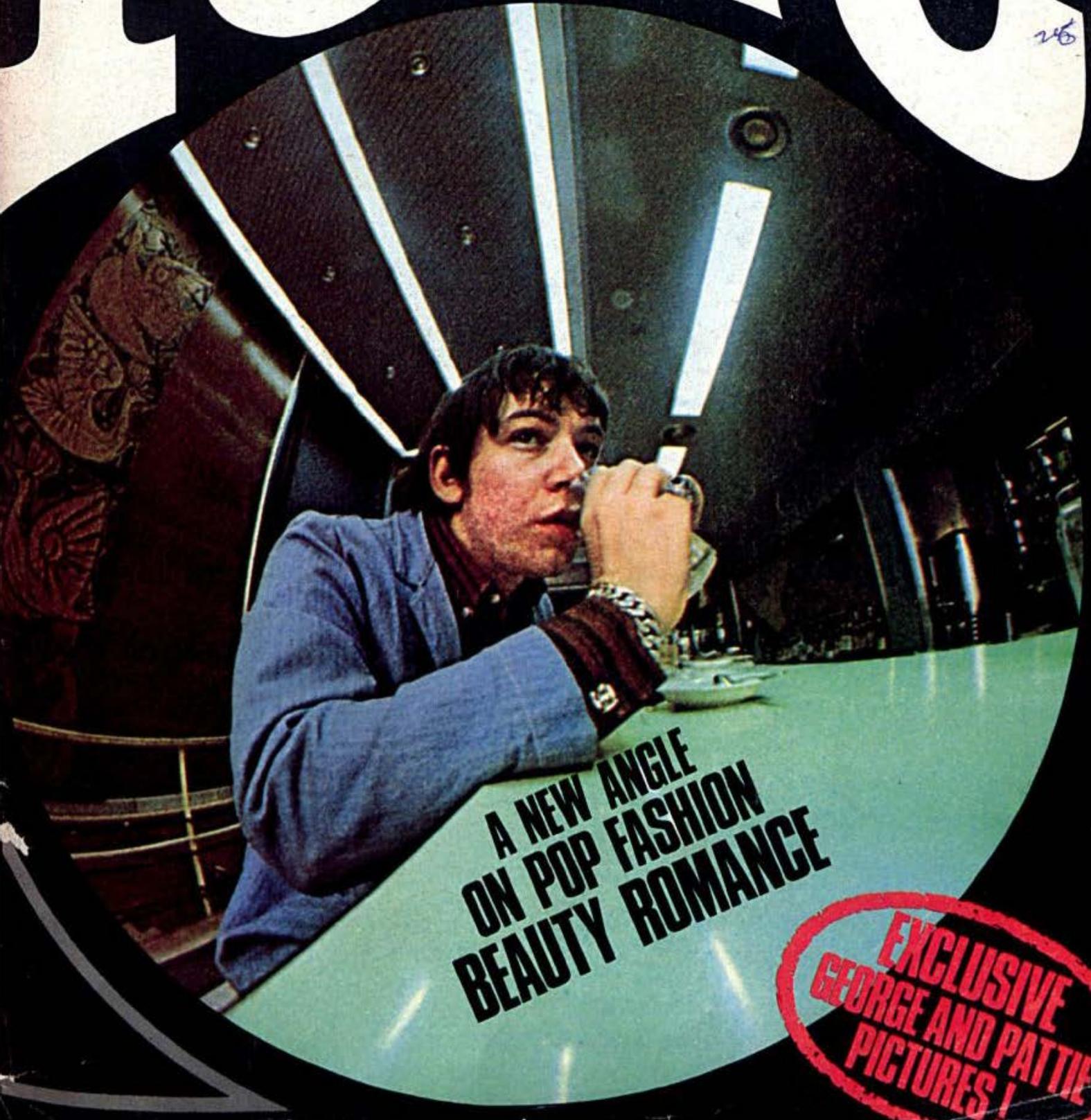


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**A NEW ANGLE
ON POP FASHION
BEAUTY ROMANCE**

**EXCLUSIVE
GEORGE AND PATTIE
PICTURES!**

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



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

Get a new angle



on Scott Engel. P. 30.



THE MAGAZINE
WHERE IT'S ALL
HAPPENING!

rave

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TEMPLE BAR 4363

FROM THE EDITORIAL OFFICE

Hi Fans,

You know, working on RAVE you hear lots of interesting stories. One we heard recently was about a little three-year-old boy who went into a newsagent's clutching half-a-crown and nervously asked for "a grave for my oister." No one could understand it until, finally, the newsagent found out that what he really wanted was a RAVE for his sister!

That was one big surprise one RAVE fan almost had, and this month we've a surprise for you all! For this month's RAVE is packed with surprises as we bring you a new angle on everything from pop to fashion to beauty. It really is some kind of wonderful.

Watch out for us, too, next month. We hit the bookstalls 24th March. Oh, if you send your kid brother out to buy you your copy, do make sure he really knows what he's getting! Stay loving, fans! The Editor.

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ON OUR COVER: ERIC BURDON (ANIMALS)

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KEITH



WHO MOON



ROGER



NHOP



Roger: Gets pulled down by the fans.
Pete: Takes drugs and thinks it's harmless.



WHO KNOWS

Who really knows what the Who are like?

RAVE'S Dawn James does. She met them for this very special RAVE interview.

Pete Townshend sat reading last month's RAVE. The cover photo of Roger looks like a copy of "Mad"; he offered. The flat Pete was sitting in looked quite wrong for him; the thick curl of the wrought iron stairway, the warm pile of the carpets, the dainty gold flowers on the cream doors, they just didn't seem the Who image.

"Hallo, Pete," I said, as I walked in, of course he didn't answer. At least that part of the image was right!

"Pete is the only one here just now," piped up co-owner of the flat, co-Who manager, Chris Stamp. "The others won't be long."

"They won't turn up at all," offered Pete. "You know what idiots they are."

Chris Stamp tried to ignore him. "Of course they will," he assured me. "They've got to meet here before they leave for the show tonight."

Pete grunted, "Oh the show. What a drag."

Before my meeting with the Who, I thought I knew them. They are misunderstood, I decided, people aren't fair to them. After my meeting I realised they are understood well, and people really are quite patient.

The others arrived and we progressed from the flat to the coffee bar down the road. It was rather stuffy in there, and bleakly furnished, but we settled down happily.

The Who have no understanding or tolerance for people who live where their families are, and where there are suitable jobs available. They don't wish like their own people to work, unless

it is the artistic kind, is looked down upon.

What would they advise people to do, if they couldn't find artistic work?

"Do nothing," Roger said, "Just loaf about."

"Yes, you should roam about, looking . . ." added Pete. "You must get your kicks where you find them. Everyone needs kicks. We get some of ours through our work. I get a lot from song writing. But if you aren't that way inclined you have to hunt."

The Who believe in living for kicks. Recently Pete Townshend was on TV's 'Whole Scene Going', and he said that he takes drugs and is in favour of them.

He looked across the table with pale face and shaking hands, and said defiantly, "Drugs don't harm you. I know. I take them. I'm not saying I use opium or heroin, but hashish is harmless and everyone takes it."

He is wrong, of course, everyone doesn't. I don't. Cliff Richard doesn't. Twinkle my sister doesn't. Lulu doesn't. Paul Jones doesn't. Dozens of people involved in pop lead normal lives. But to the world of the Who drugs are a normal thing.

"Drink is far more harmful to the body," Pete went on. "Spirits give you ulcers. My Dad's got one through whiskey."

Of the four Pete talks the most. He reasonably explains this by saying, "The others just sit staring blankly, and if I don't talk there are so many awkward silences. I don't



Pete: Goes on talking. Keith: Positive views.



know what to do, so I go on, and on . . ."

The rumour that The Who hate each other is wrong.

They are often rude to each other yet they agree on many more subjects than they disagree on. None are interested in politics. "We don't care what becomes of the country," they say. They neither believe in God, nor any form of religion.

"Having to conform and go to church and be baptised is all wrong." —that was Pete the talker.

"I shall not have my children baptised and I don't care if they are banned from certain schools and that, I don't agree with doing things because everyone else does."

Before John became a Who he worked in a government tax office. What made him take that every un-Who-like type of job?

"Well," he said, "my Mum worked there and when I went to the youth employment officer and said, 'What can I get easy, without too much work?' He said, 'the tax office where your Mum is.' So I took it."

The Who don't have a great deal of enthusiasm about work. They enjoy being a successful group because of the money they earn, but many of their attitudes are destructive ones.

They enjoy battering their instruments to pieces while onstage.

"It's great," Keith said. "You swipe out at the drums and hear them rip and the kick is fantastic."

"When I bash my guitar to pieces I feel like I'm light and floating," said Pete.

What do their fans think of such behaviour?

"They love it," said Pete, "they roar for more. They try to pull us into the audience. Roger gets pulled down."

"Yes, but once they've got him there, they don't know what to do, and they stare and walk away," added Keith.

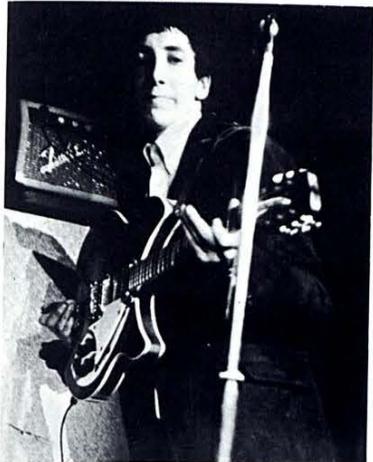
There has been a lot of talk lately of the Who disliking their fans. Pete and Keith were very positive in their views on this.

"I have been unfairly misquoted," Pete said. "I once said that I didn't like the fans who screamed at everyone. Those who ask for autographs and then turn away, only thinking of the possession they've gained."

"There are some fans who get through to me as a person. They write letters and I



John: Has worked in a government office. Pete: Has been misquoted.



realise that they are perceptive enough to really know something about me. I keep those letters."

"I like the fans who like me," Keith said. "So I don't like many!" He laughed. I asked him if he ever dated fans.

"No, never ever," he said without hesitation.

The Who are aware of looks. They would never date a girl who didn't look good.

"We wouldn't be seen dead with an ugly looking bird," they all agreed.

There was a silence.

"Can I have a bill," said Pete, getting up from the table. "Just for me, not theirs or hers."

He's very independent is Pete.

The Who didn't say goodbye as they left, but then, they didn't say hello when they arrived either. They sauntered away towards a date, where hundreds of fans waited to see them batter their instruments, and shout their views . . . four youthful figures, followed by many, but representative of very few.

Breakaway GIRLS LIKE THEIR SALMON—WITH CHIPS. THEY LOVE THE OPERA—AND RACING PITS. **Breakaway** GIRLS DEFY EVERY TAG, **Breakaway** GIRLS BEAT THE MEN TO THE FLAG



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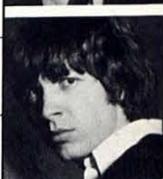
THE TRUTH GAME

How honest are pop people? To find out RAVE'S Mike Grant asked some of the most outrageous and daring questions ever. And what happened? He got back some pretty daring and outrageous replies! Flip over for the questions and the answers.



QUESTIONS	Dave Rowberry <i>(Animals)</i>	Herman	Bob Lang <i>(Mindbenders)</i>
If there was a war would you enlist?	No, I'm a coward.	Would there be time?	It would all be over in seconds so what's the point. I would join up—only I'm a coward.
Do you consider yourself free of any racial prejudice?	Yes, but I'm not. Everyone is prejudiced about someone or something.	Everyone is prejudiced about something—I get embarrassed by people who are.	Yes.
Do you take drugs?	No.	That is an insult to my intelligence.	No, I like living.
When was the last time you were inside a church?	When I was a head choirboy in a Nottingham Church.	A week ago when "Top Of the Pops" was transmitted from one.	Last Sunday in Manchester with Eric.
Have you ever used session men on your discs?	Yeah, on our new LP we have an augmented clapper.	Yes, because I can't play bongos, Mongolian flutes or maraccas.	No—except for a bass voice on one of Wayne's discs.
Would you buy your own discs?	I bought "Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood" before I joined the group.	If I were not in Herman's Hermits yes.	I'd buy "Groovy".
Do you buy pin-up magazines?	No, I pinch them off Eric.	I'd sooner buy pics of naked women than men, so I buy 'Playboy'.	Sometimes I buy 'Playboy'.
Have you ever been completely drunk?	(Hysterical laughter).	Yes, at a party twice on the same night.	No.
Have you ever considered yourself in love?	Yes.	Yes, at school with my teacher, Miss Robinson, and several times since.	Yes.
Do you subscribe regularly to any charities?	Yes—Watneys.	Yes, but only when asked.	Yes, the Bob Lang Benevolent Fund and if someone shakes a box in front of me.
If you had a sister would you like her to be in the pop business?	No, because she can't sing a note and you have to be musical.	Yes, my younger sister because I could help her.	No, because I know what the rest of the fellas are like.
Do these questions embarrass you?	No, I enjoyed them.	No, they are more embarrassing for you.	No.

QUESTIONS	Scott Engel	Chris Dreja <i>(Yardbirds)</i>	Chris Andrews
If there was a war would you enlist?	I won't get much option if the American government has its way. I'm eligible to be drafted but I'm classified as 10 Y because of a bad back.	That's a bit sick having just come back from Vietnam country. I'm a pacifist and I believe that takes more courage than fighting.	It depends what we were fighting for. After a few drinks I'd probably join up.
Do you consider yourself free of any racial prejudice?	No—certain races represent different ways of life—ways I don't like. I'm not fanatical about it, I'm just as prejudiced about some white people.	Sure as long as they sit down one end of the plane! Seriously, discrimination on the grounds of colour, race or religion angers me.	No.
Do you take drugs?	No, but I'd like to say yes, just to see what people said.	No, I can't imagine anyone in their right mind saying yes.	No, but I've seen a lot of drug taking. I've been in this business a long while and I don't want to judge others.
When was the last time you were inside a church?	About a year ago last Christmas. I was going out with a very religious girl and I wanted to impress her. Sorry, Lord.	About a year ago—I went to see what the inside of one looked like.	I have my own conception of what religion means. Church means Sunday to me and Sunday is a day of rest. I'm not up in time for Church.
Have you ever used session men on your discs?	Always—did you ever see a teenage violin player who could play better than a session man. We need orchestral backing.	Yes, we used one on harpsichord on "For Your Love".	No, but I usually have to stand in for session men on Sandie's discs when they are late turning up. I've played on a number of her discs.
Would you buy your own discs?	Yes, because I never record anything I do not like—on singles at least.	I would have bought "Still I'm Sad" and "I'm A Man" but not "Heart Full of Soul" or "Evil-Hearted You".	I think so—I'm writing material I like.
Do you buy pin-up magazines?	Yes, why not? I like to look at good-looking females.	I sometimes buy 'Playboy' because it contains some great articles.	Only when I'm fruity.
Have you ever been completely drunk?	Yes, the greatest part of my twenty-first year.	You're joking. I get paralytic about four times a year.	Everyday. I've never been so drunk that I fall over, but I swing along the street from lampposts on occasions.
Have you ever considered yourself in love?	Yes, when I was about nineteen with an American girl.	Yes, that's why I'm married.	Yes, when I was fourteen and seventeen and my wife knows I'm joking.
Do you subscribe regularly to any charities?	Never asked but I occasionally donate towards things like cancer research.	Only if I see a box or appeal in a bank or post office. Oxfam is a deserving cause.	Yes, the Chris Andrews Fund, Starcast and Freddy Poser.
If you had a sister would you like her to be in the pop business?	No, because this business is a tremendous forest. It warps people's opinion of things.	If she were level-headed.	Yes, if she were handled properly.
Do these questions embarrass you?	No, should they?	No.	They're not serious, are they?



THIS IS WHERE IT'S AT!

