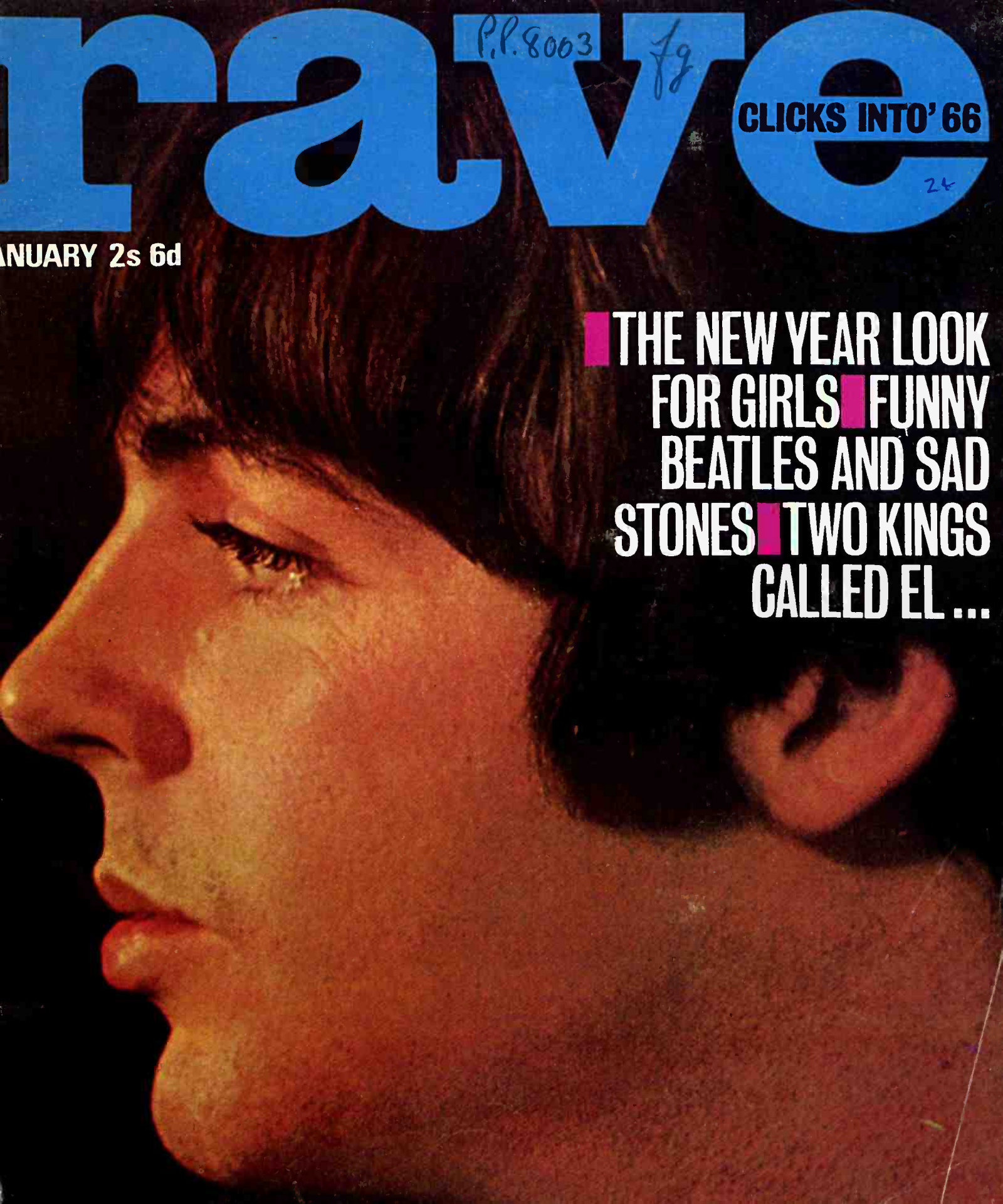
79

CLICKS INTO '66

24

JANUARY 2s 6d

■ THE NEW YEAR LOOK
FOR GIRLS ■ FUNNY
BEATLES AND SAD
STONES ■ TWO KINGS
CALLED EL ...



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



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





Click!

CLICKETY-
CLICK!

CLICKETY-
CLICK!

FOCUS ON THE NEW YEAR GIRL

Are you a New Year Girl? New Year Girls are NOW. New Year Girls are wearing short skirts with the skinny look from the shoulders down. New Year Girls are seen around town in bell-bottomed trousers, fur coats and western clothes. New Year Girls are becoming all-action girls—riding, bowling, skating girls—yet still looking whipped-up for their discotheque dancing—the social must for the NOW girl. New Year Girls look good from morning till night in their transformed Vidal cut—hair back off the face.

For a NOW girl things will be a flip or a flop, creepy or groovy, NOW or never! Are you a New Year Girl? If so, stay with us and keep that way. If you're not, stay with us and become one. New Year Girls are the New Year Rave!

The Editor

WHAT'S IN IT FOR YOU . . .

POP FEATURES

- 13 The Latest In Toys
- 18 Who Is The Funniest Beatle?
- 26 Elvis And I
- 28 Little Boy Blue — Mick Jagger
- 34 The Walker Brothers — What Is It About Them That's So Lovely?
- 42 Best Side Story — from P. J.
- 60 Eric Burdon in The Agony And The Ecstasy

FASHION AND BEAUTY

- 22 Who Are You Looking At? RAVE beauty ideas to get you noticed
- 39 Party Lines. The latest lines for parties

SPECIALS

- 4 '66 Clickety-Click!
- 14 What '66 Holds For You
- 36 Another King Called El
- 46 Just Dennis — a boy's angle on fashion
- 53 When UNCLE was a Nephew

REGULARS

- 10 This Is Your Life — LIVING TOGETHER
- 20 This Is—Where It's At! Mike Grant's Starbeat brings you the latest pop gossip
- 44 RAVE'S Whether Chart — the pop chart with a difference
- 48 Heart-to-Heart — with Chris Andrews
- 51 Meet The Folks — Paul Simon
- 55 Dodo's Pop Diary
- 56 U.S. Pop Cable
- 57 Today's Raves
- 58 You're Telling Us! / We're Telling You!
- 59 Pen Pals / Boys — lost and found
- 62 Lloyd Alexander

IN COLOUR

- 5 Beatles
- 8 Yardbirds, Who
- 25 The Rave Look
- 28/29 Mick Jagger
- 32/33 The Walker Brothers
- 37 El Cordobes
- 60/61 Eric Burdon
- 64 Paul McCartney



1966

CLICKETY -CLICK!

Where's the action
this New Year?
Here.
As RAVE'S
camera-man
catches the stars
in action.





What will the New Year hold pop-wise? Who will be the big stars of '66—what will be the big events? Here's a special RAVE look. See if you agree.

RAVE - alations



we hope . . .

- that P. J. Proby will buy some sheet metal trousers and make better use of his genuine talent to advance his career.
- Donovan's poetry takes a turn for the better.
- that a new group comes along to revolutionise the pop world by drinking something other than Scotch and Coke.
- that Cathy McGowan stops saying 'super'.
- that David McCallum cuts a disc, we're sure he'd be great!
- that the Beatles will make more personal appearances for the sake of their faithful British fans, and that they find that film script in time for a '66 Beatles film.
- that Tom Jones grows his hair again.



we predict . . .

- that the Beatles will go from strength to strength and that no group will seriously challenge their supremacy in the pop world.
- that Elvis won't come to Britain (but we'd be delighted to be proved wrong).
- that groups like the Who, the Yardbirds and the Fortunes will make an increasing impact on the Charts.
- that Brian Epstein may shed some of his less successful outfits.
- that Protest will die a slow and painful death, that it will be not replaced by anti-Protest songs but by songs with more emphasis on music than lyrics. And the lyrics will once again be about boys and girls, love and kisses—rather than death, birth-control and nuclear fall-out.
- that James Brown will get a little more—but not much more—of the credit he so thoroughly deserves.
- that more and more people will record Beatle songs.
- that the top three groups—apart from the Beatles—will be the Animals, the Walker Brothers and the Stones.
- that Hedgehoppers Anonymous may not make it really big.
- that people will write in and tell us we're out of our heads.
- that Manfred Mann will end up a big band and start a new trend.

- great success for Terry Stamp in the "Modesty Blaise" film.
- that Mick Jagger and Keith Richard will emerge as a top songwriting team with a string of hits they've written for other artists.
- that Dusty Springfield will become a best-selling album artist and will cut an LP of Burt Bacharach songs.
- that in 1966 there will be more and more coloured U.S. singers in our charts—Fontella Bass, Wilson Pickett, James Brown, Lee Dorsey.
- that there will be some startling news revealed about Sonny & Cher.
- that Heath—Lee Majors of "The Big Valley" TV Western fame, will become a fave rave, along with Illya, etc.



we want . . .

We want to see in 1966 a lot more polish and professionalism in every part of pop. Compared with the drive, energy and imagination of young designers, film people and fashion pioneers, the music scene still has a lot of faults to get rid of. Big money too often leads to big heads. In the last twelve months the behaviour of many groups and solo stars set us wondering if they've forgotten who's behind their success. For their information, it's the fans.

Professionals are punctual. Ask the recording engineers how often they've had to hang on until midnight because the artists got to the studio more than an hour late. Ask the photographers who've had to scrub picture calls because Miss Number One couldn't get up in time.

Professionals are poised. Ask the Savoy Hotel entertainment chiefs who watched Sandie Shaw break off in the middle of a number and cry unhappily that she was nervous.

Professionals are polite. Ask Bob Dylan, who's suffered ceaseless backbiting about 'commercialism' from performers who couldn't even carry his guitar case.

Professionals value publicity. Ask the reporters and TV crews who have to endure the boorish non-operation of dim group managers at airports and Press conferences. Or ask producer Jim Economides, the man behind America's Beach Boys: "I watch television and see one of your pop groups getting coverage because they're leaving for some place, and I think these guys wouldn't rate the sixth page in an American paper."

Professionals are prepared. Ask the now-famous Northern group who were so raw a year ago that they left the studio after their first recording session without doing a B-side. They had to come back and put in two more hours trying to think of a number!

We want to see all that changed in 1966.

we'd like . . .

- Elvis to do a Lennon-McCartney album to prove to John that he is not so "square" as John seems to think.
- The Animals to record an EP of old Elvis numbers like "Heartbreak Hotel" and "Jailhouse Rock" which is one of Eric Burdon's pet schemes.
- The Beatles to each have a solo record (even George).
- For some groups and individuals to realise it is neither clever nor intelligent to insult reporters and for reporters and papers not to insult the intelligence of their readers by asking and producing answers to questions like "What is your favourite colour?" and "Do you have an ambition?"
- TV companies to give greater scope to coloured artists like Nina Simone, Ray Charles and Wilson Pickett.
- Paul and Barry Ryan to stand on their own four feet.
- Manfred Mann to be just a little less acidic and Sonny and Cher just a little less "lovey-dovey".
- Musical papers to refrain from using the cliché: "Stones—hit back," "strike out" or "lash out" or "strike back."
- For Peter to be just a little more like Gordon and Gordon to be just a little more like Peter.
- Eric Burdon to have a best seller with his book "I'm Going Out Of My Head" because he believes in it.

we fear . . .

- that Cathy McGowan won't stop saying 'super'.
- that there will still be a desperate shortage of new disc-jockeys.
- that Lulu still won't get all the acclaim she really merits.
- that Juke Box Jury will still be with us.
- that more artists will be rushed into films before they can sing, let alone act.
- that Bob Dylan will make a two-track album—one song each side—titled "The Never-ending Story of Bob Dylan."
- that Sonny and Cher will run out of songs!

we'd love . . .

We would love to see British song writers developing their own styles this year, and not being influenced by the American music scene so much. Going along with this, we would like British artists to record as much original British material as possible. In the long run it's better to have a small hit that is original, than an enormous hit that is just a copy. Britain has some fine young song writers who are trying to remain uninfluenced. They should be encouraged. We have produced Beatles John and Paul, Chris Andrews, and Tony Hatch, in the last few years. There are plenty more like them, but they must be given a fair chance.

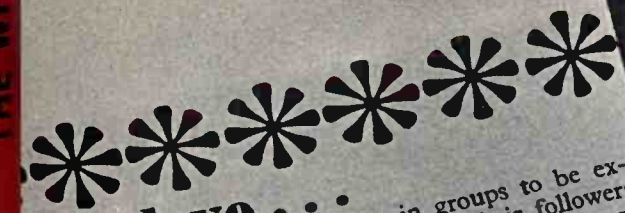


FAVE

THE WHO



YARDBIR



we'd love . . .

We would love any insincerity in groups to be exploited, and for the groups who think their followers are inferior, to be shown up. In the past a certain amount of covering-up on this subject has been done, and this year should see an end to it. It is time the record buyers knew the truth about everyone.

1966 should see the start of a "glamourise the clubs" campaign. Everyone spends a lot on clothes, and yet are expected to pay money to dance in places called "clubs" that don't even have carpet on the floors. We would like to see a string of new clubs opening up and down the country, that have carpets, smoochy lighting and comfortable chairs. The day when young people would go anywhere just to hear very loud pop music and be able to dance, are coming to an end. It's time the fans got more for their money.

we want . . .

We want to see the big record companies take a tougher line with new artists and managements and tell them: "Anybody who goes out on our label has got to play straight with the people who buy our records."

We want to see records come down in price—which they can if companies stop releasing discs they never plug. It's you, the fan, who pays for the mistakes and failures.

We want to see far more LPs this year. Americans buy six albums to every four singles and they're far cheaper than here.

We want less chat and more music on late-night radio. The nursery gabble between numbers makes us squirm: "Thank you, Barbra Streisand. And now here's Angus MacWaffle to tell you about road repairs on the A40." Then you get two and a half bars of the Animals and another person who says cauliflowers are cheap this week. May 1966 see the end of these unspeakable programmes . . . just shut up and play the music.

We'd like, too, if the Musicians' Union could arrange it, to jump into the twentieth century and relieve us from the embarrassment of farces like radio Pop shows with elderly lady singers trying to put over

Dionne Warwick numbers. . . We'd like to see a knock-out pop musical take the stage before the year is out. The way is clear now for young pop composers to get together with the more experienced writers and sweep out the tired, sex-sick drivel from the West End. Pop is more than ready to wake up the living theatre with the news that it's great to be young.

Finally, we want to see a few pop stars cut out the Mr. Glitter stuff with the Bentleys and Rolls-Royces and be a bit less anxious to copy the squares they say they despise so much. If the word 'pop' means anything it means of 'the people'—and a professional never gets too far from the people.

we'd like too . . .

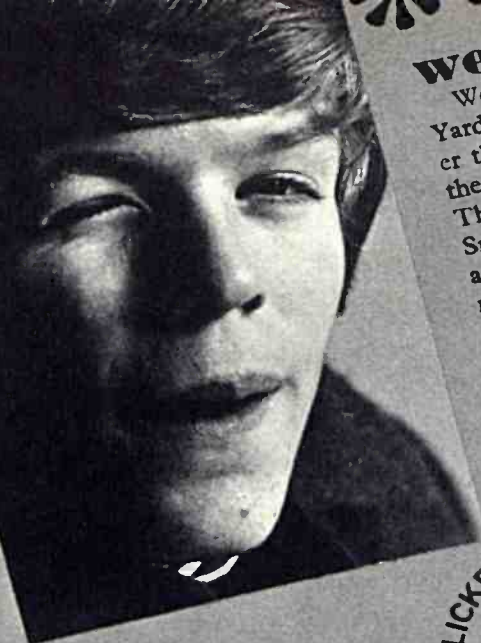
- Some enterprising producer to produce a new format for pop shows which will do away with "the stick 'em on a stage and let 'em mime it" monotony.
- Georgie Fame to have another big hit because he only cares about his music and giving his best.
- Other groups to put as much enthusiasm into their live performances as the Animals.
- Scott Walker to avoid that nervous breakdown and take the group to the top.
- One pop star to have a nose operation which makes it bigger.
- Jonathan King to gain his B.A. degree.
- Andrew Oldham and Tony Calder to have greater success with their Immediate label as they were the first to have the nerve to venture into the big disc label monopolies.
- Jimmy Savile to own up.
- Adam Faith to get the break in films which he is now capable of taking advantage of.
- Older people to stop pretending they like pop music in order to appear hip.

'66 CLICKETY-CLICK!



we'd love . . .

We would love to see The Yardbirds go on to even greater things this year, and wish them all the luck in the world. Their guitarist Paul Samwell-Smith, writes beautiful songs, and does very clever arrangements. Their lead singer, Keith Relf, has an overdose of sex appeal, and an original way of putting over a number. The Yardbirds are nice people, dedicated, very professional, and sincere. Their sort are good for the pop business.





LIVING TOGETHER

Is it wrong for two people who are very much in love to live together, even though they're not married? This is the 'This Is Your Life' problem facing the stars and RAVE this month. This is also the problem facing thousands of young people in the world today.

See what we say about it.

Only the empty roar of traffic dulls the noise of your shoes clipping along the pavement, splashing into puddles, running as fast and as far as you can from him.

Late night couples stare curiously. Let them! You'll never see them again, so who cares what they think. Come to that, you'll probably never see him again, either.

"Snap out of it!" you tell yourself, blinking back tears. "There must be an answer." Realising you're nearly home you turn down a side street and slow down a bit. Anything rather than go home! Anything rather than your mother endlessly questioning . . . "Been with him again?"

"Leave me alone!" your mind screams, already living the scene. "Stop interfering! I'm not a kid anymore. I want to live my own life."

But can you? For the hundredth time you're going over the scene outside the bowling alley—John's good-looking face sullen as the crowds swirl by, laughing and talking. You sitting miserably on the nearby wall, waiting for the explosion. Suddenly John spins round to face you and you feel the same old thrill, the old pride of belonging, because you love each other and it'll always be like that.

"Oh hell! Look—I've asked you to come and I can't see what's to stop you," he says angrily.

You are silent. He'll never understand, will he? To him it's a simple proposition. He hates living at home, so do you. You love each other. He has a flat of his own now. You're eighteen and inside the law. So why not live together?

Yes, but something in your mind recoils from the idea. Why? you ask yourself. Life at home is positively unbearable. Your mother is suspicious and nags all the time. Your father's worse. He seems to have turned completely against you. Every evening seems to end in a screaming row, with you in tears.

John's home life has been no better. He is bitter and disillusioned about his parents, too. That's why he's found his tiny flat. Perhaps that's what ties you so closely together. Your stormy home lives have made a place of your own the only heaven you could ever want.

John seemed to be happier once he'd made the move. But in the back of your mind was this tiny suspicion that he wasn't prepared to leave things as they were. A couple of nights ago he asked if

you'd move in with him. You'd been so confused and flustered you'd asked for time to decide. Tonight he'd asked you again and, well—what could you say?

He had hinted at marriage in the shy roundabout way boys do, making a quip about what a lovely old couple you'd make in fifty years' time—things like that. You're not utterly ignorant about sex—in fact you and he got carried away one afternoon some time ago, when his parents were out and you were alone in the house. You were frightened at first, but he'd proved how much he loved you by never losing control again. And he'd promised to stand by you if you got pregnant, though thank goodness nothing happened. Yes, it's the real thing all right.

It's beginning to rain and if you hang about much longer that policeman on the corner will arrest you for loitering. But you don't head for home yet, because nothing's resolved, nothing's settled. You keep thinking about that quarrel. "Everyone must have heard us," you think miserably. But you don't care about that. What matters is that it's no longer a case of just saying yes or no. It's so much more. All the difference between joy and despair. You can still hear the finality in his voice!

"All right, then—if that's the way you want it—it's all over. Get that—all over. Either you love me enough to make it for keeps, or we break for keeps. I can't wait for ever . . ."

Then came the shouting and the harsh cutting words, until you started to cry and suddenly there was nothing to say. You turned away from him and ran—and ran.

So now here you are wandering in wet streets, too upset to go home. And the tears keep coming as if they'll never stop, because you can't bear life without him—this last half hour proved that.

And you wonder what on earth to do.

What should she do? See what RAVE and the stars have to say.

WHAT THE STARS SAY

LULU. There could be too much trouble for her if she goes to live with this boy. She might have a baby to consider.

It's just plain crazy! If he wanted her he wouldn't ask that.

She should give him an ultimatum. "Either put a ring on my finger or we finish."

If he is still persistent she still shouldn't go. After all, there are plenty more fish in the sea. She wouldn't be any happier away . . .

from home if he doesn't love her and isn't willing to do what's good for her. I think she's quite a mixed-up kid! He isn't even thinking of the word 'love' and she is. It takes a certain type to go and live with boys, so it's up to the girl herself.



Lulu: "Mixed-up kid"

BERYL MARSDEN. It's a very hard situation. If it was me, I'd get away from my home, job, town and the boy. I'd start afresh and stand on my own two feet.

On the other hand, if it was me, and it was what I really wanted, I'd go and live with him. There is nothing wrong with living with someone, if you are old enough to know your own mind. Since she can't make up her mind she must be a little immature, and if she is she should stay at home with her parents.

She should be able to say 'yes' or 'no' without getting emotional. The fact that she's so upset proves it would only mean trouble if she moved in with him. I feel she would rather he asked her to marry him. I don't think she should settle for any in-between.



