

RAW

SEPTEMBER 12/19

BE A BIBA BIRD Get the new blue look
10 YEARS OF ADAM FAITH
HOW TO FELL A FELLA
SUPER FREE COMPETITION



FASHION, FICTION, POP, CROCHET, KID JENSEN, CAREERS, FUN

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WAY IN

Hi!

This is the last RAVE. It's sad but as you can see (just take another look at the cover!) we're putting a Biba face on it. All the details of that are on pages 14 and 15.

We're not making this a draggy, unhappy occasion. This is RAVE, on top form, with all the usual ingredients.

RAVE has always been a super mag and this number is no exception. In future we hope you'll read FABULOUS 208 (which is weekly) to take the place of RAVE. Some of your old mates are on FAB already, like Heather Kirby the fashion editor and Kid Jensen, the Luxembourg dee jay.

FAB is ready to welcome you in the issue on sale on September 11th (but dated September 18th). Naturally I personally hope very much that you will stay with us because I'm editor of FAB, too! Anyway, all the details of the things FAB has in store for you are on page 40. See for yourself and make up your own mind.

It's been lovely knowing you and working for you.
Love,

The Editor

MAKE BELIEVE

If you saw the film *The Tales of Beatrix Potter* (see the picture below which we couldn't resist putting in) and liked the idea of beautiful costumes tastefully displayed on animals (or in fact if you just like anything that is pretty) then you'll like some new posters and notecards that are on the market now. They are all drawn by an artist called Beshie and depict make-believe situations that come alive in colour. To her, animals inhabit a world similar to ours and she has the kind of insight that can display all this on paper. Gallery Five are producing Beshie's work both as 6" by 8" notecards, price 12p, and as 19" x 26½" posters at 75p.



RAVE REMEMBERS

We've been getting dead nostalgic looking over some of the old copies of RAVE. Can things really have changed so much in the past seven years?

February 1964: The first issue of RAVE came out. We predicted that the Dave Clark Five might just topple the Beatles from their throne! And the Beatles (who gave interviews in those days) said they'd become business men if their success fizzled out. Billy J. Kramer and Gerry Marsden were big stars. And male Ravers were told that white trousers, Cuban heels, Kildare shirts and four-button mohair jackets were the latest thing. Plus 'Robin Hood-cum-tribby hats'. RAVE's comment? "It's gear!"

January 1965: The Stones wore suits and ties and Cliff Richard still used hair cream. Shoes had pointed toes. Richard Chamberlain in "Doctor Kildare" was the big heart-throb. Idyllic "dream holiday" pictures of John and Cynthia Lennon. And in the Christmas issue we managed to get Mick Jagger, Paul McCartney and Eric Burdon to dress up in full choirboy outfits and sing carols in front of a church choir!

January 1966: Everybody had positively short hair and even the Who wore collars and ties. We predicted that the three top groups—apart from the Beatles—would be the Animals, the Walker Brothers and the Stones. Skirts were knee-cap level and lipstick was chalkie white!

January 1967: Hair was still respectable. We predicted round-toed shoes, Cilla Black's engagement to Bobby Willis,

the end of the Yardbirds, the rise of the Monkees, the come-back of Motown, and sky-high miniskirts. But we boomed when we said that psychedelic music and happenings wouldn't happen.

January 1968: We said in our predictions: "Radio Caroline will sink beneath the sound waves, Ringo will emerge as a better actor than John Lennon, Simon Dee will be his own worst enemy, Procul Harum will not find another 'Whiter Shade Of Pale', Herman might become Peter Noone and lose the Hermits. . . ." And Jeremy Pascal said: "There will be more tough, aggressive singers taking the place of pretty stars on the pop scene."

January 1969: We predicted the disbanding of the Monkees, romance for Lulu and Maurice Gibb, as well as Paul McCartney and 'an unknown lady', the non-success of Apple, Cilla's marriage, Joe Cocker's American success. And how right we were when we predicted: "The controversial musical 'Hair' will be followed up by even more way-out shows and films, which will eventually bore everyone to death."

January 1970: In an article in this issue Paul McCartney told us: "I'm a Beatle and the Beatles are a band. What the future holds I don't know. Of course we argue—who doesn't? But I'll always be Beatle Paul McCartney. I can never change that." George declared: "I'm a Beatle for life." But we predicted: "Doing their Own Thing will become more and more the Beatles' pattern of the Seventies."

RAVERS

RAVE may be ceasing publication, as they say in official circles, but everyone connected with it is still alive and well and working elsewhere, or will be by the time you read this.

Of the names you see in the paper you may like to know that JULIE WEBB is now settling in on the features side of New Musical Express and PRU WOODMAN is heading for Woman's Own.

1001 PRIZES TO BE WON!

WHAT'S INSIDE

That's what we have for you in our Free Competition on page 16. The first prizes are personal recorded messages from those wonderful guys Pete Duel and Ben Murphy from Hollywood's *Alias Smith and Jones*. The messages will be taped in Los Angeles direct onto cassettes to fit a Philips Cassette Tape Recorder. The five first prize winners will each receive a message from both boys plus a Philips Cassette Tape Recorder.



Two hundred bottles of a super newshampoo—Protein 21—by Mennen, are offered as prizes.



Super Adrien Mann rings—among the many prizes.

First prizes—Philips Cassette Tape Recorders.

50 winners will get Rimmel's eye shadow sets.

ONE SIZE
ballito
ALL SHEER MESH TIGHTS
Swingers

one size fits 8½-11 foot sizes
up to 40" hips
All sheer mesh tights

500 pairs of long-lasting Ballito tights to win.



Flared corduroy Lee Cooper jeans for third prizes.



Second prizes—you choose from a selection of Timex watches.

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WHOS WHO AT RAVE

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HOW TO FELL A FELLA!

As we spend ninety-nine per cent of our time trying to attract the opposite sex, we decided we'd better find out from a few fellas what *they* like us to look like! So we interviewed six very different types to get their views. Then we found a model who fitted each boy's description of his ideal bird, dressed her as he wanted us to and photographed the result. Now you can decide which fella you like best, take note of his likes and dislikes—and good hunting!





ABOVE: John, a typical boy-next-door, likes: blue, white boots, hot pants ('not too short') neat-looking clothes, dislikes: bright colours, hats and patterned tights.

For the girl-next-door look, a blue jersey short-sleeved suit from Downtown, white wet-look boots by Dolcis, £6.95, white leather shoulder bag from branches of Girl, £3.45, big metal flower brooch by Adrien Mann, 96p.

OPPOSITE PAGE: Alan, a young stockbroker, likes: demure feminine girls, Liberty prints and frills, romantic but smart clothes, high collars, cameos, puffed sleeves, tall boots, dislikes: hot pants, minis, lots of make-up and way-out clothes.

And here she is in a printed corduroy midi suit from Laura Ashley—jacket £3.75, skirt £3.75, yellow sweater with flower applique from Dorothy Perkins £2.50, rust suede boots from Biba £8.95, choker with cameo by Corocraft, £1.95.



Florian, drummer with Curved Air, is really a very subdued hippy, and even had his hair cut off before our session! He doesn't care what he wears but he likes girls to care. He likes maxis, sludgy colours and prints, a neat, simple, unconventional look. Dialikas: hot pants and bright colours. You want the hippy look? It's easy! Long hair, long dress, £12 from Biba's, no shoes and lots of patchouli perfume!



Chris is a 21-year-old ex-skinhead (he says they don't exist any longer) who likes flouncy skirts, pretty blouses and trendy birds but not those who go for all the gimmicks. Dislikes: red cheeks and cherries, fussy clothes. Her pretty yellow crepe blouse is by Ann Reeves, £4.50, brown crepe skating skirt by Syndica, £2.25, beige and brown high-heeled 40's shoes by Emma, £6.50, dark brown tights by Elle, 40p, bangles by Biba, 50p each.



Christopher is a very trendy type—as you'd expect of someone who does public relations for Take 6, the trendy boutique for trendy boys. He likes Biba colours and any look as long as it is done with flair and feeling. Dislikes: any fashion slavishly followed. Model Tiffany gets the kook look together very well. Floppy hat with cherries and flowers, bright red cheeks, plucked eye brows, long smock over longer skirt, multi-coloured platform shoes and clashing-coloured tights.



Stanley Matthews is a tennis player (Wimbledon and the Davis Cup team) and likes neat, tidy clothes, hot pants, dark colours. Dislikes: anything freaky. She sports a cream Courtelle fur fabric jacket with padded shoulders by Splinters, £9, also in fawn and pale blue; beige and purple hot pants with heart bib by Richard Draper, about £8.50; stripey sweater in lots of colours by Harold Ingram, £2.50; red and white neckerchief from Laurence Corner, 16½p, heavy red wool socks from Ireland House Shop, £1.40, beige suede running shoes with red trim by Sexton, £4.99.

ARE YOU UNHAPPY IN YOUR JOB?

WHY SO UNHAPPY?

Are you sure it's not you that's the unhappy one? Is it only at work that you feel depressed and down—or have you been snapping at your mum or boyfriend recently? If it is you that's at fault then don't dash out and get the first job you see—you may need the friends at work. Much better to change your social life and join a local club or society—or if you can get the time off—go away for a few days and get a change of scenery.

IS YOUR BOSS REALLY A MONSTER?

How nice, you may think, to sit behind a big desk all day answering the phone and getting cups of coffee brought to you. But remember, anyone who gets to be the boss gets a headful of problems and extra responsibilities. If you feel he (or she) has been unreasonable recently it may be because he has a lot on his mind. Give him the benefit of the doubt and whatever you do don't insult him or be rude—remember you never know when you might need references!

ARE YOU RESTRICTED?

One of the worst things about leaving college/school and going out to work is you leave from the top and start your work at the bottom of the ladder. Be prepared for people who think you are a sweet little thing who has an empty head and little experience. Be willing to do the odd jobs but don't get lumbered for all the dogsbody work. You are the only one who can prove your worth—if you behave childishly then you'll be treated as a child. If you feel you can take on extra responsibility then offer your services but don't try to run before you can walk.

MONEY—THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL?

The majority of people change their jobs in order to get more money and what better reason you may ask! Well there are better reasons, like prospects. Okay, the money

may be lousy to start off with but take a long term view of the situation. If you're in the sort of work that pays well after say five years, that is far preferable to a job that pays well now, but has no prospects for the future. If you really can't make ends meet, best talk to your boss or personnel officer and if they can't offer you more perhaps take a Saturday job.

SQUARE PEG IN A ROUND HOLE?

What about the people you work with? Are they your sort of people or about fifty years your senior? There's nothing worse than working with people you just can't get on with, but usually there's an ally working around the corner. Perhaps someone your own age or with the same interests and hobbies as yourself. Seek them out—have a look at the notice board to find out if there are clubs or associations you can belong to that are attached to your work—that way you'll feel less like an outsider.

CAN'T STAND THE PACE?

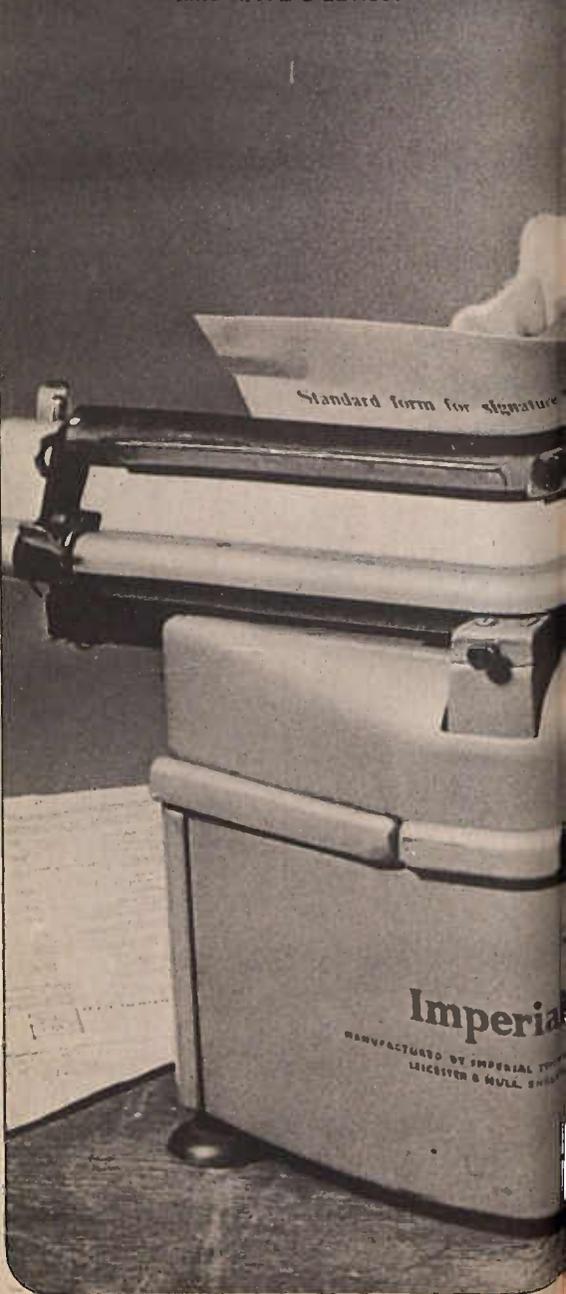
Maybe at your interview you didn't like to tell your boss your typing wasn't up to much! If you told a few white lies then you could find it a struggle now. Honesty is always the best policy so confess all—or you'll find yourself in deeper water. Or be keen and ask if there are any day release courses you can attend to brush up on your particular subject!

BE CONSTRUCTIVE

Don't mope and moan if nothing can be done to salvage your hope in your job. If you discover your boss really is a monster—or the people you work with really are a load of creeps—that there are no prospects and you'll never get a rise in the next ten years then obviously the best thing to do is to look for work elsewhere.

First take stock of your qualifications. Just what have you to offer a prospective

If your job doesn't live up to expectations—don't worry. You don't have to be stuck in the same place for years. It may seem like the end of the world—but it needn't be—not if you plan your next move carefully. All you need to do is first sort out exactly why your work isn't suitable—then once you've found the root of the problem—use a little common sense, and take RAVE'S advice!





employer? Maybe you aren't efficient but qualities like cheerfulness and willingness can go a long way. Never underestimate your own talents but don't go after a job where you know you'll be out of your depth.

PEOPLE TO HELP

If you're under eighteen then the best person to go and see is the Youth Employment officer. He'll have a list of jobs in your area and will soon be able to assess where you can put your talents to the best possible use. How can you find him? Simply look in your local telephone directory under Youth Employment Services or if you don't have a book, pop along to your post office and they'll have details of the nearest office.

Over eighteen? Then the Department of Employment can help. You don't have to be out of work to pay them a visit. Simply go along and register—they'll take down your details and qualifications and will do their utmost to help. Again, they'll be listed in your local telephone directory—or ask at your local post office.

Alternatively keep an eye open in the local or national papers. But if you see a job you fancy the look of, don't wait around a few days—apply immediately. And remember if they say apply in writing—write, don't type the letter! If you have to phone, count to ten, take a deep breath and make sure you are as relaxed and calm as possible when you phone. Nothing will put them off faster than a breathless employee!

Employment agencies are another way of finding work. Big chains like Brook Street and Alfred Marks are reliable, and are likely to have a good selection. Don't let them palm you off with the first job but be choosy and settle only for the work you know you are interested in—at the right salary.

If after all this you still can't find the job you want try writing to the personnel officer of the type of firm you want to work for. He may have no jobs going at the time you write, but if you appear to have the kind of qualifications he may need, then he'll get in touch with you at a later date. Even the personnel officer at your place of employment may be able to help and get you transferred to a more suitable department. Don't give up—keep trying and eventually you'll win!

JULIE WEBB

"I THINK you're just wonderful," Audrey told me. "You'll never know just how wonderful to me."

I felt uncomfortable. I shifted uneasily on my seat. Any time any girl gave me a sort of a look or said something nice to me I always felt a bit disloyal. Well, you see I already had Julia, I couldn't ever forget her.

"It was nothing," I mumbled. "Nothing at all."

"I think it was brave," she whispered. "I can't think why you did it for me."

Her eyes were shining damply behind her spectacles. They were soft, blue-grey eyes and her eyelids were hot and moist, red and damp. Her cheeks were damp too and her nose a bit red. Altogether she had the appearance of a crumpled autumn leaf, soon to fall and be lost forever in the mud of winter.

