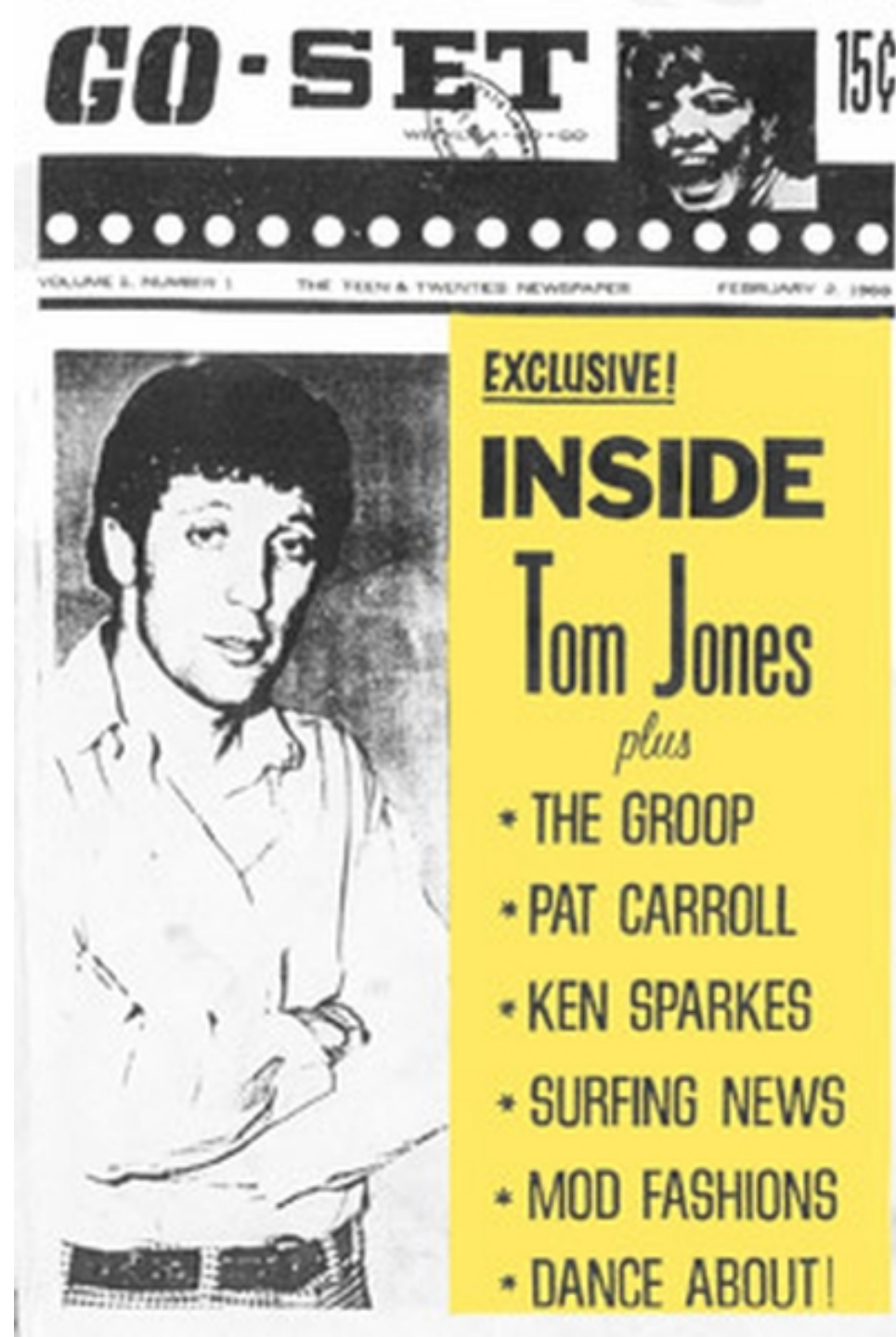


Volume 1 Number 1

February 2
1966



EDITORIAL

You'll find where there's a demand someone will eventually make the effort to cater for it. For years it's been obvious that Melbourne was lacking a good journal that would cater solely for the tastes of the active teen and twenty set.

Now look here! Something just had to be done about this. And finally something has been. Go-Set is Going. Going for you and everything you want. Going all out to capture the imagination of the Movers.

Go-Set is nothing like kinky magazines that have hit the stands in the past. To begin with, it's not a magazine at all — but a live-wire newspaper keeping a watch on the fast-moving pulse of the Go-Set.

You see, that's where we got our name. And that's who we're aiming to reach. But we want you to be in it. After all, it's even more your paper than it is ours. We exist — femmes and fellas — to be at your service.

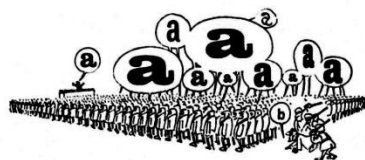
You let us know what you want (if we don't already have it in this issue of Go-Set and the chances are we have). If it is within our limited powers — whoever started that rumour about the power of the Press? — we'll run it in next issue.

If you've got any questions or problems in any field then drop us a line. Music, fashion, surfing, skiing, motorcycling, skindiving, sailing, electronics or anything — you ask and we'll supply the answer by an expert. If you have personal or career problems we'll do our best to help you.

Now sit down and listen a minute! How often is it that you've had something bugging you that you just wanted to break out of but couldn't find the place? Every one of you cats has felt the lash of the Oldies kicking back and screaming "No sonny, you're not grown up yet junior, save those big words till you get a little older". Now's the time to really break loose.

Let's hear of it right from the bottom of your inhibitions. This is one time the Oldies don't have any say in it. Go-Set is your paper and what you want to say is what Go-Set prints. Get it?

Right! Well get Go-Set and go — go — go — go — with the trendsetters. Make your mark in the world and shout it out loud: Go-Set!



GO-SET

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the WALLING WELSHMAN !!!!!!! TALKS TO GO-SET

Thomas Jones Woodward projects a strange kind of image, that of a man who, with a little more experience in spheres other than pop-singing could become one of the best all-round entertainers we've seen in quite a long while.

They say that rhythm is such a stimulus to some people that all one has to do to start a full-scale corroboree is tap your fingers on the nearest table. Tom Jones is such a person; at all times relaxed, yet tense enough on stage to turn an entertaining evening into an unforgettable performance.

The "Walling Welshman" started his career in the conventional English manner by hiking from his job in Manchester to tour the pubs and clubs of London. His act then was basically the same as it is now. The strong, husky, yearning voice and polished snappish dance routine that stamps his act with quality, have only changed insofar as his present manager, Gordon Mills, has shifted the emphasis from the "souful", spiritual and severe blues numbers that Tom himself prefers, to his present "Pop" style, with more beat and bounce in every bar than there are bumps between Re-wan and Bengo.

