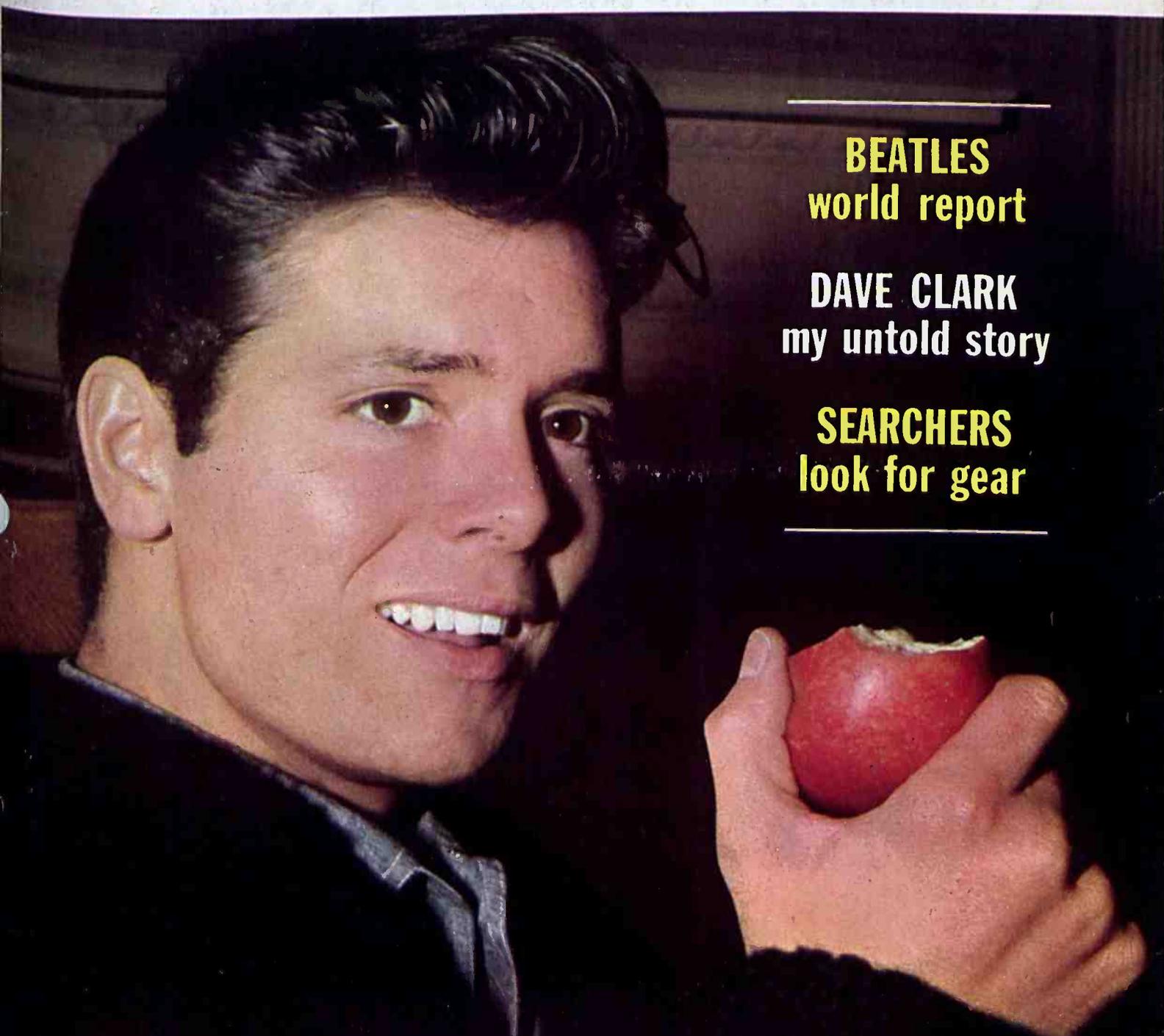


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MONTHLY
NO 2

P. P. 8003
Fig.

THE FRANK LOOK AT TODAY'S POP WORLD · 64 PAGES/14 IN COLOUR · 2s6



BEATLES
world report

DAVE CLARK
my untold story

SEARCHERS
look for gear

Cliff's new home / Stones Adam Susan Beatles Elvis Billy J / colour pull-outs



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rave No 2 MARCH 1964
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ROLLING STONES

BEATLES INTERNATIONAL



Sightseeing in Paris with shapely French film starlet Sophie Hardy

The world wants them... They're geer in any language BUT IS IT WORTH IT?