"You took the blame," she went on. "For my sake! You could lose your job over this."

"It's not much of a job. It wouldn't be much loss."

"That's not true," she said, and sniffed. It wasn't at all romantic. Nothing about Audrey could ever be romantic. That was her trouble. That was why life had been such a disaster for her for most of her twenty-eight years or so.

"I don't like the job," I said. "It doesn't like me, either. The trouble is I can't think what job would. I'm not really much good at anything."

"You're much too nice," she told me. "You make me feel so awful. Saying you were the one who put the letter in the wrong envelope and sent it to Dawson, Machaath and Finnigan, Ltd."

"I didn't say I did that," I disagreed. "Everyone else said I did, and I didn't bother to make an argument about it."

"Only to save me getting the blame."

"Don't get worked up. I've got beyond caring about this place, honestly."

The office was empty. Nearly everybody had gone home. Certainly everyone from our dark and dingy, depressing room. The files on the steel shelves leaned dustily against each other, hoping maybe that someone, anyone, would want them tomorrow. Town Planning Dept, that was where I worked, in the Barslem Town Hall. Ugh! worked did I say?

I didn't call it work. I was a despised and ill-considered dogsboddy on a wage that wouldn't keep a baby in wet-look shoes.

"Must be off," I said. "Don't fret, Audrey. You're okay now and in the clear. Nobody will ever know about the boob you made over the letters. Honestly I don't give a hoot over the whole thing."

I stood up and made to go. She came over to me in a wet little rush and flung her arms about my neck. It was a damp and soppy little kiss she gave me, about as passion rousing as a wipe with a damp face flannel.

"There," she said, panting.

"I wanted to do that. You're sweet, Spen. And so good. Don't ever let anyone tell you otherwise."

"Tal!" I put her away from me as hastily as I could without seeming rude. "Never mind eh? It's all in a day's work."

I went into the corridor. With a bit of luck I might get out of this graveyard for dead filing systems without any more trouble and breathe a drop of fresh air. I sneaked off down the long corridor.

"Adams!"

That was Mr. Murch! My luck was out. He wanted a word with me.

MR. MURCH was waiting for me behind his big desk. Now he really had an office. There was a big picture window, overlooking the new City Centre Construction, by Dawson, Macheath and Finnigan Ltd. Good old D.M. & F. They were in the money and I had helped them get there, in my humble way. Not that I'd get any thanks from them.

The office had fitted carpet and bookshelves stuffed with large, legal tomes. A leather armchair awaited some honoured and respected backside. I wasn't invited to sit in it. I fell into the obligatory attitude of respect, hands behind my back, before Mr. Murch's desk.

He was a hard-faced man. He had steel grey hair, steel grey eyes and a steel grey suit. No prizes for guessing the colour of his five-o'clock shadow. We didn't like each other, only he could show it and I couldn't.

"Adams," he said, with biting contempt. "You are a fool."

"Yes sir."

"You are the biggest fool this department has ever had."

"Yes sir." Who cared? It was nice to be the biggest and best just for once in my useless life.

"Putting that letter in the wrong envelope," he said. "You amaze me, Adams. You know what you did?"

"Put the letter in the wrong envelope!"

"Be quiet. Don't be insolent. You gave away secret Council information to a big firm. It enabled them to put in a tender for public works for a contract worth hundreds of thousands of pounds."

"Yes sir."

"Oh, God, is that all you can say. If it leaked out there would be a public scandal."

"It was an accident," I said thinking of poor, red-eyed, unhappy Audrey, who'd really made the mistake. Silly, lovesick, soppy girl, having a useless love affair with a man three or four years younger than herself. Not me, thank God! But with Brian Meadows. Nobody knew about that but me, I hoped. I think the unhappiness of it had taken her mind off her job.

"I should dismiss you on the spot," he said. "God knows why I don't."

I suppose he was afraid I

NICE

Start reading this compell

The next instalment

September 18th.

might go and tell the Press if he did that. I wouldn't. It was all over now. Poor Audrey could keep her job, and it was a job she needed badly. Poor Audrey, with her catarrh and her thick ankles and her ailing mother!

Somebody had to do her a good turn sometimes and it might as well be me.

"It's only because of your father," he said. "One of the most respected servants of the Council ever had. Bear that in



GUY

new serial by Derek Long.
will be in FABULOUS 208/RAVE
on sale September 11th.

The old me would have helped that poor girl down there—but I was a new man now. I put my hands behind my head, stared at the blue sky and listened to my secret dreams. I wasn't a nice guy any more!



mind, Adams."

"He wouldn't want me to get favouritism," I said. All my life I'd lived under my father's shadow.

"I wouldn't like Dick Adams to know what an idiot he had for a son," Murch said. "Now get out, Adams. If you do anything half as silly again I'll sack you out of hand."

I went out. That was it, over and done with. I thought longingly of my Julie. Consolation was coming. At least I would see Julie tonight.

BACK HOME Dad was sitting on our small lawn. He hadn't much else to do. He wore the dark glasses that hid from everyone he'd gone blind eight years ago.

"That you, Son?" he called to me as I went in the garden gate. "Have a good day at the office?"

He heard me laugh. He didn't miss much, not my Dad. "Get into trouble again?" he asked testily.

"Just a muck up over the post," I said. I squatted beside him looking at him. He had shoulders like a barn door still. And those hands. You could wrap those fingers up for a pound of sausages any day.

"Are you going to make a mess of that as well?" he asked me. "Like everything else."

"Shouldn't be surprised," I said, truthfully. No point in trying to kid my old man along. He could hear a fib at ten paces.

"Jesus," he said. "That's the fourth different department you've been in since you went to the Town Hall. Can't you settle to anything?"

"I'm trying, Dad." If he wasn't blind I could have had an up-and-downer with him. But not with a blind man, and your own father, too.

"I suppose so, Son," he said, heavily and wearily. He was trying to live his life through my eyes, and I kept letting him down by just not being good enough.

Mrs. Jeans came out with a tray of tea for him. She glowered at me. "You never had your hair cut," she said. "Like your Dad told you to."

"I did," I said. "It's still shorter than most of the hair around these days." I heard my Dad sigh. I was just a long haired sissy to him. He couldn't see how times had changed. I wished he could see—so that he could look Mrs. Jeans in the face and see what a vinegar bitch she really was.

I hoped he wouldn't be fool enough to marry her. She so obviously hoped he would.

"I'll go indoors and change," I said.

"Meeting your girl tonight?" he asked me.

"I hope so."

"Hope," he said. "When I was your age I didn't hope. I got stuck in. Knocked the door down if need be."

Well, I wasn't like him. Everyone was always telling me that. I went indoors and looked,

as I always did, at the silver trophies in the hall. Rugby League Cup finalist at Wembley. Olympic light heavyweight boxer. And other sport he'd done well at too. And he'd become a councillor, after he'd worked his way up from being a grocer's errand boy.

For what? To have a son like me. I looked at myself in the hall mirror. Spectacles. A bit of a swot sort of look. Not half Dad's size. Skinny as well. Oh, well, off to see Julie then. Maybe she would give some sort of a lift to my saddened feelings. It had been a hard day.

Julie was out, which proves that bad days come to last the day out. Sometimes they come in weeks and months as well.

"Funny," I said to Julie's flat-mate—she shared her place with a girl called Sue, who was short, blonde and, I could imagine, cuddly as well. "We had a date."

Squatting on a couch, Sue looked at me. It was a hot mid-summer evening and I was wearing a pink shirt and the old flared pants. With Julie one had to put on a bit of a show. "I know," Sue said.

"What went wrong? Did she say?"

"Yes," she told me. She sighed. "Sometimes I hate that girl. Why should I have to put the boot in for her? She should do her own dirty work."

I thought about that. Did she mean that Julie and I were finished, washed up. I'd been recognising the signs for a few weeks now. It made me feel a little dead inside. Not so that I wanted to put my head in a gas oven or jump off a cliff. Failure and me were used to each other by now.

"Tell me," I said.

"Oh, Spenny, why don't you just forget it. There are other girls. Nicer girls."

"Tell me," I repeated.

"She's gone out with Brian Meadows. In his new car. It's a Jag! To the Overhang Club as well."

Brian Meadows! He was the one that poor Audrey had her useless, hopeless crush on. Why I did it I don't know, but I drove my ten-year-old banger out to the Overhang Country Club. I didn't have any trouble finding Julie.

She was sitting in a rose bower, alone. She looked smashing in a white trouser suit, tall, with her usual cool, aloof face. Tonight she was acting the smart bit, being a bit trendy. She was waiting to go in to dinner, I suppose.

I went up to her, hands in my pockets. "Having a nice time?" I asked her. "How's Brian's new Jag? How the hell could he afford a new Jag? He still owes me a couple of quid. Since New Year, too."

I saw the flush of anger come into her face. Her eyes got hot and mean. Deep down I'd always known she could be a bit bitchy. I'd always tried to pretend not to know.

ONE



1 Having cleansed your face and put moisturiser on, apply Foundation No. 1 all over face, carrying into hairline and fading at neckline. Using fingers lightly smear on little dabs of foundation at a time because it covers well and goes a long way.

2 Before you think of putting on eye make up, get your eyebrows into right shape. The new shape is very thin and gently arched. It's extended, but following your natural eye line. The beginning of your eyebrow should be just thick enough to look natural, as opposed to a line the same thinness from beginning to end. If you have pale eyebrows give them extra definition by painting very fine strokes in Water Colour, in the colour you wish your eyebrows to be.

3 Now the eyes. With eye-shadow brush apply Powder Tint in Royal Blue over area from socket to brow. Smudge and shade in with finger. Repeat,

adding more layers (smudging each time) until the blue is intense at the sockets, fading out towards the eyebrows. Also fade out around the edge of the area you've filled in.

Put Powder Tint in Cream over the eyelid, blending in with finger at the socket where it meets the Royal Blue.

Eyelashes are next. Put Upper Spider lashes on the upper lid, making sure you don't leave a gap between your natural lashes and the false ones. (These are long, but very fine and natural looking.) Put lower lashes on lower lid.

To complete your eye make up paint in a very fine line from the tear duct to the beginning in Water Colour (this fills in the tiny gap). Paint in a shade to match your eyelashes.

4 Shade the hollow under your cheekbone with Contour Powder in Brown, using a brush. Start shading from the bottom half of the bone, fading

where it suits your face shape. Make sure you fade the shadow completely otherwise you will get a hard line. It's important to follow the natural shape of your own face otherwise the shading looks terribly unnatural.

5 Draw a faint line in Contour Powder, shade Royal Blue, along your cheekbone (meeting the darker shading) and smudge in with finger.

6 Highlight cheeks and bridge of nose with Foundation Nought which is a creamy pale colour. Apply with finger lightly.

7 Fill in your lips first with Rust lipstick. Don't go over the lip outline, end Rust just within. Outline lips with Royal Blue lipstick. (You'll probably find it easier to make the outline with a lip brush). For a more shapely look Barbara made a short curved line at the edges of mouth to give upward curva, and also shaded in the corners of the mouth (as in diagram)

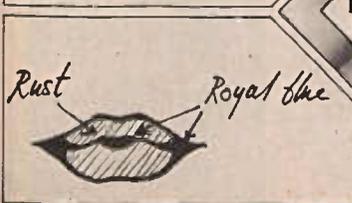
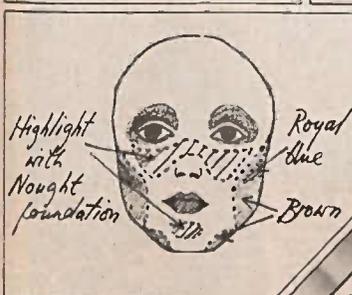
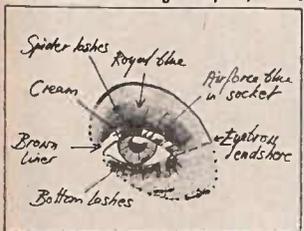
Royal Blue is also applied in the centre of the lips.

(The curved upward line at the edge of lips doesn't necessarily suit all lip shapes and isn't a must for the Biba look).

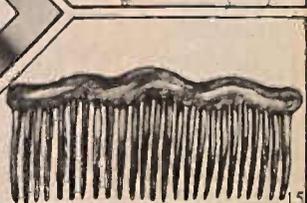
THE HAIR

Following the diagrams, set your hair in very small rollers. Don't use brittle ones as they split and damage hair. (We can safely say—through testing—that Boots foam rollers make a good night's sleep, and cost 15p for a packet of ten.)

After you've taken your hair out of rollers don't brush the curls out. Separate the strand with the tail of a comb and the curls will all fluff out. When all the curls are separated brush hair up from the back and hold up at the top of the head with three or four combs. (See diag. of comb which can be bought at Woolworths, Boots, and most chemists.) Let the curls form and fell on top of the head, end pull a few down at the side to frame face.



If you think getting the blues is being miserable then open your eyes to the newest blues of all. It's the Biba blues. The blues that Barbara Hulanicki has created for this autumn's moody looking face. It's a big blue eye catcher. You might not like it but you'd be blind not to notice it. Go to a party with the blues and you'll get non-stop attention. (Even if it's only to ask why you've got all that blue stuff on your face!) You'll either love it or hate it.



Enter now our Free competition

1001 PRIZES TO BE WON!

First Prizes: 5 tape recorded personal messages from Pete Duel and Ben Murphy (of Alias Smith and Jones) plus 5 Philips Cassette Tape Recorders. **2nd Prizes:** 10 watches from a nice selection of pretty watches from TIMEX. **3rd Prizes:** 10 pairs of LEE COOPER Easy Waist cotton corduroy jeans with fly front and flared leg (sizes 10-18). **4th Prizes:** 32 L.P. records by Neil Diamond, Moody Blues, Tom Jones, Osmond Brothers, etc. **5th Prizes:** 12 full-length life-size photos of Ben Murphy. **6th Prizes:** 500 pairs of BALLITO SWINGERS, 20 denier, sheer to the waist tights. **7th Prizes:** 10 enamelled gilt adjustable rings by Adrian Mann. **8th Prizes:** 25 Rimmel Eye Palettes. **9th Prizes:** 50 pairs Eylure False Eyelashes. **10th Prizes:** 200 bottles of Mennen's new shampoo Protein 21, super for split ends. **11th Prizes:** 147 10" by 8" glossy photos of Pete Duel and Ben Murphy.

Altogether, that makes 1,001 prizes, which means you have over a thousand chances of winning! All those fantastic prizes **MUST BE WON** . . . so read the simple instructions below and **HAVE A GO!**

HOW TO ENTER: All you have to do is put these nine pictures of Ben Murphy in order of merit as attractive photographs of him. Show your answers by writing the key letters downwards in the numbered spaces on the Entry Coupon. For example, if you

think Picture B is best of all, print B in the top space, then the letter of your second choice in the next space below . . . and so on until all nine are listed in order.

Complete the coupon in ink or ball-point pen, cut round the broken line and post in a sealed envelope to RAVE/FABULOUS 208 Ben Murphy Contest, 1-2 Bear Alley, London EC4X 1AJ.

Entries must arrive not later than Friday, 24th September, 1971, the closing date.

BUT WAIT! This competition will be repeated in our companion paper, FABULOUS 208, 18th September issue. Readers who buy that issue will be entitled to **FIVE MORE GOES—FREE!** So make a note of the date and don't miss this extra opportunity to win! You can send in both RAVE and FAB coupons together in the same envelope.

All winners will be notified and the result will appear in the earliest possible issue of FABULOUS 208.

RULES

Every accepted attempt will be examined and the five First Prizes will be awarded to the competitors who in the opinion of the Judges show the most skill and judgement in placing the nine photographs in the best order of attractiveness. The remaining prizes will be awarded in order of merit for entries adjudged the next best, no entrant to receive more than one prize.

In the event of a tie or tie for any one of the prizes, an elimination test will be held between such tie-ing competitors to determine the winner(s) or winning order.

Any entry received after the closing date will be disqualified as will any received mutilated or illegible, incomplete or containing alterations. No responsibility will be accepted for entries lost or delayed in the post, or otherwise.

The judges' decision and that of the Editors of RAVE and FABULOUS 208 in all other matters affecting the competition will be final and legally binding. No correspondence can be entered into.