Beryl Marsden: "Start afresh"

STEVE MARRIOTT OF THE SMALL FACES. The boy has really made a big mistake in asking the girl this question. That is if he really loves her.

He possibly does. But he's not showing her any respect, is he?

If she can turn her back on marriage, she could go and stay with him and make a go of it with him only so long as she knows the set-up she's getting into. The fact that he says he'll marry her if she gets pregnant could just be 'bait' to get her to stay with him. If that's the case, he's a cheat.

Anyway if she feels she must get away from home, she should try moving into a flat with a girlfriend.

This would solve quite a few of her problems—her problems at home, wanting to live her own life and it would certainly help her relationship with her boyfriend.



Pete Townshend: "Too many scenes"

PETE TOWNSHEND OF THE WHO. It's simple. If she's not happy at home she should leave but she doesn't have to live with this boy. I left home at fifteen because I wanted to. And roomed with other fellows. Girls are just the same as boys in that respect. But their mothers are afraid to let them leave until they are twenty or twenty-one. This is stupid. They think the girls will get into trouble. Well, girls are capable of making their own decisions.

But at eighteen I do think this girl is too young to take all this so seriously.

There would be too many big scenes if she moved in with him. They'd really get involved. And I don't think they'd make a go of marriage.

It can give a false sense of security. I don't think that's good at all.

WHAT RAVE SAYS . . .

A while ago in RAVE we started this 'This is Your Life' series with a survey of some standards that modern young people live by. These emphasised the mental strain and confusion of trying to live in this age of violent changes without some kind of personal rules imposed by yourself.

This month's story ought to show we weren't joking.

The boy and the girl alike are victims of the Big Overlap—these present years when the old Britain and the new are caught up in daily clashes and squabbles about one great issue. That issue is the degree of freedom each person shall have to live, love and talk in the way they and they alone choose.

This boy is trying to force his standards on the girl. He's gone potty with the novelty of independence now that he's got a pad of his own.

It's not important, surely, why two people agree to live together, as long as they *decide* together. But this girl isn't being allowed a free choice. She's being browbeaten and blackmailed, and when she couldn't stand it any longer she did right to run.

Living together is a much more vulnerable business than marriage. It demands far greater tolerance, patience and understanding. Millions and millions of marriages outlast the partners' sexual ecstasy in each other, and always will because of their delight in their children.

But if living together is to be anything more than a six-month thrill, it needs colossal strength and faith between the couple.

The boy doesn't show the slightest sign of these qualities. It's not obvious why he hasn't asked her to marry him, unless it's because he imagines himself to be too hip and modern for a permanent relationship.

But if he's afraid of marriage he won't stand the pressures of living together very long. The girl's parents appear to have weighed up John correctly. Their hostility towards him clearly springs from a natural desire to protect their daughter.

Lulu and Steve between them cover—and very sensibly—the only realistic decision the girl can make. In fact, if the girl had a friend like Lulu she wouldn't be standing out there in the rain wondering what to do.

What she needs above all is time to establish her own independence as a person, time to be sure of what she herself wants. Steve is right. The best thing for her is to move into a flat with a girl friend.

THE LATEST IN

TOYS

Peter Johnson, RAVE man-on-the-move in America gets with the newest craze.

The office is in a frantic state. Three young girls from Jamaica, New York, have just arrived. They are moving at their own moderate pace, one chewing a candy bar, another lighting a cigarette, and a third, on her way downstairs to get a coffee and sandwich. A frantic manager and an only slightly less excited press agent are shouting, "Hurry it up, girls! We've got to get out to Long Island for the rehearsal with the Dave Clark Five!"

This is something of an everyday scene for the girls

June Monteiro

who call themselves the Toys. They are new to the record business, and they are an interesting picture of high school kids moving along at their own relaxed tempo, not fully aware of the pressures of being a big-time recording name. Finally, they are herded into the office of their young and high-strung manager, Vince Marc, a serious, hard-working fellow who believes the Toys are about the greatest thing to hit the record business since diamond needles.

"It's all so new that we haven't even caught up with it yet," says attractive, soft-speaking Barbara Harris. "We haven't even got around to

spending any of our money yet. She is the shortest of the Toys. There are also Barbara Parritt and June Monteiro. The three of them make up what the intense Mr. Marc first described as the "best background vocal group I ever heard." In frequent cases, top solo artists emerge from the groups who sing the "doo-wahs" behind the lead voices. In this case the whole group emerged.

"All three of us went to Woodrow Wilson High School in Jamaica, New York," Barbara Parritt explained. "We sang together off and on for five years and made a couple of records that never did anything. After school, somebody told me about Vince (Marc) and I came up to see him."

"She came up all right and she sang for me right in this office," says Marc, picking up the story. "I took her name and about a week later we needed some background singers for a recording date we were doing with Diane Renay. I called Barbara and asked her to come to the session and to bring the other girls she told me about. When I heard the tape playback of that session, I couldn't stop listening to those background singers. I figured I had three terrific lead voices to work

with and we signed them on the spot."

At that point, the girls became the Toys and moved into the fast-moving complex known overall as Genius Inc. This is one of America's sizzling independent record-producing firms which incorporates its own record label, music publishing and artist management. It's headed by one of the flamboyant wonder boys of the disc scene, Bob Crewe. Among the key people besides Crewe himself (who has been involved in most of the Four Seasons biggest hits) are Marc, who handles personal management; renowned young pop arranger, Charlie Calello; and songwriter-producers, Sandy Linzer and Denny Rendell.

The last three were called into the Toys' picture and went to work at once, on a simple piano exercise by Johann Sebastian Bach, which became known as "A Lover's Concerto". The record became one of the giants of 1965 and as the year drew to a close, was close to a million-seller. The record also managed to hold on to a top five position in America for seven weeks.

One Hit Wonders?

And how far can you go on the strength of one record hit? Very, very far, if the Toys' experience is any gauge. In a couple of months' time, they've seen more of the 50 States than they'd ever have believed possible only last summer. They have flown back and forth to Hollywood where they have appeared on most of the big teen-type TV shows. They've worked with the Dave Clark Five and they've been on tour with Gene Pitney. Pitney, in particular, they are wild about. They toured with him for ten days and "Gene," says June Monteiro, "was wonderful and kind to us." They have also been to London and the provinces, which, although it has become a bit commonplace for the successful American artist, is still a very big thing in any group's career.

But what of the future for this latest American girl group. Will it always be the Toys? Probably not, according to Barbara Parritt, a slow, lazy-talking girl with an attractive husky voice. "I want to sing jazz," she says. "I've always wanted to. Rock 'n' roll is fine for us now, but there are always changes going on. For me, jazz is it, and I love it. I used to sing it and I will again, you'll wait and see!"

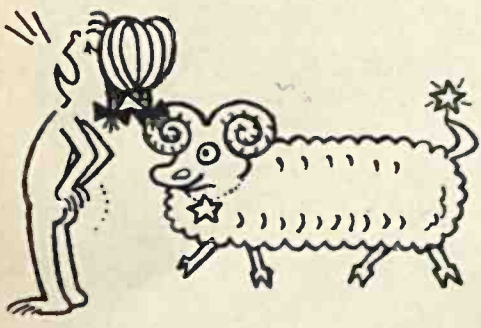


Barbara Parritt

Barbara Harris

what '66 holds for YOU

What things has Lady Luck got planned for you this year? Find out as top astrologer, Evadne Price gives you this RAVE forecast!



ARIES

The RAM. March 21st—April 20th.



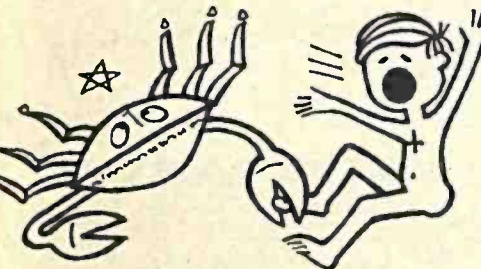
TAURUS

The BULL. April 21st—May 20th.



GEMINI

The TWINS. May 21st—June 20th.



CANCER

The CRAB. June 21st—July 20th.



LEO

The LION. July 21st—August 21st.



VIRGO

The VIRGIN. Aug 22nd—Sept 22nd.

1966 is a good year—if you like hard work. Tantalising fortune hovers near—you'll have to coax it inside. But don't wait for it to drop the bonus into your lap, for you'll lose out. Seize your chances! Even Aries the brilliant success can't relax this year. So go out and make your new openings while you're young. Change (if you must) in July to September, though it's not an ideal year to make a change.

Romance. July to September are your lucky love and marriage months when you can hope for happiness and true harmony with your boy friend. Your zodiac choice is Leo. But watch it in April when love could come badly unstuck, owing to fiery Aries (that's you) losing the fiery Aries temper. Play it safe for the whole of 1966, and when in doubt DON'T.

1966—a lucky year if you keep your head and watch those Taurus emotions, always ready to play you up. You will need to watch out for chancy acquaintances. The Taurus heart is only too ready to rule the Taurus head. Emotional danger spots—April to August, and when I say danger I mean it. Money Luck—good, the stars are with you in September. Health—above average but don't over-eat. In fact don't 'over' anything, especially July to September when you should listen to caution.

Love—are you married, engaged, or just experimenting? A steady partner, born under Virgo, could bring you luck in May. Are you a lonely, unattached Taurus? You could find a new love interest in May, too. And all Taureans of all ages are certain to have some kind of wind-fall during 1966.

1966 looks like the perfect year for romance. The stars couldn't be brighter. Did an affair of the heart go wrong last year? 1966 will either put that right or send you a new love any time after March. The entire year holds out the happiest forecast for young Gemini—but don't be over-anxious to force a quick decision from the boy or girl in your life—you might force the wrong answer. Play it slow and wait for *the moment*. Your ideal zodiac partner—Aquarius, an Air sign like yourself.

The Health story isn't so perfect and there is a warning not to neglect small ailments. Your Planetary Ruler Mercury impels you to rush about madly, and so rest is a 'must'. Finance—could be lucky in competitions in the first and last quarters of 1966. Bar April or August, the money luck is in your favour.

1966 is a fab year of opportunities waiting to be grabbed by tenacious Cancer whose zodiac symbol the CRAB never lets go. Certainly Cancer would be weak in the head not to hang on to the good things promised by 1966. Five planets are working like crazy to bring you money luck, health luck, love luck, career luck—so, after March, Cancer should be all set for the best year this sign has had for heaven knows when. It will all be surprise, surprise.

Love—after March runs smoothly, and bar a few June snags, stays like that for the whole year. Mid-June to September forecasts travel and more romance with possibly a new friend (Pisces). In the home there is harmony.

All Cancerians can expect a step up the ladder this year which will bring benefits.

1966 will be a year of change for Leo—and Leo faced with taking a chance on the future. Leo's courage will be tested to the hilt—but since when has the Lion lacked courage? Financial luck is promised in March and April by the stars again in late October till the end of the year. Luck in money is strongly linked with luck in love, and partnerships will be most successful; if the partners are Aries, Taurus or Sagittarius your luck is indeed in. This is a year where team work pays off, any form of it from a pop group to a group of scientists. Socially Leo is in for an exciting interlude. By November you should be in the money or the limelight if you have played your cards well. Miss Leo will meet lots of new boy friends and there could be many young marriages from September to December. Ditto for Mr Leo.

1966 is a year of hard work and progress. Virgo-born subjects have been on the up-and-up trend since mid-1965, and now suddenly rocket to the heights in May. You can all expect a rise in money or prestige. The only snag is health. You over-work and that is your big problem all this year. The zodiac issues a health warning for March, June, September, December, but cheer up, May will be a peak month with nothing wrong.

Now for romance—and an old love is likely to come back into your life again in May or mid-September and many of you will marry after swift courtships. Capricorn is your zodiac choice, and you should always wear a piece of gold for good fortune, and watch out for your lucky number—5 for the September Virgo and 1 for the August born.

what '66 holds for the stars



Keith Relf March 22nd, 1943 **ARIES**
Slow but steady progress for an easier, steadier future. Health improvement, but care still necessary. Don't chase romance—let it chase you. Big surprise of the year could be a change of career.



Eric Burdon May 11th, 1941. **TAURUS**
Excitements, successes, frustrations—useless to make fixed plans this year, they'll probably be upheaved. Love life? More chaotic than usual. Luck in late 1966—not necessarily love, money or career.



Paul McCartney June 18th, 1942. **GEMINI**
Take things more easily—could be a health problem about April.



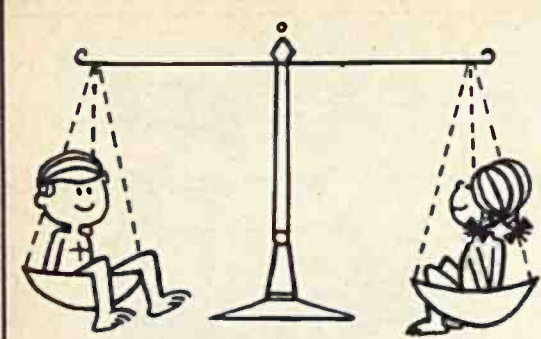
Ringo Starr July 7th, 1940. **CANCER**
A healthier year than you have had for some time. A new slant on life comes about July, which should prove most interesting to your fans and followers.



Billy J. Kramer August 19th, 1943. **LEO**
A good forecast with luck in the second half of 1966.



Zak Starr Sept. 13th 1965. **VIRGO**
With this birthday, it is possible that this baby will turn out to be a successful writer, not a performer, he could loathe show business. (Nancy Spain and J. B. Priestley, both brilliant writers, were born 13th September, incidentally.)



LIBRA

The SCALES. Sept. 23rd.—Oct. 22nd.

1966 is a year of good luck if you exercise commonsense, always difficult for headstrong Libra. The Stars are with those connected with music, poetry, writing, painting and show business. For those who are not—there will be compensations such as windfalls. Emotion will take over in May and June, when a record number of Libra boys and girls will marry, some will even elope! Certainly 1966 is a peak year for Libran romance and your best 'opposite' is Aquarius.

Your Health—better than for some time, though Libra develops nerves far too early. Wear your zodiac colour blue, it has a soothing effect on emotional Libra. Use your luck number 6.

Your Luck—money luck is promised from April onwards, and it stays right to the end of the year.



SCORPIO

The SCORPION. Oct. 23rd—Nov. 22nd.

1966 is a mixed year, and it will see re-unions with old friends who have gone out of your life. There will also be exciting meetings with new people. Miss Scorpio is quite likely to marry an old boy-friend she used to like, when she meant to wed someone else. Young Mr. Scorpio could be attracted to an older woman—if she is Cancer or Pisces he might escort her to the altar. Could be 1966 a boom year for Scorpio marriages with an unusual slant.

Scorpio will travel in May to September. Money luck—March to June. Windfalls for the under-twenties in September through games of chance. For the over-twenties, some upsets in the family circle connected with property. An encouraging year for Scorpio, and a happy beginning to a new astrological trend of good fortune.

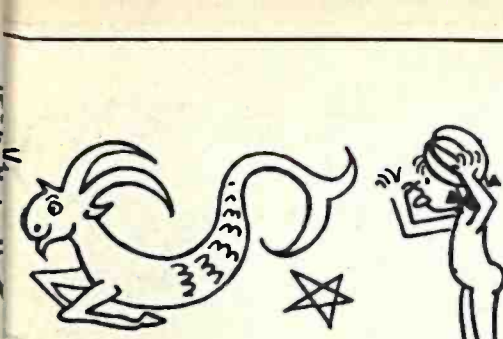


SAGITTARIUS

The ARCHER. Nov. 23rd—Dec. 20th.

1966 is a year of added responsibility for this happy-go-lucky sign. Young Sagittarius as well as the older Sagittarius will be involved in looking after and caring for the elderly, and there will be financial responsibilities, too, that will tie you down. After mid-May compensations will come through a partnership, which could lead to a happy marriage. If you are already married, this could mean a successful opening such as business with your husband. The stars foretell happiness and contentment—what could be fairer than that? Maybe you needed a bit of responsibility to bring out the best in you.

Health—very good. Finance—will improve after August. Love—Steady and strong. By the end of 1966 you'll find yourself almost purring.



CAPRICORN

The GOAT. Dec. 21st—Jan. 19th.

1966 is a year to forge ahead. Ideas pay dividends and hard work brings reward to those born under this sign. This chance could come your way about June, when the stars are grouped in your favour. From then on, the business stars are well aspected but get ready to ignore jealousy about September. Marriage chances about this time are very favourable to young Capricorn.

Oddly your love life does not run on strictly 'Capricorn' lines this year, usually you are cautious, but in 1966, Capricornians of all ages will be so emotionally swayed that they will make hasty marriages, so care is specially advised in all affairs of the heart. Curiously, it is teen-age Capricorn who shows the most commonsense about August, not the over-25's.



AQUARIUS

The WATER BEARER. Jan. 20th—Feb. 18th.

1966 is going to solve many worrying problems for Aquarius. A brand new way of life can open up for Aquarius. Many of you will emigrate, and lead successful new lives in another country. Others will discard their present jobs, and learn new ones. The year favours the young Aquarian with brains, and modern ways of thinking. Love will often take a back seat, for the ambitious young Aquarian may not want to be tied down too early—this applies to both sexes. But some Aquarians will find romance in May-July. Money affairs will stay normal, with a few surprise gains in August and November. A fortunate year for new engagements, new marriages and new friendships. Your zodiac choice—Gemini or Libra. Steady good fortune in all your affairs is the feature of 1966.



PISCES

The FISHES. Feb. 19th—March 20th.

1966 will be a pleasant year in which friendship makes the biggest impact on the Piscean life pattern. Very little will upset the harmony. Your health is on a good level. March begins a lucky trend in all your affairs. Old friends come closer, others make contact by letter or telephone or personal visits, romance becomes the centre of the Piscean world, young Pisces is caught up in it from March onwards and should find little opposition to an early marriage from in-laws born into Cancer and Scorpio the other two Water signs. The stars do not appear to foresee snags in the 1966 Pisces horoscope.

Money luck—good enough, with most financial problems lightening after May.

General luck—good. Nothing to worry about. Altogether a happy year.



John Lennon October 9th, 1940 LIBRA
An unexpected journey midyear, alone, will surprise you very much.



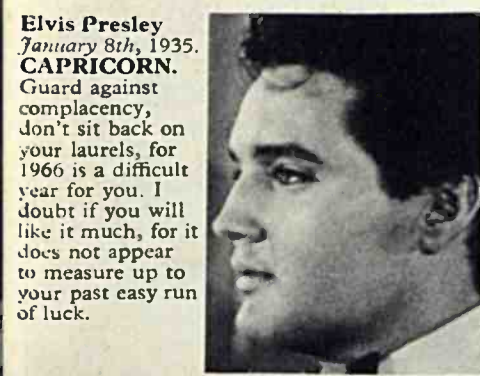
Cliff Richard. October 14th 1940. LIBRA
Excellent birthday for Libra in show business with an exciting new development about July.



P. J. Proby Nov. 6th, 1938 SCORPIO
That Scorpio temperament needs watching this year. Changes are forecast. Your life pattern seems neatly divided into definite chapters and the present chaotic one looks like ending by June—you will end it. You would do well to learn self-control.



Dave Clark Dec. 15th 1942. SAGITTARIUS
A fine business year of new openings which could bring added responsibilities but more prestige.



Elvis Presley January 8th, 1935. CAPRICORN.
Guard against complacency, don't sit back on your laurels, for 1966 is a difficult year for you. I doubt if you will like it much, for it does not appear to measure up to your past easy run of luck.



Scott Walker January 9th, 1944. CAPRICORN.
A see-saw year for you. Your built-in conviction that you know it all could let you you down badly in one half of 1966, and in the other half bring off a lucky coup.



Dave Berry Feb. 6th, 1941. AQUARIUS
A unique birthday which promises a vivid year of excitement—not all connected with show business. Travel will bring surprise gains in July or November.



Sandie Shaw February 26th, 1947. PISCES
The marriage stars shine bright in your horoscope how much do you care? I wonder.



WHO IS THE FUNNIEST BEATLE?

BY
DAWN
JAMES



■ John, George, Paul and Ringo stood squashed together in an hotel corridor, besieged by people young and old. One of the younger ones screamed "aahh!," grabbed George's thumb in ecstasy, and bit it thoroughly. "Let me have it next," called another person. George pulled his thumb away, and turning to John (who, quite against his natural instincts, was being pressed against George), said: "I think they're cannibals." "Ouch," grumbled Paul, starting to leap about, as though standing on hot tiles, "There's a woman picking the hairs out of my ankles."

Just then a policeman arrived on the scene. "I thought you lads were safely in your rooms," he said.

"We were," replied Ringo, "but we got bored so we went out for a walk down the corridor."

"Look lads," said the policeman, "I'll have to get help to clear away this crowd, but if you make a dash for that door there and lock yourselves in, you'll be safe for the moment."

So the four Beatles made a dash, reached the room, got inside and locked the door. Then they turned on the light. "Oh, look! Charming," roared John, "a lavatory! What a life this is!" And they all burst out laughing at their sorry plight.