Perhaps the most amusing few minutes of the interview came when a voice in the crowd (well hidden) asked "Whaddya Thinka' P. J. Proby?"

Tom muttered that he tried not to think about him, but added aloud for the benefit of the assembled newspapers, TV and radio personalities that he thought Proby had a "good voice", in fact a tremendous voice. Interpreting the quip in the light tone in which it was spoken, we can assume either that Tom Jones genuinely admires P. J. Proby, or that P. J. would be better occupied as a Parade Sergeant.

Next question: "But what do you feel about him as a person... if anything?" And swiftly came the reply, "I think he's a fool." Tactfully, the word Proby was never mentioned again.

After a tough musical apprenticeship served in the hundreds of clubs that dot England, Tom led a band known

as "The Senators". At this time he passed under the name of Tommy Scott.

It proved to be a rather fortunate accident that another singer named Scott had a prior right to the name, and in any case, a band named "The Senators" were playing their way through the London circuit. By this time the film "Tom Jones" had been released and fans in England were reacting almost as wildly to it there as they have been here in the past few months, so Tom's new manager suggested a return to his rightful name, to catch what ever publicity might result.

This he did, and the story of his meteoric rise from that crucial point is too well known to be retold here.

"It's not unusual", perhaps, but has anyone we know done it?

"It's not unusual" made Tom, but he prefers to be grateful for the opportunity it gave him to exhibit his phenomenal versatility in other mediums, rather than to remember it as the high point of his career. Soon after "It's not unusual" came a film contract, and the film "What's New, Pussycat?"

As Tom himself confesses, the film has promoted both an image and a name which we aren't likely to forget, but it hasn't greatly enhanced his reputation as a singer, which to him is the most important.

An old Welsh workmate, David James (who migrated to Australia five years ago), was there proudly exclaiming, "He hasn't changed a bit, not one little bit!"

Tom had noticed him whilst leaving the plane and immediately rushed over to renew the acquaintance, thus cementing a friendship he began about eight years ago in a Manchester paper mill.

David James assured me of something which I think we all suspected — Tom was just born with rhythm oozing out of his groovy little corpse.

He sang at work and danced home — irrepressible, uncontainable and offbeat — three words that seem to adequately sum up Tom Jones.

It seems a natural extension of his own tastes in music to know that his favorite performers are — Solomon Bourke (far out blues singer) Little Richard, the

Beatles and Sinatra; the latter because of easy style and relaxed presentation. In short, anything with marked blues and melodious overtones.

He doesn't bother to conceal a tremendous admiration for the Beatles whose proven ability at composing, writing and arranging an almost continuous stream of best sellers, has earned for them the respect of even the most hardened in-group musicians in the world.

Since the resounding success of Tom's first film, "What's New Pussycat?", he has considered another four movie offers, three of them from the United States.

The title song for the new film, "Promises of Any Kind", will be released soon, and if the enthusiasm of his manager is anything to go by, will be at least as big as "Pussycat", so hold on fans.

According to Tom and manager, Gordon Mills, the American tour was a delicious success. I wonder if this has anything to do with his recently acquired love for the Stars and Stripes?

At every stopover, he played to packed houses and was constantly and dutifully applauded for his mostly renditions of old songs. Tom's favorite working posttime seems to be re-viving old songs and adding new dimension to their hitherto flat existence by interpreting feebly and singing intelligently, aiming at an acceptable combination of mood and beat.

Although he hasn't had time to form any lasting impressions of Australia, of Australia, Tom did find immediate solace in Australian beer which he says is very similar to some of the stronger brands of English beer. Afraid we'll just have to take his word for it.

"I don't like lads that talk too much but if they sit and say nothing then I feel uneasy... and that's worse. Some of the Australian lads I've seen so far, with fair hair and beautiful dark skins really knock me out. But it all depends what you consider beautiful."

"You're married aren't you, Tom?" said I, hoping he'd catch the allusion. "That's right, married, not dead."

Australian girls with fair hair and beautiful dark skin



and beautiful dark skin



really knock me out.

From KEN with
love: *Swinging DJ Ken Sparkes
talks on the tops in pops*



KEN SPARKS writes for GO-SET
"TITILLATING MORSELS OF MISCELLANEOUS GOSSIP"

ON Jan. 19th, visiting Queenslanders "The Five" put down a new disc titled "I can't find her", flip-sided "There's Time". On Sunshine label to be released about mid-February. Keep one chart-tuned peeper screwed on it.

TONY SHEPP -- should hit Sydney next week for a 10-day stint at the bowl.

S.P. (Sydney Product) not overly well known to many Victorians will arrive in Melbourne this week for spot in "Commotion", but mainly to promote his latest record "Soldiers of Fortune" — on IN label.

Local promoter Jim Chaplin reputedly going to show Western Australian R&B group, "Two x two" around the Melbourne scene later this month. Should prove interesting to compare these with the current spate of Interstate talent.

Encouraging from a purely idealistic point of view to note that the "TWILIGHTS" from Adelaide and "THE FIVE" from Brisbane are still in Melbourne outclassing a few local bands, who having achieved mediocrity, thought they had it made. There's an Olde Latin dictum which seems peculiarly, boys — DIGITUS EXTRACTUS!!!!

BALLARAT — young Melbourne promoter postponed his smallish Ballarat tour on

advice from Aztec Services—"The Seekers" were comin' yo-ho yo-ho, "The Seekers" were comin yo-ho yo-ho. Next week, that is. Such magnanimous condescension. The only thing left upon which to speculate is precisely who would have knocked the stuffing out of who.

DID YOU KNOW that t'will be 3UZ who broadcasts young Normie's gold disc presentation the Australia Hotel next week.

The "Seekers" new record, the first one not written by Tom Springfield, called "Some day, one day" was actually written by Paul Simon of

Simon and Gartunkel who record "Sounds of Silence" which is currently number 15 in our top 40.

From London comes the news that Paul Jones left hospital making happy noises about re-joining the "Man-

"EASY BEATS" manager Mike Vaughn went State-wide last week with feelers out for a tour and, rumor had it, on behalf of M.P.D. and Bobby and Laurie as well. Managerial amalgamation?

Managerial amalgamation?
HMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!!
HAPPY BIRTHDAY,
LAURIE????