The competition is open to all readers in Great Britain, Northern Ireland and the Channel Isles—except employees (and their families) of IPC Magazines Ltd. and the printers of RAVE and FABULOUS 208.



FREE ENTRY COUPON

RAVE/FABULOUS 208

My order of attractiveness of the nine photos of Ben Murphy is shown on the right. I agree to the rules as final and legally binding.

Name

Address

Age

1st	
2nd	
3rd	
4th	
5th	
6th	
7th	
8th	
9th	

CUT OUT ROUND HERE

Cossack

*Cossack aerosol Speedfoam.
Instant lather for fast, clean shaves.
Cossack—ready for action!*



Finding out about Cindy was like unravelling a piece of string. The more Mike found out, the more twisted, confused and complex it all became.

The phone had started ringing the first day he moved into the basement flat of number sixteen. Self-contained, it had said in the advertisement, which meant that he got to his front door round the side of the building, past the dustbins and the fungoid milk bottles.

The phone had been an unexpected status symbol.

"Cindy," a man's voice had demanded as Mike lifted the receiver. It was an impatient voice. A voice which would assume that Cindy, whoever she was, would come running.

Mike remembered the little piece of cardboard pinned on to the front door. Cindy James, it had said.

"Cindy isn't here any longer," he began, but the line went dead on him before he had finished the sentence.

Mike frowned and went and looked at the glowing scarlet paint that his predecessor had splashed over the gloomy pit of the living room. It was a gay, rather unsuccessful attempt to distract from the damp patches and the crumbling plasterwork.

"Cindy James," he said to the empty room, "I hope you're not going to be a nuisance to me."

Mike had exams looming six weeks ahead of him, and a tough job. He made a revision schedule and pinned it to the scarlet wall over the cracked tile fireplace.

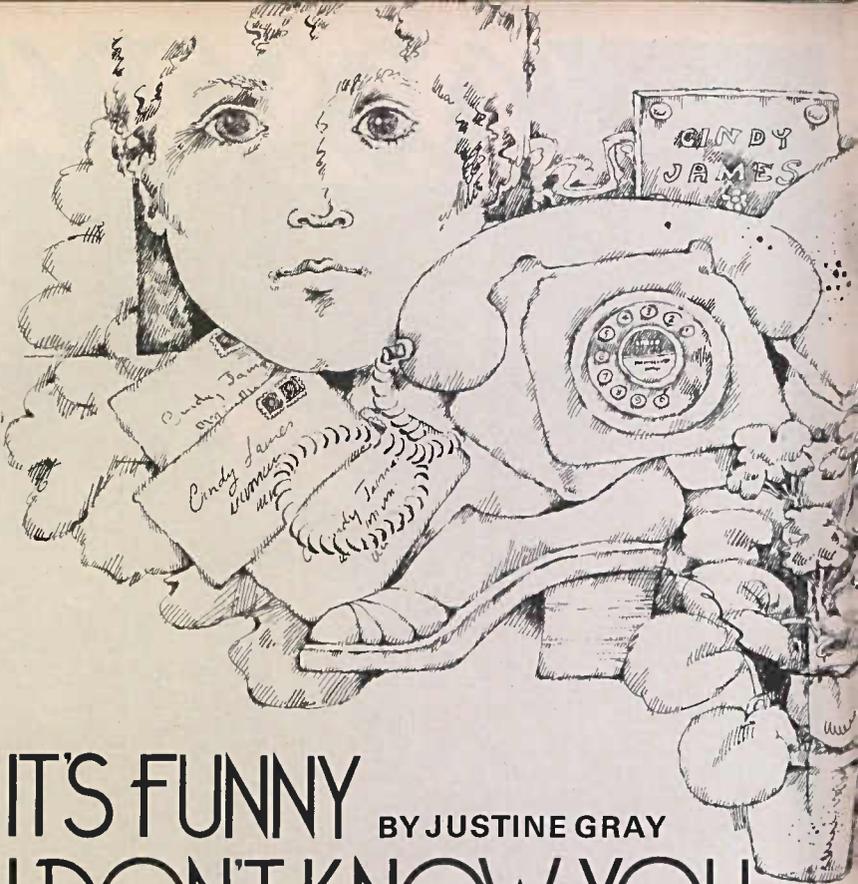
"Cindy gone then?" Mike found the milkman almost accusing him the next Saturday morning. "I'd have thought she'd tell me. Always used to have a chat, we did."

Behind him, Mrs. Troy the landlady was giving her rubbish a ritual burial in the dustbins. She joined in.

"Went very sudden, she did." They might have been talking about a death. "But then, you never know these days, do you?" Mrs. Troy had a face like an aging Queen Victoria on a battered old penny. "Not that I like to find fault, but..."

Mike closed the front door quietly.

Not that he was incapable of finding fault. He had scowled at the clumpy 1940 shoes hidden at the back of the wardrobe, the false eyelashes which he'd peeled off the bathroom mirror, the pots of geraniums



IT'S FUNNY BY JUSTINE GRAY I DON'T KNOW YOU

♥ A COMPLETE ROMANTIC SHORT STORY ♥

on the window sill which were sprouting maggots. The residue of somebody else's clutter left in his new home. And incongruously, in the bathroom, a child's sponge shaped like an elephant.

And letters came to be added to the pile. From the north of England. A couple were airmail, as if this Cindy had friends who were as scattered as her belongings.

"She said she'd let me know her forwarding address," Mrs. Troy said. "But I thought at the time—so much in a hurry and all that black stuff she put on her eyes running down her cheeks."

Mike, in a slow, logical, masculine way found his mind filled with the idea that untidy, disorganised, harum-scarum Cindy had been crying when she left.

He went back and bent his dark head over his books. He

had no time to be sentimental over someone he had never met.

And there was the phone. Irritating. Plaguing.

"Cindy, what's going on? I've been worried about you." The girl's voice at the other end of the line cut in before Mike spoke as he lifted the receiver. Cindy seemed to find overbearing friends, he thought.

He glanced at his watch. It was half-past twelve at night. And the fourth call that evening.

"Do you always call your friends at this time of night?" he asked, resting his aching head against the wall.

"I want to speak to Cindy," the girl said.

Mike went into his prepared chat. "Cindy has left the flat now..."

"Oh dear..." All at once the girl sounded worried, and Mike, unreasonably, mocking

himself, caught her anxiety.

The phone woke him again at quarter to seven next morning. Mike had heard the man's voice before.

"I want to speak to Cindy."

Mike's equable temperament was ruffled along with his sleep-tousled hair. "She's left," he shouted, and slammed down the receiver.

Half an hour later there was a pounding on the door. Mike recognised the man. He'd seen him going into the house next door. He was tall, but square-built, with one of those crooked Irish faces that could soften into its own winsome charm when it wanted to. Right now it looked like a stone carving from Easter Island. He was wearing a paint-spattered shirt which he'd either been working in or sleeping in all night. Mike didn't think he was the sort to work nights.

"Cindy," he demanded. "Do



you know where she is?" Mike recognised his voice from the phone, too.

Like taking a cup of tea back to bed, he allowed himself the luxury of disliking this man.

"If you'd listened to me," he said quietly, "you'd have found out that Cindy left—apparently with every intention that no one should follow after her and bother her."

"I don't believe you," the

man said. "She wouldn't just get up and go."

Mike thought about a girl whose black eye make-up had streaked down her cheeks.

"Wouldn't she?" he said quietly. He closed the door and went wearily into the bathroom to wash. He caught sight of the blue sponge elephant.

"Cindy," he said, a raging mixture of intrigue, irritation and sympathy, "your life

seems to be one great big chaotic mess."

He thought about her at night when his tired brain refused to take in any more work. She would be small and dark. Welsh, perhaps, with music in her voice. And guile. The sort of girl Mike would never want in his life in a hundred years.

He had been in love, a few months back with Julie who had laughed at the hours he'd worked and gone her own way.

Mike scratched at a cigarette burn on the table and remembered, too late, that he should have collected his washing from the laundrette.

Another Saturday came. Mike yawned down at the abyss

of the weekend, and found the photo and the invitation to the party wedged underneath the cutlery box.

He wasn't surprised about that. It was the sort of place that Cindy would put things.

It was the picture that held him. A slender rather tall girl with long blonde hair hanging straight to below her shoulders. And a gentle, laughing face with a turned-up nose which made her seem like a kid still. Smiling over an ice-cream cone.

And Mike, knew the man with her. A crooked, reckless face scowling back at the camera.

Underneath it said: Cindy and Paddy. Sussex 1970.

You're well out of that, Cindy, he thought. If you are out of it.

He wanted to know what was going on. Badly. So that when he picked up the invitation, his better principles fought a losing battle with his curiosity.

Somebody had printed out the words on an office duplicator, giving date, and address. It was for that evening. At the bottom a scribbled message had been added: Be sure to come back and see the flat, Cindy. We want to know what you've been up to since you left ... Linda.

Mike felt a twinge of sympathy for Cindy. It was coming at her from all sides.

He never intended to do anything about it. That was what he told himself all day. But at nine o'clock he was looking up at the lighted windows of a house. There were people, noise, laughter and a Stones record growling in the background.

Mike clutched a bottle of Spanish burgundy like an entrance card.

After all, it was quite easy. Walking in there and shouldering his way through dancing couples to the bar in the kitchen, pouring himself some of his wine.

Someone had covered the plastic light shades with tissue paper to soften the glare.

Mike padded back through the main room and explored. There were two bedrooms. One had paper with roses playing noughts and crosses on trellis work. The other had been painted white with an aubergine ceiling. Mike had a feeling that Cindy had been there.

"Looking for someone?"

The girl smiling up at him was small with big brown eyes in a little round face. Mike felt that she was the sort of girl who would go to the movies



Sometimes, it isn't all fun being a woman.
But that's your secret. And we made Fresh 'n Dainty
to help you keep it.

Fresh 'n Dainty is your sure safeguard against vaginal odour.
It's safe, soft, very gentle. And its light, delicate perfume
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Every day, all day, you can trust Fresh 'n Dainty.
Intimately.



KENNY JONES (The Faces) Birthdate: 16th September 1948. Kenny's horoscope shows the Sun in Virgo, the Moon in Pisces. His is a "dual" personality, practical yet imaginative. Incidentally, Pisces is the Sign of the Zodiac especially connected with music and musicians. Kenny's future? An erratic period over the next six months but a resounding success just before his 1972 birthday.

VIRGO YEAR AHEAD By the time you reach your 1972 birthday you'll be very pleased with the progress you've made, the new course you've set for yourself. The twelvemonth now ahead of you will be successful as well as enjoyable. Apart from a period between November 1971 and March 1972 when personal relationships will bring a few problems, life and love will be swinging! Social life, romance, will flourish just now, lasting until late October. Yet mid-1972 is the time you'll form a really serious attachment. Meanwhile, have a ball! Just one cautionary note—stick to your budget. It won't be until late 1972 that you'll be "in the money" again.

AIRES (March 22-Apr 20)
ROMANCE You're in changeable mood—and tantrums could be taken seriously.
MONEY An expensive month—but no financial disasters indicated!
FUN Life will be erratic, people unreliable until the last two weeks.

TAURUS (Apr 21-May 21)
ROMANCE No worries here; things proceeding very nicely indeed.
MONEY Make the most of lucky trends by getting around and chatting up.
FUN Travel, unexpected visitors, lots of mail make a busy period.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)
ROMANCE A super romantic phase will begin mid-month, last a long time.
MONEY Opportunities at work, but control a "couldn't care less" mood.
FUN Join in group activities whilst you can—twosomes will soon take over.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)
ROMANCE Last month's good trends continued—but even better!
MONEY Cash comes in unexpectedly after the 18th.
FUN Your popularity at a new high. More invitations than needed.

LEO (July 24-Aug 23)
ROMANCE A recent misunderstanding settled. New meetings for some.
MONEY You love spending, but try to control the urge a bit just now!
FUN A change of scene will freshen you up—be lucky, too.

VIRGO (Aug 24-Sept 23)
ROMANCE You could get quite big-headed at the attention you receive!
MONEY Several spots of luck. Ask favours, make changes mid-month.
FUN Social activities have exciting new trends.

LIBRA (Sept 24-Oct 23)
ROMANCE New links could be put onto a permanent basis this month.
MONEY You'll have the Midas touch! Push your luck.
FUN Social life hectic—but you'll have the vitality to cope.

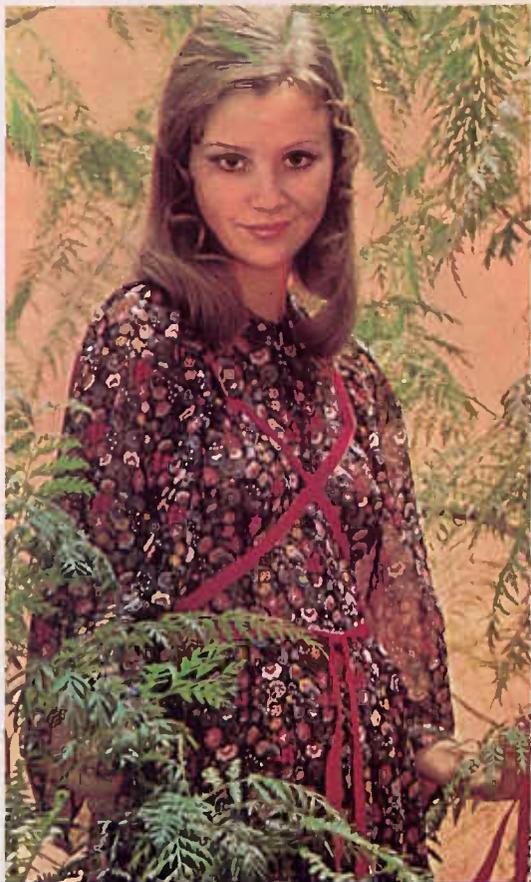
SCORPIO (Oct 24-Nov 22)
ROMANCE Steady relationships become deeper. New romance for the fancy-free.
MONEY An impulse buy will turn out to be a terrific bargain.
FUN Put in an appearance at clubs you've neglected recently.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov 23-Dec 22)
ROMANCE If you flirt around you'll get the same treatment in return.
MONEY You'll get the first hint of beneficial changes on the way.
FUN Don't let minor problems stop you enjoying the social scene.

CAPRICORN (Dec 23-Jan 20)
ROMANCE A live-wire type will be amusing—but he won't stay long!
MONEY Two opportunities; you'll find it hard to choose.
FUN Leisure time will be monopolised by family and friends.

AQUARIUS (Jan 21-Feb 19)
ROMANCE Someone you met early in 1971 will look you up again.
MONEY Very fortunate influences—make the most of them!
FUN A sudden decision on your part to alter plans and arrangements.

PISCES (Feb 20-Mar 21)
ROMANCE Put recent difficulties behind you—trends are exciting.
MONEY Be good about taking on extra work—it will prove profitable.
FUN Leisure time will be cut down—but you'll enjoy what you have!



Softness is the Silcot secret

Compare Silcot with any other santowel and you'll see. As well as being tops for confidence—super absorbency and no embarrassing moments—Silcot comes out tops for comfort too.

You see, Silcot santowels contain far more soft, silky natural cotton wool than any other leading brand.

What's more, of all the leading brands, only Silcot santowels are completely cellulose-free. This month, see if you agree about Silcot extra comfort.

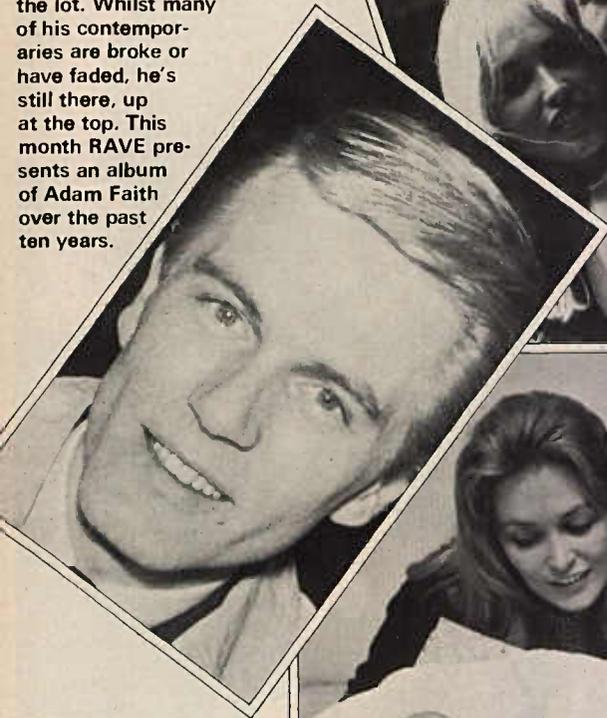


santowels and
briefs for
comfort and confidence

Dress by Angela de London Town

ADAM'S ALBUM

From messenger boy to pop singer and now actor—Adam Faith has survived the lot. Whilst many of his contemporaries are broke or have faded, he's still there, up at the top. This month RAVE presents an album of Adam Faith over the past ten years.



