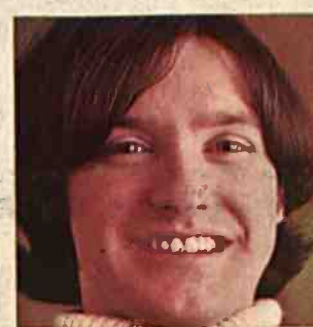


# Playboy

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JANUARY 2s 6d

12



**HAPPY NEW  
YEAR FOR  
A HAPPY  
NEW YOU!**

**INSIDE  
100  
PIN-UP  
PEOPLE!**

**WHO WILL  
WIN YOUR  
HEART  
IN 1965?**

# rave

No 12 JANUARY, 1965 © GEORGE NEWNES Ltd

# MAKE '65 YOUR BIG FUN YEAR!

NEW things to do... NEW people to meet... NEW places to go... NEW fun to have... AND MORE!



GET THE '65 LOOK page

DODO'S DIARY page 52

FIELD page 54

WHO'LL STEAL YOUR HEART IN '65?

OVER 100 PEOPLE TO CHOOSE FROM—BUT DON'T MAKE UP YOUR MIND UNTIL YOU'VE SEEN THE LAST PAGE!

STARBEAT page 12

HOLIDAY OF A LIFETIME page 34

ARE YOU WITH THE STONES?

SANDIE HEART-TO-HEART-WITH ALAN FREEMAN page 55

CATHY'S GOOD GUYS page 24

KINK BY KINK page 21

BEATLES DREAMBOAT FOR FOUR page 36



LETTERS page 47

WHAT'S MISS '65 WEARING? page 55

PITNEY'S NEAREST AND DEAREST page 10

PENNY WELLS page 49

**rave**





# WHICH MICK DO YOU LOVE?

**Mick Jagger is the Stone of many moods. To some he's wild and rebellious. Others see him as gentle and cuddly. These pictures capture his magic—and the next pages show the Stones as they really see themselves . . .**



Do you prefer Mick pensive (A) with that little-boy look? Or wilder, below?



# STONES

—But do YOU agree with their choice?

The pretty dark-haired girl darted across to Stone Bill Wyman as he left the restaurant. "Would you sign this, please?" she asked breathlessly, offering Bill a photograph of the Stones cut from her local newspaper.

"Yes, of course," said Bill, grinning amiably—"Hey, this is a marvellous picture. Where did it come from?" The girl told him. "I must buy it," he told her. "Please show me to the nearest newsagents!"

Bill bought the paper and rushed off to meet the other Stones. "What do you think of this great picture?" he asked them excitedly. "Marvellous" . . . "One of the best" . . . "It's a knockout", they shouted.

"We're all very interested in our photographs," Bill explained later. "Not many pictures really please us—and you'll be surprised how often we see photos that don't show us as we really are." page 9



How do you like Bill Wyman's sad look? Or is this weird picture more appealing?

# STONES PICK THEIR PICS

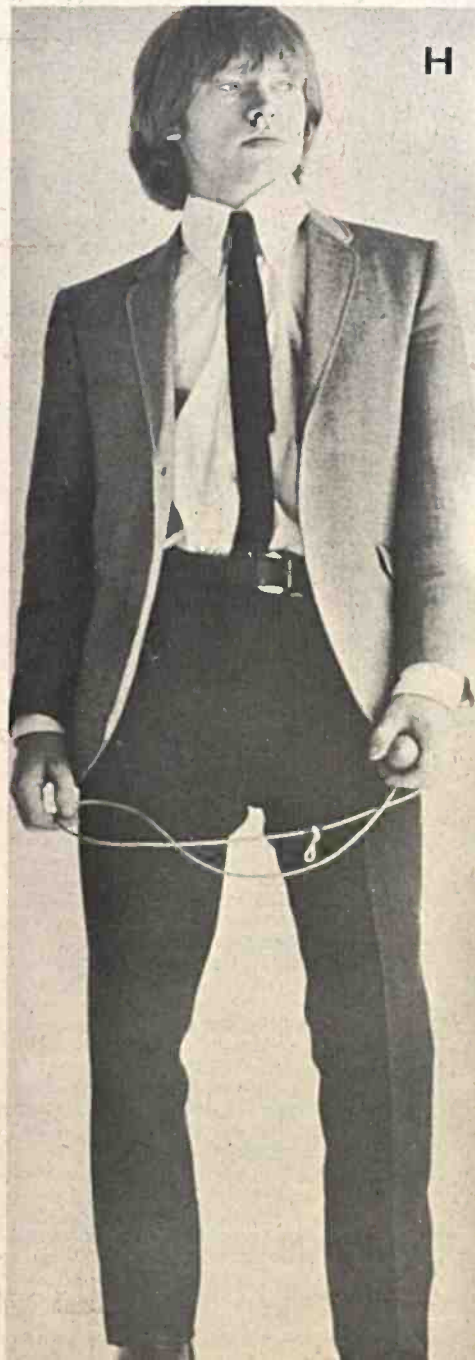


You like Charlie Watts looking intense (F), or more friendly?





G



H

### WHICH STONE FOR YOU?

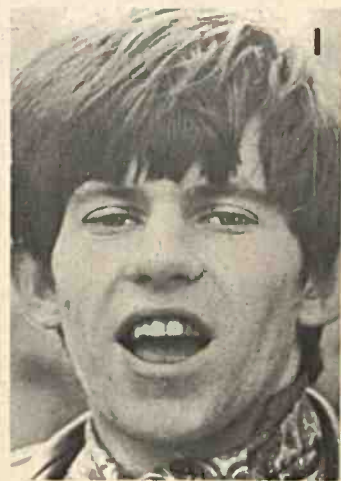
Mick hates bad close-ups of himself. Charlie doesn't like pictures that show his hair out of place. Keith's idea of a bad picture is one in which he seems to be posing.

Brian watches out for pictures that make his ready smile look like a leer, he says. And Bill? He frowns at photographs that make him look as if he couldn't care less!

The self-critical Stones are as concerned about bad pictures as they are about playing wrong notes!

But which are their favourite pics? **rave** invited them to choose from our collection of unpublished material.

Study the photographs of each Stone and see which you prefer. Could be you agree with their selections! To find out which snaps the Stones liked best, turn to page 53.



I

Do you prefer Keith relaxing (G)? — or singing (I)? A moody Brian Jones (H)? Or is he better playing (J)?



J



# GENE PITNEY I HADDA BE STRONG!

GENE TELLS  
ALL TO rave  
ABOUT HIS  
TRUE-LIFE  
STRUGGLE—  
AND ABOUT  
THE FOLK  
WHO HAVE  
STAYED  
CLOSE TO  
HIS HEART . . .

It was like being in an oven. The sun seared down. For hour after hour he had felt its fierce impact. Yet he could see it but dimly—for in high summer the Connecticut tobacco fields are roofed with fine-mesh netting mounted on poles.

The netting was to keep the direct rays off the tobacco plants. This he knew. It was also to build up a stifling heat around the plants. This he knew even better.

Six cents a ben. . . . That was the simple thought which kept him going each day. A ben was a double row of tobacco plants from one pole to the next. About eight feet.

He would squat at one end between the rows with the basket in front of him. Then he would go eager-beavering along on his rump—a flesh-and-blood leaf-picking dynamo.

"Another six cents in the pay

packet!"—the thought would come at the end of each ben. Last week there had been 52 dollars and 18 cents—about £18—in the pay packet marked Pitney, G. F.

"Not bad!" he had grinned to himself. Then he had sheered off home with it—a wiry kid with a shock of dark hair and a determined look—and all of fourteen years old. . . .

They are etched deep in the mind of Gene Pitney—these and a thousand more memories of the long hot summer of 1955.

The main reason why Gene remembers these days so clearly he explained when he was last in Britain. He sat in his hotel room with his jacket off and his tie loose. His slim, trim frame was relaxed. But his voice was earnest and vital. . . .

"I suppose you could say I have achieved a fair success in show business—if that doesn't sound too conceited. But I wouldn't have got *anywhere* without what I learned as a kid.

"From fourteen to eighteen I was at Rockville High School, Connecticut. They taught me plenty there. But in the holidays I learned plenty more about life.

"I worked in the tobacco fields from June to September two summers running. Another time I was a short-order cook in a lakeside cafe. Served up some pretty horrible stuff at first.

"Don't think I actually killed anyone but it must have been close at times!

"But, seriously, what I learned in those days was to be a do-it-yourselfer. To make my own decisions. And above all to be strong in purpose. Man, I needed this last quality later on—when I decided to try and crack the music business."

The songs that came crowding into his mind. . . . They had started during high school, where he had formed a band "mainly for kicks."

The songs were then a source

of relaxation. But when—at the age of eighteen—he went on to Hartford University, they became a cause of crisis in his life.

"I have two uncles who are doctors and I knew my folks would be pleased if I got into a professional career. So at university I decided to specialise in electronics.

"It interested me fine. Maybe I would have gone on and on in this field. . . .

**"But those songs. . . . As I dreamed them up and scribbled them down I became gripped with the excitement of them and as time went by there welled up inside me the explosive urge to try and get them published.**

"But how? My life was already geared to a hectic pace. University fees are high and I didn't want to lean on my folks. So? There was my evening job as a theatre usher. That was 75 cents (5s. 5d.) an hour. Then I worked weekends at a gas station. Dollar and a half (11s.) an hour. Those jobs brought me the money I needed. But they left me no time.

"And time was what I needed if I wanted to sell songs. One day I made a decision. . . .

"Mom!"

"Yes, Gene?"

"I'll need the alarm tonight. Gotta be up at five."

"Sure, Gene. . . . What's that? FIVE! Why, Gene, what on earth. . . ."

"Going to New York, mom."

Then his father's voice—kindly but understandably curious. "New York, son? Sounds like big business."

"It's these songs, dad. Maybe someone, somewhere. . . ."

"It's a thought, son. They'll do you no good just lying around here, that's for sure."

He remembers stirring at five the next morning—grabbing some breakfast—jumping into his old Mercury convertible for the 20-mile drive to Hartford Station.

He remembers flopping dead-beat into bed at one-thirty the next morning with the dull, drag-down thought that he had spent a whole day plodding from one music publisher's to the next—and had achieved nothing.

Yet he remembers how next day the deep-down feeling still glowed—that one day he would knock on the right door.

"I started going to New York twice a week. That meant I was now cramming three things into my life: my studies, my part-time jobs and my efforts to sell songs.

"I realised that studying electronics and trying to make a career as a songwriter were both really full-time jobs—and I was killing myself trying to combine them.

"I thought and I thought and in the end I decided it was to be all or nothing at all. I decided to give up university and stake everything on my songs.

"My folks? No: they didn't get indignant or try to talk me out of it or lecture me in any way. They are not the type.

"In a way that put the pressure on all the more. I knew it would be hell if I failed. They had faith in me and I couldn't bear the thought of disappointing them."

He recalls how a fierce urgency now powered his efforts to get a hearing for his songs. . . . How he would spend day after day in New York striving for the vital breakthrough.

"Then I began to make a bit of ground here and there. I even got one or two songs on disc

The discs didn't mean a lot but at least it was a start."

At last came the day when he found himself rushing to a phone faster than he had ever done before. . . . "Heh, mom. Got news. Big news. Know that number, 'Hello Mary Lou'? Guess who's recording it—Rick Nelson!"

"Sounds wonderful, Gene. Let's hope that disc sells and sells. . . ."

"I didn't need to worry. The disc took off on an international scale. It was a hit in 22 countries. Royalties came rolling in on a scale I had hardly dared dream about.

"I was in business, Gene Pitney—songwriter!"

"Big celebrations in the Pitney household!" I said.

**"Sure," he replied with a grin. Then he added quietly and seriously, "I love my folks and my home and the whole of our family circle. They are the people who have rooted for me and stood by me all along"**

Gene paused to take the coffee which had just been brought in. He poured two cups—sipped at his thoughtfully—then went on: "This is for sure: I shan't become one of those singers who buys their folks a new home.

"Mom and dad would never—but never—move. They have lived in the same house since they were married and dad's parents moved into it when they were married.

"No: my folks won't move—but I would do anything for them or for anyone else in the family."

Out of the blue he asked, "Did you ever see the film 'Parrish'?"

"No," I said. "But I believe it was Troy Donahue and Connie Stevens."

"Right! Now if you ever get to see 'Parrish', take a close look at the tobacco fields. Those in the film are the very same ones where I worked as a kid. I've seen the film often—just to bring back memories."

by DICK TATHAM



## RINGO'S LONG RUN

■ A new year—and time for new resolutions. George Harrison swears he's going to buy fewer shirts next year—at the moment he's got two wardrobes full of them! Ringo Starr says he's going to run three miles before breakfast each day, but I don't think he's serious!

Herman tells me he's going to control his passion for ice cream. "When I go to the pictures, I usually have at least four or five," he said. Brian Jones of the Stones thinks he'll try to get more sleep. At present he averages only five hours a night.

Wayne Fontana—a notoriously bad timekeeper—bought himself a pocket alarm clock for Christmas and he resolves never to be late for an appointment. Mike Wilsh of the Four Pennies is going to stop eating hamburgers because, he says, they're making him fat!

Cilla Black laughingly hopes to buy fewer hats in 1965. "I spend a lot of money on hats that I'll probably never wear," she told me. Dusty Springfield is determined to take things easier and also to stop imitating Spike Milligan every time she's interviewed!

Hank Marvin of the Shadows is going to make an effort to remember names. "I've got an awful memory and I even forget the names of people I've known for years," he confessed.

## New look Yardbirds

■ Yardbirds guitarist Eric Clapton has designed the striking stage suits that the group is wearing in the Beatles' Christmas show currently at London's Hammer-smith Odeon.

Eric's keen eye for the unusual produced a jacket with a short lapel and very wide collar. They also have patch pockets with flaps.

The group were so delighted with Eric's designs that they trooped into tailor Paul Keam's showrooms and ordered two suits each to this pattern! One set is straw-coloured, the other in direct contrast is diamond black barathea.

The Yardbirds — all alike when they're on stage



■ The telephone rang at home the other night. "Hi, this is Johnny Rivers calling from Sunset Strip, Hollywood," said a cheery voice on the other end of the line. He obviously didn't realise it was 4 a.m. in London!

"I'm just calling to say I'm going to be in England during January," he said. "I want to meet you and the staff of my favourite magazine."

I asked Johnny to speak up because there was a lot of background noise his end. "Yeah—quiet everybody, quiet," he shouted. The noise subsided and Johnny came back on the line.

"Just a few of my pals celebrating nothing in particular in my dressing room here at the Whiskey A Gogo," he explained. I asked him who his pals were.



Johnny Rivers—name dropping

"Let's see. There's Steve McQueen. Ann-Margret, too. George Hamilton, George Peppard, Sandra Dee, Rock Hudson—oh, and Rick Nelson's just come in," "Be seeing you."

■ The Rolling Stones are under attack again. Stories of disagreements with the BBC over "Saturday Club" and "Top Gear". A TV company howls because the Stones decline to attend an after-the-show party.

And, most damaging of all, rumours within rumours. The most common anti-Stones story being whispered is that Mick Jagger is thinking of going solo.

This is absolute rubbish—and Mick is very hurt by the upsurge of stories. The reason, say the gossips, is that Mick and the rest of the Stones don't see eye to eye.

"When you're part of a group, and you've grown up with the same blokes, you don't help yourself by making a break on your own," Mick declared to me.

The story first began circulating during the summer—but then took a dive when the Stones roared to success with "It's All Over Now" and went out on a successful tour of Britain.

But since they came back from America at the end of November, the stories have started again. In the past, Mick hadn't considered the rumours worth discussing. But now he's hurt by them and that's why he emphasised to me: "The Stones are a group and I can't do without them. What's more, I'll never try."

■ Michael Haslam, Brian Epstein's new signing, was auditioned for TV's "Stars And Garters" show when it returns soon. But the TV chiefs shook their heads. "No, you're not the right sort of person to sing in a pub atmosphere," they told him.

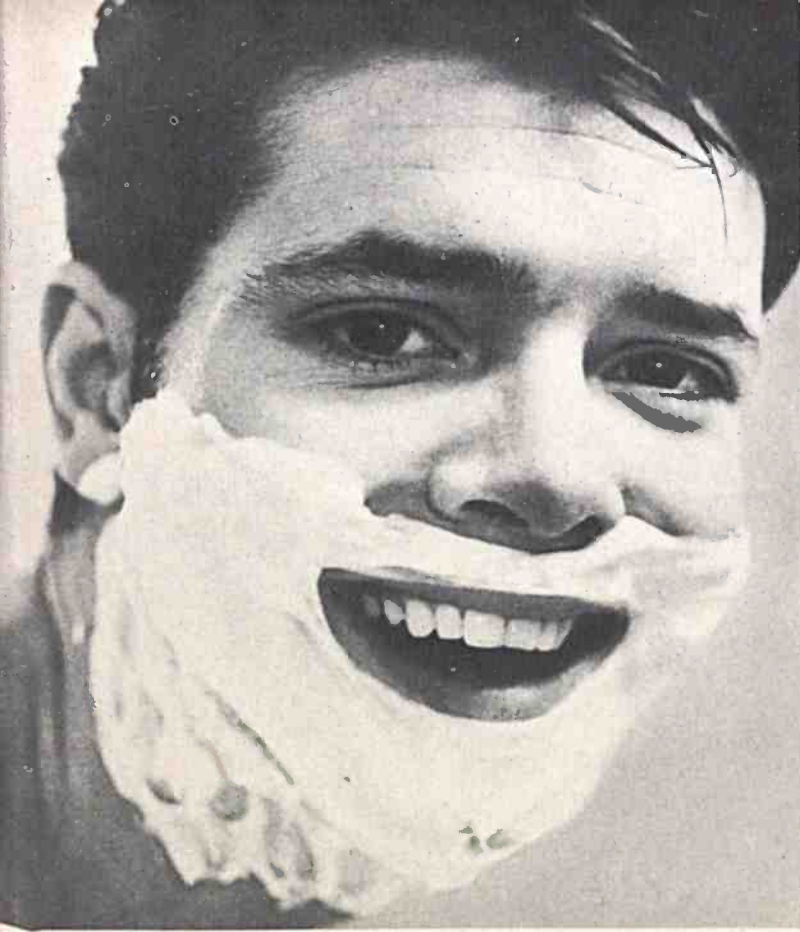
What an odd thing to say. Mike had spent several years singing in a pub—and he even met Brian Epstein in one!