Twice round the world... more than fifty thousand miles... that's what the Beatles are committed to logging this year! That's what happens when half the world is screaming for you!

Fifty thousand miles of *strain* through long airplane journeys that can leave you tired and empty... fifty thousand miles of *tension*, having to prove yourself to foreign audiences.

Already this year, they've clocked up 8,000 miles—including their U.S. tour where they went all out to conquer a TV audience of 70 million and triumph in America's greatest concert halls, amid all the ballyhoo and frenzy of a shattering American welcome.

No wonder John Lennon confessed to me in the middle of it all: "Sure we feel the strain—but it's no good moaning."

How will the Beatles face up to these nerve-wracking pressures in Year Two of Beatlemania?

In the past 12 months, I have spent

asks Peter Ingrams

days on end with John, George, Ringo and Paul. I've marvelled how they've stood up to it all. They've still time for their old mates, but now they have to guard their privacy jealously.

I know some of their nearest friends are worried... worried when they hear some people whisper: "Remember Jet Harris? Remember Terry Dene? Remember how even the Springfields broke up because they got on each other's nerves?"

Worried when they heard George Harrison snap—during a particularly hectic press conference: "We're fed up with all the questions."

He didn't really mean it, of course. They all realise such things go with the job, that lack of privacy and the constant spotlight are trappings of international fame.

It's very natural that their friends worry. And very natural that the Beatles'

patience should occasionally snap under the strain...

Look what they've faced: in Britain, they broke all the chart records. Then came Sweden. And the conquest of France. Then the toughest yet—America. Each a massive hurdle which took its toll of mental and physical grit and concentration.

Playing before strange audiences... Meeting foreign VIPs and newsmen... Dashing from one place to another in all sorts of climates and conditions... And having to smile, smile, smile all the way.

But I know these boys. And I can tell you why the cynics are wrong when they sneer about failure. It is because John, Paul, George and Ringo are not just a bunch of professionals working together... it is because they have long been really close friends.

When the going gets tough, they can take refuge in their own togetherness, in their own Northern style of comedy, in



Rare moment in Paris... John, Paul, George and Ringo take a seat in a vintage Renault



H JGO HAA:
HANNOVER

••• their good old-fashioned Liverpoolian common-sense.

Their friendship has stood many tests. It should stand them in good stead during this year of international stardom.

And what a year it's going to be!

After their American trip, there's their **FILM** back here. That means some early nights—plus, mind you, getting up at 5 or 6 am every work-day.

Then they'll probably do some more **CONCERTS**.

In May, they'll undertake a **EUROPEAN TOUR** with a series of TV and radio dates all over the Continent including Holland, Germany and Belgium.

During the summer, they're lined up for their **WORLD TOUR**—a fortnight in Australia, then Israel with South Africa to follow. After that? Probably America again. And there's talk of a trip behind the Iron Curtain!

Across the world, their fans are getting ready to give the Beatles a really wonderful welcome.

From **AUSTRALIA**, club secretary Susette Belle reported to me: "Here, Beatle parties are all the craze! They go on into the night with the same few Beatles records that we've had over here spinning over and over again!

"We don't know yet at which airport the Beatles will be landing for their tour. But we're already organising a really great reception for them."

From **HOLLAND**, club secretary Har van Fulpen told me: "We are vowing

SWEDEN: they thought it funny to be greeted with flowers

HAMBURG: there were FIVE Beatles then, Pete Best, George, John, Paul and Stuart Sutcliffe, and nowhere near the tensions of today

that the Beatles will have a bigger following in Holland than they had even in Sweden and France."

From **GERMANY**, Axel Weiss reported: "When they come here, they will find very enthusiastic audiences. No mania, mind you—the German girls will not scream and collapse.

"But we think the Beatles are the best composers we have ever known. That is, not including Bach, Beethoven and Mozart!"