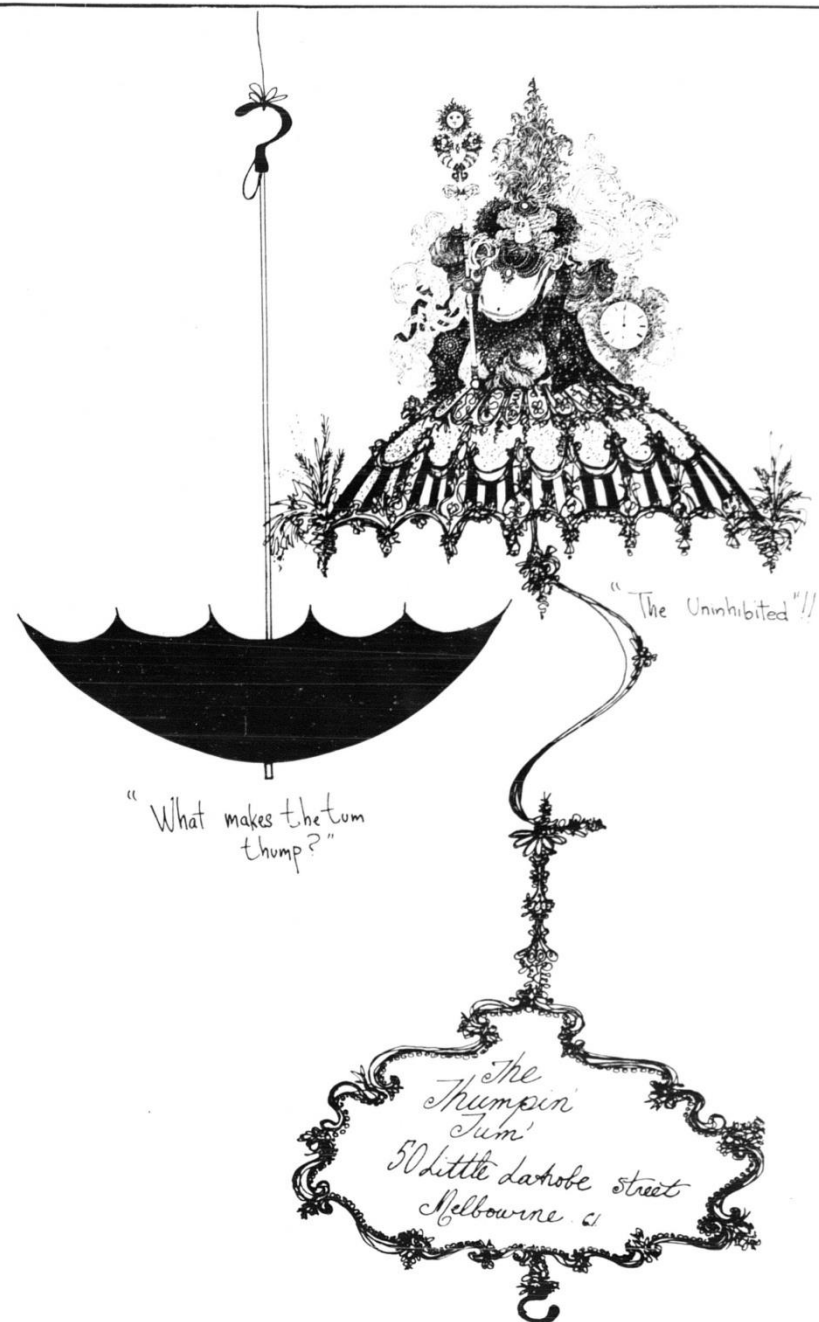
official
3UZ Top-40

WEEK COMMENCING 30th JANUARY, 1966

		Position	Weeks	
		Last week	In	
1	THE CARNIVAL IS OVER	The Seekers	Columbia 1	12
2	DA DIPPERS	The Beatles	Parlo 2	10
3	TELL HIM I'M NOT HOME	Normie Rowe	Sunshine 4	7
4	IT'S MY LIFE	The Animals	Columbia 3	9
5	GLORIA	Them	Decca 20	4
6	I'M A MAN	The Yardbirds	Parlo 8	7
7	LOVE LETTERS	Billy Thorpe	Parlo 6	6
8	WELL RESPECTED MAN	The Kinks	Astor 5	4
9	QUE SERA SERA	Normie Rowe	Sunshine 9	20
10	THUNDERBOLT	Tom Jones	Decca 1	10
11	TO WHOM IT CONCERNS	Chris Andrews	Decca 10	8
12	LOVERS CONCERTO	The Toys	Stateside 7	8
13	A MUST TO AVOID	Herman's Hermits	Columbia 37	22
14	PRICCESS IN RAGS	Gene Finney	C.B.S. 25	4
15	SOUNDS OF SILENCE	Simon & Garfunkel	C.B.S. 29	3
16	FLOWERS ON THE WALL	Stallar Bros.	C.B.S. 32	3
17	YESTERDAY	The Beatles	Parlo 12	15
18	SING C'EST LA VIE	Sunny & Cher	Atlantic 13	17
19	MY GENERATION	The Who	The Festival 2	10
20	LIES	The Knickerbockers	London 35	22
21	WOMEN	Easybeats	Parlo -	1
22	YOU WERE ON MY MIND	We 3	Festival 17	14
23	SWEET & TENDER ROMANCE	Boobby & Laurie	Parlo 11	9
24	OH HOUND DOG	The Group	C.B.S. 9	8
25	TEARS	Ken Dodd	Columbia 16	10
26	YESTERDAY MAN	Chris Andrews	Decca 14	9
27	TENNESSEE WALTZ	Les Brown	London 1	10
28	HILLI HI LO	Manfred Mann	H.M.V. 28	8
29	CRYSTAL CHANDLER	Vic Dana	Liberty 24	3
30	IT'S GOOD NEWS WEEK	Hedgehoppers Anon.	Decca 23	7
31	MARIA	P. J. Proby	Decca 12	12
32	MY YOUNG	Elvis Presley	R.C.A. 15	13
33	FORGIVE ME	Al Martino	Capitol 31	16
34	THE GREAT PRETENDER	Peter Doyle	Sunshine 11	16
35	IN THE MIGHTY HOUR	Ray Brown	Capitol 33	15
36	1. 2. 3	Len Barry	Festival 26	12
37	TAKE A HEART	The Sorrows	Astor 36	12
38	WE GOT LOVE	Merv Benton	W. G. 27	4
39	YOU'RE THE ONE	Paula Clark	Decca 21	8
40	GET OFF OF MY CLOUD	Rolling Stones	Decca 18	13

IN THIS WEEK: *My Generation*, *Women*, *Sweet & Tender Romance*, *Tennessee Waltz*, *Great Pretender*

OUT THIS WEEK: *Thou Magnificent Men*, etc., *My Heart Sings*, *Lonely Boy*, *Treat Her Right*, *Little Boy Sad*.