■ Good-looking George Peppard—our Mr. Gorgeous on the back cover this month—once thought of becoming a singer as a way to getting into acting.

George—filming in London recently as well as making personal appearances to promote "The Carpetbaggers"—told me: "I thought that it was easier to get a film part if I'd got a hit record.

"At that time, it was fairly





A shave of a different kind for Cliff (See 'Close shave')

easy to get a hit in America—or so I thought until I tried singing! I was so disappointed with my own voice I dropped the idea quickly.

"I realised that guys like Elvis Presley who made hit records and then starred in films had to have a double lot of talent," he said.

Luckily, the breaks started to come in for George only a few months later. And when a big film producer recently suggested to George that he should try singing to give his career a further boost, he couldn't understand why George nearly fell off his chair laughing!

## GENE'S GIRLS

■ Gene Pitney is a guy with an eye for the girls—but I must say it's difficult trying to keep up with his interests!

At a party in London ten months ago he introduced a blonde girl as his wife. No-one knew whether to take Gene seriously—he's a great practical joker.

But a few weeks ago he told me that he was crazy over Marianne Faithfull, with whom he had been touring. "She's a wonderful girl," he said. "I've gone overboard for her—and I think she feels the same about me."

I queried whether their friend-

ship would go further. "Not a chance," grinned Gene. "I've got a fiancee back home in Connecticut. She's marvellous and everything I'll want in a wife."

■ What did John, Paul and George do while Ringo was in hospital losing his tonsils?

John and his wife Cynthia did their Christmas shopping in London's smart Kensington area. "We were hardly recognised by anyone," John told me later.

Paul did some shopping, too, but mainly got down to the work of jotting down ideas for new songs. He used the study in Jane Asher's home during the day and went to John's house in the evenings.

George looked around for furniture and gadgets for his bungalow home at Esher, Surrey. "I've still got several rooms to furnish but until Ringo went into hospital I hadn't been able to buy anything," he explained.

■ Georgie Fame wanted to thank his fast-growing fan club for their enthusiastic support during 1964—and the problem was how to do it.

"Let's make a special record for the fans," suggested Blue Flames guitarist Colin Green. Georgie and the other Flames—Peter Coc, Tony Makins, Bill

Eyden and Speedy Acquaye—agreed.

They spent a whole night in a recording studio making "Yeh Yeh" and prepared to have 3,000 copies pressed for distribution to the fan club.

"But so many people liked the song we decided to issue it for general release," Georgie told me. "We've compromised by giving out free copies to the fan club." And that's how Georgie's best-ever record came to compete for chart placings. . . .

## Close shave

■ A close shave for Cliff Richard the other day. And a shave of a different kind to the one he's having in my picture!

Cliff drives into central London from his home in Essex each day for his performance in "Aladdin" at the London Palladium. He often has to leave his car in a big store's parking lot some distance away.

One night he got held up in several unexpected traffic jams and arrived at his usual parking place with only five minutes to spare before he was due at the Palladium.

"I dashed out into the crowds in Oxford Street," Cliff recalled in a calmer moment later, "looked for a taxi, but couldn't see one. So I decided to run for it."

Cliff ran nearly half a mile down Oxford Street, which was thronged with last-minute Christmas shoppers. People stopped to stare at the young man in glasses who was trying to run against the tide—and only recognised him when he had passed.

"I got to the theatre with less than a minute to spare," said Cliff. "I was so out of breath I was puffing and panting the whole evening. It had only needed two or three people to ask for an autograph and I would have been late!"

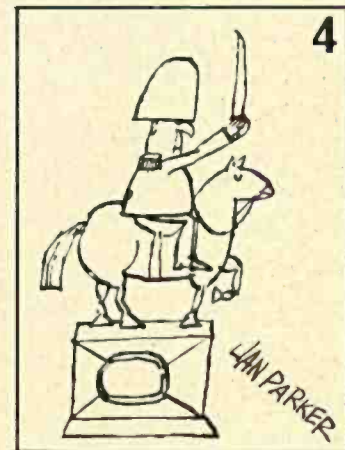
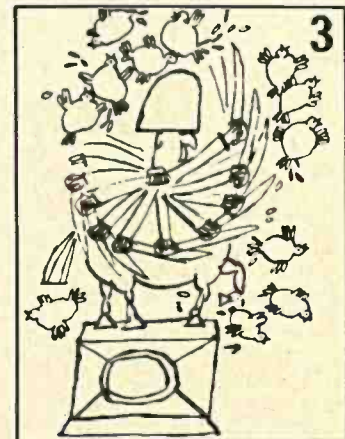
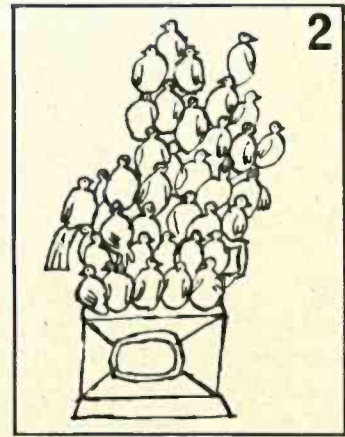
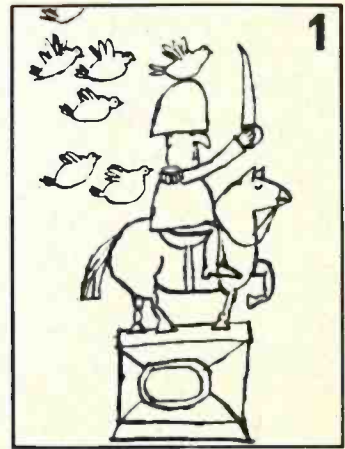
## Zombies go on a spending spree

■ The Zombies were buying half a Regent Street men's store when I ran into them the other day. "We're spending some of our earnings on a few shirts and one or two suits," explained bass guitarist Chris White.

That was an understatement—by the time they'd finished and half a dozen harassed assistants had added up the bill, they'd spent nearly £200 on clothes!

Not bad for a group which only six months ago was breaking up! "What kept you together?" I asked the boys over coffee later.

"We made a demonstration record of 'Summertime'," explained singer Colin Blunstone, "then submitted it to Decca with three of our own compositions. One of these was 'She's Not There'—and everyone fell overboard for it!"



# TEN TOP WAYS TO BE A HAPPY NEW YOU

Get switched on for '65 and be a Rave Go-Girl Plus, with bags of personality, friends galore, and lots of dates to dream about . . .

So what gives for a '65 Rave? Ollie Brown says: "Resolutions, resolutions, resolutions . . . I've got 11 of 'em tucked up my sleeve! Want to know what the eleventh one is? It's to make dead sure I stick to the other ten, because one thing's for sure, I'm going to keep way out there with the best of them."

**1 CLOTHES** I'm going to try to look good all day long, so my clothes MUST stay clean and neat—no odd stains or buttons missing. I shall whip my creepers away to be mended regularly, it's definitely OUT to be down at heel, and any odd scuff marks can be covered with Scuff-Kote. That'll do the trick. In future, I shall always carry an instant spot remover around in my handbag, plus an extra stocking in in case of mishap. And I'm going to make sure I never miss any of rave's fashion features (See following pages)

**2 MAKE-UP** at mid-day, on the dot, and my face always manages to shine, so I'm going to start using an astringent under my foundation to keep my make-up matt longer. Oh, and something else to pop in my handbag—some Quickies, fab face fresheners for removing dust without disturbing make-up. It's important to keep sweet and fresh, so I'm going to keep to one perfume throughout to avoid conflicting scents. To make my perfume last all day long, I'm going to dab it behind my ears, on my wrists to keep cool, and sprinkle a drop *inside* the hem on my dress so the oil won't stain.

**3 NEW FRIENDS** Because I'm super shy and tend to "close-up" with new people, from now on, I'm going to take more of an interest in the people I meet, then I shall probably forget all about myself and overcome my shyness.

**4 MR. RIGHT** I hope this is going to be my year as far as Mr. Right is concerned, and if he does come along, I plan to KEEP him! I shall try to keep a certain amount of independence (but not TOO much!) for a girl should know that a man likes her to be dependent on him, but it's a smart babe who knows that if she's too clinging, she can just as easily stifle the romance.

**5 HIS HOBBIES** Much as I hate football, motor rallies and scooter engines, I'm determined to mug up on them for my boyfriend's sake. You'd be surprised how much I've learned already, and I'm just beginning to realise I'm having fun! I reckon the quickest way to lose your boyfriend is to leave him out in the cold with his hobbies.

**6 THOSE WOLVES** I've been fooled before, so here's one bird who's giving those wolves the cold shoulder. You can spot them a mile off usually—it's written all over their faces. I'm not going to let them see by the bat of an eyelid that I know they're around. I figure that by playing the iceberg they'll soon cool off!

**7 QUARRELS** I've seen how rows can ruin a romance, and so often they're unnecessary. I'm just going to cut the squawks and squabbles and bite my tongue when trouble's brewing. When I've calmed down, I'll try and talk things over sensibly.

**8 HOME** At home, no more flying off the handle and acting in haste for me. Last time I carried my bags to the bus stop, I began to think of all the fun I'd be missing without my family! So I swallowed my pride and decided Mum was sometimes right after all! There's nothing that a little less selfishness and a bunch of flowers won't cure, so I'll try to remember this more often, for there's no-one quite like Mum, is there?

**9 BOREDOM** Bitter experience proves that most quarrels are caused through boredom. Sitting at home night after night is the best way to build up to frenzy point, so I think I'll trot along to the local bowling alley or ice rink more often to chat over coffee with the gang.

**10 HOLIDAYS** M-mm. I'm dreaming of holidays ALREADY. I've made up my mind to have the best two weeks ever, and I'm going round in circles collecting brochures. Must pop into Cook's to see their latest, and I must study rave's Holiday Guide starting on page 34. Whoever said half the fun of having a holiday was the planning of it, was dead right, of course! Whether it's the Costa Brava or exciting Blackpool, I want to look slim-line on the beach, so I'm cutting down on sweet and starchy foods.

HOW'S THAT FOR A HAPPY NEW YEAR?

NEWS! NEWS! NEWS! rave dollies break into print and make shock headlines. Because their gear's the NEWest, says rave girl **OLLIE BROWN**. It's real downbeat. Tailor-made for a dolly like YOU. Dresses with the dreamy, feminine touch, dressed up pants, suits either straight from the bush or with the old style 30's look. The 30's trend is still hot fashion . . .



Break '65 wide open and set the presses rolling in these dishy Sambo Dolly-rockers. Dreamy deep colour warmers include peacock, royal, emerald, scarlet and mauve. The dresses are great for party or daytime.

Materials are soft and cuddly for dolly sweetness in knobby wools, double knit jersey or clinging crepe.

On the left Gerry is wearing bright green dress which costs £5 14s. 6d. Right: Sammy's dress is in deep mauve, and costs £4 19s. 6d.

**NOW  
TURN  
OVER**

# SPORTS EXTRA!!!

Play it smarty DOLL and get IN with the mixing game. Have lots of fun and buy yourself lots of clever separates. Now you can have a new outfit round the clock—all on a shoestring budget.



Above: Gabardine belted two-piece by Reldan, £6 19s. 6d.



Keep up with the day's news, like the girls, in long line pants suits.

Jackets are super long with vents, and trousers are wide straight downers. Above, right: Emcar blazer suit in green or pink floral

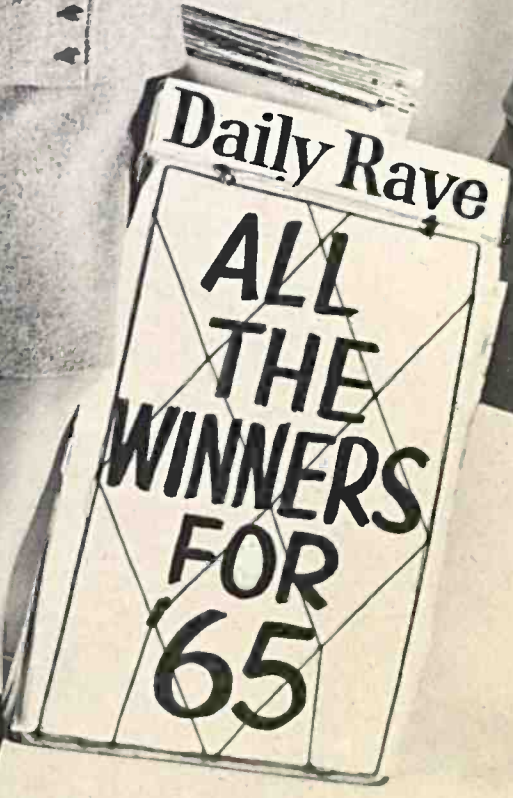
print linen jacket and skirt, £6 16s. 6d., pants £2 19s. 6d.

Left: Casual clothes by Reldan Digby Morton. Gabardine jacket, £3 19s. 11d., worn with snake-belted slacks, £3 3s. Bush shirt, £2 2s. 6d.

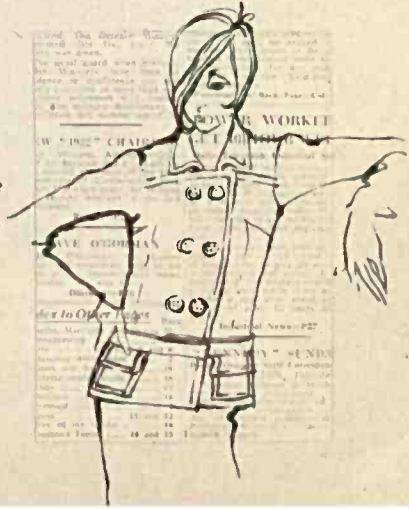
read all about it...



Emcar blazer suit—the jacket and skirt



All wool Boucle suit by Elgee. Colours include turquoise, blue, pink, lime and burnt orange. Price is £9 9s., and sizes are 10-18.



Positively the latest look in suits . . . they're going to be a real sell-out. Suits on the 30's lines, with wide, wide collars, slightly nipped in waists, and long line jackets. Above left: Single breasted suit with the long, lean look in Frieze Tweed. By Elgee, in sizes 10-18. Price £11 11s. Right: Camel wool suit by Susan Barry, also in green and red. Price is £7 15s.

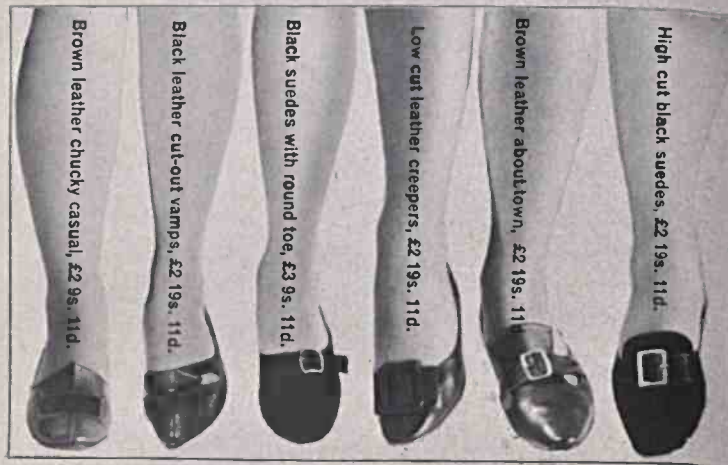
NEWS PICTURES BY P. L. JAMES

NOW TURN OVER

IN. IN. IN. with a bang The Lacy Look. This dolly crochet jumper is from Fenwicks of Bond Street, London, W.1. Colours go real lush—plum, blue, cream, beige and brown or white. Price is £3 9s. 6d. Hey! Don't forget those Boopy-Doop beads. Just get yourself a long pearl rope and you've got it made!

# NEWS EXTRA

Creepers go chunky with granny clump heels and buckles. From Dolcis.



Below: Remember the carpet bag? It's gone minute! Small bags are creeping up fast. To move with the trend, buy yours NOW. Here are some of the newest shapes in handbags from a range by Fenwicks, From 29s. 0d



Black patent dumpy—the shape to watch! Brown leather dolly with chain handle. Black patent with adjustable handle. Black patent with long handle.

Headhuggers make News, but it's a reprint of the Garbo era. All hats from a range by Edward Mann from most large stores.