From **CANADA**, Trudy Medcalf—

disc-jockey on station **CHUM** in Ontario—told me: "Beatlemania is going full force here now! If the Beatles come to Canada, I'm afraid they might be torn apart!"

How do the Beatles cope with international fame?

I was with them on the night of that first unforgettable show in Paris. It seemed that every photographer in Western Europe wanted a picture—and was willing to lash out fists to get one.

Patience, the Beatles struggled to find



Picture from Robert Freeman's 'Beatles Ltd'

new answers to the same old questions from jostling French reporters.

Now it was quiet in their tiny dressing-room backstage at the Olympia. Out front, a diamond-and-mink audience of sophisticates were waiting to put them to the test.

When you're the biggest, you can't afford a slip. And the Beatles had that very much on their minds as they waited in that tiny room. Tiny? There was barely room to swing a bass guitar. Me, I got claustrophobia.

George Harrison fiddled incessantly with his guitar, checking and re-checking. "We're worried—they don't know us", he told me.

Ringo's fingers beat a nervous tattoo on the wall. John tried to crack a gag—but got stuck in mid-sentence.

Curtain up! But no screams from the sophisticates beyond the footlights. I saw a look of near-fear shadowing Paul's cherubic face . . .

Then disaster—three times over! The amplification failed again and again. On-stage, Ringo couldn't resist a shout of despair: "It's not us . . ." And after the show, George confessed to me: "I think we would have laid down and died when that happened."

Later—past midnight—back in their suite at the plush George V Hotel, I saw the boys look as they seldom look. Plain knocked out.

And as they lay exhausted on couches and chairs, they talked wistfully of the old days back in Germany.

Said Paul: "When we relaxed, we really relaxed. Nobody to bother us. Nothing to bother about. We hardly earned enough to buy our grub and ciggies, but we had a ball!

"Like the time John was photographed clinging to a TV aerial over the club, loaded down with good old German beer inside him!"

"Yes", said John, "it was great—just being a bunch of unknown Liverpoolians."

That's what the boys miss most of all—



PARIS: seclusion, but only during luxurious hotel meals

being free. Free to have a natter about music or religion or clothes without finding their views splashed in the papers the next day.

Free to go out with a girl without a photographer snatching pictures which will start the rumours flying—as happened when Paul went dancing with his friend, Jane Asher.

Free to pop round the corner for a meal. Why, even in a hugely-expensive restaurant in Paris, the Beatles found their 3 am supper interrupted by requests for autographs from beautifully-dressed women. It was often easier to eat in their hotel suite.

Free to enjoy the occasional coke-and-sandwich. For although the Beatles can afford the best abroad, they can rarely enjoy it.

Paul told me: "I really have lost a lot of weight. I used to be 11 stone 4 lbs.—but in six months, 10 lbs. have gone. It's fantastic how I look so fat-faced on TV."

Cracked George: "I think I weighed more when I was born than I do now." And while they coped with all this,

John and Paul had to fulfil a heavy song-writing schedule:

- A new number for their next single.
- Half-a-dozen songs for their upcoming film.
- A new number for Tommy Quickly.
- A song tailored to suit Billy J.
- A follow-up to the current Cilla Black success.

This had to be fitted into their Paris trip. So the boys had a piano moved into their suite—John finds he can compose faster on a piano. Normally, he and Paul compose on guitars.

Their recording manager, George Martin of EMI Records, moved in to help. So great was the urgency that the boys ended up recording the new material in the Pathe-Marconi studios just before they left France.

A typical day in Paris had the boys getting up around 3 pm—and that was only under protest. "We could sleep for 48 hours", said Ringo. Then picture sessions for pressmen. Then interviews.

They went for a walk along the tree-

Backstage at rave

Thank you. The day after **rave** hit the bookstalls your letters began to arrive. Next morning there was a flood of mail, so we soon knew what you thought about us. I've been burning the midnight oil all month reading every letter. It was most rewarding.

We're grateful you liked our fresh approach to the pop world—the frank articles, the host of new facts, the dramatic pictures. One reader called it the "exclusiveness of rave". This is what we will concentrate

on. For instance, this issue sees the first colour pictures taken at Cliff Richard's new Essex home (our cover and pages 30-31).