 I make no excuses for the following story except to say that it is so ridiculous, so fantastic, so extraordinary that the mind boggles and not even I could have made it up. It concerns, of course, that head-boggler—Eric Burdon.

While recording their new hit, "Inside Looking Out" Eric complained that the playback over the earphones was not coming through sharply enough. It was then discovered that he was suffering from a mild form of deafness and anxious managers rushed him to a Harley Street specialist.

The specialist syringed one ear—no result, but on examining the left ear discovered a blockage in the ear passage and with a special long pair of tweezers he extracted—a rolled up strip of the New York Times!

"It had been there for about three months since our last American tour," grinned Eric. "I stuck some rolled up pieces of paper in my ears as plug to block out the noise of fans clamouring outside the hotel while I was sleeping. I just forgot about it."

May the great Spirit who looks after us showbusiness gossip writers never remove Eric Burdon from the scene—he makes such wonderful copy.

 Crispian St. Peters' best friend must undoubtedly be Crispian St. Peters if we are to believe his recent publicity which indicates that Elvis, the Beatles and everyone else are not quite up to Crispian St. Peters' standard.

CBS artiste Guy Darrell who recently recorded a Paul Simon number remembers Pete Smith his lead

guitarist who came to him with a home-made guitar.

"Strange guy," says Darrell. "Never mixed much with the other guys. Kept himself to himself."

That was Crispian St. Peters that was—the times they have a changed!

P.S. "You Were On My Mind" was awarded a silver disc.

Crispian: Beatles not up to his standard.



NANCY GIRL

Having all recovered from Frank Sinatra week to find Nancy Sinatra storming the charts I thought you might enjoy this rather human story about Dad.

When Frank Sinatra recorded his album "Great Songs For Great Britain" at the CBS studios in London, great pains were taken to see that every convenience was afforded the artiste during the session.

Unfortunately the most essential convenience was nearly a block away in another building. What should happen if the great vocalist wished to spend a penny? A number of suggestions were made—the most noteworthy of which was that of a mobile one. At the end of the three-day recording session arranger Alan Freeman joyfully showed Sinatra the blue print which had been drawn up for his transportable toilet and "The Voice" fell about. He thought it quite the funniest thing he had ever seen.

 Having made the charts with the Jagger - Richard's composition "Think" Chris Farlowe has been very happy lately. Only sour note was struck when his white Saab sports car was stolen.

"Not content with stealing the car they smashed the windscreen and the mirrors," Chris told me. "Then they poured a whole tin of cream paint over the car which I had in the

back for decorating purposes."
 Look out for the new Farlowe album (released March 4) which includes his versions of Dusty's "I Just Don't Know What To Do With Myself," Streisand's "My Colouring Book" and Joan Baez's "It's All Over Now Baby Blue."

DISCOVERY

Discovered the other evening by RSG's production assistant Rosemary Simons is always telling me about her romance with Yardbird Paul Samwell-Smith. They are really happy together and certainly the nicest couple I've met on the scene for some months.

 A new group called the Eyes from Ealing apparently "Hate it." What "it" is was revealed to me by group member Barry Alchin.

"We've got ESP," said the Eye. "It stands for Expressive Sound Production. We can get sounds like cars screeching to a halt, sawing wood and train sounds from our guitars."

"On stage we wear violet jeans, cherry jeans and daffodil jeans with our rugby jerseys which have huge eyes embellished with prints of our faces."

That is showbiz!

 Spencer Davis reveals that Superman is making a come back. An avid fan of the American hero's exploits in comics Spencer revealed this interesting sideline:

"The girl who makes our trousers, Stephanie Wood, cuts out the balloons which contain the dialogue in the Superman comics. She makes little badges out of them. I've got one I wear which says 'Eek It's The Granite Man' and Stevie has one which says simply 'Wham—Splat.'" Sounds crazy!

 The Mindbenders all trooped up to see me recently and began thumbing through an old file on their early exploits containing photos and biographies.

"Remember this one," laughed Bob Lang producing a picture of them in leather waistcoats and trousers with short hair. "Let's all do the Oasis Bend," he added referring to one of those promotional dances which has since faded into oblivion.

"We've got a great stage act now," said Eric Stewart. "Much more pace, we only do two ballads, 'Love Letters' and 'Groovy Kind of Love' for sentiment and necking."

It was at this point that Bob Lang said he thought Herb Alpert's Spanish Flea was "Lousy" and we all went out for a drink!

The pages that bring you the latest news on the pop scene!

 Sandie Shaw was somewhat unimpressed by three members of the University Press who came to interview her at BBC "Top Of The Pops" studios.

Firstly, they accepted cigarettes from her then proceeded to sit down while she stood. Then they lit their cigarettes without giving Sandie a light.

"I think they were nervous though," said Sandie.

A charitable view of young men who should know better I would say, or could it be that higher education no longer breeds manners.

 Animal John Steele has just opened a new boutique in Newcastle called "The Target" which he is running in conjunction with an ex-school friend.

"We will not be selling Hilton Valentine caps," John assured me.

 Moustaches keep springing up and disappearing amongst the Rolling Stones. Keith Richard had one and Bill Wyman last seen still has one. Andrew Oldham has a flourishing ginger growth.

Donovan has apparently decided that moustaches are mistakes and the "beauty" has been shaven.

 George Harrison is currently besieged by one particular fan who recently look an aversion to Mrs. Harrison and administered a good kick to her person while they were leaving a theatre. The fan then got into George's Surrey home and locked him out. Following this she climbed over his garden wall and woke him up one morning to photograph him—the print is reported to be a study in terror.

 "What else you doing?" I enquired purposefully.

"Avoiding Jonathan King," he returned pleasantly.

"Got any good views on the record scene," I countered.

"Think Andrew Oldham should go solo," he volunteered.

"Been to any good clubs lately," I said.

"Went to one last night where Mick Jagger threw cigarette butts at me," he offered.

That's also showbiz.



MICK-SCOTT FEUD?

Found Scott Engel in his new St. John's Wood 'fan-proof' hotel reading a paperback called "Blue Max" about German fighter pilots in the First World War.

"What else you doing?" I enquired purposefully.

"Avoiding Jonathan King," he returned pleasantly.

"Got any good views on the record scene," I countered.

"Think Andrew Oldham should go solo," he volunteered.

"Been to any good clubs lately," I said.

"Went to one last night where Mick Jagger threw cigarette butts at me," he offered.

That's also showbiz.

Last word from Eric Burdon who describes himself in his new book titled "Look At Us" (at the time of going to Press) as "an overfed, long-haired, leaping gnome." I'll drink to that!

Going Out Clothes That Are Coming In

Make a startling entrance with these new way-out fashion outfits which abound to knock you out! Super going out gear coming in . . . so get going with RAVE!



out in these cute bermudas. . . madras check shirt, 39s. 11d., refer jacket, 7 gns.



Know when you're coming or going? You're bound in this mauve sweater and super belt and needcord trouser. Complete the look with a casual sock jacket. The sweater 59s. 11d., the trousers cost 39s. 11d. and the jacket is 7 gns.



Go anywhere type outfit—tattersall check trouser suit in great shape! Costs 7½ gns.



Get going with the new look skinny sweater in cable, and tattersall check skirt with front kick pleats . . . coming our way? Then the sweater will cost you 39s. 11d., and the skirt 59s. 11d. All garments from Neatawear.

and talking of coming in..

Coming in with a splash is this space-age mac called Comet, by Weathergay. Costs £8 19s. 6d., and is available in red, royal blue and primrose/white.



Water, water everywhere but it won't be your worry if you're wearing a raincoat like this. It's got an attached helmet and visor (watch where you're going!) By Weathergay it's called Mars and costs £6 6s.



This will brighten up any rainy day! Terrific colours, red and yellow squares lined in black, is completely shower-proof! Also by Weathergay, price £7 17s. 6d.



Wet and warm that's how you'll stay in a quilted raincoat in Brynlon. In black, red, navy and brown, costs £6 9s. 11d. The aviator helmet comes in matching colours for 21s. By Kayser.





Stevie Winwood of the Spencer Davis Group is only seventeen but that didn't stop his interview with RAVE'S Alan Freeman being one of the strangest Heart-to-Heart interviews ever! Read on and get a new angle on the Spencer Davis Group, Stevie Winwood and the whole Heart-to-Heart interview!

Up here on the rooftop, everything's at an odd angle. When I look down from this penthouse apartment of mine I see black mushrooms walking along the street below. They're people with umbrellas.

Look down at the front entrance. Odd. There's a large tabby cat getting into the lift. Coming all the way up. On its own. Door opens. It's not a cat. It's Steve Winwood in a shaggy fur coat.

Sigh of relief. "Come in, I thought you were a cat. Sit down and make yourself at home."

"Oh, thanks. Mind if I claw the furniture?"

"Let me offer you a saucer of something. Coke? Lager?"

"I'll just have a tea, miss, please. Two lumps. And a kipper sandwich."

"Tell me, Steve, what's a sharp cat like you doing in London this afternoon?"

"Come down from Birmingham to buy a house. Spencer Davis just bought one, so the other three of us are buying one as near as we can get. Mind if I take off my coat now? I'm tired of being a cat."

"Quite all right. You'll find the chandelier over there. Would you just sit underneath it and count."

"One, two, three, four, five, six . . . testing. How's that, Alan?"

"Yes, okay. Shall we start, then?"

"All right."

"Mary had a little lamb, its feet were white as snow. Can you hear me?"

"Yes, just about."

"All right. Here we go. You are Steve Winwood. You are a musician, lead singer, guitarist, pianist and beloved image-man of the Spencer Davis group."

"That's right. Apart from Spencer Davis, of course."

"He is your leader."

"He is our leader. But my brother Muff, the bass-player, is the Brain. He sits up at night thinking out everything, then he tells us what we're going to do. Then we don't do it. It's a very good system."

"For instance, Muff said 'Look, fellers, we could be the first group to do a one-night stand in the States.

We fly over and do one gig at Harvard University and we'll be back in Birmingham in twenty-four hours.' We all thought it was a great idea, so naturally we didn't go. I'd say that was one of the most enjoyable dates we never played. Can I have another dish of tea?"

"How do you take it? Water or soda?"

"I always have mine neat. Where was I?"

"You were saying that Birmingham was a swinging scene."

"I was? I don't remember that. But I might as well say it anyway. Birmingham was a swinging scene. That was two years ago, when I was but a lad. We'd had this big load of rubbish about Liverpool and the Mersey sound, and people decided they wanted to get a sound from somewhere else. So we got the Moody Blues and the Rockin' Berries and the Spencer Davis group, of which my brother Muff is the Brain."

"There really is a Spencer Davis, isn't there?"

"Indeed, yes. And a Peter York, who plays the drums."

"And you have been described as the nice little boy of the group—except, of course, when you're raving it up."

"Hang on a minute. I must have a quiet blush. Ah. That's better. Where were we?"

"You were saying how your father was in the door-handle business, selling quantities of knockers by day and playing the tenor saxophone by night to support his talented family."

"So I was. Well, Muff is five years older than I am, so he went to work for my dad. That's why he's such a good businessman. Then I had the piano to myself. It was just standing there. So I said, 'Hmm. A piano. I might as well learn it.' So I did. I learned it in no time. I can remember every word. This is the lid. This is the legs. This is a note."

"Do you travel around with your own piano?"

"No. You know how people talk. I play strange pianos. A piano-in-everytown man, that's me. Actually, ●●●



HEART-TO-HEART ALAN FREEMAN MEETS STEVIE WINWOOD



"The first group who wrote in and asked about us were Manfred Mann."

• there's a clause in our contract that whenever we play a date the piano has to be tuned to concert pitch. If it isn't we don't do any numbers with it in. And if the audience gets restless, we tell them why. Then they hate the managers instead of us. I forget where we got to."

"You were going on about the great, pulsing excitement of being young in Birmingham and all the vitality of musical inspiration up there."

"Oh. Yeah. Well, when I was at music school I got in with this trad band—it was trad plus mainstream actually. We used to play for student hops and that sort of thing. Well, one foggy winter's day they'd got bands from everywhere to play non-stop for this Freedom from Hunger show, and we found ourselves playing alongside Spence. We'd known him for a long time through a folk group he was running at university. Something seemed to click and I think we were pretty impressed by the sound we got together."

"He obviously remembered too, because a couple of months afterwards he rang me up and said, 'I know a guy with a club who wants me

to get a group together. Are you interested?"

"Were we interested. Muff and I and Pete got our gear and went down to see him and we got started in this club called the Golden Eagle."

"A very encouraging name. I hope he lived up to it."

"It did, Alan, it did. The two blokes who ran it encouraged us quite a lot and we started sending out demo records to all the companies. Naturally, they all sent them back again, except Decca. They were interested for a while but nothing happened. Obviously we had all kinds of discussions about whether we were on the right track. I don't think there was another group in the charts at the time that was built around piano. But we never really thought about altering the musical structure of the group. To me, piano is the basic instrument. I'd have liked a Hammond organ at that time, but it cost six hundred quid and we didn't have anything like that amount."

"I'll tell you something, Steve. Many an artist has sat in this room where you're sitting now, and they told me that they bitterly regretted not spending more time learning

piano at the start. Especially songwriters."

"Steve, how honest can a pop group afford to be in playing what they want to?"

"We'd much rather release a good record that didn't sell than release a bad commercial record that would get right on top. We've more or less got known now as a group's group, and I think this is because we concentrated as much as we could on playing good music. And we were sort of waiting for new listeners to come to us. I think the first group that wrote in and asked about us and said we were good was Manfred Mann. We were very chuffed about that."

"Who are your own favourite groups?"

"Georgie Fame. The Who. The Stones. The Beatles."

"What did you want to become when you were at school?"

"I don't think I ever wanted to be anything but a professional musician. I got a great kick out of studying music. I love anything to do with sound or recording. When we get this house I'm going to have a special room for all my recording gear. I think I'd rather be in a recording studio

than any other place in the world. I can't explain it to you—it's a fantastic feeling... the atmosphere, the equipment, the people on the control boards who're right on top of their jobs and know exactly what they're supposed to be doing. It's just the professionalism of it all, I suppose."

"I'm glad I did that course at music school. It taught me about harmony and arranging and all that."

"I might even wind up as an arranger, who knows? I've got ideas of my own about big-band stuff, using a proper front line of four or five people. When I was with Muff in the old band I used to do four-part arrangements of Basie and everybody. Now Philips Records are letting me have a go with an LP. It's kind of experimental. I want to try all sorts of things... pop jazz, avant-garde music."

"The trouble is to get teenagers or young blokes who can play trumpet or any brass instrument. I know one group that was looking for a teenage trumpeter and they must have tried thousands and couldn't find even one good one."

"Steve, it was Philips who gave the group its recording break, wasn't it?"

"Oh. Yeah. I'll tell you how that happened. The promoter of this rhythm-and-blues club we were playing in had worked in television—ATV, I think. Well, Milly came up to Birmingham one day to do 'Thank Your Lucky Stars', and she was being managed by Chris Blackwell. The promoter got Chris to come down to the club and hear us, and he said he liked what we had."

"We made some more demo tracks and Chris took them back to London. And almost straightaway we heard back that Philips had said okay. I think the first release we did got to about No. 27 in the Charts. We were all worked up, hanging around the record shops to see whether anybody was buying it, getting all our mates to go in and ask for it. After that, we started going out of town and playing dates all over the place, and we built up a following. To tell you the truth, Alan, it's great to have made No. 1 at last—but the crowds we got in Birmingham at the beginning were as big as anything we get today. They used to line up all round the block for us."

"It's a funny town, Brum. But musically it's more alive than a lot of people think. I reckon it picks up something from the coloured music. When Spence was teaching he used to have a flat in the Jamaican district, and man, there were times when things used to jump along there."

"Everybody's heard rumours that

raving report

Look out, fans—the April RAVE hits the bookstalls on March 24th and it's a special 72-page issue, so order your copy early! If you don't, you'll only have yourself to blame for missing some fabulous features. Features like...