White crochet bonnet, £1 19s. 11d.

Red tight pull-on, £1 9s. 11d.

Pink cloche, £2 5s. 11d.



Green bonnet, £3 3s. 0d.

Orange turry helmet, £2 9s. 11d.

# Daily Rave

Francoise Hardy sets the trend

4d.

January 1965

No. 13

# WITH-IT ONES GO AFTER THAT NATURAL LOOK

## Girls will be Girly

**STU JAMES** of the **SMojos** has definite ideas how the New Girl will look. In one word — girly! “Not very heavy on the make-up, pale lipstick. It doesn't matter how much make-up is worn, as long as it suits and is well done.

“Hair will be straight and wild-looking, but not messy. The overall appearance should be very sweet and nice, with frilly girlish clothes, nothing too manish and extreme.

“A girl will really look like a girl this year!”

★ ★ ★

**Pete Quaife** of the **Kinks** admits that he himself is not really one to keep up with fashions and trends, but he knows how he likes girls to look.

“Corduroy will be very popular in the next few months, black and dark green, and girls should be wearing more figure-revealing clothes. Let's face it, they do look better.”

★ ★ ★

**Herman** describes his girl of '65, as having long straight hair; a country girl look.

“Personality means more than looks to me”, he adds.

**Herman** would like his girl to be very chic without being too bright and flashy, which he says can happen with these very way-out clothes.

★ ★ ★

“I'd like my girl of 1965 to look obviously female”, says **Wayne Fontana**. “You know, long eyelashes, long blonde hair, the cute model-type in fact. And, I go for clothes that are really hip and in very very bright colours.”



By RAVE REPORTER

**F**rancoise Hardy's a darling. With her natural good looks, long, swinging hair and super slim figure, she's the doll that all the boys dream about and all the girls envy.

Soft and feminine, Francoise is the IT-girl of '65. Playing it natural means playing safe for Francoise because she believes in keeping her make-up as simple as possible.

Gimmicks for Francoise are OUT, but then Francoise has the kind of classic good looks that will always stay in vogue.

The clean, fresh scrubbed look is the one for Francoise, and she's mad about it. Here's how she gets that baby glow.

Having an oily skin, Francoise cleanses her face daily, first with cleansing milk for a deep down beauty treatment, and then with soap and water.

Make-up for Francoise is limited to strictly after six. She has got a “thing” about make-up, and she never uses it in the daytime. When she does use make-up, it is only the bare essentials.

Foundation for instance, is almost unheard of for Francoise. Her baby soft skin just doesn't need it, so she starts with Creme Puff powder in a warm honey shade for just a hint of a glow.

As for her eyes, she'll accentuate their colour with a subtle muted grey or brown eyeshadow in Eye Velvet by Revlon.

To make her eyes look super large, she'll outline them with a charcoal eyeliner close to the lashes on the upper lid, and also along the lower lid, but slightly smudged for a blurred effect.

Lucky Francoise, her eyebrows are naturally dark, so all she does is brush them through.

Still with the toasted look, beige lipsticks are a “must” for Francoise, and she loves lush delicate oranges and subdued browns.

## Please—don't be so sloppy, say the boys

**G**irls in 1965 will look mysterious . . . sharp . . . and the sloppy look will be out, OUT, OUT! Who says so? Some of our top recording artists.

“I hope that girls will go back to being feminine,” says **Billy Fury**.

“This year's girl will be dark with long hair, and dark simple clothes. As far as personality goes, mysterious and cute!”

As far as the **Rockin' Berries** are concerned, the girl of 1965 will really

have to try hard to be smart. “We think that last year's fashions must have been called the ‘Sloppy Look’—some of them were real messes.”

**Bobby Shafto**: “For 1965, I would like girls to go more for the Paris

look. Very sharp. The hair should still be straight, either long or short, and with hardly any make-up. I like a girl who looks as though she isn't wearing make-up at all, but of course she is!”

# HEADLINE NEWS



## SUPER STRAIGHT HAIRDO'S

For the '65 headhuggin' hairstyle, we took Hester along to Leslie of Raphael and Leonard of Mayfair. Leslie is one of the brightest stylists in town.

He's the man behind such swinging hairdo's as Sandie Shaw's. Cathy McGowan's and wayout designer, Barbara Hulanicki.

The new look in hair is short and straight, depending solely on expert cutting. Hester's hair is set on eight large rollers (see below), leaving the fringe, sides and nape of neck secured in place.

Dress hair by brushing through so

it falls naturally into place, and bring sides forward onto cheek, and to get the super straight look, add the finishing touch with Pifco Vanity Curlers. Divide hair into sections, pull each section taut, and run curler from root to tip.

One last word from Leslie; it is important to have the style to suit your face.

Leslie says he's got a "thing" about long, straight hair like Cathy's, but obviously this wouldn't suit everybody, so in the last analysis it's wiser to go for what looks best! On YOU!

It's a cinch, honey babe—so get with the deadpan Garbo Look! It was the rave of the '30's, but now it's hot news for the 60's.

So oops—mind the giggle and put on the straight face. Flutter those boopee doop eyes, purse your provocative bow lips, keep to the lean, hollow look—and, vamp, you've got it made!

Our girl with the Garbo Look is 19-year-old Hester Strong, assistant to Mary West, a Public Relations Officer in London's West End.

Hester's the typical girl next door who gets every gimmick way ahead of everybody else, and is smack bang up to the minute fashionwise.

Here's how Hester gets the Garbo Look in make-up—

## JUST A HINT OF PINK

IN is the hint of pink—a super shade is Outdoor Girl's beige pink called Honey. Smooth lightly and evenly over your face and neck.

Next, get the hollow look (right) by shading along the cheekbone with a brown shadow. Just fine for this is Gala's Sable Brown Matte Shadow.

Blend the shadow well into your foundation, to leave no definite hard line. Now lightly dust over with a translucent powder.



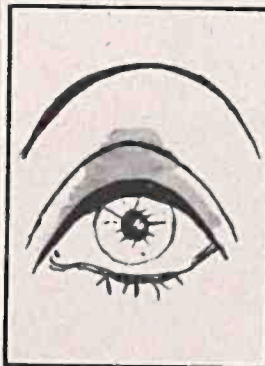
## WIDE-EYED AND GLOWING

Brush your eyebrows using an old mascara brush for easy shaping. Thinly arch your eyebrows and finish in line with your eye (left).

Go wide-eyed and smooth on Revlon's Alabaster Lustre. Now blend in a brown shadow along centre of eyelid to give a delicate glow.

Eyeliner is strictly brown. Using Gala's Liquid Line, start at inner corner of the eye, thickening very slightly at the centre and tapering at the outer edge—don't extend line.

Eyelashes are thick and furry. Concentrate your mascara to the centre lashes, or use thick fake fur lashes (left).



## SMALLER LIPS

Lips are brighter, slightly smaller, with the bow more emphasized. Using a lip brush, and a deep down pink like Revlon's Stormy Pink, draw a line finishing just short of the natural line, and accentuating the bow of the upper lip. Now fill in with a really lush colour like Innox's Lollipop and Roses.





Dave

Mick

# KINK BY KINK

Say what you like about each other, we told the Kinks. Anything at all . . . Really let your hair down! They had a rave! . . .

## DAVE—HE SEES THE FUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

Everyone knows about Dave Davies being a mad-keen photographer but the point I would like to make is that he is so expert at getting a natural shot of you.

As a rule—when you have your pic taken—you either get caught in the middle of a cough or else with one of those ridiculous forced grins on your clock.

Normally Dave either chats away first to get you properly relaxed—or else whips in a quick one when you are not expecting it.

Where does he keep all his photos? He tells us they are all neatly and carefully mounted in a large album he has at home. We shall believe that when we see it!

Dave has a wonderful offbeat sense of humour. Sometimes he will laugh at comics—Tony Hancock especially. But mostly he is creased up by ordinary everyday things in life where most people wouldn't see anything funny at all.

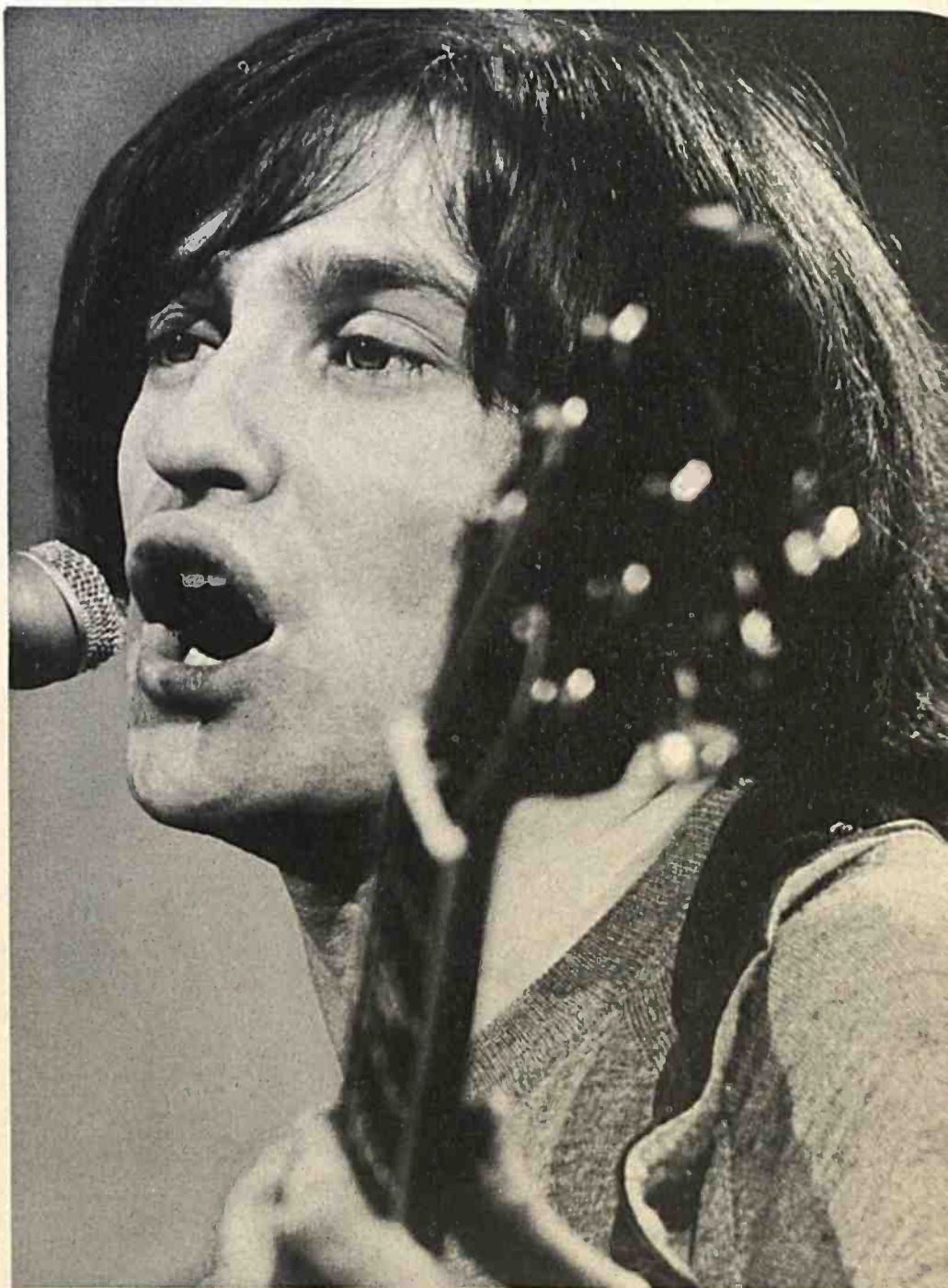
He also creates laughter by doing crazy take-offs of various characters we meet.

Sometimes five minutes with a person is enough for Dave to get their voice and mannerisms off exactly.

He doesn't read a lot. When he does it is mainly life stories of blues people—like the late Bill Broonzy.

He takes a reasonable interest in football results but in the cricket season he becomes an absolute fanatic.

If we didn't cool him off during the Test matches, he would be phoning for the latest score at the end of every over.



Mick





Good guys . . . You find them galore in showbiz. Good as performers—or as people—or as both. Here is where I lounge back in my chair for a while and sigh over some of the good guys on the scene . . . Think . . . Think . . . Think . . . Yes: I think I now know the ones I would specially like to tell you about . . .



# TRY MY good guys FOR SIGHS!

INVITES RSG's — CATHY MCGOWAN



*For a start: Adam Faith. I first met him years ago when I managed to get into a "Drumbeat" audience. My heart went wham and my knees suddenly seemed to be made of sponge rubber. But he was so natural—so charming and disarming—my nerves soon got back on an even level. A good guy then—a good guy now—that's Adam.*

*The thing is, I shall never forget my feelings as an unknown fan on that occasion—which means I am fully tuned in to your feelings if you are one of the thousands who try to get into an RSG audience.*

*Talking of RSG, I was recently all of a whirl when I had to welcome to the show some good guys from the States—the Beach Boys—pictured on this page. I had thrilled to their discs for ages. Their music wafts me mentally away to the sea, and 'n' sun of the surfing world.*

*What great, good-humoured, ginchy guys they proved to be. There's talk of them coming here again in 1965. I think that's a five-star idea—don't you?*

■ *Gene Pitney . . . I have something of his I would never use for its original purpose. It is a handkerchief—a big, red, cotton one. What happened was that on RSG a few weeks ago I told Gene his disc of "I'm Gonna Be Strong" was so moving, it had almost made me cry. "Here", said Gene with a grin, "Take this. You may be needing it." He gave me the hankie. It is now carefully stowed away in a drawer in my bedroom. Among my souvenirs . . .*

**NOW TURN TO PAGE 26**



**rave**



**GOOD GUY GENE PITNEY**



## **PAUL HAS PLENTY TO SAY**

I was asked to pick a pic of Paul—and opted for this one of me interviewing him because he is the easiest person to interview I have ever met. For one thing, he latches on at once to the question—whereas lots of other people don't always get the point.

For another thing, he always has plenty to say. I reckon you get as much good information in a two-minute talk with Paul as you would in ten minutes with most people. Knowing he will have plenty to say for himself puts you completely at ease.

He banishes in advance the interviewer's nightmare—where you have a subject who dries up completely on every question!



■ What I didn't know was how the Stones cope with their hair on a windy day. That was why I was so taken aback when I came across this pic of Charlie. If I come across a snazzy snap of Bill in a bowler or Mick in a topper, just watch this space . . . !



## *Hollies caught me out*

Those Hollies were heading North in their van to do TV when they heard me on their transistor. I was on "Woman's Hour". Among other things, I said I thought coloured underwear was on the way out.

A few Fridays later, I was sitting at an RSG rehearsal and suddenly I heard a voice crying, "Look at Cathy! All that stuff about coloured underwear being out. Look at her!"

I looked up as if someone had exploded a bomb. The Hollies were around the mike and they all said their piece.

I soon realised why. I had (despite my radio remarks) bought some blue-and-white underwear. It was showing!

If I had been wearing red underwear, at least it would have matched my face!

## Last laugh on Herman

There was a time (months ago) when Herman was watching RSG and he creased up laughing because I came to one of my announcements—and clean forgot the name of the group!

When we met later, Herman kidded me about this. "Fancy goofing on a dead easy thing like saying a line", he grinned. Well, now . . .

Remember me telling you how I won a £1 bet with Herman when "Into Something Good" made the Top Twenty? So . . . When he came on RSG to do "Show Me Girl", he was supposed to ask me, "Want another £1 bet?"

Yes—you guessed—he clean forgot his line? "Take it all back", he said later. "Yours is a very difficult job."



■ Four more guys bang on the scene overleaf: Jim Proby, Cliff Bennett, Brian Poole, Manfred Mann. You all know P. J. Proby's singing—but I'm lucky enough to know his dancing, too. Top gear is the word for it—and Jim can do anything from the twist to the "West Side Story" type of stuff.

■ Cliff is a good guy, but I could forgive him not thinking me a good gal. I once bet a friend five bob Cliff would never hit the top. But I changed my mind when I saw him at a concert. (Actually Cliff laughed like anything when I told him about the bet—and offered to give me the five bob!).

■ Some weeks ago it came out about Manfred being married and I definitely don't think it will harm his career.

■ I heard about a Barking girl who was cheesed about being lumbered with Saturday shopping for her mum. But one day she went into a butcher's—and it happened to be the shop owned by Brian's dad—and Brian happened to be there. Now she will go shopping every day.

## We're fools over Dick

Gorgeous Dick Chamberlain! . . . The three of us are such fools about him—sister Frankie, married sister Maureen—and me. We never cry when we watch telly as a rule. But we do for Doctor Kildare!

It's those heart-hitting stories plus the soul-stirring music plus that whoosh-impact Richard C. The rest of the family leave us alone. They think we are stark raving mad!

But that's nothing to how beside ourselves we'll be if we meet Dick in person—and Dave Clark tells me he'll try and fix that one day.



## Teens are in orbit

Don't you agree the Nashville Teens are sizzling performers? I didn't think this after their first time on RSG. But they came on again after "Tobacco Road" made the charts and they were right in orbit.

Why the difference? "It is fantastic the confidence you get from a chart disc" they tell me.

When Richard Rosser took this picture of us they were certainly supercharged with energy. I know where John Hawken gets his. He eats masses of condensed milk!