The Beatles' sense of humour has stood them in good stead during the past years of their fame. It has helped when fans demanded too much, the Press were unkindly insistent, and even the most unlikely people turned out to be raving Beatlemaniacs. Despite all that has happened to them, varied and bright as it is, they still remember how to laugh. Out of them all, which Beatle do you think is the funniest? Have fun making up your own mind as we recall some wonderful past Beatle moments . . .

In the early days the Beatles' humour was rather crazy. They did strange things like pouring water into your shoes, smelling your hair and hiding your coat. (At my first meeting they did all three.) And they held the most peculiar conversations, rather in the present day style of Peter Cook and Dudley Moore.

As time went by and their fame spread, they found their sense of humour even more valuable. About August of

'63 George and Ringo were in bed in a provincial hotel room, when the chambermaid came in with the early morning tea. Ringo, who hadn't expected any trouble from hotel staff sat up in bed and said, "Morning", or something that represented "morning", because he was rather sleepy at the time. Suddenly the chambermaid let out a blood-curdling scream, hurled the tea to the floor, and flung herself at Ringo. Fighting his way away, he leapt out of bed and into the adjoining bathroom, locking the door. "Let me in" yelled the chambermaid, "I didn't know this was a Beatles' room. I love you."

"Well, love George, he's asleep in the other bed," replied Ringo. Ringo chuckled for a long time after when he remembered the terror of George's screams!

George, who goes along with Ringo's practical jokes (and usually gets his own back), is the Beatle who always keeps a dead-pan face when being

funny.

On the way to a reception at the British Embassy in America, to meet British Ambassador, Ormsby Gore, George turned to then Beatle publicity man, Brian Somerville and asked, "Who is this Ormsby Gore anyway?"

"Ormsby Gore" Somerville replied.

"Don't be soft" said George. "I know that, but is his name Ormsby or Gore?"

"It's Sir David Ormsby Gore."

"Is he a Lord?"

"No, he's a Knight."

"Was he gored when he was knighted?"

Before the reception the Beatles met the Ambassador and Lady Ormsby Gore at the Embassy. When John was introduced, Sir David said, "Hello John." "I'm not John" said John, "I'm Charlie. That's John," and pointed to George.

"Hello John", said the Ambassador to George. "I'm not John," said George, "I'm Frank. That's John," and pointed to Paul. "Oh dear!" said the Ambassador. "I'll never get these names right."

George's dead-pan humour comes out well at Press Conferences. On their second American trip he was asked, "Do you have a leading lady for your film?" Straight-faced he replied "No. We're trying to get the Queen. She sells."

John has the hard humour, the most intelligent wit, the deepest chuckle. John doesn't laugh with strangers, it is a compliment if John laughs with you, and rare, too. Mostly he amuses and is amused by the other Beatles. And usually he gets the pay off lines.

Sometimes when fans scream for the Beatles, John takes to howling for a couple of fictitious characters called Frederick and Gladys.

When John was accused of wearing a wig, he felt his head, and said, "it's the only wig with dandruff then."

At a New York Press call, the photographers and reporters got a little out of control. They were asked to be quiet. "Yeah, yeah, everybody shut up," said John. Reporters applauded. Somebody asked, "Aren't you embarrassed by all this lunacy?"

"No", said John, "It's crazy".

"Will you sing something for us?" asked a reporter.

"We need money first," said John.

"How do you account for your success?"

"We have a press agent."

"What is your ambition?"

"To come to America."

"Do you hope to get hair-cuts?"

"We had one yesterday."

"What about the movement in Detroit to stamp out Beatles?"

"We have a campaign of our own to stamp out Detroit."

In France, John stole the scene again when a BBC interviewer said, "The French have not made up their minds about the Beatles. What do you think of them?"

John: "Oh we like the Beatles. They're gear."

Paul has the face of an angel and the wit of something quite different. He's rather wicked really, and his humour is often cleverly pointed. Sometimes Paul is at his funniest when silent, because his cheeky grin expresses so much.

Paul's humour is such that he tends to take the mickey and as few people realise he is doing so, they aren't amused. But it is amusing. Paul's humour is 'in' humour; if you aren't 'in' with him, you fail to appreciate him. If you are out with him, it can hurt.

Who then do you think is the funniest Beatles? All are different yet all are funny. We're inclined to think that they're all as funny as one another in their own funny way . . . but write in and let us know.



Jimmy Savile — the uncrowned King of Radio Luxembourg—revealed to me the other week that he has never been to the station in his life! "They've just never invited me out," smiled Jim. "I tape all my four shows here in London and they are flown out each week."

Jimmy firmly believes that his success as British D-J Number One is all down to not using a script.

"All my shows are ad-lib," said Jimmy. "I once had a script given to me on 'Top Of The Pops' and I got all the artists to autograph it and gave it to the kids."

At fourteen years of age (he says he was seventeen last year but very backward for his age) Jimmy is remarkably fit and trains every day. I asked if he ever worried about a breakdown.

"A breakdown?" queried Jim, removing his ten-inch cigar. "That's when the record stops spinning isn't it?"

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Animals know a good, live group when they hear one, and they've heard one. The group that gets their vote are the VIP's who play regularly at the British Overseas Club in Earls Court.

Chas Chandler told me: "I believe together with Chris Farlowe and Eric, that Mike Harrison, their vocalist, is one of the best in Britain. You should just hear the effects they get on 'Smokestack Lightning' and numbers like that."

So much faith do the Animals have in this group that they have persuaded manager Mike Jefferies to take a financial interest in them. Look out for those VIP's.



Chas—likes the V.I.P. treatment

THIS IS - WHERE IT'S AT!

Mike Grant, RAVE'S man on the starbeat brings you the most exclusive, up-to-the minute stories in pop land.



Brian Jones—used to work out the Top Twenty

Too many pop Charts! The BBC has a Chart. The pirate radios have Charts and three leading musical papers have Charts. All the Charts are accepted nationally by various national papers and all of them differ. The idea of one Chart which is universally recognised is not a new one, but just how accurate are those Charts we have?

Brian Jones had something of interest to tell RAVE readers for he used to help compile a nationally accepted Top Twenty (*Melody Maker*).

"The Charts are gauged on the number of discs sold by an average selection of retailers throughout the country," reveals Brian. "When I worked in this musical shop it was my job to fill in the returns of the number of copies we had sold. Of course it was impossible. To be wholly accurate I would have had to record every single that was sold. I just used to make approximations or guess."

"It would be a good thing to have one Chart accepted by all. You can't always believe those placings—I know."

Sandie Shaw has one thing in common with singer Shirley Bassey. They both share the same dress designer. Sandie proudly showed me her most treasured creation at the moment. It was a deep green dress encrusted with hundreds of little droplet crystals which glittered with the most fantastic colours.

"Her name is the Honourable Sahra Percival," said Sandie referring to the designer. "She makes nearly all my stage clothes."

First time occasion for Sandie—she visited the Ad Lib Club. She had stopped going to the 'In' places. Reason for Sandie's break in routine—to see Wilson Pickett.

"I saw the top of his head," said Sandie. "It was very good!"



Gene Pitney told me of an embarrassing moment when he met Tony Curtis' wife, Christine Kaufmann.

"I was going to receive my Golden Globe award for the motion picture theme 'A Town Without Pity'."

"I threaded my way through the tables to the stage. Suddenly there was this terrible ripping sound—I had trod on Christine's gown and ripped the hem completely away. She was very sweet but I wanted to die."



Chris Andrews claims that he has never sold a song in his life.

"If someone offered me £200 for a song I'd laugh," said Chris. "I work on record royalties. The song is my property for life. You never sell the song—just rent it out."

Signs of success for Chris include a brand new Jaguar car as well as the Austin Healey he has.

"It won't go of course," adds Chris. "Just spends all the time being repaired in the garage."

You can't have everything.

Look out for a 20 minute programme featuring the Animals to be screened by Rediffusion in the New Year. Directed by "Ready Steady Go" man Francis Hitchens it is provisionally called "Around the Animals" and will feature the group in storming form.

Chaos reigns supreme in the dressing room of 'King Diddy' at the London Palladium. Surrounded by half-eaten plates of baked beans, beer bottles and all kinds of crazy props from tickling sticks to size 36 boots, Ken Dodd stood combing his hair with a huge yellow rake.

"All my records are tried out on the public before I commit them to disc," said Ken. "We aired both 'Tears' and 'River' on stage, TV, and radio."

"I won't knock the artists who knock me for a very good reason. If I say Jim Mog is a lousy singer he may have 10,000 fans who will never buy another record of mine. It just doesn't pay—the knockers only hurt themselves."

Rolling Stones business manager, Alan Klein, is a man of many parts. He has just negotiated a multi-million dollar deal for Herman over four years with MGM in America and secured the film rights of "Mrs. Brown You've Got A Lovely Daughter" in which Herman will star. The film was written by Trevor Peacock.

Alan has also been having talks with Donovan and his management and you can depend upon it that means big money for our folk fella.

Vicki Wickham's secretary, Rosemary Simon, keeps telling me about her romance with Yardbird Paul Samwell-Smith. Why?

Two numbers written by Manfred Mann and Mick Hugg titled "Questions Unanswered" and "New Direction" have been recorded on Supraphone in Czechoslovakia by the Beatmen—the group which accompanied the Manfreds on their recent Iron Curtain tour. The Czech group is expected here in early February.

The Walker Brothers have all bought themselves rugs which they have had sewn into thick suede coats! Gary maintains that it's so cold over here it was the only thing to do.

"These coats are so thick that you can't even lift your arm to shake hands," he told me. "We went to this Army Surplus Store after that and Scott bought up the entire stock—blankets, jackets and even a Jeep. You should see us cruising around Chelsea in this thing with the sides all open—I wish he'd got a tank or something. Oh, I wish I hadn't said that!"

Now in the Walkers' pack around town is Scott's associate arranger friend, John Stewart, from the States.

"John arrived from California where it was 78 degrees in the shade," said Scott. "After a few hours here he was frozen stiff and very sleepy so, naturally, we took him down to the Scotch of St. James's to wake up and thaw out. Poor guy—he fell asleep in a plate of soup. Didn't matter though. He didn't feel a thing with all that ice on his face."

One of Scott's first acts as independent record producer was to record Gary as a solo vocalist.

"Has kind of a funky voice," says Scott. I can't wait!



Keith Moon of the Who describes half of the tracks on their new LP as "disgusting". Pete Townsend is no more complimentary about the album on which he wrote a number of tracks.

Reason for the duo's displeasure is that many of the numbers were recorded over six months ago and the Who have come a long way since then.

"The record company decide what to issue," said Keith. "But apart from the five or six numbers, which are Pete's, the rest is rubbish."

who are you looking at?

Well, who are you looking at? The looks on these pages are looks that are in for the New Year; looks that will look as dazzling on you as they do on our RAVE models.

Which one is for you? Take a better look . . .

1

THE OP LOOK

A special look for girls who dare to be different, girls who love to try new ideas with their make-up as well as their clothes . . . Are you a trendsetter? Then Op eyes are for you . . .



1. Very pale face make-up gives a rather stark look with Op eyes, so choose a warm slightly tan make-up base.



2. With black cake eye liner make a line above your lashes and then, carefully make the outline of the design.



3. Now fill the outline in with black liner, also draw a line under your lower lashes. Apply mascara.



4. With white or off-white eye shadow fill the upper part of the lid. This is done most easily with the special 'Fair Erace' Stick.



5. With a black eyebrow pencil shape eyebrows, using feathery strokes.



6. If you wear false lashes now is the time to apply them. Finish by retouching your eye make-up to make sure it's in perfect condition.

(Prue's make-up was done by a Max Factor beauty consultant).
Make-up used: Max Factor's 'Sheer Genius' (6s. 6d.) or Pan Stick (5s. 3d.). Loose powder (4s. 6d.), Powdered Rouge (3s. 9d.), Black Cake Eyeliner (4s. 6d.), Black mascara (2s. 9d.), Eyebrow pencil (3s. 3d.), False Lashes. (16s. 6d.) Fair Erace Stick (6s. 6d.)

2

SPY-EYES

Here for you whether you want to catch or to be caught, are spy-eyes to eye spies . . .



1. Apply face make-up. Keep it pale and interesting.



2. Apply brown or grey eye shadow to side of the nose and to fold of the eye.



3. With liquid liner draw a thick line above the lashes and another below.



4. Apply white or a pastel eye shadow between the eye shadow and liner.



5. Carefully apply false lashes, as near to your own as possible.



6. With an eyebrow pencil shape your brows. Apply a little shadow to the area directly below brows.
Make-up used: All Eylure products: Shaddo matte (5s.), Shadoliner (5s.), Eylight (7s. 6d.), False Lashes (15s. 6d.).

3 THE RAVE LOOK

This is our New Year Look for girls!

In 1966 RAVE says make-up is all important. Because in 1966 hair is short and severe, clothes are short and severe, so make-up must be soft, feminine and beautiful . . .

Model girl, Judy has the RAVE look and here's how she gets looks like that . . .



1. Choose a pale foundation cream and apply in light upward strokes to face and neck. Pat on a little loose face powder.



2. Brush a little powdered rouge (choose an amber shade) from the outside corners of your eyes along the line of the cheekbone.



3. Apply white powdered eye shadow to your eye-lids so that when eyes are closed almost a complete circle is formed.



4. With dark grey liquid liner paint a line round the top edge of this eye shadow. This should come just above the fold in your eye lid.



5. Apply a thin line of liquid liner, keeping it close to your lids directly above the lashes.



6. Use plenty of black mascara, apply three or four thin coats—this keeps the lashes separated.



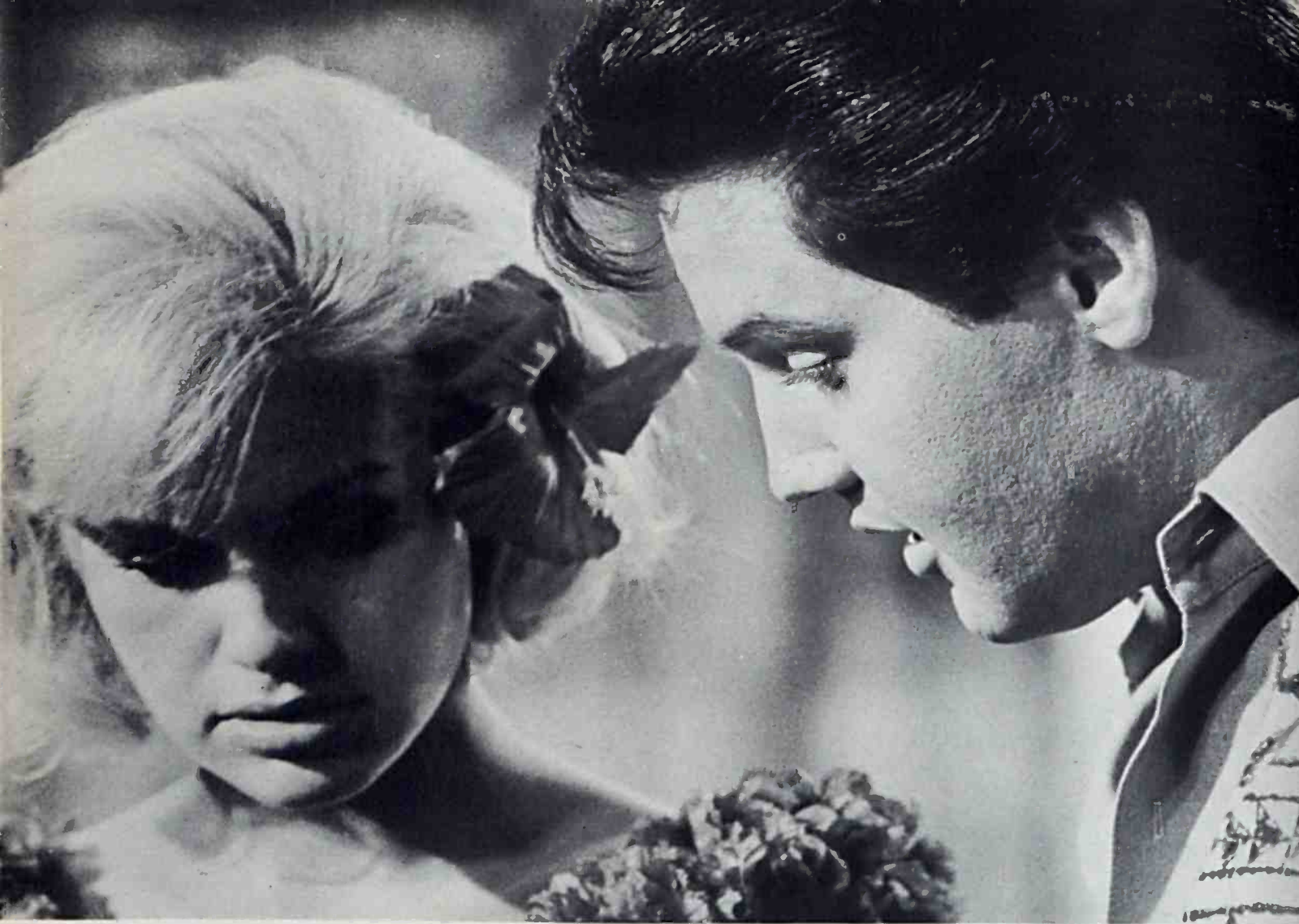
7. If you wear false lashes, now's the time to apply them.



8. Give your lips a soft sheen by using a pearlised lipstick with not much colour in it.

Rave look complete! Make-up used: Coty's Light and Lovely (7s. 9d.), Coty's loose face powder (6s. 0d.), Revlon's Blush On (21s. 0d.), Miner's white powdered eye shadow (1s. 6d.), Innoxa's liquid liner dark grey (9s. 3d.), Max Factor's black mascara (2s. 9d.), Eylure's false lashes (15s. 6d.), Max Factor's 'Peach Meringue' lipstick (5s. 9d.).





ELVIS AND I

by Suzanna Leigh, raving Elvis fan since she was eleven years old and now co-star in his latest film, "Paradise, Hawaiian Style."

Elvis Presley and rock-and-roll were the latest American sensations and strictly forbidden at Our Lady of Sion Convent, just outside London.

Secretly, we all had transistors.

At night, when the lights were out, I used to huddle under the covers with mine, and through the earphones would come his message, relayed by Radio Luxembourg—"I wa-hant you-hoo!" Oh, what a thrill! And, falling asleep, I would dream of him. I was eleven years old.

It was the same, I know, with girls all over the world. It still is. But today I've

got Elvis, even if it is only in a film. He is in my arms, in "Paradise, Hawaiian Style." We actually kiss, and he proposes. And there are so many things about him people are curious about—I know from experience—so I'll tell you what I can.

But how did it all come about? Well, I was riding to the Opera Ball last March, dressed as Madame DuBarry, if you please, in a sedan chair—the first sedan chair in nearly two centuries, my police escort informed me, that had a permit to be in the streets of London. One of my

bearers slipped. Down I went. Up popped four photographers and took my picture.

The pictures appeared in next day's papers. Elvis' producer, Hal Wallis, was at the Dorchester Hotel and saw them. He arranged a screen test. The next thing I knew I had a seven-year contract with Mr. Wallis. It was while visiting my mother at St. Tropez that the boss cabled I was to do the romantic lead in "Paradise, Hawaiian Style", to be released by Paramount this year, starting in Hawaii on—of all days—July 26. I had Elvis Presley for my 21st birthday present!

In Honolulu I was put up at the Ilikai Hotel, read the script, met director Michael Moore and other members of the company, but not Elvis. He was smuggled into town on a midnight plane, surrounded by his eleven man guard, and whisked up to the twenty-second floor of the hotel, where three officers, of the same firm of security police which guards the space installation at Cape Kennedy and the atomic one at Las Vegas, patrolled the corridor.

Was it all necessary?

Well, they told me, the last time Elvis was in Honolulu he was helicoptered from the airport to another hotel, and before he could walk to the door a swarm of fans had stripped him of his watch, his ring, his wallet and the shirt off his back.

This time there was also a security officer guarding the hotel's small back entrance and the freight elevator he would use—a lesson learned in New Orleans, where six girls bound and gagged an elevator operator, ambushed Elvis and held him prisoner between floors for an hour.

I began to realise how privileged I really was.

Some of "Elvis' boys", as Hollywood calls his entourage, were pointed out to me in the Ilikai lobby—husky young men, and formidable-looking. And one day two approached me on the beach. "You're Suzanna Leigh, aren't you?" one said, and we started talking. Were they "scouting" me for the King?

They almost never shoot film stories in sequence, and I discovered my first scene with Elvis was to be a love scene. An assistant director called me out of my dressing room, and Mr. Moore brought Elvis and me together. He didn't introduce us—he assumed, I suppose, that we'd already met, but that didn't occur to me until too late.

He visualised the scene for us, gave each of us instructions, and stepped back behind the camera, ready to shoot. I almost panicked. "Oh, by the way," I said hurriedly to my "lover", the words fairly tumbling out, "I'm Suzanna Leigh".

Protocol *had* to be preserved.

He grinned, said "How do you do? I'm Elvis Presley". And not more than two minutes later I was in his arms.

So my meeting with Elvis began with what is normally a climax—with a love scene. Two strangers in each other's arms; on my cheek the lips that a million girls want to kiss.

Is this great King conceited? On the contrary, he's down-to-earth, sensitive, even humble, *really* humble.