A RAVER'S POP GUIDE TO LONDON. Six wonderful pages to show you your way around town. All the 'in' clubs, all the 'in' boutiques, they're all there with complete details and complete RAVE map!

PAUL McCARTNEY in an exclusive Heart-to-Heart interview with **ALAN FREEMAN**.

Your chance to vote for your favourite between Paul, Scott and Mick. Who would you choose? Well, decide, because RAVE wants your vote! Plus, features on **DAVID McCALLUM**, **GARY LEEDS**, **P.J.**, seven pages of fashion where we get a **WHOLE SCENE GOING** and many more RAVE favourites.

the group might be splitting up eventually. Is there anything in that?"

"No. This is something that's come up since people got hold of this thing about me making an LP on my own. It's just for kicks. It won't affect us as a group. I mean, if we were breaking up we'd hardly be buying this house in London, would we? The deeds and documents are all being sorted out right at this moment."

"What's the future for you and the group, as far as you can see it?"

"Well, I hope you won't think this is conceited, Alan, but I imagine we'll go on doing things the same way as we've always done. In other words, we've always waited for audiences to come to us, to our kind of music."

What can we do but try to hold them for a while until they go away from us again? That's what the business is all about!"

Steve upstanding. Nestling into huge cat coat. Shakes hands, See you soon. Good guy.

Very young but very clear in his head. Nobody's fool... and no sucker for the cheap commercial gimmick. Winwood's going a long way. Starting now in the lift. Door slides to. A grille of bars shuts him off. Vanishes... vroom! Like Batman. Look out of window again, down at human mushrooms. Red umbrellas, black umbrellas. Look, a pop art umbrella! And a vast tabby cat getting into a taxi.

See you next month. Stay bright!



"Everyone's heard rumours that the group might split up."

ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT OLD

All that glitters is not old but at the moment a large number of the glittery additions that '66 girls are wearing are old or at least "mock old."

After a long absence, jewellery, glitter and gold, is making a big come back. Take a look at some pictures of your grandmother in her youth. She'll probably be wearing a watch on a little chain possibly hidden in a pocket, a velvet neck choker, several king-sized rings, some sort of ornament in her hair, a bracelet or bangle and earrings.

Well, "now" girls are taking a lesson from their grandmamas and searching for all that is old to look really new! Fabulous old jewellery can be found in antique shops, junk shops and market stalls and a great deal of it costs very little.

WATCHES

Big watches with their tired striped straps are being hidden

away and old "granny" watches are taking their place. I bought a lovely old watch from a street market for ten shillings. So far it doesn't work but worn on a black velvet ribbon it looks terrific! (Even if the only time it tells is 3.10!) If you can find a little pocket watch and chain to go with it that's even better!

NECK CHOKERS

You can very easily make a neck choker yourself with a piece of black, navy or brown velvet ribbon and almost any sort of old-looking brooch pinned on to it. For a more modern-looking choker make one with a strip of ribbon covered with two or three layers of big sequins. (You can buy these from most large stores.)

There are lots more things you can do with these big sequins. For a glittery top buy a string vest, line and dye it and sew sequins over some of the holes. Dresses and sweaters can be given

If you're not a trudger round markets here is some jewellery, to be found in shops, that has been made on old victorian designs for the new look.

1 A medieval cone shape pendant in ornate gilt holding a mottled topaz set in the bottom. 16s 6d.

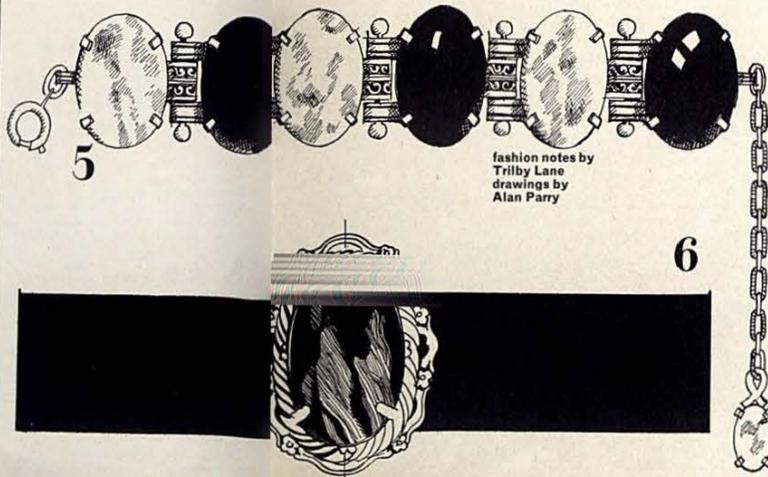
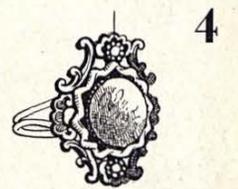
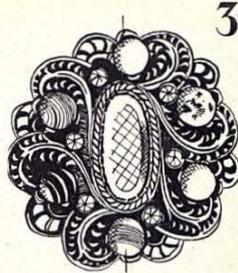
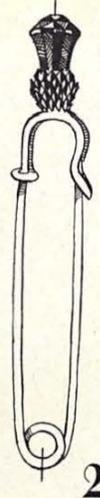
2 Hoots! A kilt pin with the trad thistle in amethyst on top. 5s. 6d.

3 Old style of new idea granny brooch. 16s 6d.

4 Ring with a touch of real victoriana is this gold and coral ring. 13s 6d.

5 Chunky style bracelet in stones with a pebble look—long safety chain. £2 18s.

6 Make a variety of chokers with velvet ribbon and different brooches — we chose a topaz set in silver for our sketch. 17s. All the jewellery is by Miracle.



fashion notes by
Trilby Lane
drawings by
Alan Parry



a new look with big sequins too. Sew them in lines, little clusters or just scatter them here and there.

If you need a new purse look around for an old chain mail one or one made of beads. If you can't find an old one you can buy them from some handbag shops but they are rather expensive.

Other things to look out for are old earrings, bracelets, cuff-links, rings and buttons.

It's often difficult to find what you want when you want it from old curiosity shops and market stalls but if you don't find anything it's fun looking around—you'd be surprised at the number of fabulous things to be found.

LAST WORD IN GLITTER FROM PARIS . . .

Latest gimmick from a leading French fashion designer is to wear cutlery strictly for decoration! It's a gimmick, but I can see the old-fashioned sort being a little more popular in 1966 anyway!

I caught up with the four Kinks in the tea-bar of the BBC Television studios. Actually, they were drinking coffee. Pete Quaife sat on a bench, looking sun-tanned, and tired. Dave Davies danced about, shouting loudly at nobody in particular, while his brother Ray, snapped at a poor little publicist. Mick Avory stared at the floor muttering such varied things as 'Yeah man,' and 'What's it like being a Kink?' which, I suppose, was a take-off of myself.

Well, what is it like being a Kink nowadays? Has life changed for these four boys who have been established pop stars for a couple of years?

There is no great physical change in them. They aren't terribly bloated; or painfully thin, and their hair and their clothes are much the same as they always were.

But their attitude towards people looking for changes in them (or for anything else in them, for that matter), has definitely altered. Nowadays they get cross about it, and claim they are just human beings, with faults and favours like us all.

"We used to like being asked questions, now we are sick of it. Why should we be leaders of fashions, or trendsetters? It makes us out to be different, and we are not, we are like everyone else. When people meet us they are brought down," Ray said.

When you suggest that their success as a pop group makes them automatically different, in the sense that what they wear, and do, and think, matters to their fans, they look rather worried.

Very Important

But, despite this attitude, the Kinks are very aware of their importance in pop and have reached a state of suspension with regard to their career. They don't look forward at all.

I asked them what they think they'll be doing in five years' time. They hadn't a clue.

"We don't care about five years' time," Dave replied. "We'll probably be blown up, that is the fashionable thing to answer isn't it? We've done everything we wanted to do, so it won't matter when we get blown up. We are a hit. What more is there?"

"Changes in pop don't bother us, why should they? We can dictate what we want to do. We don't have to go by public fads anymore."

They show a definite lack of enthusiasm about pop, which might account for the feeling of utter boredom one occasionally senses during their TV performances.

Putting you straight about the kinks

If you'll allow us to call 'Putting You Straight About The Kinks' a new angle, then this is a new angle on the Kinks!

Mick tried to enlarge on this, slumped in a chair, half-asleep. (He is the drummer who had over twenty jobs before he joined The Kinks, and who, at the start of his pop career said, "I'll never stop trying to improve my work.")

"The thing about group work that chokes you is the waiting about," he said. "Time drags so. TV work consists of three-and-a-half working minutes, and seven hours waiting and rehearsal. It is hard to be enthusiastic. It is easy to be bored, and show it. Now, live shows are different again. The hours you use up travelling somehow disperse as soon as you get onstage. We do a fairly long stint onstage, and of course, that's really good fun. We're never bored when we are performing live."

One has to admit that The Kinks are honest. They say exactly what they think, and have no concern to build a good image, or put over a half-truth. They are very much individuals nowadays, not too united at all, but going their own ways publicly.

Pete Quaife seems to be the odd man out, a position he is happy about.

"I have my own life to think about,"

he said reasonably. "I don't expect the others to care about it. I don't care about theirs."

Pete is very different to the others because he plans ahead, even beyond pop. He is having success with script writing and his next ambition is to be a good script writer.

"I plan my life in stages," he explained. "At first I was a nothing. Then I became a Kink. This set me up financially and socially, and people wanted to know me. So I decided to go to another stage in my life and make another career. I have been offered a place at college in California, where they run a two-year course in script writing. I can't go yet because of my work with The Kinks. But I shall go when that work is over."

Stepping Stone

I suggested that perhaps using pop as a stepping stone was a bit unfair to it. Surely we want pop stars who take it seriously, and this attitude of not caring is bad. Pete shrugged and said, "When the public don't want you, that's bad, and they often decide they don't."

The Kinks haven't gone mad with their money, and don't live in magnificent houses, or run Bentleys. Mick has a Riley car, and lives with his parents, in Molesey, Surrey. Dave lives at home in Muswell Hill.

Pete shares a flat with his parents. Ray bought a house for his wife and baby girl, which he describes as something like Charles Dickens wrote about. It is old and quaint, and full of antique furniture.

Ray is the songwriter of the group, and to a large degree he has become its leader. His humour is very sharp.

"I've got a quick temper," he said. "Once I picked up my guitar and smashed it at the audience. This life makes you all pent up, and you have to smash something, or get drunk, just to let off steam."

Ray believes he is a good song writer, and he convinces himself he is the only one on the music scene who matters, so that he doesn't lose confidence in himself.

"The biggest thing that could happen to me would be for my songs to be listened to by someone in years to come, and for that someone to say, 'I'm really moved, I know just what he was getting at.'"

Well, what is it like being a Kink? A little boring, rather puzzling, somehow re-assuring, but all right, as long as you remember, you're just an ordinary human being.

And they are, aren't they?

DAWN JAMES



SPENCER DAVIS' EXAM PAPER ON POP

Each question to be answered in ink. Time allowed: twenty minutes. Answers on P.42.

How well do you know the scene? Well enough to gain a RAVE pop scene honours degree? Try Spencer Davis' specially prepared Pop Exam Paper and find out! It covers the scene from all angles!

1. Over Christmas, the Beatles topped the charts with "Day Tripper"/"We Can Work It Out". The Christmas before that - '64/'65 - the Beatles were also top of the charts. What was the name of the single? (2 marks)

2. What is Mick Jagger's brother's name? (2 marks)

3. Which country do the Seekers come from? (2 marks)

4. Here is a photograph of a famous pop star's eyes. Do they belong to
(a) Cliff Richard (b) Adam Faith (c) Herman?



(2 marks)

5. The leader of a well-known pop group holds a university degree. What is his name? (2 marks)

6. Two members of the Beatles are no longer with the group. What are their names? (2 marks)

7. Which towns do the following groups come from:

- (a) Animals
(b) Hollies
(c) Swinging Blue Jeans?
(1 mark for each)



20. Whose first big hit was "Don't Bring Me Your Heartaches"? (2 marks)

21. This nose belongs to
(a) P. J. Proby
(b) Mick Jagger
(c) Elvis Presley? (2 marks)



22. How old is Stevie Winwood? (2 marks)

23. What was the name of Fontella Bass's first big hit in Britain? (2 marks)

24. What was the name of the Beatles' first big hit? (2 marks)

25. How old is Elvis Presley? (2 marks)

26. Where do Pinkerton's Assorted Colours come from? (2 marks)

27. What famous pop singer lives in Wembley Park, Middlesex and loves his big garden for his dogs? (2 marks)

28. What nationality is Brian Jones' girlfriend, Anita Pallenberg

- (a) French
(b) Swedish
(c) German?



(2 marks)

8. Who wrote the number "My Generation"? (2 marks)
9. What do the Overlanders and David and Jonathan have in common? (2 marks)
10. Who made a big hit with the Beatles' song "World Without Love"? (2 marks)
11. Which pop star appeared in Coronation Street before he hit the pop big time? (2 marks)
12. A top group augmented themselves with trumpets and saxes for an appearance at the Richmond Festival and for a BBC broadcast. The aggregation was called the ----- Big Band. What is the group normally called? (2 marks)
13. Chris Farlowe recently recorded a number called "Think". It was written by two famous members of a top group. What are their names? (2 marks for each name)
14. Are any of the Walker Brothers actually brothers? (2 marks)
15. What's the name of the drummer of the Hollies? (2 marks)
16. Who is Marie McDonald? (2 marks)
17. Cilla Black has a famous manager. What's his name? (2 marks)
18. Who are Barbara Harris, Barbara Parritt and June Monteiro? (2 marks)
19. Who wrote "Girl Don't Come", "I'll Stop At Nothing" and "Message Understood"? (2 marks)

29. Which famous British pop singer lives permanently in Paris? (2 marks)
30. Which disc-jockey is a part time wrestler? (2 marks)



Scott Engel isn't supposed to be talkative. On the contrary, his reputation is that of the loner, the quiet one, the unapproachable. RAVE found him in a different mood one day. He talked and was friendly, and, in trying to explain what he meant and how he feels, he stopped, just for a while, being a loner.

What he cares about . . . "The sort of things I care about are hard to explain," he said, slowly and with careful thought. "General things that might be expected to count with me, don't. I'm not impressed that I am a Walker Brother and have many fans. I like being me for the reason that I have done at least one thing I set out to do in my life. I've made a hit record, and the fans have appreciated it. That is great because it is achievement, and achievement is progress.

"If I had to give up something that mattered to me, it wouldn't be my singing career, but the way I feel about music in general."



NEW ANGLE ON ENGEL



Things that are necessary to him . . .

"Funny things are necessary to me. Looking out of the window and seeing children playing, counts. Watching a man play ball with his dog, counts.

"I really dislike not being able to go for a walk in the streets. I know it is the price of fame I have to pay, but it is hard. I feel caught up because I have to stay indoors. I can't sit in the park and observe people. And I need to be able to do that."

Scott is by no means a beatnik, and deplores the label. He uses the word warily, as though it were a phoney thing. He doesn't like unreal things. He doesn't much like idle chat between himself and those he isn't concerned with.

The loner shines through . . .

He cuts himself off from people in particular, yet still cares about people in general. He worries about the records, and images that are dish up by some people in pop to pop interested people. He is opposed to phoney images, and scared that the fans will be tricked into believing in something or someone that has no substance.

"You must give the fans something good, to grasp on to," he said. "They are not idiots, they want good music and substantial characters as idols."



The people he mixes with . . . "The type of people I meet have little to offer me, nor I them," he said. "But I have no opportunity to get away from them, because of who I am and what my job is. If I could talk to enough people in the street, I might find someone who was genuine and intelligent, and whom I could be close to. But I can't go for that walk in the street."