Pat Carroll entertains the troops in Vietnam

From Da Nang with Love

(GO set journeyed to the North end of the city late this week to greet Melbourne TV and dance star Pat Carroll and find out all there was to know about Vietnam, who she met, what bases she visited, the lot! And did she have plenty to tell!

The tour, arranged by the Federal Government took in 12 bases with a total of 17 converts to entertain the troops in Vietnam with some thing they hadn't seen since they left home nine months ago. When the plane touched down in Saigon Pat and the rest of the party received a reception never before accorded a visiting troupe of entertainers. All travel from this point on was by courtesy of the U.S.A. Air Force and included places whose names have developed a legendary aura since the Australian troops entered the Vietnam war early last year.

Ben Hoa, Soc Trang, Du Nang, and Dong Ha are only four of the 12 bases visited by the Australian troupe which toured with the American troops headed by Bob Hope, and included such stars as Eddie Fisher, Jackie De Shannon and Lucky Starr who is still very big on the American party club circuit.

Pat, who talked animatedly and interestingly for the entire interview, aptly described Saigon as an immense version of the Victoria Market. "You don't realise just how lucky you are until you see something like Saigon or one of the other places we visited."

Q: It sounds like a very demanding tour?

A: Yes, it was both long and tiring—but it was also very much fun! said Pat, who hasn't yet had time to finish unpacking.

"It certainly opens your eyes," confessed Pat. People actually sleep in the streets and none of them more or less live there—and the streets there look like what we are used to thinking of more as rubbish tips than roads."



"The reception was fantastic at every base," Pat said, "and most of the time we spent in the open spaces, so I really didn't talk to many of the troops, most of their living conditions didn't seem the best, but I was told they were shortly to be improved."

Since it was the Americans who arranged the transport in Vietnam, they also saw to the safety of the various performers by placing bullet-proof vests under the seats whilst travelling by helicopter, and seeing they wore them most of the time spent in the air between bases. The Caribou in which they flew during the long trip from Da Nang to Quang Tri (only six miles from the N. Vietnam border) had at least five bullet holes visible. Then followed a further long haul back to Saigon and up to the base named Ubon in Thailand. They returned to Saigon and from Saigon they flew back to Australia.



For the five foot five petite and beautiful Pat this was rather a hectic adventure, since potentially the jungles of Vietnam held within its boundaries every living thing that terrifies her and most of its food such as dinner plate sized hard-eating spiders and all manner of crawling slimy things, not to mention

the Vietcong. Otherwise she described herself as fairly even tempered and only likely to become irritable if the sound reproduction setup is poor, or upset if the audience by which she is confronted dislikes her performance and is ill-mannered enough to show it.

Pat is rather sensitive to malicious criticism to do with either her dancing or singing, but appreciates it if it is sound and constructive. Her big break came when auditioning for a part in the stage production of 'The Boy in the Dress' during the school holidays several years ago. She won a part and never returned to school. Another break came during the auditions for a dancing role in 'The Band', when the producer asked the assembled dancers if any of them could sing and volunteered that she would write a song, and since that has performed on every major Australian National stage and many other local TV shows as well.

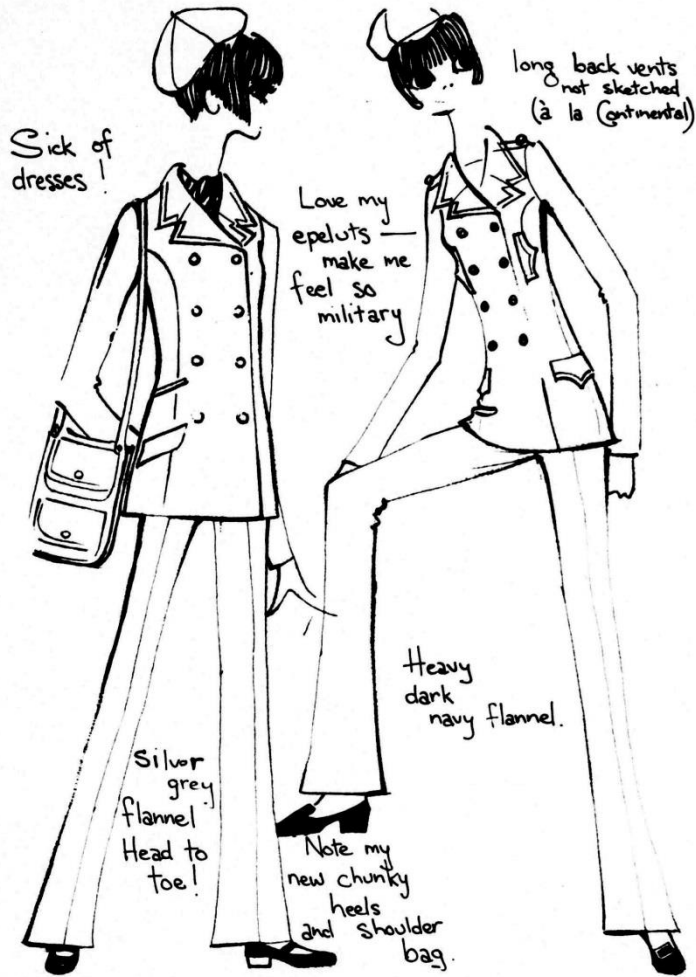
Her pronounced dislike for 'bushbushness' and other pretentiousness, possibly explains why she prefers enter tainers with an agreeable blend of personality and professional skill. Her list of favorite performers faithfully reflects these preferences: The Beatles, Ray Charles, Don McLean.

At the moment Pat is making the long hauls about a trip overseas at the end of this year, at the footsteps of girl friend Olivia Newton-John, who left for January 28th for England to do a set tour across to both of them in their respective trips. However, Pat will not be until some time next year and in the meantime her fans will be pleased to know that two re-circuits of the 'can' are to be released around mid-February.



Prue's Page

ON GIRLS GEAR



Taking over for autumn where the stretch pants and sweater left off: the pantsuit. The pants of today are long and lean, with the emphasis heavily on the long. You can wear them cut, slightly tapered, straight or flared—but never tight. There's no need for stretch

because of the new extra width—and that allows more scope in the matching jacket. The pantsuit is made to take you anywhere, that's if you can wear your pants well. Accessories are at a minimum with the new longer jacket accentuating that "put-together" look.

Making the downtown Manhattan scene are clunky shoes with slightly built-up heels, shoulder bags and matching berets, snoods or helmets. At night, in clinging "rib-knit" for the with-it set, an evening pantsuit is all the rage in witching white wool, velvet or cloche.

The long jacket (and the rumour that the hem-line is still rising) makes for longer wearability. What accessories are IN are simply and often very, very off-beat. The inmost of them all is a bag from the local church bazaar, gaudily beaded.