Another notable capture is Norman Parkinson, one of the world's greatest photographers. The globe's most glamorous models have all come before his camera. So have royalty, politicians and statesmen.

But 1964's exciting music has overtaken him. Now he has turned his lens towards today's leading artists.

You see his results with Billy J. Kramer on page 18 and Cliff Richard on page 44.

We were particularly pleased so many of you liked the first of Alan Freeman's heart-to-heart series. He's back on page 13 with some revealing facts after a searching talk with Dave Clark.

We've much more, too. Read on. And let me know what you think about **rave** No. 2.

Don Wedge, Editor.

lined boulevards near their hotel through the Pigalle district. Down in Montmartre they met actress Sophie Hardy. Again, more pictures.

Throughout their stay, they grinned and smiled to order. But sometimes the smiles faded for a moment and the tiredness showed through.

Stories of unpunctuality got about. "Paris-Match", France's high-class glossy magazine, complained. A picture-word session was delayed simply because the boys were so tired.

The Beatles genuinely tried to be helpful but the demands were enormous.

Slowly Paris fell to the Beatles. The teenagers—boys mostly—warmed to them. Queues grew. Interest rose. And finally France fell to the British invaders.

The enthusiasm and loyalty of their following helps the Beatles enormously to give—night after night—what their international audiences expect from them.

Before they hit the USA, the ballyhoo there was terrific. Radio networks ran Beatles Clubs for weeks—and enrolled at the rate of thousands a day. Beatle wigs were snapped up at £2 each.

Their records roared into the American charts, winning two gold discs. The telephone girls at the giant Capitol Records HQ answered every call with: "Capitol—home of the Beatles".

Understandably, the Beatles showed concern as they flew the 3,000 miles from London to New York. On the plane, I heard Ringo anxiously asking U.S. recording tycoon Phil Spector: "Do you think our records are a patch on the American stuff?"

Their welcome in New York was re-assuring—but exhausting.

■ Dozens of cars chased the Beatles' motorcade—one Cadillac per Beatle—from the airport to the hotel.

■ Burly policemen—assigned to guard them—flinched as struggling girls screamed their adoration at the hotel entrance.

■ Inside, dozens of reporters and photographers crowded round the Beatles as they conducted a wise-cracking press conference.

■ In their hotel rooms, the phones never stopped ringing as recording executives, disc-jockeys and fans came on to welcome them.

■ When John and his wife Cynthia sneaked out to look around New York ("I can't stay in this madhouse," said John), their car was mobbed at traffic



NEW YORK—batteries of mikes at the airport indicate the fantast

lights by yelling girls climbing on the bonnet.

When a moment of rest did come, *wallop!* George was hit by a sore throat and a high temperature and was ordered to bed for a couple of days. Even in bed, George found himself running a Beatles disc show by phone for a local radio station!

But soon George was okay and fierce relentless rehearsals began for their Ed Sullivan TV show. A "best-wishes" wire from Elvis helped calm pre-show nerves.

Came the show—and coast-to-coast success! In the studio, as the audience went into ecstasy, Ed Sullivan (who had worn a Beatles wig) declared: "I don't know of any act on my show which has created this excitement."

And even Frank Sinatra—who had forecast that the boys would "die" in New York—had to admit he was wrong.

Sinatra's own heyday as the first of the hysteria-attracting pop idols, was twenty-five years ago. When teenagers and parents of today's Beatlemaniacs were called bobbysoxers!

But even though he originated a pop music era, Sinatra's own reception and following in those days was nothing like



reception to come. Below, far quieter moments as they discuss the TV show with Ed Sullivan



the Beatles experienced during their hectic 11 days in America.

If New York's Plaza Hotel, usually a staid and formal place, breathed a sigh of relief when the Beatles moved out, think of the way Phil Spector almost landed himself in trouble with the Beatles accommodation problems.

Spector first met George Harrison at a party during his two-week London stay and invited the Beatle entourage to use his luxurious £100-a-week New York flat.

George declined—because they had already reserved accommodation at the Plaza. "Perhaps we can see something of each other, then", suggested Spector.

Phil explained to me later: "When I left New York, there was plenty of Beatle interest. But there were stories on page 36 of the papers, rather than front-page headlines as some of the cabled reports had suggested.