The year records 'Easy Going Me' and 'The Time Has Come' were released, and the year that lots of publicity photographs were taken, with Adam in a typical 'pop star' pose—sitting on top of his car.

Adam says:

"That car was my pride and joy—the first new car I ever owned. It was a yellow and white Zodiac. Did you like my hairstyle? A mate of mine called Eddie Jones who came from Chiswick invented that. You see at that time every singer had to have their kind of hairstyle—this particular one was cut the same length all over and allowed to fall.

I bought the car when one of my records was in the charts—I don't remember which. Silly really, I was wondering if I could afford a car and this record was selling thousands every day. It was very difficult to cope then because in those days pop singers were living in a council flat one day and playing the Palladium the next."

1962

Records like 'As You Like It', 'Don't That Beat All', 'Mix Me A Person' and 'Baby Takes A Bow' were released. Adam made a film called 'Mix Me A Person' in which he played the part of a murderer. Lots of controversy reigned about a comment uttered by the Archbishop of York regarding the younger generation and Adam defended youth and himself on a television programme.

Adam says:

"'Mix Me A Person' was the fourth film I'd been in and it starred Donald Sinden and Anne Baxter. I think they felt I was a name who was a box office draw and I could act too, so that's why I got the part. I always found acting difficult—it never comes easy for me and during the time I was filming I must have been impossible to live with.

The Archbishop of York said something like 'people

like Adam Faith who sing about sex, should set a better example'. The next day I was inundated with phone calls from the press asking my opinion and before I knew where I was a television show had been set up for me to defend myself and the youth of that time.'

1963

Lots of publicity was given to the fact that Adam was learning French. According to the papers he let it be known he wanted to speak the language fluently and many of his fans saw themselves as 'would be' teachers! Records like 'We Are In

Love' and 'The First Time' were released and Adam took part in a BMA conference on teenage morals.

Adam says:

"I learnt French, Spanish and Italian just about at the same time! Very confusing I found it! I wanted to speak foreign languages because I felt so stupid going abroad and not being able to communicate. The BMA had a committee on teenage morals and asked me to appear. I said I thought kids ought to be told the facts of life at six—and later on be told about VD and advised how to avoid unwanted pregnancy."

cause no trouble or leave the country before the concert tour had finished. Naturally enough I refused to sign and so they stamped 'Cancelled' on my visa. Eventually they said I wouldn't have to sign

a document and that I would be playing to mixed as well as segregated audiences and so I went. When I got there all I found were segregated audiences and I received threats all the time, so I
(continued on next page)



1964

Controversy reigned again for Adam as he became the centre of a row about playing to segregated audiences in South Africa. 'Message to Martha'—another success for him.

Adam says:

"I was booked to do a series of concerts in South Africa and shortly before I was due to go, the South African Embassy told me they would withdraw my visa unless I signed a document agreeing to play to segregated audiences and promise to



broke the contract and got on a plane to go home. Before the plane left I was arrested and told I couldn't leave unless I paid the promoter a bond of £20,000 because of the broken contract. Eventually the money was paid and at a court case later I found out that the tour had cost me, personally, something in the region of £14,000. And after all that half the press thought the whole thing was a publicity stunt!"

1965

Adam took up motor racing and signed a contract with 'Music For Pleasure' records.

Adam says:

"I remember when I signed that contract I'd just split from The Roulettes. Well I figured out they'd do better on their own. I got another group to replace them who were called The Impacts who had a much rawer sound but were very enthusiastic. Motor racing? It was something I'd always been interested in, and if I'm interested in something then that means I've got to do it! Thank God I don't like mountain climbing!"

1966

Adam opened a children's wear shop in Acton, London, which was run by his two sisters. Lots of 'at home' pictures in the newspapers of his enormous house in Esher and his Rolls-Royce car. A year of luxury and material possessions.

Adam says:

"My old lady (Adam's mother that is!) wanted something to do so I bought her a sweet shop and later on, in 1966, we changed it into a babywear shop. It's a petshop now.

"I bought the Rolls with the money I got from gambling in the South of France. Quite a lot of money I must have won! Nice house, the one in Esher, but it was definitely haunted. It was originally owned by a clairvoyant called Estelle Roberts and when I was there we used to hold seances. Everyone who went there said that house had the vibes going—my mum, brother, everyone felt things there. Twice my

mum woke up in the middle of the night and saw an old woman walking about."

1967

Probably the most important year in Adam's life because this was when he not only got engaged, but also married lovely Jackie Irvine. Much publicity in the papers about the fact that Adam's future wife was Cliff Richard's ex-girlfriend.

Adam says:

"Maybe Cliff, Jack and I had been bad friends but as it happened we weren't! I thought that kind of publicity, pointing out that she was Cliff's ex-girlfriend, was unnecessary but I suppose it's a story for them. I know the moment I proposed to Jack. She was washing up in the kitchen

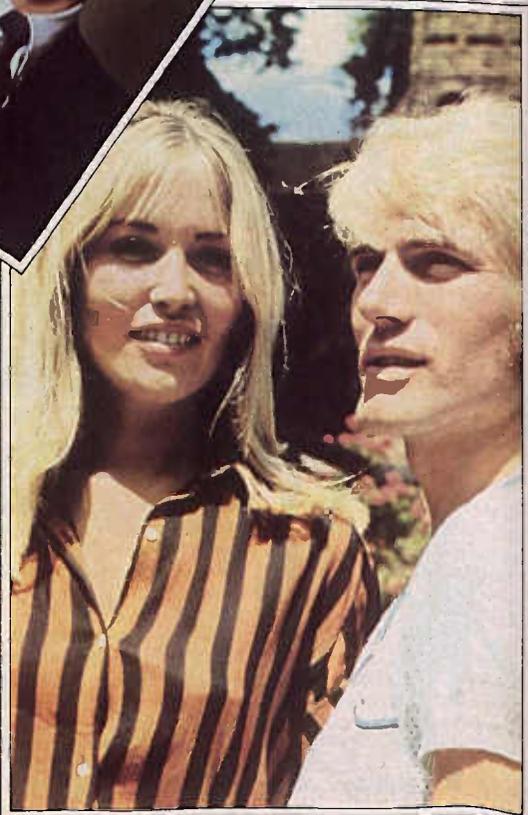
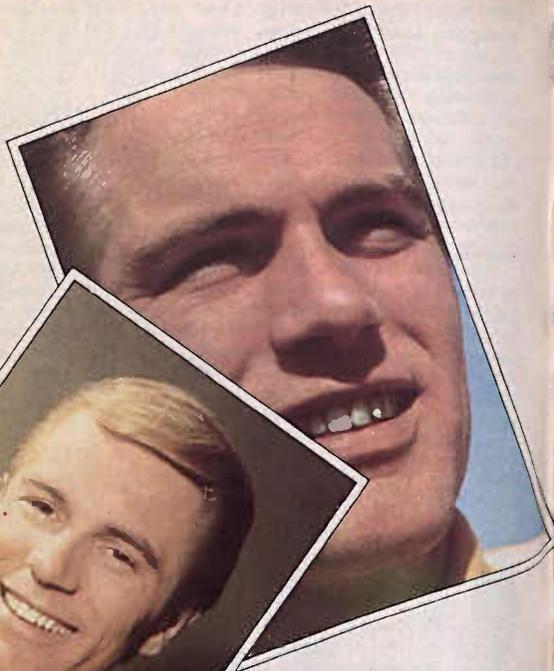
and I turned around and said 'Hey Jack, why don't we get married?' We thought we'd have a quiet wedding but when we got there, thousands of people were waiting. Jack cried and was completely overcome because she never realised so many people would be there. We didn't have a honeymoon—we just didn't organise one."

1968

Another year of decisions—Adam announced he was giving up pop. He took a leading role in 'Night Must Fall' with Dame Sybil Thorndike—and bought a house in Chelsea.

Adam says:

"I woke up one morning and thought 'I'm going into the office and ask Eve (Adam's manager) to make an announcement about my intention to give up pop'. I did just that—and I asked



her to stop booking me any more dates and to start booking me acting work. 'Night Must Fall' was a lucky thing I feel I was fated to do.

"The house in Chelsea—again we were lucky there. We'd wanted to move into London to be more in the hub of things and then a friend of ours told us about a house where he used to live and mentioned it was empty. It was a beautiful place but after nine months we found it a bit cramped and moved into a rented house in Weybridge."



1969

A sad occasion for Adam when his mother died. On a happier note, Adam took part in the stage production of 'Alfie'. Again, another house move.



Adam says:

"We moved from Weybridge and got the house where we live now in the heart of Sussex. Yes, I did 'Alfie' and loved it—in fact there's only one part I've preferred to it and that was in 'Bilby Liar'. All through that year I went all over doing rep. and earning about £30 a week. It was only because

of Jack that I kept going. If she hadn't been with me wholeheartedly I could never have gone through it all. You know, it cost me something in the region of £30,000 to make the change from singer to actor."



1970

Adam was at Northampton rep. appearing in 'Twelfth Night'. A very quiet year for him until December when he started filming a new TV series called 'Budgie.'

Adam says:

"I played Feste in 'Twelfth Night'—that was all right—in fact it was very all right, and we got good reviews, thank God. It's quite nerve-racking doing Shakespeare. Then I played Mr. Jingle in 'Pickwick' but that made me unhappy because at that time I shouldn't have played that sort of part. I was playing it from instinct and that wasn't right. Then in December 'Budgie' started filming. I was very excited about it because we had marvellous writers working on the programme and I knew it could be really terrific."

1971

A very good year for Mr. Faith. 'Budgie' hit the screen and got rave reviews. And another young lady made an appearance in his life—his daughter, Katya, who was born on January 23rd.

Adam says:

"Katya (pronounced Catch-ya) was named that simply because Jack happened to be reading Tolstoy at the time and hit on the idea of a Russian name. She was born the day after we taped the first show. Of course I was delighted when we got good reviews for 'Budgie'. I hadn't regarded this series as a gamble—only something I must do.

"Nowadays, as I've said, we live in Sussex but we're on the lookout again for another house nearer London. I'm not poor but then I'm not rich. Most of my money now goes on just living. I would never say I won't go back to singing because today I feel like singing again. I met Elton John yesterday and he's such an incredible guy, a real superstar. I'd love to do one of his songs. No, I wouldn't give up acting. Anyway there's another series of 'Budgie' starting in December."



JULIE WEBB

I'll make YOU a 100 w.p.m. secretary

Learn modern Speedwriting
shorthand at home—
enjoy every minute!

In every office I visit, I see girls who could be secretaries and who don't realise it. I have learned to recognise them. They may sit at the reception desk, operate the switchboard, type invoices maintain the files, or just do the 'dogsbody' work. They are alert and intelligent, but *bored*.

Their jobs demand too little of them, and pay too little. They look for new jobs but usually end up with the same kind of job in a different firm. They begin to think all office work is dull.

It isn't! Modern business is exciting and challenging. These girls could be part of this excitement. They could be earning several pounds more, as Girl Fridays, personal assistants or private secretaries to rising executives. What's holding them back? The same thing in thousands of cases: they haven't qualified in shorthand.

Modern Shorthand

Most girls find difficulty with traditional shorthand because it means learning a new language of symbols before speed can be built up.

Five years ago, a new shorthand system from America, called Speedwriting, swept away all these symbols at one stroke. In their place, it put the 26 letters of the alphabet.

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ISY, ISY, ISY

Have you heard the one about the pop singer being asked by RAVE for his favourite joke? You haven't? Well here's twenty that'll make you groan—or guffaw.

COLLECTED BY
JULIE WEBB

From Lou Stonebridge of Paladin
Three drunks on a train.

First one says "Is this Wembley?"

Second one says "No it's Thursday"

Third one says "So am I—let's go and have a drink."

From Jimmy Lee of Slade

Is a 4ft. 2in. Judge a small thing sent to try us?

From Mike Rossi of Status Quo

Man to doctor: "Can you help me out?"

Doctor to man: "Yes—which way did you come in?"

From Lannie of Sha Na Na

There was a young lady from Nicaragua,

Who went for a ride on a jaguar,

She went for a ride,

And came back inside,

And said what a man eating hag you are!

From Jeff Christie of Christie

A coloured feller goes to see the doctor and walks in the surgery with a parrot on his head.

Doctor: "Can I help you? What seems to be the problem?"

Parrot: "Yes can you get this blackhead off my feet?"

From Dave Paul of National Head Band

An old Irish lady is stopped at the customs between Southern and Northern Ireland and asked to open her bag. Inside the bag the customs man finds a bottle and asks the contents.

Irish lady: "Tis holy water from Lourdes."

Customs man opens bottle and takes a sniff:

"Smells like gin."

He tastes some and says "Tastes like gin."

Irish lady: "Glory be 'tis a miracle."

From Derv of The Equals

Man goes into doctor's surgery—doctor looks up and says: "Haven't seen you for a long time."

Man to doctor: "Not surprising—I've been ill."

From Reg Presley of The Troggs

What do you do when you've got a peanut stuck in your right ear? Pour chocolate in your left ear and it comes out a treat!

From Elton John

What do eskimos call their money?

Iced lolly.

From Bernie Taupin (Elton John's co-writer)

What's big, red and eats rocks?

A big red rock eater!

From Trevor Brice of Vanity Fare

What do you call a nun who rides a bicycle over cobble stones?

A cyclist!



From Kaleb Quay of Hookfoot

What do you call a coloured professor? Smartie!

From Julie Felix

A couple who worked in research had two children named Billy and Johnny. Billy was an optimist, Johnny a pessimist, so at Christmas time their parents decided to try a little research into optimism and pessimism. They gave Johnny a brand new bicycle and Billy some horse manure. When the children were asked by their parents what they'd got from Father Christmas Johnny said 'I got a bicycle but it wasn't very nice.' Billy said 'I got a horse but it ran away.'

From Cilla Black (special Liverpudlian joke)

Liverpool docker walking down the street kicking a tortoise. Policeman sees him and asks why he's kicking the tortoise.

Docker to policeman: "Because it's been following me around all day."

From Tony Blackburn

Feller's opened a pub on the moon.

Pity it's not doing too well. Well there's not enough atmosphere.

From Noel Edmonds

Man goes into a petshop and buys three hamsters. The next day all the hamsters are dead so he goes back to the shop to complain. Man in shop denies all responsibility so the guy asks him what he can do with the three dead hamsters. "The best thing is to boil them all up into jam and then scatter the jam over the garden. Works a treat on the flowers as manure."

So the guy goes back home and does as the pet shop man suggests. Next day he wakes up and looks out in the garden and finds he's dozens and dozens of beautiful daffodils. He's delighted and goes back to the pet shop to tell the man. "That stuff worked a treat—I've got dozens of daffodils," he tells him.

Pet shop man: "That's funny—you usually get tulips from hamster jam."

From Sonja Kristina, Curved Air

What lies at the bottom of the ocean and shivers?

A nervous wreck.

From Middle Of The Road

Three space professors—an American, Russian and a Scotsman being asked about their future plans. American: "We are planning on sending a rocket to Mars."

Russian: "We're sending a rocket to the moon and going to set up a special station there."

Scotsman: "We're sending a rocket to the sun."

Interviewer: "You can't do that—surely the rocket will melt?"

Scotsman: "No it won't—we're sending it up at night."

