

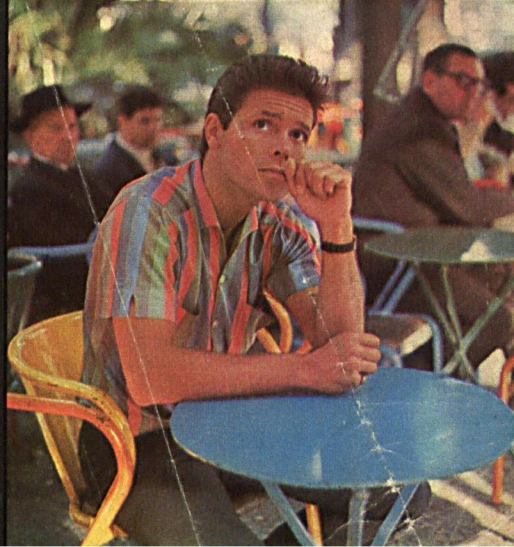
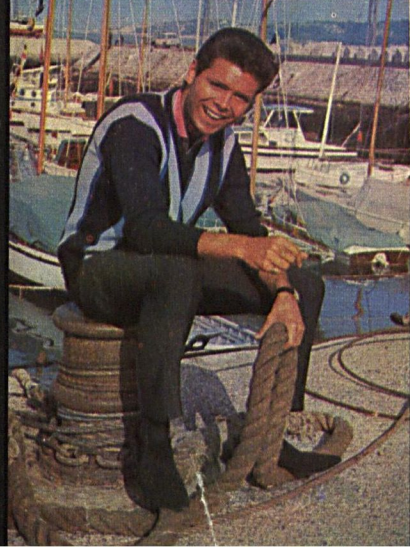
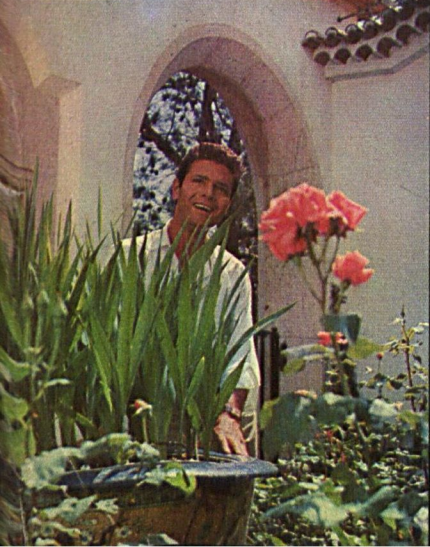
Travel

P.P. 8003 fg
GETS AWAY!

JULY
2s6d



15 SPECIAL GETAWAY PAGES INSIDE!!!



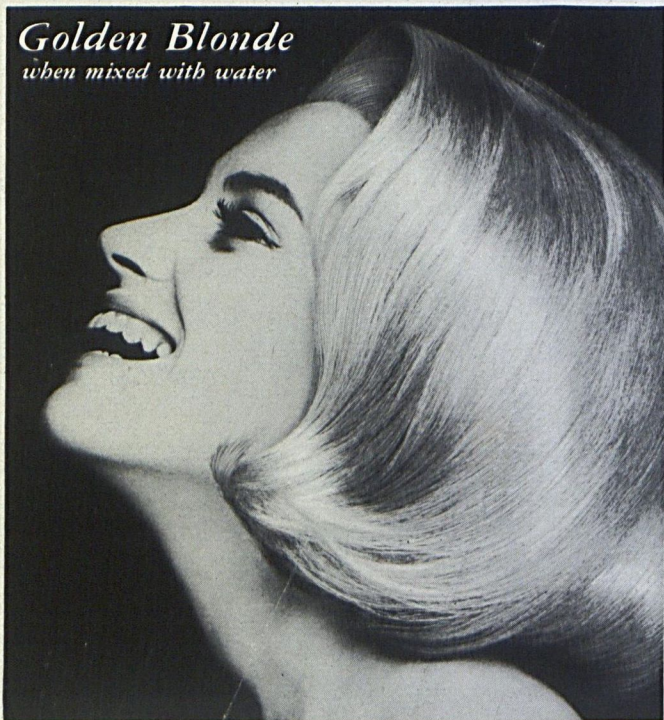
INECTO hi-lift

regd. trade mark

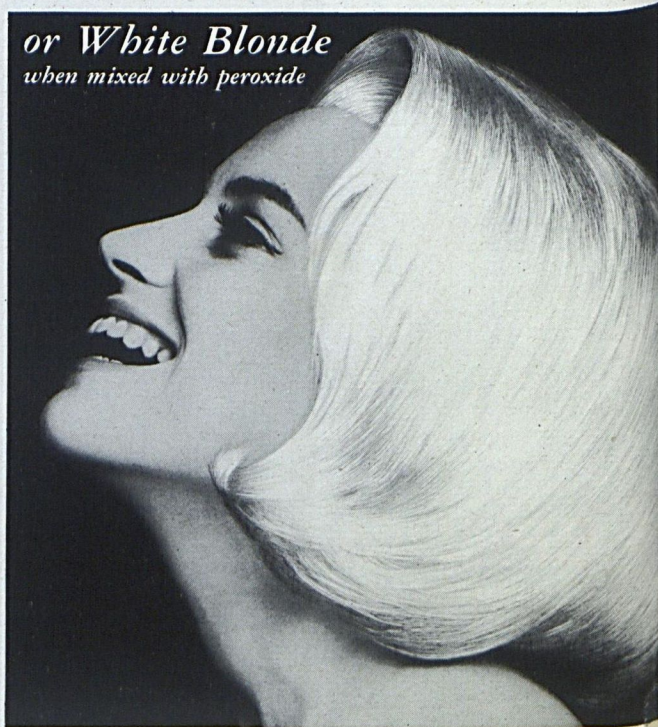
ULTRA
BLEACH
WITH
LANOLIN

YOU ACTUALLY CHOOSE
WHAT KIND OF
BLONDE YOU WANT TO BE...

Golden Blonde
when mixed with water



or White Blonde
when mixed with peroxide



Clever. lanolin-rich Hi-lift gives you this fabulous choice . . . mix Hi-lift with water and you'll have golden, sun-kissed highlights . . . mix Hi-lift with peroxide and you're a much whiter, cooler blonde. Sensational! You decide just how light you want to be, mix accordingly and let Hi-lift do the rest . . . gently, expertly, beautifully. You'll find life becomes gayer, more exciting, more fun—when you use Hi-lift ultra bleach with lanolin.



Hi-lift loves hair—you'll love Hi-lift **3/6** at your chemist or beauty counter

it's all happening to getaway people!

Hi fans!

Nice to know I'm here.

There's an exciting getaway feeling in the air this month, which we've captured in fifteen fantastic, getaway middle pages for you! Something special about the getaway feeling: it's carefree, it's lazy, but more important it's fun! And we hope you'll have fun reading them.

Also this month there's everything from a crazy, offbeat review of John Beatle's newly-published book to an exclusive set of unusual, fascinating fashion pages. And look out next month for the next chapter in our Big Elvis Mystery—we've come up with some more rave-alations. Have fun reading and till August. Stay raving, fans!

The Editor

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RAVE No. 18 JULY 1965 © George Newnes



rave presents a revue

A SPANIARD IN THE WORKS

STARRING
JOHN LENNON



ROBERT FREEMAN

CO-STARRING
DONOVAN PAUL JONES
STANLEY UNWIN

John Lennon's new book "A Spaniard In The Works" (out now) is hilarious. So were our attempts to get an offbeat review of it! Everyone here was nearly driven out of their minds trying to get one and this, finally, is what we ended up with. Here in the office we think it's very funny, but possibly we're just laughing out of sympathy . . .

ACT 1 SCENE 1

Enter the book. Around December '64 when the world first heard John L. was going to write it.
Enter John Lennon. Telling the world the book was a load of rubbish.
Enter the critics. Dying to read it.
Enter RAVE's Editor. Limping.

ACT 1 SCENE 2

Enter the book. This time completed.
Enter John Lennon. Confirming the book was a load of rubbish.
Enter the critics. Full of praise for the book.
Enter RAVE's Editor. Still limping.

ACT 1 SCENE 3

In RAVE'S Editor's office.
Ed: "We must revue the book in RAVE."
RAVE writer: "What you mean is, we must review the book in RAVE."
Ed: "That's right—you must be clever."
Writer: "No. I'm Dawn."
Ed: "Sorry Dawn, but unless we revue the book in RAVE you're fired."
Exit Dawn gurgling and Ed still limping.

ACT 1 SCENE 4

. . . later that day, a telephone conversation between Ed and RAVE writer, Dawn.
Dawn: "Hello. Is that you, Ed?"
Ed: "No, Dawn. This is Ed here."
RAVE READERS (thinks): "Hello, hello, hello."
Dawn (serious): "Donovan says he'll review the book."
Ed: "Donovan says he'll revue the book?"
Dawn: "No. Donovan says he'll review the book."
Ed: "Oh."
Dawn: "Oh what?"
Ed: "Oh, dear."
Dawn: "No. He says he'll do it for nothing."
Exit Dawn limping and Ed speechless.

**SHORT INTERMISSION FOR ICE CREAMS,
PEANUTS, POPCORN, LEGAL GUARDIANS
AND STRAIT-JACKETS.**

ACT 2 SCENE 1

DONOVAN has agreed to review J.L.'s book.

Here it is:

"I think the book is good. I can't say too much about how good it is, because I don't have set standards by which to judge these things. I'm a poet myself, and I wouldn't care for someone to try to judge my stuff."

What does Donovan think of the literary worth of John's book?

"I don't know. I bought his last book, and liked it a lot. I am a poet myself, so I understand what he means. I like his malapropism. I can talk like that, so can lots of people. It's fun."

What is Donovan's favourite piece in the book?

"I don't know. I read it as a headline, I didn't analyse it. I don't believe in analysing things, one loses the meanings."

Does Donovan think John Lennon has made a breakthrough for other writers like Charlie Watts, Bob Dylan and himself?

"No."
Does Donovan think John's book will sell and be recognised because he is a Beatle?

"I cannot say. It is like suggesting my book will sell because I am Donovan. The only way I could tell would be to publish it under another name. I wouldn't do that, and I don't see why John Lennon should."

Which poems did Donovan prefer, the plain or non-sense?

"I don't know; to me they were all the same. I told you it was just a headline. When I read something I don't try to determine it, and I just read John's book."

Does he think it was pornographic?

"No. I took it at face value, if people read pornography into things it is their fault. My mind is pure, I don't see pornography—I have no set standards."

Did Donovan see a message in the book?

"Message is a nonsense word. There is no message in even Dylan's poems. I see reflections, but I cannot analyse them. I feel the wind on my face but before I can clasp it, it is gone."

"I reflect on John's book, but I soon forget it. I think he wants freedom for us all, which is what I want. I remember in the breakfast poem he said, 'Freed tomorrow,' instead of fried tomatoes. I got that reflection! I think there is a lot of Lewis Carroll in John's work, and I dig Lewis Carroll. All my friends liked the book, and they know what they are looking for because they are poets, and painters themselves. I think the drawings are very good."

"I am going to send my book to John Lennon to review."

Exit Donovan (also gurgling).



ACT 2 SCENE 2

The telephone goes in Dawn's home.
Dawn: "Oh, dear. The telephone's gone."
Dawn reports missing telephone to police and we proceed with story.

ACT 2 SCENE 3

Missing telephone comes back and Paul Jones is on it.
Dawn: "Paul—get off the phone at once."
Paul: "But I want to review John Lennon's book."
Dawn (astounded): "You do?"
Paul: "I do."
And so he does! So RAVE makes all the necessary arrangements for Paul to review J. L.'s book.

ACT 2 SCENE 4

Paul Jones goes to Brighton. RAVE sends the book to Brighton. But Paul Jones, meanwhile has returned. The book returns but by this time Paul Jones is back in Brighton. Paul takes a train to Brighton and the book drives everyone mad there. Everyone mad leaves Brighton and then amazingly here is the review (not from Brighton but from PAUL JONES):

OOH THE PAIN!

or, I think it'll be a hit if it gets the plugs.

King John the Furze wrote the second of his books, a Spaniard in the works on the back of a map of Liverpool in between rehearsals for a light opera it is said the work later fell into the hands of a big bad wolf who immediately papered the walls of his lair with it

we assembled photos of Fidel and Charlie Chaplin and Tom's Aunty Madge & other great comedians & shied fried at them till we were tired fell on the grass and laughed till we cried

(my boys treated to wonders I mean Car Car by Donovan Boodle-Am-Shake by the Dedicated Men's Jug Band and now this)

what I mean is having hunted the Snark and gimbled in the wabe I Wumberlogged at the Spaniards till Mr Wabooba fetched me and I am still laughing

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE POP IDLES...

What is the truth about our stars of pop? How hard do they really work for the fabulous rewards that pop success brings? Are they - lazy, idle, untalented, selfish? Overleaf, dramatically, explosively, RAVE lifts the lid off of this side of the pop business...



rave



HERMAN

Five young men stepped out of the car and ran towards the fire escape behind the theatre. Up and up they went as police tried to keep back the ramming crowd who had spotted them. Their slim frames and shocks of hair were silhouetted against the night sky as they ran across the roof and disappeared into a skylight. "What's going on?" a man, passing, asked.

"It's the Stones going into the theatre."

"Just starting work, eh? It's five o'clock; I've been at it all day. Lazy lot, these pop stars."

Lazy? The Stones had been working all day, too, travelling, being interviewed, making radio tapes for use in America. The man was on his way home but they were yet to face the real work when they actually earned their money.

Once, I remember, Mick found it all too much. "I want air," he said rather desperately after having been cooped up for hours in a dressing room. He went out on the fire escape of a Dublin theatre.

"What's the boy trying to do—incite a riot?" a security officer stormed.

"Why should anyone scream over those scruffy boys?" an elderly woman snapped at the crowd in the street. "Lazy, I call them, all those pop stars and no talent, either."

Go Now!

Go out into the street and stop a middle-aged man or woman and ask what they think of pop stars and there's a good chance they will say they are idle, overpaid and mainly untalented. Ask the family butcher or the man serving in the petrol station "Do pop stars work hard?" and they will tell you, "Course not."

Most people over twenty-five like knocking pop stars. Even the pop press are hard on those they earn a living writing about. Virginia Ironside (*Daily Mail*), a charming and talented girl, is hard to please when it comes to pop. She described Sandie Shaw's voice as "a thin little voice". Sandie's last record went to No. 1: in other words three hundred thousand young people bought it because they

Herman, left, is young (seventeen) and strong, and he's been able to cope with the hectic strain of being a top pop idol. But there are others who haven't . . .



STARS WHO HAVE SUFFERED . . .

A RAVE breakdown of just a few stars who have suffered from the strains of the pop world in the past few years.



Alan Price. Left Animals, April, 1965. Nervous tension from too much travelling and dread of flying.



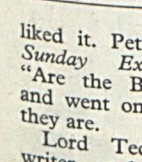
Wayne Fontana, April, 1965. Collapsed on stage at Brighton. Ordered to have at least one month's rest.



Tony Jackson, August 1964. Left Searchers due to personal strain and adverse musical views.

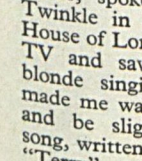


Billy Fury, January 1965. Taken to the London Clinic with an unknown illness. Later diagnosed as a nervous breakdown.



P. J. Proby, March 1965. Told by his doctors to take it easy.

Dave Clark, July 1964. Went into hospital for ulcers operation, ulcers being brought on by excess worry and problems.



Everly Brothers, September 1963. Don Everly collapsed while over here on tour. Don spent about a year in hospital.

Dusty Springfield, September, 1964. Collapsed in dressing-room while appearing in U.S. show. This was her second breakdown.

liked it. Peter Dacre of the *Sunday Express* suggested "Are the Beatles finished?" and went on to try to prove they are.

Lord Ted Willis, script writer, spoke of pop singer Twinkle in a speech in the House of Lords. "I put on the TV and saw a pretty little blonde singing a song that made me want to crawl away and be slightly sick." The song, written by Twinkle, was "Terry" and reached No. 3 (over two hundred thousand).

The Knockers

Everybody knocks pop and pop stars. Third rate performers, tired old professionals, jealous fellow artists all put in the long knife of criticism that does its job of undercutting. "The pop stars lead lazy lives. They are twenty per cent talent, eighty per cent sound engineers with a good seasoning of super song writers and capable management."

It is a vicious rat race to the top and an even worse one when you get there. The money and fame and time-honoured glitter of show business stardom are not easily caught, but even more like

quicksilver to keep hold of. Rewards are high but the tension, the strict rules—"don't go near the window or you will start a riot"—the endless hours of travel and work, make them reasonably so. It is hard being in the public eye. Aren't we all inclined to criticise too much? Don't we sometimes sit by our tellies saying, "Don't like that dress." "Oh, look, she walks like a penguin!" "Why doesn't he say more?" It's easy for us, the audience, and it is our privilege to criticise. If artists perform they must take the boos as well as the applause. But aren't people a bit too rough on those in the pop scene?

Don't too many people accept second-rate TV variety shows but jeer, fast, at any pop performer who's not a top star?

Do the stars in fact have a tough time making the Hit Parade? How hard do they work to get success? What does this actually mean for them in day-to-day effort . . .

P. J. Proby lay across a bed in a small provincial hotel room beside a dance hall.

"I've been cooped up here for hours. There is nowhere else to go. I can't even go downstairs for a meal because

Roy Austin, May 1965. Left Rockin' Berries because of the pressure as the group's pace of work began to increase.

Bruce Welch of the Shadows. Decided late 1963, early 1964 to leave the Shadows because the pace and strain was too much. Later changed his mind.

Eric Clapton. Left Yardbirds at the end of February, 1965, just as the group were getting their first No. 1 hit in the charts. The pace was getting too much, and the music was getting too commercial for him.

Keith Reif. Had to take break from being lead singer with the Yardbirds in the summer of 1964, due to a collapsed lung, brought on by strain and tension and overwork.

Sandie Shaw. Ill with bronchitis, October, 1964, just as her "Always Something There To Remind Me", reached No. 1. Aggravated by exhaustion.

Ray Davies and his brother Dave. Both down with bronchitis in March 1965. Aggravated by working too hard and exhaustion.

Brian Jones. While on U.S. tour, May and June of 1964, due to exhaustion, caught a virus, and was laid up in bed for three days.



P. J. Proby was worrying about the pending show. However bright his image, the working conditions somewhat humbled it.

"I have to go in the car to the back of the hall and be pulled on to the stage through a trap door," he explained. "That is the only way in, except through the audience."

The stars who can get on to the stage by more conventional means and arrive amid flashing photo-bulbs and enthusiastic audiences are worth watching. See the expression in their eyes—the anxiety, the frustration of sitting in a room for hours before going on to do a sparkling show. And remember the knocker who will be around . . .

A pop show compere told RAVE recently, "None of today's top stars can even sing. They're not like us old pros. We really could put on a decent act."

Maybe. But the ones who say this usually haven't known topline success. There is an element of deepdown resentment that such youth, such apparently fast recognition should catch the hearts of thousands of equally young fans.

Fast Life

When the pop singer makes a record that sells and hits the Charts, life suddenly moves desperately fast. The managers and press agents fill every day with interviews and photo sessions. There are 140 daily and Sunday newspapers plus 1,294 weekly local papers, all of which use pop. There are 4,706 periodicals, 100 of which are made up to a large extent, of pop. There are performances, radio shows, TV shows and recordings. Live dance hall dates, theatre dates and hours of travelling. Dates, hundreds of miles apart, have to be fulfilled and sleep becomes a rare luxury. The stars don't get time to wash their hair, iron their clothes, or rest and still they must look good. This is the vital turning point in their careers. People expect a lot of them.

The artists work hard, because the career of a pop star can be short and as much money as possible must be made quickly. Inevitably, for most of them, this is—in the sixties—short term success: a modern phenomenon older people don't understand.

The Yardbirds have worked every single night for six months. They look desper-

there are crowds waiting," he said. And the crowds weren't fans. They were members of a football team, waiting to laugh at Proby and all he stands for.

"What sort of audience in the hall?" he was anxious to know. We said we weren't sure; the hall wasn't full yet. He looked worried. The image of the top star is always under fire, and if he fails to fill the halls the promoters withdraw the money for the return booking. Sometimes, there is no return booking offered. Full houses are important for reasons apart from financial ones: a crowded audience helps the excitement of the atmosphere in the hall, which in turn stimulates the performer and usually improves his act.

No Glamour

Stars don't often work in glamorous surroundings. The films that show softly-furnished dressing rooms in theatres are showing rareties. Most dance halls don't even have dressing-rooms. Usually, one communal storage room without running water is the only offered accommodation. Even girl stars are expected to change there.

■ girl in a girl's world

Chrissie Shrimpton is the girl in the middle. Her boyfriend is Mick Jagger—a top star, her sister is Jean Shrimpton—a top model. And now she talks to RAVE'S Jean-Marie about her life with them both.

"It doesn't mean much to me any more—about Mick and Jean, I mean." The girl who said this spoke seriously but she was clearly very happy about it. "Being Mick Jagger's girlfriend and top model Jean Shrimpton's sister was awful for ages. I felt like a sort of non-person, with no personality of my own. Sometimes I wondered if I existed!"

Chrissie Shrimpton, twenty, sat back in the corner alcove of the Mayfair coffee shop where we met, and could look back and laugh. Because, today in Summer 1965, Miss Shrimpton Junior is very much a person—and she is still her sister's sister and Mick's girl.

"Now, you see, as I've got older, and am getting a grip on my own career, I feel I can assert myself

more. I no longer like or dislike being referred to as Mick's girl or Jean's sister. Now, I take it as fact. It's true, after all."

Perhaps this new attitude is something very much to do with the added years. It is also undoubtedly helped by brand-new jobs: modelling for top-flight rave designers like Caroline Charles and interviewing on radio's 'Teen Scene'.

"Mick said to me that he's very glad about all the things going for me at the moment. He's quite proud of me."

She flicked her long brown hair over her shoulder, and like a sensible model, refused sugar in her coffee.