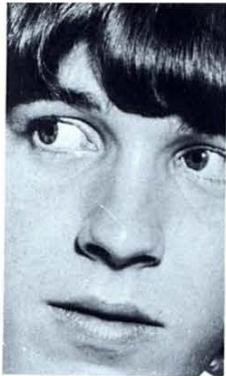
No one shares Scott's life. He admits to being comfortable with Gary Leeds but that is far as he has ever gone.

"I analyse people I know, and that destroys something. My ideal people are those I don't know," he said. "When I was in America I became a real cynic. People were nothing to me. Here in Britain I've softened up."

"You are far less materialistic than the Americans. They thrive on material things and material gain and make you hard."



His outlook . . . Scott's outlook is . . . "I think of myself to be a . . . but I look toward new and bold . . . He likes to paint, and his make . . . such that he would probably return . . . school in America, if it were not for . . . other two Brothers. . . have them to consider," he said.



"Even if I am an isolationist, life is such that it demands I think of others. No one is free to think entirely for themselves."

He wants to be a recording manager and to develop new sounds on record.

"I know there is a great lack of good recording managers in America, and I think it's the same here," he said. "It's not that they aren't good at it, but they don't have the right outlook. They look for instant pop, a voice, a sound, that registers immediately. I think a recording manager should draw out someone's talents. They need to feel for the right sound and force it out. There should be more emotion involved. The most beautiful paintings aren't always those you appreciate immediately. It's the same with sound.

"I use all sorts of weird techniques in recording. For instance I'll use five pianos playing one figure. And the result is beautiful and bursting with emotion. I use sound like a performance."

Scott the prober, the philosopher . . . Scott has a probing mind that is locked away behind purposefully placed doors, but despite these doors, it looks through them for comfort, and sometimes finds it. Famous French author and philosopher Jean Paul-Sartre, has an influence on Scott.

"He is my whole thing," Scott said. "What he says is beautiful. He has discovered what I have been hunting for ages.

"I still want something, I'm like a child. Some people stay that way all their lives. Picasso was that way. It is what I call hip. Not the used way of the word hip, but the true one.

"I go to a lot of films, and I wish I were like the people I see on the screen. I come home and pretend I am one of them, and I almost am, till I look in the mirror, and see I'm still me. Gee, that upsets me, it's like waking from a beautiful dream and finding yourself in the same cold room."

DAWN JAMES



His music . . . "The emotion I get from good music, and my own music, is beautiful. I can be depressed by it, and feel certain anxieties because of it, but I like all emotions. Emotions, after all, is what life is all about. Sadness can be a good feeling, I don't run away from it, and I don't dislike it."





rave

SCOTT

Light up your night life with a swinging two-piece nightie (39s. 11d.), and negligee (59s. 11d.), from Neatawear. In black and white cotton gingham with red trimmings.



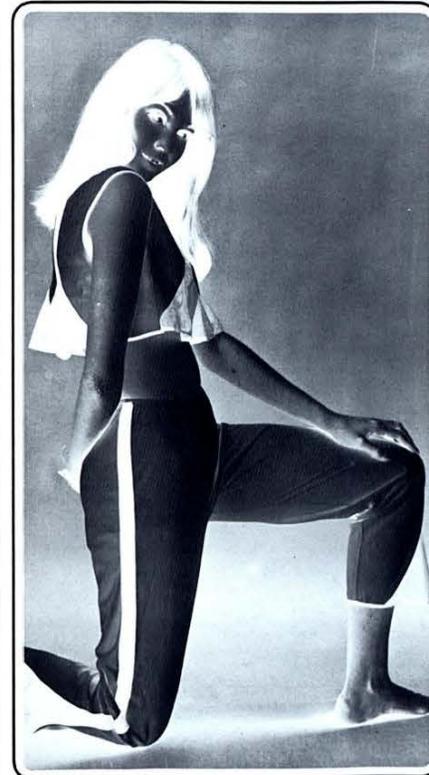
IN THE DARK ABOUT NIGHT WEAR?

... Then switch on to these new night lines from Trilby Lane for your fashions after dark, and see the light!

Scared of the dark? Don't be, 'cos you can do anything, go anywhere in this cute flower printed cotton night shift with scarf to match. It's by Neatawear and costs 59s. 11d.



Take cover in a shirt made of Tricel jersey with nightcap and boots, as slippers, to match. There's also a matching dressing gown. At Lewis Separates, they're all available separately; Shirt is 34s. 11d., the Boots 16s. 11d., Cap 9s. 11, and Dressing Gown 75s.



Wake up to a new angle in pyjamas... red and white nylon trousers with a shortie top revealing midriff. Called Scats by Kayser, in red with white, clear blue and white, and black and white. Price 49s. 11d.

Wise Birds read Trilby Lane's fashion pages every month
Pictures (in negative) by P. L. James





NEW IMAGE FOR THE ANIMALS ...

All five Animals are becoming more business-conscious, but, because so much of their time is taken up working, they now combine business with pleasure. As on this recent trip to Spain . . .



All five Animals landed in Spain. The reason: they are thinking about recording in Spanish studios (à la Cliff). So, while there they decided to mix in a little pleasure.



Eric (left) cuts quite a dash with that sword. He's got it's to match his rapier wit (ouch!). The chap in the horns is Hilton.

You've all heard the story of the bull in the china-shop? Well, believe us, two Animals in an antique shop is something quite different!

Johnny Steel, usually hidden away behind drums, gives a serenade to Eric on the Spanish guitar. Our photographer wasn't quite sure but he said he thought the tune was 'Spanish Flea!!' Dave, below, however, is in no mood for serenades. Like all good businessmen he gets in the real Spanish siesta mood.



Hilton, below gets much the same idea. But don't be mislead. Plans are in hand for a new club to be launched in Carnaby Street by Eric and Chas, and recording-wise the Animals are wide-awake. Instead of the choice of their 'A' sides being left to their recording manager, The Animals now decide themselves. As we said, they mean business.



Elizabeth Barry Boutique

offers you this

CUT-OUT DRESS

FROM ONLY

25'6

The dress with the jumper-suit look! Smart, contrasting two-tone luxury braid, a generous front pleat—fab styling, and quality—a fabric that's crease-shedding and fully washable . . . it comes to you with pretty most nothing to do (and costs far less than anyone would ever guess!)

Kookie? Or not so Kookie? The skirt is styled so that you can make it any length you wish. In newest, crispest 'straw-weave' fabric. With contrasting, shiny buttons, and practical long back zip. Six of the 'new' colours to choose from—Cream (illustrated), Pink, French Navy, Turquoise Blue, Spring Brown, Powder Blue,

Elizabeth Barry styles for luxury. All Liz Barry cut-outs have a 1" seam allowance—and 2" hem allowance which allows you to neaten every seam, with our guarantee that it will fit *you*.

All you need is a reel of cotton—and one free evening! This Liz Barry cut-out comes to you complete with step-by-step fully illustrated sewing instructions, interfacings, braiding, zip, buttons—*everything!* And postage and packing is free. Fill in and

POST THIS COUPON NOW! with crossed postal order or cheque for correct amount—to Style 'Samantha', Elizabeth Barry Boutique, 30 Hanway Street, London, W.1. Please write your name and address on the back of cheque and envelope, which should be marked 'Samantha'. (Offer, available in U.K. only, closes April 7th, 1966.)

SIZES AND PRICES

BUST	32	34	36	38	40
HIPS	34	36	38	40	42
PRICE	25/6	27/6	29/6	31/-	32/-

I enclose P.O./Cheque for £ _____

Please send me _____ cut-out packs of style 'Samantha'.

Bust size _____

Colour choice: 1st _____

2nd _____ 3rd _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

R2



SAMANTHA
Illustrated
Cream

Elizabeth Barry means Cut-Out Couture

PINK

FRENCH NAVY

TURQUOISE BLUE

SPRING BROWN

POWDER BLUE



These colours are as near as possible to the actual colours of the garments.

THINK— HOW CLEAN ARE YOU?

Beauty notes by Trilby Lane.

How clean are you? You think . . . "Of course I'm clean. What next?"

Well, it's because everyone assumes that they are naturally clean and fresh that a lot of people aren't. We're always seeing soap and deodorant ads on television and at the cinema, in magazines and on posters and we're always so preoccupied thinking, "Oh, how terrible to smell!" that we never stop to consider we may!

The main enemy of personal freshness is perspiration and with many people perspiration is rather difficult to control. We spend the day rushing about and spend a lot of our life getting hot and flustered, so cleanliness is very, very important.

It is also important to remember that perspiration or excessive perspiration is caused in several different ways. One is strenuous activity, another worry or nervousness, another hot atmospheres—all conditions that cannot often be avoided.

After perspiration has been on the body for a little while it becomes stale and so smells unpleasant. It also clings to clothes and is difficult to remove. It also doesn't show—except in extreme cases—which can lead to a false sense of security . . . and sweetness!

Here are some basic rules

which should guarantee that that sense is justified.

BATHS

We don't always think about it but it's a fact that we perspire at night as well as during the day. When you go to sleep your sweat glands are still awake and working! This is why it is important to wash as carefully in the morning as you do before you go to bed and an all-over wash is essential daily.

Don't forget feet . . . use plenty of deodorant talc or spray to keep them fresh at all times.

Take a bath at least every other day. A very hot bath induces perspiration, so have the water warm rather than very hot. Use plenty of soap and talcum powder—some do contain deodorants and medicated ones are particularly good.

YOUR CLOTHES

As well as your body your clothes must be kept perfectly clean—clothes hold perspiration traces very readily. Don't wait until your clothes look grubby before you wash them; stockings should be washed every day, undies every two or three days, sweaters and

blouses after every two or three wears, the same with your dresses.

Sometimes, you'll find that, even after washing, a sweater still smells of perspiration. If this is the case then add a little antiseptic to your washing water and leave the garment in the fresh air and sunshine for as long as possible to air.

DAILY PROTECTION

Your deodorant is very important and should be used every morning as well as after a bath and before you go out. Its purpose is simply to prevent any unpleasant smell. As with most toilet preparations you will probably have to experiment a bit before you find a deodorant to suit you. If you perspire very little then a plain deodorant may be all you need. Most people, however, do feel more confident with a deodorant-anti-perspirant. As well as deodorising, the anti-perspirant temporarily stops the flow of perspiration.

There are plenty of efficient preparations on the market and they come in different forms, from roll-on sticks to aerosol sprays. It is purely a matter of choice.

For girls who suffer from

excessive under-arm perspiration, shaving is especially important (superfluous hair retains odour) and twice a day washing is essential. A mixture of two deodorant-anti-perspirants is also often more effective than one.

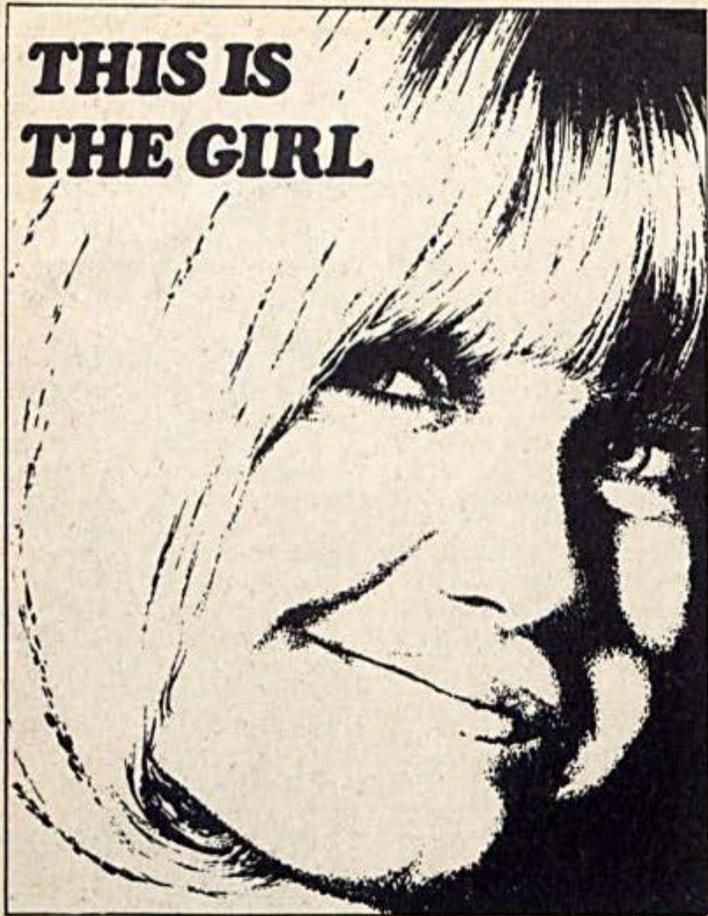
If you take all these precautions, then you should smell sweet *all* the time. However, next time you see an advert for people who 'smell', don't think, "How terrible!" Think, "Do I?"

SUGGESTED PRODUCTS

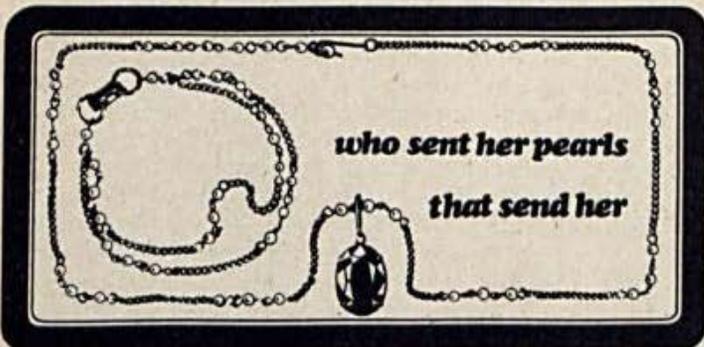
Deodorant Soap: Rexona—1s. 2d., Cidal—1s. 4d. **Medicated Soap:** Valderma—1s. 3d., Flawless by Ponds—1s. 5d. **Deodorant Talc:** Pond's Dreamflower Talc—2s. 3d., Miner's Mod Talc—2s. 9d. **Deodorants:** Sprays: Miner's Mod Mist—3s. 9d., Goya Puffer Spray—4s. 0d. Roll-ons: Mum Rollette—4s. 9d., Revlon's High and Dry—8s. 3d. **Deodorants + Anti-Perspirants:** Sprays: Odorono Spray—3s. 6d., Goya Aerosol—8s. 0d. Roll-ons: Outdoor Girl—7s. 6d., Odorono Roll-on—4s. 0d. Powder Compact: Goya Dry deodorant anti-perspirant—4s. 6d., Sno-Mist—4s. 6d. **Extra for Boys:** Right Guard Spray by Gillette—5s. 11d., Top Brass Roll-on by Revlon—8s. 6d. **Extra for Girls:** Perfumed Deodorant spray by Max Factor for freshening up (useful on feet too)—3s. 9d. Antiseptic disinfectant for personal use—Supersan by Boots—1s. 4d. During menstruation when an extra deodorant is needed, there is Femfresh—6s. 9d., or Bidex—9s. 6d. Both are excellent.



THIS IS THE GIRL



who sends the set who loves Debrette



Everybody's going for this dreamy pearl linked golden chain necklace and bracelet set—value 19/11—**yours for only 9/6** when you buy Debrette—bra loveliness that costs you less. Each Debrette pack gives you full details of how to get your necklace and bracelet—complete with *your own free Birthstone.*

Don't miss out on this absolutely super offer—get Debrette today—
at favourite shops everywhere.

debrette
foundation garments

ANSWERS TO SPENCER DAVIS' POP EXAM

1. "I Feel Fine".
2. Christopher.
3. Australia.
4. Adam Faith.
5. Me, of course? Spencer Davis. I was a school teacher before this lark.
6. Pete Best, drummer, and Stuart Sutcliffe who died.
7. (a) Animals — Newcastle. (b) Hollies — Manchester. (c) Swinging Blue Jeans—Liverpool.
8. Pete Townshend of the Who.
9. They both recorded the Beatles' song, "Michelle".
10. Peter and Gordon.
11. Herman.
12. The Animals.
13. Mick Jagger and Keith Richard.
14. No.
15. Bobby Elliott.
16. Lulu.
17. Brian Epstein—the Beatles' manager.
18. The Toys singing group.
19. Chris Andrews.
20. Paul and Barry Ryan.
21. P. J. Proby.
22. 17. Birthday—12/5/48.
23. "Rescue Me".
24. "Love Me Do".
25. 31.
26. Rugby.
27. P. J. Proby.
28. German.
29. Petula Clark.
30. Jimmy Savile.