And a final word: the advent of the pantsuit means that tops and slacks that weren't made for each other are now OUT—at least for the time being. I'll see you all again, My love.

PRUE ACTON



You don't realise how lucky you are



Until you see something like



the war in Vietnam

THE SCENE — THE SEEN

Go-Set's Weekly Go-Go Guide

THE THUMPIN' TUM DISCOTHEQUE



Up the "academic end" of night-time Melbourne, cunningly hidden in Little Latrobe St. by co-owners Ken Moate and Ron Eden is the haven sought by all mod treasure seekers — THE THUMPIN' TUM. Little Latrobe St. runs (not really) between Swanston and Elizabeth Sts. and it's THE place marked "X" in everybody's diary of where to be in the GO-SET scene around town.

On the appointed night, armed only with cameras and assorted gear, we began the jitteriest nightspot coverage of our extremely short and brilliant careers.

When Ken said dress was informal he kidded us not. Hundreds of amazingly clad birds in multi-colored plumage hurtled about our ears dancing everything from the Watani Monkey, Swim and Frug to the latest dance craze, The Thump.

These birds of paradise paraded before us, splendid in dresses, bikinis, jeans and even formal evening wear. The boys competed with "fashions" ranging from shorts and thongs, bare feet and jeans to the latest mod gear — and, of course, some in penguin suits and bow ties to partner the evening gowns.

"Not so much a dance — more a way of life," say the people who are seen there regularly.

Another of the partner's far-out notions for decor resulted in the confusion of back-lit umbrellas dangling from the roof to supply the floor (and incidentally, the people) with soft, flattering light.

Do you think this idea of hanging umbrellas from the ceiling could catch on with mother?

Recognised a few familiar faces on the dance floor — Big Mike from "M.P.D. Limited" relaxing after a performance (if you can call his wild gyrations relaxing), Richard Wright from "The Groop", discarding his drumsticks for a couple of hours in favor of time with his latest girlfriend, Kevin Fraser, lead singer of "The Moods", lent his frame for a frenzied go-go girl from "The Lido", Carol Ramsay.

For those who couldn't compete with the frenetic beat of guest group, the "Grown Up Wrong", easy chairs and smorgasborg assisted convalescence out in the front lounge. And what an oddball smorgasborg! Snowballs, popcorn (freshly popped), biscuits, cheese and apples. A variety of hot and cold drinks served with precision by the absolute latest in tall, wide and handsome electronic robots.

"One of the most pleasing aspects of the Tum" say Ron and Ken, is that by giving the people the best we can, we seem to be satisfying everybody from the Young Mods to the Young Ladies. Talking about great expectations hint is they're doing something special with their first floor for members only.

The "Tum" is dim, the "Tum" is loud. The "Tum" is frantic and forever moving. And the "Tum" undoubtedly Thumps.



Ken Moate, Mike (M.P.D. Limited), Keith Barber (the Wild Cherries), Richard Wright (the Groop)





APPROPRIATELY enough the Thumping Tum discotheque provided the setting for the newest and most intriguing dance sequence to be introduced to dance — mad Melbournians since Beau Brummel reputed nineteenth century ballroom etiquette with a palised square dance they called a minuet.

It's called "The Thump" and was invented by Antonio Rodriguez, a Brazilian teacher of Modern Expressive and Latin American ballet, with the assistance of girls from the "Lido" and "Windmill

Revue" who you'll meet in the pictures demonstrating the simple movements of the dance.

During a "jam session" the Melbourne group formerly known as "The Boys" (now as "The Union") discovered a novel and catchy sound. They wrote it down, added lyrics and showed it to Antonio who was immediately enraptured.

Indeed, Antonio loved it to the extent that he offered to do the choreography for the new dance, and so gave birth to "The Thump", which, apart from being a GAS is bound to



become the biggest dance craze since Twist.

Basically it consists of five movements, all of the modifications being left up to the individual dancer. So move with it kids. Jump right in and have a go!

Peer closely at photo No. 1. Joan Stuart (front left) is poised in "GO" position. Using arms and side-swiping hip movements to balance 'de 'buddy, bring your formerly outstretched leg to the position modelled in right (front) by Carol Ramsay (Lido). Repeat this a couple of times depending on your mood and

on the music, then mince forward a couple of steps and start again.

Simple enough?

That's right, it looks like a cross between a Hopi Indian Fertility rite and a surfer stomp. Knowing that, it should be easy.

O.K., got it?

All that is required in this step is the ability to temporarily make like a Zombie, or a hunchback of Notre Dame with arms akimbo, then relax. In photo No. 2 you see this movement demonstrated by Carol at front right, Jill Stuart (immediately behind



her), Antonio (centre right back), Jill Fitzgerald (to his left), Sheryl Pickering and Joan Stuart (front left). Having achieved this rather remarkable position, one then returns to a more natural posture such as, for example, that picturing Jill Fitzgerald (assuming of course, that natural is in fact a different position to the one just de-

it's the best thing
since the TWIST
it's the

**T
H
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M
P**



scribed). This is done six or eight times, or until your back gives out, then you move on to No. 3.

Simple? Good!!

Looking at picture No. 3 from right to left we find Joan finishing the second movement. She lifts her leg to the position shown by Sheryl, and uses it to step over into the position in which we find Jill (centre). Moving the back leg insinuate yourself into a pose similar to Judy's (second from left); then step across with your left leg to finish in the pose that Carol has struck on the right.

Omitting the Zombie bit,

repeat these actions in reverse.

Do it again . . . and again. Fine! — think you've got the hang of it? I certainly hope so because No. 4 is coming up.

This step is extremely simple. All one has to do is move from position A to position B with the use of three or four rhythmical cross-over steps in between. Like in "The Slop" if you remember it.

So far so good. Once again viewing from right to left Carol, Joan, Sheryl and Judy



will show you how to do the "Bow and Arrow" step as we call it. All this involved entails is the swivelling of the body (pivoting on the left foot at the start) from a side-long position (as in A) to a frontal position (as in C) by which time the right hand will have drawn back an imaginary bow and released the arrow, leaving the thumb pointing perkily at the person behind.

Easy? You bet!

Even if you weren't able to catch on from the description given here, you can always see it demonstrated with that added professional touch if you come along to the "Thumping Tum" almost any night it's open.

"The Thump" first recording on the brand spanking new TREND label by "The Union" (formerly "The Boys") was composed and written by the group. Members of this talented, good-sounding team are: Trevor Lunn — lead guitar, Neville Lunn — drums, David Pepper — singer, Ken Lincoln — rhythm guitar and John McKay — Bass. Congratulations "Union" on the originality and verve required in making such a step forward. But that's by the way.