"I have done some modelling before, but not much. I've never asked Jean for any help, because I've never really wanted to model. Because of Jean, I suppose. I knew I would always be compared to her. I haven't much patience for photographs anyway."

Chrissie's grey eyes laughed as she remembered her first interview on 'Teen Scene'.

"It was with Michael Caine, the actor. I was so nervous I spilt wine all over him! You know, that's something I would like to do—to act like he does. I need something where I can express myself a lot." She stared enthusiastically at her cigarette smoke rings, as though they were dream clouds. "I did go for an audition recently. They said I would have got the part,



GIRL IN THE MIDDLE



too, but I was too tall—5ft. 8ins.!"

"Jean and Mick have helped me in the sense that they have encouraged me. I'm really too independent to ask for real help. If you can't do things yourself, then you're not fit to do them."

But there is one important thing Chrissie hasn't learned to do yet. Drive a car. And she already owns one! When she woke up on her birthday recently, she didn't expect it to be a very special day. Mick was away in America, and to have him home would have been her greatest gift. Instead, there was a knock on the front door—and outside, a gleaming white Mini for her! Mick had ordered it.

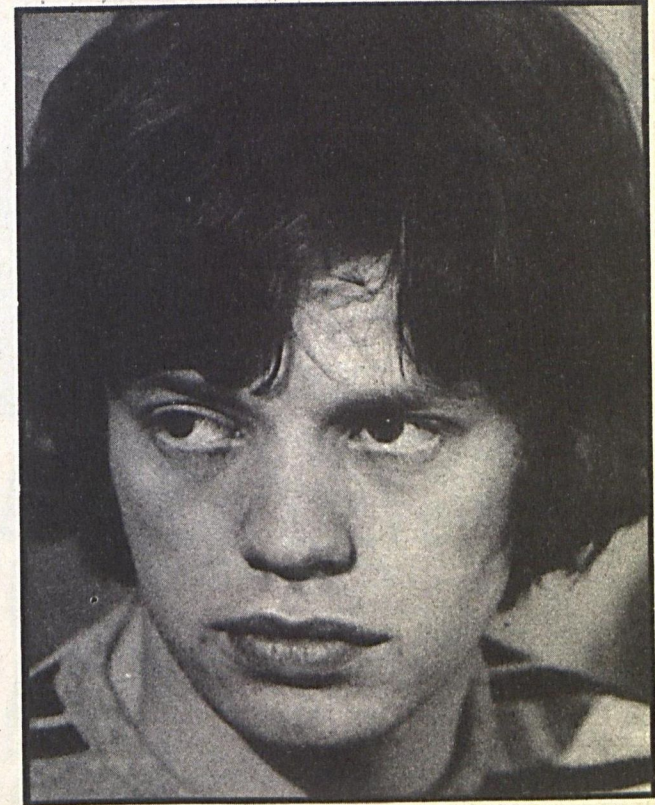
"It was the biggest surprise I've ever had. It was wonderful to know he'd thought of me, even though he was so far away."

"It was so marvellous when he came back. Only when someone is away do you realise how much you miss them."

She straightened the jacket of her military-style grey denim suit. She looked every inch a model girl. She felt good, too.

"When we were young, I was terribly jealous of Jean. She was the older, prettier sister. She had all the good clothes and boyfriends. It was pretty depressing, but Jean never intentionally made me jealous. It was just a phase that all younger sisters go through. In fact, our relationship was like all sisters'. One minute we'd be the greatest friends, the next we'd be fighting over the stupidest things!"

Younger sisters nearly always seem to have these problems. The wise ones realise that their turn will come soon, and maybe, along the way, they will benefit by some of the mistakes an elder sister



makes before them! Having an elder sister gives a girl the chance to learn what to do and not to do for happiness.

"As you get older," Chrissie went on, "you give and take more; you understand. Today, we rarely quarrel. In fact, we've never been so close."

"I'm so busy now. So much to do all the time. But I like it; it makes you feel successful, somehow. It also gives you the chance to better yourself which is terribly important to me."

Rung by rung, Chrissie moves up the ladder of success that Jean and Mick have stepped before. But as she rises she stays the same, unlike a lot of girls who have had her opportunities. She still raves over the triumphs of Jean and Mick.

"To me, they've always been the greatest—right from the first time I saw Mick three years ago, and just as Jean started out as a model."

Perhaps part of Chrissie's new confidence is that she isn't compared, judged and noticed because of her sister and boyfriend any longer. She's becoming somebody in her own right. People want to know what she thinks, likes, dislikes—a personality girl. But ultimately, what of her real ambitions, what does this girl really want out of life?

Her grey eyes suddenly looked shy; quickly she glanced away out at the Mayfair street. She turned back to me.

"My only real ambition is to be married and have children, and be happy. Those are the most important things, after all, for any woman."

And as she left to rush off to a photo-session, a tall, pretty girl, her purse swinging by its long chain, she had at least fulfilled one part of her dream. She was happy.

• • Exit Paul Jones (exhausted.)

ACT 3 SCENE 1

Enter **STANLEY UNWIN**. (TV. personality famous for his 'Unwin-Language'.) **Stan**: "Hellode. Within the bennon's Look for me to rivet?" Exit Ed on a stretcher.

ACT 3 SCENE 2

Stanley Unwin reviews J. L.'s book with no trouble at all but by himself. **Stan**:

This book might equally have been cullid "At the drop of a Spaniel," written by one who becalmed a beetloder in odour to achieve it.

I'm sure that many will agree that Mr. Lenin has made much more than a contribution to the world of litter in his attempt to put the whirl in perspex or perhaps settle old sores, and one can imagine the gleam of satisfax in the eyebold as it appeals in printing. Not to mention the rakers for Brown Hipstone.

All this permehades through Mr. Lemon's torque, with inspiral for the draw of Thurberesque outline reminisce of early Picasso and Diaghileff ballet draws decorum and other folk lawdy lawdy lordy type express.

Deeply or perhaps not so, can be read the human fellow feel for a happy and successful seizure. The reference to Jesus El Pifco suggests the influence of Steinbeggars. Cannery Roamers is a case in pinto. The pleasant vulgarry is apparent in extremity with the Laird of McAnus who seems to be searching its folds for a windy fardle.

Voting in the toily-box for Harold indicates not only a love of the contemplating room but also the stink of pollitiggers which is eternal. Those of us who have always found Benjamin Distaste-

ful appreciate especially the thurby type drawing here and we are reminded that none but Jack is satisfied if the others are alright.

Of course, the spelling is very important, as it was with James's Choice, and the book should be read aloud for best enjoym.

The frequent emergence of political dislikeit and the apparent desire to telescope Cassegrain seem to suggest possible envoy of the gifts of others, or perhaps a desire to emulate, and in this Cassandale cameo it shows a lovely hate Oedipus (not Rex Northey) as indeed is the cow complex for a desire to pull at something or udder all nipploteatey.

Father, like Cakky Hargreaves in Leonard's earlier book, has to be rid-read and is disposed of with equal charm. Our old friend Freud denigrades the father who ill-treats mum's the word, and shows it childerwise, especially in Jung men.

Religion. Mr. Leander shows it to be pure-aisle. His feel for the suffery blind is beautifully underline. The message for the beggit for something which is humanity's due for inhuman to man, as opposed to the trumpey-blow or suck a tromslider to gain a pittance? O dear!

Last Willy Testicle is obviously snooping a cock at death and rightly too. This born where no traveller return puzzled Willy Shakespiel too.

The whimsey pomers emphasise the lyrical fundamoulding of Mr. Lenoon's early up and outbring; probably bootwise. He then soon discovered the beauty existential in the eyeball of the behode. It would have made Edward smile, not Leer. All in hall, highly entertail. Mr. Lemming should go far.
Exit Stanley Unwin (staggering.)

ACT 3 SCENE 3

Exit Dawn James (fired.)

Exit Ed (dead.)

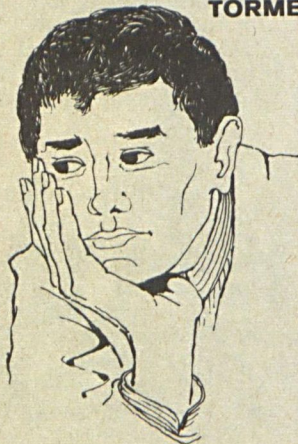
Exit **RAVE READERS** (mad.)

"A Spaniard In The Works" © John Lennon 1965. Published by Jonathan Cape price 10/6d. On sale June 24th.

ADVERTISEMENT

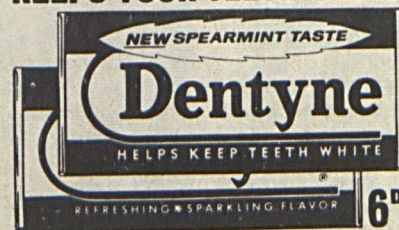
Dear Problems Page,
Every day at the bus stop I see a beautiful girl who is just my type. I smile at her but she never smiles back. How can I attract her interest?

TORMENTED



Dear Tormented,
Maybe your smile just hasn't got what some other smiles have. Try chewing **Dentyne Chewing Gum**. It's delicious, and *keeps your breath fresh, keeps your teeth clean*, for, as you chew, it cleans food particles out of the crevices in your teeth. Next time your smile will be brilliant, magnetic, irresistible...

A few minutes chew with delicious Dentyne
KEEPS YOUR BREATH FRESH
KEEPS YOUR TEETH CLEAN

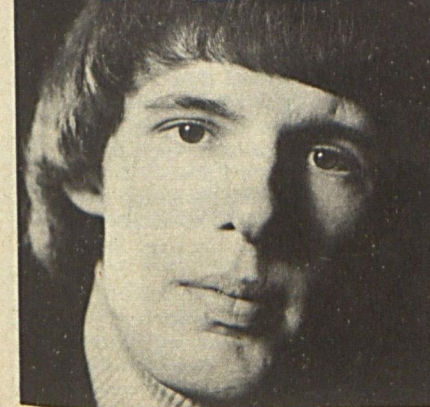
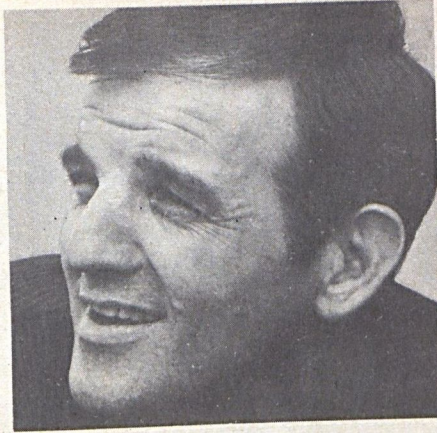


2 FAB FLAVOURS!
SPEARMINT (bright green pack) CINNAMON (red pack)

Dear Problems Page,
Dentyne Chewing Gum is just great. I never did get to talk to that girl. But next day... **boy!** You should see the other girl I got!



ALAN FREEMAN



HEART TO HEART TO HEART TO HEART WITH THE WALKER BROTHERS

The doorbell shrilled. The wild Walker Brothers marched in, looking over their shoulders like outlaws in a Western.

"We came up here to hide," said John, the tallest.

"We got into trouble last night," said Gary, the drummer.

"We get into trouble *every* night," said Scott, the bass player.

"I'm sure it isn't our personalities," said Gary.

"No," said John. "It's our hair. We came over because they don't go for long hair in America. Last night we go into this joint in Knightsbridge and it's full of these public school charlies all trying to drink and not doing so good. We finish our dinner and get up to go out and they start nudging each other and putting us on."

Haircut Trouble

"Yeah," said Scott. "Apparently they figured we were three morons, or if we weren't morons we were gay, or if we weren't gay there was something wrong with us. It was the haircuts, anyway."

"Yeah," said Gary. "They were all falling about and saying 'I say, Jeremy, do look at this' and 'Good heavens, Rodney, what have we heah?' And just as we're walking out past the last table John here gives it a whack with his umbrella and all the soup jumps in the air."

"Yeah," said John. "And there were three of us and ten of them."

"Spilled a lot of soup," said Scott.

"Lost my umbrella," said John.

"Can we stay here for ever?" said Gary. "We could make a new life with Alan and go out when it was dark."

They all began to talk at once. "Sit down," I shouted. The Walkers saluted and sat down.

"Let John talk," said Gary. "I'm going to sleep."

"Wake up," said Scott. "It's time to go. The wagons are waiting."

"Can I borrow your piano?" said John

"I'm tired of this group," said Gary.

"I think I'd like to leave next week."

"You'd drop dead from hunger," said John. "You need me. I am your leader."



"We're the only group in the world that looks and sounds like us!"

"I'm worried about Gary," said Scott. "He's brooding. He wants to stay in bed for the rest of his life."

"It's my career," said Gary. "I may never fly again. I broke my cartilage showing my mother how to twist and they turned me down for the Air Force."

"He likes cutting girls' hair," said John. "We used to wear our hair bouffant, swept off the forehead," said John. "We got tired of that and started to comb it forward. Americans hate to see men with long hair. They used to gang up on me in drive-ins. Everyone would pick on me when I went over to get a hamburger. They'd whistle and say, 'Ain't she sweet' and I used to have to bluff my way out of it by putting on a Liverpool accent and then someone'd say, 'Lay off, can't you see the guy's English?'"

Individual Group!

"So we came over here. We're the only group in the world that looks and sounds like us."

I poured some drinks. "How do you take it when people compare you to the Righteous Brothers?" I asked.

"That's ridiculous," said John. "We're not even sent on the Righteous Brothers. We don't play anything like each other."

"We've been told we sound like the Everly Brothers too. It's all because we all use a really big sound."

"We had a really big backing on 'Pretty Girls Everywhere'. We decided the next time we'd go for one bigger still. On 'Love Her' we had 35 people playing 38 instruments. Well, you take the Everly Brothers and put 38 instruments behind them and who are they?"

Alan, intrigued by the Walkers' slow climb.



"See, what they're all comparing us by is that big sound. But our records are a lot clearer. You can hear all the separate stuff going on in them."

Both discs were cut in the States. Why, I wondered, had the Walker sound failed to make a big impact at home? First hearings of their recordings had certainly registered a big plus with me. And when you spend most of your life picking the pops you can make fairly close predictions even on the first spin. So I was intrigued by the slow rise of the Walkers' rating.

John said, "Before 'Love Her' came out over here we were told by several newspaper people that it was going to be

way over everybody's heads. We couldn't see that. We've always figured, why should we play garbage when we can do better?"

"It could be a big mistake to start switching styles to please some imaginary taste you're not even sure of. You just can't tell exactly what the record buyer over here wants, that is until he's bought it."

"In the States it's different. You know all the time which parts of the country are solid for country and western. You know that pop is the big thing in the cities. And you know that rhythm and blues is automatically the right material for those places that have big negro populations."

Common Market

"And each of these tastes has strings of radio stations and TV shows that play practically nothing else all day long. So you know better in America what masses of particular people are going to go for. Anybody can make a big seller if he sticks to his own scene."

"Here, well, most of the record buyers are so young and so kind of nervous and excited that it's pretty impossible to tell what's going to please them. The only sensible thing is to keep to your own style, otherwise you get so confused that you wind up wondering: Just who are we?"

"I'm glad you brought that up," I said. "You're not really related, I take it?"

They shook their heads. "Only musically."

"I'm Gary," said Scott.

"I'm Scott," said Gary. He pointed at John. "And he's Ella Fitzgerald."

John grinned. "Actually I'm the only genuine one. My real name is John Walker."

The others stood up and bowed.

"Gary Leeds."

"Scott Engel."

John tucked his feet under him like a yogi and started in on the group's history.

"We're all 21 years old. I'm from New York, Scott here is from Ohio and Gary is the only native-born West Coaster. We all more or less grew up in California, sort of vaguely on the Hollywood scene since we were kids."

Child Actor

"In fact, I was a child actor. Even though I came from New York I used to get a lot of parts in films and plays as a country kid—real hillbilly bits."

"Then I decided I wanted to be a history teacher but I found I could make more money playing the guitar. Scott was studying music and he was good on the bass, so about four years ago we used to play a lot together."

Scott and John split up after a while to join different rock groups. But after months of endless touring, burning up his pay between one dusty town and the next, Scott returned to Hollywood. They decided to team up again. It was a better



"I'm Gary" says Scott. "I'm Scott" says Gary. "And he's Ella Fitzgerald". But left to right they really are: John, Scott, Gary.

financial proposition. So at the beginning of last year their old double act was reborn.

"I had a secondhand Thunderbird," said John. "I was tuning it for hot-rod racing. I wanted to beat the 125 m.p.h. record for the quarter-mile sprint. Scott and I used to take the car out to Griffith Park."

"One day we were on our way out there, talking about forming a proper group of our own if only we had a regular drummer who talked our particular language."

"All of a sudden a little British car, a Sprite, cut in ahead of us and there was

a collision. I got mad and stormed over to the other car to ask this weirdo what the heck he was up to. And there beside him was a full drum kit. So we asked him to join us."

Gary said, "That's the way *he* tells it. The only reason they wanted me was to keep me in sight until the damage to their car was paid for."

Worked with P.J.

Gary has worked with P. J. Proby in America—at that time Proby was known as Jet Powers. He visited England with him last year and has also played drums

for Elvis Presley at concerts.

In no time the new trio—now formally known as the Walker Brothers—was packing them in at swinging Hollywood clubs like Gazzarri's. The nightly clientele there includes Steve McQueen, Jayne Mansfield, Lana Turner and Glenn Ford.

"The applause—wow!" said John. "There's no one as generous as show-biz people when it comes to giving another artist a bit of encouragement. They were really warm to us."

"After we were booked into Gazzarri's it all started happening for us."

British producer Jack Good, who

pioneered the top-rating U.S. "Shindig" show, steamed into the Gazz for a relaxer one evening, got a happy jolt from the sound the Walkers were making and booked them for his programme.

Life began to glitter for the shaggy threesome, whose hair by this time was way down their necks and heading fast for their shoulders. Cars bumped into each other on the boulevards as drivers stared in astonishment at their strange coiffures.

"It was one of the reasons people in Hollywood came to see us," John grinned. "They didn't like it but they went for it, if you know what I mean."

"But I guess we were getting a bit tired of all the wisecracks. It seemed to us that England was the place where it was really all happening, whereas in Hollywood it was full of hippy crowds trying to persuade themselves that their own little gang was the greatest thing in the world."

Dig The Beatles

"We liked nearly everything we'd heard from the English scene. We liked the English look and everything. The Beatles—well. For us this was the most. So we said, Okay—let's go over there and see if we make it."

"But weren't you taking a big chance?" I said.

"We mightn't have if we'd had to finance the trip with our own money," Scott said frankly. "But like John said, we were getting a bit dragged with the hippy lot. We had the first record out, 'Pretty Girls'. We had a recording contract and they wanted us to sign a contract for 26 weeks on the TV show."

"We didn't dig that," Gary said. "We didn't want to be tied and typed. So John told them to take their contract and—"

"He did not," Gary said. "He was very polite. What he said was, 'You know what you can do with your contract.' He didn't have to tell them anything."

All Lies

"It's all lies," John said. "No, what it was—well, we had a guy who was a buddy and he used to go around selling investments for this very rich man who was some kind of financier. He used to come into the club and hear us, so this night we told him we'd like to go to England but we didn't have enough loot."

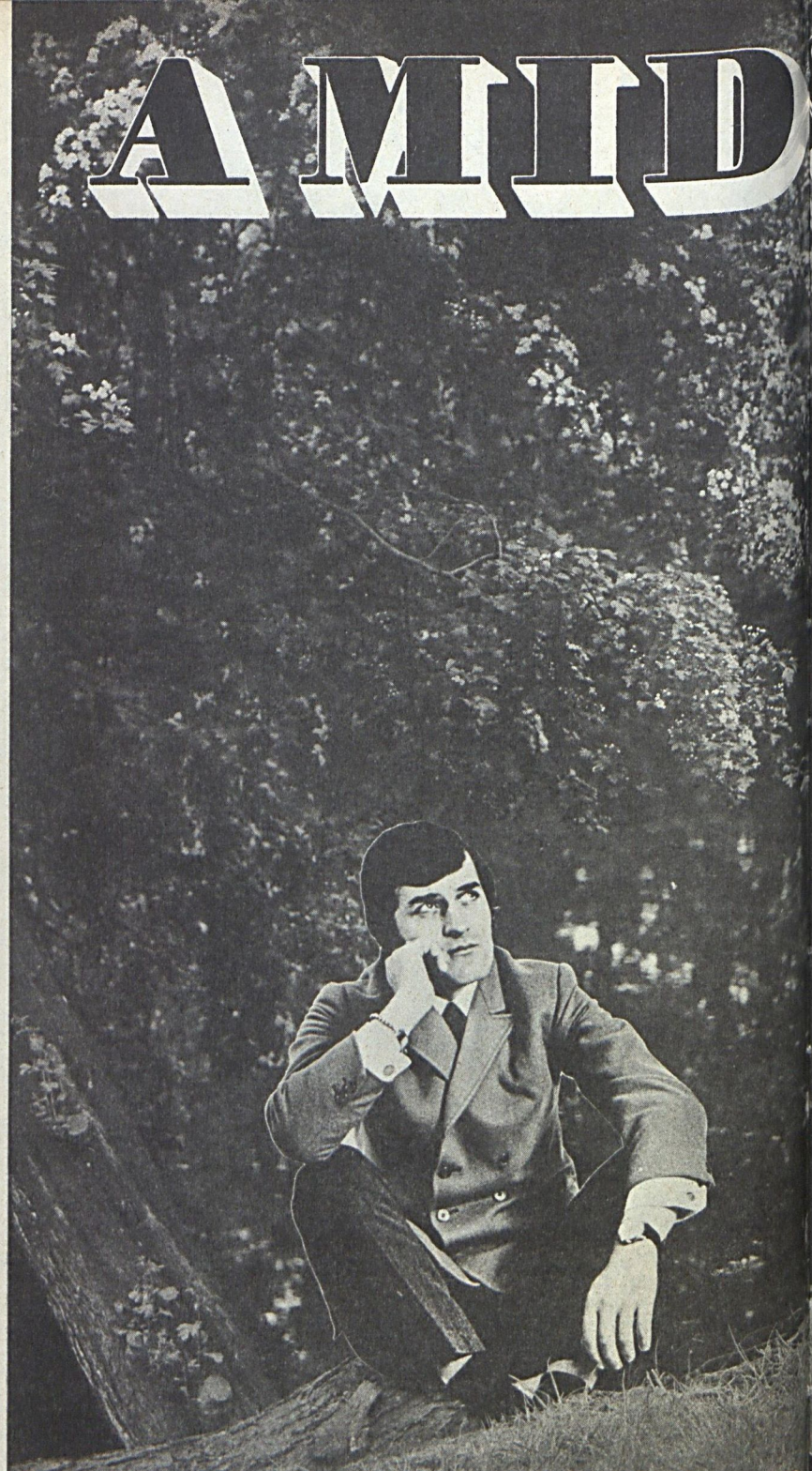
"He said, 'Leave it to me and I'll put it to my boss'. So next thing we had this mystery backer. We didn't know who he was or where he was or anything. He was just anonymous."