Says John, "It gives me energy. But it doesn't do what I really want—which is to put weight on me. I'm six-foot-three but can't top eleven stone—even though at times I've seen off a whole tin of condensed in a day."



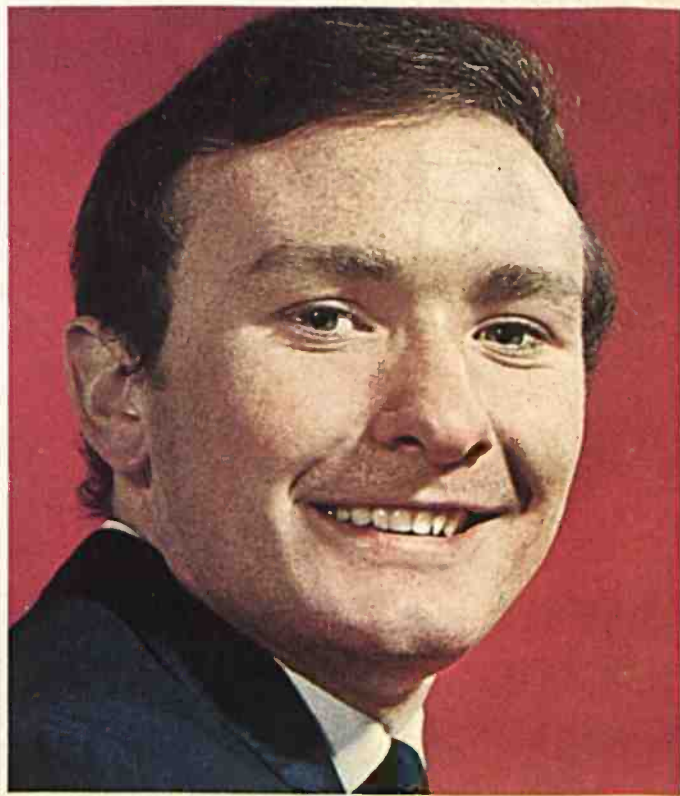
**rave**

GOOD GUY P. J. PROBY





**GOOD GUY CLIFF BENNETT**



**GOOD GUY BRIAN POOLE**



**GOOD GUYS MANFRED MANN**



# GOOD GUYS



■ I used to know Peter Quaipe of the Kinks (they're pictured in colour on page 34) ages ago when we both worked on magazines. We often spent our lunch hours together. We would have a quick snack—then maybe dash across to the Lyceum Ballroom in the West End for a quick lunchtime jive 'n' twist.

Other times we would just sit and talk and tell each other how we were determined to become famous. Other friends of ours used to kid us about this—but I knew Pete was dead serious and he knew I was.



## Overboard for Pete

In this pic, Peter McEnery looks as if he's on the way down—but I would say he is very much on the way up! If, for example, you saw his great performance opposite Hayley Mills in "The Moon Spinners", I expect you'll be with me on this.

Peter is 23 and comes from Walsall. As you can guess from the pic, he goes overboard for swimming and diving.



## Adam keeps helping Sandie

To add to my earlier bit about Adam Faith—another reason why he is a good guy is the way he has helped and encouraged Sandie Shaw. He didn't just discover her and leave it at that.

When she appears on RSG he is generally around to boost her all he can. He is a first-rate judge of which dresses and hairstyles suit her best. He gives expert advice on gestures, the routining of numbers and the general presentation of Sandie's act.





■ A good guy is Mike McGear—because he has used that name for showbiz and in this and other ways has avoided trading on the fact that he is Paul McCartney's brother.

Talented Mike has been getting his experience with that go-ahead theatrical group in Liverpool—the Scaffold.

He has been on TV several times with them. Best of luck to him: you have to hand it to anyone who is determined to stand on their own feet.



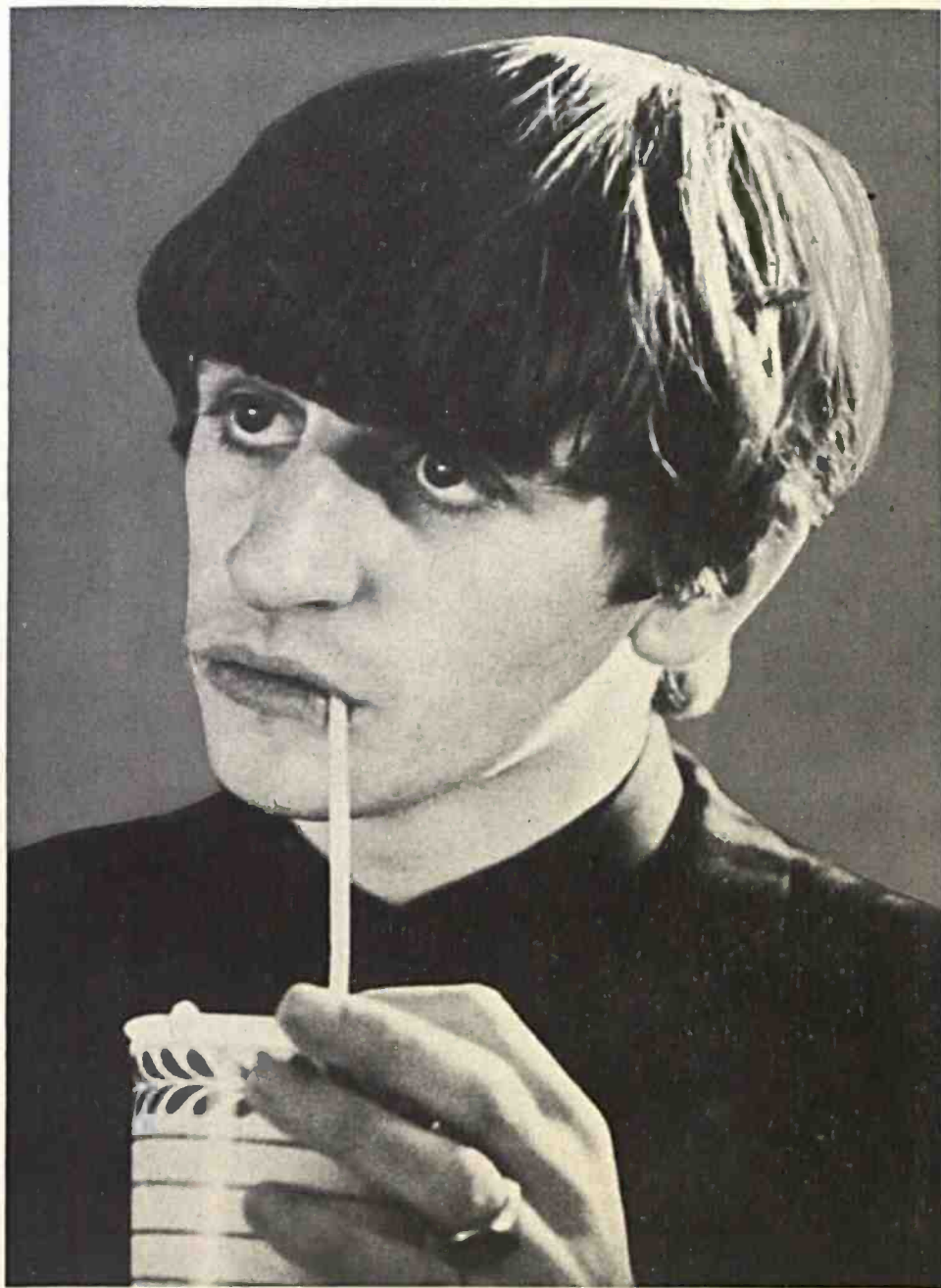
## Jerry is dee-lish

Top marks to Jerry Lee Lewis for two reasons. One is the fantastic excitement of him as a performer. The other is the dee-lish smell of his cigars.

Normally I'm not gone on the mell of tobacco—but when Jerry Lee was on RSG, I happened to drop into his dressing room while he was puffing away. As the first cloud of smoke hit me, I got all ready to splutter.

But instead I found myself standing there and inhaling with dreamy look of delight on my face. "Smashing!" I said.

He grinned. He held out a box of cigars to me and said, "Try one for yourself". He was only kidding, of course. But I very nearly fell to the temptation of taking a puff or two.

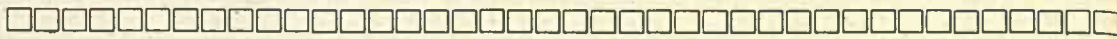


## I can't keep up with Ringo

Maybe the Beatles do like Scotch and coke—but that's only in the evenings. In the daytime they go for soft drinks and very little food.

This is partly because they are so rushed and partly because they think too much food is bad.

I suppose the soft-drink champ of the Beatles is Ringo. He keeps suck-suck-sucking away—and if I'm with him the sound makes me get double thirsty and I try like mad to keep up with his intake. But I've never made it so far!



■ I keep hoping they will give Simon Scott the lead in a cowboy film. By the way he stands, the way he walks, and from his live-wire manner, Simon always gives me the impression he has stepped straight out of a Western.

Lots of my friends agree. I don't know whether Simon agrees: he just laughs like crazy when I tell him!

Something else . . . I wish people wouldn't compare him with Cliff Richard. Look at Simon overleaf and Cliff on page 40. I think they are quite different both in looks and voice.

Cliff is a wonderful star. Simon, too, could hit the heights. But he has the talent to do this as himself. No need to try and put a "second Cliff" tag on him.





GOOD GUY SIMON SCOTT



GOOD GUYS  
THE KINKS

# HOLIDAY OF A FEELING

## HOLIDAYS '65

HOLIDAYS! Sun... sand... weeks to do nothing in, except have a ball! And now's the time to plan 'em... to discover the new things to do... the new places to see... the new fun to have. Follow PATSY KEYES' tips and this year you'll have the holiday of a lifetime. It's a great way to be a happy new you!



When you go abroad, a "package" holiday could be your best bet. People like Horizon Holidays, Wings and Lord Brothers specialise in them. You pay an all-in price for your air fare and hotel before you leave Britain.

You may save £20 or more this way. There is no regimentation whatever: all it means is you have the same lot of people with you on the plane out as on the plane back. If you write to any "package" firm, they will send you a detailed brochure packed with information.

BUT if you go on such a trip, take a tip: watch prices of "extras" at your hotel. They can run away with your money.

Last August, three of the Swinging Blue Jeans (right) went abroad on a search for sun. To Majorca—Les and Norman. Says Les: "We were dead lucky. Our manager Jim Ireland has a flat out there. He gave us the keys for two weeks. He also keeps a speedboat there. We lost no time getting with the water ski-ing lark."

"It was all so great," said Norman. We spent most of our nights listening to flamenco music—which is one of the most stirring sounds you could ever hear. Ray went to Spain—to the Sun Coast in the south.



Holiday camps are fun—but the sun can't be guaranteed. There is ONE camp though where sun is a certainty—Pontinials holiday village in Majorca. All-in cost for a fifteen-day holiday is about £48. This includes three meals a day, a double room and private bath. Fly from London to Palma.



Stu James of the Mojos goes for all different kinds of holidays. "Now my winter sports holiday—that was really something. Not much sun, but we did have a laugh messing around in the snow!

"On the other hand, it was great in Spain, all that great sunshine and playing around on the beaches.

"Come to think of it, it doesn't really matter where I go, or what the weather's like—as long as I enjoy myself, that's all that matters to me!"



You don't HAVE to go abroad for the holiday of a lifetime. There are plenty of swinging places at home. Here is just one:

**BOURNEMOUTH** — Fast catching on: giant chess and draughts. Play this on the end of the pier, where the "board" is marked out in white paint. Move your chessmen with a long pole. No charge for playing—and the game is a meeting place for the "in-people" who go to the town. More At-Home holidays on pages 42/43.



You can start getting kicks from your holiday weeks 'n' weeks before you go. Now's the time to decide where... then have fun working out what to take with you... Planning what to do when you get there... Swotting up a few bits of lingo... Let's get the worst bit over first: how you pay for your holiday. Five quid deposit—the rest a month before you go—that is about normal with the agencies. For ten bob or a quid you can insure against being ill. What to plan to see? The agency will almost certainly send you some stuff about the place you are going. And tourist offices will supply a mass of material.

Dead keen sun-soaker: Dave Berry. Says he: "I work like crazy when I'm in Britain—so when I go on holiday I must shoot off somewhere really warm. Nothing like lying flat out on a sandy beach under a well switched on sun to make you feel like a million dollars." In March last year Dave went to Majorca. "It was warm enough to sunbathe and swim," he recalls. "So I spent most of the day getting a tan. In the evenings I went around the nightspots in Palma, the capital. "Spanish dancing—that is an absolute thrill-a-minute thing."



DON'T ask for white coffee—few waiters abroad will know what you mean. In Italy you say cafe con latte. France: cafe au lait. Spain: cafe con leche. DON'T order Coca Cola without finding out the price first. Be warned. It can range from 1s 6d to 5s a bottle! DON'T take too many clothes with you. Most of your time will be spent in shorts or swimming costumes. And if you do find you're short of anything remember clothes in Spain and Italy are fairly cheap—and with it!

# LEAVE AIRLINES

FLIGHT NO.

1965

LONDON TO

TAHITI

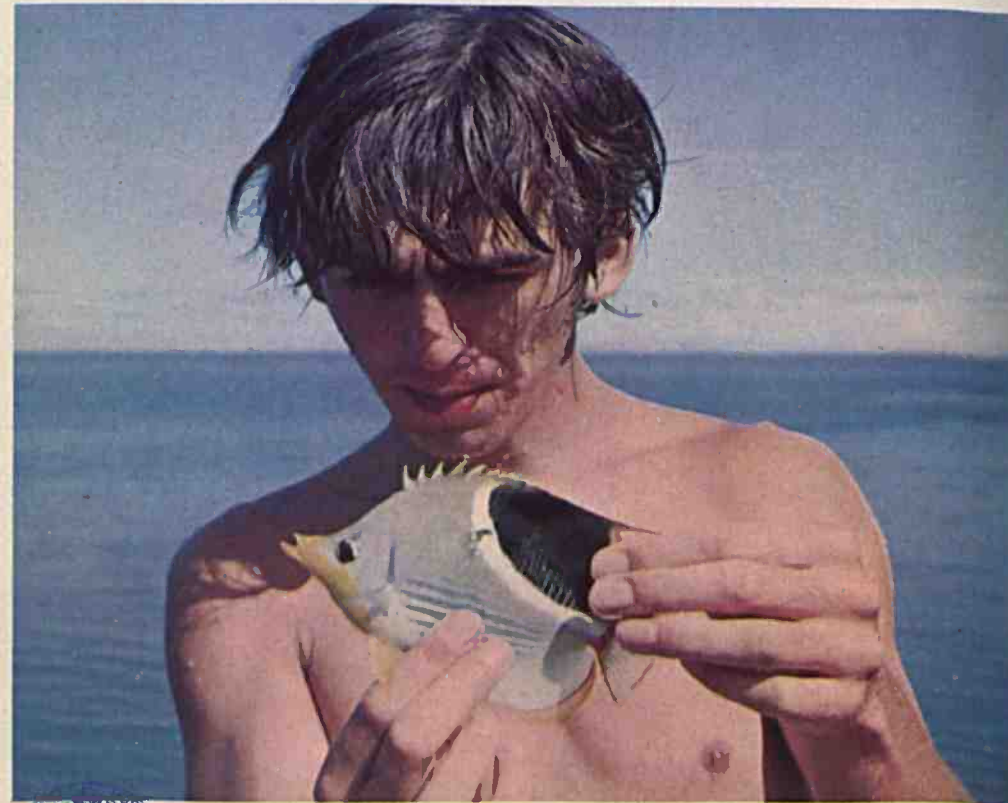
PASSENGERS

JOHN BEATLE  
GEORGE BEATLE  
AND FRIENDS





Tahiti . . . perfect bliss . . . Paradise couldn't be better than this, as John and Cynthia discovered, for three glorious sun-soaked weeks



Fancy this one? George would keep you well supplied. Everytime their ketch "Mavis" anchored in the lagoons he was over the side with a spear gun

# DREAM BOAT FOR FOUR



Above: John with week old beard

Palm-fringed lagoons . . . golden beaches . . . a 60 foot ketch . . . You're cruising in the Polynesian Islands. A dream holiday come true. And for John Lennon, Cynthia, George Harrison and Pattie Boyd it DID!

Getting away from it all, but not QUITE alone, of course. You need a crew. And if you want souvenir pictures as good as these, get Graham Rowe to join you as photographer - interpreter. Just ask for him in Quinn's Bar, Tahiti.

Ten years with no smoking, eating drinking, dancing or buying clothes and you'll make it!