It may require a little practice and perseverance to iron out the jerks, but whoever masters it will have a marvelous time teaching both friends and girlfriends.

surfside

with tony olsson, victoria's leading surf expert



Graham Pinney cracks a wave at Coonulla



Tony Olsson



Colin Turner

Each week Go-Set will be featuring articles on surfing and skate boarding.

SURFSIDE, written by Tony Olsson, will feature the latest news from Australian Surfing Association meetings, results of board rallies, surf carnivals and club activities.

Tony is also writing a series of articles on surfing identities of today as well as unknown guys that will spell big danger tomorrow.

Tony has been associated with surf riding for well over a decade, during this time he has helped build the standard

of Australian surf riding, now internationally recognised. Tony's knowledge and enthusiasm won him election as the vice-president of the Australian Surfing Association when it was founded in 1964. He is still in office.

For the Skate Board enthusiasts Colin Turner will be covering news of skate-board rallies and competitions which will be commencing in the near future. Colin is the guy responsible for designing and making the latest model skate boards. It is mainly thanks to Colin that skate board design has improved so much since the sport first started.

In all forms of surfing, proficiency is a result of experience and the knowledge gained from years of practice. Tony and Colin welcome the chance to help you with any problems and questions you may have on any facet of surfing. Their advice will be of value to both the novice and old hand. Send any questions to **SURFSIDE**, Go-Set, 4 Grace St., Malvern.

Any photographs of spectacular rides and waves you may have gathered while wave chasing can also be sent to Surfside, as beach conditions and waves will also be discussed.



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Salutations swinging friends!

This is the spot where you'll get the glad word on the kinkiest gear of the minute. Each week a modest word or two from the highly creative designing mind of the wildest coturier in this fair city — namely, myself, Lord Henry in person. But enough of this lighthearted backbiting.

Dim the lights and get this gear on.

We're off for a frugging stroll through an English Nineteenth Century garden to

way back into the dentifrice tubes and being over-run by pretty paisleys and furious florals in the boldest set of colors to be seen since Mondrian dropped his palette on the Parisian pavement.

Now very firmly Lord Henry says: "The oldest 'bit about blue and green never being seen is OUT." Blue/green mixtures in random flowery patterns are very much IN. It's the greatest color mix of the moment. Close behind in

fancy florals come orange/red and mauve pink. But I'll be considerate enough to leave the color choice up to you.

All this noble cat is dictating right now can be arranged very simply in several serious words: a floral shirt is a floral shirt and ever so shall be. And ever shall you be king whilst wearing one of same.

Fab-white collars and cuffs are still rating high, even with orals, as are tab-down collars and double French cuffs.

But whiter-than-white, all-white, total-whiteness white shirts of any shape size or registered brand name are very much headed for oblivion. It is not recommended, just now, to be seen in spark-

Stripes, which completely covered the shirt scene for so long, are finally winding their

Lord Henry says!

ling same amongst company you wish to keep. Even you best friends won't tell you.

Which reminds me . . . while I'm discussing cuff (which I suppose I wasn't really) the only accessory worth considering with your new paisleyed or bepatelise blouse is a set of matching floral cufflinks. Most floral shirts now have links to match in the same pattern and color.

Each of my country ge friends is most enthusiastic about these shirts and links. Perhaps they're not quite suitable for bounding the f — but they agree to a shirt that they're king (prince was the word they used) if business wear with contrain necktie, gas for goffs about with neckbutts opened wide, and great f syrating the groin at any or party.

Here's to a frugging gox week.

All clothes reviewed I Lord Henry may be obtain at his most excellent establishment, corner Exhibit and Little Bourke Sts., City

M.G.

Now let's get right down to business and find out what As you best.

If you don't possess a clean shirt, hate washing and frequently stay unshaven for days in a row, what you undoubtedly need is an EX-CUSE. This is provided very convincingly if you can equip yourself with that worthy example of all that was best before the car makers went all soft and mushy — an M.G. TC (of course).

If you are good at Meccano and enjoy cold showers in the winter, then you could probably start your rise in status for no more than one hundred smackerels or two hundred dollars, according to whether you read the papers or not.

It that figure you will get several benefits not available to the wealthy. You will gain valuable mechanical experience, you will learn to live on about £2 per week and you will never need to explain why you never seem to have clean clothes. You will also have a perfect way of discovering if your truly beloved appreciates you for your finer qualities or for your bank-ol. It will even give you an indisputable alibi if you are late arriving anywhere.

If you don't need all these advantages, you could pay a little more and settle for a TD, though this could be somewhat prejudicial to your status.

Assuming that you are unafraid, and are prepared to accept criticism from both TC owners and capitalist MGA mongers, you could even swap a figure of about 2000-4000 for a virile-again TF, which will give you many of the advantages of the TC and has all the goodies vital to your future, such as wire wheels and flap-lap mudguards.

Unfortunately the Sports car scene is complicated somewhat by the Holy Cuff attitude of the Finance Companies, so you may find that though you can afford to buy an MGA for £800, your £200 deposit won't find a home in a £350 TF. Very inconvenient, but you must resign yourself to the fact that the older the vehicle, the higher the percentage of the full price you are going to have to shell out, so let's see what you can expect to buy for about £100—£150 down. The obvious budget-priced boy-racer package is a bug-eyed Sprite, and these are plentiful and varied in price and condition. You could stretch from about £300 for a '58 model to about £500 for the same thing born four years later.

There was a time when being "in" meant peddling an "A" type, and notwithstanding ankle-length dress and stay-upright bent glass wind-break, countless TC, TD and TF owners have happily graduated to MGA's. Despite progress, the "A" type has always represented good sports car motoring without frills, and during the six years it stayed in production, very



Maurice Bramston

few weaknesses manifested themselves. Prices vary a lot, from about £400 for a vintage '56 model to over £900 for a less used '62 Mk 11, complete with TR wheels and East-West tail lights. They've probably all had their guts thrashed out of them, but they usually hang together well enough to conceal the fact until you've bought them. Resale value of an "A" type will be very good if you look after it, and memories of owning one are usually fond ones.

One day something happened at AMI and a brand new TR was wheeled out. Now, after eight years the TR3 was being replaced by the TR4. Result: Wind-up windows and lighter steering, but still basically the same rugged old donk in the same agricultural-type chassis. TR3 owners all swooned and rushed to the bank, and no doubt if they fit four head lights next year and call it a TR5, they'll do the same again. This is what happens to TR owners, so be warned.

Sprite

If your budget stretches out a little, or if you're too tired to lift a one-piece bonnet all on your own, then you may see a future in a Mk 11 Sprite, which could set you back about £700. It's a real cost providing you with a lockable beer-compartment up back. If you get burnt off by bug-eyed Sprites, and

don't have enough padding of your own, you could go a step further and get with a 11A model. The extra £100 or so gives you an extra 150 cc, a bit of padding and floor-floss, plus, to control all those extra horses, real live discs on the collision end.