"Very mysterious," I said. "How did you know there *was* a backer?"

"I adore your English sense of humour," John said. "Somebody was giving us masses of money. That's how we knew."

Gary closed his eyes with a twinge
page 48 ●●●

A MIDSUMMER



Midsummer is a time for dreaming—dreaming of boys you'd like to date, the places you'd like to go . . .

If *you* had a date with someone really dreamy—say George Harrison, Gene Pitney, Paul Jones—what would you wear? Something feminine, something chic, something romantic?

Well, dream away on the next five pages in dresses that spell romance . . .

Ray "Moody Blue" Thomas always looks smart—how about this dreamy dress to match? White with black spots, trimmed with lace by Wallis Shops, 7 gns. Patent bag by Susan, 29s. 11d., drop earrings by Jewelfcraft 6s. 6d.

NIGHT'S DREAM



A dancing date with
Patrick Kerr?
Choose this white
crepe dress by
Marlborough—see
the swingy skirt—
£6. 19s. 6d. Jet beads
by Jewelcraft, 21s.



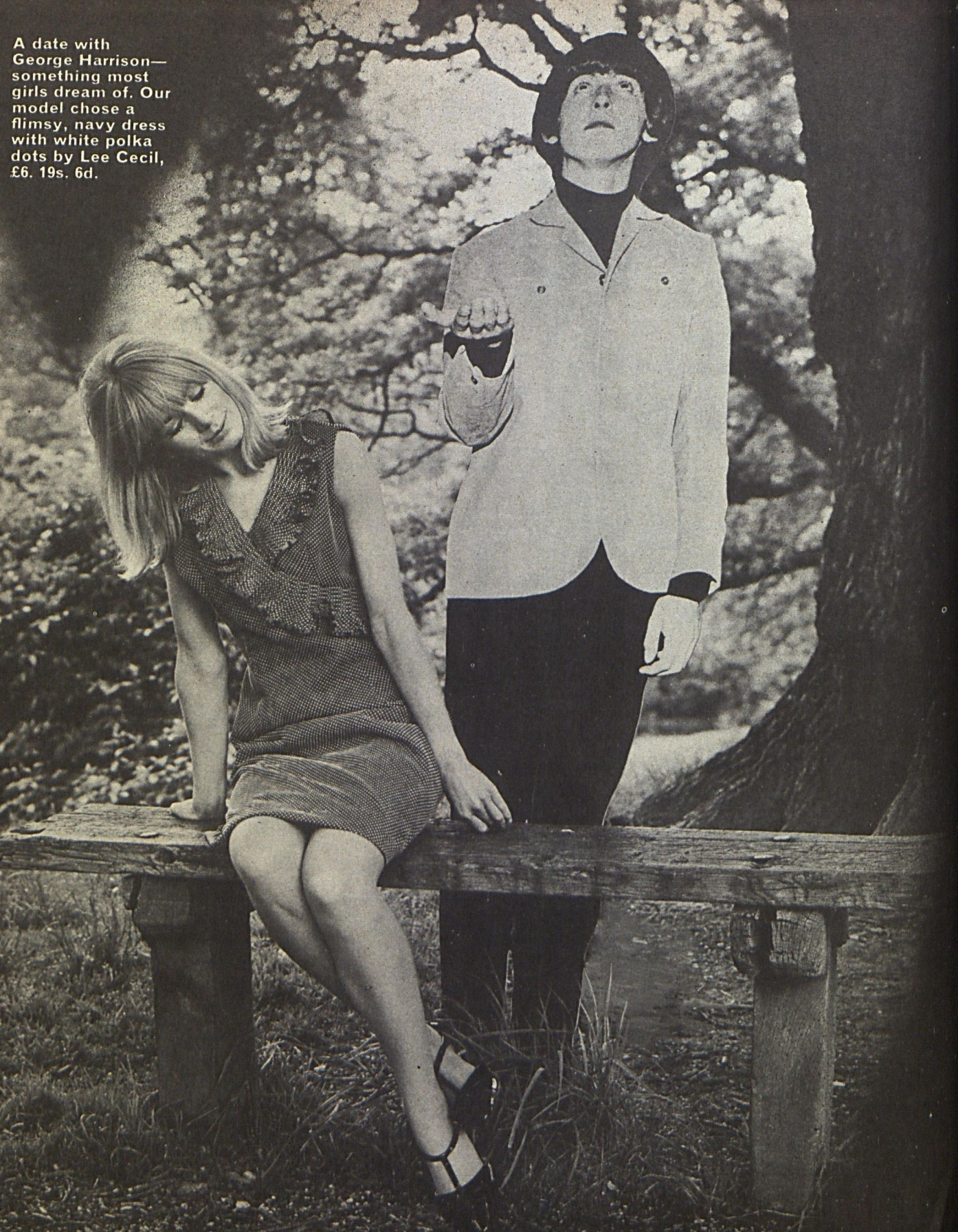
A midsummer
evening, a boat and
Paul Jones . . .
Janet wears a "one
shoulder" dress in
white with pink
roses by Caroline
Charles, £5. 15s. 6d.
All shoes by Lotus.

Good looks, perfect
manners and smart
clothes—that spells Gene
Pitney. Here Janet wears
a brilliant pink linen T
strap dress from Biba, 87
Abingdon Road, London,
W.8.; £2. 10s., obtainable by
post.

PICTURES BY P.L.JAMES

GOES POP!

A date with George Harrison—something most girls dream of. Our model chose a flimsy, navy dress with white polka dots by Lee Cecil, £6. 19s. 6d.



FASHION NOTES BY TRILBY LANE



Those two dreamy-looking boys, Rick and Sandy, would be sure to take you somewhere chic. So choose a little black dress, like this Dollyrocker by Sambo, £5. 15s. 6d.



bird's-eye view of burdon



by Dawn James, RAVE bird who gives you her written impression of Eric Burdon—the Animal nobody can ignore.

He looks awfully tough, the kind of fellow who'd be able to stand up for himself in a fight. Everything about him in fact is hard—his talk, his fist, even his voice, and there is a hollowness about his laugh as though the amusement has been drained out of it.

"Get off," he says, in a strong Tyneside accent, his eyes sparkling, and totters off on his short thick legs. Eric is the pop star most people respect. He is the one they don't argue with or try to bully. "Eric won't like that," they say, and stop doing it.

Eric doesn't like quite a lot of things. Injustice being among them.

"I hate it," he says, "people judging people because of their background, or the colour of their skins, make me sick. I don't dig prejudice. When I was in America, or should I say, when I am in America (I seem to spend half my life there) I get sick the way the coloured population are treated. Suppose it's a hobbyhorse of mine."

He moves about the room as a big bear might tour its cage, only instead of growling low, the annoyance shows only in his eyes. A storm brews quickly, and often in the bright windows of this Animal singer's face. "I was engaged to get married once,



but we parted. She thought I'd changed, being one of the Animals and all that. I certainly couldn't be tied down, if that's what she wanted of me. One day I'd be here, and the next in America, or Wigan, or Scandinavia. I couldn't promise, 'I'll meet you on Thursday, at seven under the clock tower,' and keep the promise. So better to be a free agent." He looks thoughtful, but says no more on the subject.

The Quiet Rebel

There is more to this smouldering dynamic person than slight sentimentality over a lost girl, and annoyance over the race problem. He is a quiet rebel, a solid little person, who gets what he wants for himself and the group, and uses up endless nervous and physical energy doing so. How hard he works doesn't show, except when he takes to his bed for up to three days, and refuses to see anyone.

"I need rest," he will shout, when you question him on his behaviour. "I can't see straight, I'm so tired. And

I can't think straight. If I tried to argue now, I'd lose."

And he needs to be able to argue, to keep ahead of the rest, and keep the group where it is. He schemes to keep the group where the group wants to be. And he is a boss. "I won't be ordered to appear dressed and shaved at eleven or twelve, or five. My free time is my own, and if I want to sleep through it, I will." He bangs a hard fist down on the rather elegant coffee table, that clashes wildly with the rest of the room. Eric is lavishly ostentatious in this way. His flat is adorned with Animal posters in all languages, which one gets the impression have been torn off some foreign wall, and brought back to England by the boss. And in private he sits looking at them, smiling.

An Exhibitionist

Though he is quiet when entering a room, he is a natural exhibitionist in public. Once at the end of an American visit, the group had to catch a plane in a hurry, and had a police escort of bikes and cars with screaming sirens and flashing lights. According to the others in the group, Eric went quite hysterical with delight



and insisted on hanging out of the window of the car shouting, "Shine the lights on me, man!"

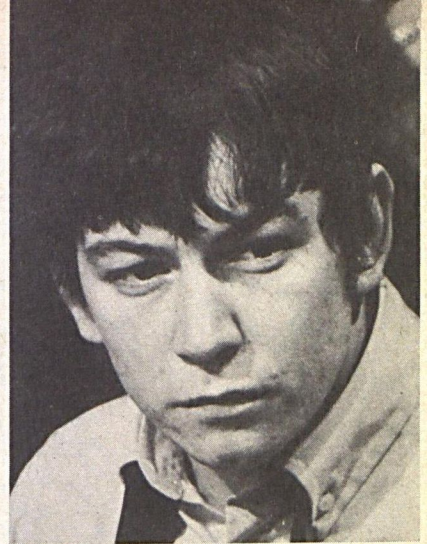
He has got some strange ways about him. He refuses to have a telephone installed in his flat. He never takes off his coat when entering a warm indoor place, and only takes off his cap when he is ready. If you glance at it, quizzingly, endeavouring to hint that gentlemen don't keep their headgear on indoors, he will pull it down even further so his ears stick out either side, and positively glare at you.

Very Friendly

Sometimes he is very friendly, coming into the office and seeming almost anxious to please. He will admire furniture and pictures, and chat amiably. But if you ask him a question he doesn't care for, he will literally turn his back on you, and pretend to be stone deaf.

"Is your Mother proud of you?" I ask.

He smiles, nice, warm somehow. "I think so. Silly really, but things are so different now to when we played in local pubs." He studies the coffee table, "I think you have to



take fame lightheartedly, but even so you get a bit pleased."

One of Eric's closest friends is Zoot Money, with whom he frequents the London clubs. Together, they delight the members with on-the-spot renderings of their own songs.

"Hey, Mr B!"

"Yes, Mr M?"

"You coming up to give a song?"

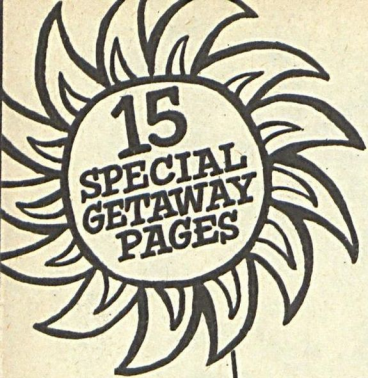
"I'm coming up, if the folk don't mind, I'll just get up off my behind."

Not Interested

When Eric is amongst other musicians he isn't particularly interested in the girls around. He prefers to talk shop.

When he enjoys talking he will talk all night. But there are some people he won't talk to at all. He dislikes unintelligent people, and hypocrites. He is a fiery chap, exploding and calming all the time. It's awfully easy to say the wrong thing to him, and get a rocket. But, nevertheless, he admits, "I like people who know what they mean and stick by it. I hate weak characters; they sicken me. I like to have a big argument and fail to talk round the person I was arguing with. I reckon, 'He's O.K. he'd be a friend. If he liked me and someone was rude, he'd thump them'. That's good."

THE ANIMAL INSTINCT



RAVE GETS away GETS away GETS away

It's get away time . . .
It's a get away world . . .
It's a get away feeling . . .
that everyone gets . . .
when summer comes
when the lazy days
linger and you can
enjoy yourself.
The get away time
from hum-drum
jobs, from studying
hard, or from being
a pop star. Where *do*
the stars get away
to? How do they
switch off the
tensions of striving
to hold on to
success? The next
fifteen pages may
give some of the
answers, and you
some get away
ideas of your own.

• • • page 9
ately tired, their hands shake through nervous exhaustion, they are tense, and cannot help growing irritable with each other.

RAVE asked them about the glamour and glory of the pop business, and the knockers who claim pop stars are idle and without talent.

Keith Relf said, "You're joking! Idle? We are so overworked we can't sleep when we get the chance. I lie awake for hours too tense to drop off. The night just isn't long enough. I tell myself I must sleep because it's nearly morning and, as a result, I can't."

"Sam" (Paul Samwell-Smith) said, "No talent?" What is talent, anyway? Anything that appeals to a mass audience is talent to me. All those people who buy records can't be wrong. I suppose a juggler is more talented than a pop group, if you take the

word literally. Still, thousands of fans will pay seven and six to hear three hours of beat music but how many to watch three hours of juggling?"

Marianne Faithfull has definite ideas on stardom, lasting or otherwise.

"I think a star must stand or fall on his or her own merits, not those of managers and agents. If I flop, I want it to be because I decide on the wrong song, or the wrong backing.

Sandie's Sure

Sandie Shaw takes a different attitude. "My manager, Eve Taylor, knows what is best for me; I leave everything to her," she said. Eve did not allow Sandie to do a live performance for six months after her first hit. "She wasn't ready," she told RAVE.

Mickie Most, recording manager for Herman and The

Animals, makes a point of discussing all sessions beforehand with his artists.

"We work together as a team. I find the songs they are to record, because that is part of my job. The artist has enough to do without hunting for material, but if they do find a tune they like, and I agree it is commercial, then we record it.

Many of the stars watch the business side of their careers.

Herman is one such. He says, "You have to be aware of every aspect of your career. Not many managers should be made entirely responsible for your affairs. It is your name involved, not theirs. You have to have eyes in the back of your head in this business, and as sure as you slip, there are a hundred waiting to jump into your boots."

So no wonder the pressures are high. No wonder stars have nervous breakdowns.

Not Idle

Pop idle? These young entertainers have to be business men and women, as well as big images and top recording stars. It's a full-time job, plus a full-time job. And many of our shining stars have collapsed because of it.

Our young stars, deserve every bit of the glory they get because getting it involves enormously hard work, and most unglorious working conditions, and there is the ever-present question to haunt them, when the crowds have stopped screaming and the strange hotel room is quiet, "How long will I last? What will I be by tomorrow? What of next Monday's record charts?"

You pay for their success with money. They pay for your pleasure with themselves.

DAWN JAMES

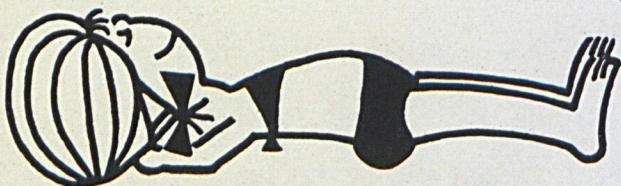


DONOVAN



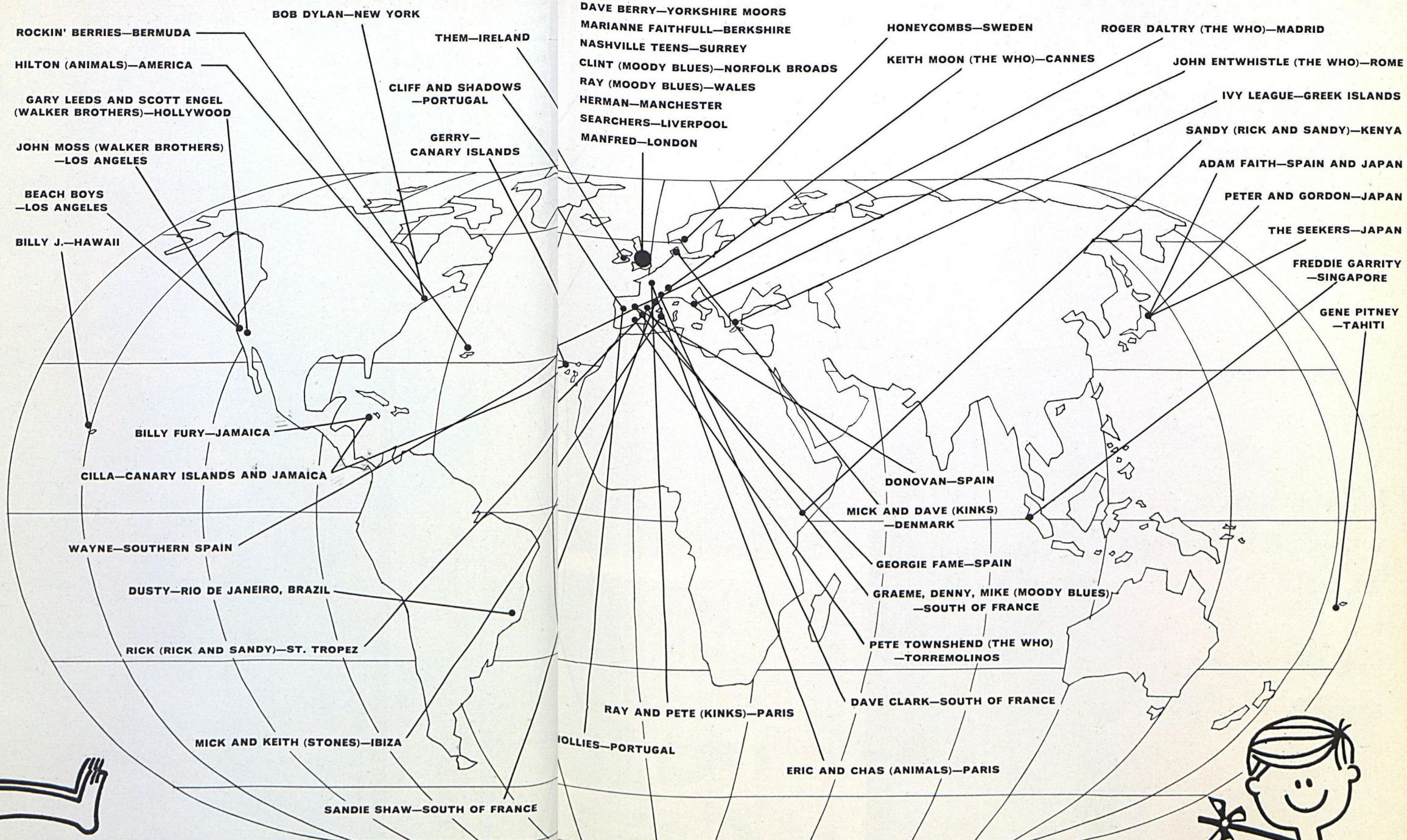
WHO GETS AWAY WHERE?

The world is small when it comes to pop star travel. Their getaway hideouts span the world. Just where do pop stars get away to? Our special RAVE pop map shows you!



AROUND THE WORLD IN UMPTEEN WAYS . . .

Ever dreamed of following the stars to the sunspots? Here's a complete RAVE breakdown on the different methods—and some of the cheapest ways . . . Even if there's no chance of you ever being able to go there, no one can stop you dreaming!



BERMUDA—14 days all-in holiday by air from £154 (Cooks).
BRAZIL—Return air fare to Rio de Janeiro, £323 6s. (B.O.A.C.).
BRITAIN—Norfolk Broads: you can hire a boat for a week from about £5 10s. (Blakes (Norfolk Broads Holidays) Ltd.)
 Wales and Manchester: 7-day Rail-Rover ticket £11, second class (British Railways). Yorkshire Moors: 7-day Rail-Rover ticket for the North-East Region £6, second class.

CANARY ISLANDS—15 days all-in holiday by air from £96 10s.
DENMARK—Copenhagen: 15 days all-in holiday by rail and steamer costs from £60 10s., by air from £73 5s. (Cooks).
FRANCE—Paris: 5 days holiday, bed and breakfast only, by rail and steamer from £15 17s. (Co-operative Travel Service). South of France—St. Aygulf holiday village, 10 days holiday by rail, £28.
GREECE—Athens and Mykonos: 15 days all-in holiday by

air from £111 19s. (Poly.).
HAWAII—21-day return air fare £273 19s. (B.O.A.C.).
HONGKONG—19 days all-in holiday by air from £396 (Cooks).
IBIZA—15 days all-in holiday by air, 63 gns. (Pontinental).
IRELAND—Mosney (25 miles from Dublin): One week all-in holiday, Holyhead back to Holyhead, from £14 a week (Butlins).
ITALY—Rome: 15 days all-in holiday by rail from £52 13s., by air from £59 4s. (Cooks).
JAMAICA—16 days all-in holi-

day by air from £218 (Cooks).
JAPAN—Return air fare to Tokyo £459 16s. (B.O.A.C.).
KENYA—Return air fare to Nairobi £241 6s. (B.O.A.C.).
PORTUGAL—Lisbon: 15 days all-in holiday by air from £50 6s. (Cooks).
SINGAPORE—Return air fare £345 16s. (B.O.A.C.).
SPAIN—Madrid: 15 days all-in holiday by rail from £51 11s. Torremolinos: 15 days all-in holiday by air from £61 2s; (Cooks).