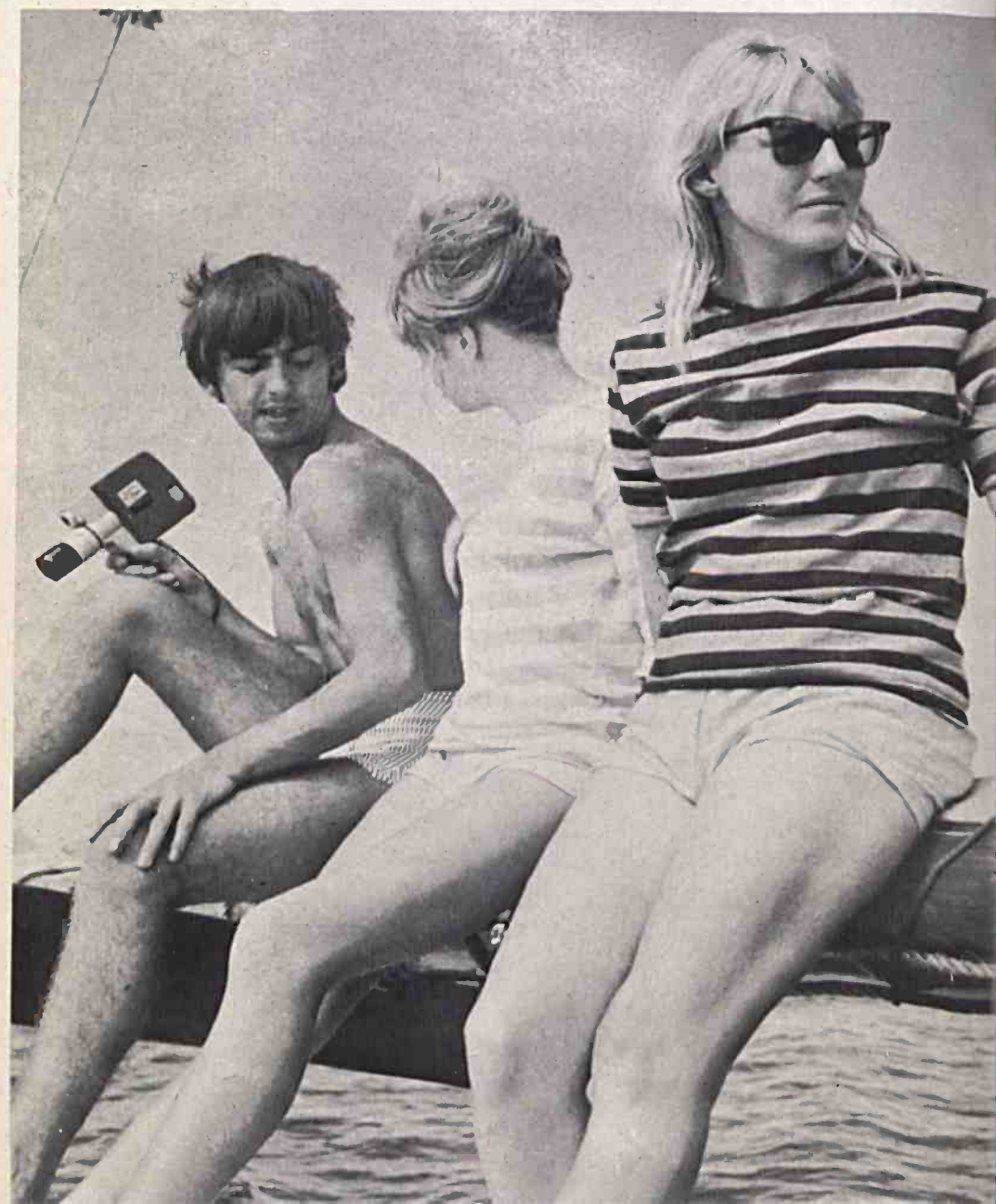
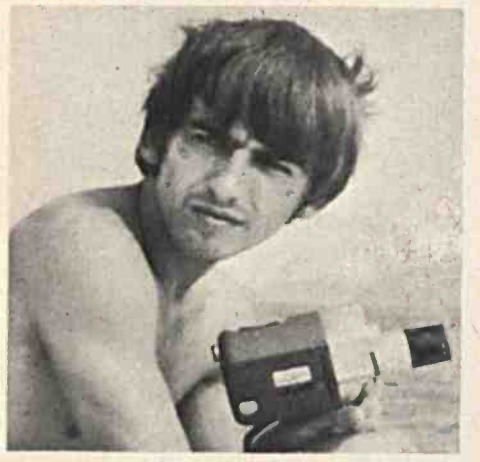
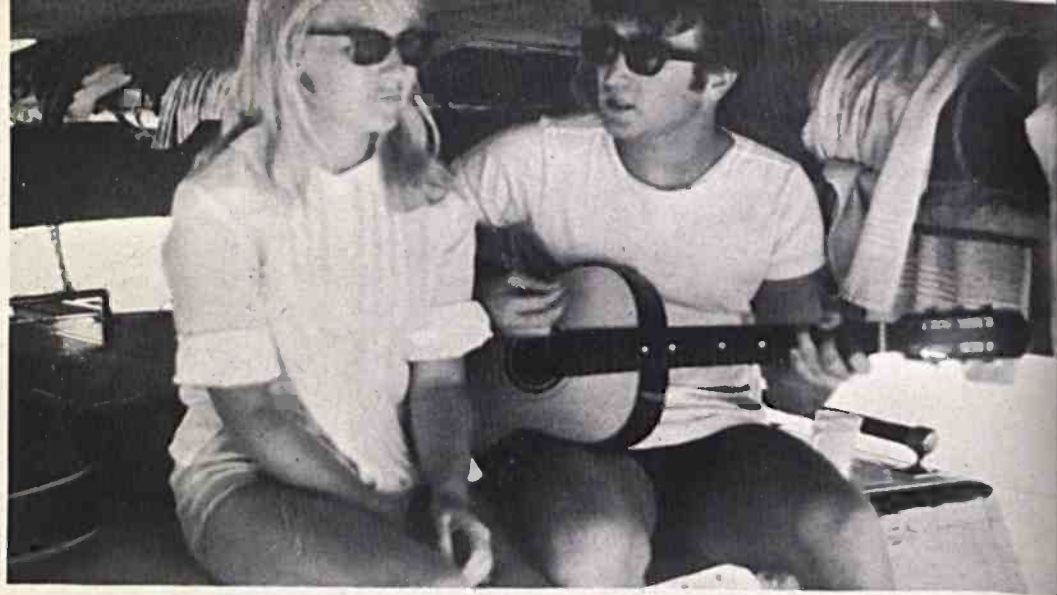
No? Then just look at these pictures, close your eyes, feel that sun beating down and dream . . . . .

Right: thirsty work sun-bathing!

Below: in zany film costume



# SHARE BEATLES SOUTH SEAS THRILLS



◀Take John's word for it, there's no better place for a serenade!

▼ Know what they're looking at? A baby OCTOPUS! Fancy a swim?



■ That Beatle holiday in the South Seas. . . . John and George went 7,000 miles to find paradise, away from it all. But one man was lucky to share every moment of their dream of a lifetime cruise. He was **GRAHAM ROWE**— young English-born student. He landed the job of interpreter to John and Cynthia Lennon, George Harrison and Pattie Boyd. Now he tells his story to rave . . .

"Heh, friend! Want a job?" The call comes across the room and you realise it's meant for you. Work?

You have made your way—living as best you can—half across the world. You are now in a South Sea paradise—Tahiti. It is every bit as dreamy as the films and books have made out.

Warm blue sea. . . . Whispering palms. . . . Silver white sands that gleam hauntingly in the moonlight. . . . Tahiti. . . . Like nowhere else on earth. But like everywhere else, money comes in handy.

"It's like this, friend. There's this boat—the *Maylis*. All the crew speaks is Polynesian or French. Which is a problem—because four people have booked the boat for a holiday voyage and all they speak is English. So? So you're the interpreter, friend. You speak fair French. I've heard you . . ."

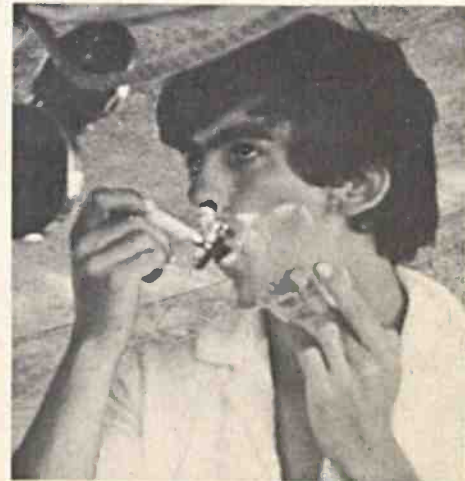
You are interested. You take the job.

★ ★ ★  
"Go to the airport Monday morning, friend. The four people? Mr. and Mrs. Leslie. Mr. Hargreaves and friend. Just introduce yourself . . ."

The airport is crowded with photographers. You ask a cameraman, "Is the President of the United States flying in?"

"Somebody much more important", he says. "Two of the Beatles are due for a holiday here."

You sense the excitement in the airport buildings.



### No mod cons . . . but who cares?

You wish you'd brought a camera and your autograph book but you're too busy, anyway, searching for the four people going on the charter boat.

You check at flight arrivals. Officials confirm what you now suspect: "Mr. Leslie" and "Mr. Hargreaves" are in fact John Lennon and George Harrison!

Hardly waiting to gather your wits, you dash over to introduce yourself to Cynthia Lennon and a nervous Pattie Boyd. Seconds later the two Beatles thrust themselves through the door at high speed.

"Let's get out of here," says a harrassed John. "I think they knew we were coming."

You squeeze together into an old taxi which batters its way between the shouting photographers. You haven't time to be overawed by the Beatles. You suddenly find yourself chatting to them as if you'd known them all years.

"Flaming Customs lot have grabbed fifty rolls of our film," groans George. "We carry it halfway round the world and then they lift it, just because we've a bit more than our quota." You get to the jetty and John's face falls. "We didn't expect the boat to have sails," he says, eyeing the 60 foot ketch suspiciously.

You have your boat, your guests, a crew. Now it's a question of where to go.

"The Tuamotu Islands sound great," says John, who has obviously been doing homework on his South Sea charts.

"I know them well," you say. "They are a string of coral atolls north-east of Tahiti. They are very beautiful. But they are also low on meat, vegetables, milk and fresh water at this time of the year."

John grins. He jerks a thumb at the crates of Scotch on board and says, "We could always have *that* on our cornflakes—and even bath in it."

"But you can't EAT it," you insist. The point is taken.

"I suggest the Windless Islands. They have all the silver sands you want—plus mountains—plus fresh food."

"Great!" yell four voices.

You might think the first thing the group would want would be sight-seeing. In fact, John busies himself nailing a picture of his young son, John Julian, above his bunk. "Took it myself," he tells you—proud of the picture and the baby.

Cynthia relaxes with a magazine. George and Pattie have been well and truly bitten by the love bug. They seem to spend every spare moment hand-in-hand, gazing deep into each other's eyes.

As you set sail from Papeete harbour at 2.30 p.m., down comes the rain in a torrent. "The Sunny South Seas!" sniffs John.

George smiles at John's discomfort. It's the last smile he'll raise for a while. At that moment the ship passes over the harbour reef into the open ocean. He manages one last cheerful gag: "The Mersey ferry was never like this." Then silence as the first pains of sea-sickness crease him up.

Cynthia, too, feels rocky. As the little boat slops up and down on giant waves, she goes below decks.

★ ★ ★  
Trouble soon passes. That night you shelter off the island of Moorea. George is still speechless. He plucks half-heartedly at a guitar. Pattie does her best to comfort him.

Next morning, in glorious sun, you set sail for the other side of the island where the off-shore fishing is said to be ideal.

Suddenly spirits are high again, and as John peers over the side into the coral-encrusted depths, he hollers: "Hey, there's a dirty great fish down there wearing sunglasses and it's staring right back at me."

Then, with a laugh: "Oops, sorry—it's just my reflection."

"This sort of sea I can face," says George, as the *Maylis* glides into the lazy blue waters of Maharepa lagoon. Before the anchor drops he's over the side and under the water with a triumphant whoop.

For the next few hours he busies himself hauling out a weird collection of tropical fish for the inspection of anyone he can collar. Among the specimens he grabs is a small octopus. "Look at that! Down there there's a hundred suckers born every minute," cracks John.

With Pattie and George happily swimming, you rustle up a rickety old truck to take John and Cyn to the nearest village of Pao Pao.

Natives flock round as the truck breaks down—not to grab autographs but to give a helping push. "Great isn't it?" says John. "Not one of them knows or cares who I am. You don't know what a relief that is!"

◀There's nothing to do except, go "Boom Diddy Boom, Diddy Boom"



CLIFF RICHARD

# I DON'T WANT TO BE A STAR-ON HOLIDAY says CLIFF



Holidays are for relaxing, for forgetting everyday cares and worries—whether you are a shorthand typist or a star like Cliff Richard.

Whoever you are, the rule is the same: escape the ordinary . . . find new friends.

This is what Cliff does, tucked away in a holiday cottage on the remote Portuguese coast.

"Not that I try to avoid fans; you know me better than that," said Cliff. "But on holiday you should relax and enjoy a life different to the one you lead all the year round."

This Cliff does in his holiday home in Albufeira, a sun-drenched fishing village on the Portuguese coast with a splendid beach fanned by a cooling Atlantic breeze.

Here Cliff bought a small semi-detached house early last year. It's in a block of six. Frank Ifield has the adjoining house. Their

manager Peter Gormley and Shadow Bruce Welch are neighbours. The third pair is owned by their agent Leslie Grade.

Nearby lives TV actress Muriel Young. And comedian William Rushton is also a regular visitor to Albufeira.

Cliff spent his first holiday there with his friend and former road manager Mike Conlin.

Said Cliff: "Our first job was to furnish the house; this was wonderful fun. I kept the living room sparse; it's so hot that you only need light furniture."

"I decorated it with a floral pattern on a black wood background, a popular design in Portugal, adding a locally-manufactured leather suite, a green carpet, and a marvellous straw-topped table.

"We didn't need too much about the house as we spent most of our time down on the beach. Sunbathing. Swimming.

Going for meals at local restaurants."

One of the greatest pleasures of a holiday is finding new companions—people with perhaps the same interests, but different ways of looking at life to the friends you mix with all the year round.

This happened to Cliff at Albufeira; he had only been there a few days, when he and Mike met a party of Portuguese students on holiday together before returning to their college in Lisbon.

Recalled Cliff: "We bumped into them on the beach, and started playing beach ball, swimming and talking together."

"They were tremendous company, and treated me just like one of them. All spoke Portuguese, French and English as well."

"Every day we went swimming and sunbathing. In the evenings,

out for a meal, dancing to Italian rock 'n' roll groups at local clubs. Most popular were the Hully Gully and Shake.

"It was marvellous being able to dance with girls as one of a party of friends without anyone treating me as a star."

"These clubs have a nice, family atmosphere. Girls go to them for an evening with their parents. You all sit around eating, drinking—local wines are marvellous, but cheap—talking, then dancing together."

"We enjoyed ourselves so much that when the students went back to Lisbon, Mike and I went with them and moved into a hotel so that we could have a few more days together."

"This was the most wonderful holiday I have ever had, and I have already made up my mind to go back there again next year."

GEORGIE COOPER

## SIMON GOES FOR SUN

Indian-born SIMON SCOTT really misses the sunshine over here, so when he gets a couple of weeks to himself, it's sun-drenched Majorca for him.

"There, you've got the sun, the sea water ski-ing, everything—and the night clubs take a lot of beating, too!"

"My favourites are Tito's, the El Rodeo, the Aquarium, and the St. Tropez . . . really great music and all open-air."

"Could you imagine having open-air night clubs in England? You'd definitely need an umbrella!"

## SLEEPING, SWIMMING, SKI-ING

myself, I like to go to Southern Spain and just take a slow car tour along the coast.

"Most of the time, I like to eat, sleep on the sand, swim and water ski. It depends on the sun as to whether I enjoy myself."

"Mind you, I'd be happy on a park bench in London watching all the pretty girls go by—as long as the sun was shining!"

"Call me a sun-soaker," says WAYNE FONTANA. "As soon as I get any time to



Herman and the Hermits—sun or snow

## We hate to just laze

"We all hate those holidays where you just sit around doing nothing, you know, sun-bathing, and all that. It seems such a waste of time," says HERMAN & HIS HERMITS.

"We like constructive holidays where you really do something yourselves. The types of thing we go for are ski-ing holidays—and that's what we're doing next month. The whole lot of us are going off to Interlaken. That's what we call a good holiday!"

# fun with a dodgy olesun



Well, you **MIGHT** be lucky and find some sun at home—but don't worry about it. **Maureen O'Grady** can guarantee you plenty of **FUN!**

## YOU DON'T HAVE TO SWIM TO SKI

Water ski-ing for everyone—even non-swimmers! That's the exciting news from two of Butlins camps this year. At Pwllheli and Minehead, anyone can try this thrilling sport in complete safety.

Two turbo-jet speedboats—they're the safest kind—will streak up and down a huge artificial lake built at each camp. The lakes are only 3 ft. deep—so if you fall off you won't be out of depth!

The sport was first tried out at Minehead last year and was such a success that Sir Billy had a six-acre lake built at the North Wales camp.

It's free to campers, of course and expert instruction is given to first-timers.

Ever tried a boating holiday? More and more people are setting sail every year. You can hire a four or six-berth cabin cruiser from about £24 a week and there's only fuel and food to pay for on top.

Lots of people like the Norfolk

Broads and the rivers and creeks around Great Yarmouth. But you can have just as much fun sailing up the Thames.

## SILENT WORLD

When **GERRY MARSDEN** puts the brakes on for a few days he goes... **UNDERWATER!**

While most people have decided to join in with the water ski-ing craze on top of the water, Gerry has decided to submerge.

"I go diving off the coast, near Liverpool—complete with rubber suit, goggles, snorkel—it's all very fascinating to me.