SUMMING UP

Over 50.

You pass with honours! You dig the scene the most. A hipster from head to toe. You're so far out, watch you don't collide with a Gemini space capsule!

25-49.

Enough for a pass mark, you've probably got strong likes and dislikes and don't know a lot about those popsters who don't appeal. Correct your deficiency by reading RAVE all the way through.

Under 25.

Fail. You've got a lot to learn yet. Correct your deficiency by reading RAVE all the way through twice!

THIS GIRL THIS UNIFORM AND A COMPLETELY NEW KIND OF LIFE



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

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



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

Name

Date of Birth

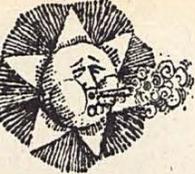
Address

RVE/W77A

County

Applicants must be resident in the U.K.

WRAC



WINDS OF CHANGE

■ Bob Dylan is, of course, having us all on. "Can You Please Crawl Out Your Window," indeed!

Mick Jagger has been quoted as saying this is dreadful. And if anyone can understand what's going on we'll give them a set of Encyclopaedia Britannica. Joke.

His reputation and large army of fans have made this a success. But we bet he wouldn't get away with it too often.

■ Look out for "Hold Tight" by that mouthful called Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich. Their managers, Ken Howard and Alan Blaikley wrote this number based on the handclap beat used by Liverpool Football Club supporters when they're cheering on the lads!

By the way, if you see this lot on stage, look out for their Paisley trousers. They all went potty in a Bristol boutique the other day and bought up a complete outfit. Their stage act by the way is a knock-out, they really know how to hold a crowd.

■ It's a monster, that's what they say in the States about the Stevie Wonder record, "Uptight." That means it's heading up the Charts. Just about his biggest ever hit.

And, funny thing, he does feature harmonica, or mouth harp, as the crowd call it. No offence, Stevie!

Seriously, he's a knockout harp player, but this singing—only effort is a swinger and it's unusual. Very strong indeed. Come again.

■ Thing about the Small Faces, of course, is that they have small faces. They also have big hits! Their latest "Sha-La-La-Lee" is another sizzler from the pens of Kenny Lynch and Mort Shuman. (They wrote Cilla's "Love's Just A Broken Heart".) And the Small Faces have got it all going for them on this one. Steve Marriot knows how to wait out a vocal and, most of all, the disc has power. After the miserable failure of "I've Got Mine", this should bring the sunshine back.



BRIGHT SPOTS

■ Better clear the Chart for this one, "19th Nervous Breakdown" by the Rolling Stones.

What's it all about? Well, as usual, it's not all that easy to get the words. But, according to Mick, the words could be directed at a deb. It's a send-up and it's very good. And Mick is quite unconcerned whether you take it as a piece of social comment or a load of nonsense.

Most people will just take it—and play it. And so another number one is born.

The Stones are getting better musically. Bill Wyman's bass is great on this—especially that descending bit at the end when the nervous breakdown arrives!

Mick says about the song: "It's just something that came into my head." Now it's in all our heads. Fabulous!

RAVE'S WINTER CHART FORECAST FOR MARCH

Whether or not some discs deserve to be in the Charts, that's what this Chart is all about!



DEPRESSIONS

■ Paul and Barry Ryan have only made two records and yet here they are in the depression zone. The thing is they have a whole organisation going for them.

They have one of the shrewdest and most powerful agents in the world, Harold Davidson. They have top showbiz publicist Les Perrin handling their publicity. And, of course, they have a famous singing Mum, Marion Ryan.

Still they must have talent as well, because all these things don't impress record buyers. They go for sounds. But what the fans don't like is having things forced on them, and the Ryan brothers have been a bit over exposed recently. "Have Pity On The Boy?" No, just let them find their own way around.

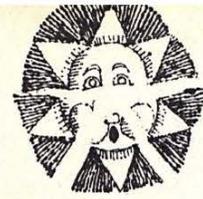
■ At the risk of rivalling Dr. Richard Kimble as a fugitive on the run, we must register an area of depression round "Second-Hand Rose" by Barbra Streisand. We find this over-emotional and it's surprising that today's hip generation should put this so high in the chart.

On stage, she's probably a gas. But as a recording star we find this faintly embarrassing and distinctly corny.

■ "Make The World Go Away", sings Eddie Arnold and we would register a basic disagreement with that sentiment. We would rather that the world stayed and that Eddie Arnold went away.

We hope that the pop scene does not go in the direction of Mr. Arnold's singing. That's were we've been, Eddie, all those long years ago.

This is corny to the extreme. It probably goes down like a bomb in hill-billy land, but save us from falling for this in London in 1966.



FREAK OUTBURSTS

■ There was once a group called the St. Louis Union who were working okay but not getting anywhere all that fast. Then they entered a National Beat Group Contest and, whatdaya know, they won it.

One of the prizes was a recording contract. But they didn't rush out a single of any old thing. They waited. Then, almost a year later along came a number called "Girl" by John Lennon and Paul McCartney. The St. Louis Union recorded it, sat in their fame rocket and lit the fuse.

There was a loud WHOOSH! And they sped heavenwards to success. And so endeth our true tale.

■ "Get Out Of My Life Woman", sings Lee Dorsey. But we say come into our life, man.

Let's hope this is a wind of change that brings the fabulous Mr. Dorsey into our Charts. For here is one soulful voice that we like.

There's a lot of twaddle talked about soul. But you can cut all the definitions down to mean: someone singing well, and as though they meant it.

That, fans, is how Lee Dorsey sings. But the great thing about this disc is the slow tempo. We never thought anything as slow as this could make it. Great. So is the arrangement which builds all the time.

■ Pet Clark comes into this category every time she makes a hit—which is just about every time she records.

Why freak? Because she's in her thirties to start with, and you don't find many chartmakers in that age group.

Secondly, she's been making hits for years and years and years—longer than Elvis, even.

Then, she decided to marry a French publicist, live in Paris, and bring up a family.

In fact, you'd think she'd tried to take herself out of the limelight.

But what happens? Her records start becoming huge hits. The latest is "My Love". At first we thought—this will never make it.

So what happens? It explodes into the Chart at number 25 and hasn't stopped rising! Fantastico!



OUTLOOK

■ The panel of Juke Box Jury who voted Sandie Shaw's "Tomorrow" a miss just show how fatuous that programme can be at times.

They must have been joking. There have been criticisms of Sandie's recent songs, but Chris Andrews certainly wrote a chartbuster for her with this one. It's got HIT stamped all over it in gold letters. Barry McGuire, that protestor in chief once said that a song must have a hook to it, a catch in the melody that you get into your head. "Tomorrow" has got that. You'll be singing it tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow!

■ Lulu has been trying to burst through the chart clouds for months. She must succeed soon and perhaps "Call Me" is the one to do it.

On the much talked about Lennon-McCartney TV show, she was a smash. At singing festivals where she has appeared she has started rave-ups. But she's been too long absent from the upper regions of the charts.

"Call Me" shouts Lulu. Hope enough people do.



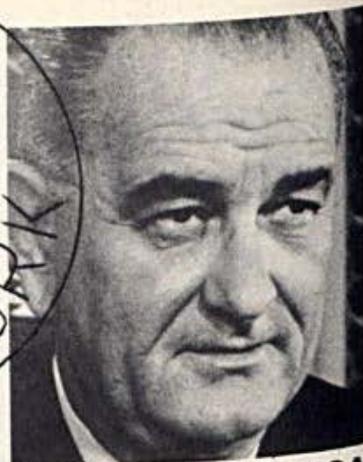
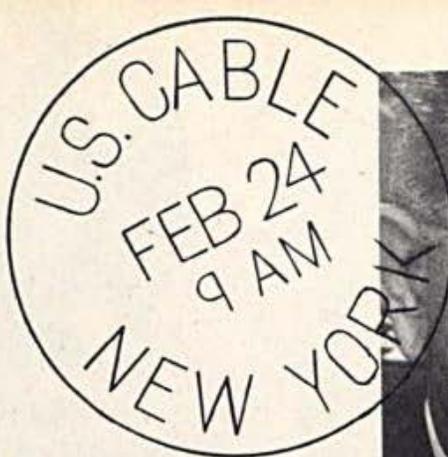


SHOES FOR YOUNG WOMEN OF TOMORROW

SANDIE 39/11 Red, string, honey or hazel soffee
• D fitting • Creflex wedge soles • Sizes 2-8.

Clarks

NEAREST SHOP? WRITE CLARKS, DEPT. KW 27, STREET, SOMERSET—AND ASK FOR ILLUSTRATED LEAFLET.



THE LATEST POP NEWS FROM AMERICA BROUGHT TO YOU EACH MONTH BY THE RAVER, JACKIE HARLOW

■ I'm not starting with a very complimentary thought, but do you realize that by the time Sonny and Cher complete the movie of their life story, they'll be living history!

■ And what a month it is for movie news. It looks like work is finally going to start on Roy Orbison's first film for MGM, "The Fastest Guitar in the West", which was supposed to be produced last year. . . . MGM are also now working on Elvis Presley's 22nd movie entitled "Never Say Yes". . . . Talking of Elvis did you ever get "Frankie and Johnny" released over there? He must have made it about three years ago, but it's only just being issued here. RCA have just put out the soundtrack. (Ed's note: *No news of a release date yet from El's film company United Artists.*)

■ Tentative title of the Righteous Brother's first movie for Columbia is "Finger Poppin'". Now that they have a new deal with MGM's Verve label, don't be surprised if Phil Spector really goes over the top. The pair still have two years left of their original contract with Phyllis, and Spector says he's not going to let that slip by without fighting. . . . Ed Sullivan is now booking British acts for two shows at a time. They do one live and tape another which Sullivan is planning to run just prior to any concert dates. So far Sullivan has Dave Clark and Herman's Hermits on tap. . . . Animals will precede their month of college campus dates (starting April 20) with a Sullivan guest spot. Playing colleges is a wish come true for the group. . . . The worst immigration deal must surely have been dealt to the Moody Blues. Three visas were

rescinded which cut out all plans for television. . . . The Moodies didn't like New York too much, but they started a new craze here purely by saying "Good Morning" to all the people they passed on the street. Absolutely no one does that here—unless they're English.

■ Gene Pitney can't understand the sky-high rents in New York. When his good friend Larry Kurzon moved into a snazzy apartment on swank Central Park South, Gene remarked, "An extra \$100 a month just for a view of a tree!" Coming from Connecticut, Gene gets all that for nothing. But Johnny Tillotson, who has a six-roomed penthouse overlooking the East River is obviously prepared to accept high prices.

■ Nick Massi has left the Four Seasons and been replaced by their arranger, Charlie Calello. . . . Jay and the Americans said they really hope The Hollies make it in this country. Jay figures they're the most underestimated group around.

■ The original soundtrack of "Thunderball", issued here on United Artists is heading for its first million copies. . . . When they started playing important night club dates, Anthony and the Imperials dropped the 'little' tag from their name. . . . In case you didn't know, Herb Alpert is one of the owners of A & H records, who release all his and the T.B.'s hits.

Take it easy . . . see you next month . . . Jackie Harlow.

Jackie



DRUGS. Yes or No?

Drugs are always in the news. And always in the news with them, are pop stars. This month four famous stars give their views on drug-taking, as in our RAVE "This Is Your Life" series we give advice to a girl who's faced with the decision of whether or not to take them.

You feel grim. Dead on your feet, but you can't sleep. Been in bed an hour now, since eight o'clock this morning, but your head's still buzzing with it all. Where do you go from here? Do you grab what you want, and risk it, or do you slip back into the dingy sort of life you've always lived? Look, you tell yourself. Think it out properly from the beginning...

For ages, you've been on the outside looking in. There they were, the liveliest crowd in town, living it up, having a great time, and all you ever wanted was to be one of them. And then, yesterday—was it really only yesterday?—Mark came into the shop, chatted you, obviously thought you were his sort, and asked you to one of the crowd's parties. Well, of course you went. Your mother was a bit doubtful about it being an all-nighter, but she trusted you.

It was a great party. Nice house, and the parents were away for the weekend—no one to bother you. You danced. You ate and drank and danced some more. And round about two in the morning, you began to feel a bit sleepy. You'd had a long day at the shop, after all. But everyone else seemed to be full of go. No tiredness in them. And then Mark said in that off-hand way of his. "What's the matter? Need a lift?"

"A lift?" You'd asked strangely. "Mmm. Never tried it? Here—have one of these—they'll make you feel great."

You had looked at the small yellow pill he'd offered you, and wondered. But when you gazed around, you saw the others were swallowing them. So you did.

Well, you remind yourself, you got your lift all right. You felt fantastic. As if somewhere inside you an extra motor had suddenly been switched on. A tingling at the back of your neck. A surge of confidence. Half-an-hour after swallowing that little yellow pill, you were like a new girl. You danced like crazy, and Mark called you a real swinger. In a flash you and the others seemed so witty. Everybody giggled, and the colours of the clothes were as brilliant as the music. New, mysterious reserves of energy fed your brain and your feet floated cleverly through far-out

new steps and patterns. You doubted nothing, questioned nothing. At last you, quiet you, were really *living*. All uncertainty had dropped away. You could do anything... anything. And then you'd necked a bit—nothing to be ashamed of, but good fun. You were like the rest of them now, one of the crowd, the crowd you've envied all this time. If only there hadn't been that trouble at six o'clock this morning—but there was, wasn't there?

What started the fight? That doesn't matter, you tell yourself bleakly. But it happened. Two girls, suddenly screaming at each other, hitting and scratching and biting like animals, while the others stood by and laughed and egged them on—until it got out of hand. You can still see how she looked; crumpled on the floor, her mouth bleeding, her face scratched and bloody, her eyes sickeningly half-closed, unconscious because the other girl had grabbed a bottle, and hit her. Probably a fractured skull, the ambulance man had said. And that other girl—standing there, screaming and crying, shaking so that she could hardly stand—it made you feel sick.

And when you'd asked Mark, he'd shrugged.

"So what?" he'd said. "It happens. Linda gets too high—got no sense, Linda. Takes more stuff than anyone else—so she gets nasty sometimes. She can't help it. Johnny'll look after her. She'll be all right by tonight—a few pills, and she'll be swinging again." And the other girl? You'd asked. The one who was taken to hospital. What about her? And Mark had shrugged again.

"Sue won't say anything," he'd said. "She was high too, so she won't say anything about where she got the pills. If she does, Johnny'll see to it she gets no more—she'll be out."

And then, he'd told you about tonight's party, said he'd take you, and gave you a couple of pills—to get you going, he'd said. It'd be a great party, he promised. And he'd wanted to neck again, but you told him you had to go home—so he let you go, and said he'd see you later...