SWEDEN—Stockholm: 15 days all-in holiday by rail and steamer from £64 12s. (Cooks).
TAHITI—Return air fare £465 10s. (B.O.A.C.).
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA—18 days all-in holiday by air (includes Chicago, San Francisco, New York, Washington and Los Angeles) from £311 10s. (Cooks).
 Want to go **ROUND THE WORLD**?—If you've 61 days and 850 gns. to spare, there's an all-in tour by air (Cooks)!



the beatles in the bahamas

Beatles make a few takes and take a few breaks

To Beatles, getting away from it all is practically impossible—even in Miami, the Virgin Isles or the Bahamas.

Paul says—"Photographers follow us everywhere. When we want sunshine and peace, all we get is sunshine."

"For me, a holiday should be a series of swims, sunbathes and meals."—George.

"After I've done a few months' work I feel a desperate need of sunshine."—Ringo. "We don't go abroad because it is fashionable. We just need sun."

The Beatles are very basic, uncomplicated people. They react to certain circumstances with the philosophy of children.

For instance, in the Bahamas, after they had been cooped up with the film unit, they were suddenly told they could go home and they literally leaped into the air and shouted and

ran about with the sheer joy of freedom, like children getting out of school.

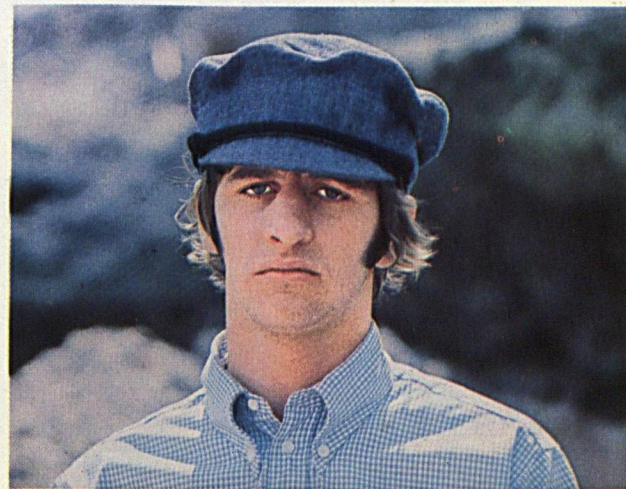
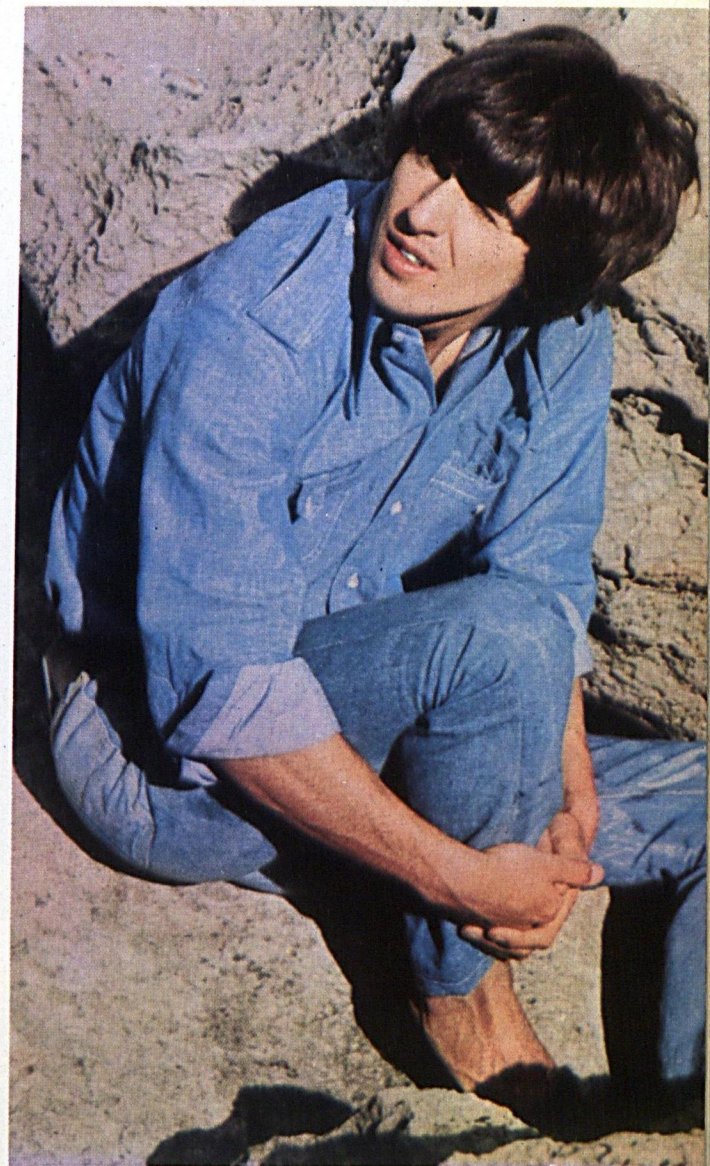
In London, Beatles get away as much as possible by visits to the cinema and theatre. Often, special shows in private cinemas are put on for John, Paul, George and Ringo. John explains, "When we want to go anywhere together it has to be privately, or we cause too much disturbance."

"Yet I like to get out to public places sometimes. Otherwise one's world becomes terribly narrow."

When they filmed on Salisbury Plain, the Beatles were given an afternoon off. Back they rushed to their hotel, locked themselves in one room and spent the entire afternoon taking photos of each other with one of those cameras that develops the picture immediately. Afterwards photographs of Beatles photographing Beatles littered almost every inch of the floor.

It definitely seems that relaxing, to them, is being together, often doing absolutely potty things.

They often get out to the London club most reminiscent in atmosphere to Liverpool's famous Cavern, though much smarter and smoother: The Ad Lib. Here four Beatles sit late into the night, drinking whisky and Coke and listening to very loud 'in' music, across a very dark room.





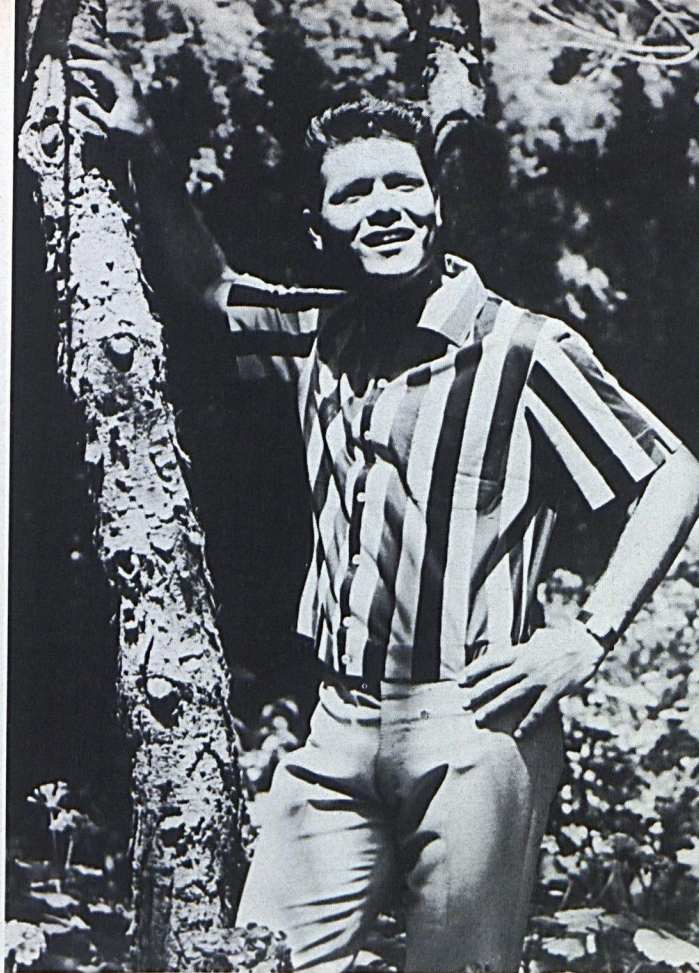
CLIFF IN PORTUGAL

An Englishman in Portugal recording songs in Italian—now that's really getting away, Cliff!

For Cliff to get away is a dreamy, luxury, spoil-yourself feeling . . . He relaxes on the warm, silver sand under the gold glow of the sun. Suddenly, the pace and pressure of being a star seem things that never were—and never will be. In an hour—or two—or three—he will get up lazily . . . maybe to talk a while to the Portuguese fishermen mending nets nearby . . . to go fishing . . . or into the sea for a swim—the blue, warm, sun-flecked sea. For Cliff, this is a typical start to a day in Albufeira—where he has his Southern Portugal retreat: a spacious apartment set amid palm trees and fabulous flowers.

Villagers in Albufeira know Cliff is a star. But they treat him just as one of them. For him, this is wonderful. Often, he will wander around doing his own shopping. He will fix his own lunch—usually local cheeses and salad. The afternoon: a quiet read—or maybe a trip in a fishing boat. The evening: A lazy meal in a local cafe—probably followed by a musical rave-up, if the Shadows are with him.

"It is a magic place of escape for me," he says. "It has the wonderful warmth I



A stroll down an avenue of blossoms and a pause by a tree that is warm to touch . . .



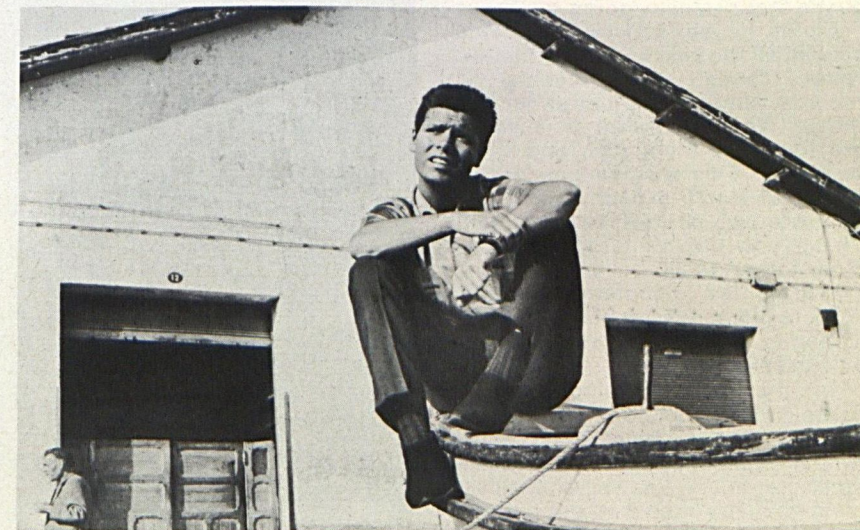
. . . no one to stare and point and study your every move. No one to analyse your every thought . . .



want—the temperature often going over a hundred. The Portuguese people are so friendly and unspoiled. The villagers treat me as—just another villager. That's great! It means I merge into their calm, homely way of life."

Sometimes Cliff does the five-hour train trip to Lisbon. Maybe to shop and see the sights. Maybe to record at the peaceful Rui de Carvalho studios in the countryside nearby. Good news for Cliff: an airport will soon be open fairly nearby. "That," he says, "means if I get just a couple of days free—then off I can go!"

(Exclusive RAVE pics on this spread and the cover show Cliff on a recent recording trip to Lisbon. Recording manager Norrie Paramor chose this away-from-it-all spot to wax songs in English and Italian. See more RAVE exclusives next issue.)



. . . no one to think about at all—except the photographer . . .

JONES THE POP IN WALES



Getting away from it is all right for some, but for Tom Jones, getting away from it all means going home—to Wales!

Now that Tom Jones is famous, and everyone knows his face, he's found that the only way to completely get away from it all is to go to the top of the nearest mountain!

Tom lives—and was born—in Pontypridd, a town not far from Cardiff, and also not far from ranges of mountains, deserted mines, castles, and old cottages. Tom has travelled a lot. He loves London; paid a flying visit to the States; spent a few days in the South of France. But there's no place like home for him. And home is Wales! "The countryside around my town is the only place I can get a thankful escape from the hustle and bustle that's usually going on."

At his house, just near the local school, all the kids knock on the door when Tom's home, asking for records, autographs, just about anything. "Why, I just went for a walk in the town the other day, and I was besieged. This was so unexpected. You just don't expect people that you've known all your life to suddenly chase you down the street!" says Tom rather wryly.

"Up in the mountains, I like to explore old mines, go inside deserted cottages, and just gaze at the fairytale castles around me."

In these surroundings of cool lakes and valleys and high mountains nobody knows he's Tom Jones, which is something very special to him. For Tom knows, and this is something he often thinks about when he gets away from it all—there's more than one way of getting to the top.

TOM JONES

rave



THE ONES WHO

The stars who managed to get away last year talk to RAVE about their getting away plans for this year. And you'll find, as we did, that when pop and film stars decide to get away, there are some very unusual surprises!

TRACKING DOWN 007

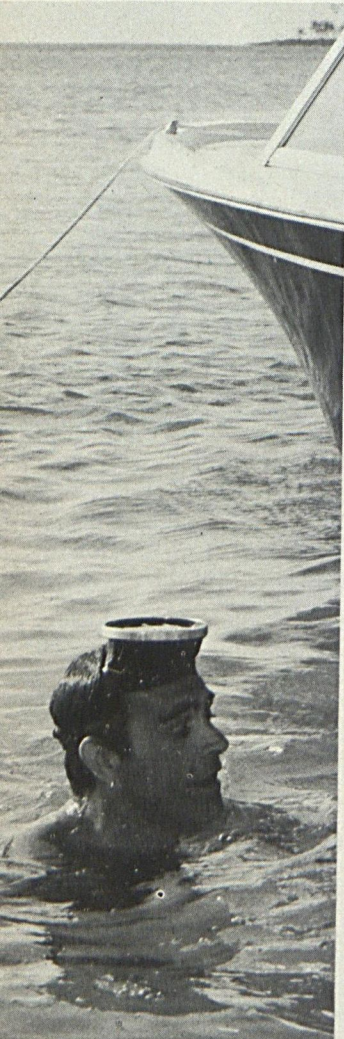
Sean Connery and his love of golf equal relaxation.

While he was making "The Hill", at Pinewood Studios, he found great delight in a putting green in the studio grounds. While making "Thunderball" in Nassau, he found the same pleasure on a Bahamas golf course.

Why? "Because it is so absorbing. I go on to a golf course with my mind full of the script and the things we haven't got right, but when I hit the little white ball, my worries go hurtling into the air with it. I can concentrate only on getting to the next green in the right number of shots.

"I need a form of escape," he explains. "Working in films is deadly demanding, especially James Bond films. Bond's book personality was so strong that people could have been disappointed in his screen characterisation."

Physically, however, a warm sea—as it is for all of us—is the spot Sean Connery likes to be for complete peace.



Sean Connery enjoying a swim during 'Thunderball'.

A SANDY SHORE FOR SANDIE SHAW

"Jersey," Sandie said, looking up from the hairdresser's chair, "I would like a holiday in Jersey. It's nice there. Lots of lovely beaches and the air's good."

Sandie, the girl who literally tops the pops, gets little time to relax. She is involved in her fast moving career every day of every week and she smiled wryly as she said, "I won't get a holiday this year. I'm too busy. To tell you the truth, I don't really feel I need one. I do work hard, but I like it. I find it easy enough to relax."

One way she uses her time well is when she travels. "I like to be left alone. I sit in a far corner of a plane or coach and forget there is anyone round me or anything to do ahead at the end of the journey. I look out of the window and daydream. I don't know what about—just let my mind wander."



Sandie—likes Jersey

How does she rest after a busy day?

"Sleep," she said, "Simple, isn't it? What better than sleep for rest? When I want to enjoy myself I go out with boys. I like boys. I don't have to analyse myself—why should I? I know me. I like golden beaches on which to sunbathe, to sleep after a busy day, and boys to take me out. I don't see why anyone needs more."

***** donovan's getaway secret

"I'm lucky. I don't need to get away, I've nothing to get away from. I've practised till my surroundings aren't there anymore. I am in the music business yet I'm not really. The people all round me all day are not really near me. I have nothing to worry me, no tension at all. My mind is fully rested every minute of the day.

"I don't need anything to help me except myself. I don't need country air or beautiful green hillsides.

"Mostly in my spare time I sit at home and read. I have a book I am reading now about black magic.

"I play Moroccan and Indian music to calm myself, and I read my own poems. These help me a lot. I get as much from the written word as I do from music."

a hollieday

"Last year I went to Majorca. I stayed in a big hotel by the harbour, and met lots of millionaires whose yachts were anchored there. Because our records were being played in the hotel I got introduced to everyone, and was invited on to one of the yachts for the day.

"This year I'm going to

Portugal and Switzerland, to stay with two lots of friends who live there.

"Because we work so hard I find it necessary to make myself relax whenever I get the chance. As soon as I have a few hours free I drive my car into the country.

"I stay with friends who have a lovely cottage just outside Guildford. My favourite sort of evening then is driving round Surrey visiting old pubs. I like the company and the atmosphere."—TONY HICKS

GOT AWAY!



Yardbirds don't fly!

A Yardbird was walking by the river at Twickenham. The Yardbird who sings, and has narrow hips and a far away look in his blue eyes. Keith Relf stared into the depths of the dark water, and said, "I love the river at night. It is so tranquil."

Keith needs to get away from pop and lose himself beside a river, because he puts so much of himself into his vocals. He isn't really a pop star sort of person. He is shy and quiet and a bit nervy.

"I've got other ways of relaxing," he said. "I sit in an armchair, stare into space and make myself think of nothing."

"The other boys get away from it all in very different ways," he said. "Sam (Paul Samwell-Smith) fiddles around with electronics. Now he's got a new Lotus car and is forever with his head in the bonnet.

"Jim McCarty is a film addict.

"Chris Drejda is the quiet one of us, I suppose," Keith mused. "He likes to read a book in peace. As for Jeff, he won't get away from music. He spends all his free time fiddling with

his guitar."

Keith was silent for a moment, taking in the view and the atmosphere of the river. "I feel free here, I enjoy the quietness of a river. This and music are the good things of life."

STONES SPLIT UP

Ibiza is an island south of Spain. Not exactly the place you'd expect to find two of The Rolling Stones getting away from it. But that is where Mick and Keith chose.

The Stones are compulsive "get-aways". They put up with the high pressures of pop life, hiding their tiredness behind brisk, sometimes rude manners. Then something snaps, and they have to get some peace.

"There are two ways of getting away," Mick explained. "One is to shut yourself in and ignore people hammering on the door, the

other is to really get away from all your normal surroundings."

Brian Jones gets away into the night. He finds the hours when others are sleeping most attractive.

"It is better to be awake at night than asleep, because if you are asleep you miss the beauty of it. I like watching darkness, and hearing the sudden noise of an aircraft, and waiting for it to pass."

Charlie is really in a world of his own anyway. He doesn't let his surroundings penetrate too much. Bill is hard to understand. He looks one thing, but is another.

"I relax with my kid," he said. "Playing with him is like entering the child's world all over again. You can't get further away than that!"



MOODIES IN LONDON



What do the Moody Blues look for when they have the chance of a clear break from working and touring and travelling?

"We all like a place with the bustle of something going on all the time—and that means London's the place for us—we love it!" said Denny Laine.

"It's got everything—loads of clubs, plenty of interesting places, plenty of life. By the way, we were in Manchester one week, and couldn't buy plectrums for our guitars—something that would never happen in London. It's also a home from home for musicians. Everyone's here, you can meet up with all your mates.

"We all live in a big house at Roehampton, on the outskirts of London. It's fabulous there, so quiet and peaceful, yet not very far from town. During the day we go into town, just roaming around. Always something different to do every day. We like going to all the different art galleries, like the London Group Collection. Loads of fabulous modern paintings they have there. We buy a lot for the house.

"Honestly, each of our bedrooms at the house is full of little knick-knacks we've picked up from places like that and the Portobello Road in Notting Hill—all got our own private showrooms! Things like antique furniture, swords, guns, silver cigarette boxes—all that kind of thing. We're very proud of our home. I've got a big carpet too—with a big lion on it. I saw it in Portobello Road, but didn't have time to get it myself. A friend had to get it for me.

"That's the only trouble with pop, there's never much time to do all the things you'd like, or go to all the places you'd want to go to.

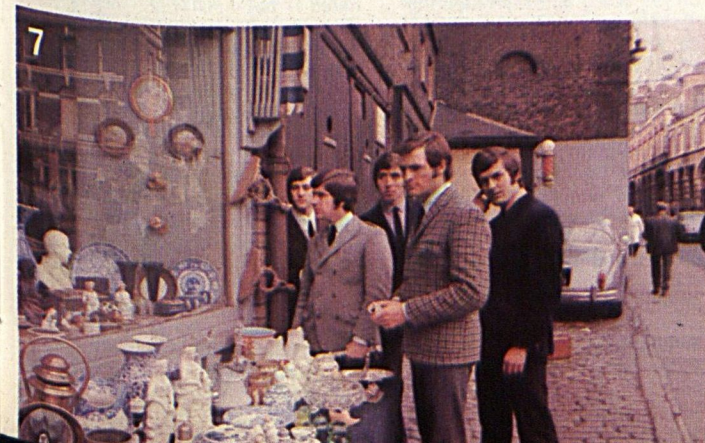
"But, I must admit, when we do get a long break off work next time, we're going to go to Portugal. It's not that we don't love London anymore—we're just all dead keen on getting a fabulous sun tan!"