"To think that there's a completely different world down there, and it hasn't changed for millions of years. Oh yes, I've been reading all about it."

## Jersey is tops

"Jersey's the most marvellous place ever", reckons **CATHY MCGOWAN**. "It's not so much the clubs, it's the parties you meet up with everywhere you go.

"Surfing's the big thing there. It's great to think that you can just go out and surf, even at 8 o'clock at night.

"I'm going to save up to buy a house out there. A place I can go to anytime and let out to my friends for the rest of the year. That would be great!

"You just can't miss out in Jersey. If you do, it's your own fault!"

## Berries split up

When a group like the **ROCKIN' BERRIES** split up for a break, they really do go their own ways.

**CHUCK BOTFIELD**, leader of the group likes to go down to Devon with his canoe, find himself a nice river, and start paddling! When it gets dark, he just moors the canoe, and pitches his tent! Chuck goes for exercise and solitude.

**ROY AUSTIN'S** the climber

■ What does a live-wire like **DUSTY SPRINGFIELD** (right) do when she has four or five days to herself? She just gets into her car, points it south and usually turns up in Devon or Cornwall—places like St. Ives and Bude.

Dusty likes places that don't remind her of work, places without too many coffee bars and juke boxes. When Dusty slows down, she really likes it slow—peaceful and quiet. Just Dusty, the sea and the countryside.

of the group. Off to the Gram-pians in Scotland he goes, with a knapsack on his back! When night falls, he books into a hostel for the night.

**CLIVE LEA** and **TERRY BOND** are never quite sure what they'll do—until the very last minute.

**GEOFF TURTON**. What does he do? Geoff just sits at home in Birmingham, listening to his records. Talk about a mixed bunch!



"I like doing things that are very far removed from my everyday life", says **BOBBY SHAFTO**. "Whenever I get a week free, I pop over to the family's farm—my mother comes from Ireland. I do all things like milking the cows though—no, not very well! I do cut up turf for the fires. They've got no coal.

"I enjoy spending an evening round a fire with the locals, just chatting about nothing in particular.

"I did go into the nearby town once, but it all seemed so noisy.

"Everyone rushing around going nowhere. It all seems so mad compared to the easy-going country life."

## Fishing Pennies

Two of the **FOUR PENNIES**, **LIONEL MORTON** and **MIKE WILSH**, like to get away from it all by taking fishing holidays. Their destination usually turns out to be the Highland Hotel, Penrith in Cumberland.

"First time we went out", Mike recalls, "Lionel was rowing the boat. The oar slipped, and MY rod went overboard!

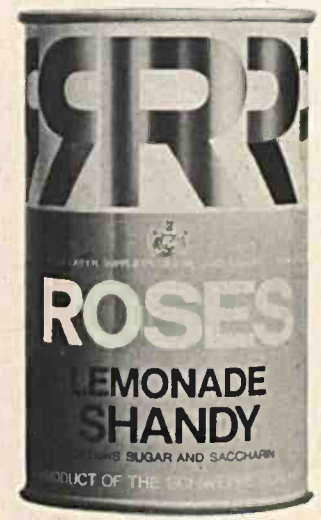
"But apart from this minor mishap, it was all okay from then on, and we brought four huge trout home with us as presents!"

## ANDEE... ...DRINKS SHANDY

(now that Rose's make it)



**Andee Silver**, singer. Seen with her great new love, Rose's Shandy. Rose's Shandy makes a party take off. Real good beer, with sparkling lemonade. Or ginger beer. Darker, richer colour. The most refreshing thing in cans. Made by Rose's—to Rose's very high standards. Rose's give you better shandy. And more shandy for your money, because Rose's shandy comes in tall cans. Tall, shiny cans with a big RRR all round. Be the first in your crowd to have the new drink. Give a Rose's Shandy party.



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R-R-Rose's  
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Caroline and Luxembourg



## NEW ROSES SHANDY

AT YOUR GROCER AND OFF-LICENCE NOW



# When a horse told Dave he was home

**W**hat's home sweet home to you? A cup of tea? Fish and chips in front of the telly. A bedroom crammed with records, photographs and books—with Mum in the background telling you to stay in one night and tidy up?

To the Dave Clark Five, home is a horse and cart! No, seriously—they couldn't contain themselves when they saw one shortly after flying in to London from a hectic American tour.

Let Dave tell the story. "We all used to try and think of ways to raise money for our youth club a few years ago. Then one day Mike Smith and I thought of borrowing a horse and cart and touring the locality to get waste paper to sell.

"The scheme worked. We spent about four Saturday mornings in a row—and finished up handing over £20 to the club. It was great fun. That's why we took over the horse and cart in the picture when we came back to England."

During their long American tour, the Five had every comfort supplied for them. Even a personal maid who could make them tea just like they could get at home!

★ ★ ★  
At one hotel each member of the Five got a personal call from mums, dads and wives—thoughtfully laid on by a promoter who wanted to make sure they weren't homesick. Explained Mike: "We were all in Dave's car, which had

been brought to the airport for him, when we had to slow down in a narrow road to wait for the horse and cart, which was plodding slowly ahead.

"We all had the same thought at the same time. In a second, Dave had slammed on the brakes and we all leaped out and took over the horse and cart. The man in charge didn't mind—he thought it as much a giggle as we did."

Rick Huxley broke in: "The funny thing was, we'd all been looked after so well on tour that we hadn't realised we were missing England. It was only when we started messing about on the cart that we realised how glad we were to be back home again!"

For ten hilarious minutes,

Dave and the boys larked about on the cart. Then they zoomed off to Dave's home where Mrs. Clark cooked the Five their favourite meal—eggs (fried both sides), thick ham and chips. With lashings of sauce.

Since British pop became a commodity demanded all over the world, lots of stars have become roving ambassadors. "But everyone misses home no matter how welcome they are made in other countries", said Paul McCartney. What did Paul miss when the Beatles were away on overseas tours this year? "Traditional English roast dinners", he says.

★ ★ ★  
The Animals went to America and missed friendly policemen. Peter and Gordon (America and Australia) couldn't wait to see "Ready Steady Go" when they got back. And P. J. Proby, who moved to London from Hollywood last April, drawled: "I miss the fog we used to have back home".

**Pete James**



Dave, Mike Smith, Denis Payton, Rick Huxley and Lenny Davidson—horsing around!

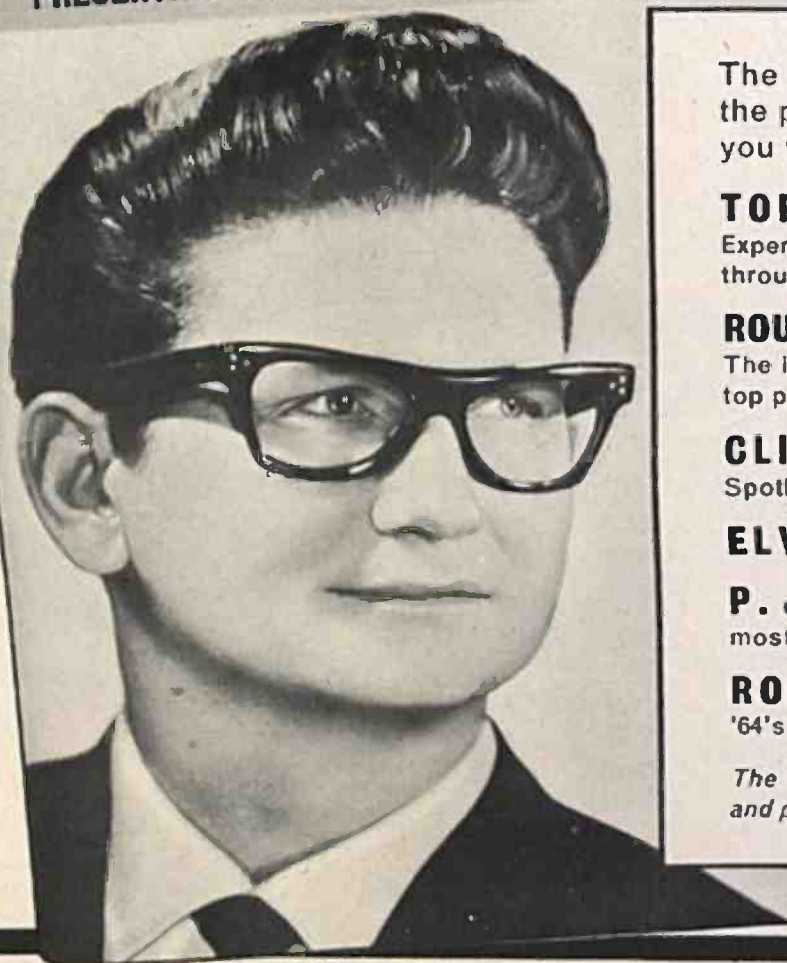
# WORLD'S TOP DISC STARS ON PARADE

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### WHAT A SWINGING WAY TO START THE NEW YEAR

Why don't the planners of new towns really wake up to the age we live in? The street names they dream up are a real drag. Let's jerk out the old High Street and Station Roads and roll in Beatle Drive, Ringo Road, Lennon Lane, Cliff Court and McCartney Mansions. And what could be nicer than Applejack Avenue or Honeycomb Grove?—Teresa McDermott, Chorley, Lancs.

Have 2 guineas, Teresa, for having one of the most novel ideas to get the New Year off to a swinging start.

■ I realise girls have to cover up to keep out the winter winds but can't someone persuade them not to wear knee-length coats with long boots. Jackboots are OK with short skirts or slacks, but worn with a great topcoat they make a girl look like a farmer's labourer.—Jonathan Middleton, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Leicester.

■ Can anyone ever replace the Beatles? Of course! My own tip is for a swing back to big American names.—Karen Blyth, Broadstairs, Kent.

*Fred Gumshooter's putting his money on the Scunthorpe sound!*

Once, on "Top of the Pops" I saw Mick Jagger with his shirt tail hanging out.—Sheelagh Bell, Edinburgh.

■ I think you should rename your magazine "Square Deal Rave". You pack the pages full of value-for-money photos and articles. Please don't ever change.—John Fitch, Maryhill, Glasgow.

■ I wish musicians wouldn't make so much noise at jazz and pop concerts. The amplifiers are

turned up so loud that the singer can't even be heard. I find that I can make out the words better by covering up my ears and lip-reading.—Angela Moldrum, Blackheath, London, S.E.3.

■ I wonder if the Beatles really know just how much happiness they have spread around the world. My little sister positively jumps for joy every time we play one of their LPs—and she's only eighteen months old! She's been dancing to their music ever since she first stood on her feet six

months ago. Nobody else has this effect on her.—Roy McNeill, Reading, Berkshire. P.S. Her favourite is "A Hard Day's Night", closely followed by "She Loves You."

If Georgie Fame is such a great blues singer, why doesn't he record some of the real stuff?—Andrew McEwan, Dumbarton, Scotland.

■ "Respectable" adults make me laugh. They stick their noses up in the air when anybody

mentions the Beatles or the Rolling Stones. "Don't know what anybody sees in that kind of music", they sneer. But when party time comes along they can't get the teenagers' records on the gramophone fast enough. They don't half make fools of themselves, too—Edna Harkness, Middlesbrough, Yorks.

■ Are songwriters having a holiday or something? I don't mind people bringing back real oldies, but when you get revivals of songs like "Um, um, um, um, um", "Baby, I Need Your Loving" "When You Walk In The Room" and "Needles and Pins" when they're still fresh in your mind, I think it's a bit much.—Linda Smith, Watford, Herts.

■ I used to laugh at people who screamed at their idols—it all seemed such a phoney act. And then I saw Marianne Faithfull!

Now I'm just about ready to swoon every time I see her. That serious, gorgeous look in her eyes goes right through me.—Paul Barton, Stockport, Cheshire.

■ I'm sick to death of adults criticising boys with long hair. **page 48**

## ... and we're telling you!

Could I have the dates of the Stones' birthdays, and also the birthday of Stu James of the Mojos?—Sandra Sully, Morebath, Devon.

Charlie Watts: 2 June, 1941. Bill Wyman: 24 October, 1941. Mick Jagger: 26 July, 1944. Keith Richard: 18 December, 1943. Brian Jones: 28 February, 1944. Stu James: 14 July, 1945.

Here in Canada it's hard to find a company that sells REAL Beatle Boots. All we get are

imitations. Where do the Beatles get theirs?—T. P. Gibson, Ontario, Canada.

*From Anello & Davide Ltd., 30 Drury Lane, London, W.C.2.*

What is the name of the group that play in the "Timex At The Cavern" ITV commercial?—Terry Nolan, Dunsany, Ireland.

*They're the Hide-Aways, and they do come from Liverpool.*

I think Gene Pitney is the great-

est. In fact I want to write and tell him so. What's his address?—Carole Cheston, Romford, Essex.

*Write to: Gene Pitney, c/o Bron Music, 29/31 Oxford Street, London, W.1.*

Where can I write to P. J. Proby? I have tried for ages to find his fan club address, but without success.—Margery Baxter, Shipley, Yorks.

*Try writing to him through his record company: Liberty Records,*

*E.M.I. House, 20 Manchester Square, London, W.1.*

My birthday is on April 17. Are there any pop stars who were also born on this day?—Vivienne Day, Chester.

*You share the date with Billy Fury, and Tony Crane of the Merseybeats.*

How old was Jim Reeves when he died and how long had he been making records?—Jill Hanger, Newport, Mon.

*Jim was 39 when he died last year on July 31 and has been recording since 1953. His first disc was "Mexican Joe".*

Clearasil ends embarrassment

# Starves Pimples



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

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**BRITAIN'S LEADING SKIN MEDICATION—BECAUSE IT REALLY WORKS**

• • • page 47

Great kings and emperors used to wear their hair long all the time. And so did famous heroes like Nelson and Sir Francis Drake. You don't hear anybody criticising them!—Wendy Harwood, New Southgate, London, N.11.

■ What is it about a boy that first attracts a girl's attention? My sister and I both agree on the mouth. Paul McCartney's smile makes him the most for me. And she loves Mick Jagger because "he's got such gorgeous, thick lips". What do other readers think?—Valerie Sampson, Speke, Liverpool.

We have been led to believe that the Manfred Mann group are all dedicated, serious musicians. So why all these nursery rhyme songs like "Do Wah Diddy" and "Sha La La"?—Sally Stevens, West Byfleet, Surrey.

■ I'm glad our girls are bringing back the rosebud mouth. If anything is guaranteed to make a boy want to grab a girl and kiss her it's the kind of defenceless, little-doll mouth that Jean Harlow used to wear.—Lance Staples, Wythenshawe, Manchester.  
*You've been peeking at the beauty feature on page 19!*

There are lots of nice people in the pop world who could be happily married to one another. How's this for an ideal list? Gene Pitney/Marianne Faithfull, George Harrison/Patti Boyd, Stu James/Cathy McGowan, Bobby Shafto/Billie Davis, Wayne Fontana/Sandie Shaw, Jimmy Savile/Cilla Black, Herman/Twinkle, Dave Berry/Gay Shingleton. Anyone think of some more?—Maxine and Josephine, Brighton.

*Bel you don't all agree these pairings. Fred Gumshooter certainly doesn't—he's got his eye on Marianne himself!*

## YOU SPREAD THE WORD

★ Tilly Busse, 322 Alfeld Leine, Hildesheimer Str. 17, Germany. Age 16: loves Beatles and Stones. Wants boy or girl from London with same likes.

★ Judy Mountford, 30 Sluman Street, West Ryde, Sydney, Australia. Age 16: wants pen pal from anywhere in Britain who is a Beatle and Stone fanatic.

★ Cynthia Barber, Box 298 Route 1, Brown Road, Finksburg, Maryland, U.S.A. Age 17: likes rock-and-roll, archery, science fiction, football and boys. Wants girl with similar interests.

★ Hank Niedzwecki, 54 Cross Road, Waterford, Connecticut, U.S.A. Age 16: likes fast cars, records, fashion, girls. Wants English pen pal of same age and with same interests.

★ Susan Elliott, 33 Exeter House, Halffield Estate, Paddington, London, W.2. Age 16: mad about Stones, Beatles, Steve McQueen films. Wants a pen pal, 17 or older from U.S.A. or Australia so she can learn about their countries and people.

★ Betty Bristow, 3956 Wilsby Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland, 21218, U.S.A. Age 16: likes all English groups. Wants boy pen pal of about same age, preferably one who looks like a Rolling Stone.

★ Mary-Kay Algnier, 28-22-215 Place, Bayside, N. York, 11360, U.S.A. Age 16: loves Stones and Dave Clark Five and surfing. Wants pen pal from London 15-17, so as to keep up with the pop scene in both continents.

## THE WORLD WRITES IN

■ In Toronto, one of our radio stations CHUM refuses to play Stones discs. Why? Because they think they're dirty and slob. We have tried everything to change their minds. We've picketed the station, formed petitions, written to newspapers. We're really afraid that the Stones will never come to Toronto if they hear about this, so we wondered if you Belish Stones fans could help us by sending strong letters to CHUM. The address is Dave Johnson, c/o CHUM: 1331 Young St., Toronto 7, Canada. Please help!—Lynda Payne, Ontario.