Is he amused by the worship he inspires? No, he's touchingly tender towards all those devoted fans of his.

Elvis is also a deeply religious person—a private matter on which I'll trespass no

further than to say he is richly gifted with the virtue called charity.

He is badgered from all sides, for instance, by what Hollywood calls "hustlers", people who want something out of him, and he is hurt by untrue statements about himself. He could strike back hard, but never does. "I know what it is", he said to me one day, "to have to scratch for what you want."

People say his contributions to charitable causes are pre-arranged, but Elvis wants no publicity about them. One day I saw him wince because it had been printed that he gave 50,000 dollars to the Motion Picture Relief Home.

He has a deep sense of duty to his country. He has never "incorporated" himself or taken any tax advantage not open to the man-in-the-street.

He is surprisingly polite—calls older men "sir" and women "ma'am"—and his chivalry is a credit to the South, where he was born.

He is gay and warm, with a genuine feeling for people; singing comes naturally to him, he loves dancing, fast cars and crowds. But his life is painfully circumscribed by his fame. He dare not eat out for fear his appearance in a public restaurant would cause a riot. He can't slip into a cinema. He never goes to Hollywood parties. When he's finished with a picture, he's gone, and the gates of Graceland—his estate near Memphis, Tennessee—shut behind him.

That's where his eleven "boys"—whom Hollywood also calls "the Memphis Mafia"—come in.

One's his barber, one his cook, a third

the cook's helper. Others are a secretary, wardrobe attendant, accountant, stand-in, and so on. All are young. Joe Esposito was his army "buddy" in Germany. He and Larry Geller, the barber, are the only two Yankees in the club; most of the others are from Memphis, and several went to school with Elvis. Each has an individual job, together they provide "security".

But when Elvis entertains, as he sometimes does, with a dinner at Graceland or at his rambling house in Bel Air, Hollywood the boys also have dates at the party. They play touch-football with him. He calls them "my friends", and they, with a girl here and there, provide practically the only social life this lonely "king" has.

Hawaii's Polynesian Cultural Centre comprises colonies of Tongans, Tahitians, Fijians, Samoans, Maoris and Hawaiians. It developed that many of these young natives were members of the Elvis fan cult. But Polynesian girls are respectful of a man's privacy, and shy. They let Elvis alone until the filming of our location scenes for "Paradise, Hawaiian Style" were finished. Then they invited him to a farewell ceremony.

They sat him cross-legged on a grass mat, and one by one they approached. They decked him with garlands. The Maoris rubbed noses with him, and over a hundred other girls embraced and kissed him. He made no speech. But he said privately, "This is the most sincere and moving thing that has ever happened to me in public life."

There were tears in his eyes, and I loved him for it.



A kiss from a star to a fan. Suzanna's dream come true.

rave



MICK JAGGER

No matter how much we try, it's difficult for most of us to be happy all the time. Every now and then something happens to bring us down. So it is with the stars. And so it is with Mick Jagger. Here, RAVE girl Maureen O'Grady tells you all about the side of Mick very few people really ever get to know.

LITTLE BOY BLUE

Mick Jagger, the person you don't see on the stage or TV. screen, is strange. He can be moody, loaded with more ups and downs than a dozen Big Dippers, though he probably wouldn't readily agree with that, for when he does get into an obvious mood, Mick wants to forget all about it.

Moods are only passing things with Mick, the same as his sometimes quick temper.

What makes Mick blue? It's the point where Mick Jagger the professional pop singer interferes with the life of Mick Jagger the ordinary boy. Basically every pop singer is normal (despite what many say) and, at times, the hurdy-gurdy life of being continuously in the public eye is too much for anyone, no matter how long they've been in the business.

To stay basically the normal boy, untouched and unchanged by the make-believe world, takes its toll emotionally and mentally. Feelings are not shown outwardly in the limelight, they are hidden. The big change happens on the inside. Trying to be nice to everyone, no matter how they behave or what they say or do, is sometimes too much. The volcano inside most of us has to erupt sometimes, and it's the same with Mick... the big front dies a little when there's no audience.

Mick can be aggressive and extremely outspoken about things that many people wouldn't like to knock too much—the Press and fans. On their recent American tour, Mick was quoted as saying that the fans there were extremely rude and he preferred the English fans any day. Not the kind of thing that would please the Americans, you would think—yet that doesn't stop him.



••• lashing out when his feelings are strong.

He gets upset when the Press twists his words, or write up interviews that didn't take place, let alone not having spoken a single word to them.

You may see Mick laughing a lot, pulling faces, joking around, but sometimes the smiles and clowning are all there to hide and destroy the boredom and frustration inside him. It's like his photographs. He likes them to be either thoughtful or wild action shots of him on stage—which show the two extremes of his character.

The threat of boredom always looms over Mick's head. Boredom, like hanging around TV. studios for a couple of hours, waiting for the Stones' spot, or rehearsing things he knows how to do backwards. This isn't the living part of the pop image—this is the drag bit!

Chrissie, Mick's girl friend, knows him better than perhaps anyone. She finds it best to sympathise as best she can when Mick is in a blue mood, yet not to get too involved with his problems, as they are usually things he must work out for himself. He's happy when the Stones' records and shows go well and, in turn, that pleases Chrissie. To her, Mick is always in a different mood and never boring. One evening at a club, Mick did something he promised he would never do—he got up on stage and sang with the resident group. He still doesn't agree with singers doing that kind of thing, but at the time he was in the mood for singing—so he did it and it made him happy.

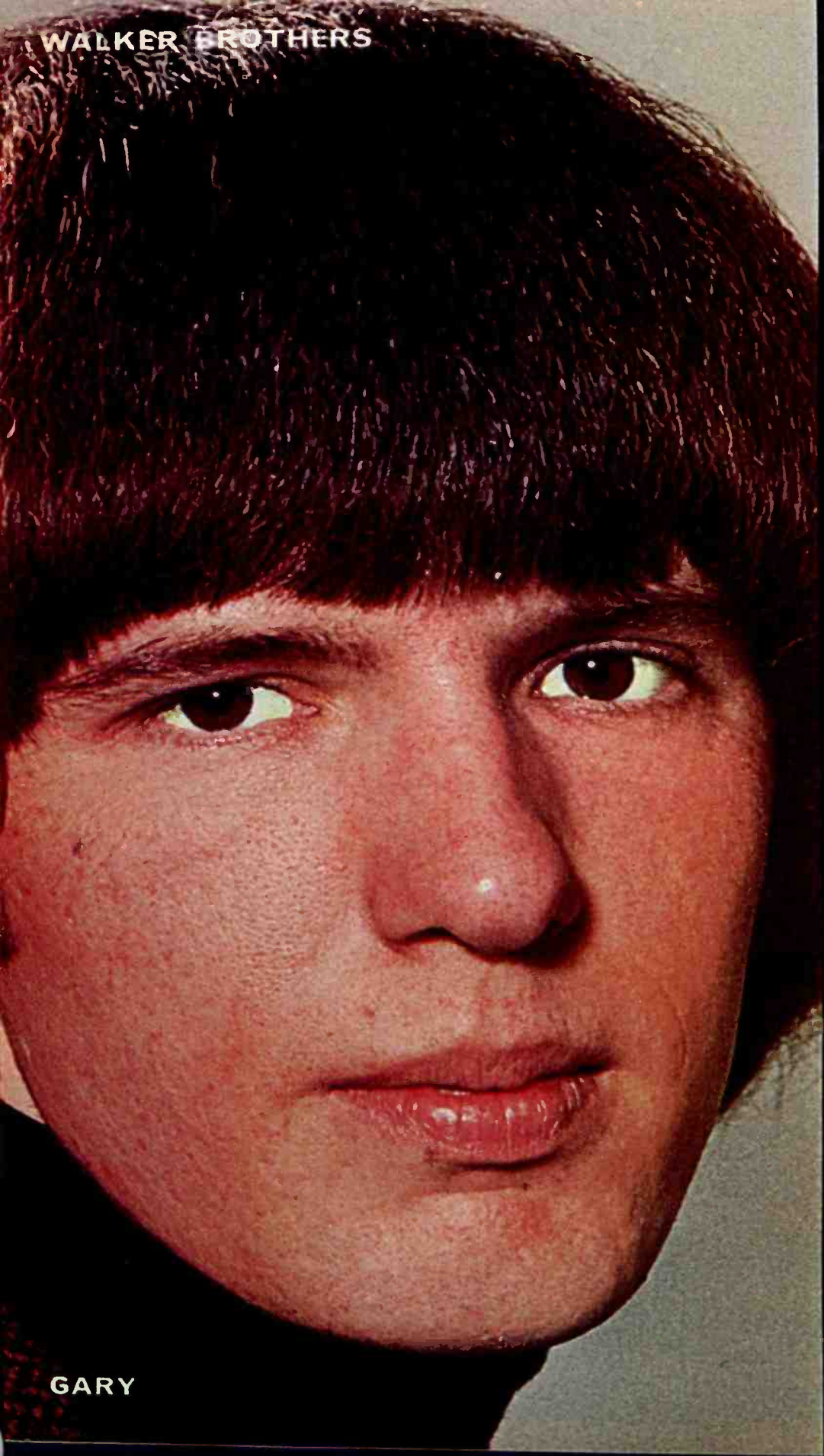
Sometimes nothing can cheer him. He won't move. He just sits around in his flat. Only by taking him out, to a club, restaurant or party will help him forget a bit. Getting Mick away from his own company, when he thinks a lot is the solution, for it's not often that Mick will appear sulky or moody with his own troubles in public. And once he's out and about, he forgets what he was unhappy about, anyhow.

Mick hates upsetting Chrissie. Things like not phoning her when he said he would upset him. Whenever he travels, at home or abroad, Mick always seems to miss her. He mopes around dressing-rooms and hotels just waiting for a free phone. On the recent trip to New York, Mick phoned and told Chrissie how miserable he was. He couldn't really go out as they were getting mobbed everywhere—the Stones were virtually chained to their hotel. Chrissie sympathised and just the sound of her voice cheered him up. Next day, two dozen red roses arrived at Chrissie's door—from Mick!

Mick minus Chrissie is probably Mick at his bluest. Just like it is for any boy away from his girl. After all, he's a normal boy in a kind of make-believe world that could all end in a dream when you wake up the next morning... and it's no joke being a little boy blue if you're all alone.



WALKER BROTHERS



GARY



JOHN



SCOTT

■ Three American invaders came to this country eleven months ago, and, from that moment on, captured the hearts of most of the pop fans around. They are, of course, the Walker Brothers. Three boys, with long hair, good looks and their own kind of sound; who manage to whip up a frenzy at their shows equalled only by the Stones and the Beatles.

Not surprisingly, sometimes the boys get hurt in some way or another at concerts by over-enthusiastic fans, but they don't mind. It's only when nobody bothers to go wild over them that they'll start to worry!

What is it about the Walker Brothers that's so lovely? Why do fans react to them the way they do? We asked Walker Brothers' fans in California, their hometown, and in Britain, what they thought.



Scott:
so
hand-
some

WHAT IS IT ABOUT THEM THAT'S SO LOVELY?

BRITISH FANS'-EYE VIEWS

■ **Lynne Milligan, 48 Osborne Road, Stockport, Cheshire:** "They are all good looking, but most important of all, they have real talent. Scott has a wonderful voice, John harmonises perfectly, and Gary supplies that great thumping beat. Another thing is, they haven't got a gimmick, which is good, and they are loyal to their fans (who else would risk their lives at those personal appearances?). They put over their songs as though they are enjoying them, and when they slow down to do a ballad like 'Make It Easy On Yourself', they give the impression that they're going through it themselves."

■ **Pat Rawling, 1 Nursery Road, Stanford-le-Hope, Essex:** "The four main reasons why I love the Walker Brothers are:—Their style of singing. Their music. Their looks and their hair. (I think Scott's the best, but John and Gary are great, too.) Their latest disc, 'My Ship's Coming In', is absolutely great. I certainly don't think that they should have had to come over to England to find success, still I'm glad they did or I wouldn't have seen them!"

■ **Linda Wood, 9 St. Clements House, Rochester, Kent:** "I like everything about them. All three are good-looking, especially Scott. I like the clothes they wear and the fact that they are American. My favourite is Scott, his voice is just superb!"

■ **Carol Seeley, 3 Stamper Crescent, Skegby, Notts:** "The first thing I like about them is their looks—fabulous! Secondly, their versatility—they can sing ballads and real ravers with the greatest of ease. To my mind they have a family

appeal and I think they'll be around for years to come.

"Their voices blend perfectly on stage and they are very friendly. My favourite Brother is Scott because of his warm, rich brown voice and his sad eyes."

■ **Pat Mackenzie, 16 Eltringham Street, Wandsworth, S.W.18:** "What I like most about them is that when they're on stage, they don't have to keep moving about to put a song over, they just have to stand there—quite marvellous! Scott has got such dreamy eyes, but the other two are great as well. One word to sum up—FABULOUS!!"

■ **Christina Robertson, 1 Muir Place, Freuchie, Fife:** "One good looker in a group is normal—but three—WOW! Powerful singing too—a miracle! Up till now, I could always pick out my favourite immediately but it took me a long time to choose one Brother—it was Scott! On stage and TV, he always looks so calm and relaxed, manly and strong, the best looking. His hair is always so shiny he must wash it every day. Also, unlike a few fans I know, I am very happy about the marriage of John and Kathy and admire them greatly for staying in this country."

■ **Elizabeth Fletcher, 40 Northumberland Road, Harrow:** "I think the Walker Brothers are the most fantastic thing that has happened in 1965. They are, without question, the first American group that has really been able to compete with our groups and beat 99% of them! Well, actually I think Scott is the best singer and looker on the WHOLE pop scene today."

THE WALKER BROTHERS- HOME AND AWAY, THREE WAY FAMILY FAVOURITES!



John: harmonises perfectly

AMERICAN FANS'-EYE VIEWS

■ **Mel Prestidge, Jr., Devonshire St., Granada Hills**—"The reason why I like the Walker Bros., is because I like their style. The groups in England have their own style of singing. It's pretty hard for a newcomer to go to England and try to get a hit record over-night. They have to try to study the problems of what kids like, to get a good record out on the market."

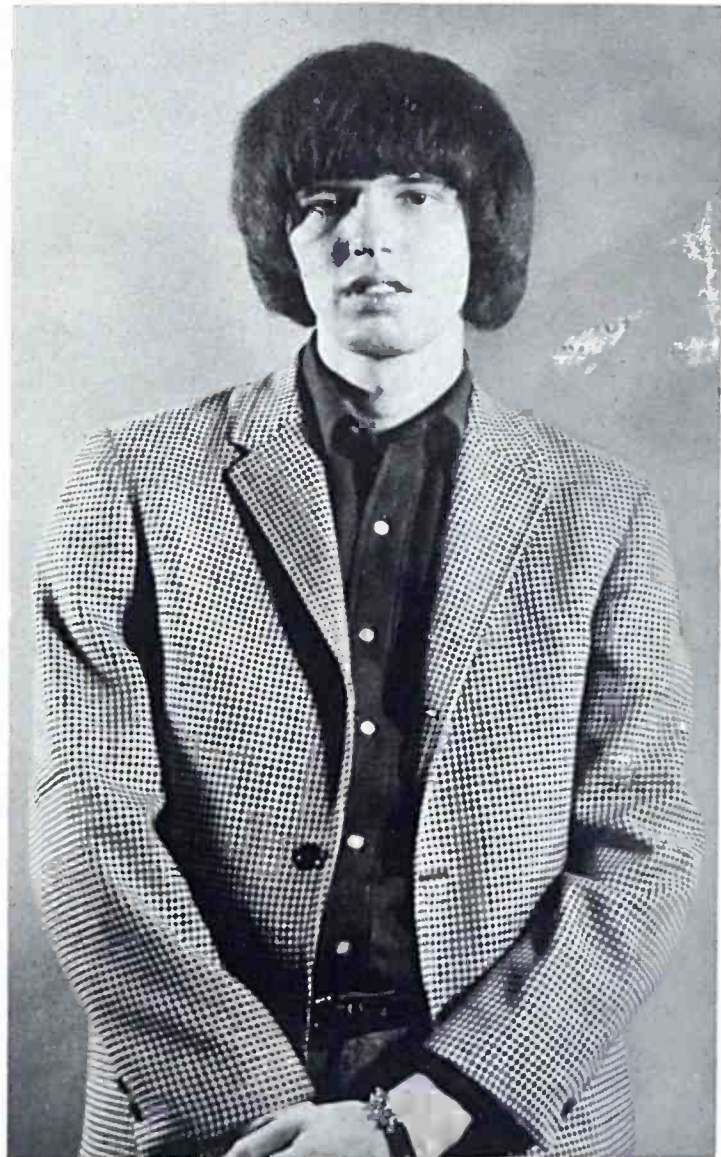
■ **Wallace Prestidge, Devonshire St. Granada Hills**—"I think the Walker Bros. have a mighty fine record out on the market. I like the musical arrangement and also the voices. They blend very nicely. I think they will be really big in the Western states."

■ **Toni Price, Louise Ave., Northridge**—"I like the song because it reminds me of my boyfriend. I like their hair. The only thing I didn't like about them before they went to England was they combed their hair back. They look much better now."

■ **Sheree Price, Louise Ave., Northridge**—"I like the Walker Bros. because I love John. I think his eyes are so beautiful. I also love their record, "Make It Easy On Yourself". I know they had a hard time making it over here after they came back from England, but I think they'll make it now with their new song. I think they're a great up and coming group. I think they'll be another Righteous Bros."

■ **Barbara Firestone, Parthenia St., Northridge**—"I like their song, "Make It Easy On Yourself". I think John's a doll. I think his eyes are a beautiful colour. If they had their third guy when they were over here before, they would've made a hit. They're groovy."

■ **Cheryl Weiss, Alana Drive, Sherman Oaks**—"I don't know about them as



Gary: supplies a thumping beat

people, but I like them because I think their song is good and the arrangement is good. They're very dynamic. They have such good sound. I hope they keep making more songs. I hope they get real popular because I think that they have a very good technique and I really like them a lot. I hope they make an album. I also hope they tour the U.S. and do a concert out here because I'm sure a lot of kids would go see them."

■ **Margo Weiss, Alana Drive, Sherman Oaks**—"They've developed a whole new sound—a new concept of ballad music in rock and roll harmonies with rock background and they're avoiding the stereotyped big beat sound. And I'm just crazy about that song. And I love Scott. I wish they had somebody over here to tell us more about them so we could learn about them because they look and sound quite exciting."



El Cordobes walks hand in hand with death. His fame as a matador is universal.

A recent performance at Marbella, was typical of the way he thrills the crowds.

El was thrown by the bull and as he lay motionless on the ground the bull's horns ripped right along his back, tearing his clothes. He paused until the bull had passed, then jumped up and out of the ring. El Cordobes returned, wearing a pair of old blue jeans in place of his trousers.

El moved the bull at will and, in a dramatic gesture seen only a few times before in Spain, he knelt and pleaded that the bull's life be spared.

It was. Top: El Cordobes making a 'pass'.

Above: lying motionless on the ground as the great bull's horns rip along his back.

Right: changing into jeans. Far right: pleading for the bull's life. Photos: Life c. 1965. Time Inc.



ANOTHER KING CALLED EL



The fame in Spain falls mainly on the brave, as is proved by El Cordobes, Spain's uncrowned king of the bullring. He has money, good looks, and fame galore. But, as with every story, there are two sides—his and the bull's . . .

The handsome young matador stands poised in the arena; the huge crowd is hushed and tense. The hot Spanish sun glints on the sword which the matador extends in front of him at shoulder level. The bright pink and yellow cape trails from his left hand.

The great black bull, its coat gleaming in the sun with blood that seeps from its punctured shoulders, its sides heaving, lowers its horned head for the final charge.

This is the moment of truth . . . The bull charges. Swiftly, El Cordobes lunges forward and drives his sword accurately into the point between the animal's spine and shoulder blades.

At the same time his left hand holding the cape swings across his body, to deflect the onrushing bull to his right.

The bull stumbles, sinks slowly to its knees. After a few moments it is dead. The crowd erupts into a thunder of cheering. Another bullfight has reached its thrilling cli-



max. El Cordobes, the king of the bullring, is victorious again.

* * *

Bullfighting, the national sport of many Spanish-speaking countries, is more than ten centuries old.

And today, matadors like the handsome 'Beate of the Bull Ring', El Cordobes, are idols not only in their own country but all over the world.

Bullfighting is richly endowed with mystique. It is a noble, supremely dramatic and compelling spectacle which has no equal in terms of excitement, atmosphere and colour.