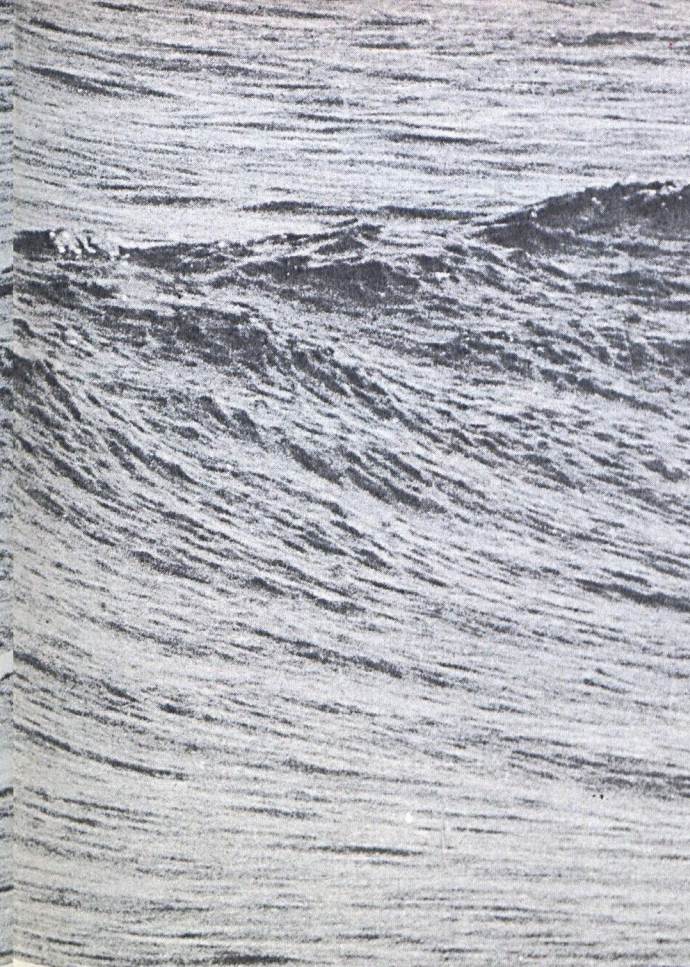


The Moodies find that getting away in London can sometimes be quite an art!

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. At the London Group Art Collection the Moodies wander around at their leisure. Their home in Roehampton is filled with lots of mod paintings.
7. Street market shopping is another of the Moodies away-from-it hobbies. The Moodies fill their bedrooms with little knick-knacks and bargains they find.
8, 9, 10. The Moodies pose for the RAVE cameras and then it's back home to prepare for another hectic show.

RAVE wishes to express its gratitude to the London Group Art Collection for allowing us to take pictures inside the gallery.





WHO SAYS YOU CAN'T SURF OVER HERE?

It's the 'sixty-five getaway sport of the world—and it's rolling in to the shores of Britain. How to join this summer's 'innest' sport? RAVE's Dick Tatham tells you . . .

He will never forget the first time he rode the crest of a wave. It was at St. Ives, Cornwall, in the early summer of 1963. For a couple of weeks he had spent several hours a day getting the hang of using his surfboard. At first he had been content to learn how to paddle and control it in shallow, fairly smooth water. Then he had started taking the board 20 or 30 yards out to sea—and returning shorewards while lying face-down on it.

If you trim, it means you take your board out to sea as far as you judge right—turn round to face the shore—then position yourself for that particular, jumbo-sized wave you can see bearing down on you. That is what Roy Giles did on this certain day. He recalls the

heady exhilaration which went pulsing through him as the wave powered him aloft—then forward—then down. He recalls doing just what he had planned: rising to full height on his board and then steering it sideways as he descended—so that he went whooshing along the trough of the wave.

"I made it—I made it!" he felt himself shouting. Then he lost balance and went pitching into the foam and the fury of the sea. But the "wipe out" didn't worry him. He had taken off on that wave upright on his board. He knew now he would do just this many times more.

Roy Giles is among the growing army of zealots who are mad-crazy about surfing in Britain today. He is twenty-two, six foot and broad.

"Surfing?" he says. "To me it means living. Looking back, I suppose that first moment atop a wave was the logical outcome of my whole way of life for years before. I had hated—but HATED—being stuck indoors at any time. This went double when the weather was good.

"Anyway, early in the summer two years ago I made contact with a group of surfers on the beach at St. Ives—and I knew at once this was for me. Surfing gives you a fantastic mixture of wonderful feelings—of freedom, excitement and escape from a drab city life. I get gripped by the action of it—by its closeness with nature—by the carefree way of life and the colourful garb of a surfing community. Like I said, it's

LIVING.

Want to surf? Well, the board will set you back £28 to £30. Or you can make one for about £15. Or if you want, you can hire one for £1 a day.

Two weeks is about normal to go from the first, fumbling splash-around to your initial upright ride.

Surfing jargon is endless. Thus a general jazzing around on your board is "hot dogging." White water is "soup." "Stretch Five" is when you edge one leg gingerly forward and grip the nose of the board with the toes of one foot. "Hanging Ten" (very hard) is to stand at the nose and grip with toes of both feet. No one thought of a name for the feat of a South African life-saver who came shorewards doing

a handstand on his board. Everyone was lost for words!

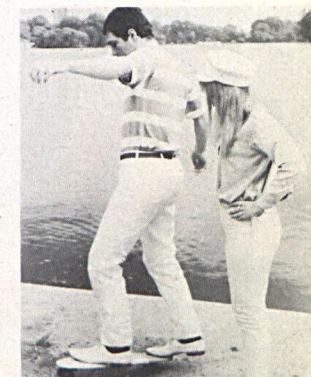
In Britain, you must go to the Atlantic waters in the West Country to surf seriously. If you are a man, that is. Girls, it seems, go mainly to watch—though they do have a bash in large numbers at sidewalk surfing on skateboards (a dry-land offshoot—see Twinkle! Roy shots right).

■ So you're now dead keen to be a beach bunny? Or to shoot the tube when the surf's up? Then you can have all your questions answered by the Surf Life Saving Association of Great Britain. Their Hon. Sec., Keith Slocombe at The Surf Store, The Digey, St. Ives, Cornwall, will be happy to help.

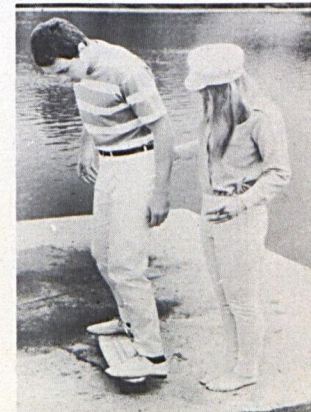
How would-be surfers learn to balance on their boards . . .



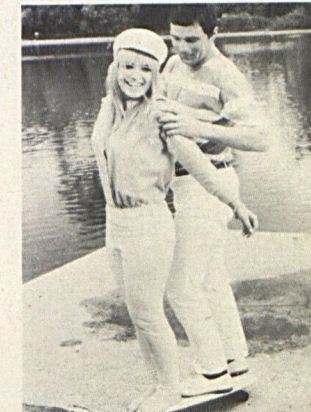
▲ Correct foot position on a surfboard, all surfers start their ride-ins to shore like this.



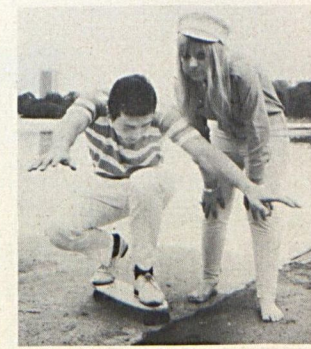
▲ Right cut back for changing direction. Right foot is placed at the back of board lifting the front, and you throw board round with the left foot.



▲ With feet square on the board, this is the stance prior to a head dip—when you dip your head to ride into a steep wave.



▲ Two on a skateboard . . . but a tandem surfboard for two people, usually boy and girl is bigger, about fifteen feet long.



◀ Position for shooting a pipe-line or tunnel wave. You crouch down under the curl of the wave. This is for experts only, a sort of surfer's dream.

eyes speak for themselves

Are your eyes pretty? Or wicked? Or wise? They'll say so much more . . . look so much lovelier with eye make-up by Max Factor. Lashes look longer and more lustrous. Eye shadow colours create exciting changes of mood from tender to taunting; demure to dangerous. Eyes sparkle with new brilliance. Your eyes speak for themselves, but they'll get the message across so much quicker when you use eye make-up with . . .

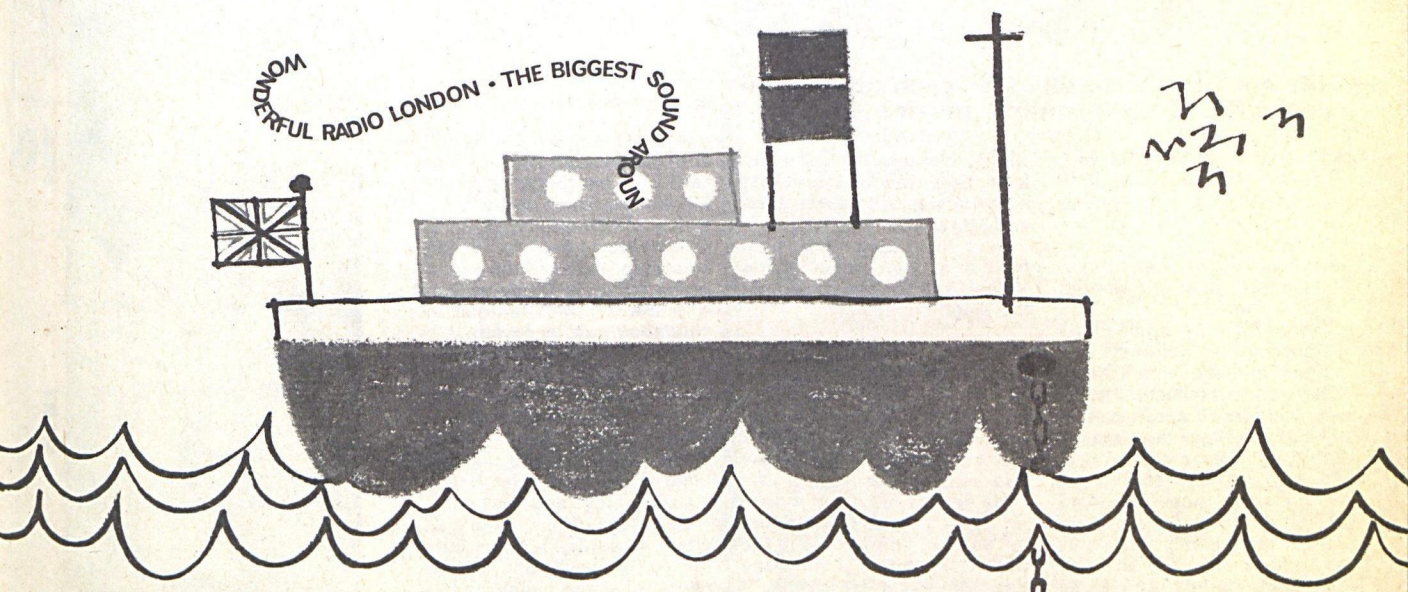
the individual touch of

MAX FACTOR



New! A Mascara Wand with lash beautifying swirl-brush applicator; shades of brown; brownish-black and black. New Compact Eye Shadows in soft subtle and muted shades of French Blue; French Green and Nouveau Beige; and a new Grey shade in Cake Mascara. Look out for them . . . for The Look he'll remember.

IT'S FUNNY. THAT'S WHY!



A RAVE look at the popular pirate pop ship — RADIO LONDON

It's an escape, a laugh, a refreshing breeze blowing in from the sea. A pop pirate radio station from an old ship that once saved the lives of five hundred men, onto which someone has put a mast (sixteen feet higher than Nelson's Column) and eight disc jockeys.

It broadcasts on 266 metres medium wave band, and successfully combines pop with humour and "a couldn't care less" attitude.

Strange Voices

Broadcasting time (from 6 a.m. till 9 p.m.) is filled with apt and funny comments, pop music, and carefully planned ads that don't bore.

There are strange little voices that keep piping up to interrupt announcements, and crazy comments from disc jockeys, some of whom even insist on singing along with records!

The ship itself is quite small and rocks about off the east coast of England (Radio London is mostly received in the South of England area). Twenty-five years ago she had another name and did another job. She was called *The Density* and she

was a wartime minesweeper; responsible for saving five hundred men from drowning—following shipwrecks in the icy North Sea.

After the war, she became a cargo vessel and it wasn't till last year in Miami that her cargo was unloaded for the last time. She returned to the North Sea to be called Radio London and welcome her eight new disc jockeys.

Who decided on the form Radio London was to take? Mr. Toney, one of the men behind Radio London, explains, "I did mostly, I've had a lot of experience on American networks where the programme formula is kept simple. So I decided to do the same on London. I called each programme after a disc jockey. Since his name was given to the show, it followed that his personality should be used to the full on that show. Each show lasts three hours, and every record in the top forty has to be played at least once. Also played are new Radio London climbers, and older 'revived forty-fives'. As long as the dee-jays follow this pattern, they can talk out of the back of their necks for the rest of the air time. I don't care."

That's the fun. The big bosses at head office don't wave any sticks. And often the

disc jockeys do tend to talk out of the back of their necks, which is quite marvellous to listen to. Kenny and Cash are especially funny. These two young men Kenny Everett (twenty years old) and Dave Cash (twenty-two years old) are slick comics. Their show, the Kenny and Cash Combine, is funny and fast. They have a terrific sense of timing, and a patter that seems to roll off their tongues.

Tuned In

Listeners usually hear when Kenny goes to his bunk in the early hours of the next day, because Pete Brady, on The Breakfast Show, announces it.

Despite much planning and some spontaneous gestures, things do go wrong on Radio London.

"So here is the next record," the dee-jay says and absolutely nothing happens. But he doesn't cough and fill the gap with a tense silence, or pretend nothing has happened and repeat the announcement hopefully. He plays on the fact that something has gone wrong. He may criticise the whole station, or say terrible things about the engineer, or put in a quick ad for another dee-jay post. He makes the listeners feel like friends.

Sometimes strange voices

come from the radio when tuned to 266. Two little girls keep popping in to say an overdone cheerful "Good afternoon!" Dec-jay Tony Windsor, an Australian, has a catch word, "Ha—lo." If he wants to greet a listener or a pop star he says, "Ha—lo, to you," and it is special and private and strangely warm.

The news "On The Half-Hour," on the other hand, is authoritative and quite without humour.

The weather forecast is not quite so serious. Factually correct, it is jazzed up by an echo chamber through which the reporter's voice comes. In winter you might hear, "and there will be SNOW . . . OW . . . OW." Which adds humour to an otherwise sane piece of information.

Radio London, combines magically, the crazy with the reliable. It is the most listened-to piece of marconi in its area. Why? It must be the humour, the arguments, and the mistakes that are delightfully turned into jokes. It is slick, it plays good straight pop, and it's funny. Maybe, that's its real secret. It's nice to be gay all the time.

BY DAWN JAMES

P, P & M

Different folk stars spotlighted each month in this special RAVE series on folk music.

The first time Mary Travers heard Paul Stookey sing, she cried. "It was like being liberated," she says.

"I hadn't sung since my marriage ended. Then I heard Paul and suddenly I wanted to sing again."

Soon Paul, recognised as one of the best guitarists and singers in Greenwich Village, New York's intellectual quarter, was Mary's accompanist. And that's how they stayed until Peter Yarrow came along. They got together to find out what they sounded like. And all night they sang "Mary Had A Little Lamb"—the only song for which they all knew the same words and tune.

But it was seven months before they made their first appearance as Peter, Paul and Mary.

And they sang with such fervour at their debut at the Village's Bitter End club, that the stage collapsed!

ABOUT PETER He's the intense one, the moody one.

ABOUT PAUL The cool one. Mary says of him, "He's much more loose, much more relaxed than the rest of us."

He speaks mostly in monosyllables, usually restricted to "yep" or "nope". He is the trio's anchor man, the decision-maker. He admits, "I

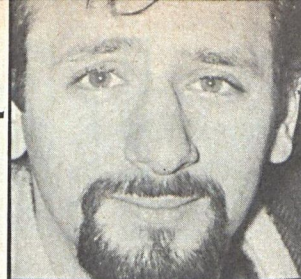
can't worry very much. I like to yield, be agreeable."

ABOUT MARY She is tall and statuesque with a cascade of startlingly straight blonde hair which pours down to her shoulders.

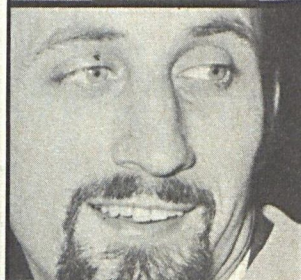
Mary grew up in the Village, and loves it with all the gentle passion that only a place filled with the happy memories of childhood can be loved.

Mary is married to photographer Barry Feinstein, and whenever she goes on tour without him, she leaves little notes hidden around their home. Barry even found one planted in the coffee jar. It read simply: "I love and miss you."

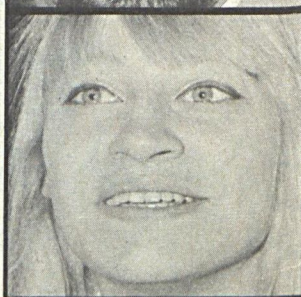
Paul says of her, "She's as warm as sunlight, like a little girl in a way." She is the gentle one, the loving one.



PETER



PAUL



MARY

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CHEWING GUM



DODO'S JULY POP DIARY

Do you keep a diary? Our RAVE girl Dodo does—a diary of all the important pop'n' showbiz events in the coming month. And she lets you read her diary, too. Every month in RAVE!

- Winter Gardens. Bachelors at Blackpool Opera House. Adam Faith one week at Newcastle's Dolce Vita. Wayne Fontana at Blackpool North Pier. Manfred at the South Pier.
- 12 Tom Jones returns to U.S. for TV. and concerts.
- 13 One of my favourite London Clubs, the Cromwellian in Kensington, has George Fame there tonight.
- 14 Happy birthday to Stu James of the Mojos—he's 20!
- 15 The Searchers leave today for U.S.
- 16 Tony Jackson 25 today. Searchers and Zombies start their long American tours.
- 17 Gerry at the Rainbow Theatre, Blackpool.
- 18 Big list of Sunday concerts again—Manfred at Blackpool's South Pier. Billy Fury and Dave Berry at Great Yarmouth. Billy J. at Morecambe Winter Gardens. Bachelors at Isle of Man, Douglas Palace. Seekers at Torquay Princess, Wayne Fontana at Blackpool North Pier.
- 19 Russ Conway show, at Bournemouth Winter Gardens.
- 20 Billy J. summer season at North Pier Pavilion, Blackpool.
- 21 Mike Wilsh, (Four Pennies) 20 today, and Barry Whitwam of the Hermits, 19.
- 22 Estelle (Ronettes) 21 today. Herman and Wayne begin tour in U.S.
- 23 Rockin' Berries off to Israel for 2 weeks. Charlie and Inez Foxx at the Cromwellian tonight, and a special 100th edition of R.S.G. Watch out for a really fabulous show!
- 24 Heinz 23 today.
- 25 Jim McCarty (Yardbirds) 22 today. and Bruce Woodall (Seekers) 23. Manfred once again at Blackpool South Pier, Cilla Black at the Persian Room, Plaza Hotel, New York—for 3 weeks. Billy Fury and Herman at Great Yarmouth, Fourmost in cabaret at the Cabaret Club in Manchester for one week. Billy J. at Scarborough Futurist, Yardbirds at Portsmouth Guildhall.
- 26 Mick Jagger 21 today. Happy birthday, Mick!
- 27 Sandie Shaw at Cannes, South of France for the Gala Festival night.
- 28 Seekers in summer season at Bournemouth Pavilion.
- 29 Beatles film "Help" premiered today at the London Pavilion—also opens tonight at Barnstaple, Weymouth, Worthing, Brighton, Plymouth, Lowestoft, Canterbury, Ramsgate, and Clacton.
- 30 Susan Maughan summer season at Blackpool.
- 31 Karl Green of the Hermits 18 today.

- 1 Animals return from Spain today. Unit Four + 2 start a 3-day tour of Scotland. Sandie's on "Top Of The Pops."
- 2 Herman begins a tour of Scotland at Perth City.
- 3 Judith Durham of the Seekers 22 today. Cilla plays the Tagomago Club in Majorca, while fellow Liverpudlians the Beatles aren't far away—they're playing Barcelona Bullring—and I'll be there to watch!
- 4 Manfred Mann, Gene Vincent at the South Pier Blackpool.
- 5 Billy Fury, Dave Berry at Great Yarmouth. Sandie Shaw at Scarborough Floral Hall. Wayne Fontana at Blackpool's North Pier. Adam Faith one week at Stockton Fiesta. Herman at Aberdeen Beach. Billy J. at the Isle of Man Villa Marina. Tom Jones at Blackpool Opera House. Finally, at Margate Winter Gardens, The Pretty Things and Nashville Teens!
- 6 Cilla in Barcelona for TV.
- 7 Pretty Things leave for 3-week tour of Australia and the Far East.
- 8 Big birthday day—Jet Harris 26, Ringo 25, and Tommy Quickly 20!
- 9 Herman at Elgin Town Hall.
- 10 Honeycombs finish their Scandinavian tour.
- 11 The Animals on Lucky Stars.
- 12 The Kinks finish their U.S. tour. Billy Fury and Herman at Great Yarmouth. Sandie Shaw with the Paramounts backing, and Unit Four + 2—Margate

Jackie Harlow reports the latest from America in

+ THE RAVER'S U.S. CABLE!

■ And now we have an American group who look British and sound like the Rolling Stones . . . They are "The Byrds", who are scoring tremendously well with the Bob Dylan number, "Mr. Tambourine Man" . . . Honestly, they look like the Stones, and when both groups did a recent West Coast tour, it was difficult to tell each of them apart. By the way, The Byrds are considering an offer to visit England . . . October return being set for Freddie and the Dreamers, while Herman's Hermits play two weeks of one nighters in July, followed by three days at the Atlantic City Steel Pier in August . . .

■ The Shangri La's have screen tested for Columbia . . . There's also a chance that they'll appear in "Methuselah Jones" with Little Anthony and the Imperials, which is also being scheduled by Joe Levine . . . By the way, the new Shangri La's record, "Give Us Your Blessing", looks like being their strongest yet . . .

■ One of the most sensational records of the first six months of the year has been "Baby The Rain Must Fall", by Glenn Yarborough. He used to be a member of the Limelites who broke up in 1963. Although he's previously scored here with albums, this is his first big single, and Glenn says because of its success, he's had to put off plans to sail around the world in his new 40 ft. boat. Pity, because England was one of the places on his schedule . . .