*There's 2 guineas on the way to you, Lynda. But why only letters? They're more likely to get parcels that make ticking sounds! Real chummy. But in the meantime, how about showing CHUM this next letter.*

■ Being Vice-President of the Stones U.S. Fan Club I had the pleasure of meeting them on their last trip here. To me they are completely "Lovable!" If anyone dares call them dirty or scrubby in front of me, I'll smash them! They're just wonderful!—Minnie Corolla, New York.

■ There are many lovely words in your language that are completely unknown to us in America. One that fascinates me is, "cheeky". Over here we use the word "fresh" instead. Isn't it about time we had some sort of Word Exchange System?—Diane Richardson, Berwyn, Illinois.

*Over to you friends, if you have any words that fit into Diane's Exchange System let's have them.*

# When you're in love with Gene

## Penny Wells helps you to help yourselves

Last month a reader called Janice who lives in Ingol, Preston, sent us a real heart-cry of a letter saying that she'd fallen for Gene Pitney—even though she had a boyfriend, Bill.

Bill, naturally, was extremely jealous. Janice's mother said she was childish, and her girlfriends laughed at her when she told them of her plight.

So Janice turned to you, the readers of *rave*, for help. And you responded magnificently. Your letters poured in telling Janice what to do.

There were so many that I can give only extracts, but I'm sure Janice will appreciate this helping hand extended by you. For, as she said last month, "falling in love with Gene is the most awful, and painful thing, that's ever happened to me."

JACKIE PALLADINE, of London, was involved in exactly the same way with another pop star, Cliff Richard. She hopes Janice will benefit by her mistake—and that was GOING TO SEE HIM IN PERSON.

Says Jackie: "Like a fool I went to his concert with a boyfriend who was a reporter on a local paper. After the show, during which I'd nearly fainted several times with emotion, I nearly died when my boyfriend said he'd go round and meet Cliff and ask a couple of questions."

"He insisted I went with him and when I was finally introduced to Cliff I wished the ground would open and swallow me up, blushes and all."

"I loved it and hated it at the same time. Cliff was charming, kind and amusing and more handsome than I'd ever dreamed. I wanted to scream 'I LOVE YOU, I LOVE YOU!'"

"Instead, I trotted away with a headache that took months to heal. Janice, believe me, don't try to meet Gene."

MARGARET DALY of Newcastle offers a gleam of hope based on a phrase you used in your letter. "If I have to make a choice between Bill and Gene—I don't know who'd win."

"Well this proves to me", says Margaret, "that Janice is infatuated with Gene, yes. But *not*

in love with him. Because she gives Bill, her boyfriend, a fifty-fifty chance. Now, if she was really in love with Gene, Bill wouldn't have a look in. Grit your teeth, Janice, concentrate on Bill, don't listen to Gene's records and, on no account go to see him at any concert. You'll eventually get over it."

HELEN GRADE, London: "I would drop Bill and try to forget Gene. There's no future in either. Bill should have realised you'd only got a crush on Gene and be more understanding."

JEAN COLEMAN, Birmingham: "Blue your entire wages on something silly and extravagant like a piece of jewellery or a fantastic dress you'll wear only once. You need a lift and a change, Janice."

JEAN SCOTT of Blackpool says: "Janice must accept the inevitable, and I know how hard that can be. But I've been through what Janice is suffering and I have all the sympathy in the world."

"I say this, Janice, try to accept the fact that you and Gene will never meet. Go out with other boys. Listen to every disc in the hit parade. Admire other artists—the Stones, the Rockin' Berries, anyone."

"Write them silly love letters to get rid of your feeling for Gene. It will work and you'll be able to sleep peacefully once again. It worked with me."

Well there you are, Janice. Bewildering isn't it? All that advice. But there is one constant theme when you analyse it.

And that is that not one reader gives a romance with Gene any serious consideration. Not that they are being cruel. They aren't, for they have a lot of real feeling for you.

But each one recognises your crush as a fantasy and I agree, Janice. There are many ways to try and beat this dream romance which is making you so unhappy. And *rave* readers have covered most of them. It's up to you to choose.

The going will be hard Janice, but there's one thing you can be sure of—we're with you.



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Blondes and brunettes shouldn't share the same shampoo. Each needs special treatment. Specially formulated shampoos that cleanse, condition and protect the unique texture of their hair. Blondes need Sta-blond and brunettes need Brunitex—the two shampoos specially made to keep blondes and brunettes excitingly different.

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The rave shop and dress



## Out! Another swinging rave

What do you think we've found in the quiet London suburb of Harrow-on-the-Hill? Don't know? Well, we've found another rave. Like our rave it swings, but the difference is that this rave is a clothes boutique. It's in College Road and is run by a very hip 24 year old, Judy McMinns. Judy has designed a special rave dress (right) that's really great. It's bright red wool georgette with beige lace cuffs and a marvellous lace band under the bust.

A real wow of a dress at only £3 9s 11d! Just made for our readers we thought! rave is very definitely worth a visit.



Mojos money clip

## MONEY CLIP

Nicky Crouch of the Mojoes has started a move back to the old money clip for holding your pound notes together. He has one in silver, decorated with a diamond set in an onyx, but a much cheaper version from an antique store or jeweller will do the job just as effectively.

It saves the need for a wallet which can spoil the line of a fitted suit.

To give your room a cosy look, yet still retain a fresh breath of summer, buy bright lengths of gingham for matching curtains and counterpanes. Soft pink is extremely popular.



## BOOTS ARE MARCHING RIGHT BACK

Mid-calf boots are marching in again. If you can't find a pair to fit in white, buy them in any shade and dye with Lady Esquire.

Follow the makers' instructions very carefully and you can't go wrong. The instant-colour conditioner costs 3s 9d, the dye 5s. The finished boots look great with thin crepe stockings.

Also coming in underfoot—ghillie shoes in suede, like those that so nearly caught on last year.

## Nifty cruets

Pretty cruet sets—and there's an amazing variety about—make nifty holders for your bath oil and salts. Makes a nice original gift, if you can bear to part with it.

Cruets... for your bath!

# raves ALLOVER

Still your raves flow in! A winner this month with suggestions for male and female clothes habits that should be catching on, is Jennifer Withington of Shirlett, Broseley, Shropshire.

She goes for: Tap dancing shoes—"they look fantastic and are great to dance in."

Flowered material—"Lovely for ties to wear with dull coloured blouses and skirts. Buttons covered with patterned material."

Patterned waistcoats for boys—"the brighter the better". Large plain or patterned handkerchiefs.

## New life for raincoats

From Wendy Banks of Velwell Road, Exeter, comes an idea for giving new life to an old corduroy raincoat. Cut it off at three-quarter length, she suggests, sew a double row of buttons down the front and then use the material you've snipped off to make a belt.

If you've got the kind of hips that can stand attention, try the rave spotted by Fiona Ewing of Perth Road, Dundee—a striped snake. The girl she saw wearing one was the hit of a come-in-your-kookiest-clothes party.

The animal was false, of course, but the company found itself mesmerised.

## KEEP YOURSELF IN STITCHES

Way-out new idea for a winter-warm suit—knitted trousers. They look swinging in grey or tweed wool, with a fringe around each ankle.

When you've got yours finished try knitting a wool cape or jacket to match. Add a knitted bonnet and you're well stitched up for the January fashion parade.

This suggestion from reader Rachel Roach of Danes Road, Exeter.

■ SETTING THE PACE IN GLASGOW—the Tinker Trend. Dorothy Ritchie of Fern Avenue, Bishobriggs, tells us that this consists of white slacks, turned up, patched at the knees and splashed with thick streaks of paint.



## HURRI KURRI



# DODO'S date book

**1** What a swinging start to the New Year! Cliff and the Shadows are at the London Palladium with "Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp"; the Beatles are still at Hammersmith with their show; Herman's at Chester with "Dick Whittington"; Dave Berry's at Coventry Locarno—and Billy J.'s there too!

**2** Last night of "Gerry's Xmas Cracker" show in Liverpool.

**3** Great line-up on "Easy Beat" including Dusty Springfield and Swinging Blue Jeans.

**4** Frank Ifield starts a week of variety at Manchester Odeon. Millie, Jess Conrad open up in panto for a week in "Once Upon A Fairytale"—Maidstone Granada. Gerry's show with Fourmost, Hollies, Danny Williams, Cliff Bennett, Tommy Quickly opens at Leeds Odeon for one week.

**5** Animals fly in from short Irish tour.

**6** Wayne Fontana guests on new TV show, "Pop Spot", and Stones fly to Ireland.

**7** Rolling Stones play Cork.

**8** Big birthday—Elvis 30 today! The Honeycombs finish Scandinavian tour. Sonny Rollins opens at Ronnie Scott's Club. Rockin' Berries on RSG. Chuck Berry tour opens at Lewisham. Also stars Long John Baldry, Graham Bond Organisation, the Moody Blues and Winston G. Peter and Gordon leave for three-week South African tour.

**9** Dave Clark 5 on "Thank Your Lucky Stars", and the Animals play Liverpool University.

**10** Bob Lang (Mindbenders) 18 today. Georgie Fame and Susan Maughan on "Easy Beat".

**11** Millie/Jess Conrad panto moves to Guildford Odeon for one week—Gerry's show moves to Glasgow Odeon for one week.

**12** Shirley Bassey begins three weeks of cabaret at the Hollywood Coconut Grove.

**13** Chuck Berry tour plays Leicester Odeon.

**14** The Kinks leave for big Australian tour.

**15** Herman takes a break from panto to play Manchester Oasis—

Gee what a great fun year '64 was—but I bet this year's going to be even better. Just look at the diary—it's all happening! Birthdays, pantos, Xmas shows, new tours—stars coming from every direction. Hope some of them come your way!

Swinging Blue Jeans at Exeter University.

**16** Ray Phillips (Nashville Teens) 21 today! Billy Fury on "Thank Your Lucky Stars". Gerry's show closes in Glasgow, and the Beatles finish at Hammersmith.

**17** Dave Ballinger (Barron Knights) 24 today! The Animals leave for the States.

**18** Dave Clark 5 start shooting their first major film here. Australian tour opens with Kinks and Honeycombs. Millie/Jess Conrad panto carries on at Salisbury Odeon (one week).

**19** Phil Everly 26 today.

**20** Eric Stewart (Mindbenders) 20 today.

**21** Great things should be happening on the Chuck Berry/Long John Baldry tour in Glasgow. Why? It's John's birthday and he's 24!

**22** Stones set out for Australia for two-week tour with Roy Orbison and Dionne Warwick.

**23** Freddie and the Dreamers tour South Africa for eight days. Dave Berry and the Cruisers play Manchester University.

**24** Wayne Fontana plays his home town—Manchester, at the Oasis. Gerry's film "Ferry 'Cross The Mersey" premiered in Liverpool.

**25** Georgie Fame and the Blue Flames on "Beat Room".

**26** Chuck Berry show at Leeds Odeon.

**27** Nedra Talley (Ronettes) 19 today. Heinz leaves for three-day trip to Belgium.

**28** Dick Taylor (Pretty Things) 22 today.

**29** Cilla Black starts her first top-of-the-bill package show—Croydon ABC. Also stars Fourmost, Tommy Quickly, Cliff Bennett, Sounds Incorporated.

**30** Kenny Ball and his Jazzmen start their tenth Scottish tour at Glasgow.

**31** The Cilla tour plays the last day of January at Luton Ritz—Chuck Berry at Edmonton Regal. Rockin' Berries on "Easy Beat".

## STONES PICK THE PICS

**MICK:** I go for the upper picture, with me standing at the microphone, looking up into thin air. It's different and catches me in a thoughtful sort of mood. I like pictures that either show me as I really am—like this one does—or wild, performing shots. Some pictures are really horrible and they show me with my teeth hanging out and my eyes all puffed up.

**BILL:** The one on the right is for me. The other one makes me look a bit sad and I'm not really an unhappy bloke. It has more character because it's a bit weird. Makes me think of sitting round a log

fire, telling stories. I don't like pictures that make me look insincere or distracted, and this one has caught me in a personal, intimate pose.

**CHARLIE:** I hate pictures that show me untidy, or with hair fluffed up all over the place. Some magazines—not RAVE—seem to pick all the worst pictures of me, taken when I'm crossing an airport tarmac or some other windswept place. I prefer the picture on the left because it makes me look warm and human. I'm smiling, too, which is unusual for me.

**KEITH:** That top picture makes me look as if I'm asleep on the kitchen table—and I probably am! Still, I like it, though because it's a picture of me relaxing, which I don't often see. Makes me think of some of those really arty model shots you see in fashion magazines. Can't make out whether I'm advertising my gold bracelet or the cigarette. The lower picture is all right—but it makes me look as if I'm selling oranges from a stall!

**BRIAN:** I just don't know which to choose. I like happy, smiling pictures but I'm also very keen on moody poses, like the one on the left. I think I'll choose the happy snap on the right as my favourite because it's unposed and I really am enjoying myself. In the other picture I've spent time posing and I'm not really moody.

"Having a wonderful time! Wish you were here...?"



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NEWNES



# DREAMBOAT FOR FOUR

• • • from page 39

Next morning John is first out of bed—hale and hearty at 7 a.m. "Let me get at that sun, I'll murder it," he yells, whistling the sun-tan lotion about like sea spray. In fact it's the sun that does the murdering, and for the next couple of days John suffers from pretty severe sunburn.

George carries on swimming happily. "It's great here." He says, "When the time comes to set sail, I'll just stay on and you can pick me up on the way back!"

The captain promises there are no more rough seas ahead, so George perks up and puts on his sailing gear once more.

## Craziest

For the next few days you get involved in the craziest home movie anyone ever saw. The story has something vaguely to do with a South Sea missionary (John, emerging out of the ocean wearing a straw hat, woman's wig, four pairs of glasses and a rain jacket) and hostile natives with spears (John, in different costume, and George) dropping out of palm trees.

You think the whole thing a bit nutty. So do the Tahitian crew, who say it's the funniest thing since Laurel and Hardy.

For this first week, neither George nor John has shaved. But just as they're beginning to get proud of their growth, a horrible thought strikes them. "We'll only have half a tan," says George.

So out come the razors!

With the Beatles as companions, there's never a dull moment.

One morning, George—now deeply tanned—says clatedly, "It's really got me—this spear-fishing lark. I think I'll even have my meals under water."

For the next two weeks you cruise among the beautiful islands—laze in the sun—loungue on the beaches—listen to the Beatles making gentle guitar music far into the night. The romantic islands of Tahaa, Moto Tabu and Bora Bora slide in and out of your life, which is pretty well perfect.

After three weeks of glorious freedom the Beatles realise civilisation calls again. So it's back to Tahiti . . .

You dine with them at the Hotel Tahiti on the very last night.

Later you all visit Quinn's Bar—the place where, for you, it had all begun.

You feel proud to have travelled with them. Before they leave, the guitars they have used to serenade the balmy tropical nights are given to the ship's captain. Each of the crew get a gift of a transistor radio.

On the last morning, George hands you the receipt for the fifty rolls of film taken by Customs. "You keep them," he says. "I don't suppose we'll have the time to use them where we're going." His voice seems a shade wistful as he says it.

## Bronzed

Bronzed, happy and relaxed (where three weeks earlier they had been harrassed and pale), the two Beatles and their ladies vanish inside the plane. You wave as it hurtles down the runway . . .

The plane dwindles to a silver speck in the blue Pacific sky.

When it finally goes from sight, you stand for a few moments quite dazed . . . You find yourself wondering whether it has all really happened—or whether it was just a dream in the South Seas.



# WHAT ARE THE BEATLES DOING?

You'd never guess in a million years. So save yourself the bother of guessing—order next month's rave and find out!

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Those super  
RAVING mad  
gear goggles  
will be bigger & INNER THAN  
EVER!

She doesn't  
reely need  
'em - she's  
just getting  
ready for  
John Lennon  
next book



The CRISP DRINK WILL BE THE VODKA BASED  
'WHAT MADE CILLA BLACK' CROWNED WITH A  
WILD ORCHID.. BUT JUST TRY TO GET ME OR MY  
GANG TO BUY YOU ONE!..

ALL YOU'LL GET OUT OF ME DARLIN IS A WARM COKE  
WIV AN ONION ON A STICK!



BOWLING will CONTINUE TO BE No1 GIRLIE SPORT  
hotly followed by No2 girlie sport-BOYS.

ACTUALLY I ONLY BRING  
HIM ALONG TO BLOW UP MY  
ball!

RUBBISH!  
SHE DIGS  
MY  
YERRAW  
FANG!



The groups will still be the  
biggest thing in Show-biz, so MOM  
will still be able to carry on about  
the STONES & CO (ACTUALLY SHE DIGS  
THEM ALL LIKE MAD-SECRETLY!)

MUST DASH VICAR! THE YARDBIRDS ARE ON  
LUCKY STARS  
TONIGHT!



SHE'S SENSATIONAL!

SHE'S STARTLING!

SHE'S SANDIE SHAW

Heart-to-heart with

ALAN FREEMAN

# I NEVER GET ANYTHING I REALLY WANT

**H**ang on a tick, pop-pickers . . . I've got to get my breath back. I've been meeting the toppers in this business for years, but a session with Sandie Shaw! IT'S TOO MUCH!

I ask you—what can you do with a girl who thinks that having a disc at No. 1 is just a giggle? A girl who won't take success seriously . . . who tells people right out what she thinks of them.

While others are scheming and dreaming of a tinsel stairway to stardom, just hear how candid Sandie rates her own achievement: "When I'm married with a couple of children, I just want to look back and say I had a bit of fun once."