Just to make the Sprite story complete, the BMC people would love to sell you their latest. Spritely thing, and for around £1100 you can have the full macey, with genuine wire feed, real chrome strip down the side and port-holes which go up and down instead of backwards and forwards. You will no doubt ask them for one good reason why you shouldn't spend your money on a Spitfire or a Honda, but more about that later.

T.R.2.

When Triumph threw their TR2 at the market back in 1954, they were tickled pink to discover that everybody wanted one. Ten years later the product was still much the same, some sort of a body slung on a massive frame with built-in shock-creators, steering like a truck and the built-in comfort of a Go-Kart. They developed more squeaks and ruder noises than a toilet-block, and you could never sneak your girlfriend home without waking up Pappy, but let's be fair. This still remains a ruggedly masculine machine, designed for people with hair on their chests, so if you have hair on your chest, powerful arms, lightning reflexes and great powers of endurance, and you want tons of go with no frills, you're a sucker for a TR.

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Healeys

Similar things have been said about Healeys and many a battle has been fought between the two camps over the years. There aren't too many really immaculate Healey 100's around, but if you happen to get your hands on

one, you'll still win 'em all, lover boy. If you can excuse a body that cracks open at the seams, a gearbox designed by Heath Robinson and a transmission tunnel which roasts you alive in the summer, you would have yourself a real honest to goodness sports car which looks and goes like a car 10 years younger.

The Healey 100-6 continued the tradition and there are a few finer sensations than hammering one of these rugged brutes along at full chat. You still have to dig deep to own a good one, and you'd be lucky to find a '58 model for much under £750 in good nick. The occasional 3000 and 3000 Mk 11 finds its way on the market and these are eagerly snapped up by One-uppers. I still recall with terror one night when I was riding side-car in a fully modded 3000 Mk11 around the Lake with the Tacho telling me that if we kept this sort of thing up, we'd be 135 miles away in an hour's time. By some miracle, when I climbed out from under the dashboard, I found I was still alive.

If you have a "Help stamp out Volkswagen" complex and have difficulty sorting out your thoughts on Porsche, out still fancy Teutonic motoring in style, then you can go berserk and sink your insurance policies into a super-gam Mercedes 190SL. For around two Grand you get a key ring with a three-pointed star on it, which is what the first 1500 of the price pays for. Not only does the 190 look fast when it's standing still, it will also get you credit at any service station and make you spend an hour a day grooming your appearance. Only one problem, you gay young blade, your cost of living will spiral sharply, as you won't be able to keep the throngs of panting high-fashion clothes-horses from posing in the lush leather nudist-art "backbay variety

Porsche

If you really want to be able to snigger at the long-haired types you can go the whole hog, set everything you own, borrow from the till and go Porsche. Driving a Porsche is a sure sign of having "arrived" and even if you do get burnt off by X2 Holdens at the lights you can smile contemptuously at the poor suck egg at the wheel, snug in the knowledge that

but what about all the other rag tops not so far mentioned. If you are in Sprite territory, out a wank window without going up to the price of a 11A you may wish to try a Spitfire. Performance and all the usual gear is about on a par with the Spitfire having a slight edge in most departments, but you will have to carry a set of spanners around if you're sensitive about rattles. Carriers are not so well known for their robustness, so their resale value is a bit below the Sprite. In fairness to the makers, the latest models are supposed to be greatly improved, so don't shy away from them.



P.T.O. for Healeys



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Mixtures, Terry Dean.
PLAYBOY
The Beavers.
STORYVILLE
Sonomatics, Tony Shepp, The Sound.
10th AVENUE
Guest Band.
THE MAD HATTER
Grown Up Wrong.
THE THUMPIN' TUM
The 5.
TIKI VILLAGE
Maori Tiki's Showband.
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5
BLACK & BLUE
Young Ones, City Rompers.
BOARDWALK
Guest Band.
CARTLEMAINE
Changing Times and local group.
CLAXTON
Billy Adams, Field Twins, Kingsmen, Shadades.
DANDENONG
Strikes Unlimited, The 5, Ken Wood, Denise Drysdale.
FAT BLACK PUSSYCAT
The Wild Cherries.
GI
Bay City Band.
GARRISON
"Disc".
HARLEN
New John Hawes Group, The Crickets, The Loved Ones.
JIVE JUNCTION
April Byron, Topcats, and 2 guest bands.
KEYBOARD
House Band.
MAD HATTER
Mixtures and Terry Dean.
MOD AT NENTONE CITY HALL
Tony Shepp, Dymond, Pink Pinks, Little Gulliver, Strangers, Sean O'Hara, King Bees, Myriads.
GOOD WORDS
Moods, Kinetics, Sonomatics, Mary Roban.
OPUS
Doug Dunn Quintet, Rondels, Bobby and Laurie, Mandrakes.
PENTHOUSE
Bobby Cain and Tremors, Castaways, Pat Carroll.
PINOCCHIOS
Mixtures and Terry Dean.
PLAYBOY
The Beavers.
POWERHOUSE
Guest Bands.
STORYVILLE
Outcasts, Tony Shepp and another band.
10th AVENUE
Guest Band.
THE THUMPIN' TUM
The Two-one.
TIKI VILLAGE
Maori Tiki's Showband.
TREND
Grown Up Wrong, Max Hamilton and Impact, Jonny Cooper, April Byron.