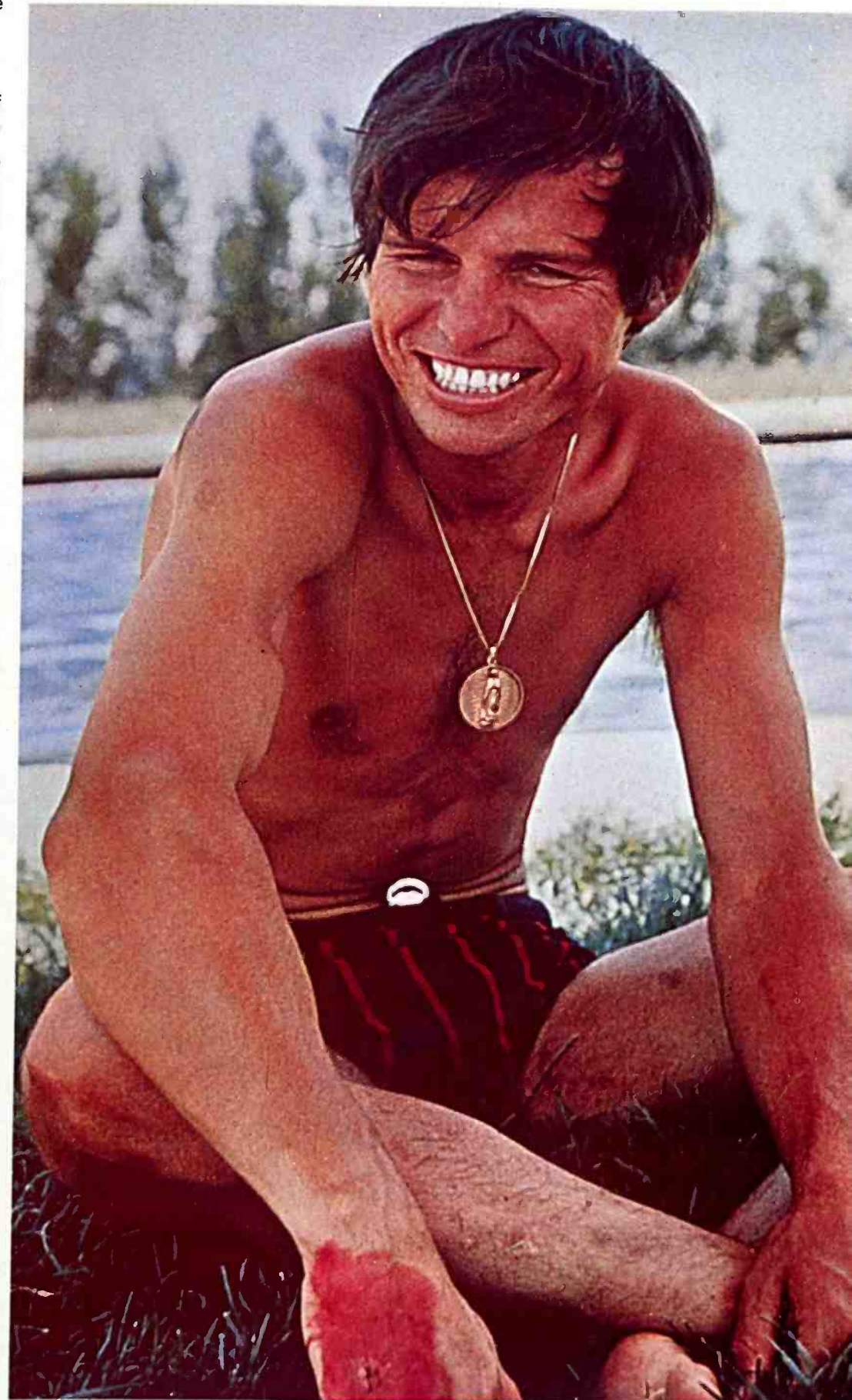
That's one view. It can also be argued that bullfighting is the most cruel, most barbaric and ugly 'entertainment'.

All the colourful trimmings and trappings, the intricate manoeuvres with the cape, the traditional customs and courtesies don't diminish the brutality of the sport.

A bullfight is nothing but the slow, public slaughter of an animal. An animal bred especially to be killed.

There are many people who regard bullfighting as one of the most beautiful and impressive features of Spanish civilisation. But though it has its stars like El, it can also be argued that it is a revoltingly primitive exercise in calculated cruelty.

What do you think?





**THIS GIRL
THIS UNIFORM AND
A COMPLETELY
NEW KIND
OF LIFE**

This is the working dress of the Women's Royal Army Corps. It's couturier-designed, in a shade of lovat green and individually fitted for each girl.

This girl wanted to get something extra out of life, to see more of the world around her. So she joined the W.R.A.C.—this means she gets the chance to work abroad, learn a trade and make new friends. At the same time, she develops her sense of independence. In the modern Army, a girl works side by side with the men—she does the same jobs and takes many of the same responsibilities. Pay's good and all of it goes into her pocket. Long holidays, good living conditions, training for a trade—you name it, the W.R.A.C.'s got it! You can go in for as little as four years and have a proper training for when you leave. Find out about the W.R.A.C. in detail—fill in your name and address in the space provided below and post it off.



TO: W.R.A.C. CAREERS, DEPT. MP 6, LANSDOWNE HOUSE, BERKELEY SQUARE, LONDON, W.1.
Please send me further information about the W.R.A.C.



Name _____ Date of Birth _____

Address _____ RVE/W77

County _____ Applicants must be resident in the U.K.



PARTY LINES

Switched-on to the party scene? Of course you are, what RAVE girl isn't. So you'll know all about the 'lines' that are handed out. Here, RAVE girl Trilby Lane introduces you to some party lines (dresses) that she hopes you'll choose and some party lines (chat) that she hopes you'll never choose!

"Haven't I seen you somewhere before?"

You're bound to get that second look in this fabulous cat suit in turquoise printed cotton with way-out bell bottoms. It's by Skoots £4 10s. The black patent shoes are by Lennards, 55s. 11d

"You dance divinely!"

Oh dear, that must be a quickstep on the turntable. Switch it off and switch on to this jazzy op-art dress by Lewis Separates, 39s. 11d.



"Fancy seeing you here!"

We hope you don't hear that at your party, but do be seen in this knock-out trouser suit in crêpe from the Hem and Fringe Boutique (available by post from 35 Moreton Street, London, S.W.1). It's in cream and khaki or cream and black, £5 9s. 11d. Terrific striped patent shoes by Lennards, 59s. 11d.

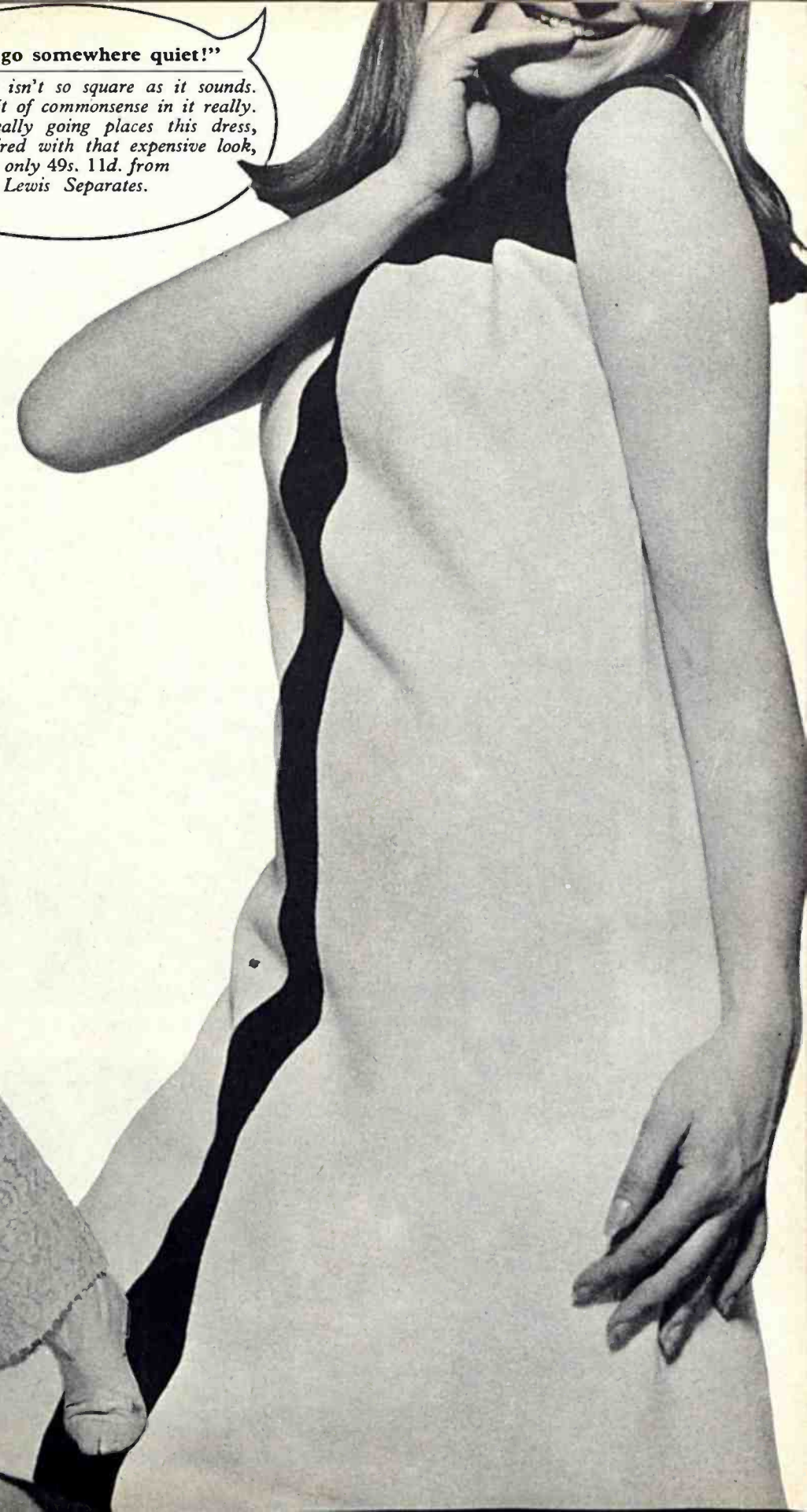


"I didn't recognise you. How you've changed!"

Change him, change his ways. Fool him in a vest dress—this one has a great print down one side, made from a real man's vest s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-d—it's a winner with your own chain belt, or dressed up with long beads. It's from Tre Camp, Carnaby Street, London, W.1., and is available by post, £2 19s. 6d. Black patent shoes with satin bows by Lennards, 59s. 11d., should make sure that the party's never over.

"Let's go somewhere quiet!"

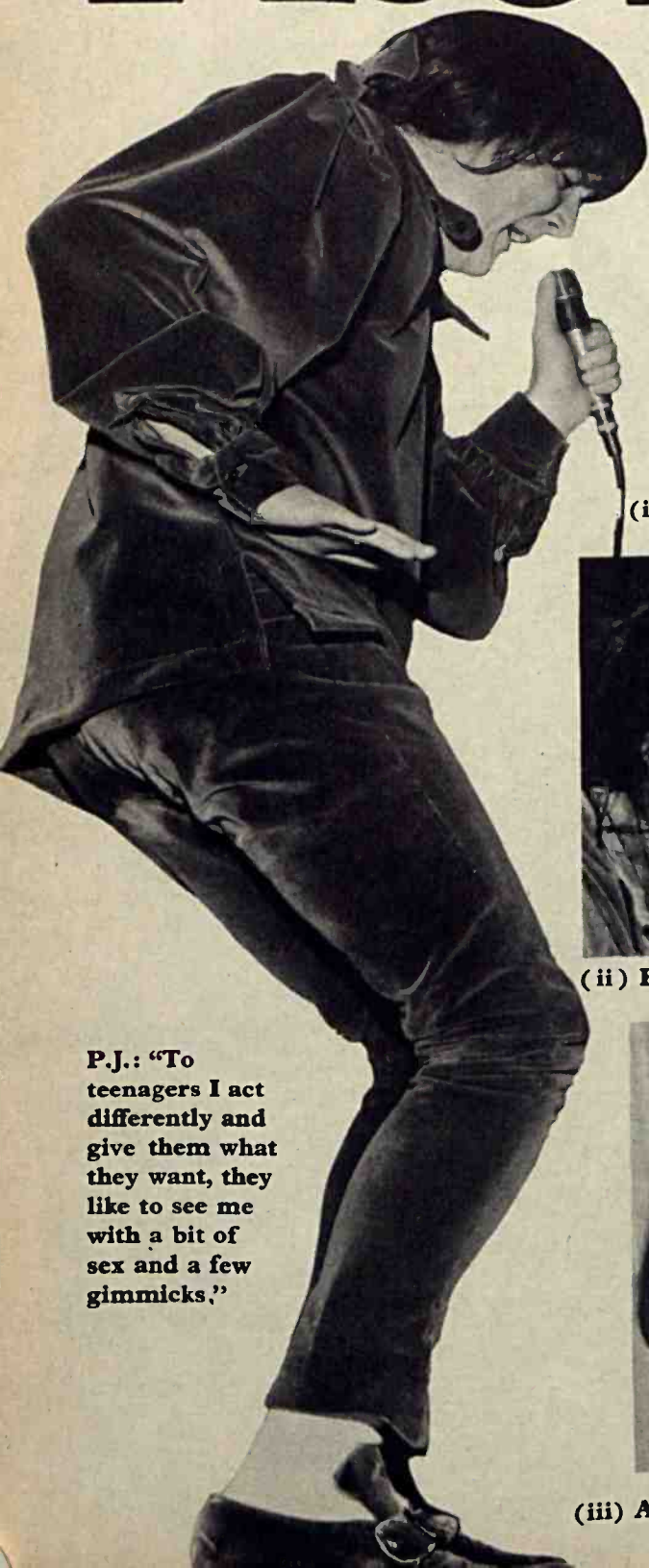
Now this isn't so square as it sounds. There's a bit of commonsense in it really. And for really going places this dress, French-inspired with that expensive look, is only 49s. 11d. from Lewis Separates.



"Lovely weather we're having?"

If he says this to you then do the kick—just below his knee cap! Then dazzle him in this blinding white lace cat suit. All in one with bell-bottoms and huge pussy cat bow at the back of the neck. By Simon Massey, price 13gns. Her white leather ankle boots by Anello and Davide, price £6 10s.

PROBY:



(i) Claims he wants a peaceful life . . .



(ii) He wants one agent . . .



(iii) And no more problems

P.J.: "To teenagers I act differently and give them what they want, they like to see me with a bit of sex and a few gimmicks."

'Maria' is the name of the girl who put P. J. Proby back in the Charts, got him another agent and brought him a renewed work permit which now runs till April. She is the beautiful, tragic heroine of the show 'West Side Story', and it is rather fitting that she should be associated with Proby, because he sings about her beautifully, and his life is touched with tragedy.

I went along to find out whether Proby had changed at all. If I'd believed there was to be a new Proby it was a mistake. We met at midnight, and he arrived after I got there. Though the room was full of people, some he didn't even know, he greeted his animals first. One dog after another rushed to be kissed, and to kiss the famous lips. Two cats uncurled themselves and rubbed the famous feet. He bent towards them, thinner, paler, ever gentler with his animal friends.

"Maria", he said later, "wasn't my first choice. I didn't particularly like the record. Of course it was professional, I am always polished, but I didn't think it was commercial. Anyway, I was so fed up at the time because my work permit was running out and I had no agent, that I didn't bother about the record being released. I thought, 'who cares if I have a hit or not? I won't be in the country'.

"You could have knocked me out when 'Maria' jumped straight into the Charts." He waggled a familiarly elegant hand, and added in old Proby style, "Though, of course, all my records have been hits.

"Since 'Maria' came out things have turned out similar to last year, when I released 'Somewhere' from the same show. Then I got a bit lucky, too and, after 'Maria', I signed with Tito Burns and my work permit was renewed.

"I think 'West Side Story' is good for me. I might even release 'Tonight'."

There is a marked difference between Proby's recording of 'Somewhere' and his 'Maria'. In the latter the gimmicks have been knocked out and a real voice of a real man shows through. Is this at last a real Proby? He shrugged. "What is me?" he asked. "I don't know who I am."

Whoever he is, he certainly has a fine voice. So why did he ever disguise it?

At the start of his career in England he was faced with the ordeal of selling himself to the fans, when he was already a divorced man of over twenty-five. If he had used the voice we hear on 'Maria' he could well have been put in the Andy Williams-Matt Monro class, and gained mums as fans instead of teenagers. This would not have suited him.

"There isn't a lot of money in records on their own," he said. "It's dance halls and theatres where I make my money. And you don't get them packed with two thousand mothers."

So he had to appeal to the teenagers and let them see he was really one of



▲ "What is me?"
◀ "My fans are reliable—like dogs"

BEST SIDE STORY

them at heart. Now he has firmly established himself, his fans seem ready to accept him in any form.

I asked him if he thinks he is perhaps a little difficult to work with. He grinned, a bit wickedly, but said, "I do my best and I expect others to do theirs. But I won't compromise. I go on stage and play two hours instead of forty-five minutes because I reckon the kids have paid a lot to see me and I like to give them a good time. I keep my end of a bargain and I expect the men behind me to do the same. But they haven't so far.

"I am looking for peace this year. I "I shout my mouth off"



don't enjoy all the crises I live with. I'd like to settle in England because I feel at home here. The last year has been hell, real hell. I've had the split pants trouble, the TV. and theatre ban trouble, and I don't know how much manager trouble. Now I'm fighting to stay in this country after April. I just hope Tito can pull something out of the bag."

If he did have to leave, Proby would never settle in Hollywood. Things that happened there seem to be part of a life he wants to forget. "If I was bigger than Elvis I wouldn't live in Hollywood again," he said. "England is home to me."

Even so, he wouldn't consider taking British nationality. "I would never give up my birthright," he said. "That would be like giving up my self-respect. I was born American and I'll stay American."

What does Proby think it is about Proby that hits the headlines and gets him into such a lot of scrapes?

"I shout my big mouth off," he said. "I do it all the time. Lots of artists just answer 'yes' and 'no' to the Press. But me? I go on about what I think."

He claims he wants a peaceful life, he wants to settle down here, he wants one agent, and no more problems. But if after April he does stay on, will he stop getting into scrapes? Will he be able to work with Tito for long? Does he really want a bit of peace? As he sat surrounded by his

animals and friends, I wondered.

He thought about the question and answered it with an inquiry. "Do you think I enjoy all my troubles?" he said, with an ultra-pathetic look on his face, that made him resemble his own basset hound.

"You don't enjoy it just a bit?"

"Oh, no," he said, "It's terrible.

"Of course, I'm not saying I'd like a very planned life. I like living from day to day with some mystery about tomorrow. But there are limits. Right now I am moving to a large house on the other side of Surrey. I want a big garden for the animals. But I dare not settle in there mentally, because I might have to leave the country so soon. I can't buy the other dogs I intend getting, or plan my career. I would like to settle down now."

Does that mean that the Proby we are seeing in cabaret who wears an evening suit, a white shirt, and only a small bow, is the Proby we will be seeing in future?

"No," he said firmly. "In cabaret I play to adults and act adult. I give them pure songs. To teenagers I act differently and give them what they want. They will buy straight records but they like to see me as they always have, with a bit of sex, a few gimmicks—the old me. I do an act for whoever I am appearing before. I am an artist, I have to act, don't I?"

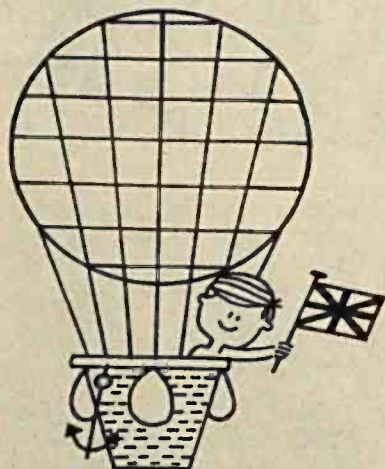
DAWN JAMES

RAVE'S

Here's something new, fans—the RAVE WHETHER CHART—the pages that find out which way the wind is blowing in the pop field and whether certain discs deserve to be hits or not!

WHETHER CHART

FORECAST FOR JANUARY



GOING UP

DAY TRIPPER BEATLES

The brightest spot at this bleak, blustery and bitter time of the year is again provided by those four young, swinging millionaires, John, Paul, George and Ringo. There it is, way up there, crystal clear at the top like a scintillating star on a brilliant winter's night. The only argument you can possibly have over this latest Beatles knockout is WHETHER you prefer "Day Tripper" or "We Can Work It Out".

We think "Day Tripper" just tops

the barometer because of the gorgeous sound of John's double-tracked voice. Still, double-tracked Paul and that crazy harmonium on the reverse bring a refreshing blast to the chart.

MY SHIP IS COMING IN WALKER BROTHERS

The Walker Brothers are back at their correct spot in the Chart with "My Ship Is Coming In", a masterpiece of record production.

"My Ship" was made at a session in the evening and, if you listen closely, it has that relaxed night time sound about it.

And dig that crazy Ivor Raymonde orchestra in the background. It's a thirty piece orchestra—all playing. Plus a six-piece chorus, three boys, three girls, all singing. Add all the talent up and it's a great big hit.

FORECAST: *Very favourable.*

LET'S HANG ON FOUR SEASONS

The Four Seasons qualify for the bright spot category because their crazy harmony patterns always keep a melody bright and interesting.

Sometimes a sound that's too definite, too personal to a group can bring on squalls when their popularity storm has passed its peak. But the Seasons have kept their course clear of these dark clouds quite well.

After their great "Rag Doll" they experimented some more, then they came up with something special, "Let's Hang On".