■ Ace dee-jay and promoter Dick Clark, has set a series of "Young World Fairs", which will use live entertainment. The Fair kicks off in Chicago, and he's set five more locations this year, with a minimum of 30 cities in 1966 . . . Recently went to my first Dick Clark package, and was able to spend some time chatting to Bobby Vee. He's delighted that the record he cut in England (at EMI under the direction of George Martin and Ron Richards), is happening here. It's called "Keep On Trying", and has a definite touch of rhythm and blues about it . . . "This has always been one of my favourite kinds of music," he said, "but until now, I'd never had the nerve to try it on record." Bobby also mentioned that although he's still living with wife Karan in North Dakota, he plans to move to Hollywood pretty soon on a permanent basis . . . "Here Comes The Night", by Them, has been one of the fastest ever happening records in recent weeks. America definitely seems to be going nutty over this kind of material which is all very much in the Rolling Stones groove . . .

■ Another trend to develop in recent months has been that of going back to the oldies. Practically every other record released is either a re-make of a hit from about 20 years ago, or is new with that big band arrangement. It's hit very high stakes for people like Dean Martin and Vic Damone, and even Trini Lopez has swung in that direction on his newest, "Are You Sincere", which comes from his latest album "Love Songs" . . .

■ Went to Johnny Rivers' opening at the Copa. This marked the start of what the Americans call "The Prom Season", when schools recess and arrange visits to the clubs. The Supremes are due in there this month . . .

■ Here comes summer, and the spate of surfing discs is already on its way. Newest in the groove is "The Skate Board Song" by Norma Tracey who's only 12 years old . . . In the next three or four months, the Beach Boys should capture the number one spot, as they do every summer. Jan and Dean already have a strong contender with their West Coast sounding, "You Really Know How to Hurt a Guy" . . .

See you next month . . .

Jackie

CHARTS: WHERE

The RAVE pages that take a frank look at the discs in the Charts and work out why they're there!

The Charts—that's where the action is. And, boy, is the action spreading out!

There are well-known names like Dave Clark and The Shadows, and newer ones like the Byrds from Hollywood and the Who from London, England. There are even very famous names like the Everlys, Connie Francis and Elvis back in the Charts with a bang.

As it's time for our monthly charting of the Chart, we asked it to jump on our musical couch while we did a bit of probing and predicting.

The result? We came up with half a dozen discs that could be significant to future directions that pop music will take.

If we're right, it looks as though variety is going to be the spice of pop life. Consultation beginning—

'Looking Thru' The Eyes Of Love'

■ Gene Pitney

Gene has a sure-fire formula for keeping a supply of hits bubbling in the charts of the world. He picks a song that tells a strong, simple story and he always imparts a sense of drama to the words.

What happens? You've got to listen to what he's singing about. He gets you involved in the story personally.

Simple? Well, there aren't many who can do it like Gene.

'Colours'

■ Donovan

Donovan and Dylan. How the arguments raged back and forth last month. Don was copying Bob, cried the Donovan detractors and Dylan would put him right when he arrived. Well, Bob arrived and said

he liked Donovan. Collapse of irate fans.

Donovan writes sensitive and intelligent lyrics. "Colours" is an excellent example, and the melody is strong. But, let's own up, this had to be a hit after "Catch The Wind". His real test will be the next one. If the melody is strong enough Donovan could keep coming back with a song.

'JUST A LITTLE BIT TOO LATE'

■ Wayne Fontana and the Mindbenders

If there was ever a case of personality punching through hits this is it. Wayne's 'live' audiences just take one look at that big lanky frame, the cheeky facial expressions and what must be the top pop mop—and they go right out and buy his records.

Not that they're disappointed. For Wayne and his boys offer un-

usual songs like this, their latest, and the swinging tambourine bits, the odd breaks, and the exciting guitar phrases have an insistent appeal to the ears.

But Wayne is not so much a trend setter or a trend maker as he is a mindbender. He bends his audience his way with the power of personality.



THE ACTION IS!

'HELP ME RHONDA'

■ Beach Boys

When Britain's beat boys practically took over the American Top Ten you'd have thought that there were no such things as home-grown American groups.

With such competition from Britain, they had to be good to make the grade. And the Beach Boys proved to be just that. They developed a clever harmony style of singing that gives colour to a song. And, of course they've clicked. They deserve a lot of credit when you consider the strength of the opposition.

'I'm Alive'

■ Hollies

To see the success of the Hollies with "I'm Alive" gives a chart examiner a good feeling. Because it proves that a good group, musically, can always hit. And that record buyers haven't got tin ears despite all the rubbishy attacks that are made on them.

This is a very attractive song performed by a solid, musically intelligent group, beautifully packaged and presented. No wonder the world prefers to buy British. (Pause while we all stand to attention and salute!)

'CRYING IN THE CHAPEL'

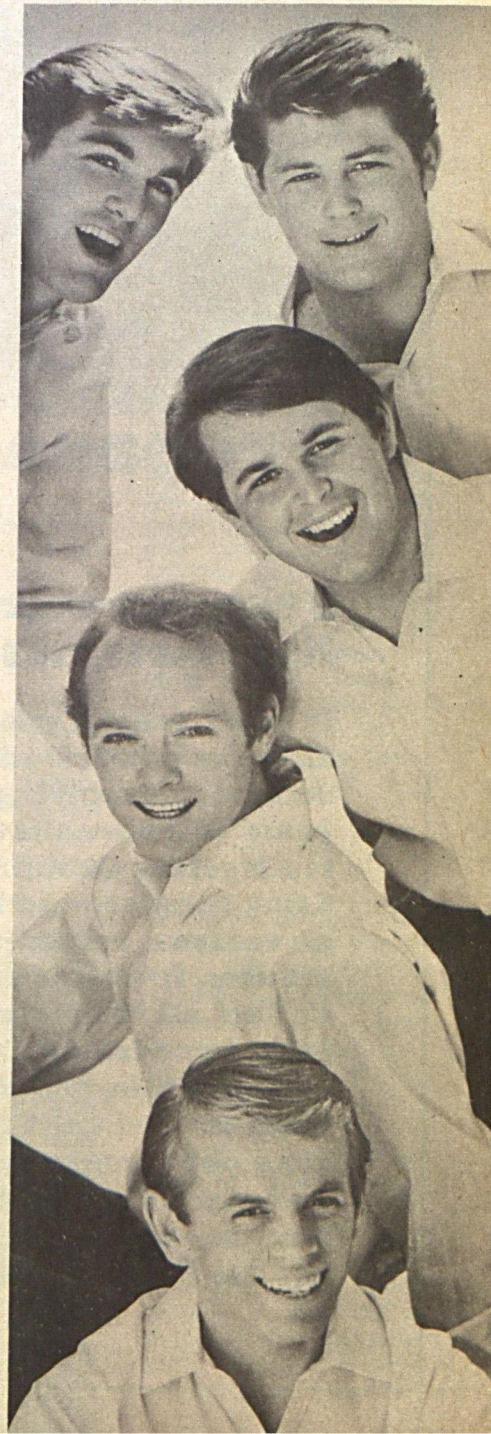
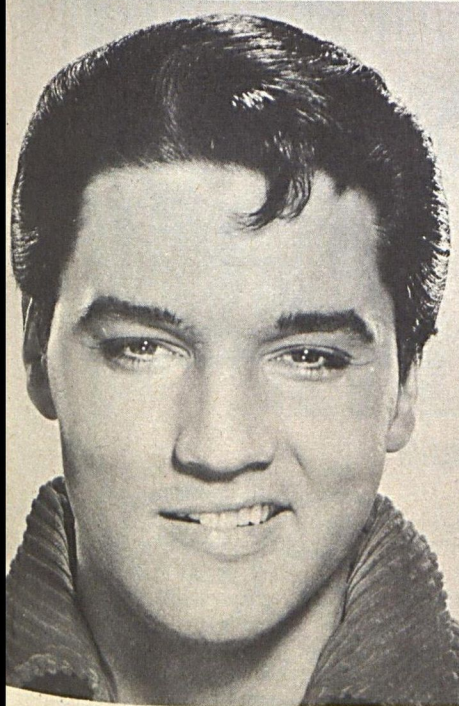
■ Elvis Presley

When Elvis releases film songs as singles, they do quite well but they don't exactly streak through the Chart.

So, some astute mind digs down into the pile of unissued Presleys and comes up with "Crying In The Chapel" made about four-and-a-half years ago. And before you can say "El" it's off. Upwards. A No. 1.

The lesson is obvious. Elvis should record for the record buyers —NOT filmgoers.

Just imagine what he could do with some of the great songs going around today. This disc shows the Presley power is still there, El. Use it.



SUMMING UP:

The Chart is going through its annual Midsummer Madness period. The only trend a psychiatrist can make out here is the trend away from trends! Sort that out!

The field is wide open. There's a bit of beat, ballads and blues. And King Presley is back with a bang. Who said pop was an ever changing world?

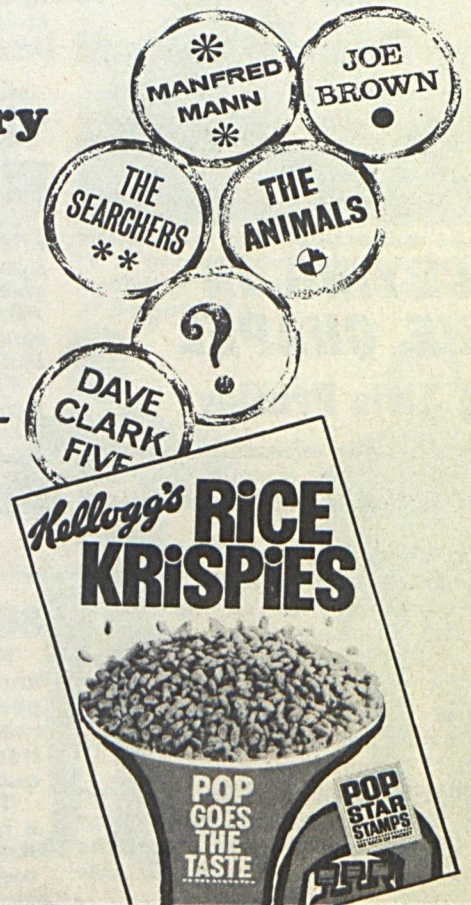


Prepare to be sent!

Free pop-star stamps in every Rice Krispies packet

In every special packet of Kellogg's Rice Krispies you'll find a set of free pop-star stamps... featuring any one of six top beats. (Five are shown on right. The sixth is a Mystery Group. Find out which it is.) Stick them around if you're stuck on pop-on records, record-sleeves, autograph albums, invitations etc. etc. etc. Collect all the stamps and swap them with your friends.

Meanwhile, get stuck into the Rice Krispies and taste their version of pop. Like pop! (sugar and salt and malt and rice). Pop! (golden and shivery). Pop-pop-pop-pop-pop. That's how you get the taste. Noisily.



CATHY'S COLUMN STARTS HERE



Ready Steady Go Girl writes for you

London has gone mad on Pop Art. The brighter and wilder the designs on your clothes, the better you look! All the young designers have brought out Pop Art clothes. Barbara Hulanicki, who makes most of my clothes, was the first person to design Pop Art shifts with huge 'target' motives on the front. Her wildest designs? Black crepe with two huge yellow and red

circles on the front. Sally Tuffin and Marion Foale mix fantastic materials together—the colours looking like a rainbow. When I first saw them, I wasn't too keen, but now I'm crazy about them.

There's even a Pop Art group—THE WHO—who are as popular now in the clubs as The Rolling Stones were when they first started.

They play at The Marquee in Soho and on Tuesdays you have to get there by seven-thirty if you want to get in!

I expect you've noticed that all the pop boys are wearing fantastic ties. Where did they get them from? Well, Theresa (Patrick Kerr's wife) has gone into the tie-making

business. She buys lovely printed materials and makes them to order. Paul McCartney and his brother Mike McGear wear them. So does Allan Clarke of the Hollies, The Rolling Stones and heaps of other people. Some of the boys like really way-out designs: The Moody Blues are having theirs in bold stripes and checks.

THE WHO 'Pop Art' group who make wild records and wear even wilder clothes.



Steve McQueen's one of my top raves shared with Cilla and Sandie! Hundreds of pictures of him that I've cut out from French magazines decorate the R.S.G. office walls! Parisian girls and boys have taken to him in such a big way that Steve has now set up in business, manufacturing clothes for the boutiques in Paris. The current rage is for faded denims, madras cotton shirts, cowboy belts and boots. Girls are even cutting their hair very ●●●

- short and wearing suede 'lumber' jackets.

The London crowd have adopted his look, too—only differently. They prefer the smarter, slicker McQueen who appeared in 'Love With a Proper Stranger'—wearing camel overcoats and 'tonik' suits. This all seems pretty fantastic when you real-

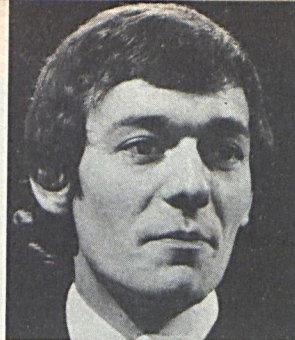


Steve McQueen—married

ise Steve McQueen is thirty-five, married with four children! Which all goes to show it really doesn't matter when idols marry. We love them just the same!

It's surprising how many pop stars are domesticated — Dave Clark in particular. I went over to see his new house (the one he's bought for his parents near Wembley TV studios) and we had tea and sandwiches that he made himself in his 'den'. It is beautifully decorated, with walls covered with souvenirs he's collected on his travels. He chose all the furniture (very modern), the curtains, and designed a bar with lights around it. I also heard the title track from his film "Catch Us If You Can". It's good.

P.S. He's planning summer barbecues in his huge garden. Mmm . . . smashing idea!



Allan Clarke—handyman

The Hollies' Allan Clarke also has fantastic furniture for his new house made by himself. He gets a great kick out of designing his own. He has a marvellous oak panelled kitchen and did all the rest of the decorating. A real handyman, Allan.

Did you recently hear Les Reed play a jazzed-up version of "Girl Don't Come" on R.S.G.? And wonder why? It was his way of S.O.S.ing for Sandie Shaw, who was supposed to be singing *right then!* The show goes on the air at 6.08 on

Friday evenings and at 6 o'clock Sandie and I were chatting in my dressing-room. I said we'd better make a move as we only had five minutes to go. "Oh, you go on and I'll just finish my eyes" said Sandie and off I went and announced the first three numbers of the show. First of all, the Walker Brothers did theirs and then Sandie was meant to follow. But no Sandie! She arrived just as the orchestra were playing the last notes, looking very surprised. Her watch had stopped! Nothing to what had happened to my heart.



Sandie—didn't arrive!

- of painful recollection. "Only for five weeks," he said.

John nodded. "Yeah. Our buddy came back and told us, 'He agrees to finance you for five weeks in return for a percentage in your success. If you don't make it in England inside that time you're on your own.'

"That was in February. It took us a lot longer than five weeks to get established, and sure enough the money stopped."

Ever since the appearance of 'Love Her', however, it looks as if the world of the Walkers is growing rapidly. They've already got a following of many thousand young people who like something in their pop besides rough rhythm and banging bass. That something is an ingredient called music—and the Walkers are well fixed to supply it.

Scott has learned to handle drums, guitar, piano and harmonica, so that he can show other musicians in the group's big orchestral set-ups exactly how he wants numbers played.

"Who makes the decisions in the group?" I asked.

"We all do," John said. "Like I'll say, 'I don't think we ought to do this number in the show.' So we go ahead and do it. It's a good system. It works fine."

"Three weeks afterwards somebody says, 'I don't think we should have done that number' and I say 'I told you so' and then it all gets to be a grind."

"Thank you," said Gary. "I think I'll leave the group now."

"You can't," John said. "I left two minutes ago. You will all starve."

"We will find a new leader," Scott said. "Alan will lead us."

"Not me, dad," I said. "As a matter of fact, I've got to leave too. If I miss my studio date I'm the one who'll need a mystery backer."

They all stood up and stretched. John, six foot three in his jeans, towered like a telephone pole above his mates.

"You never asked us the secret of our success," Scott said.

"Good on you," I said. "What is the secret of your success?"

"Warm milk and para-kiting," said Gary.

"Girls, art and not going to bad movies," said Scott.

"The secret of success is having a certain sound," said John.

He's not wrong. I'll stake my knowledge of the record business on a big surge of interest in the Walker Brothers with their next release. But as far as personal appearances are concerned, they have the same taste for wacky clowning as their old pal Jim Proby. And that's a trait that doesn't always endear an artist to the sober-minded gents sitting in the front office.

If the Walkers tone down their wildness a fraction they'll make the top in Europe a lot quicker.

"Goodbye, Alan," they said. "We're going to meet a girl. She's saving up to go to America."

"Yeah," said Gary. "She's putting away six shillings a week."

"It'll take her a hundred and seventy years," said Scott jokingly.

I threw them out, laughing. When I went back indoors the flat had lost a lot of its fun. But it was blissfully quiet.

Next month, pop pickers. Stay bright.

GENE PITNEY ANSWERS

20

QUESTIONS ABOUT GENE PITNEY!



■ **Isn't it time you were married?**

A lot of my friends tell me it is! But if I am lucky enough to meet the right girl in two or three years from now, that will be fine by me.

■ **What kind of a girl will the right one be?**

Honest: I have no idea. Except she must be attractive!

■ **What's the biggest lesson you have learned in your career?**

To make my own decisions. For instance, early on I let people talk me into doing an Elvis act—swivel hips 'n' all. It was dead wrong. My instincts were against it. I should have followed them.

■ **Once in your stage act you used to throw your tie to the audience. Now you don't. Why not?**

I ran out of ties!

■ **Will Dennis—your 15-year-old brother—go into showbiz?**

Too early to say. But I hope to bring him to Europe to see the scene here later this year—so watch out, girls!

■ **Do you like fans to throw things on stage?**

No. Unless it is Rice Krispies. Last British tour I did, I had them for breakfast every morning—free!

■ **Are British fans different from American?**

Yes. Throwing things is one difference! Also, before singing live to British fans, you need to spend a lot more time making contact with discs and promotional visits.

■ **What was the biggest surprise in your career?**

When "Twenty-Four Hours From Tulsa" gave me my first British hit. I thought Tulsa would mean nothing in Britain—and that the disc wouldn't mean much either.

■ **You once said American women are domineering. Do you reckon a woman should domineer?**

Heck, no! But neither am I for the old idea of the female doing exactly what the male says. I'm all for an equal partnership—for balance—and when I marry I hope it will be on that basis.

■ **When you marry, will your wife find you can put up a shelf?**

More than that, I hope. I once had a job with a woodwork-

ing firm and can make all kinds of furniture. I'll put up a shelf O.K.—but I'm not going to promise it will stay up!

■ **Have you just reorganised your fan clubs?**

Yes. My British one is now run by Kay Isbell at 7a Westbourne Terrace Road, London W.2. Secretary of the American one says just to call her "Rae." Address: P.O. Box 326, Rockville, Connecticut.

■ **What was the hardest decision to make in your career?**

Turning down the chance to star in a London stage version of "What Makes Sammy Run." (Reason: it would have been too long a let-up in promoting my discs.)

■ **Do you want to act?**

Very much. Preferably in films. But only if I don't have to play Gene Pitney, if you see what I mean.

■ **How do you relax on tour?**

On a fine morning, I stand at my hotel window watching all the girls go by. When you see a really pretty girl in wonderful-looking clothes—well, what better way to start a day?

■ **Do you worry about your weight?**

Over being so slim? I used to. But not any longer. I tell myself audiences look at this guy who looks as if he doesn't get enough to eat—and take pity!

■ **Do you record better at night?**

Reckon so. Also think musicians play better then. But I can still spend all the day *arguing* about how the numbers are going to be done!

■ **What is your deepest fear?**

That when I go on to sing "Mecca", I won't reach those top notes!

■ **Do you ever lose your temper?**

Only at a recording session. If anyone interrupts me then I am liable to EXPLODE!

■ **What are your hide-outs from showbiz?**

A hotel in Hawaii. A cottage in Miami.

■ **What do you consider to be your biggest goof?**

When I heard a group singing "Twist and Shout" on a disc and said they would get nowhere. Yes: it was the Beatles!

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making
the most
of a tanner

The sun's come and everybody wants to look luscious'n'golden. If you're a sun-worshipper then here's good advice on how to make the most of yourself this summer!

Maybe you're crazy about pale faces and white legs, the all-English look—but who can resist the chance to get a golden continental-style tan? Anyway, it's the thing to be seen in out in the sun! All the 'in' people are out surfing, boating, basking and collecting a fabulous tan en route!

Before you face the sun . . .

Whether you're staying at home or going abroad you can have a beautiful brown body if you take care and control your sun-bathing. Meanwhile, if you're self-conscious about your whiteness there's no need to rush out and burn up, give yourself a head start with some artificial tanning lotion. This will let you take small, safe doses of actual sunshine. Use Ambre Soire Home Tan (13s. 6d), Outdoor Girl's Tanfastic (3s. 9d.) or Damaskin's Quick-tan (7s. 6d) and there'll be no risk of you arriving on the sun scene looking pale and uninteresting.

The real McCoy and how to achieve it . . .

The way to sunbathe and the products you use depend largely on your skin type. If you have olive toned skin start with as much as twenty minutes at a time on your back and twenty minutes on your front for the first few times, increasing gradually. Products to protect from burning and help your tan along: Sombrero Sun Tan Spray (7s. 6d.), Ambre Solaire Oil (6s. 9d), Bronze Lustre Tanning Jelly by Revlon (12s. 6d.) or Elizabeth Arden's Suntan Lotion (15s. 6d.).

If your skin is average English fifteen minutes back and front for the first few days will be fine, increasing gradually. Recommended products: Helena Rubinstein's Beauty Sun Cream (7s. 6d.), Ambre Solaire Creme (6s. 3d.) or Sombrero Cream (3s. 3d.).

If you're a fair skinned blonde, your skin is probably dry and ten minutes back and front is enough for the first few times in the sun. Suggested products: Elizabeth

Arden's Suntan Cream (15s. 6d.), Ambre Solaire Creme (6s. 3d.) or Mousse (13s. 6d.), Bronze Lustre Tanning Lotion by Revlon (9s.) or Helena Rubinstein's Suntan Foam (10s.).