MONDAY, JANUARY 31
THE THUMPIN' TUM
The Moods.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 1
PINOCCHIOS
Cheroloes.
PLAYBOY
The Beavers.
10th AVENUE
Guest Band.
THE FAT BLACK PUSSYCAT
The Wild Cherries.
TIKI VILLAGE
Maori Tiki's Showband.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 2
FAT BLACK PUSSYCAT
The Wild Cherries.
GARRISON
"Disc".
PINOCCHIOS
Mixtures and Terry Dean.
PLAYBOY
The Beavers.
POWERHOUSE
Guest Bands.
STORYVILLE
Outcasts, Tony Shepp and another band.
10th AVENUE
Guest Band.
THE THUMPIN' TUM
The Two-one.
TIKI VILLAGE
Maori Tiki's Showband.
TREND
Grown Up Wrong, Max Hamilton and Impact, Jonny Cooper, April Byron.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 3
FAT BLACK PUSSYCAT
The Wild Cherries.
GARRISON
"Disc".
IMPULSE
New John Hawes Group, Changing Times.
PINOCCHIOS
Mixtures and Tony Shepp.
PLAYBOY
The Beavers.
10th AVENUE
Guest Band.
STORYVILLE
The Beavers.
THE THUMPIN' TUM
The 5.
TIKI VILLAGE
Maori Tiki's Showband.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 4
AL-GO-GO (Geelings)
Changing Times - another band.
PINOCCHIOS
Mixtures, Rowland Storm.
PLAYBOY
The Beavers.
POWERHOUSE
Guest Band.
10th AVENUE
Guest Bands.
THE THUMPIN' TUM
The 5.
TIKI VILLAGE
Maori Tiki's Showband.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 6
CARRIBBON GARDENS
Lynne Handell, Cheroloes, Tony Henry and Breakaways, The Changing Times, Kinetics.
FAT BLACK PUSSYCAT
Modern Jazz with The Brian Brown Group.
MAD HATTER
The Loved Ones.
OPUS
Bruce Rowland Quintet, Wild Colonialists, Go-Go Girls, Dianne Baillie.
PINOCCHIOS
Mixtures, Rowland Storm.
PLAYBOY
The Beavers.
POWERHOUSE
Guest Band.
10th AVENUE
Guest Bands.
THE THUMPIN' TUM
The 5.
TIKI VILLAGE
Maori Tiki's Showband.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 7
THE THUMPIN' TUM
The Moods.
TIKI VILLAGE
Maori Tiki's Showband.

GEORGIA
City Stompers, Billy Adams, Peter Brigen and Vikings.
LYNDALE TOP 40 DANCE
Castaways, Impacts, Ross Fisher.
PENTHOUSE
Grandy Dee, Cheroloes, Young Ones.

Go-Set meets Go-News

Last week an idea formed behind the scenes at Channel 0 before Christmas was put into action. The need for a news service covering topics of interest to an age group other than that reached by the normal news bulletins was painfully apparent, even if one gauged the need only by the numbers of enquiries and suggestions about one.

The two people chosen for the job by the brass at Channel 0 have those rather special qualities of personality and temperament which make them ideal for the job. They're Ollie Venskewics and Tim Skinnard, the producer and newsreader editor who make up the work force behind "GO-NEWS".

Ollie and Tim are already

chance to watch Ollie work. Whist Herman and the gang clowned acted and sang their way through all manner of hoops. Ollie followed via the camera and caught some fantastic shots of the Hermits' antics.

In the type of stunt I have come to expect of Ollie and Tim, and by the way, to make sure the public knew that this was a news service with a difference, they applied for Post Office Box 907 (shades of Bond etc.) for their Postal Address but after a solid week of verbal warfare with tin gods of Post Office officialdom, the request was turned down. Their address is now Box 7, Burwood, Vic.

Before TV Ollie and his father owned and operated a circuit of travelling motion



picture shows. Noticing the impact TV made on other movie attendees, Ollie and his dad leapt aboard this brand new bandwagon and have been there ever since. Channel 0 put Ollie on their news staff even before they went on the air, and since then, he's worked almost as a partner with Tim in most news work.

Tim came from Adelaide. He started with 'The News', an afternoon daily. Then to 3DN as a newsreader. He moved over to 'The News', television station, NWS-9, and then to ADS-7. Tim also managed several teenage dances before joining Channel 0.

Now that I've bored you with a detailed history of both parties, and plugged Channel 0 to hell and back I need only add, truthfully, that they're two terrific people providing a service teenagers have been screaming for since.

full-time newsmen with the Channel 0 news division. In his regular role, Ollie is cameraman and Tim a journalist-cum-interviewer.

A deadline was set for the first show for January 26th and with the best wishes of great father Mr. Len Maugher of Channel 0 and a well-formed idea of style and format for the show, Ollie and Tim exited.

News Editor Ian McFarling added his paternal blessing with only one BUT - "GO-NEWS" must not interfere with Tim's full-time role of Channel 0 news journalist. According to Ollie and Tim the aim of "GO-NEWS" is to show the news that just never makes the regular service.

The rider added by Ian McFarling probably means that much of the work will fall upon Ollie, an extremely likeable and capable guy. The shot of him below interviewing Tom Jones seems pretty

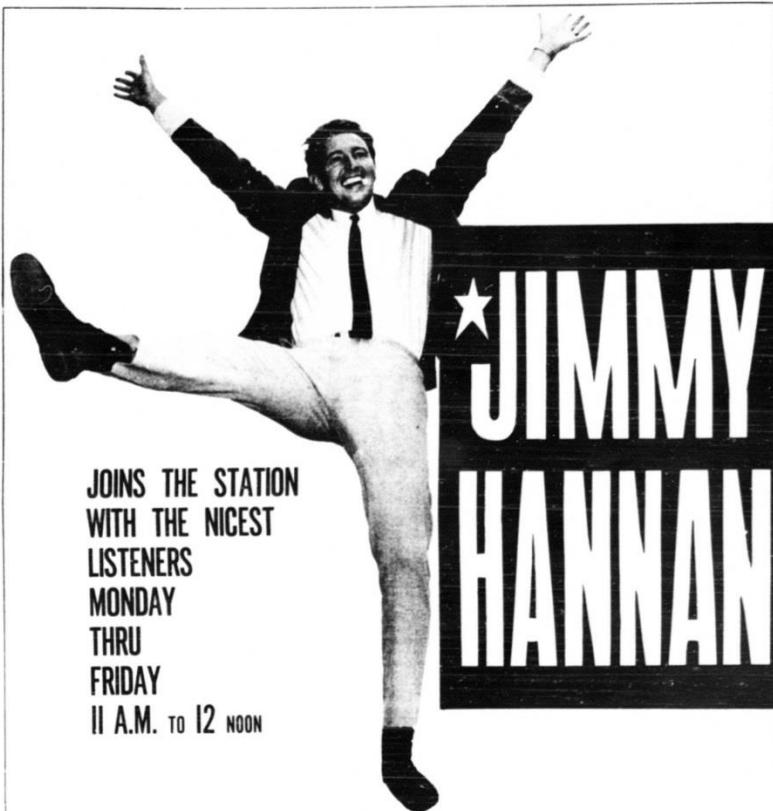
typical of him all-round. Relaxed, informal and easy to get on with but at the same time an apt and perceptive interviewer cameraman.

Tim on the other hand seems pretty much the news reader, if you know what I mean! Gives the impression that he's pondering ponderables when actually he's pondering improbables - I imagine him restraining the slightly more impulsive hand of Ollie, when it's restraint that's needed.

Since "GO-NEWS" will form a segment of National TV show "GO" it is important that the pop and other coverage be kept national, so "GO-NEWS" has cameramen and reporters in all States, backed by a fairly impressive list of interstate friends and contacts.

"GO-SET" was at the press reception for Tom Jones and Herman and the Hermits and it was there we got our first





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