You roll over in bed, and put your hand under the pillow. They're still there. Two little yel-

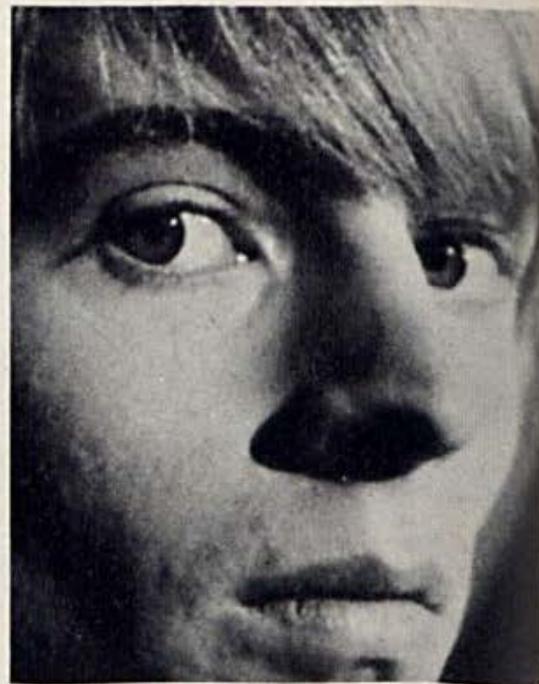
low pills wrapped in a frilly white handkerchief. Do you use them? Or do you drop out now? Let Mark find another girl, have fun with her instead of you? Do you go on with your dull on-the-outside-looking-in life, or take a chance on really living? You won't ever get like Linda, will you, get too high? You won't ever lose control like Sue, and shake and scream and cry—will you?

You lie in bed, wishing you felt better, wishing you could sleep, wishing you knew what to do. Wishing you could remember the fun, and forget the fight. Maybe you should take one of those little yellow pills right now...

WHAT THE STARS SAY

KEITH RELF (YARDBIRDS).

"I'd definitely get out. If taking these pills is the only way to find fun, then they are not really a nice crowd. You shouldn't need to boost yourself if you are really having all that much fun to start off with. I'm always talking about unethical and bad things in this business, and I mean pills too. There's just no need to get pleasure this way. Let's face it, if you're with a great crowd of people, the right group of friends, there's no need for all that. No, I wouldn't bother with this crowd."



"I wouldn't bother with them."

WHAT RAVE SAYS

TED CASSIDY (ST. LOUIS UNION).

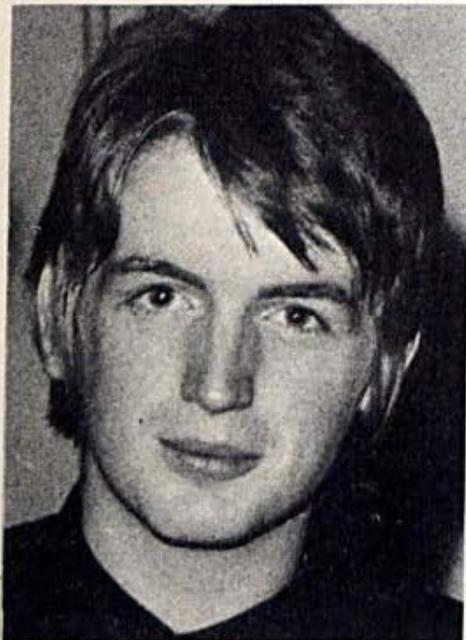
"This sort of problem depends on the girl concerned. The point is, if it is purely to be in with this swinging crowd, that she wants to go around with them, then there can't be much fun in it. I have no objection to people taking them. It's just like some people drinking or smoking. But pills can be bad. I don't think any worse of them morally. The danger lies in the rituals that surround them. Pill takers have a sort of class distinction from everyone else, and then there's the hierarchy on the needle. It's amusing yet pathetic, that they have to let everyone know what they're on. If this girl really does have fun, and is a responsible person as far as this crowd is concerned and does not get involved, then she could stay with them. But if she's just going around with them because they're swingers—forget it! Something must be missing in the lives of this swinging crowd to need a lift."



"Take the pills?"

JOHN ENTWHISTLE (THE WHO).

"If I were the girl, I think I'd remember the fun and forget all about the fight and the unpleasantness. I believe in pep pills in a way—to keep you awake when you've got to stay awake—but not to use them to get high. I have taken them myself, and used in the way they were intended, they're okay. Mine were prescribed for me. But definitely don't get involved with them for kicks. Actually, thinking it over, I don't think she should really stay with this crowd of people. Girls seem to get in such a state over things like pills, usually more tied up than boys. No, I wouldn't bother with this crowd, I'd get out! Before drugs get hold of her and become a habit."



"Depends on the girl concerned."

DENNY LAINE (MOODY BLUES).

"Well if she thinks she's with a swinging scene, she's on the wrong one. She thinks it is, but it's far from it. I haven't taken these pills myself, but from all accounts, they do give you a lift, but the depression afterwards is pretty bad. I'd get out from that scene right away. I don't think she really knows what swinging people are. To me, they are a group of people of about the same age, who are their own bosses in everything they do. They have fun, but sensibly, not looning around. They talk to one another, find out about each other. You tell them things about themselves, and they tell you in return. You respect one another. Understanding people, makes you get on with them and enjoy their company. This is a swinging scene to me. Nobody should revert to drugs just to have a good time."



"Get out from that scene."

This is a hard and dangerous problem to discuss with total honesty, but let's try. First of all, let's admit that all races at all times in history have invented some kind of stimulant to give them a boost.

Alcohol, tobacco, snuff, certain mushrooms, weeds and leaves have been used for centuries. Others, like the new chemical drugs, we're just beginning to learn about. Not even the scientists who invented them yet know all their side-effects on the human body and brain.

Look at tobacco. People have been smoking for four hundred years in Europe, but it's only in the past few years that we've been able to associate cigarettes with lung cancer.

If you want to know what drugs like heroin and cocaine do, we advise you to spend half-an-hour in an all-night chemist's in a big city. When you've seen those poor wrecks collecting their prescriptions you'll need no further advice.

Getting pilled, blocked, zonked, bombed or stoned is simply an admission that you can't cope with the reality of life. With a pill you can kid yourself . . . for a while. Unfortunately, you can't kid others.

And yet, the same pills carefully taken in small doses under a doctor's orders can help people to concentrate, pull themselves together and make a success of their lives.

Would you let a teenage friend give you a penicillin injection or set a broken ankle? No . . . you'd be pretty crazy if you did.

Then why trust someone who hands you a pill at a party? How do you know it's what he says? How does he know it's what he says? For all you know, it could be a dyed aspirin . . . or a deadly poison stolen from some doctor's car.

And don't fool yourself that you can tell by the colour. Different drug manufacturers use many different shapes and shades for the same formulas. If somebody's made a mistake it may be too bad . . . for you.

The consequences for girls may be particularly bad, because of the specially intricate female system. We all know what happened with thalidomide and the kind of babies it led to.

The worst time with any drug is the "come-down" . . . the moment when it wears off and you're faced with the truth about yourself. That's when you want to get back up there on Cloud Nine again, and you can't because you've got to go to work, feeling grey, tired and rough.

And where's the so-called pleasure then?

We say: Leave it alone. If you're a natural swinger, why mess about with dangers you can neither understand nor control? If you're not . . . well, a drag on a drug is still a drag.

TODAY'S RAVES

It's the girl's angle on girl's fashion—what's everyone raving about? What's new on the scene? What's in, what's out? What's causing a sensation? Read on and know!

■ As Trilby Lane says on page twenty-two the latest look is the glitter look. Here are some ideas we think you're going to rave over! To turn a simple day dress into an evening dress, add sequined scarf. If the dress is buttoned down the front, leave the top buttons open. Best to wear with a V-neck dress, and best material for the scarf is crepe. On to the cravat or scarf sew matching or contrasting disc sequins. Looks great tucked into an evening coat.

■ Latest look for scarves is the striped knitted schoolboy-type scarf, worn knotted round the neck in place of a cravat, though it can be worn casually with a coat or suit! Available everywhere!

■ Latest look in jumpers is the exposed shoulder look. Convert your own round-neck jumper by opening the shoulder seam and stitching it back into a tear-drop shape, getting wider towards the sleeve. It looks quite sexy, say the boys.

The new 'exposed look



■ New on the market are Beatle silver medals. On one side, there are four heads, and on the other the four famous signatures. The price of them is £2. 19s. 6d. — A wonderful souvenir or present for a Beatle fan. (See pic. above).

■ Latest shades in trousers—pastel colours. Usually hipster and slightly flared, they look best in corduroy worn with a heavy shantung shirt and cravat (for day) and with a silk shirt (for evening).

■ Hard to find are way-out frames for ordinary glasses. To be really different, take the heavier, more expensive frames for sunglasses to the optician, and have the prescribed lenses fitted—really original.



■ New look in bags is still the beaded look. If you are not ambitious enough to make your own, buy a plain cloth bag and sew little beaded patterns on it. For a matching look, you can also do this to your purse and spectacle case.

■ Add glitter to a plain coat (even leather) by sewing on jewelled buttons and matching buckles on the belt. A great place to find really different ones is a street market.

■ Latest look in watch straps are the pastel or two-toned kind in kid leather. Make your own by buying a plain white strap and dyeing it a pastel shade, i.e. pink, turquoise, or two-tone like pink and scarlet. These straps look best with man-size watches.

■ Looking great with either matching or thicker fabric trousers are satin shirts. The shirts are very 'thirtyish with floppy sleeves and tight cuffs. Favourite colour is champagne. Though hard to find in the shops, can be made up from ordinary blouse pattern by just making the sleeves wider and long so that they droop, and the cuffs longer (2 button length).

■ Back come the wide belts—in suede or pastel colours! Convert a leather belt by dyeing it to the required shade and add a fancy buckle for a softer look. Try the new type of shoe dye that you paint on—it's in some lovely colours.

■ Latest in hair fashions—diamante hairslides. The shapes should be simple, square or oblong. Really gives a sparkle to hair that's simple and loose.



■ Mad about shoes—especially your own styles? Then you might like to pay a visit to the Chelsea Cobbler. It's a studio started by two boys and a girl who met while wandering Europe and had the idea of a made-to-measure shoe boutique. Now they are established at The Studio, 18 Emperors Gate, London S.W.7., and will make up shoes or boots to any design from about 5gns. upwards.

NEW CITY FOR THE NEW GENERATION

■ A new and very ambitious club opens in London on February 28th. It's called Tiles—although we say club really it's more of an underground city! On the opening night, The Animals will officially open it and here's what's in it—beauty bar, snack bar, enormous dance floor, The Band Box—selling cigarettes, sweets, stationery, magazines, Irvine Sellars of Carnaby Street—a young male boutique, The Hot Hundred Record Shop—as well as records, there's

radios, record players and recording equipment, Plumage—a girl's boutique, Ravel Shoes—a branch of this fabulous shoe shop. The shop hours are the same as the club hours—12 noon to 2.30 p.m. and 5.30 p.m. to 11.30 p.m. Membership is 10/- a year, with 5/- to get in for members, 7/6 for friends. Tiles is open 6 days a week, with live entertainment after 7.30. The address? 1 Dean Street or 79 Oxford Street. As we said, it's more of an underground city!



A
NEW
ANGLE
ON BOYS'
FASHION

JUST DENNIS

Each month, RAVE artist Dennis, models the new look in clothes for boys.

1 Tinted eye specs—I really go for these ones with the half-frames. This pair are from Cue, Austin Reed's Regent Street boutique at £2 2s. 6d. **2** The shirt is from Paul's Boutique at 39 & 47 Carnaby Street, W.1. This is still the main place with my mates to pick up good buys. This shirt is wine and white candystripe, with a white collar, double white cuffs, and the collar is pointed, buttoned down. A real knockout! Price £2 19s. 6d. **3** Cuff-links to match the shirt from John Adam Salon at the Civil Service Stores in the Strand, and cost 8s. 6d. This is a big thing at the moment, matching shirt and links, and it's easy to match up your shirts and ties with the wide range at this boutique. (Available by post.) **4** This great beige hessian belt is lined with leather, and a gold buckle, and come in all sizes. This one is 17s. 6d. Also from the John Adam Salon and available by post. **5** From His Clothes, Carnaby Street, come these trousers. They're an old idea with a new look—pure white, thick "jumbo" cords at 85s. Available by post from 52/55 Carnaby Street, W.1. Include 3s. for postage. **6** I can't stop talking about these shoes. They're green suede on black leather with a fringed flap and buckled strap in black leather. Expensive at £6 15s., but a good buy. From Topper Man (West End) Ltd., 57 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.1. (Available by post.)

Two pop friends of mine, Dave Dee and Beaky, are real sharp dressers!

Dave Dee got his white polo sweater from Harry Fenton in Shaftesbury Avenue for £4 10s., and the trousers he picked up in a shop in the group's home town of Salisbury—Clark and Lonnen—and are in a very bold check. They cost £3 10s.

Beaky has also gone mad over check trousers, but his have a white background. Beaky got them at John Stevens, Carnaby Street for £4 10s. The sweater is from another Salisbury shop, the Salisbury Mod Shop. It's green with a big white band going round it with an orange/yellow fine stripe going through that! £3 15s. 6d.



CENSORED
FOR RAVE READERS' EYES ONLY

DODD'S POP DIARY

MARCH

thirty-one days in the life of a pop lover

<p>1 Toys and McCoys return this month. Film of Beatles at Shea Stadium, America, where they played before the biggest audience ever (over 50,000)—on BBC TV. tonight. Roger Daltrey 21 today.</p>	<p>12 The Spanish Flea man, Herb Alpert here today, and in concert at the Hammer-smith Odeon tonight. Herman on Lucky Stars. Brian O'Hara 25 today.</p>	<p>23 P. J. Proby at Garrick Club, Leigh (Lancs.) all this week.</p>
<p>2 Hollies over in Ireland—Belfast University. Rockin' Berries off to Bermuda for two weeks cabaret at The Forty Thieves Club.</p>	<p>13 Kinks in Belgium and France for a week. Seekers on Ed Sullivan show. Billy J. Kramer at Greaseborough Social Club for a week.</p>	<p>24 Great cast on "Top Of The Pops" tonight! Bachelors this week at Bradford Lyceum Club.</p>
<p>3 Mike Pender 24 today. Hollies at Dublin University. Walker Brothers on "Top of The Pops". New Freddie release out tomorrow—his Aladdin panto ends on the 12th.</p>	<p>14 Jimmy James and the Vagabonds—tipped as the 1966 Marquee group to make it, following in the footsteps of the Who and Manfred—playing at The Marquee!</p>	<p>25 Watch out! R.S.G. at the new time of 7-7.30 now! Roy Orbison and Walkers tour starts today, visiting 28 of the biggest theatres in this country—don't miss them!</p>
<p>4 Clarence 'Frogman' Henry here till 21st. Spencer Davis on R.S.G. Last two days of Fourmosts' week of cabaret—doubling at Greaseborough Social Club and Allerton Miners' Welfare Club.</p>	<p>15 Mike Love of the Beach Boys 25 today.</p>	<p>26 Diana Ross of the Supremes 22 today. Ray Davies on the "Juke Box Jury" panel today.</p>
<p>5 Freddie and his Dreamers on Lucky Stars. Jimmy James and the Vagabonds at Hatfield Tech. Great group!</p>	<p>16 Watch out for "A Whole Scene Going". (B.B.C. 6.30 p.m. tonight.)</p>	<p>27 Bachelors one week at Newcastle Dolce Vita. Rod Garwood of Unit 4, 22 today. Hollies leave for America—big six week stint.</p>
<p>6 Walkers in one week of cabaret at Newcastle Dolce Vita and Stockton Tito's. Hugh Grundy of the Zombies 21 today, and Mary Wilson of the Supremes 22.</p>	<p>17 St. Patrick's day ought to find the Bachelors in fine spirits!</p>	<p>28 Silkie leave for Belgium—big promotional trip.</p>
<p>7 Chris White of the Zombies 23 today. Hollies off to Poland for 12 days—start off at Warsaw.</p>	<p>18 Donovan on a European Tour—Germany 7 days, Austria 2 days, Switzerland 3 days, France 5 days, Belgium 3 days and Holland 5 days. New Seekers' single, "Some Day, One Day", out today.</p>	<p>29 Tomorrow the Animals are off to Beirut for dates there—they've really been looking forward to some sunshine!</p>
<p>8 Last week of Ken Dodd panto at Birmingham Theatre. Ralph of the Swinging Blue Jeans 24 today.</p>	<p>19 Paul Atkinson of the Zombies 20 today. Billy J. at the Fiesta Club, Stockton-on-Tees this week.</p>	<p>30 Graeme Edge of the Moody Blues 24 today.</p>
<p>9 Tom Jones and Lulu together on the Des O'Connor Show. (B.B.C. TV.)</p>	<p>20 Seekers on the Palladium. First heat of MM National Beat Contest at Brighton—last winners, St. Louis Union. Dana Gillespie in Belgium for International Folk and Blues Festival—all the folk stars there!</p>	<p>31 Richard Chamberlain 31 today. Rod Allen of the Fortunes 22. P. J. Proby exiled to the States for six months from today—don't worry it's only his permit that's run out on us!</p>
<p>10 Animals in Scandinavia for 5 days.</p>	<p>21 Keith Potger (Seekers) 25 today. Tom Jones doubling at Tito's Stockton and Newcastle's Dolce Vita this week.</p>	<p>NOTES.</p>
<p>11 Soloman Burke at the Fenda Club, at Kenton, near Harrow. Ric Rothwell (Mindbenders) and Geoff Turton (Rockin' Berries) both 22 today.</p>	<p>22 Keith Relf and Terry Bond both 23 today.</p>	<p>David 'Illya' McCallum to film here this month. Heard his disc "Communication" yet? It's weird!! Possible visit of U.S. No 1's Simon & Garfunkel.</p>

KEY BOOK
paperbacks . . .