If you're a natural redhead, BEWARE! A true redhead often has a skin that goes red and stays red. Take the sun in tiny doses and use a very protective sun cream. I suggest: Revlon's Bronze Lustre Tanning Lotion for Sensitive skins (10s.), Ambre Solaire Lait Hydratant (9s. 6d.) or Elizabeth Arden's Suntan Cream (15s. 6d.).

Don't try to speed the tanning process with an overdose of sun—your skin will only get sore, and don't lie in the sun unprotected or soaked in olive oil—you'll bake or fry respectively. Apply the cream or lotion in a fairly fine film—too much cream will clog the pores and cause unsightly bumps and blotches.

TAN TIPS FROM THE STARS

FRANCOISE HARDY:
'Quickest way to a golden tan? Ambre Solaire and patience.'



DAVE CLARK:
'As much time with nothing between me and the sun—like driving with the roof down.'



MARIANNE FAITHFULL:
'Naturally. A swim, sea-water drying on my skin, then another dip.'

ROGER DALTRY of the Who:
'Until I get the chance of a holiday in Hawaii. A sun lamp.'

SPECIAL TIPS FOR SUN-SEEKERS . . .

Watch your nose and eyes . . .

Once your nose gets burnt it takes ages to get it back to normal so extra protection is needed here. For the first few days wear a little hat with a brim to keep nose shielded from fierce rays—this will also protect your hair from sun-bleaching.

A Quickie Cream pad (2s. 3d. per box) placed over the nose while lying in the sun keeps it from burning.

Before and after your make-up, an excellent idea is to pour a little Elizabeth Arden Velva Smooth (13s. 6d.) into a dish over a block of ice and pat it on with a dampened pad of cottonwool.

It's a shame to leave sun specs on while you're lying in the sun—they leave white rings around your eyes—but don't allow your eyes to strain and wrinkle. Soak two pads of cotton wool in Elizabeth Arden's Special Eye Lotion (5s. 6d.) and place them on to closed eye-lids while basking. Quickies are good for protecting eyes, too.

Just in case you do fall asleep in the sun and get burnt. Here are some treatments: (1) Keep out of the sun until the soreness has gone and meanwhile smooth on Elizabeth Arden's Eight Hour Cream (11s. 9d.); (2) Lie for ten minutes in luke-warm water in which has been dissolved a packet of bicarbonate of soda. It soothes the skin and reduces inflammation; (3) Apply plenty of calamine lotion during the next twenty-four hours to the affected parts.

TRILBY LANE

MIKE GRANT ON THE

STANARD BERT

THE NEW SLANT ON THE POP SCENE



■ When the Hollies finally decided that "I'm Alive" was to be their new record, they went straight to the recording studio, worked out the routine, rehearsed it and finally recorded it. After working on it all day, they thought, 'It's midnight. We can go home tonight and spend the whole of tomorrow home in Manchester!' They put their ties on, jackets on. Packed up their drums and guitars. They were just about to get into their car when their A & R man rushed out and said, "Hey, fellas. We forgot about the B side!"

■ Motorists on their way to Dagenham recently must have been highly amused and/or surprised by a young man driving an M.G. sports car. In the heavily jammed traffic, this young man (or Clive Lea of the Rockin' Berries as he is better known), turned round to the man in the next car, "Hello, my name's Norman!" complete with Norman Wisdom cap on. He then went on to do Peter Cook's 'E. L. Whistey', and

many others. It seemed that Clive was on his way to do a date at Dagenham and had all his props beside him in the car—and just couldn't resist trying out his act on the motorists!

■ Gary Leeds of the Walker Brothers bought up 50 copies of this month's issue featuring them in the Alan Freeman "Heart-to-Heart"!

■ Billy J. has asked Tommy Moeller, lead singer and composer for the Unit 4 Plus 2, to write him a song.

■ When you're well known, like Cathy McGowan, you get some very strange honours bestowed upon you.

Recently, one of the members of the Riot Squad, Brian Davis, bought a pet goose called Reginald. Only Reginald got lonely. So Brian bought him a mate. And it was while the Riot Squad were playing at R.S.G.L. that Brian asked Cathy if she minded the goose being named after her! I've heard Cathy's quite pleased about it!

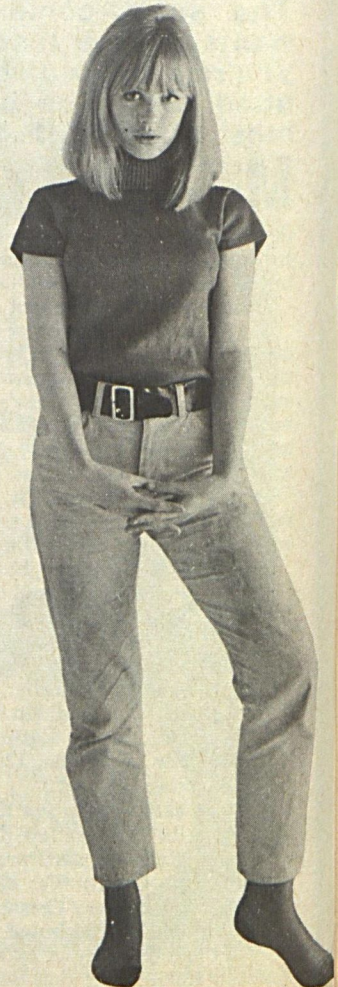
■ Jim Proby's number one fan: Wayne Fontana. He raves about Jim's talent, and even dresses Proby fashion: silver-buckled shoes and homespun shirts. He's a regular visitor to Jim's mews flat and they often duet at Jim's wild parties.

At the last shindig, which broke up at 6.30 on a Sunday morning, they were so knocked out with each other's singing, they were excitedly talking of making a record together.

■ Gary Leeds and Scott Engel of the Walker Brothers, now live in a flat in Chelsea that can only be described as weird. There is practically no lighting at all and Gary's bedroom is all purple! Purple carpets, purple velvet curtains, and a big four poster bed with a purple cover. And on the wall opposite the bed are 35 mirrors!

■ If you wonder why there are more natural-looking photos of French singer Francoise Hardy than most other stars, there's a simple explanation. The photographer who manages to get such beautiful, sensitive pix of this cute Parisienne is her boyfriend, who works for top French magazine, Paris-Match.

■ Despite Marianne Faithfull's protests that her pop career won't interfere with her marriage, she and her husband John Dunbar won't be honeymooning until August—she just can't take time off till then. Said Marianne, "I'm not quite sure where we will be going for our delayed honeymoon. It's a big toss up between Greece or Mexico." At present, John is just finishing his finals at Cambridge University, and the couple will probably continue to live at Marianne's Knightsbridge flat.



KEY BOOK

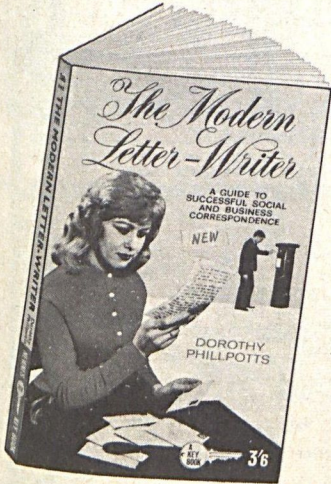
paperbacks . . .

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by Dorothy Phillpotts

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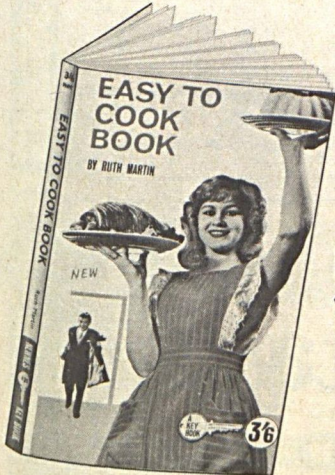
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by Ruth Martin

demonstrates how the wide range of ready-prepared foods now available in packaged, frozen, tinned, dehydrated, barbecued or re-cooked form can be used and adapted to create varied and exciting dishes with the minimum of trouble. Our grocery stores bulge with good things - this book shows how to turn them to the best possible account. Contents, Soups and Chowders - Hot Main Dishes - Cold Dishes and Salads - Quick Lunches - Supper Snacks - Puddings, Sweets, Ices and Desserts - Party Fare.



RELAX AND SLEEP WELL

by Allen Andrews

promises you sleep and peace of mind - right from the first page. The valuable advice in this book tells you how to obtain freedom from tension, nerves and worry by day and sleeplessness by night and thus how to achieve the true key to happiness - complete, relaxed and restorative sleep.

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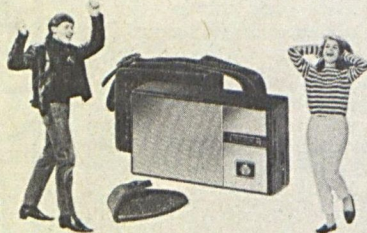
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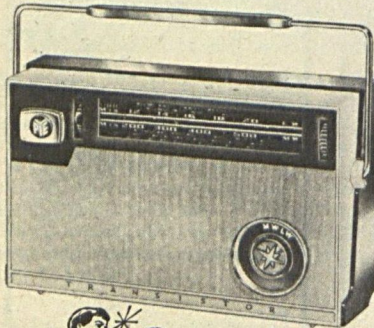
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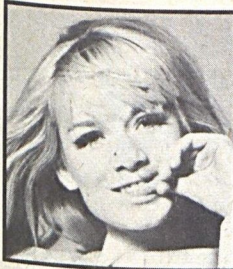
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today's raves FOR GIRLS

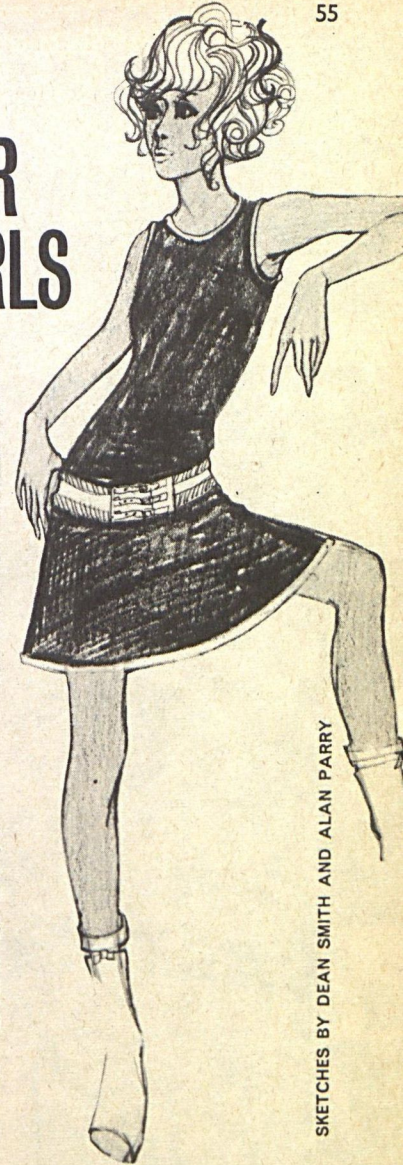


SURF TALK

■ It's all the rage. Know yours (and see pages 38-39). **BEACH BUNNY**—girl who goes to the beach just to watch. Usually a non-surfer or beginner. **GREMMIE** — young, poor-mannered surfer who is learning to ride the waves. **SURF'S UP** —the surfer's term for big surf. **WAX**—Paraffin used on top of the surfboard so that it will not be slippery. **GOOFY FOOT**— surfing with the right foot forward, instead of the left. **KICKING OUT**—most common way of ending a ride, by stepping to the tail of the board and pulling it out and over the top of the wave.



- For a pair of hooped earrings with a difference, make your own as sketched by buying four plastic bangles in two colours (e.g. black and white). Take one of each colour and attach to the largest ear clips.
- For a summer head scarf, buy a plain coloured one and cover with big artificial flowers in mixed colours.
- Wear flowers on your shoes, too. Looks marvellous on high-fronted suedes.
- New rave place to go at lunchtime: "The Plughole", 32 Tottenham Court Road, London. From Mondays to Saturdays. Admission, 1s. 6d. open from 12-3 each day. The snack bar takes luncheon vouchers, too!



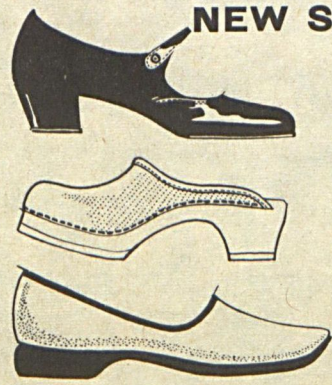
SKETCHES BY DEAN SMITH AND ALAN PARRY

FOR BOYS

■ *Second to Surfing in the U.S.A. is Skateboarding, or Sidewalk Surfin', see our photo, left. Craze started by surfers for practice or when the sea wasn't surfy. The board itself is two feet long and five inches wide, set on four wheels. They even have a National Skateboard Championship, so you can imagine how popular it is. Skateboards over here are at Selfridges, London, 37s. 6d.*

- Striped seersucker suits, with three button jackets and back vent. Made in beige/white, navy/blue or brown/grey stripes. 18 gns. from John Michael shops, London.
- New look for the reefer jacket—blue denim. Great with striped denim ties. Michael's Man Boutique, Broadway, Ealing, £6. 19s. 6d.; 9s. 11d. for the ties.
- New look in boys' trousers—the chef's variety in black and white check. Best with plain white shirt.
- Square sunglasses designed with girls in mind, look better on boys. Best colour frames, black.
- Eric Burdon's original idea for a car clock. Fasten a wrist-watch round a spoke of the steering wheel, so that just the face is visible.
- Latest look in jackets; single-breasted, cuffed, often with a bolero front. Best in lightweight tweed, and the cuffs are rounded with three buttons.

NEW SHOE RAVES



- The clog look: 1. Black "Granny" shoes, for suits and dresses, £2. 8s. 6d.
- 2. White clogs, for beach or round the house, 44s. From Anello & Davide (by post from 33 Oxford Street, London W.1.)
- 3. Suede clogs that are tops in looks and comfort, 59s. 11d. by Clarks.

- Give new life to a plain, sleeveless crepe dress (see sketch). Buy a canvas military buckled belt in bands of colour (e.g. green and blue). Bind neckline and armholes to match one of the belt's colours.
- For an up-to-date skinny top, wear your swim suit as a top underneath a skirt. It gives a smooth line, and the effect is great. Best if the suit is black wool.
- Here's how to have the curly-hair look without parting with long hair. Curl the whole length of your hair. Then, taking separate strands, clip them over your head at the required length in locks and curls.
- Trouble finding leather cut-out gloves? Then try your nearest sports shop for golfing gloves. They're even better.

BILLY J.'S LAST WORD ON THE BOAT RACE

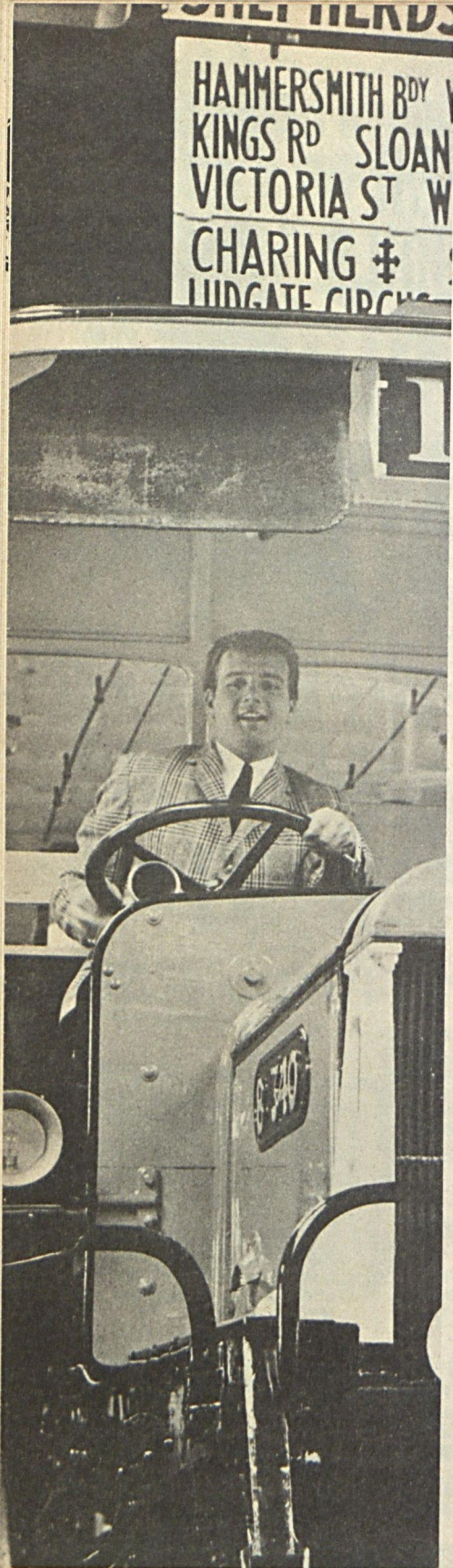
Okay, so I didn't quite manage to beat Burt Bacharach's version of 'Trains And Boats And Planes.' But who's complaining? I'm not—I got my version into the Top Ten—and that's something that's made me much happier than many other things in the past.

"Although when my version was first released I thought I had a chance of beating Burt, I knew he had the edge because his version was released a week earlier. That meant a week's more exposure and plugs for him. But it's interesting to think that Burt recorded and released this tune in America a couple of years ago and then it did nothing!

"'Trains And Boats' is a fabulous song and when I first went into the recording studio and heard it I knew it was the one for me.

"I only hope now my next disc is going to be as popular.

"It's good to be in the Charts again—it's good to be back."



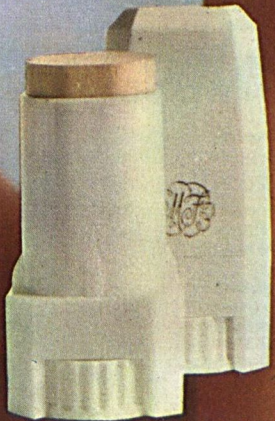
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Sunday
Monday
Tuesday
All day
Wednesday
Thursday
Everyday
Friday
Saturday
Sunday

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gives you the
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Tuesday

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is not a
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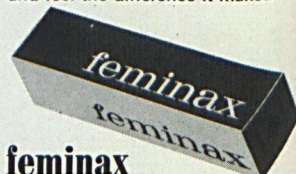
Misses M.L. & G.W. of Leeds write—

My friend and I wish to congratulate your firm on your wonderful discovery of Feminax. Since taking these tablets we have both had comfortable and trouble free periods . . . Before taking these tablets we were continually away from work due to the amount of pain, but as neither of us could afford to keep taking a couple of days off each month, we searched for a tablet which would help us but to no avail, until we found Feminax. Now we are completely relaxed each month.

*Yours very gratefully,
M. L. (Miss)
G. W. (Miss)*

(The original of this, and scores of other testimonials may be inspected at our offices.)

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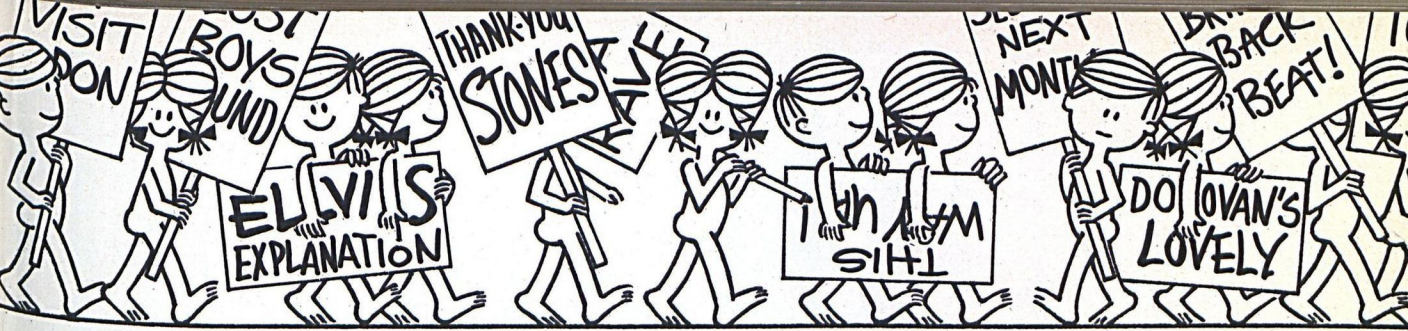


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I felt I just had to write and tell you what a great person Donovan is! I met him one day in Denmark Street and five days later, when I saw him again, he recognised me and asked me to have a coffee and something to eat with him, his road manager and his friend, Gypsy Dave. They are the nicest people you could wish to meet and Donovan is completely unaffected by his sudden jump to fame. If more stars were like him, the pop world would be a far nicer place.—Deborah Mallett, Edgware, Middlesex.

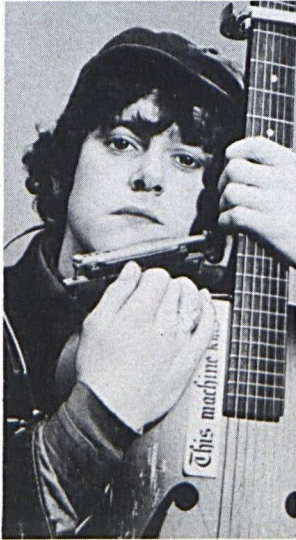
Apologies to all readers who wrote off to the Donovan F.C. address we printed in the May issue. The Official Donovan Fan Club is NOT in fact run by Miss Sylvia Roberts of Chadwell Heath, Essex.

BOYS-LOST AND FOUND

Every month I read your magazine and twice I have noticed letters from girls looking for boys they've lost in one way or another. I hope now you can help me!

Last August I met a tall, fair-haired, green-eyed boy in Italy. He was staying at the Hotel Aquilea, Lido de Jesolo. His name was Graham and he lived in the suburbs of London.

Unfortunately I lost his surname and address on my return to England, and have been unsuccessful in tracing him. Please print my letter. Brenda Hey, 83 The Green, Ossett, Yorkshire.



Donovan—'nice person'

The OFFICIAL address is: The Donovan Club, Pantown House, 25 Haymarket, London, S.W.1.