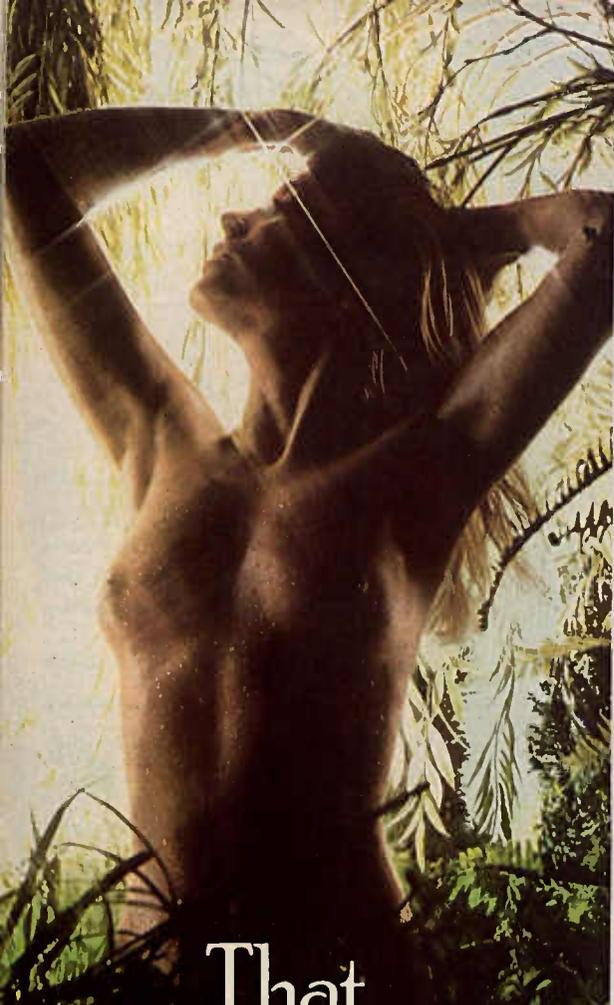
From Alan Whitehead of Marmalade

How can you tell when you're in bed with an elephant? Because he's got an E embroidered on his pyjamas!

From Rick Wakeman of Strawbs

Why are elephants grey?

To distinguish them from strawberries.



That Femfresh Feeling

Wake up to it with Femfresh vaginal deodorant

Feeling glad to be alive, glad to be a woman—delighting in the blissful exhilaration of a spray of pure freshness—that's the feeling Femfresh gives a girl.

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The gentle dry action of Femfresh protects the vaginal area throughout the day, keeping you cool and fragrant.

And with Femfresh underarm deodorant in the same light perfume you can stay fresh all day in every way.

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Vaginal deodorant in sachets, talc, and gentle dry spray, with matching underarm roll-on and spray.




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First, there's Fontarella Derma for skins that have gone too far.

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Derma Tonic to close the pores and help them heal. And Derma Cream to help keep the skin germ free.

Then there's the Fontarella for healthy skins. Just to keep them that way.

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Tonic to tone up the skin. And Cream to give it the vital nourishment it needs to stay healthy.

So now you know about Fontarella, see how it can solve some of your problems.

Remember, it's easier to face the world when you can face your face.



FONTARELLA

BAZAAR

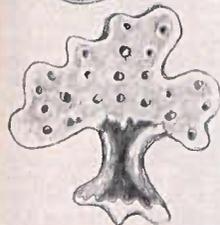
Psst! Wanna get the newest, nowest looks in odds and ends? If so, take the trail to Rave's Bazaar where we've got lots of new good-news goodies looking exotic and costing just a little. Buy them to cheer yourself up—they're strictly for fun!



Hand-enamelled jolly white flowers in pot on big metal badge, £1.80 by Zeez.



Giant collapsible paper cherry to hang up, 10p from Paperchase.



Translucent Perspex tree brooch in a pretty colour, £1.50 by Corocraft.



Silver open lips brooch smiling from Paul Stephens, 45p.



Pretty '40s brooch, 75p from The Universal Witness.



Diamanté broly, '30s lady-style, £1.50 from Corocraft.



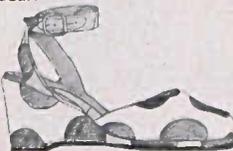
Crazy shoes from Change Gear—red Minnie Mouse-type with spotted bow, £5.50



Candy-stripe wedges or blue polka dots on bright green canvas, £4.50 from Change Gear.



Big bright flower sticker, 25p for four by Coloroll.



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GJ/R2

BARCLAYS

Nobody knows exactly why people get spots. They are very common to boys and girls from the age of puberty—when you first develop sexually—to the mid or late twenties. Acne in particular is much more common in boys than in girls, and some experts believe that it has some connection with male hormones (Girls have some male hormones as well.)

Spots happen when the openings of the sebaceous glands in the skin become blocked. The sebaceous glands produce the oil which we need to keep our skin healthy, supple and waterproof. Spots are often connected with an extra greasy skin. When the pores get blocked, the oily secretion builds up inside until the gland ruptures into the surrounding skin tissue, which becomes inflamed. And there's your spot! The pus inside an acne spot is sterile—that means there is no bacteria in it. It is just a reaction to the inflammation. Acne appears on the face, neck, chest and back, because these are the most active sebaceous gland areas. The spots begin with blackheads and then develop into spots, which leave behind scars. When you see someone with a very pitted skin, it means they probably had acne when they were young.

The trouble is made worse because the acne sufferer seems to have a compulsive desire to squeeze and pick at the spots. This often introduces outside infection which makes things even more unpleasant.

But all is not hopeless. There are all sorts of treatments available, and various things work better for some people than for others. Some doctors tell their patients that they'll "grow out of it", which is true, but doesn't help much. In that case, you can ask your doctor to refer you to a skin specialist.

The blackheads—where the trouble always starts—can sometimes be removed quite easily, sometimes by softening the skin yourself and squeezing them out gently, or by the doctor or skin specialist using a special instrument to extract them.

The most important rule for keeping your skin spotless is cleanliness—using lots of old-fashioned soap and water. Use a soap which contains hexachlorophene, such as Cidal, or the skin cleanser called Phisoex. Your doctor may also prescribe a mild antiseptic you can use at home.

Steer clear of the so-called "miracle" cures you can buy at chemist's shops. Some of them are very expensive and won't

SKIN SAVERS

Ever felt that you couldn't face the world because of a problem skin? We asked the RAVE doctor what you can do to make your skin look better and healthier.

make much difference.

Hormone treatment and antibiotics sometimes help, so does radiotherapy and what's known as "skin planing". This is when the top layer of skin is completely removed and the spots stopped from forming. And a dry, sunny climate seems to work wonders too.

Diet doesn't seem to have any effect on acne. The only thing that must be avoided at all costs is chocolate. Also, if your boyfriend has acne, there's no

need to worry about catching it. It isn't infectious.

Acne is a very miserable thing to have and often brings a lot of emotional problems with it. It always seems to be worst at the very times when it's important that you look your best! But don't despair. There are plenty of things that can be done to help you and it won't last for ever.

Non-acne spots can be a nuisance too. These are not the really inflamed and widespread

acne spots, but little batches of spots which crop up from time to time on the face.

Mostly these are mere pimples—sore, itchy lumps which come to a head and pop. Really you should let them go their own way and pop themselves, but I know it's almost impossible not to squeeze them, especially when they are painful. So if you must do it, wash your hands and wash the affected area very carefully and remove the pus with a tissue. Avoid spreading the pus, as in this sort of spot it is infected. Use a mild antiseptic afterwards. Never squeeze a spot before it's really come to a head or you'll spread the infection in the skin.

Some spots never come to a head but remain just hard, painful lumps. These are really incipient boils. You mustn't squeeze these or you'll set off a very nasty reaction and perhaps end up with a very unpleasant boil.

Heavy make-up helps to clog the pores and may spread the infection when you are applying it to your face. But there are special medicated cosmetics which help to fight the infection and cover the spots. Ask at your chemist's shop. Heavy powders and non-medicated foundations are out if you've got a spot problem.

I still think soap and water are the best cleansers, using, as I've already said, a soap containing hexachlorophene. It helps if you can stimulate the skin and get the blood flowing into it, to nourish the skin and resist infection. You can do this with a kind of slapping massage, either with clean hands or with gauze dipped in astringent. Or you can apply soap with a face brush—a man's shaving brush will do. Face packs do the same sort of job. Get one which is made for greasy skin. *None of these suggestions apply if you have acne.*

Again, chocolate should be avoided and you should get as much fresh air and sunlight as you can. Anything that makes you tired and run down makes spots worse, so get a lot of sleep.

Skin problems cause untold misery at a time when most teenagers have got enough problems to cope with already. But there are things that can be done. So if you still can't control them, don't try to treat yourself. See your doctor. And don't worry too much. They rarely look as bad as they feel, and you will grow out of them eventually.

LINDSAY CROSS



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Freshette has been developed under strict clinical supervision, so that it's absolutely safe and gentle to spray on the most feminine part of you.

You can be cool and confident right through the day in a much more effective way, with Freshette. Very, very gentle. Very, very feminine.

Freshette takes tender
care of the most intimate
part of you



IT'S FUNNY I DON'T KNOW YOU

(continued from page 19)

and eat chocolates. He might have liked her if he hadn't had Cindy on his mind.

"I hoped Cindy would be here," he said. "I mean, I felt sure that she would turn up."

"I know," said the girl. "I'm Linda. We used to share this flat—till Cindy. Well, you know, she had her painting she used to do. All her college work."

Mike realised that Linda was apologising. Cindy had been on her mind. Mike almost understood.

"Well, she never really fitted in," Linda concluded. "Then there was Paddy."

Mike saw it all. The erratic, untidy girl with her love of bold colours. Her untidiness.

And a man who could charm her, attract her. Make her unhappy so that she cried and ran away.

It had gone midnight when Mike left the party. And no Cindy. No slim girl with long fair hair, playing at life and losing.

There was a self-righteous hush over the houses as Mike turned into his street. Cups of warm milk in front of the midnight movie. The cat shoved out under the privet hedge.

So that the music blaring out from the house next door to Mike's seemed more of an outrage. A unilateral declaration of independence. A rude sign at Mrs. Troy's grimy net curtains.

Paddy was enjoying himself, then.

There were voices, laughter. A determined chink of glasses. It was better than the party he'd just left with its small stock of wine and the tissue paper over the lampshades.

Paddy's front door slammed and Mike blinked. It was too late for the game now. He didn't want to play any more.

But there she was. A tall girl with long blonde hair falling round her shoulders. She was wearing what had once been a Victorian nightie. It was white with tucks and frills. On any other girl it would have looked foolish.

Cindy looked like some cross between a kid at a fancy dress party and a girl on a miniature. She was lovely.

And she was crying.

She saw him as she came out of the gate, and wiped a hand guiltily across her face. The eye make-up was already smudging.

"You're Cindy," he said. He felt foolish, awkward. "I've got some letters for you."

Big deal that. Really winning the day. Impressing her.

"You're the new tenant then?" She was too dazed to work out how he knew her.

She actually managed to smile at him. Shakily.

Mike wanted to hug her just for trying. For not sneering at him.

He led her past the dustbins and the milk bottles, and the little card on the front door which still carried her name.

"It's funny," she said. "Being back again."

He made coffee, watching her out of the corner of his eye as he plugged the kettle in and reached for two mugs. She was wiping away the mascara from her cheeks with a hankie.

"I'm glad I met you," he said. "There are other things of yours here..."

He had found another irritation to add to the list. She shouldn't have come back for coffee with him. Just like that. He could have been anyone.

He looked across at her. There were circles under her eyes. She was pale. Weary.

"Good party?" he asked, jerking his head in the direction of next door.

"Not really," she said. "I just went back to see old friends. Bit of a waste of time, really."

So that was the way things were.

"You didn't enjoy yourself then?" he said easily.

She smiled at him. It was a nice smile. Deep in the eyes. No nonsense. "You could say that."

"They're a funny crowd next door," Mike said. Crowd. He meant Paddy.

"You've met Paddy then," she said.

Mike felt uncomfortable. "I've run into him a couple of times."

She actually laughed this time. A funny laugh that jerked in her throat. "People don't run into Paddy. He runs over them. He's a human bulldozer."

Mike could think of several more ways to describe Paddy. None of them polite.

They sat either side of the spluttering gas fire, cradling the hot mugs of coffee in their hands.

He knew so much about this girl now. That she had been in love with Paddy and was trying so hard to break free. That she had friends who liked her, but that she walked alone.

"I'll get your things," he said. They all went into a carrier bag. The shoes and the letters and the blue elephant from the bathroom.

The music from next door was still trampling over the quiet of the street. And suddenly Cindy was crying again.

Helpless sobs into her hands. Mike watched tears run down between her fingers.

And he understood everything. The way she had run away because that was her only way out. That she was scatter-brained and head-in-the-clouds, and the odd one out. And that she'd not told any of her friends what had been going on because their advice and sympathy would have snuffed out the little flame of her courage which she held like a match in cupped hands against the wind.

"I'm so sorry," she was saying. "It's so stupid of me..."

And she pressed her head against his chest and used his shirt like blotting paper, and Mike didn't mind, and he stroked the long baby-fine hair and told her to cry it out of her.

"It's such a bore for you," she said, unaware of the days of careful detection he had had to find out about her.

"Yes," he said. "I get girls running to me with their problems every day of the week. Don't know what to do with them all."

"Bless you," she said. "Whoever you are."

"Mike," he said. "Mike Dean."

Then he kissed her because suddenly there was a warm animal comfort between them. A clinging and a touching, and gentle lips. And a sudden flaring excitement.

Mike stood up. "You've got to get home," he said.

She reached out and touched his face with gentle fingers. Nothing affected or pretentious or even sexy. "Bless you," she said again.

It was early Sunday morning when Mike got back to the flat again. Cindy had disappeared

through the door of her house like a small dispossessed ghost clutching the brown carrier bag with her possessions.

Mike stared gloomily at the scarlet splendour of the sitting-room. It was the end of his imaginings, wasn't it. A girl who'd crossed his life briefly. He scowled at the revision chart. And wasted his time.

The phone started to ring, and with well-tryed reflex Mike snatched it off the hook.

He almost snarled out the number.

"I know," said a girl's voice. "Hello, Mike."

"Cindy." He forgot everything. Work, exams. That could all be worked out, because suddenly, the way he felt now, life would be getting better every day. He'd get up early. Work with concentration.

All that was important now was the touch of Cindy's lips, the scent of her hair. The way she'd clung to him for a moment almost against her will. The way she was invading his life again.

She said: "I forgot to say thank you. For everything."

It was there between them again, the magic he'd tasted when she had been in his arms. He even knew why she'd phoned him at this crazy hour in the middle of the night. Scatter-brained, independent Cindy. She was frightened that her courage would give out if she waited till the morning.

"I'll come round and see you tomorrow, love," he said. It was as much as he dared say. Yet.

He was smiling as he replaced the receiver. Cindy hardly knew a thing about him. The traffic of her sad little secrets had been all one way. Well, she didn't know either that she need never be alone or confused—or running away—again.

And tomorrow or the day after, or whenever he knew that the moment was right, he'd kiss her and stroke her hair until she forgot to be surprised that anyone should care for her.

"Cindy James," he said, practising for the time when she knew him as well as he knew her; "I love you."

Illustration by Hilda Offen

© Justine Gray 1971

NICE GUY

panties at the top of her leg.

Maybe that was how she planned to get a lift, I thought. It was one of my newer, tougher thoughts. I couldn't feel myself liking myself for thinking it.

She carried clutched in her arms a big piece of cardboard, like a placard. On it was scribbled in big letters the word: "LONDON" So that was where she wanted to go. How I know I don't know, but she was scared as well. Sitting like that, too.

Once beyond her I looked back. She had let the placard droop. Now I could see "London" wasn't the only thing written on it. There were three other words and they shattered me. Quite simply they read: BLIND HITCH HIKER.

I went on slowly. And I thought I was clever, the sort who spotted things. She didn't know how she was sitting or what she was showing. She hadn't looked at me. She'd listened. Probably with her heart in her mouth.

All around was the sunshine and the glories of summer. But she couldn't see them. She couldn't see who would stop for her, or what sort of eyes would look at her, what sort of smile would be on the face that invited her in.

She would never see the road they took her down, or know where she was going. Anything could happen to a girl like that.

A car was already pulling in. It was a small, sporting two seater. The man driving it was big, burly and the blood pressure sort. He had rad mutton chop whiskers that dropped down his cheek and spread like fungus across his upper lip. I was flagging him down when he grinned at me.

"Not you, matey," he said. He drove on the twenty-five yards to the waiting girl. I saw her get up, uncertainly.

It was none of my business. It was nothing I had to care about. It was all the things I had turned my face against. I knew that, but I wasn't in London yet.