CHARM FOR EVERY WOMAN

by Constance Holt

This inexpensive book does not deal only with mere physical good looks. Charm cannot just come out of a box, a bottle, a dress shop . . . or a book! But this book is an invaluable, practical guide which will show YOU the right way to develop genuine, up-to-date personal charm. The seeds of charm are in every one of us—here you will find how to cultivate them to the full. 128 pp.

SLIMMING THE EASY WAY FOR MEN AND WOMEN

by Allen Andrews

Whatever the reasons you may feel you need to slim they all come down to the fact that you believe you will be a better person if you can lose your extra weight. Let this friendly, informative book show you how . . . and your youth, your personality, your health, your appeal to the other sex will all blossom if you do.

SEX AND MARRIAGE

by Allen Andrews

This is a book about the facts of love—a book for everyone who is not past being in love. This is a book of facts, and the author intends that you should finish it knowing more than you did about yourself, and much more about your partner.

BED-SITTER COOK BOOK

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Covers: The Bachelor Kitchen - Basic Equipment and Stores - Bachelor Shopping - Weights and Measures Simplified - Egg Dishes - Roasts - Grills - Stews - Curries - Out of the Frying-pan - Chicken Dishes - Fish Dishes - Pastas - Cooking with Rice - Snacks and Quick Meals - Vegetables - Salads - Soups - Sweets - The Bachelor Bar - Bachelor Hospitality - Party Dishes.

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Shows you how to make your parties really enjoyable social occasions. A simple and practical guide. Covers Cocktail or Sherry Parties; Buffet Parties; Dinner Parties; Wine and Cheese Parties; Tea Parties; Coffee Parties; Children's Parties; Parties for Teenagers.

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(Capital Letters)

ADDRESS

MARCH 66



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



YOU'RE TELLING US



El: Really the 'king'?

As it says in your Jan. article on El Cordobes, I think bullfighting is a 'revolting primitive exercise in calculated cruelty'. Not that I'm particularly fond of bulls. I just feel sorry for them.

I do, however, think El Cordobes is great, especially in the picture where he is kneeling, pleading for the bull's life. How I wish he was something other than a bull-fighter.—Vicki Whimster, Aberdeenshire.

I've just read the Jan. issue of RAVE from my pen pal in London, and I think it's fabulous! I read with interest the article on Paul Simon. In case you haven't heard the news by now, Simon and Garfunkel's record of "Sounds of Silence" reached No. 1 here. I completely agree with Simon's comments on Dylan. When Dylan gave concerts this year at Forest Hills, and Cornell, he was booed, and rightly so. I think ninety per cent of all folk singers are phonies. They come on as rebels and tear down everything in this world, while they're the biggest phonies. Simon and Garfunkel aren't like that, and neither is Donovan.—Linda Wilson, Brooklyn N.Y. 11235, U.S.A.

Tonight I saw the most fantastic group out — the Spencer Davis Group!! Earlier on, I asked Stevie for his autograph and I felt such a fool, because not many people do that, but it was worth it. The pen I'm writing with, he signed my book with, and I just couldn't give it back to the nice

big bouncer, so he let me keep it. (Friend for life.) Some of the girls at the Bromley Court Hotel (where they were appearing), were taking pictures of them with flash bulbs, and didn't realise that Stevie (my future husband by the way—though he doesn't know it!), got the flash in his eyes! Please print a picture of them soon!—Linda Mackie, 18 Sunnybank, South Norwood, S.E.25.

In the January edition of RAVE, Marion Page wondered if anyone else had any changes they would like to see made in '66. The only change I would like to see is JOHN (Walker Brothers) with his hair cut a bit shorter. John is my favourite brother, but why does he keep his hair so long? I think he is so handsome and I would like to see more of his face. Don't you agree?—Linda Hogg, 37 Abercrombie Crescent, Bargeddie, Glasgow.

You'll have noticed from our Club's current newsletter, that RAVE has been voted the Magazine of the Year. This isn't just my opinion, it's the opinion of many of our members and friends, and we thought you might like to know. It's a small honour, but I'm sure it's an accepted fact amongst the majority of pop music fans that RAVE has done an exceptional job in providing accurate information and first class photographs since the Number One issue!—Elizabeth Robinson, Rolling Stones F.C. of Ireland, 120 Kingsway, Dunmurry, Belfast.

In January's RAVE I was disgusted to read that you predicted protest songs would fade out. Must we have so many stupid love songs? Have people nothing more to think of? People were just beginning to realise what this world is coming to and now they are trying to change the subject.

Also it's a pity Paul Simon didn't keep his criticism of Bob Dylan to himself. Has he forgotten that some of his fans admire Dylan? I do, but I was never a fan of Paul Simon and never will be now!—Shirley Fisher, Osborne Court, Burton-on-Trent, Staffs.

It is regrettable to see so much prominence given to El Cordobes and the barbaric sport of bull-fighting. Amongst fashion and pops and other harmless activities contained in RAVE, the whole article was completely over-glamorised. To bestow the title of "king" upon a young man partaking in such bestiality, and to describe the sport as one of the most beautiful and impressive features of Spanish civilisation is deplorable!—Priscilla Watson, 5 Haseley Road, Solihull, Warwicks.

My sister and I have been to Walkers, Stones, Manfreds, and Hollies stage shows at Guildford and yet we haven't been able to hear one! Isn't it about time all these teenage nits who go to scream and not listen, grew up? Let's face it, the groups needn't bother to sing because you can't hear a word. Why, oh why can't someone start a new trend of not screaming?—Jill Mays, Rosehill Cottage, 99 South Street, Dorking, Surrey.

I'm fed up. It's obvious to anyone with any sense that GARY is the best Walker Brother. I love Scott and John too, but Gary's the best. In your January edition, you had an article on 'What is it about them that's so lovely?' Them? It was all about John and Scott!! It's not just magazines that favour them, pop programmes are as bad. Always gorgeous shots of Scott and John, but when we finally get a shot of Gary it's normally a long shot. So please, let's have more of my fave rave Gary, more solo pics and more info. I'll love you for ever!—Denise Lambert, 103 Hawks Road, Hailsham, Sussex.

We're sure Denise, and all other Gary fans are delighted that Gary has released a record of his very own! It's marvellous.



Gary: The best Walker Brother?

Itching to know something, dying to ask just anyone... then write to us and we'll help you out. The address is: WE'RE TELLING YOU, RAVE, TOWER HOUSE, SOUTHAMPTON ST., LONDON, W.C.2.

...AND WE'RE TELLING YOU!

■ *We would like to know if the picture under 'We'd Like' on Rave-alations in the Jan. issue is Tom Jones or Paul Jones. This is to settle an argument—***J/S Church, P/086076, C.2 Ward, Royal Naval Hospital, Stonehouse, Plymouth.**

It's Paul Jones—and who's won?

■ *Could you please settle an argument? Which fab Walker Brother is married, and when was he?—***Irene Simpson, 2 Montgomery Road, Aberdeen.**

John is the married one. He married Kathy, his wife, June 26th 1965, in California.

■ *Could you please tell me if Len Barry has made an L.P., and if so, its number?—***Mary Boyes, Woodhead Farm, Lanarkshire, Scotland.**

Yes, he has. The number is LAT 8637. Tracks are: '1-2-3'

We love getting your letters, and helping you find your lost boy and girl friends. We'd also like to hear from those of you who've found your friends through having your letters printed in RAVE—do drop us a line.

■ I have tried without success to find this boy, you must help!

I sat next to him at the Stones show at Birmingham Odeon, October 14th. He sat in seat 11, front row of the stalls for the 1st performance. He was so kind to me and I'd love to see or hear from him. So if anyone knows him, please ask him to contact me.—**Susie Hodgkinson, Birmingham 29.**

■ You must help me find a certain boy. Last summer my girlfriend and I went to England and stayed with a friend in London. We met this boy in a local club and thought he was just great. We would like to have him contact us.

Name: Chris Davies. Hair:

(the title), 'Will You Love Me Tomorrow?', 'Treat Her Right', 'I.O.U.', 'Would I Love You?', 'Lip Sync', 'You Baby', 'Like A Baby', 'Bullseye', 'At The Hop '65', 'Don't Throw Your Love Away', 'Happiness (Is A Girl Like Mine)'.

■ *Could you give me any address where we could write to Michael Crawford, who co-starred in The Knack? We think he's talented and also very good looking—***Loretta Britton, 607 Maple Street, California.**

Michael's Club address is: Miss Jean Hildrick, 10 Clements Ave., Rugby Street, Hull, Yorks.

■ *Do I share my birthday, May 18th, with any pop star?—***Alison Chislett, Fort St. George, Cambridge.**

Not as far as we can trace, Alison, but Pete Townshend's birthday is on the 19th, and Cher's is on the 20th.



Knack-man Mike Crawford.

■ *Please could you let me have the fan club address of the Spencer Davis Group?*

Marie Thomas, Glasgow, Scotland.

Address is: The Spencer Davis F. C., 155 Oxford Street, London, W.1.

■ Last summer, I was with a German ship, M.S. *Gisela Flint*, at the harbour of West-bay, Dorset. I met at a fair there, a girl called Jenifer. She is learning hairdressing and lives in Bridport, Dorset. Please, if anyone knows her, tell her to write to: **Manfred Rossler, Ellerholzdamm 19, Germany.**

■ Does anybody know Paul? He's a deckhand on the *Oriana*. He's about 5ft. 8in. and has blue-green eyes and ginger hair. I met him last summer, July 10th, in downtown San Francisco. But, like a fool, I didn't find out much more than his first name. He's 16, and his home is somewhere in Kent. His friend's name was John. Please tell either of them to write to: **Karyn Call, California, U.S.A.**

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

PEN PALS

Brigitte Kampmann, 425 Boltrop, Geobenstr. 7, West Germany. Age 16: Wants mod pen pal. Likes the Stones, Dylan, and Sonny and Cher.

Evelyn Cenci, 87 Rue Victor, Nancy 54, France. Age 17: Likes all English records, and wants English mod pen pal (boy). Likes Donovan, Dylan, and Stones.

Leo Iking, Van Speyklaan 9, Bussum, Holland. Age 17: Wants English girl pen pal. Very interested in beat music, especially the Stones.

Norma Bornholdt, 1088 McCalman Bay, Winnipeg 5, Manitoba, Canada. Age 16: Loves the Beatles, Stones, Gerry and others. Wants boy and girl pen pals.

Emikie Ikeda, 55 Hamauta 2 chome, Nigata, Japan. Age 16: Wants pen pal from England. Likes Cliff, Paul McCartney, and Herman.

Joan Dodgson, 36 Winslade Road, Liverpool 4. Age 17: Wants boy pen pals anywhere in England. Likes reading, listening to records and writing.

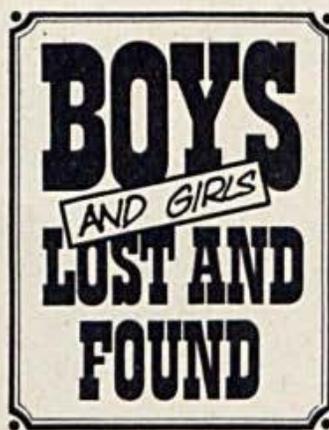
Tiziana Boeris, 23 Via Capitan Consalvo, Lido di Roma, Italy. Age 16: Likes the Beatles, Stones and other groups. Wants English mod pen pal (boy). Will answer all letters.

John Sztano, Damjanich u. 27. II.em. 2, Budapest, VII, Hungary. Age 18: Wants to write to English girls. Likes Beatles, Sonny & Cher, Stones, and P. J. Proby.

Pavic Nenad, Boskovicewa 16/III, Zagreb, Yugoslavia. Wants to write to boys and girls from England. Interested in new records and stamps. Age 18.

Angel Flores, Gastelum 1168, Ensenada, B. CFA., Mexico. Age 16: Loves music, Stones, Them, Animals, and Kinks. Wants European pen pals, boys and girls.

Ann Husarska, Paryska 31/26, Warsaw, Poland. Age 16: Likes Beatles, Stones, Animals, Seekers and Yardbirds. Goes for swimming and sailing. Will answer all letters. Can write in English, French, Russian and Polish.

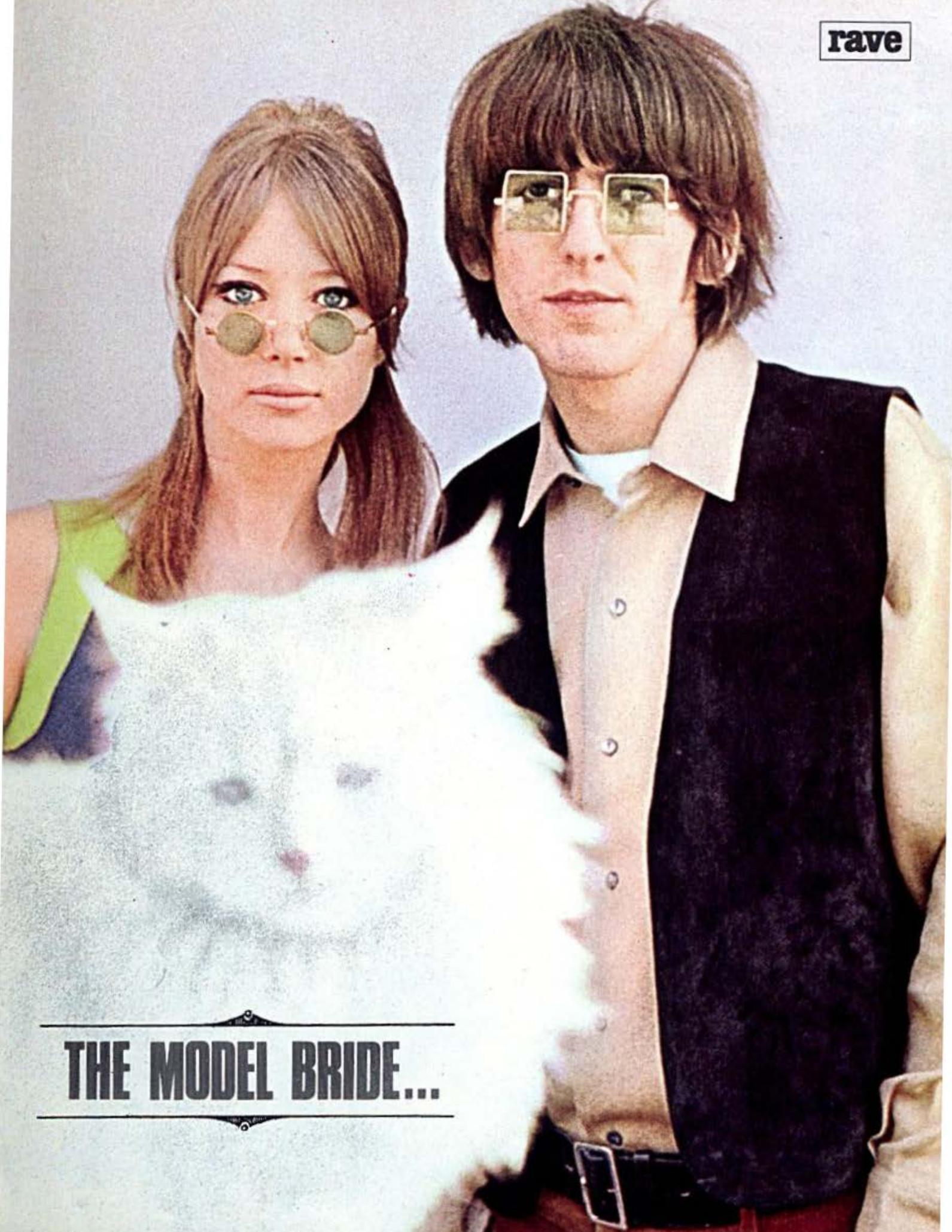


Long and blond. Eyes: Greenish blue. Height: About 5ft. 11in. (very thin).