FORECAST: *Continuing Bright.*

WARLORD SHADOWS

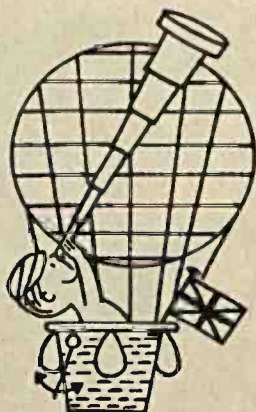
The Shadows are in a rut. A highly commercial and highly successful rut. But still a rut.

Their latest hit "Warlord" follows the same pattern of past successes. It's a strong melody, extremely well played especially Brian Bennett's drum part and right from the start it's distinctive Shadows' material.

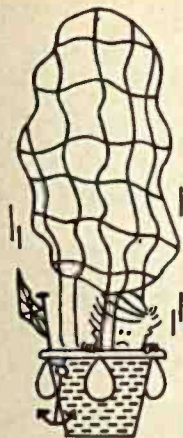
The big question is—how long can they follow a formula—even a successful one? One day they might find a change of climate among their fans. And it would be such a pity if their distinctive sound were blown away.

FORECAST: *Pleasant conditions at present. Long range outlook: undecided.*

WINTER



WINTER



WINDS OF CHANGE

RESCUE ME FONTELLA BASS

Fontella Bass—what a wind of change she's blown up in our Whether Chart with "Rescue Me". Jokesville! She should rescue us!

The person we have to thank for this balmy breeze is an American bandleader called Little Milton who heard Fontella sing in a church. He kept her singing in his band and slipped a piano under her hands for good measure. Result—blueswailing sounds.

"Rescue Me" was the result of some song doodling in the Chess recording studios, between Fontella and three songwriters. They were having fun putting in bits and pieces when suddenly—WHAM! A hit was born.

FORECAST: *Recurring.*

LONG CIGARETTE ROULETTES

Here's a change if ever there was one—the Roulettes with "The Long Cigarette." The change being that the Roulettes were the lads who supplied the sounds behind Adam.

They fancied blowing on the barometer themselves and so got two of their mates in Unit Two Plus Four to knock off a song for them. Result "The Long Cigarette".

One hit—despite the fact that you can't hear it on TV. until after nine. Because that's when the kiddie winks have gone to bed and you mustn't mention ciggies before them.

MARIA P. J. PROBY

Finally, the freak outburst of the year, P. J. Proby with his fantastic version of "Maria".

The song has been done to death. Proby was beset by problems which threatened to split his career at the seams!

Then he went into a recording studio and thought about doing "Maria".

He remembered "Somewhere". He decided *not* to send up "Maria" and out came the Proby magic—a beautiful sound, a beautiful voice bathed in a 33-piece orchestra.

Anyone who can produce a record like this with Jim's problems is a freak—in the nicest possible way.

FORECAST: *Violent disturbances.*

YOU THRILL ME TO PIECES HERBIE'S PEOPLE

Herbie's People rate the freak outburst category if only because they are something new from the north where conditions this winter have been a bit freakish!

Herbie is Herbie Robinson. His people are Len Beddow, Mike Taylor, Peter Walton and Alan Lacey. And the freakish thing about them is that they aren't professional musicians or entertainers. They all work for a living, as



HERBIE'S PEOPLE

FREAK OUTBURSTS



the judge said.

FORECAST: *Unsettled at present, likelihood of warmer conditions.*

COME AWAY MELINDA BARRY ST. JOHN—WENDY HUBER

Barry St. John and Wendy Huber both upset WHETHER conditions recently with different versions of "Come Away Melinda".

It's rather a sick tale of a little girl who finds a picture book after a nuclear attack and keeps asking mummy what all the nice things are. Ahem!

FORECAST: *Unlikely to recur.*

JUST DENNIS

Meet Dennis, twenty, good-looking, a RAVE artist and the clothes-maddest person we've ever met! Dennis was fed-up with the way magazines presented boys' fashion. It wanted a new slant, he said. So we've given it one. We've given it Dennis. Each month he'll be here modelling what he thinks are the new looks for boys.

Button-down shirts are still in—despite the rumours! This one in white cotton has a single cuff and breast pocket. From His Clothes, W.1. Costs 59s. 6d.

Ever-popular polo neck sweater. These are still in, especially when worn under overcoats or suits. This one cost 79s. 6d. From Irvine Sellars and is in white. But you can get some other good ones from most women's shops.

Op Art tie in stark black and white. Looks great in a discotheque. This one from Adam, W.1, costs £1 5s., but I saw some other good ones in white in Carnaby Street at 14s. 11d. in Irvine Sellars, and £1 in His Clothes.

1930-ish styled overcoat—on similar lines to the 1930-ish suit. Main features: double-breasted, eight buttons, two flap pockets, back vent, high, wide military styled lapels. In grey herringbone, this cost 16 gns. from Adam, W.1.

C-c-c-cuff-links. All my mates are going for stainless steel links in abstract designs. Haven't yet caught on round the country but Irvine Sellars, Carnaby Street, are already doing them 25/-.

Watches are square. Yes, really square! For that's the new watch shape this year, square with a floral strap.

~~1930-ish style suit with a French influence, square with a floral strap.~~

1930-ish style suit with a French influence, so I'm told! I bought this one from Adam, W.1, and it cost me 16 gns. It's narrow-shouldered, double-breasted (everything's double-breasted these days), has six buttons, a ten-inch single vent up the back, three flap pockets as well as a top pocket. I reckon this is the thing for the future.

One of my favourite pairs of trousers—these grey flannel chalk-stripes with flared bottoms. I reckon they're great. 79s. 6d. from Adam, W.1.

Boots. Round toes have been supposed to be coming in for ages, and it's not quite the weather for casuals, so I took a fancy to these new angled-toed boots from Anello and Davide of Charing Cross Road. 90s., which isn't bad for a good pair of boots.



* Coming in for trousers are thick bold checks. The really way-outs are going for muted tartans (e.g. black watch). Suits are plain black or navy, with waistcoats, ties and white shirts. * Most trousers are straight or with slight flare at the bottom. Jeans are bell-bottomed, very low-slung with buttoned flies. No belts. * If you can't find a double-breasted cardigan or have one knitted, bring your ordinary cardigan up-to-date by sewing two bands of braid round the neck and down the front. * Though contrasting waistcoats and suits are old hat, a way to wear them and look okay is by matching trousers and waistcoats with a contrasting jacket. * New colour catching on for suits: khaki green. Looks great in flannel and not too startling for a different look. * Latest look in shirts; worn with a stiff white collar and plain tie, is ticking material. Another way to wear ticking is as a waistcoat, worn with a tie of the same material.

HOW NOW ARE YOU?



■ What do you wear with your Courrèges - type short-skirted boot-wearing accessory? She is NOW but how much NOW are you? A good friend of mine, Lawrence Willcocks is a student at the Royal College of Art. He's got some fantastic ideas on clothes design, so this is where he takes over . . .

■ A new idea for Spring is a replacement of the casual jacket worn over the casual shirt. The Jack Shirt. This is similar to a combat jacket. It can be worn in a variety of fabrics, twills, cottons and jerseys. Warm and waterproof for early Spring and lighter weights for Summer.

■ Lawrence has designed a Jack Shirt (left), battle-dress style can be made up in cotton twill, or, if you really want to go-to-town, in suede and jersey. You'd need about 2 yards of 54" wide twill, which will cost approx. 25s. (Allow about £3 for tailoring). Looking to Spring, have it made up in Spring's fave rave . . . madras cotton. Material will be cheaper, approx. 12s 6d per yard.

■ Don't buy clothes haphazardly. Plan your clothes, before you buy, on a theme. Girls have been doing this for years, co-ordinating their clothes. This is not so easy as it seems and there are two main ways you can do it.

■ One: buy all your clothes in one style, whether it's the 30's look, or any look you prefer. Two: co-ordinate the colour of your clothes. This means that all your clothes must blend and complement each other. This is possibly more difficult, so stick to one or two main colours. Use varying tones but do not be afraid of an occasional sharp contrast. I'm not advocating that you should stick to one or two colours only! The look at the moment is to wear as many colours as possible at once, but this you must do very well or you'll look a mess.

■ The new line for spring is the flared line . . . slightly waisted. The one in the sketch (right) was made up in a window-pane check and took about 3½ yards of lightweight worsted. Your tailor will charge you approx. £8-£10 for tailoring.



■ Continue the two-coloured theme into accessories. Two-toned shoes in black and white are great in thick wide bands to form chevrons. Black and white gloves are very NOW, and wide foulard ties are terrific with plain suits.

■ On colours try a maroon suit, pink shirt and burgundy tie. Or, a beige suit, blonde camel shirt and white tie.

■ White shoes are a must for the Spring, with big fringed tongues and low edge-type heels.

■ Lawrence has designed shoes for the Lotus RCA range and the thonged, blunt toed one we've shown below is still in the ideas stage, but may be taken up for manufacture by Lotus shoes.



A DOSE OF ANDREWS

Here's a refreshing start to the New Year—RAVE's Alan Freeman in an exclusive Heart-to-Heart interview with top songwriter and singer, Chris Andrews! Stand by for action as Chris tells what it was like changing from a Yesterday Man to a NOW man!

When "Yesterday Man" grated its way up the Charts people who didn't know Chris Andrews had some wild theories about what he looked like. Long, skinny and frenzied, aged about 16 was the usual adult impression.

So they'd never have recognised the quiet, stocky young man of twenty-three who nosed his Austin Healey sports car into the forecourt of the tall London block the other rainy afternoon and took the lift to my rooftop apartment.

While the hi-fi shops up the road were rocking the foundations with amplified Andrews, only the distinct buzz of the flat's bell announced his arrival in town. I answered the door, took his dripping wet coat and fetched glasses. "What'll it be?" I said in my best saloon-keeper style.

"The usual, Alan. Vodka and lemonade." He took his drink and sat silent. This was odd, even for the undemonstrative Chris.

"Anything bugging you, sport?" I said. "Or shouldn't I ask?"

He looked up and shrugged. "It's my marriage. Things aren't going too well. I seem to be doing more and more work and getting up earlier and earlier to do it.

"There's the songwriting side—everybody I meet seems to want me to write something for them. Now that I've got in as a singer, there's travelling and dates all

over the place. You know I produce a lot of Sandie's records and do the mixing myself. There's the furniture shop I run in Portsmouth—good Scandinavian stuff.

"I suppose you know how tricky it is to get home when I'm working in town, living down in Surrey. Say I've promised to write something for a show and it has to be ready for eleven that night. What can I do? I go to one of these rehearsal places that let rooms and work there at the piano, from about seven o'clock.

"The minute I stop all I hear is 'Mi-mi-mi' and 'Doh-doh-soh' from all the other rooms. Sopranos, harpists and God-knows-what, all practising like lunatics.

"So now I've got this trouble on top of it. It's too much."

Went Hungry

Chris met his wife, Roswita, in Germany about the same time as the Beatles were near starvation in Hamburg. They have two children, Christiane and Kurt.

"I was pretty hungry myself for a year," he said. "I'd heard that everything was happening in Germany as far as pop was concerned. I reckoned I'd pay it a visit but I wound up staying eighteen months. I got to know the Beatles and other English groups over there, and they weren't any better off than I was.

"It wasn't all bad, though. Later on I was having a really fantastic time in Germany. I brought my wife back with me and I thought, okay, I've learned a lot there and got a stack of experience of one kind and another. Now I can break in on the group scene in England.

"I formed Chris Ravel and the Ravers. We made a record but it didn't mean a light. After a few months I could see we were caught up in the crazy circle where we were travelling all the time to make a few pounds to travel to the next place. There was practically no money in it for ourselves. All I was doing was working myself potty and beginning to starve all over again. I was even picking cigarette ends out of ashtrays.

Collapsed

"There were times when I honestly didn't have a penny. Well, one night I just collapsed on stage. I hadn't eaten for days. That was the end of it. I packed it in and we broke up the group."

I began to wonder where people get

'I began singing in public. Public houses!'

hold of this idea that making it to the top in pop is a piece of cake. Guts. Courage. Doggedness. These are the qualities that distinguish the great majority of the stars who have sat in this big music room of mine through the years and told me the harsh, grinding truth about their struggles.

And yet the country is stuffed with well-fed businessmen who have never known any worse kind of hardship than losing a golf ball—but complain day in and day out that pop is making young people soft. Forgive me, but it's a real giggle.

When the Ravers experiment failed, Chris was able to fall back on his earlier talent, songwriting. "I don't know why

my parents gave me a piano," he said. "They weren't particularly musical themselves but I had a tutor for six years and I was always pounding away, working out ideas.

"We lived in Romford, in Essex. I wasn't very hot at school, particularly in maths. It used to baffle me, which is funny, considering how much it's tied up with music and composition. I used to rely on moods instead. Still do.

"I think I write my best stuff when I'm in a faintly sad mood, and I'll even try deliberately to create one if that's the kind of song I'm trying to write.

"The first thing I wrote was when I was eleven. I think I first started to take notice of girls about that age, and this number was about how I wanted to marry this one I fancied. I always imagined I'd be a singer, though, and the same year I began singing in public. Public houses.

Rubbish

"It was amateur stuff in the locals around our place. But I got a bit of con- . . .

Alan: "Guts. Courage. Doggedness, distinguish the stars from the rest."



'Things were so bad I picked up cigarettes from ashtrays.'

fidence, until one day I was booked for 'Oh Boy' on TV. I went down all right but nothing came of it, so I went to Germany."

Behind Chris' baby-faced charm is a tough and independent mind. "The main reason I got down to serious song-writing again," he said, "was that when I was with the Ravers I got fed up having to learn the new Top Twenty songs as they came along. A lot of them were right rubbish."

"I suppose I write about six or seven songs a week. I might throw away two or so if they're no good. When I was doing most of my work at home I'd go wandering all round the house, and when I got a thought I'd sit down anywhere there was a piano. I have three of them in different rooms. But the way things are now, it's not too easy to work there, so as I said, I go to these rehearsal joints a lot, which bugs me sometimes."

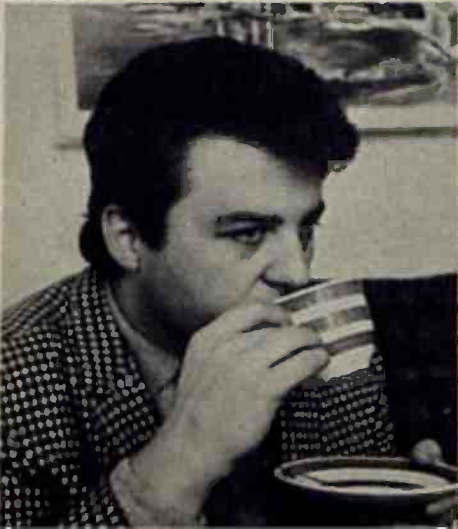
He tried a few chords on my piano. He swung round on the stool and said, "I like that. The tone sort of rings. It's got a real direct touch. I can get straight into the sounds on this one."

"Chris," I said, "if you'd like to come up here and work at any time you want to write in peace it's yours whenever you need it."

Old Style Pop

"I'd like that, Alan," he said. And I was knocked out to think that some evening a great world hit might be born

"A do-it-yourself man. That's me Alan."



"There will always be squares in this crazy pop world of ours."

on my old joanna from Vienna. I bet the old craftsman who put it together a hundred years ago never imagined the swinging sounds of modern pop that have since been turned out on it. In fact, the fuddy-duddies of that time were complaining that the waltz was ruining young people's morals and musical taste. Which goes to show that no matter what century we live in, there'll always be squares.

For Chris the big break came when he was introduced to Eve Taylor, the big cheerful blonde who manages Adam

compositions began to fall off as British stars clamoured for Andrews' songs. But, big as the thrill was to see his own name on some of the most successful records of the past decade, Chris was still the independent do-it-yourself man. And he wrote "Yesterday Man" for himself.

Just a Gag

"Everybody thought it was a gag or some kind of big-head stunt," he said. "They still don't believe me when I tell

'I'm star struck.'

Faith and Sandie Shaw. Eve and her husband, Maurice Press, who used to be a chiropodist, soon put Chris on his feet when they asked to hear some of his songs.

By a strange coincidence, the bunch of Andrew's tunes they gave Adam to choose from included a number called "The First Time". Adam accepted it.

"It all happened from there," said Chris. "Then came 'We Are In Love' . . . 'Badtime' . . . 'I Love Being In Love With You' . . . 'Girl Don't Come' . . . 'Long Live Love' and all the others."

"When people ask me where I get some of my titles from they seem to think there's some kind of double meaning in a couple of them. Actually, I get a lot of ideas just listening to the way coloured people talk. It's delightful the way they use the language. One night I heard this bloke telling his mate about a broken date. He was saying, 'I standin' there all the time, man, and girl don't come.'

"So I just started to put the idea into a song. 'Long Live Love' was more or less a straight calypso."

By this time every piano that Chris touched began to play pound notes. Even the demand for the great Burt Bacharach

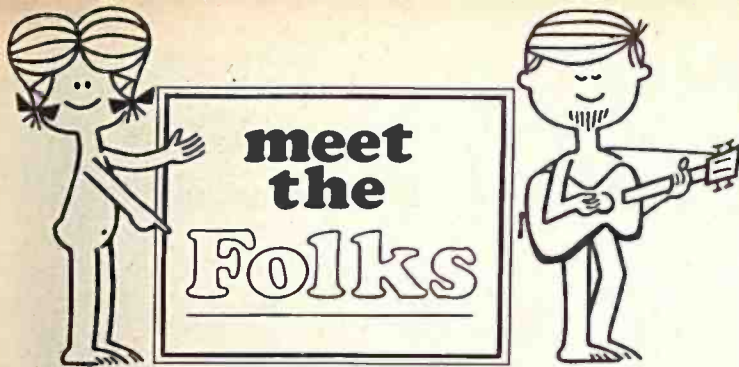
them that ever since I was eight years old I wanted to be a singer. A lot of people think I sing that way on record for a gag. But my voice has always been that way for singing. Real high up."

He demonstrated. "I believe you," I said hurriedly and the flat returned to normal.

"The truth is I'm star-struck," said Chris, grinning. "I'd rather be known as a singer. But obviously I'm going to go on singing and writing. I enjoy it . . . and it pays off. Like I said, no trouble is so bad when you've got money."

Chris shook hands and I saw him to the door. Later on when I went up the road on my way to the studios the hi-fi shops had changed over to "To Whom It Concerns". The big Salvation Army bass drum on that one was giving the amplifiers an even sterner performance test and the sound that Chris makes on this record is clearly not a gag, there was no laughter amongst the customers they were clearly impressed. Chris Andrews has given the public a dose of both his talents and they have accepted them all quite readily.

See you next month, pop-pickers . . . and a swinging sixty-six!



8 Not so simple, Simon

Paul Simon doesn't look like a folk singer. He has no beard, no carefully cultured non-conformist look, instead: neatly trimmed black hair, an un-hip zip windcheater and smart, well-polished shoes.

Paul Simon explains his appearance by saying he really isn't a folk singer. "I'm a poet. Folk singing, writing songs, is only a means to an end. All I want to do is write.

"Words—they're everything. How can anyone possibly do justice to them, communicate, express, describe, when they've got to stick to a tune, hold it in their head, and play a guitar?"

"Words alone are enough."

Paul sits back and thinks about his words a lot. He was born in Newark, New Jersey, twenty-three years ago and has the fast-talking self-analytical character of a New Yorker, city-bred with the worldly intellectual bent of a Greenwich Village veteran.

Yet there is something warm, something fresh, about this stubby thinker with a genius for transferring that warmth and simplicity to song.

"Why am I here? I had to



Paul Simon: "Folk singing is a means to an end."

get out of the Village. It was stifling. The people there have lost all the ability to communicate. Dylan was one of them.

"He's too arrogant. He preaches, doesn't explain. He generalises, he tells everyone what he thinks is wrong with the world. Who cares what he thinks? He's lost the talent for talking to human beings.

"His arrogance has lost him many friends around the Village. People who fed him and gave him a roof over his head when he was down a few years ago, they've lost faith in him.

"I wouldn't presume to preach in my songs. I can't tell people what they should do, I can only express my feelings, my opinions in a song. If their opinions happen to coincide with mine, fine, but what I sing is personal. I hope it will make whoever's listening sit up and recognise something they've been thinking themselves but didn't know how to say it.

"And beautiful songs help to do this. Bob's written some great songs, 'Boots of Spanish Leather', for instance. But then he's done 'The Times They Are A'Changin'. O.K., so the times are changing, everybody knows that. So what?"

"Clubs are fine, but in America most people only come along because it's the hip thing to do. Here in Britain, it's much more personal. They come along to listen to what a guy has to say, how he feels. And that makes it easier to communicate."

He sits back and folds his arms, confident in his words. He has communicated, spoken his words. Thus Paul Simon—the reluctant folk singer.

ED BLANCHE'S BIT ON FOLK STARS

BLONDES! BRUNETTES

Choose a shampoo made specially for you!



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

Stā•blond for blondes

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

Brunitex for brunettes

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



At BOOTS, WOOLWORTHS and CHEMISTS everywhere

... really helpful books for all teenagers—
full of practical advice ...