Even though we rate Donovan and Dylan, and are tuned into the folk scene, we can't help wishing we were back in the group days of beat, blues and twist, when Merseyside topped the pops, and put our wardrobes in first

gear. Styles such as Dave Clark's trend-setting tab, or the Merseybeats' Byronic looks, both difficult gear to equal.

Putting all nostalgia aside could you clue us in RAVE with more info on the new boys' styles, as we want to keep up with the trends and knock the chicks silly.—Two ravers, Daryl and Mel, Eltham, S.E.9.

I want to give my sincerest appreciation to the Stones for helping me find, in my opinion, the most wonderful pen friend a person could ever have! When the Stones were in Brisbane, I wrote a letter to Mick. He asked a girl whom he met, named Mary Connellan, to answer his fan mail. When I received her letter I wrote back to thank her, and from there we have become the greatest of friends. Thanks again Stones! Lynette Tulloch, Everton Park, Brisbane, Australia.

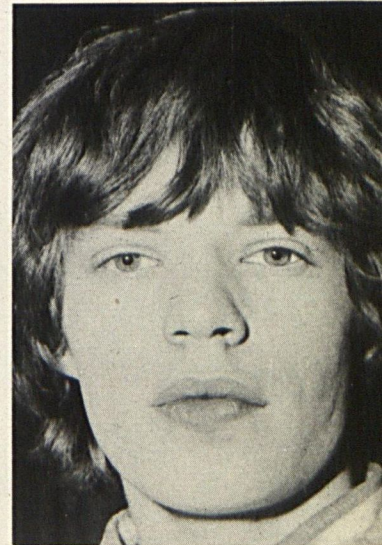
I recently saw the fabulous Bob Dylan show. He was fabulous! I've seen many American artists, but Bob is well in the lead. Before seeing the show, I read Eric Burdon's article in RAVE on Dylan, and just by seeing and hearing him, I could tell that everything

Eric said was true. Bob was very well dressed, and had a great sense of humour, really making the audience happy. In return, I think we made him happy with the applause we gave him which he greatly deserved. I only hope next time he stays a lot longer.—Margaret Williams, Ilkeston, Derbyshire.

Just in case you didn't already know it, England is the best, most SHARPEEDOO country in the world! Americans only care about money, social statuses, and conformity. Yankee pop stars are lousy. They can't even sing without an echo. (Two exceptions being Gene Pitney and the Quirks, a new group), I want to be a singer myself someday, but I'm coming to Britain to start. Be waiting for me!—Fay Weale, Albion, New York, U.S.A.

Last summer I spent a month in England, and

page 62 ●●●



Mick—'forever grateful'

Please try and help us! Nottingham will be a town of spinsters if you don't! We have five girls to one boy, and the boys we do have are either busy with other interests or spend weekends in other towns.

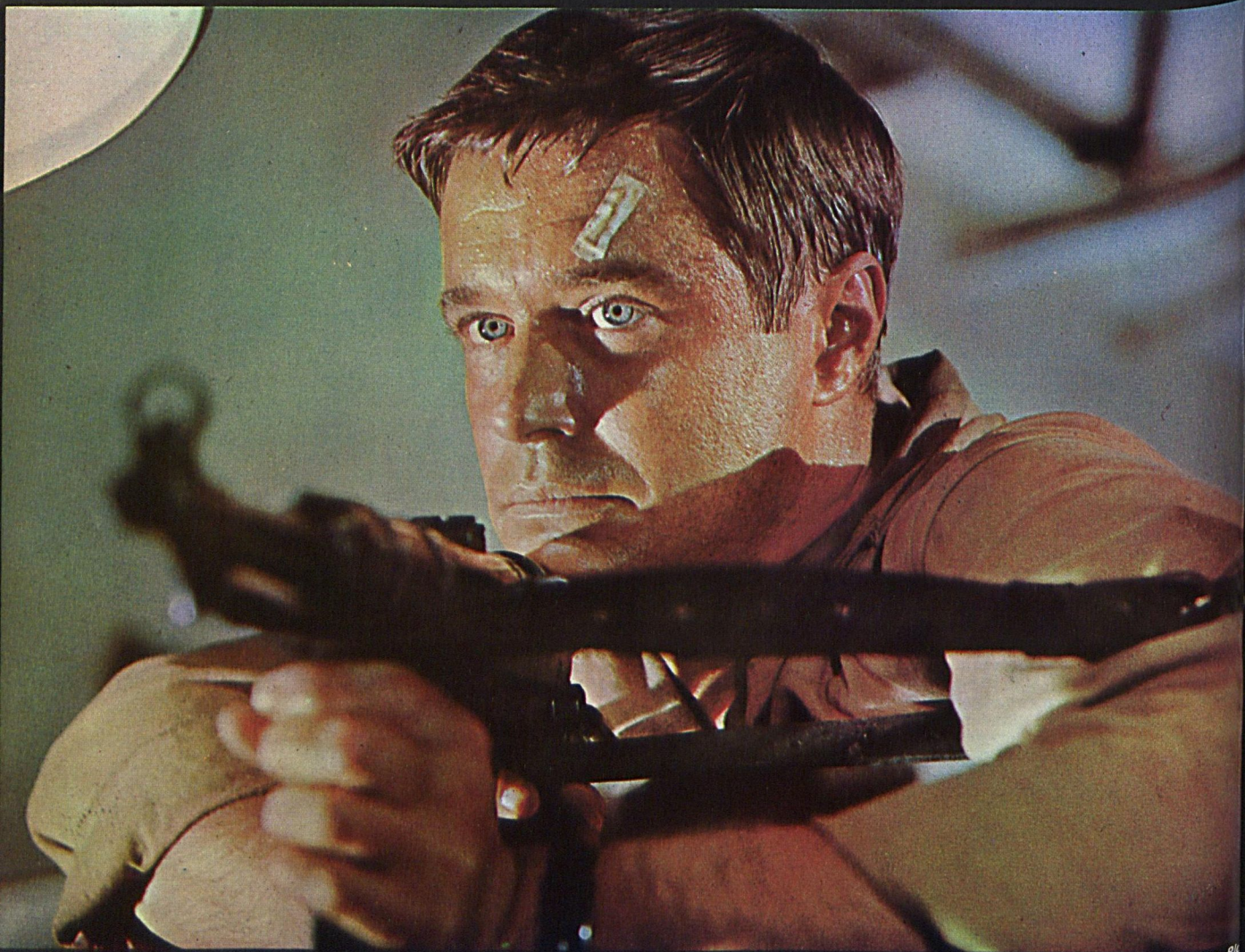
We have a great club called "The Dungeon", but it usually looks like the Y.W.C.A. meeting. We need BOYS!

Jenna & Anna, Stamford St., Nottingham.

Wanted: One Boy!

Name: Mick Lye. Place of Residence: Derbyshire. Conviction: Stealing One Heart. Place of Crime: M.S. Dunera. Time of Crime: August-September, 1964. Punishment: Correspondence With One Girl. Wanted By: Eva Angell, 75 Clarkston Road, Cathcart, Glasgow, S.4.

THE OTHER KIND



HELP! LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENED TO OUR ROMANTIC RAVEABLES—THEY'VE ALL TURNED TOUGH, moody, VIOLENT!

Oh dear, the last time we featured suave Sean Connery, gorgeous George Peppard, handsome Terry Stamp and wonderful Steve McQueen they were all beautiful looking and dead romantic.

But look at them now! What a surprise—they've gone all moody and violent—and it's all in aid of the film industry!

Tough-looking George Peppard's new role is in "Operation Crossbow"—a war film. And in it he plays the part of a secret agent sent behind enemy lines. From what I've already seen of the film it looks great, and it will be out in August—not too long to wait.

Steve McQueen's new film is "The Cincinnati Kid" (out in Autumn), and Steve plays the part of a mean gambler who wants to become king of the gambling tables. In the end Steve loses out for he doesn't—but it's all right—there is a happy ending!

Sean Connery is fantastically different in his new film—"The Hill". Gone is the suave James Bond touch—instead we see him tired and dishevelled with cropped hair and moustache.

Sean plays a British soldier held prisoner by the British in a stockade in North Africa. The prisoners are made to build a steep hill of stones, and then, as a punishment, made to run up and down it under the hot noon sun. As you can imagine, Sean doesn't go for this much and makes himself pretty unpopular with everyone (except me!). This one's out in July.

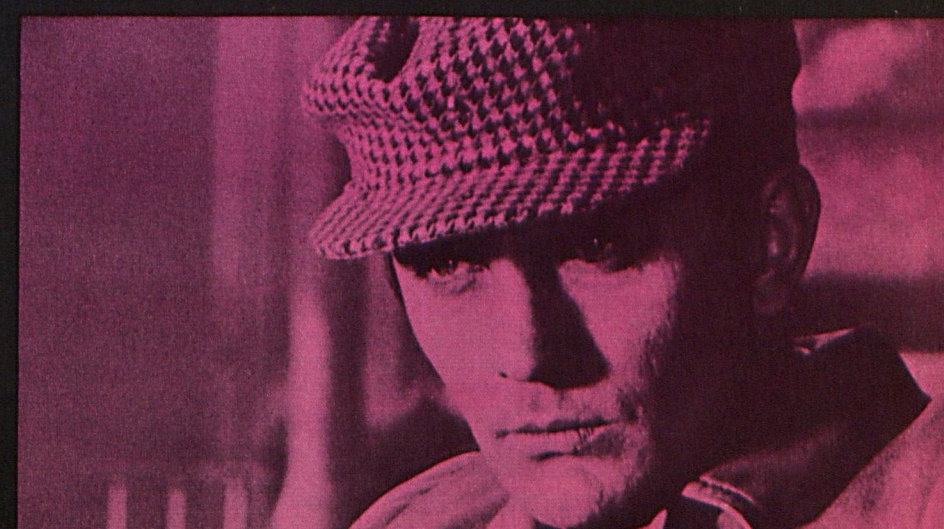
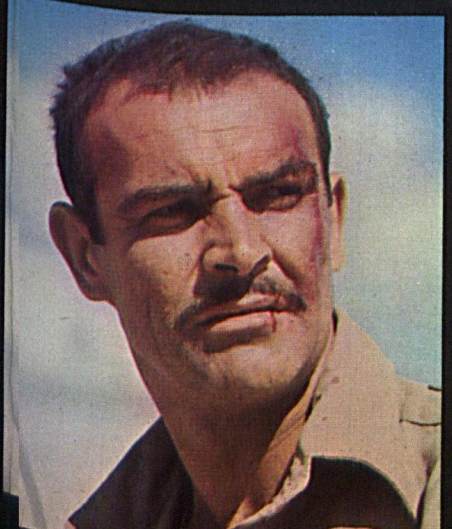
Terry Stamp stars in "The Collector", and he plays a bank clerk who suddenly wins pots of money on the football pools and decides to keep his dream girl (Samantha Eggar) prisoner in the cellar of his fabulous new house. It's a bit weird and spooky, this one, as you can see for yourself when it comes out around late Autumn.

LEFT: George Peppard, who stars as a spy sent behind enemy lines in "Operation Crossbow".
ABOVE: Hearts are trumps when Steve McQueen stars in "The Cincinnati Kid".
BELOW LEFT: Recognise that face? No? Look again—it's Sean Connery in "The Hill".
BELOW RIGHT: Terry Stamp. This is him as he appears in "The Collector".

M.G.M. Picture

M.G.M. PH

OF MOODIES

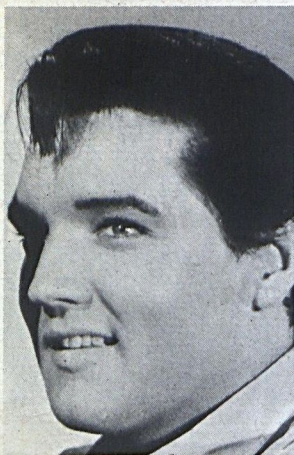


page 59 there I learnt about RAVE. I began to buy it then, and still do, here in Sweden. RAVE prints the news that happens in the pop world weeks before the Swedish magazines. It's the best there is!—P.S. *Anyone want a Swedish pen pal?*—**Chris Andersson, Box 81, Ed, Sweden**

In the May issue you put in my request for a pen pal.

In it I said that I hated Elvis. Now I've got loads and loads of letters from angry Elvis fans requiring an explanation for my shocking opinion. It would cost too much money for me to answer them all, so I hope you will print this for me.

Dear Elvis fans, Thanks for your letters. You see, I think it's fun hearing what other people think of Elvis. As a matter of fact I rather liked him too in his early days as a singer. In some songs that is. I know what you're all thinking now. "Well, but why hate him? You don't know him personally!" And I don't. But neither do you, and just the same, so many of you say you love him! I guess it all comes to this: as we ordinary



Elvis—an explanation

people cannot possibly know what our idols or anti-idols are really like, we simply have to form our own opinions. That's what I've done and I've found the Stones, Beatles, Pretty Things, Sandie Shaw the best.

I hope you'll be satisfied and not go on thinking that I'm the kind of person who just lets her mouth clatter away without having any thought what she says.—**Margarta Mellberg, Stockholm NO, Sweden.**

...and we're telling you!

I am making a scrap book on Elizabeth Taylor called "The Five Lives Of Liz", which I intend to send to her. Please could you let me have an address where I can contact her.—**I. van Gessel, 16 Turkse Tuin, Rotterdam, Holland.**

The contact address for Elizabeth Taylor is M.G.M., 58 St. James Street, London, S.W.1.

Could you tell me if Graham Nash of the Hollies has any pet animals, if so, what kind.—**Suzanne Dove, Greyfriars Road, Wythenshawe.**

Graham's pets are two Afghan Hounds.

Please could you tell me if Herman's "Mrs. Brown, You've Got A Lovely Daughter" has been released in Britain.—**Maureen Cleall, Crock Lane, Bridport, Dorset.**

This song has been released in this country, but on an E.P., "Mrs. Brown" being the title track.

Please could you tell me who wrote the Beach Boys' song, "Help Me Rhonda"?—**Ulf Andersson, Box 115, Vaggeryd, Sweden.**

The song was written by former Beach Boys' leader, Brian Wilson. Brian has now left the group to do more on the recording and producing side of the business.

Please could you give me the line-up and facts about the Graham Bond Organisation? — **Liz Holliday, Watford, Herts.**

The line-up is Graham Bond, who usually plays organ or tenor sax; Ginger Baker, drums; Jack Bruce on bass guitar, and Dick Heckstall-Smith on tenor sax. All four of them were originally with Alexis Korner's group and broke away in '63 to form the Organisation. The group played their first tour with Chuck Berry early this year.

Which has been the Beatles' biggest selling hit and how many copies has it sold all together? — **G. L. D. Chevalier, Putney, London, S.W.**

"She Loves You" is the biggest. Sales are over 1½ million in Britain alone.

Elvis Presley is still the King of Rock & Roll. The only trouble is Rock & Roll is out now! Elvis is a King without a Kingdom. The reigning Kings now are:—The Beatles—Kings of Pop Music. The Rolling Stones—Kings of R & B. The Righteous Brothers—Kings of Soul.

There are more music fans now than ever before, and there are enough to go around for the above, not to mention the Surfing Sound, Jazz, Folk, Country and Western, Detroit Sound, and anything else they care to discover.—Susan Dym, 59 SO. 10th Street, Brooklyn, 11211, U.S.A.

Why do fashions keep going back to the thirties and forties look? Why can't so-called fashion designers think up something new instead of continually making us look like someone else?—**Louise Elgin, Ash Farm, Kent.**

Dear RAVE, can anyone tell me where I've missed out?

My sister has met Hank Marvin and Jet Harris, been introduced to Acker Bilk, and seen Jess Conrad and Frankie Vaughan where she works. A friend of a friend has met John and Paul of the Beatles on holiday, been bowling with Adam Faith and Sandie Shaw, and has known the Stones since before they were famous. My cousin has worked with Dave Berry and the Cruisers. A neighbour has met Tom Jones, while a friend of mine has met Allan Clarke and Graham Nash of the Hollies, has had coffee with the Kinks and has been to the Stones' flat. But me, I've met no-one! **J. Clarke, Shipley, Yorks.**

It's a well known fact in the pop world that if you're married, you're doomed before you start.

But in the past few months, I think this myth has been shattered. For instance, Tom Jones, Manfred, Petula, John Lennon, Ringo, Charlie Watts, Bill Wyman—and Gerry and Viv Prince are getting married. Is this a sign that the fans are becoming more sensible in their outlooks? If this trend continues, maybe in a few years time the tables will be turned, and those singers who AREN'T married will find it tough making the charts!—**Miss L. Dallas, Park Circus, Ayr.**

PEN-PALS

Robert Causon, Jr., 7 Bleasdale Avenue, Poulton le Fylde, Nr. Blackpool, Lancs. Age 16: Likes Stones, Beatles and girls! Would like pen-pal from France or America.

Isabel Young, 30 North Row, Kells, Whitehaven, Cumberland. Age 16: Mad about Beatles, Stones and James Bond films. Wants pen-pal from Germany or U.S.A., aged 16-18.

Inger Faerovig, Blektjernveien, 4, Drammern, Norway. Age 18: Wants a London guy for a pen-pal. Must be like the Stones (long-haired) and possibly Mod. Likes all groups, especially Kinks and Stones.

Ingrid Juul, Sorovej 3, Slagelse, Denmark. Age 17: Wants pen-pal from anywhere. Likes Beatles, Stones, swimming, dancing and honest friends. Loves travelling.

Donna Dellutri, 191 Willow Road, Elmhurst, Illinois, U.S.A. Age 16: Wants girl pen-pal from Liverpool. Loves all British groups.

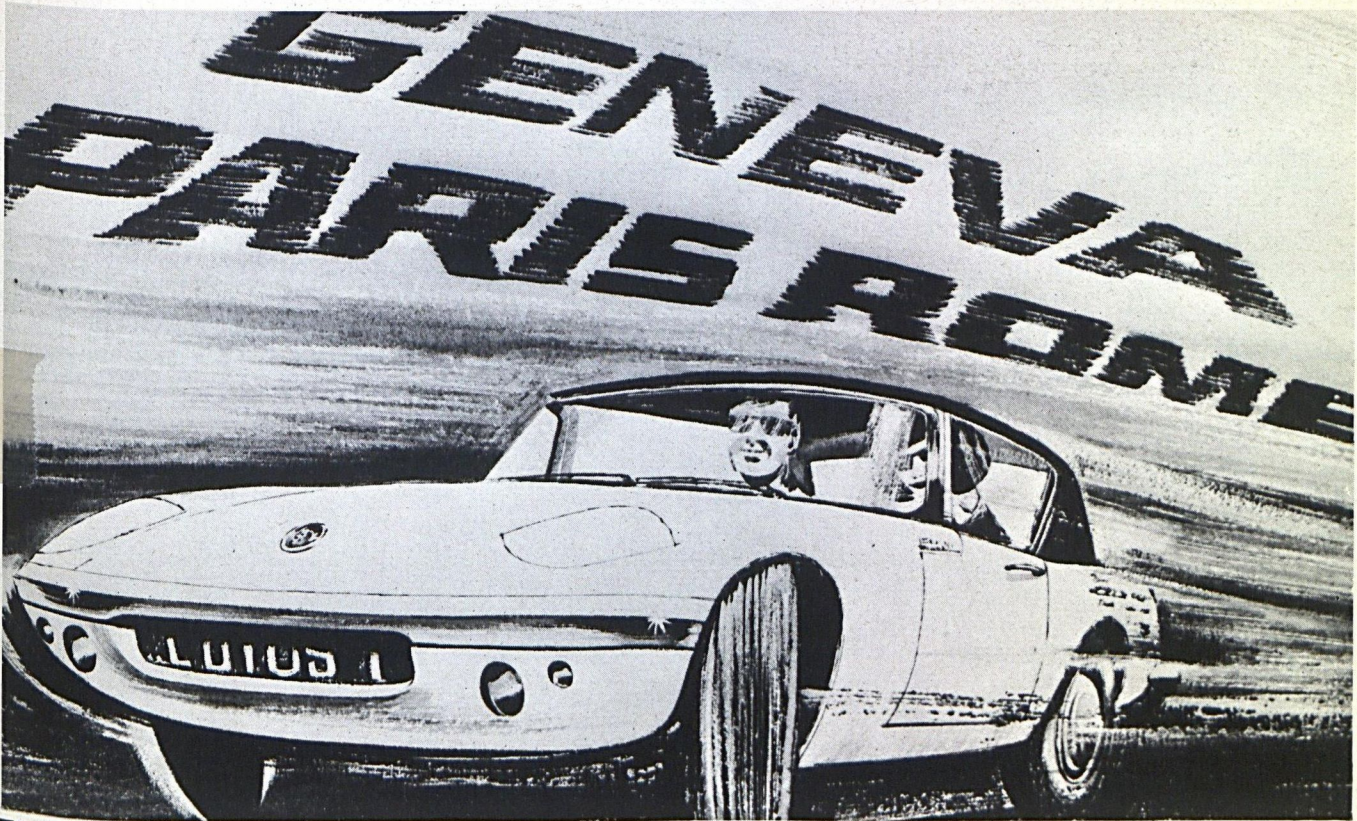
Maxine Brackfield, 1732 East 4 Street, Brooklyn, 23, New York, U.S.A. Age 15: Adores Beatles and Adam Faith. Likes original styles in clothes. Wants pen-pal who digs the same.

Marianne Brodbak, G1. Kalkbranderivej 16, Copenhagen, Denmark. Age 18: Mad about Beatles, Gerry, Searchers. Likes swimming, handball. Wants boy or girl from Liverpool, who will write some "Liddypool" language to her.

Lisbeth Westerlund, Kunsbackevagen 11, Skarblacka, Sweden. Age 16: Likes Stones, Herman, Long John Baldry and Beatles. All letters answered.

Marcy Manley, 10 Constance Lane, Northbrook, Illinois 60062, U.S.A. Age 16: Loves British pop scene. Met the Stones, DC5, Billy J., Gerry. Wants British teenage pen-pal.





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Then write up to fifteen words saying why YOU prefer Jet Jeans, and post your entry form to reach us no later than October 31st. Have a go and good luck from Jet.

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