There couldn't be more than one of this dolly. After her, they broke the mould.

It's Aston Martins and Jags for the Beatles, sports cars for Dusty Springfield—but Sandie has a hankering for minicabs. She takes one up to London from her Dagenham home every day.

A peal on my doorbell announced her arrival. I

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NEVER HAS A STAR BEEN SO FRANK

65  
GIRL



• swept the door open in welcome, and in stroling Sandie in her yea-yea suit.

Very sporty she looked with all that check tweed, belt and knitted stockings.

In fact, if you didn't know Sandie you might think she was the leading candidate for the title of Outdoor Girl of the Sixties.

"And where did you spend this fine crisp morning?" I inquired, pouring her a ration of her favourite refreshment—a bowl of salted peanuts.

### Grateful sigh

"In bed", she said, grabbing the nuts and subsiding on to the sofa with a grateful sigh. Sandie is a firm follower of Napoleon's advice to his soldiers: "Never stand when you can sit, and never sit when you can lie."

She crunched in silence for a moment, then said: "That's how I'd spend every day if I could. Lying around with books and the telly, phoning up my friends and having them call round to see me. Lovely."

"What kind of books do you read?" I asked.

Sandie gave me a goofy smile, her eyes glinting behind the tinted glasses. "Romantic novels, mostly. Specially, the ones about what's-her-name, Angelique."

"With the kind of life she

leads, Angelique will get herself into dead trouble one of these days," I said. "I don't know how she gets away with it."

"That's her lookout", said Sandie. "I just look after Number One."

A strange admission from a singer who had zoomed into the top spot with one of the most romantic pop discs of 1964. But yet not out of character.

For Sandie Shaw is an intriguing mixture of contradictions. Inside her, a great femininity is in constant competition with a cynical mistrust of a world on the make.

"Are you a happy person?" I asked.

"No", she said. "As soon as I'm happy I want to kill it."

She astonished me. "Why?" "I don't know. It's as if it was too much for me."

Sandie stared across the room. "You see, Alan, most people sort of aim at happiness and don't quite reach it, and then it goes."

I said, "Have you ever had a moment in your life when you felt you'd really reached happiness?"

She shook her head. "No."

"Never at all?" "No. I nearly got there lots of times. But it's happened so often."

"Have you ever had a big romantic upheaval, a real setback in your life?" I asked.



"Crushes are a part of life"

"Oh, every week," Sandie replied, smiling.

"Seriously, do you mean you fall in love every week?"

"I suppose I just have crushes. It's stupid, really. But it's just part of living, isn't it?"

She laughed again. "In fact, if it hadn't been for a crush I wouldn't be where I am today. All that bit about Adam Faith hearing me singing in the Roulettes' dressing room and getting me discovered—oh, yes, it's true all right."

"But the reason I was with the Roulettes that time was because I liked the drummer, Bob Hewit. He seemed on his own to me—the lonely one."

"Your motherly instincts coming out?" I queried.

Sandie laughed. "Oh, I don't know about that. I think it was my girl instincts. Anyway, I just wanted to pay my respects, and I went round to see if I could see the Roulettes."

### Startling

The coffee percolator began to clatter warningly. "And so here you are, a top singer", I said, pouring out two cups.

Sandie shook her head. "No. I'm not. For two weeks I had a record that topped everyone else's sales. That doesn't prove I'm a good singer. It just proves I had a record that topped everyone else's sales."

This was a startlingly different reaction from the usual self-assessment of new pop stars.

"What do you think about your own voice?" I said.

"I think it's lousy. I think it could be a lot better. The only reason I made my first record, 'As Long As You're Happy', was that all my life I always wanted to try something new."

"I'm very vain, Alan. Even at school I used to dream of myself as a top fashion illustrator, a top model, a top actress. I wanted to be talked about."

"But I didn't really do very much about it. I hadn't any real

ambition. I don't think you get any real ambitions until you're twenty or so.

"I'm seventeen, and I go where the wind blows me. I don't see the point of trying to go all-out for success."

"I reckon if you're meant to do something you'll do it." Sandie tucked her long legs under her on the sofa and sipped her coffee.

"You looked shocked when I said I'm vain, Alan. But most people are if they'd only admit it."

I had a quick vision of some show business people I know admitting it!

"Sandie, you're alarmingly frank."

"I'm just normal. All I want is to go along until I'm about twenty-two, get married and have some kids and just be ordinary."

"I just want to be able to look back and say: 'All right, so I had a bit of fun once.'"

"Somehow, I don't think I ever will do, though. Anything I really want never comes."

### New status

Apart from the money and the new status of being a celebrity, the change in Sandie's own personality has been very slight. In the first place, she says:

"I don't think anybody in the pop business does last."

"Oh, come on, Sandie", I said. "Why, you'll be able to keep me when I'm a fading disc-jockey."

She shook her head again. "It's you that'll be keeping me when I'm a fading singer. As long as



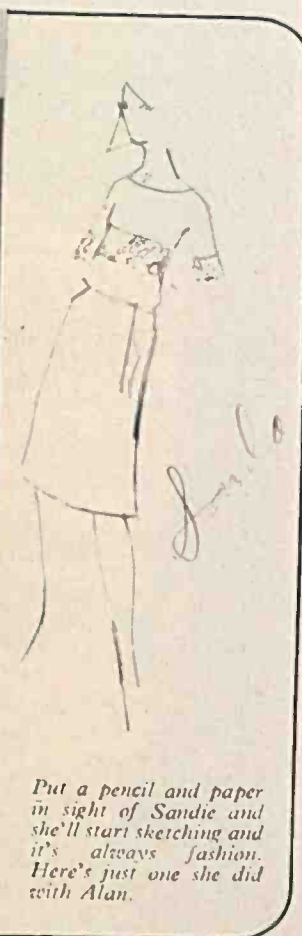
"I think I've fooled people"

you know the truth about yourself, it's all right. As long as you can laugh after it's all over and say, 'Ho, ho, I fooled them for a while'."

"Sandie", I said, "you sing 'Always Something There' as if you were genuinely broken-hearted. Is it tied up with some sad personal experience?"

"I do feel broken-hearted," she answered. "It's partly experience, partly trying to imagine how it'd feel if it was happening to someone else."

"Like when one of my friends is down and I think, 'Poor girl,



Put a pencil and paper in sight of Sandie and she'll start sketching and it's always fashion. Here's just one she did with Alan.

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**PEARSON**

# SANDIE

... page 56

she's just had a bad love affair'.  
And then I have to comfort her,  
and I'm living it all myself in  
the end."

One thing that struck me as  
we talked—with Sandie dood-  
ling away on a note-pad—was  
that she had arrived alone this  
afternoon. No admirers, no new  
friends or followers.

She is still very cautious about  
people in the pop business.  
"I'm not consciously trying to  
conform to the pop crowd", she  
said.

"My closest friend is still a girl  
I was at school with. She's Kath,  
too—with a K. In fact, she's really  
my only close friend."

"How does she feel about your  
success?" I asked.

"She thinks it's funny that a  
stupid thing like me could do it",  
said Sandie.

"Maybe she's right. I thought  
I'd be the least fanciable bird on



"You're a false person, Alan"

the pop scene. I'm so tall and  
skinny and not like all the big  
buxom ones.

"But the thing is, I get letters  
from fellows all the time. I  
thought I'd get letters from kids.  
These are from fellows of about  
twenty-two to thirty . . . would  
I like to join them for dinner . . .  
would I send them a picture?"

Sandie's mother has given up  
her job handling motor sales  
accounts to take care of Sandie's  
mail. But Sandie keeps all these  
new worshippers at long range.

"What have you learned since  
you got to the top?" I asked, re-  
filling her coffee cup.

"It's all false," she said  
very quietly. "Everybody  
puts on a false front. If you  
take it away they're bare and  
they sort of retreat."

"Do you think I'm false?" I  
said.

Sandie looked into her cup.  
"You shouldn't ask me that,  
Alan."

"Seriously", I said. "Do I

seem false on television or radio."

Sandie gazed straight at me.  
"Yes. You seem to make your-  
self a false person. Everybody  
does."

"You all say the same thing at  
the same time every week. You  
get into the habit of doing it. And  
habit makes you live falsely. You  
start doing what habit tells you  
to do instead of doing what you  
want."

I grinned ruefully. After all,  
I'd asked for it.

"There you are, saying 'Stay  
bright' every Sunday when may-  
be you don't feel bright at all",  
said Sandie. "That's not the real  
person. See?"

"Oh-ho", I said. "Just you  
wait, Sandie. Just you wait until  
one night you're feeling like  
death and you've got to go out  
on stage and look bouncy and  
cheerful for thousands of people  
who've paid to see you."

"If you're an entertainer,  
there'll be time after time when  
you have to choose between being  
false to yourself or false to your  
public."

Sandie thought that one  
over. "I don't care what  
people do as long as I'm all  
right," she said. "They can  
be as false as they like as  
long as they know it. The  
ones who irritate me are  
people who don't know they  
are fakes."

## Principles

Where, I asked her, would  
Sandie's fierce principles have  
stood if she had gone ahead with  
her dream of being a top fashion  
illustrator? What's more false  
than the fashion game?

She said, "But, Alan, I  
HATE clothes. Let's all go  
back to the forest and eat  
peanuts."

Sandie yawned reluctantly and  
stretched her elegant lath of a  
figure to its full 5 ft. 8 ins. She  
put on her shoes and ate the last  
peanut in the bowl.

"Isn't it sad", she said. "With  
my figure I could eat anything I  
liked, and yet I'm not particu-  
larly interested in food. When  
I'm working I even forget to eat.  
I've lost six pounds in a couple of  
weeks."

"Sandie", I said. "One last  
thing. If you could have your  
greatest wish right now, what  
would it be?"

"To make me fall in love with  
someone who loved me", she  
said.

My telephone started to shrill  
demandingly. A vanboy appeared  
with a batch of new releases.  
More work, more scripts, more  
dates.

Somehow, I didn't see much  
chance of going back to the  
forest just at the moment!

**Till next month, pop-  
pleckers. All right? Stay  
bright.**



Pretty Things: Viv, John, Phil, Dick and Brian



Rockin' Berries: Terry, Geoff, Roy, Chuck and Clive



# SO WHO '65 MEN WILL WIN YOUR HEART?

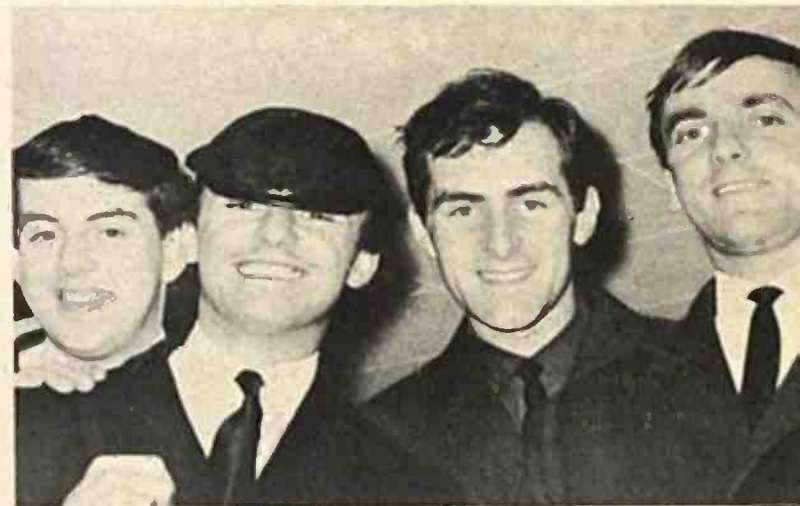
There are more than a hundred faces to choose from in RAVE this month. Famous faces . . . not-so-famous . . . some even virtually unknown. Yet at least one of these faces will stand out from the rest.

That one will be the person who'll win your heart in '65. The heart-throb whose pictures you'll want to see in RAVE next

year. The person you'll want to read all about.

Maybe you've known all along that he's the one for you. Or it could be that you won't fall for him until you've scanned RAVE a second time. So if you're a "don't know", start again!

Of course, your fave-rave for '65 might be the person you rated all through 1964. It's likely



Les Chadwick, Gerry, Les Maguire and Fred

Downliners: Don, Keith, Gerry, Johnny and Ray



LIONEL

MIKE

FRITZ

ALAN

FOUR PENNIES



CHRIS

HUGH

COLIN

PAUL

ROD

ZOMBIES

**rave**

**WAYNE FONTANA**





Billy J. Kramer



Hollies: Graham, Allan, Eric, Tony and Bobby

you'll find him—or her—in RAVE this month as well.

Who'll win your heart—will it be Dick Taylor of the Pretty Things? Or the group's drummer, Viv Prince? Maybe you'll go for Billy J., or one of the Hollies. Or a Beatle or a Stone.

They say '65 may be the year of the girls. Well—it's up to you to choose. Cilla, Sandie, Dusty—even RAVE's Cathy McGowan (she doesn't sing, but can she swing!).

Maybe you'd like to let us know your choice for the heart stakes of '65.

Here's all you have to do.

Write your choice—the name, followed by the group if applicable—on one side of a postcard together with your name, address and age. On the other side, address it to: "Heart-Rave," Tower House, Southampton Street, London, W.C.2, and slip it into your nearest post box. Entries close on January 28

Simple—and the cost of a

postcard and stamp is all it needs to tell us who you're rooting for in '65. Don't forget—vote for individuals, not whole groups.

P.S. Any votes for Fred Gumshooter will be discounted because we don't believe that anyone could seriously think he could steal a heart.

As we said to Fred only the other day: "Stealing bicycle pumps and Belisha beacons are more in your line, my lad".



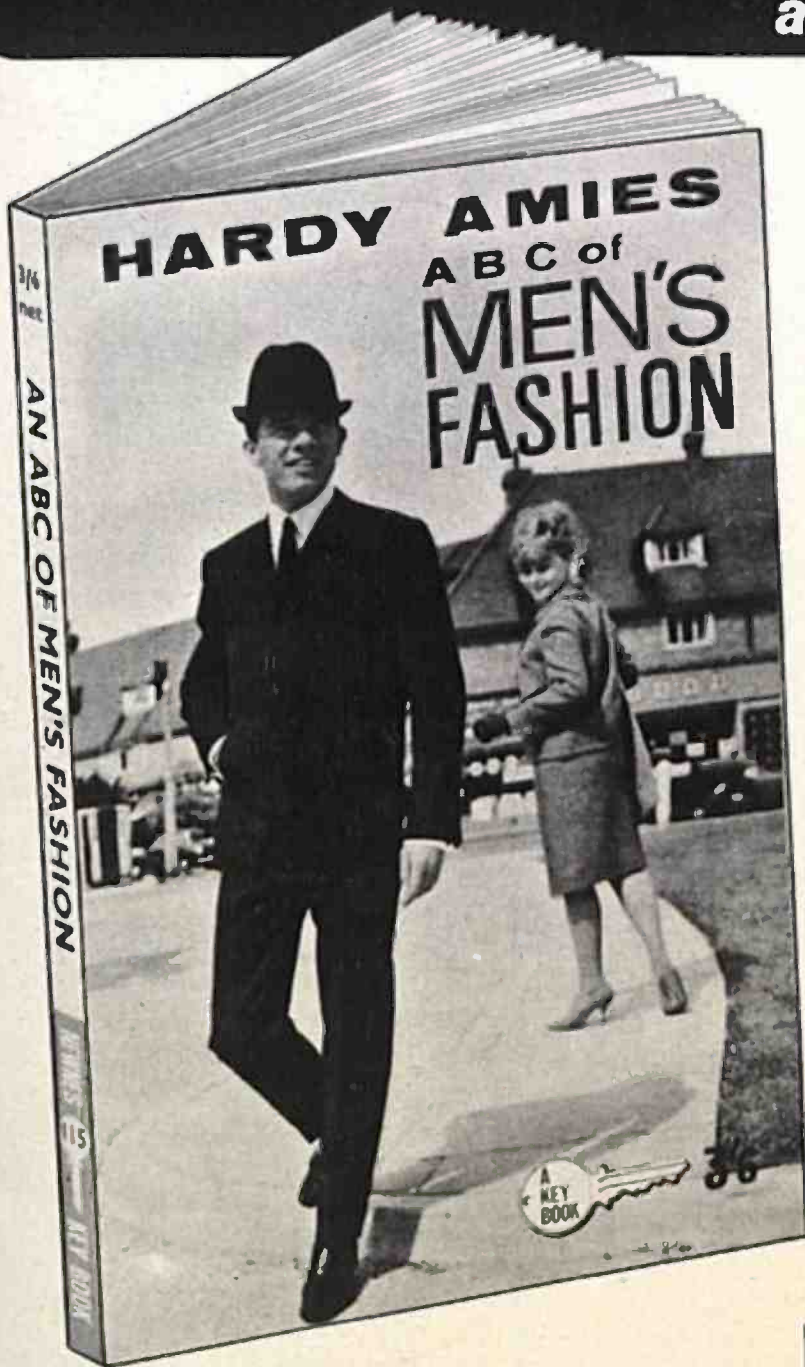
Shadows: Hank, John, Bruce and Brian



Roy Orb

*The get with it book  
for everyone who cares*

*about clothes . . .*



# **HARDY AMIES ABC of MEN'S FASHION**

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