MODERN WEDDING ETIQUETTE

by Alison Barnes

You need this book if you are in any way concerned with a wedding. It fully covers: getting engaged—marriage and the law—the civil ceremony—church weddings; the different denominations—charts to show who does what and who pays—what's needed for the new home—invitations and presents—clothes, flowers and rings—photographs, recordings and the Press—the reception—speeches and toasts—going away, and afterwards—the remarriage of widowed and divorced people—the business side of marriage—the wife with the outside job—etiquette and the newly married—customs, superstitions and traditions—the wedding anniversaries. Attractive full colour jacket, beautifully bound in white imitation linen material with gold lettering and wedding motif. 10s. 6d. (11s. 6d. by post)

SUCCESSFUL ENTERTAINING FOR THE MODERN HOSTESS

by Alison Barnes

Shows exactly how to plan for almost every conceivable occasion of private entertainment, from the large-scale party to having friends for tea or coffee. It is worth taking the trouble to entertain well and the author tells you how. She also provides much practical know-how about such things as economic buying (the price of this book may well be saved in one week's shopping): carving; choosing; storing and serving wines; cheeses and foreign food terms. 160 pages. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. (11s. 6d. by post)

MODERN ETIQUETTE

by Agnes M. Miall

This book, "MODERN ETIQUETTE," by Agnes M. Miall, tells you the etiquette of courtship and marriage, the correct things to wear for all occasions, behaviour as between host and guests, employer and employees, about restaurant manners, letter-writing and modes of address, traditions in business, sport, and very important for those setting up a new home—the etiquette of entertaining. The book is clearly arranged and very easy to refer to. You can check a point in a moment and then go ahead in the comfortable knowledge that you are doing the right thing: 264 pages. 10s. 6d. (11s. 6d. by post)

**Deserve a place in every modern home.
Make sure of your copies today!**

FROM ALL BOOKSELLERS or complete this coupon and post at once.

POST FORM AT ONCE!

To: ODHAMS BOOKS, Dept. SF 316, Basted, Sevenoaks, Kent.

Please send me . . . MODERN WEDDING ETIQUETTE
. . . SUCCESSFUL ENTERTAINING FOR THE MODERN HOSTESS
. . . MODERN ETIQUETTE (Tick titles required)

10s. 6d. each plus 1s. postage and packing each, under "Full Satisfaction or Money Back Guarantee" for which I enclose remittance of 11s. 6d. for each copy.

I enclose P.O. No.
(USE BLOCK LETTERS)

Amount

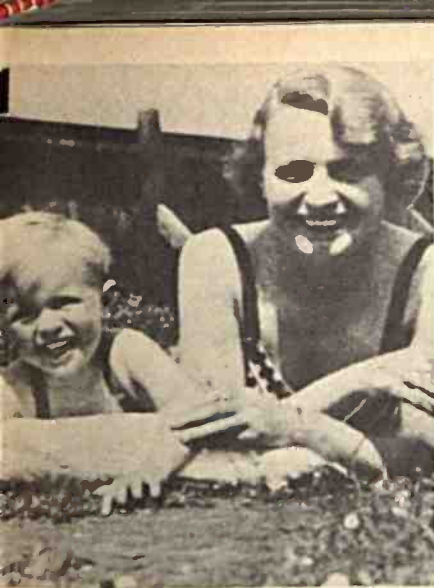
NAME

Full Postal
ADDRESS



**ACT
NOW**

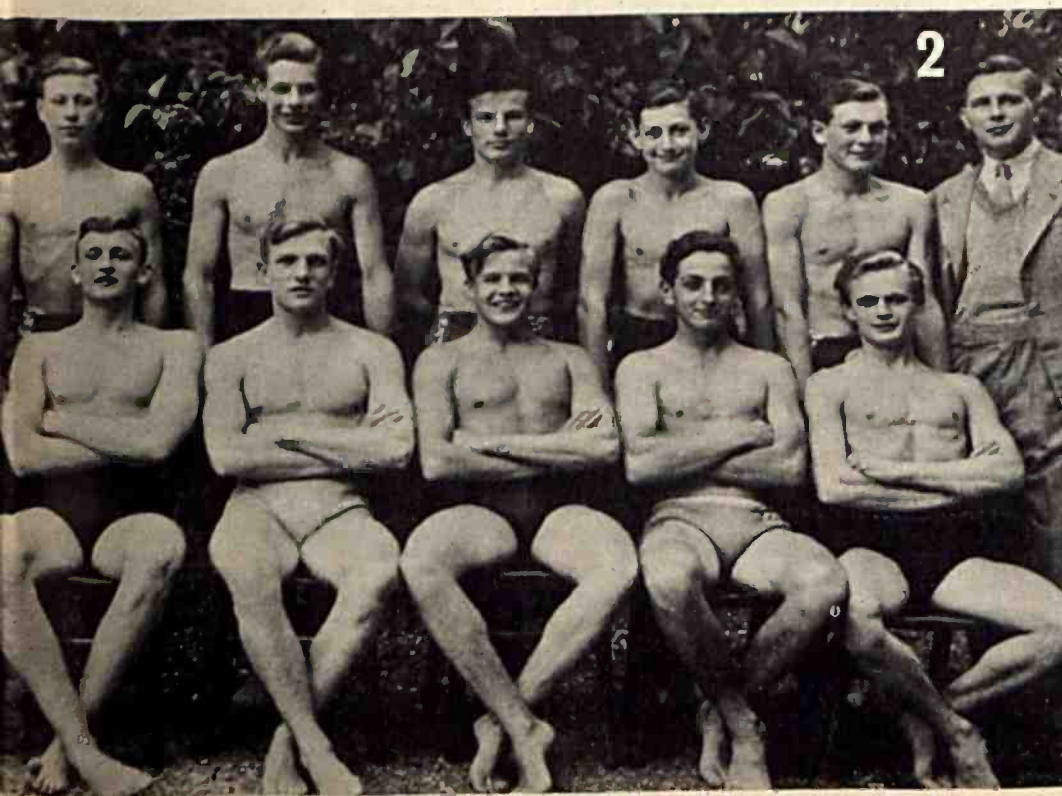
Published by Pearson



**When *UNCLE*
was a
nephew . . .**

Little did "Uncle" man, Dave McCallum realise, when he was only a *BABY*, all the things that lay in store for him.

1. With his mother, Dorothy. Acting had not yet entered this *SON'S* head.
2. At the University College School, London, with his *BROTHER* students. (Far right, bottom row.)
3. In "Seagulls Over Sorrento", 1956 (now a *NEPHEW*).
4. In 1957 Dave met Jill Ireland and became a *HUSBAND*. Had worked with provincial theatres.
5. In "Billy Budd", 1961, Dave was a background character, but not as a *FATHER*-figure with son, Paul.



**YOUR
FAVOURITE
DISC
STARS
ON PARADE
EVERY
WEEK**



new
**MUSICAL
EXPRESS**
EVERY FRIDAY - 6D

**SPECIAL OFFER —
A GREAT ISSUE FREE!**

Complete coupon, post now for Complimentary Copy from
NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS (Rv) 16-17 LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2

NAME.....
(CAPITAL LETTERS)
ADDRESS

CENSORED
FOR RAVE READERS' EYES ONLY

DODD'S POP DIARY

JANUARY

thirty-one days in the life of a pop lover

1 Len '1-2-3' Barry due here THIS month. Hope he makes it this time. The zany Zombies playing Shrewsbury. Hollies at Rawtenstall Astoria, Lancs.

12 Peter & Gordon and Moody Blues still Stateside. Hollies at Sheffield University.

23 Great new Tom Jones L.P. out this month—'Atomic Jones'. The sober, sedate Mr. Money at the Cadillac in Brighton.

2 Kenny Ball one week at Mr. Smith's, Manchester. Georgie Fame at the 'Flamin' Joe', as he calls it (Flamingo as it's known to everyone else).

13 Freddie's 'Aladdin' show at the Manchester Palace. Can't remember the last time I saw Freddie.

24 Cilla still in panto at Wimbledon Theatre in 'Little Red Riding Hood'.

3 Seekers go to the States this month for four weeks of shows and TV. work.

14 Irma Thomas arrives today. Dusty at the California Ballroom, Dunstable. Zoot at Staines Town Hall.

25 Ken Dodd in panto till March—'Humpty Dumpty', at the Birmingham Theatre.

4 Gerry's own show at Shrewsbury still going.

15 Peter & Gordon come home today. Dusty at Boston Gliderdrome. Chris Farlowe at the Flamingo. Hollies at Ramsgate Coronation Ballroom.

26 Lee 'Ride Your Pony' Dorsey here for 10 days. He's on Discs-A-Gogo tonight. Another great American star, Little Stevie Wonder at the Cromwellian—a must!

5 Athol Guy (Seekers) 26 today. Chris Farlowe (one of the most under-rated stars going) at the Bromley Court Hotel tonight. Hollies at Great Yarmouth.

16 Ray of the Nashville Teens 22 today. Georgie Fame at Starlite Ballroom, Greenford.

27 Thursday night again, and that means 'The Man From U.N.C.L.E.'

6 Fourmost playing at the Savoy Restaurant in London for a few weeks. (Hope Billy Hutton behaves himself!) Dusty's at the Glenn Ballroom, Llanely. Hollies at Crawley Starlite Ballroom.

17 Georgie Fame leaves today for a winter sports holiday—which he deserves—to Seefeld in Austria. Zoot at Cook's Ferry Inn. Hollies at Bath Pavilion.

28 Dick Taylor of the Pretty Things 23 today. That great couple Inez and Charlie Foxx arrive today.

7 Otis Redding arrives today for two weeks. Hollies in Amsterdam today and tomorrow for own TV. show. New show to replace R.S.G. starts today—first guests, the Animals. *Minnie's Party tonight.*

18 Barbara Lewis of 'Hello Stranger' and 'Baby I'm Yours' fame, here today.

29 Mark Wynter 23 today. Hollies at Buxton Pavilion.

8 Elvis is 31 today! Isn't it unbelievable? Dusty at Nelson Imperial. Zoot Money—at the Twisted Wheel, Manchester. Georgie Fame, Winter Garden Pavilion, Weston-super-Mare.

19 Phil Everly 27 today. The American group, the Exciters, at the Cromwellian tonight—definitely a great club on cabaret nights!

30 Tomorrow, Lee Dorsey at the Cromwellian—must be there!

9 The great Scott Walker is 22 today. Happy Birthday, Brother! Chris Farlowe at the Mojo Club, Sheffield. (Must buy his 'In The Midnight Hour' E.P.)

20 Eric Stewart (Mindbenders) 21 today. Chris Farlowe at the Klooks Kleek, Hampstead.

31 Gene Pitney due this month (he had a great farewell party at the end of his last stay)—but touring next month . . .

10 Bob Lang (Mindbenders) 19 today. Zoot—the Esquire Club, Sheffield. Something must be going on if Chris and Zoot are both in Sheffield!!! Hollies at Chatham Town Hall.

21 Herman in Australia till February 7th. Long John Baldry 25 today. Zoot at the Starlite Ballroom, Greenford. Hollies at Harrowgate Royal.

NOTES:

January 4th - Fontella Bass should be making a welcome return visit for two weeks.

At Wolverhampton—the Rockin' Berries are in panto "Jack In The Beanstalk"

11 Billy J's still playing the Prince in 'Mother Goose', Stockton. Can't understand what happened with his record.

22 Frank Ifield in 'Babes In The Wood' at the Palladium. Zombies at Leicester. Chris Farlowe at Chelsea College.

Come home, we still love you.

Uncle Sid gets married.



frivolous frivolous



frivolous postal boutique exclusive to 'rave' readers

a 'frivolous'
cutaway dress
69/11 plus
3/6 postage

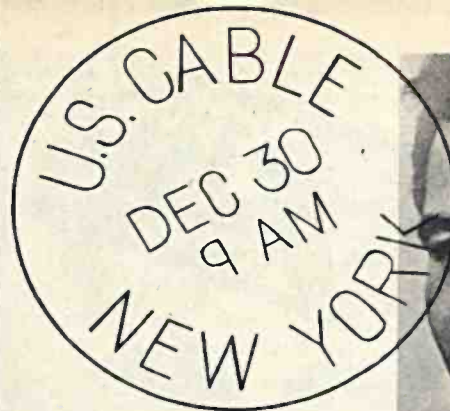
12 dollars
black/orange/
mustard and
brown stripes
sizes 10, 12, 14

Write for dress or postal boutique catalogue
To: Frivolous postal boutique 3 Weston Park
Kingston upon Thames

Name.....Size

Address.....Age.....

satisfaction guaranteed



Dateline—New York. And RAVE girl Jackie Harlow is there to report all the latest pop goings-on.

The recent national tour blast by British and American groups is beginning to pay its toll. Because of the \$50,000 (£16,500) worth of damage done to New York's City Squire Inn by over-enthusiastic Rolling Stones fans, the Leows group of hotels has once again banned all pop artists from staying at any one of its New York hotels. The City Squire is always banning groups from staying there, but usually only enforces this rule for about a month or so. This time it's a different story. The whole scene was particularly awkward for the Dave Clark Five who were booked into the Squire. At the last minute, and after much frantic telephoning, the group finally got into the Holiday Inn, where their stay was peaceful, and not half as expensive as that of their contemporaries.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Talking of the Stones (and who isn't these days), last month's New York blackout affected the private bash they were due to throw at the Ondine. The big switch off also affected rehearsals for "Hullabaloo", and several electric guitars which were switched on throughout the State . . .

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

My favourite British musical sounding group is the Animals, so I'm delighted to tell you that MGM is planning a new album of all their hits to be released early in the New Year, tentatively called "The Best Of The Animals". I had the opportunity of entertaining Eric Burdon at breakfast during his three hour stop-over in New York when he was en route to England after their last tour. Not only did he look great—he was dressed in suede from head to foot—but he even had that tell-tale camera slung over one shoulder.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

. . . What next, pussycat? The days of protest songs are completely dead. One very knowledgeable friend of mine is predicting great success for country rock, much in the vein of the recent Jimmy Dickens hit, "May The Bird of Paradise Fly Up Your Nose." If she's right, we can expect to see more chart success for artists like Bobby Bare and Glen Campbell, not to mention Roger Miller.

By the way, Roger M. has written a great new song called "Private John Q," which Glen Campbell recorded for Capitol. It's great, but some radio stations are banning it.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Great, great news on that marvellous group, The Righteous Brothers. The two boys have finally broken the night club sound barrier, and they're due to go into Las Vegas at the end of January. They were offered the stint after breaking existing records at the Safari Room in San Jose, California, and will take a nine piece group with them. That's it for now . . . See you next month . . .

Jackie

TODAY'S RAVES



This is the page where it is all happening! The latest raves in fashion ideas, and things to see and places to go!

■ Bring an old leather coat up-to-date—buy a length of fox fur and sew it on the bottom of the coat. If the coat is a three-quarter length, sew wider fur on to the bottom, making it full length as well as up-to-date.

■ You can also add a length on either cuff if you wish, but this may look too much if also on the collar. Though more expensive, ostrich feathers have a softer look, and are kinder to the shorter girl.

■ For the girl with not-so-good legs but a desire to be up-to-date with the new short skirts, get the same

effect by turning an ordinary skirt back to front (if it has a back seam) and cutting the hem from the centre seam into a petal shape. If the skirt has a zip in the back seam, it can be made into a fly-front.

■ Everyone is going crazy for heavy-knit polo neck sweaters including boys. But good ones are expensive and hard to find. Milletts stock a "seaman's jumper" in oil-skinned wool and they're heavy without appearing bulky—in navy or white—half the normal price.

■ If you are tired of your white leather boots, be ahead and dye them pastel shades such as pink, grey, turquoise.

■ A way to bring shoes up-to-date is by dyeing them too. Paint either side of the shoe in contrasting colours. Such as black and white, tan and orange. But not more than three colours or else this will spoil the effect.

■ To make a V-neck jumper more hip, cut off the sleeves to elbow length and blanket stitch in a contrasting wool, also the V-neck. If the jumper is long, cut to waist length and edge in the same way. For evening, gold stitching. If done thickly, looks great especially on beige.

■ Fabulous new stockings out—gold in a huge diamond mesh. Bit expensive—1 gn. By Plaza—but well worth the admiring glances. A daring variation to be extremely different, wear them over black stockings!

■ To match your shoes, dye your leather gloves. Use only the advertised dye i.e. "Shu-Make-up".

■ For a way-out dress cut your old black crêpe (or any colour) around armholes so you finish with a simple sleeveless dress. Sew thick braiding round the top in two alternate colours.

■ Latest thing in bracelets replacing identity bracelets are thick gold link ones



A rave—elbow length sleeves.

fastened with a gold padlock. Expensive but attractive.

■ For a short-short dress, buy a man's very long polo sweater and trim the bottom and cuffs in thick contrasting braid.

■ Bored with a plain dress? Want to convert a summer dress for the winter? Then find an old sweater and add the knitted elbow length (very 'in' length) sleeves to the dress. Added touch—trim the sleeve with an edging of crochet.

■ For anyone who works around the Strand in London—there's a new lunchtime eating place with a difference. It's **CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING**, 88 Chancery Lane, W.C.2., specially created for the luncheon voucher holders. There's over 500 different combinations of meals, all available under 4s. 6d.—and of course, chips unlimited. The place has a pop art interior, free juke box, with trouser suited girls to serve you. The perfect lunchtime meeting place for the young set. Try it.

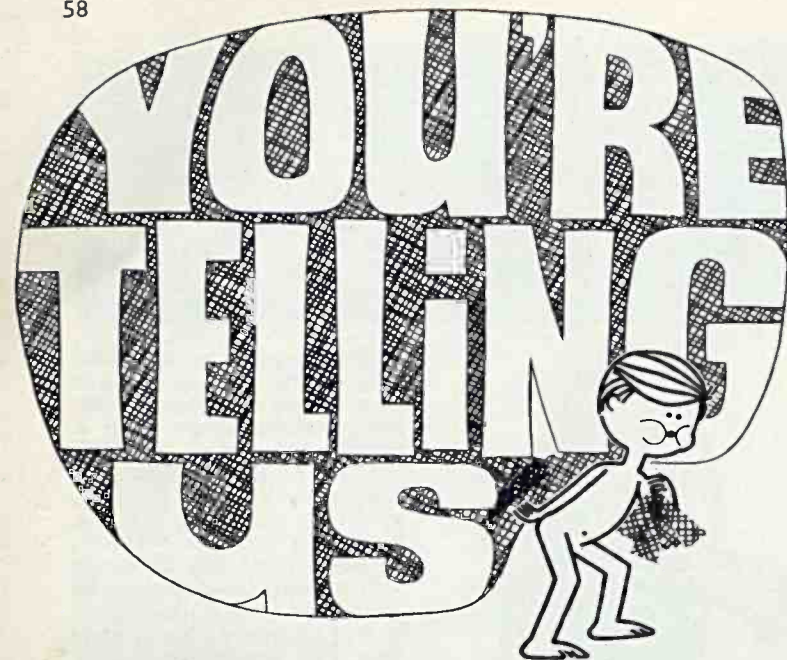
■ Two new boutiques have opened up under the same ownership and the same name—Frivolous Boutique—one at 3 Western Park Road, Kingston, and the other at 104a Church Street, Croydon. The unique thing about these boutiques, apart from the fact that they can probably make up any design you give them, is that they are putting out catalogues of designs available from the boutiques, by post. New rave designs available every month. The boutiques feature lots of co-ordinates in a large variety of fabrics. Not much chance of seeing someone in your exact outfit! Forms for the catalogue will be appearing in a series of advertisements.



A rave—scalloped skirts.

■ The Go-Go girls of America have come up with a great new rave—antique style specs. All the model girls are wearing them, and they're catching on fast. They're owl-shaped, or wide, thin and square, wire-framed in plain glass or tinted, or half-framed like the ones shown. In the States you're nothing unless you've got a pair of these (must be worn half way down the nose though). Look great on the girl with the Sassoon cut.





Anything you've got to say, fans? It can be about the pop scene, the fashion scene, about YOU, or about US. In fact, about ANYTHING! The thing is, we want to hear from you! Drop us a line at RAVE, TOWER HOUSE, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, LONDON, W.C.2.

A FAN'S DREAM FOR '66

As a big pop fan, in 1966 I'd like to see a few changes made—for the better! For a start, I'd like to see the end of all of these so-called feuds between groups like P.J. Proby and the Walker Brothers. They might gain publicity but it's only degrading to them. And, on the subject of P.J. I'd like to see him pull himself together this year. Decide what he really wants to do, then do it! Not just talk about it!

I don't like fans squabbling amongst themselves about groups—everyone to their own taste.

I think it's bad when a singer's old record company re-hashes old discs when that singer suddenly becomes popular, which happened last year to P.J., Sonny & Cher and Tom Jones. These records are usually years old, and hardly sound like the same person anyway!

And lastly, why does Elvis bring out all his old records? Can't he sing any more, or is it just lack of good-enough material?

I wonder if anyone else has any changes they'd like to see in '66?
Marion Page, Fulham, S.W.6.

'MY PAL HERMAN'

Sondra Lowell
10609 Third Avenue,
Inglewood, California
An American RAVE
reader writes in to tell
us all about him.