Anyone knowing Chris, please tell him to write or send us a letter telling us how to contact him.—**Karen Palenschat, New Jersey, U.S.A.**

■ Will you find Denise from Llanelly, who had a front row ticket, block C, at the Beatles' concert in Cardiff. Denise please write to: **Deb, Sue, Sue, Newport, Mon.**

rave



THE MODEL BRIDE...

She was the model bride. He was the model husband. Why was it that they were meant for each other?

The girl in the very short red fur coat stood on the steps of the registry office beside the dark young man. Photobulbs flashed and a very select few muttered the things families mutter after a wedding ceremony.

The girl held a beautiful bouquet that fell in flowered layers towards her pale stockings and, like all brides, she smiled radiantly. "I love him, I think he is wonderful," she said of her brand new husband.

But this bride wasn't quite like others, and the handsome boy she married wasn't ordinary either, for he was George Harrison—Beatle, who has thousands of girls saying the same thing his wife said the day they were married. "I love him, I think he is wonderful."

And she was Pattie Boyd, model, who stares at us from posters and TV ads, and must have a great many male admirers.

So why did it happen that early one morning in the Surrey town of Epsom, these two young people took the vows that tie them solely to each other? Why, when all the world, and all the males and females in it, lies before them, did they choose each other for always and ever?

George and Pattie met on the set of the Beatles' first film. I was around at the time and it was obvious George was mad about her. That was surprising, because George was a bit slow to rave over girls. But from the moment he set eyes on Pattie things changed.

People talked about the romance. Some waited for it to break up. "Why should George stay with one girl when he could have so many?" they queried.

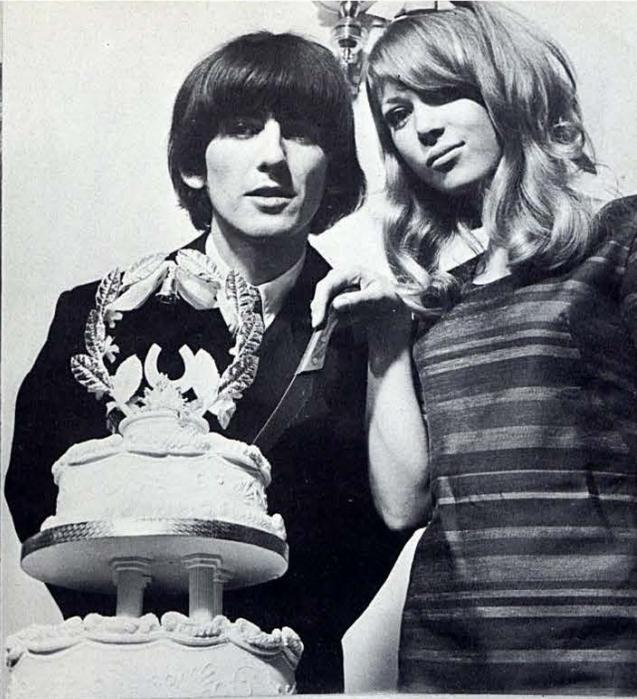
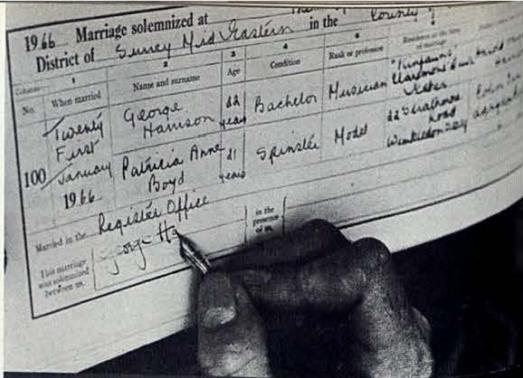
The Beatles toured America, and we saw photos of screaming thousands falling at their feet. Then we heard tell of long phone calls put through from the Beatles' hotel suites, to a private number in London. Pattie's number. George was missing her despite his own success.

The Beatles have shown us through John, Ringo, and now George, that they are human beings as well as top line entertainers. They don't give all of themselves to show business. They are very much human.

Like George once said to me, "You can have a million pounds and be surrounded by charming people, and be lonely and poor without the right mate."

So that is why there was a wedding at Epsom, early one morning on January 21st, 1966. That is why George and Pattie look forward to a lifetime of love and togetherness, and that is why we are glad for them, and feel no jealousy. They have something precious, that will be ours one day, too.

DAWN JAMES



rave



PATTIE AND GEORGE

"Hello. Directory Enquiries. Can I help you?"

It was a sexy, velvet-coated, come-hither voice that would have melted the heart of a Buddhist monk, let alone me! "You certainly can," came my eager response.

"O.K. what is it?" Those two rare qualities, sex-appeal and Alexander-appeal oozed out of her like it was her last breath.

Well, I ask you—getting ga-ga on a bird you've never even clapped eyes on! But this one could have done a strip-tease in front of the switchboard and had the receiver sizzling at the other end. Talk about a *hot-line*!

"Hey—watch that X-Certificate voice, you'll short-circuit something!"

"But I'm just bursting with surplus electricity," she came back.

If you're asking yourself how an innocent phone-call ends up with yours truly getting evil designs on a sweet unspoiled hello-girl, you're out of luck 'cos I'm not going to tell you. Trade secret. But now I was on to this hot line I wasn't going to waste it.

"Listen, if you really want an interesting conversation meet me at, mm—Leicester Square. By the hot-chestnut man. How about 7.30 — tomorrow? Strictly business, of course."

"Oh, of course," sexy larynx answered.

I was there—all duded up in my Shetland wool suit and new American cotton shirt — and on time! But did she turn up? Not on your life—she's female, isn't she?

I glimpsed at my watch through the darkness of the M.G. Five to eight.

Damn her! Should I phone Joan? No, I hadn't for days.

Damn them all!

I sparked the engine into life and pulled away.

"Look out!" I shouted. A neat little piece in a lambs-wool coat and long dark hair stepped out under the bonnet.

I leapt out.

"You O.K.?"

"Yes—no thanks to you!"

"You want to look before you go dashing out like that."

"All right — don't lecture me."

As she shook herself I took a sort of crash survey (excuse the pun)—she had better lines than my M.G., and that's saying something!

"Can I give you a lift somewhere?" I asked.

"Thanks—but don't get any ideas. I've a brown belt in judo."

LLOYD ALEXANDER

a young man with an ambition—girls

"I promise."
She insinuated herself into the passenger seat.

"Where to?"
"You mean you're taking me home?"

"You want to live a little?"
"Why not—the night's young, etc." she said, a little cynical.

"I was thinking the same thing—but I thought I'd end up with my arm in some kind of deadly double lock if I suggested it!"

"Actually—I was shooting a line. I don't know judo."

"Why did you tell me—how d'you know I won't overpower you and whisk you away to my horrible lair?"

"Simple. I do karate instead."

I took her to a discotheque

close by. Midst the din, I asked her what she did.

"I'm a 'hello-girl'. You know, telephonist."

Oh no.
"Not Patti?" I ventured hastily.

"No . . . Sonya. I've a Patti on the switchboard next to me." From the curious look in her eyes I knew she expected a confession. I gave her one.

"Oh, Lord—what a laugh. I heard all about you."

"You did?" I queried.

"C'mon, take me home."
I whisked her back to her Bayswater flat. She asked me in, surprise, surprise. Still, a cup of coffee was the least she could offer me.

I'm lying there, trying to figure out whether the abstract painting on the wall was

the right way up, when Sonya comes back on stage—wearing a negligee?

There was a tap, tap, tap as my coffee-cup chinked on the saucer. Then a crash as it fell to the floor.

"It's bath-time . . . good-night," she said firmly.

"Don't you want me to scrub your back?" I suggested, getting to my feet.

I felt a sharp pain in my stomach.

When I had pulled myself together, I was on the floor outside the flat door.

"You were right," I told myself. "She's dangerous."

Shook the dust off, hammered the door and bawled, "Tomboy" before skipping into the street.

I must have been Directory Enquiries' best customer next day.

"Hello, is Patti there?" I asked a hundred times.

Finally, I caught her.
"What happened last night?"

"Oh, must have missed you."

Don't let her kid you, I reflected. She wasn't there.

"Maybe."

"Lloyd, look. How about tonight? A nice intimate little get-together. Strictly business, of course."

"Oh, of course," I replied, jotting down her address.

It was kind of familiar, but I didn't realise until I got there it was the same address as Sonya's . . .

"Hello, Lloyd," she greeted me, in a swishy little black thing.

The lights were low. Smooth music whispered from the record player. I spotted Sonya in a corner, pre-occupied. I remember thinking he must have been taller than me.

That wasn't all that was wrong.

There were about a dozen blokes there—and two birds?

It was a real sick joke getting introduced to them, like I was inspecting the troops.

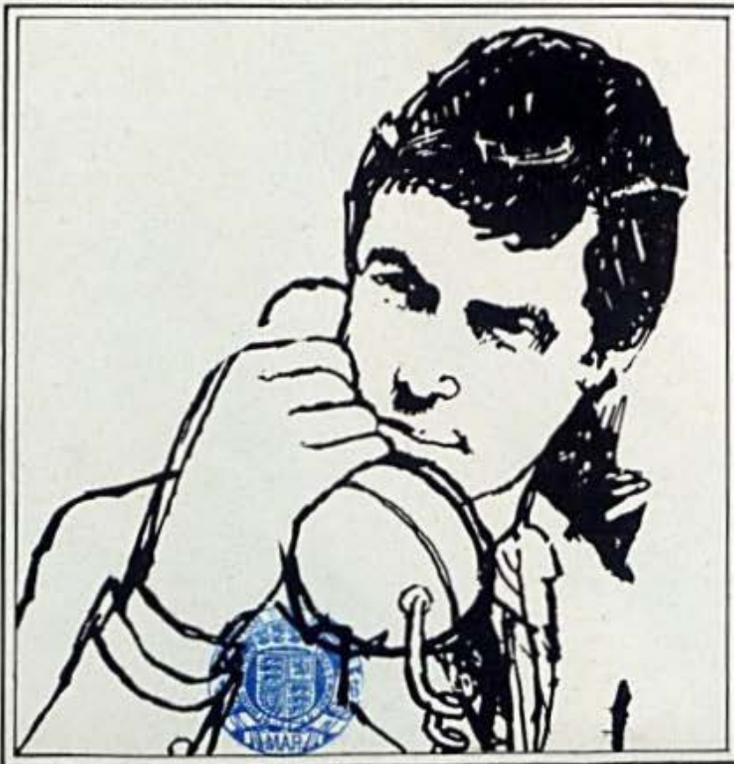
Turned out they were all fellahs who'd fallen for that sexy voice—and tried their luck with the owner.

"Lloyd, this is Mr. Brent. You wanted a number for the Meteorological Office, wasn't it? We arranged to meet at Trader Vic's at the Hilton—what an evening that was . . ."

Patti spotted something in my expression.

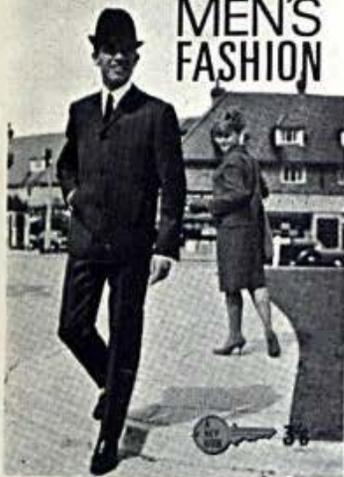
She whispered in my ear: "We agreed, didn't we? Strictly business, remember."

Lloyd, will you never learn?



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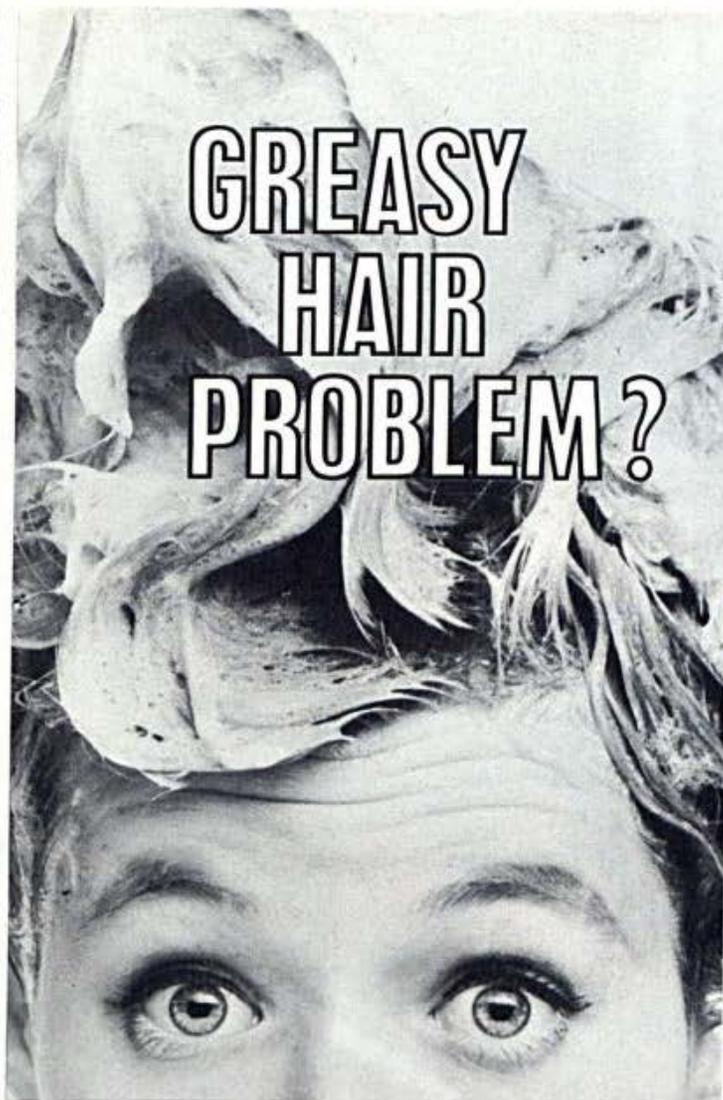
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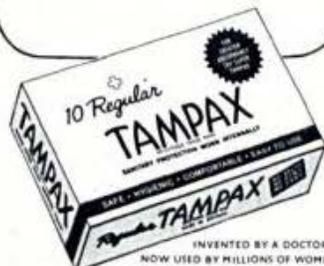
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