That was where I started my new life, not here. Not yet. Not quite yet, anyway.

Somehow I found myself beside the girl, and beside the car. The big man had got out and was reaching for her case. He was staring at me in surprise.

"You've got it wrong," I told him, taking the girl's arm, and feeling her jump with surprise.

"You see, we're together."

What has Spenny let himself in for? If you want to know more about this man—and this girl—follow their story in FABULOUS 208/RAVE, September 18th issue, on sale Saturday, September 11th.
© 1971 Derek Long.

"You'd no right to follow me here," she said.

"You made no secret of it," I told her. "You didn't care if I knew or not. I think you wanted me to know."

"Well, all right, I did," she said defiantly. "I was getting fed up, Spenny."

"With me?"

"Oh. Spen, face up to it. What will you ever be. A council clerk. With nothing. You'll probably, have a tiny house one day with a mortgage that will go on till old age. You'll never do anything. Nothing at all. I couldn't stend it."

I nodded. I had a thick lump in my throat. I wasn't even angry with her.

A sound behind me made me turn. It was Brian, carrying a couple of drinks. He looked swinging in a light brown suit and a flaring tie. Good old Brian, a whizz kid, even in Barslem. Architect trained and heading for higher echelons. One day he'd be off into something even better and bigger. He still owed me two pounds. Money didn't go as far with him as it had to with me.

"Spenny," he said, and grinned. It was his night for being tough and manly. "He's not bothering you sweetie?" he asked Julie.

"I'm not bothering anybody," I said. "Have a good time. You two desavva each other."

I WENT OFF into the darkness, hends in my pockets. I carried my load of desolation and failure with me. I wasn't afraid of Brian. I could have had a fight with him. One swing and I'd have baan on my knees, looking for my broken spectacle. But I wasn't afraid.

"Maybe I should have smashed his face in," I said. I saw a lupin before me, tall and beautiful. "Hail!" I swung a devastating kerate chop and the lupin lay broken, kaalad ovar on its spina, suddenly dead. The side of my head began to bleed from a scratch.

"Poor little flower," I said. "Sorry, little flower."

I went off into the darkness with it, knowing what it was to faal a murderer and hating myself even more. Even then I didn't gat vary far. I heard someone running after me.

Of course it wasn't Julie. She'd never change her mind about me, now. Incredibly, it was Audrey.

There she was, plain, unhappy Audrey from the office.

"Spenny," she said, choking. "I saw all that."

"Why are you here?"

"Same reason as you," she said. I understood. I have a funny kind of mind. I leap to things. "Because of you and Brian," I said. "And me and Julie." I laughed. "That's rich isn't it."

"Now there they are together," she said bitterly. "Your Julie and my Brian. I've been silly, Spenny. And bad as well."

"Give over."

"It's true. Spenny, it wasn't me who made the mistake about putting that letter in the wrong envelope. That letter that gave

Dawson, Macheath & Finnigan the chance to win a huge contract. It was Brian!"

"What?"

"And it wasn't a mistake. He talked me into covering for him. And now—well, how do you think he's got himself a car like a Jeg?"

It was the story of my life, I thought. Ma, e soppo little, spectacted Gelahed, and I'd dropped my girl into Brian's well-fed, greedy arms. I was that kind of idiot. I always would be.

"So you can tell the truth now," she said, cheerlessly. "I'll still lose my job. I don't think I care any more."

"You tell them," I said, "if you want to. I don't care any more. Not about anything."

"But Spenny—"

"I'm chucking it ell in," I said. "Spenny!"

"I'm going to be different," I said. "From now on sort of reborn. I can do it. If you want butter on your bread in this life, and e thick layer of jam and cream, you've got to ba e right rotten stinking lousy bestard. I can be that, too."

She stood back, staring at me. "Spenny, don't! You're nice. You're the only truly nice boy I've ever really met."

"Look where it's got me. The office wat. My own Dad thinks I'm a drip. Brian can wipa his boors on me. Julie thinks I'm a nothing. No—me for something new."

I moved away from her. Then I went back. I put the broken lupin in her hand.

"Do me a favour," I said. "Take that home and put it in water. Find a nice corner for it for a couple of days."

She started to cry, yat again. She looked a ridiculous, forlorn, silly little figure, at everyone's mercy. A born loser, like ma. But only lika ma up till now.

They say people can't change. But I would. From now on I'd be different.

FOUR days later I lay in the sunshine on top of the small hill overlooking the road that led South.

For a moment I wasn't bothering where it led. I had other things on my mind. I looked at the wad of money in my hand.

Three hundred end forty-seven pounds something. All my savings plus the odd windfall I'd got whan Aunt Agatha had died two yaars ago.

I stuffed it back into the wallet. It would keep me going for a while. Till I found out what I wanted to do. Or better still, who I wanted to be.

I wasn't going on all my life being Spenny Adams, everybody's favourite football.

Hoisting myself up I looked

over the fringes of the long grass in which I lay. Yes, she was still there, that girl down below, still sitting on her suitcase and moving her thumb every time some of the traffic roared by.

She wasn't getting anywhere. Even I could see she had stopped in the wrong place. She should have been a hundred yards farther back, where there was a wide verge end the cars had to slow up from a sharp bend.

For a moment I had an instinct to go down and tell her. I lay back and let the feeling pass. That's what the old Spenny Adams would have done, in the days when he was a little, blue-eyed do-gooder.

"It's just not me any more," I told myself. "I've got to be different."

I put my hands behind my head and stared into the blue sky and listened to my secret dream. To belong to myself. To be my own boss. Not to be a small, drab unimportant unit in a big organisation. And, if I dared, I knew what it would be.

Spenny Adams, Private Investigator. All right, crazy! But there were such peopla. Private detectives were getting to be big business. Oh, I knew it wouldn't be as it was in books and films, but still there were such people living exciting, different lives.

It could be me, too. I had enough money to get e small office, to put up a plate, even to advertise.

Silly! Crazy! I knew what my father would say, what anyone would say. It was still an idea. And it would change me. It would hava to be different, if ever I started to live that kind of life.

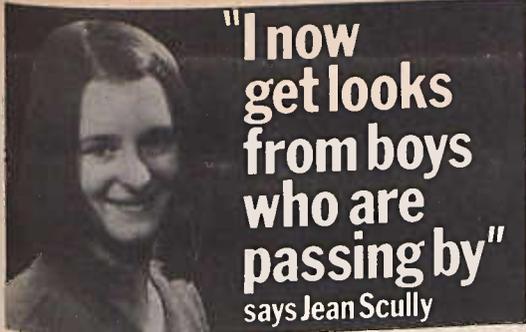
"It's just a job," I told myself. "Like any other. Only I'd belong to myself. And I'd have to ba on my own, not gat caught up baing sorry for peopla."

Getting up I walked down the hill, suddenly full of determination.

I had to pass the girl below me to get near to the road. She heard me coming, and half turned on the battered old suitcase. But not, strangely, to look at me. It was almost as if she were listening for me.

I could see her clearly now. Pretty, all right. Long fair hair and a violet coloured mini dress. She had long lovely legs, but everything was spoiled because her tights were ruined where ladders ran from a hole in the knee. She looked as if she had fallen and grazed the skin.

Passing her I never said a word. Her head turned slowly as I went by, and she wore, I couldn't help noticing, big, dark sun-spectacles. She sat carelessly, too, so that one could see the glimpse of blue



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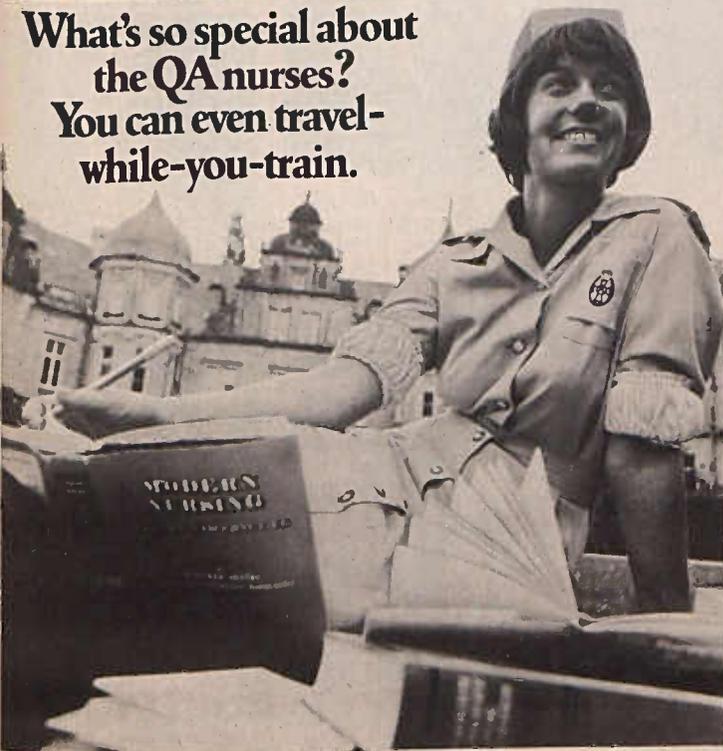
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New-Pond's Lemon Cream.

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KID JENSEN'S DIMENSIONS

Howdy friends! Once again I've taken to the great outdoors in search of inspiration for this column—mainly because it's just too hot indoors.

Mark Wesley, alias the wild and woolly Wesley, and myself are at one of Luxembourg's more worthy holiday retreats where we find lots of trees, fresh air, and an Olympic-sized swimming pool, just waiting for us to show off our superb skills. (Ahem.)

Beach Boys' communication director, Jack Riley, along with their European representative, Russ Mackie, dropped by to see us a few weeks back, bringing with them the only tape in existence of the Beach Boys' forthcoming album, 'Surfs Up'. Remember how unhip it was to mention the Beach Boys about two years ago? Well happily the local trendies have turned back on to them now, which can't be anything but a good sign. Although the new LP is to be titled 'Surfs Up', the new music is really far removed from the surfing scene of the West Coast.

The title track was performed on a Leonard Bernstein television special on American TV about two years ago. Acknowledged group leader, Brian Wilson, performed the song virtually unaccompanied save for piano. When the number was completed, the American music critics went wild, declaring that this had to be the most brilliant composition of the century. Brian, who can tend to get a bit paranoid about such acclaim, got upset and destroyed nearly all existing tapes of the song. But recently



Kid Jensen, Luxembourg deejay and an authority on progressive music, has written for you every month in RAVE. In future you can meet him every other week in FAB/RAVE.

brother Carl found one and persuaded Brian to release it to the record-buying public. I am sure that 'Surfs Up' will be something of a musical milestone when it's released. But until it is, you can safely dust off your old Beach Boy albums without danger of your friends calling you uncool.

Another album that I had the great fortune to have an exclusive on is the new Byrds album titled 'Maniax'. For loyal Byrd fans, this album will be a big surprise, Byrd music in

the past has always had some degree of country and western influence. In fact we had about four albumsworth of the Byrds doing countryfied numbers, if not straight C & W material. This album is very electronic, and, if I may use the word, heavy. A definite new direction for the Byrds—for better or worse. I haven't made up my mind yet, but you can decide soon, when 'Maniax' will be out on CBS.

(Mark has just decided he's going to have another go, in

the pool but this time he's playing safe and has gone to find some water wings. If only I had my camera! Meanwhile, back on the turntable....)

The second album from one of my top three groups—namely Wishbone Ash—is out in a few days. And if there is any justice it should climb the album charts in no short order. The album is called 'Pilgrimage'. They've just returned from another conquest of America where they received several encores at most of their venues. Unlike most groups, Wishbone sound great on record and on stage and they've planned to do a lot of concerts in Britain to coincide with the record release. So please don't miss them.

Thin Lizzy continue to rock on in no quiet fashion and Deep Purple's guitarist, Richie Blackmore, has asked Thin Lizzy's Philip Lynott to write music with him, so that should be really something.

Last June we were lucky enough to have our own festival of music right here in the Grand Duchy with Deep Purple topping the bill and absolutely wowing everybody. This September will see another one—this time with Santana and Ten Years After and I can hardly wait. For more details, stay tuned to 208.

(Mark has just returned with two sets of water wings and insists I go with him. Since I'm not putting up much resistance, off I go!)

C'est fini,
Good love,
KID JENSEN

RAVE BEAUTY

SENSE BY SCENE

PERFUME	PRICE (£/P)	OUR DESCRIPTION	HOW IT MAKES YOU FEEL	MALE REACTIONS	HOW LONG IT LASTS
Arpege (Lanvin)	£4.10	Very rich and deep	Warm	"Subtle but pleasant!"	not long enough
Diorling (Dior)	£4.29	Headly and very flowery	Very good!	Very favourable	2½ hrs strong 2 weaker
Joy (Patou)	£8	Very heavy and rich — smells expensive	Beautiful, rich	Treats you with respect	all day
L'Interdit (Givenchy)	£3.80	Sweet and heavy quite strong	Sophisticated	Dangerous!	all day
Magie (Lancome)	£5.90 1oz	Heavy, warm scent	Cosy and romantic	Liked it	2 hrs
Quadrille (Balenciaga)	£3.50	Spicy, overtones of tropical flowers	Subdued, dreamy	Found it "mysterious"	ages
Youthdew (Estee Lauder)	£3.30	Lots of exotic flowers mixed	Relaxed and languid	"Mmm yes"	forever
Adagio (Fiona Sands)	£1.40	Light and subtle	Sweet, gentle and lovable	He's getting closer!	not long enough
Bond Street (Yardley)	£1.13	Fresh and cool	Skippy	Likes it	1 hr strong but fingers
Casaque (Jean d'Albret)	£4.05	Breezy and a bit sharp	Cool and happy	He didn't notice	2 hrs
Chanel No. 5	£4.70	Light and pretty	Sweet and pretty	Loved it	all day
Chant d'Aromes (Guerlain)	£4.40	Very flowery but not too sweet	Lovely and innocent	Noticed it at least!	not long
Diorissimo (Dior)	£4.29	Like bluebell woods	Romantic	Romantic!	2 hrs
Estee Super (Estee Lauder)	£8 15cc	Strong, but soft and romantic	Sexy and dreamy	Asked all about it!	ages
Queques Fleurs (Houbigant)	£3	Musty flowers	Nostalgic	Protective	3 hrs
L'Almait (L'Oréal)	£3.36	Strong, warm	Feminine	Loved it	all evening

Cabocharard (Gres)	£4.35	Sweet woody tint	Sophisticated	"Smashing!"	varies
Intimate (Revlon)	£3.69	Sophisticated and heavy	Suave	"Very worldly!"	all evening
P.M. (Mary Quant)	95p 5cc	Powerful, cloying very rich	Sexy	Not much	ages
Shalimar (Guerlain)	£4.40	Full of Eastern promise	Very sexy	Boy!	2 hrs
Tweed (Lentheric)	£3.35	Spicy and sharp	Healthy	Liked it	2 hrs
Woodhuse (Faberge)	£3.55	Trees in the rain	A bit sad	Quite keen	1 hr
Miss Dior (Dior)	£4.29	Rich but young	Really great	Loved it	2 hrs pity
A.M. (Mary Quant)	95p 5cc	Crushed lettuce	Early morning-ish	Liked it	not long
Blue Grass (Elizabeth Arden)	£4.50	Strong and spicy	Like a lady executive	Impressed	ages
Vent Vert (Balmain)	£4.15	Green grass, fresh, fantastic	Beautiful	Wow	all evening
Y (St. Laurent)	£4.73	Strong, dry like pressed flowers	In command	love/hate	2 hrs

Ever been completely bowled over by a friend's perfume? And ever thought what a scent that knocks you out would do for your fellow? Well, you can wear any of it will help you to choose a perfume that is just "you," if you know some of the fascinating facts about scent. For instance each one contains a complex mixture of up to 100 ingredients. Perfumers talk about their scents like music; each one contains three chief smells or notes. The top note is what hits you when you first sniff a perfume, and though it's quite strong it doesn't last long.

The middle note is the perfume's main character. It lasts for some hours, and longer if a lot of "fixative" has been added. This gives a scent its staying power, and though you might think a very expensive perfume would contain lots, it isn't necessarily so because a lot of fixative produces a uniform smell and stops the perfume changing subtly on different skin types.