I can just imagine the sort of thing American magazines will be saying about Herman's stay in Hollywood to film "There's No Place Like Space". "Shocking!" they'll



I was so pleased when I bought my November RAVE to find Dodo's Rave-able was El Cordobes, whom I have liked ever since I went to Spain this year. But —oops! Someone made a little mistake because he has made a record and I have it as proof. I bought it in Spain and it is an E.P., titled 'El Cordobes'. All in Spanish of course!

Details of the record: Made by Marfer Records of Madrid. No. M532.—Sharyn Elliott, 7 Lathkill Road, Chaddesden, Derby.

Sorry for the error, Sharyn. But there's more on El Cordobes on pages 36-37—and it's all correct!

I have just read a story on the Byrds in RAVE, and I'm upset. I live near Los Angeles where the Byrds originated, and I have seen them perform live six times, and met them in person seven times. I have talked to them and even kissed my favourite—Jim! They are not conceived as the article implied—they're all dolls, very nice, softly-spoken gentlemen.

The thing is, they don't strive for audience participation but rather pick out a face in a crowd to sing to. I know, Jim picked me out twice! It's hard for me to believe that David "just walked on uninterested" when that girl clung to him and said, "I love you, Byrd," as you said.

I know your article was factual, but I wanted you to know they have another side. A side that has captured me as their fan forever.—Marlene Bartraw, 15503 Domart, Norwalk, Calif. 90651, U.S.A.

all scream. You see, they're wrong. But gather round now, because I was there at least part of the time, and what I didn't see for myself, Herman filled in for me.

The house he stayed in was the one called Edgewood in the beautiful, wooded suburb of Benedict Canyon. The same house the Beatles had so recently left. Well, word got out and girls spent hours hitching rides to the secluded grounds, watching every Hermit-move.

But those same fans who kept ears and eyes open for up-to-the-minute reports on their fair-haired boy-idol will just shoot themselves when they hear they missed this one

THREE CHEERS FOR GREAT BRITAIN!!!

In the last few months, I've had the great privilege of coming in contact with many teenagers from England, Wales and Scotland, and I'd like to say I've never met a nicer, better group of people in my life. They had no false or phoney cover-up. I'm not saying all U.S. kids are fakes. But the kids from G.B. were so different from many I know.

I've met people from many countries, and, putting them together and sorting them out, the British are the best.—Bobbie Suresch, 3224 Elmora Ave., Baltimore, Maryland, U.S.A.

In answer to a letter in November, I know people can remain faithful to one group or star for two years or more.

AND WE'RE TELLING YOU

■ Please could you tell me if Sonny & Cher have any E.P.'s on release and the tracks on Sandie Shaw's new L.P.?—Freddie Fletcher, Wimbledon.

There's an E.P. out on Reprise called "Sonny & Cher and Ceasar & Cleo". Ceasar and Cleo being the names they used to have.

Tracks are: "Baby Don't Go"; "Love is Strange"; "Do You Wanna Dance"; "Walkin' the Quetzal"; "Let The Good Times Roll".

Sandie's L.P. is simply titled, 'Me'. Tracks are: "You Don't Love Me No More"; "I Don't Need That Kind of Lovin'"; "Down Dismal Ways"; "Oh No

perfect chance: "I walked down Sunset Strip," said Herman. "By myself! I was going to a record shop and I walked along slowly like an ordinary American and nobody even noticed me.

"We didn't go out much though. Most of the time we had friends over and listened to records, all kinds of music, but mostly Aretha Franklin."

Herman was aghast that I'd never even heard of his favorite singer.

Most of the time when Herman talks he just talks and doesn't make those famous faces. Like when he went up to co-star Shelly Fabares when they were on location at POP, a colossal amusement



P. J.: stop the feuding!

I have always been nuts on The Beatles (and always will be), especially Ringo.

Good for Anon, I wish a few more fans were half as faithful! A devoted fan with an overdose of Beatlemania, Kendal, Westmorland.

He Don't'; 'When I Was A Child'; 'Do You Mind'; 'How Glad I Am'; 'I Know'; 'Till The Night Begins To Die'; 'Too Bad You Don't Want Me'; 'One Day'; 'When I Fall In Love'.

■ Could you please settle an argument? Could you please tell me who sings "Don't let them say your hair's too long" on Sonny and Cher's record, "I've Got You Babe"?—John Saunders, 2 Gingers Green, Nr. Hailsham, Sussex. It's Cher.

■ In nearly all my pictures of Mick Jagger, I notice he is wearing an identity bracelet. Please could you tell me if there is any-

In the November issue of RAVE, Miss Anon from Harrow asked if a person could be mad on a pop star for two years. Well, I have been mad on the Dave Clark Five for just under that, 23 months.

I have met and talked to the Five and have been inside Mike Smith's house. Apart from meeting them, I've met their fan club leader, Road Manager, Dave's Mum and Dad, his sister, and niece, Spike his dog; Mike's Mum and Dad and Denny's Mum.

In the 23 months I have been a fan of theirs, I have spent about £20 on them. This includes presents, tickets for shows, pictures, books, records, train fares, postage.

Is this a record?—Barbara Johnston, 7 Worsfold Street, Moston, Manchester 10.

thing written on it, if so, what?—Anne Mayoss, 81 Cromwell Road, Ware, Herts. It just says "Mick".

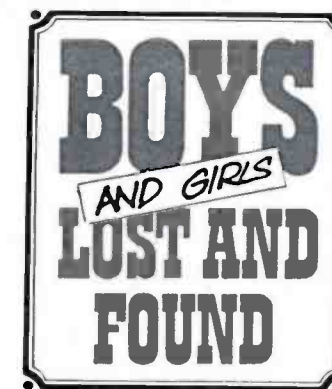
■ Dear RAVE, will you please settle an argument? Will you tell me when Ringo was married?—Ricky Donnelly, Grenville Place, London, S.W.7.

Ringo was married on February 11th, 1965, at 8.15 a.m. at Caxton Hall.

■ Please, when is Robert Vaughn's birthday?—Carol Todd, West End Lane, N.W.6. November 30th, 1932.

awful having to live a secluded star's life, he didn't quite seem to understand my question. In America we used to read stories of Elvis' lonely heartbreak because he's a star, but Herman felt the way Ringo did when he said, "Two hours a day we're Beatles. The rest of the time we're people." A psychologist applauded that and said it's the only way to really cope with fame.

Herman doesn't even mind being interviewed, as some stars do after they make it. "It's not an invasion of privacy at all. The fans have a right to know about the stars' lives. Of course, sometimes I'm asked questions I'd rather not



■ I am trying to contact a girl who I met in Bournemouth on Sunday, 5th September. Her name is Gay and she has blonde hair, and an identical twin sister. I think she lives in Boscombe.—Joly MacFie, Lyneham, Wiltshire.

■ Name: Johnny Ennis. Town: Luton. Place: Vauxhall. Description: Short, with black wavy hair, and brown eyes. Message: Come up and see me sometime—Annoyed, Luton.

■ Wanted. Jeff Mann. Hangs around the 'Dolphin', Luton. Has a mauve and white G.T. Description: Soft blond hair, brown eyes and tall. Message: Please don't emigrate to Australia.—Love, Candy.

■ I would like to get in touch with a boy called Gerry Balfer whom I met on holiday in Morecombe about a year ago. He comes from Scotland and has fair hair.

Ann Short, Newark, Notts. ■ Does anyone know a gorgeous fantastic, fabulous mod called Mick. He worked on Brighton Palace Pier selling candy floss and doughnuts to get money for his scooter. On his left arm he has a fish tattoo and on his right arm he

answer. And other times the questions I'm asked seem kind of silly. But after all, I'm not the one who has to read this stuff, I just have to say it. I do read RAVE, though. I'll be looking for this story about me."

And maybe, Herman, you'll be surprised to hear I have arrived in London like I promised. The people are so friendly and helpful and the city is marvellous. Anyway, remember how I invited you to my flat in London and you said where is it and I said I don't know, I haven't got one yet? Well, I'm just getting settled now, and the invitation is on for anytime. So do drop in.

has a heart with "Mick" written on it. Please help me to get in touch with him.—Jane Tohill, Finchley, London, N.2.

■ I would like to contact a boy from Manchester, his first name is Alan. He is about five feet ten inches tall, blond and very good looking. He wears a brown corduroy or suede short jacket, and I met him at a late dance at the Winter Gardens at Blackpool during the week 24th-31st July.—Teresa (Tess) Lyons, Ashton-in-Makerfield, Near Wigan, Lancs.

Any boy or girl who wants to reply to this column, please write to RAVE, Lost and Found Department, Tower House, Southampton Street, London, W.C.2, and we'll forward your letter on.

PEN PALS

Jo Marie Lisa, 600 East D Street, Ontario, California, U.S.A. Age: 16. Interested in writing to an English boy 16-19. Interests are the Beatles, Stones and anything British. Gisela Grzendowski, 414 Rheinhausen, Hochemmericher Str. 63, Germany. Age 16: Wants pen pal from London or Edinburgh.

Karen Campbell, 2317 Monte Verde, Modesto, California, 95350, U.S.A. Age 17: Loves Beatles, Stones, Sonny & Cher. Wants pen pals from everywhere.

Peter Bradshaw, 19 Dunkirk Drive, Whitby, Ellsmere Port, Cheshire. Age 25: Shortly starting off on round the world trip, hitch hiking and working. Looking for travelling companions.

Josie Westerlaken, Willem Van Zuylenstraat 9a, Rotterdam 7, Holland. Age 19: Likes Bob Dylan, Donovan, Stones, Manfred, Marianne and Sandle. Wants British pen pal.

Noelle Rusanicz, 12 Rue de Belleville, Paris, 20, France. Age 16: Loves the Stones, the Kinks, the Who, and Bob Dylan. Wants boy pen pals with long hair, from all over the world.

Kerston Larsson, Box 10, Surte, Sweden. Age 16: Wants boy and girl pen pals. Likes pop music, painting and animals. Goes for Donovan, Rolling Stones and Dylan. Ann-Britt Hemmingsson, Radhusgatan 17, Ostersund, Sweden. Age 16: Likes Bobby Rydell, Stones, Gene Pitney, Thelonus Monk and many others. Interested in pop, jazz, and books.

THE AGONY AND THE ECSTASY

The Agony of the soul singer is when the songs he sings have a personal meaning. Eric Burdon always relates himself to the words of his songs and it shows.

The Ecstasy is when the audience applauds, . . . applause means everything to someone like Eric, and that shows too.



LLOYD ALEXANDER —

THE ADVENTURES OF AN AMOROUS YOUNG MAN

It's debatable. But I guess I'm (more or less) sane and civilised. Yet one thing's calculated to start me pawing the ground, swinging my club at the nearest pterodactyl and generally doing a 1,000,000 B.C. bit. And it's JEALOUSY. I'm the original jealous lover! What's more, there isn't a single subscriber to that world-wide secret sisterhood otherwise known as The Female Species who doesn't know how to pull out all the stops on that particular number.

Joan, of course, is no exception. In fact, she's an ARTIST.

"You'll never guess who phoned me today," she said, when I spoke to her from a call-box on my way back from an assignment out in the sticks.

"Who?"

"Dave—you remember, darling, the publicist I told you about—"

"Yeah . . . I remember," I interrupted. "I don't want to hear about him."

Dave was one of those smooth show biz publicists who'd stop at nothing—and less—to get a story about one of his groups published. And Joan had fallen for some of his button-down collar, silver-cigarette-case spiel.

"Oh, darling, you're not cross are you?" And I could almost see the evil little grin spreading across her lovely face.

"Of course I'm cross—that moron!" I bellowed.

"He's so handsome." She was beginning to put the screws on.

"Shut up!" I shouted. Realising she was dead right.

"I couldn't imagine him raising his voice at me . . ."

"If you don't shut up, I'll wring your neck . . ."

"I'll tell—"

There was a pip, pip, pip as my sixpence ran out.

"You do just that," I screamed and left the box.

It was one of those Press do's where you think you can hear a buffalo scratching itself

and you suddenly realise it's the guests scrabbling for peanuts, carefully distributed in little bowls with pimentos, stuffed olives etc. This one, in the plush (wall-to-wall carpeting everywhere—including the floor) surroundings of one of the So-and-so-is-often-to-be-seen-here 'in' clubs, was to launch a disc by a new folk singer.

Joan—there for her magazine—absolutely *glowed*. She was wearing a simple black dress that only she in the whole place—whole town for that matter—could do justice to. It went too far—but nothing like far enough, if you see what I mean.

And everyone broke the Golden Rule—they *looked*, instead of pretending not to notice!

A tallish figure pushed his way through the crowd.

"Hullo, Luv," said this character, putting an over-affectionate arm round Joan and giving her a kiss on the cheek.

"You're really gonna like this singer guy—he's really gonna be big."

Uuuugh!

"Dave! Never expected to see you here!" cried Joan. "Lloyd, meet Dave Naisby. He's a publicist—and a good one."

"Hullo."

"That's a rare, swinging, beautiful girl you got there."

"Yes—I'm well aware of it."

"You wanna take care of her."

I glanced at Joan. Her green cat's-eyes sort of purred, and a demon-like ghost of a smile hooked up the corners of her mouth.

"I don't need your advice—" I said coldly to no one in particular just to prove I didn't.

"Oh, look, there's Stevie Bland—you must introduce me, Dave!" Joan was gushing.

"Sure, sure," said the slob, upping his glass and leading Joan through the crowd.

She turned. The cat's eyes glowed. "Come on, darling."

"No thanks—DAVE will

look after you." I snapped and lunged for some peanuts.

I could have torn the place apart. I munched the nuts like they were boulders and couldn't keep from looking in their direction. A small, jovial crowd was forming—Dave Naisby, more of his specles and Joan, the centre of things—a cinch for a 'plus' girl like her.



Through the smoke I could see Naisby put a mohair-sulled arm round her—again. Like she was his girl, or something. My safety gauge was registering Danger!

Then wham!—It blew. As that crumb gave Joan a second—warmer—kiss on the cheek, I did a kind of charge through the folk separating us. Brought my fist squarely up to Naisby's Old-Spice'd chin. Set of reflex action, I guess.

Like the screams that followed, and the jolting, rough, let's-get-in-this-for-laugh male shoulders. And the chief target—yours truly!

Not being that op art I made a dash for a rear exit. Through the doors and I found myself at the foot of a spiral iron staircase. I sped upwards, with a bunch of whooping clods close behind.

At the top, through some more doors and I was in a tiny yard with a big wall.

Could I make it? My right arm felt sort of mashed up and my right eye was swelling like a balloon.

Took a run and fell back. The footsteps were clanging on the iron stairway. I tried again. This time I managed to get a hold and hauled myself up, doing sacrilege to my best grey worsted Ivy League.

As I dropped onto the pavement concrete, I heard a familiar voice call: "Hurry up!"

In the darkness to my right a familiar car engine was purr . . . er—clanking. Dazed, I looked again. In the driving seat was . . . Joan.

I ran forward and leapt into the passenger seat.

"What on earth are you up to?" I yelled.

"Didn't tell you I'd taken some driving lessons? Oh—don't leave your ignition key in the M.G. again—and shut that door, quick!"

We roared off. I pulled out a handkerchief to mop my face. Joan was grinning.

"So, what's the joke," I asked, with an "Ouch!" as I touched my swollen eye.

"Darling, you were wonderful," she said. "For a while I feared you weren't going to hit him . . ."

"You mean you *knew* it would end like that?"

"Of course. You see, it's not enough to *tell* a girl you love her, you've got to *prove* it. And you did, darling—wonderfully. My hero . . ." And she planted a kiss firmly on my cheek. I melted.

"Hey—watch that policeman!"

See ya—I hope!

THAT'S ALL!

An outstanding book which tells you the answers to thousands of questions on what the future may have in store.

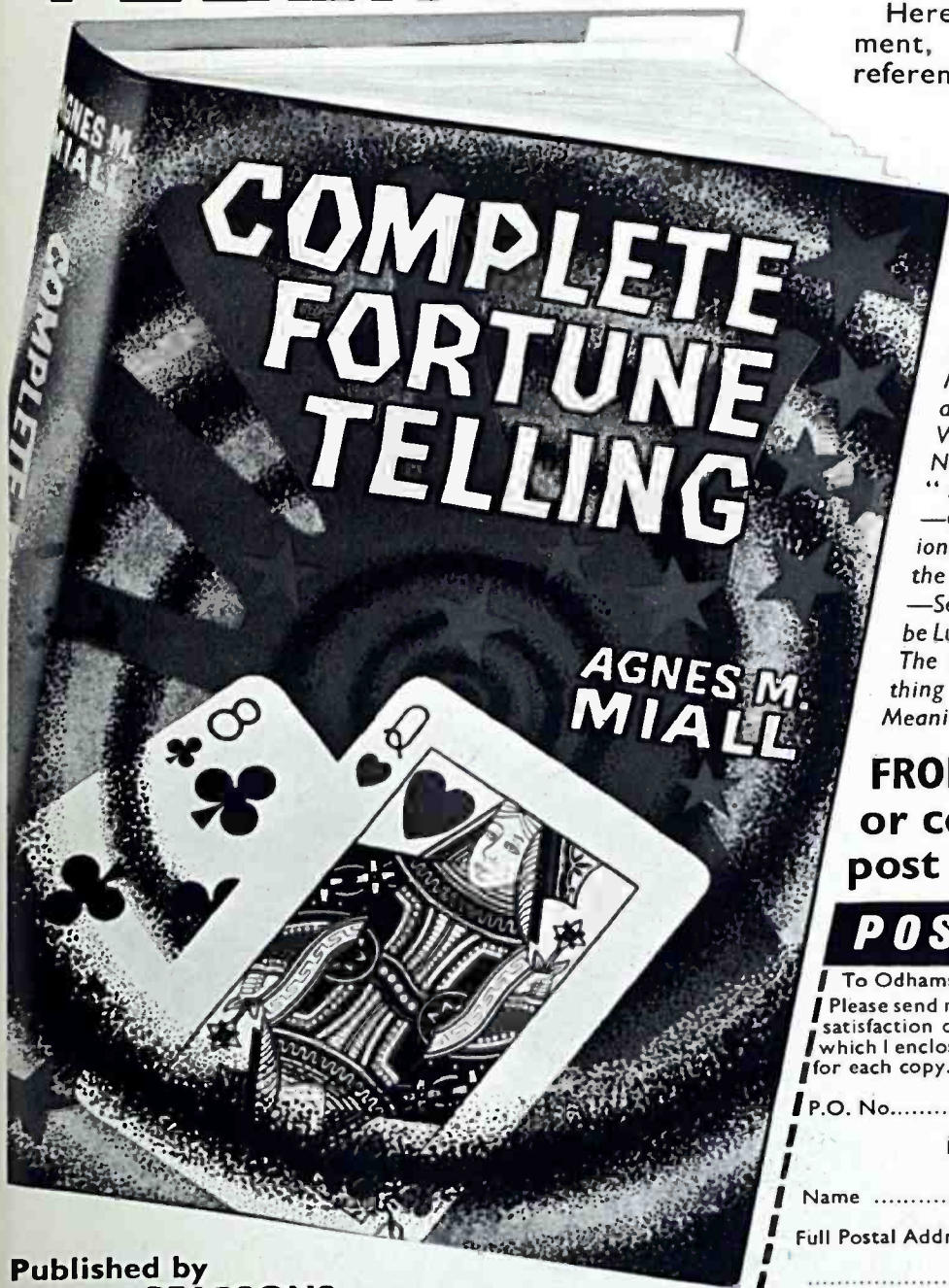
COMPLETE FORTUNE TELLING

There are hours of fascination for yourself and friends in the possession of this book. If you are interested in any or all of the many branches of fortune-telling, you will find all about them in this comprehensive new volume. Never before have so many aspects of this subject been dealt with fully and clearly in the pages of one handy book. You will read it for your own interest or in order that you may become an expert and entertain others.

by
Agnes M.
Miall

The book is fully illustrated with diagrams and specially selected photographs throughout its entire 336 pages.

Here is a book not for a mere hour's enjoyment, but for a lifetime of interest and reference.



336 pages only 12s. 6d.
Just the book for party time fun

CONTENTS: Reading Your Hand—In which Month were you Born?—The Man for You!—Who are your Friends?—How to Cast a Horoscope—What do the Cards say?—Your Name and Your Number—What your Handwriting reveals—"Bumps" and Face Fortunes—Dreams and Destiny—Crystal Gazing—Divining by Sand—Dice Decisions—Deductions from Dominoes—Your Fortune in the Fire—The Five Physical Types—Knife Prophecies—Sense from Scribbles—Teacup Fortunes—You can be Lucky—The Luck of Precious Stones—Bridal Luck—The Luck and Meanings of Christian Names—Something about Surnames—Some Surnames and their Meanings.

FROM ALL BOOKSELLERS
or complete this coupon and post today.

POST FORM TODAY!

To Odhams Books, Dept. SF 315, Basted, Sevenoaks, Kent.
Please send me "COMPLETE FORTUNE TELLING" under full satisfaction or money back guarantee on return of book for which I enclose remittance of 12s. 6d. plus 1s. post and packing for each copy.

P.O. No. Amount

No. of copies required

Name

Full Postal Address

Published by
PEARSONS

rave