A good perfume has an important base note, the faint, lingering smell you notice on your clothes next day. This is usually made from Eastern spices and animal extracts like musk, which is a scent the male musk deer gives off to attract the female.

What goes into perfume is equally fascinating. For instance, floral perfumes are made largely from lavender, jasmine,

violet, Bulgarian rose and orange flower (neroli). Not all scents are made from what you'd think: for instance geranium bourbon gives a good rose scent! Woody perfumes come from scented woods like Indian sandalwood, cedarwood and Brazilian rosewood. Shrubs like granium and patchouli are also used. Green, or leafy, perfumes are mostly made from synthetic substances called aldehydes that have a very leafy smell. Moss and a plant-gum called galbanum are also used, while lavender surprisingly helps to give a ferny scent.

Spices are usually added to a different base. Clove oil, cardamom and rosemary are the commonest. Fruit scents are derived from synthetics, or are squeezed from the skin of citrus fruits. Many of the ingredients are very expensive and hard to come by. For instance, some flowers have to be gathered by hand. At the moment a solution of French jasmine flowers costs £1000 for 2 lbs.

Perfume companies keep their secret formulas under lock and key. Often only the chief compounder (who makes up the scent) knows the whole formula, while his employees each know only a part. All this secrecy has nothing to do with magic potions—it's just to stop anyone pinching good smell ideas!

Once the compound is made up it can be stored in vats in preparation for the final stages, when coloring dyes and essences are added. (Concentrated perfumes only have a small amount of spirit; a large amount makes the scent into eau-de-cologne or toilet water.) Then the perfume is frozen to remove any impurities and to ensure good clarity and colour. The perfume is finally ready for packaging and labelling and a few thousand bottles of your favourite pong are waiting to go into the shops.

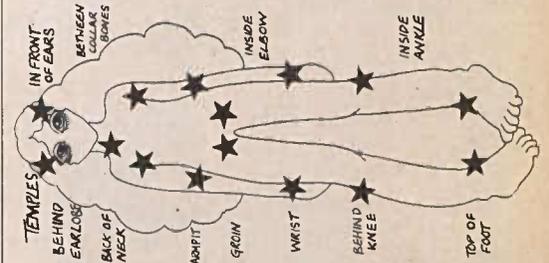
When you choose a perfume, don't try more than three or four at a time. There are a great many components in every complete scent, and each one has an effect on you that your poor brain has to sort out. If you test too many scents they become indistinguishable because only the strongest ingredients come through and you lose the subtle smells that give the scent its character.

Remember not to sniff perfume the moment it goes on your skin—you might get a nasty surprise! Wait a few minutes for the perfume to dry and react with your skin, and then the true scent will come out. No-one seems to know exactly what makes perfume react in a particular way with skin, but the amount of acidity and oil in your skin are both important. You usually find that a light flowery or leafy scent works best on

a fair, dry skin while heavy spicy and fruity scents are the best effect on darker, oily skin. If you're in between you're lucky—you can wear anything. Don't take these rules too seriously. Perfume is great for creating an atmosphere, so if you're a sweet blonde who wants to seem sexy and mysterious go ahead and wear a really heavy perfume. And if you're a languid lady who never sees the light of day, try something fresh and light as a summer breeze. Perfume is one way to surprise people.

Now look at our chart and see if you can find the kind of smell that's you, bearing in mind all the lovely exotic things that go to make up the various scents. Go and try several scents of the kind you fancy because chances are they'll all seem very different. Take your fellow with you and you'll get an opinion straight from the horse's mouth. Or maybe you'd rather surprise him later with a delicate aura of scent applied to the pulse spots (shown in our diagram).

Some people have lifelong love affairs with one perfume; others like different scents for different occasions. But whichever sort you are, remember it's important to find the right perfume so you can attract the right kind of guy!



FABULOUS 208
 welcomes RAVE
 readers on Saturday,
September 11th
 (the date when
 you can buy
FABULOUS 208/RAVE
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FREE INSIDE, with
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PLUS GEORGIE'S
WEEKLY COLUMN
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SPECIALLY
FOR EVERYONE
WHO'S A NEW
READER ON
September 11th.

NEW! Nice Guy—
 a super serial about
 sweet, kind Spenny
 Adams who decided
 to turn tough,
 specially with girls!

NEW! Terry
Edwards—who
 shares a house with
 seven other guys
 (and a cat) gives a
 boys'-eye-view of
 life (and girls).

NEW! The Two
Sues—just for fun
 girls who find boys
 very attractive.

NEW! Cilla Black—
 answers readers'
 personal problems.

Buy the new **FABULOUS 208/RAVE!** On Sale September 11th.

Elle. The Adult Deodorant that's gentle enough for a baby.

When you grow up—so do your problems, and one of these problems is vaginal odour. Now that you're a woman you still want to be as fresh as a baby.

Elle vaginal deodorant cares for you and the problem. It makes quite sure you're fragrant and fresh, cool and confident all day long. Yet it cares for you with the gentleness that wouldn't even harm a baby's sensitive skin.

Approved and tested by doctors, Elle is made for a woman but gentle enough for a baby.

P.S. We haven't forgotten the man in your life. He has his own private deodorant, and for him it's called .



CROCHET TOP

Materials: Of Twilley's Random Stalite, 5 (6,7,8) balls. No. 4.00 (8) Aero crochet hook.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36,38) ins. bust. Length 16 (16½, 17,17½) ins.

Abbreviations: ch. chain; d.c. double crochet; h.tr. half treble; tr. treble; d.tr. double treble; s.s. slip stitch; st. stitch; inc. increase; dec. decrease; beg. beginning; alt. alternate; rep. repeat; patt. pattern; ins. inches; y.o.h. yarn over hook; sp. space.

Tension: 4 groups of tr. to 3 inches. 4 rows to 2 ins.

Back and Front alike

Use yarn throughout double
With double Stalite make 4 ch.,
s.s. in first of these ch. to form
ring.

1st round. Work 8 d.c. into
ring, s.s. in first d.c.

2nd round. 3 ch. 1 tr. in first st.,
(1 ch. 2 tr. in next st.) 7 times,
1 ch., s.s. in top of 3 ch.

3rd round. s.s. into first 1 ch.
sp., 3 ch., 3 tr. in this first
ch.sp. (4 tr. in next ch.sp.) 7
times, s.s. in top of 3 ch.

4th round. 4 ch., *y.o.h. twice,
draw yarn through next st.,
(y.o.h. draw yarn through 2
loops on hook) twice; rep.
from * twice more, draw yarn
through all 4 loops on hook,
6 ch., **y.o.h. twice, draw
yarn through next st., (y.o.h.
draw yarn through 2 loops on
hook) twice; rep. from * 3 times
more, draw yarn through all
loops on hook, 6 ch.; rep. from
** 6 times more, s.s. in top of
4 starting ch.

Work petals as follows:—
S.s. to 1st 6 ch. sp.

1st Row 3 ch., 3 tr., 1 ch., 4
tr. in this 6 ch. sp., turn.

2nd Row S.s. across 1st st.,
3 ch., 1 tr. in next 2 sts., 3 tr.
2 ch. 3 tr. in 1 ch. sp., 1 tr. in
next 3 tr., turn.

3rd Row S.s. across 1st st.,
3 ch., 1 tr. in next 2 sts., 3 tr.
2 ch. 3 tr. in next 2 ch. sp., miss
2 tr., 1 tr. in next 3 sts., turn.

4th Row S.s. across 1st st. 3
ch., 1 tr. in next 2 sts., 7 tr. in
2 ch. sp. miss 2 tr., 1 tr. in next
3 sts. Fasten off. This com-
pletes 1 petal.

Work 7 more, one in each of
the 6 ch. sps.

Insert hook into loop left be-
tween the 2 petals and join
petals together as follows:—

3 ch., 1 h. tr. in top of 3 ch. of
first petal, turn, 1 h. tr. in top
of tr. of adjacent petal, turn,

TANKS ARE THE TOPS

Skimpy little tank tops are top of the tops. They fit snugly over blouse, jumper, or dress, brighten up any dull gear you've got, and if you go for the layer look (wearing a jumper over a dress over a blouse over . . .) the tank top will take some topping.

Here's one to crochet, one to knit, and they're both made in multi coloured yarn so they'll match up with more colours

by Mia Scammell

photographs by Karl Stoecker



*3 ch., 1 tr. in top of next tr.,
of first petal, turn, 1 tr. in top
of next 3 ch. of adjacent petal,
turn; rep. from * once more,
3 ch., 1 d.tr. in top of next tr.
of first petal, 1 d.tr. in top of
tr. of adjacent petal. Fasten off.
Join all petals together in this
manner. Do not break yarn
after last one, work all round
outer edge as follows:—

Next round. 6 ch., 1 tr. in base
of 6 ch. * 3 ch., 1 d.tr. in st.
of petal where previous d.tr.
was worked, 3 ch., 1 tr. 3 ch.
1 tr. in 4th of 7 tr. at top of
petal, 3 ch. 1 d.tr. in st. of
petal where d.tr. was worked,
3 ch. 1 tr. 3 ch. 1 tr. in top of
3 ch., rep. from * 7 times more
ending s.s. in 3rd of 6 ch. at
start. S.s. in first 3 ch. sp.

Next round. 3 ch. 2 tr. in 3 ch.
sp., * 1 ch. 3 tr. in next 3 ch.
sp.; rep. from * ending 1 ch.,
s.s. in top of 3 ch., turn.

Next row. 3 ch. 2 tr. in first
ch. sp., (1 ch., 3 tr. in next
ch. sp.) 8 times, 1 ch. 3 tr. 1 ch.
3 tr. in next ch. sp., (1 ch. 3 tr.
in next ch. sp.) 10 times, 1 ch.
3 tr. 1 ch. 3 tr. in next ch. sp.,
(1 ch. 3 tr. in next ch. sp.) 9
times, turn.

Next row 4 ch., (3 tr. 1 ch. in
next ch. sp.) 9 times, 3 tr. 1
ch. 3 tr. 1 ch. in next 1 ch. sp.,
(3 tr. 1 ch. in next ch. sp.) 11
times, 3 tr. 1 ch. 3 tr. 1 ch.
in next ch. sp., (1 ch. 3 tr. in
next ch. sp.) 9 times, 1 ch. 1
tr. in top of last tr., turn.

Next row 3 ch. 2 tr. in first 1
ch. sp., (1 ch. 3 tr. in next ch.
sp.) 9 times, 1 ch. 3 tr. 1 ch.
3 tr. in next ch. sp., (1 ch. 3
tr. in next ch. sp.) 12 times, 1
ch. 3 tr. 1 ch. 3 tr. in next ch.
sp., 1 ch. 3 tr. in next 10 ch.
sps., turn.

Work 1 (2,3,4) rows more in
the same manner.

All sizes To work shoulder
straps.

With right side facing miss 3
ch. sps. of 1st row of tr. and
join yarn to next ch. sp.

1st row 3 ch. 2 tr. in this first
ch. sp. 1 ch. 3 tr. in next 2 ch.
sps.

2nd Row 4 ch. 3 tr. 1 ch. in
next two ch. sps., 1 tr. in last
st. turn. Work 9 (9,10,10)
rows more.

Fasten off.

With right side facing miss
centre 6 ch. sps., rejoin yarn
and work another strap in the
same manner.

To make up:

Press on wrong side using a
cool iron. Join shoulder and
side seams. Press seams.

KNITTED TOP WITH SWEATER

STRETCHY SWEATER (YELLOW RIB)

Materials of Hayfield Gaylon Double Knitting 14 (15-16) balls. 1 pair each no. 10 & 8 needles, a set of no. 8 needles. Measurements To fit 30 (32-34) inch bust; 22 (23-24) inch length; 16" sleeve on all sizes. Tension 6 sts. equals 1" on No. 8 needles over 2x2 rib. Abbreviations: sts. stitches; K. Knit; P. Purl; cont. continue; beg. beginning; dec. decrease; alt. alternate; rem. remain; inc. increase.

BACK

* With No. 10 needles cast on 90 (98-102) sts. and work in K2, P2 rib for 12 rows. Change to No. 8 needles and cont. in rib until work measures 15½ (16-16½)" from lower edge. **Shape armhole** Cast off 6 (6-6) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at each end of next and alt rows until 66 (70-74) sts. rem.* Cont. straight to 22 (23-24)" from lower edge. **Shape shoulder** Cast off 7 (7-7) sts. at beg. of next 6 rows. Cast off rem. 24 (28-32) sts.

FRONT

Work as back from * to *. Cont. straight to 18 (19-20)" from lower edge. **Shape neck Rib 26**, cast off centre 14 (18-22) sts. rib to end. Working on end sts. leave rem. sts. on spare needle, dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next and every row until 5 sts. have been dec'd (21 sts.) Cont. straight until work measures as back to shoulder shaping, finish at side edge. **Shape shoulder** Cast off 7 (7-7) sts. at beg. of next 3 alt. rows. Rejoin wool to sts. on spare needle and finish to match 1 st. side.

SLEEVES

With No. 10 needles cast on 46 (54-56) sts. and rib as on back for 12 rows. Change to No. 8 needles and cont. in rib inc'ing 1 st. at each end of next and every 8th row to 70 (78-82) sts. Cont. straight until side seam measures 16" or length required.

BIG IDEAS FOR SMALL PURSES

Shape top Cast off 6 (6-6) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at each end of next and alt. rows until 46 (54-58) sts. rem. Dec. 1 st. at each end of ever row until 36 sts. rem. all sizes. Cast off in rib.

COLLAR

Join Shoulder seams With a set of No. 8 needles pick up 87 (96-105) sts. evenly round neck.

1st Round: (K2 P twice in next st.) rep. to end of round. (116-128-140) sts. Cont. in K2, P2 rib for 50 rounds.

TO MAKE UP Set in sleeves and join side and sleeve seams. Press lightly with hot iron and damp cloth.

TOP

Materials Of Hayfields Gaylon Double Knitting 4 balls of A & 1 ball each of B: C: D: F: E for each size. 1 pair of No. 4 needles.

Measurements To fit 30 (32-34) inch bust; overall length 16 (16½-17) inches.

BACK AND FRONT ALIKE

With No. 4 needles and A double cast on 48 (52-58) sts. and work in K1, P1 rib for 4 rows.

Break 1 strand of A. Change to st.st. and pattern as follows:

Row 1 Knit one strand each of A & B.

Row 2 Purl 1 strand each of B & C.

Row 3 Knit 1 strand each of C & D

Row 4 Purl 1 strand each of D & E

Row 5 Knit 1 strand each of E & F

Row 6 Purl 1 strand each of F & A.

These 6 rows form 1 pattern.

Work 6 patterns in all.

With A double knit 1 row then work 4 rows in K1, P1 rib.

Shape top Cast off ribwise 10 sts. rib 7. cast off centre 15 (19-25) rib 7. cast off 9 sts.

Rejoin A double and work on 1st set of 7 sts. in K1, P1, rib until strap required length.

Cast off ribwise. Work other set of 7 sts. to match.

TO MAKE UP Press pieces with damp cloth and hot iron. Join straps at shoulder and join side seams. Press.



**“I’ve just washed my hair
and I can’t do a thing with it.”**



Yes you can.

You know how it is.

You wash your hair and it's terribly clean, which is nice, but it behaves hopelessly. It flies away and frizzes, bends at odd angles and gets itself all snarled up in your brush. All this is because it lacks body.

So you wait a few days for it to settle down. Then before you've had time to stun the entire world, it's time to wash your hair again.

So it will lack body again. This is why we at Elida made Cream Silk.

Cream Silk is a conditioner that you use after shampooing your hair. It contains natural protein which feeds and soothes and smooths every hair.

It gives each strand body. Makes it healthy. And healthy hair shines and curls and will do just about anything you want it to do.

All of which sounds lovely. But maybe just a little difficult to believe.

Until you've tried a sachet of Cream Silk, and proved it for yourself.

We put protein in Cream Silk, to put body in your hair.



Elida · Paris · Vienna · London

This is where you tell us what you think! Good or bad—as long as it's an opinion to share we'll listen—and for the letters printed here there's 100p.

Thanks RAVE for your July issue with the superb summer fashions. I'd been saving up some money to buy clothes for months before I go on holiday. Now I know what's in the shops and what I can afford—and what sort of thing to wear in the sun.

J. Powell, Bromley.

I can't understand Jeremy Pascall who writes Last Ditch for you. One month he seems big headed and bigoted, another month he talks sense for a change. And last month (July) he really got me thinking about zoos and the poor animals who may become extinct before long. So thanks Jeremy—keep up the thought-provoking articles.

F. Linden,
Portsmouth.

Why doesn't RAVE ever tell us about pop festivals in advance? I missed out on Reading because you didn't put anything in

the magazine about it.

S. Jones, Hayes.

Ed's note: We try whenever possible to give advance warning and information about festivals—as we did last year with the Isle of Wight Festival. Unfortunately by the time we go to press full details have often not been finalised.

Please could you include something in RAVE on Mott The Hoople? I think you've sadly neglected them—after all, they have got a lot of fans and it's not as if they are an unknown group because they have been on Top Of The Pops and at the Albert Hall.

Mott The Hoople fan,
Chiswick.

PEN PALS

RAVE's pen-pal service has helped hundreds of people to make friends all over the world. Now it is transferring the service to FAB-208 Pen Mates Circle. So if you want a pen-pal, please write enclosing your name, address, sex and interests and FAB Pen Mates Circle will do its best to find you the right one! If you want to write to someone printed on this page, FAB will send you the full name and address of the person (or of someone else similar who is just as interesting). Write to: FAB 208, Pen Mates Circle, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, EC4A 4AD and please remember to enclose a stamped, addressed envelope, or if you are an overseas reader, a postal reply coupon.

Linda Rayner, Ockendon, Essex. Age 15: was born in Australia and would like a pen pal from her homeland. She wants someone aged between 15 and 18 of either sex who shares her interests which are, swimming, dancing, pop music and travel.

Ralph Peters, Western Germany. Age 23: has spent his last two holidays in Britain and liked the people so much that he would now like to write to girls living in England and Scotland. He likes all kinds of sport, travelling, and theatre and pop music.

Jennifer Leonard, Herne Hill, London. Age 18: likes pop music, modern dancing, fashion, reading and writing. She wishes to have pen friends (especially boys) from all parts of the world, aged 18 to 23.

Peter Yeow, Singapore, Age 23: wants girls living in London to write to him. His hobbies are mainly sports such as soccer, badminton and tennis, also reading and listening to pop music.

Jim Crookes, Isle-of-Man, Age 19: is a male student nurse and hopes eventually to become a doctor. He likes swimming, sunbathing and driving. He'd like a female pen pal of 16 to 22 years who lives in either Los Angeles or San Francisco.

Ann Marie Karlsson, Smalandsstenar, Sweden. Age 17: wants to correspond, in English, with a girl or boy from China, Japan, India or Austria. Amongst her hobbies are music, writing letters, drawing and painting.

Theresa Muller, Zurich, Switzerland. Age 17: enjoys all kinds of music. Her other interests are languages and sports. She wants to write to a boy or girl from China, America or France.

Linda Takforian, Teheran, Iran. Age 21: wants a girl pen friend of 19-20 years. She likes reading, fashion and pop and folk music. She would like her correspondent to be English.

YOU'RE TELLING US!

In the dark about something? Want some more information about your favourite rave? This is where we help!

I heard a rumour that The Everly Brothers are coming to England—is it true? If so where will they be appearing?

S. Woodhouse,
Leicester.

At time of going to press The Everly Brothers are definitely coming to this country. They'll be arriving some time in September and it is hoped they will appear at Batley Variety Club. Unfortunately there no full details available at present—still, keep your eyes peeled on the national and music newspapers.

I really do fancy the little drummer with the New Seekers—could you tell me if he's married? My friend seems to think he's married to one of the girls in the group.

L. Jones, Leeds.

You're in luck! He's not married, and neither for that matter are any of the group. Tell your friend that!

A few months ago in RAVE you did a feature on The Faces and mentioned that Rod Stewart recorded for a different label when he did solo LP's. Could you please tell me what record label he's on and also if he's got an LP out at the moment.

E. Morton, Glasgow.

Rod Stewart's solo LP's are on the Vertigo label which is distributed by Philips. His latest LP (which incidentally is excellent) is called Every Picture Tells A Story.

I heard a very good group the other week on Radio 1 Club called Worth. They seemed to get everyone there screaming which not many groups can do now. I've never heard of them before—can you give me any information please?

L. Phillips,
Southport.

Never heard of them before! Shame on you for not buying the January edition of RAVE when we tipped them as a group who would do well this year! There are four members—Yanny the singer, Dave on organ, Mike on drums and Norman on bass guitar.

All of them hail from Liverpool but are now living in Surrey. Originally they were called The Perishers, but they changed their name to Worth at the end of last year when they got a new manager—who incidentally also manages Christie and Edison Lighthouse. If you want to write to them send your letters c/o Acorn, Ascot House, 52, Dean Street, London, W.1.

Is it true Ringo is appearing in a new film? If so could you tell me what it's called and when we can expect to see it?

P. Fenton,
Scarborough.

Yes, you are right—Ringo is to appear in a film called Blindman. He's also writing all the music for the film and will sing the soundtrack. Tentative date for the film's release is November.

Can you tell me which of Elvis Presley's records sold the most copies?

N. Bridger, Slough.
"Don't Be Cruel", "It's Now Or Never", "All Shook Up", "Crying In The Chapel" and "In The Ghetto" are his all-time best-sellers.

WE'RE TELLING YOU!

LIFELINE

NO MORE LETTERS TO LIFELINE, PLEASE. WRITE INSTEAD TO FABULOUS 208/RAVE AT THE SAME ADDRESS.

SHALL I OBEY THEM?

I am 13 years old. I know that sounds young, but I always want to feel and look as if I'm 16. I hate being 13. I've got a boyfriend, John, who is 19. He is very kind and shy and I know he would never try anything. But I am worried that my parents will find out how old he is and tell me to finish with him without even finding out what he's really like. One thing I'm sure will put them off is his long hair and also his motor bike. What do you think I should say if ever my parents told me to pack him up?

But they haven't told you to yet, have they? From what you say, I presume you haven't told them about John and they haven't even met him yet. So you're going the right way about making sure they do put a stop to your romance when they find out about it. They'll probably be a little concerned, to say the least. Look at it from their point of view. Just a short while ago, you were their little girl, playing with dolls. Now all at once you're a young woman with a mind of her own and a long-haired, motor-cycling boyfriend in tow. Can you blame them for being worried? If you want them to accept John, you'll stand a much better chance if you get it all into the open now. Tell them how old he is. Let them meet him and discover that he is a nice sort of boy and not some young tearaway. But if they do tell you to pack him in, I'd advise you to go along with them. After all, at 13 you've got the best years of your life ahead of you. And there are plenty more boys around for later on.

I LOVE MY TEACHER

For the first time in my life I am deeply in love—with my games teacher at school. He is young, goodlooking, considerate and wonderful in every way. I know I shouldn't love him, because he is married and very happily I believe. But I just can't stop myself. All I do is think of him. Recently he has been saying nice things about my efforts at games and gym (I try

extra hard for him, you see) and he even called me his star pupil the other day. Do you think he really likes me? He often seems to smile at me in a special way and I dream of what it would be like if he kissed me. Should I tell him how I feel about him? I want him to know. Please don't tell me to stop loving him. I can't. And boys of my own age (I'm 16) are just a bore.

Okay, I won't tell you to stop loving him because I know you wouldn't take a blind bit of notice. But you *must* keep your feelings to yourself. Blurring it all out would only make your teacher terribly embarrassed and you'd wish you'd never done it. And it's bound to spoil your present good relationship. Don't imagine for a minute that you mean anything more to him than one of his pupils who's trying hard to do her best in his class. Of course he likes you because of this, and praises your efforts—but that's as far as it goes. Sorry, but this has to be a case of silent worship. And honestly, when you've left school and the gorgeous teacher far behind you, you'll be glad that you never revealed your schoolgirl crush. Because despite what you may think now, that's all it is.

SHALL I, SHAN'T I?

Two months ago I firmly believed I would be a virgin when I married. But recently I found out that most of my friends have had sexual intercourse with their boyfriends. I'm sixteen, and a few months ago I met my boyfriend and I love him very much. Now I find that my ideas have changed. I feel that my friends are having more fun than I am. Last week my boyfriend asked me to go to bed with him and I agreed. Luckily we were both very inexperienced and couldn't, but I know that next time we will be completely successful. Both our parents would be shocked if I got pregnant, but I have begun to think it will be safe because my friends have been lucky so far. I know that I am wrong and silly, but I just can't say 'No' to my boyfriend now. Please help me!

In your heart of hearts you don't want

to go to bed with him, do you? You sound relieved that your first attempt was a failure, and you admit that you'd be silly and wrong. So why do something you really don't want to just to be like your friends? Anyway, the fact your friends have managed to get away with it (although they could just be boasting) is probably because they've used contraception. It's no good relying on luck. 120,000 unwanted babies were born last year because their parents thought they'd be 'lucky'. And you don't want to be one of those sad statistics, do you? So stick to your guns and explain to your boyfriend how you feel. If he really cares for you, he'll understand. And I suspect he might even like you all the more for your decision.

STAGE STRUCK

I want to be an actress. Everybody is trying to talk me out of it, but I'm determined that this is the only thing I'd really be happy doing. My family think I'm mad and want me to take a secretarial course instead. I know I'll make a good actress. I've been in lots of school plays and someone told me I was just like Glenda Jackson. Do you think there's any glimmer of hope that I'll make it on the stage?

Not much, I'm afraid. All over the country there are thousands of would-be Glenda Jacksons, taking the lead parts in school plays and dreaming of a successful career. But very, very few do make it, and those who do not only have talent, but stamina, optimism in the face of numerous disappointments, and a determination never to give up. Oh, and luck too. No doubt you've been told all this already and still want to go ahead. In that case, join the queue of hopefuls waiting to be selected for a good drama school course. But if you're a wise girl, you'll take that secretarial course first. It'll give you a year to re-think your decision, as well as a skill that will keep you going when times are hard. And make no mistake, unless you're that lucky one-in-a-thousand, times *will* be hard.

JENNY CLARKE.

LAST DITCH

Smiling bravely through the tears, gulping back a large lump in my throat, I face the typewriter to compose my last column. (Do I hear cheers echoing from Arbroath to Belper? To say nothing of Nuneaton and the less said about Nuneaton the better!) As you've probably gathered by now, RAVE will no longer be among us after this issue. This, of course, is a perfect occasion to indulge in maudlin sentimentality of the type only achieved by 'Love Story' and others of that ilk. But I will resist the lure of the easy weep and turn optimistically to other things.

During the past years that I've churned out this rubbish, I've attempted to put before you issues that I thought were important. In your tolerance you've read my shallow thoughts and reacted to them; sometimes you've agreed, sometimes you've disagreed and very occasionally I've had threats on my life. One of the issues I raised was about the confidential nature of a person's relationship with his/her doctor.

I had received letters from girls who wanted to go to their doctor for advice about contraception, abortion and V.D. They were worried in case the doctor told their parents. I said then that a doctor has no right to disclose to anyone what you've consulted him about. Recently there was a case in which a doctor, acting I'm sure in conscience, DID tell a 16-year-old girl's parents after she had seen him. To me this is a clear breach of a doctor's ethics but the doctor in question was found not guilty of a breach of ethics by the General Medical Council. This disturbed me because I believe that a girl should make up her own mind whether she wants to go on the Pill or not; a doctor has every right to refuse her, and in that case she has every right to consult another doctor. But nothing should be said by the doctor to anyone.

I'm delighted to see that the British Medical Association has recently ruled that the strictest confidence must be observed by doctors, particularly in respect to young people and I sincerely hope that such a breach never occurs again. I know that my little piece about this subject did nothing to change the situation but I do believe it was worth saying.

Another of the things that I've been going on and on and on about over the last year is, of course, pollution etc. I've been particularly pleased by the number of letters I had from you about this. I thought that most people didn't care about what was going on and I was delighted to be proved wrong. The same thing goes for my incessant nagging about wildlife; the bit I did about zoos a couple of months back brought the biggest mail I've had on any subject ever. We must realize that pollution and wildlife are going to be problems that will fall on us to try and solve. We're the ones who are going to inherit the earth and so we must make sure that it's a better place to live in. This came home to me par-



JEREMY PASCALL

We've all been feeling like shedding a few tears over the fact that this is to be our very last issue. But no one has taken it more to heart than Jeremy Pascall, who's been writing for RAVE for four years. So now, on the last page, he looks back at the subjects he's written about, both funny and serious, and says goodbye to you, the readers, who are what it's all been about.

ticularly strongly the other day. I do a series on BBC Radio Brighton about wildlife. It's in a children's programme and the studio is usually packed with kids from the age of about four to fourteen. Some of them are pretty tough nuts and have a lot to say for themselves. I did a piece about whales and particularly mentioned that the blue whale was in a very bad way and its numbers were disastrously low. After the broadcast I fell into conversation with two of the toughest, loudest boys aged about twelve. I asked them if my stuff about animals was boring. 'No', said one, 'Look, we're going to take over this world one day and we want it clean. We want the animals'. He wasn't sappy and sentimental about animals nor did he think that a love of tigers, etc. was cissy. He just accepted that we are responsible for them and should make sure they survive. Incidentally, he's also a member of the World Wildlife Fund (plug, plug). I just hope that people like him eventually DO get to run

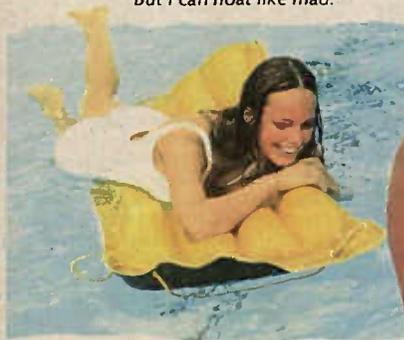
the world because they'll make a better job of it than the lot we've got now! There's still a lot to be done about pollution and animals and I hope that you'll all occasionally remember about them and cause a stir even if it's only by writing to newspapers or getting discussions going amongst your friends and at school.

Enough of that. It hit me with a hard realisation that I'm the longest serving member of the RAVE team. Poor old Pascall, old and past it! I started working on this magazine in 1967 (flower power and all) and quite honestly I've really enjoyed it. RAVE started me on a lasting friendship with dear old Kenny Everett when I used to have to chase him around London with my tape recorder trying to get his column in on time! That led to some bizarre experiences; for instance I got involved in three crashes in one afternoon in his car and nearly hit a policeman (if I had my way he'd be banned for life). On another occasion he wrote the column at the top of the Monument (an extremely high tower commemorating the Great Fire of London) which was hell for me as I got dizzy standing on a kerb! Incidentally, I saw Kenny the other day at his beautiful country house in the heart of Sussex (quite near to me in Hove). He is alive and well and living in chaos with his usual menagerie and the lovely Aud (his wife) settling well into the ways of a country squire. He too was sad to hear of the end of RAVE but like me enjoyed the work we did and has no regrets at all. When, oh when, will the abysmal Beeb allow him back, they must realise he's the best dj in the country. If this is a rather random column it is simply because I can't think of anything much to say. Four years is a long time and a few words have passed through the typewriter. Now I seem to have dried up. I'm sad of course. Well there IS the money to think about (yes they do pay me; not much, but then it's not much of a column!) let's face it 45p is 45p and what with the cost of living and all, things are going to be difficult. I'll just have to get rid of the cats, or send them out to work. On the other hand, I am starting up a Fund For Unemployed Pascall to which you are invited to subscribe. Just send your donation to RAVE's address and it will be forwarded to my villa in Hove. In the future, I suppose, you'll all be reading FAB/208, a worthy publication but with one important omission—ME. The Editor says I'm too old, TOO OLD! You see, I told you, reach twenty-five and you're all washed up. What's left to me? Reporter on the Okapi Breeder Gazette, perhaps? Oh well, don't worry about me, I'll think of something. In the meantime, thank you for your support (there's a very bad joke there but I'll resist it), and for all the nice letters, and for all the nasty letters and even for all the threatening letters. They brightened many a dull morning.

"Physical Fitness Programme? Sure. What channel is it on?"

"If we were
meant to walk,
there wouldn't
be any cabs."

"I've taken lessons and
still can't swim a stroke.
But I can float like mad."



"Oh well, a little exercise
won't hurt me."



Even if your favourite sports are the
spectator variety, there are lots of reasons
for using Tampax tampons.
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