"When we flew in—wow! I could hardly believe my eyes. In the short time I'd been away, Beatlemania had swamped America like nothing else.

"I hate to think what my neighbours would have thought of a hefty police guard all round the apartment building—perhaps handing out special passes to

genuine keyholders! I'm glad the Plaza had all that and not me!"

Spector's hope to see something of the Beatles was in vain. He found the hotel switchboard refusing to put him through to their suite. Even Presley's manager, Col. Tom Parker, who telephoned with his good wishes found he couldn't get through!

But by now there were calls coming in from all over the world—most of them for manager Brian Epstein. More people wanting them overseas.

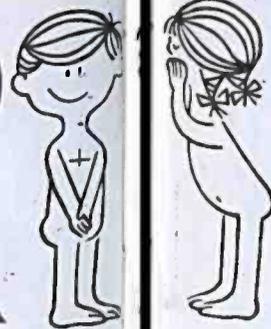
Still, amid all the ballyhoo and the strain, the Beatles are very proud of one thing: they've only missed one show.

That was in Portsmouth when Paul went sick with flu. His illness was headlined across Britain, the Continent—even America.

But the boys were back at work the next day. And they made sure they returned to Portsmouth on the first available date afterwards so as not to let down the fans.

Real troupers, that's what the Beatles are. And never forget that they're surrounded by loyal friends, led by their manager Brian Epstein. Plus all the millions of people across the world who say: "The Beatles? They're the greatest!"

STAR BEAT



REPORTING ON CLIFF, FREDDIE, MANFRED MANN, STONES, JOHN LENNON, MARK, RICK NELSON, GERRY, CRYSTALS

WHICH BBC disc-jockey series has never played a Beatles record? The distinction goes to Jack Jackson's Saturday afternoon "Record Roundabout".

Why should Jackson—nick-named the daddy of Britain's d-ajs—boycott the Beatles?

Even though he has now retired to Tenerife in the Canaries where he writes and tapes the comedy segments, he is not cut off from Beatles newspaper coverage.

I spoke to BBC's Jack Dabbs, the man responsible for producing the programme. "The Beatles aren't in 'Record Roundabout' because I don't like them," he explained. "I don't think they can sing."

He went on: "Jackson is mainly concerned with comedy. He schedules some records himself. On other occasions he leaves gaps in the script and asks me to slip in discs to fit with the format."

Of course, the programme's listening figure of more than six million shows that a lack of Beatles does not affect its audience. It is, in fact, increasing.

But is it right that Dabbs should ignore the singing sensations of the sixties? How can Jackson hope to present a properly-balanced programme when such an obvious omis-

sion is made week after week? Make no mistake. I'm not campaigning to get the Beatles on the programme. I am protesting at the principle which keeps them off.

CLIFF RICHARD used to have an acting ambition. He wanted to model himself on Marlon Brando.

His chance to emulate Brando hasn't yet materialised. Frankly, I don't think it will. But have Cliff's views changed, I wondered? His answer to my question was frank.

"I still admire Brando," he said, "But I know how futile it would be to copy him. There's only one Marlon."

"Since I have been making films, I have come to realise how difficult it is to establish your own personality. Let alone try to copy someone else."

What will happen to Phil Spector when his sound wanes? LaLa Brooks, lead singer with the Crystals gave me some indication. "We'll go back to singing four part harmony, something like the Maguire Sisters."

"It may not be hit stuff, but I know it will go down well

in nightclubs like the Copacabana. We're having hit after hit with Phil, but then we're being typed with one sound all the time."

MANFRED MANN and I were introduced at a star-packed show business party. "Don't write about me and not the rest of the boys", he pleaded. "I am not too keen to be known personally."

It makes you wonder why the group is known by his name. But he's got his reasons, I suppose.

"We work as a co-operative", he explained. "We work together and share our money equally."

AR-TV wrote to the group's manager asking for Manfred to write theme tunes for two plays. "We ALL sat down and worked on them", he told me.

THERE'S more than one brand of Mersey sound aimed at the American charts. The Beatles sweep the board, of course, with their own particular chart-topping sound.

But CBS Records have appointed a talented young musician to a key a-and-r job in New York. His name: Bob Mersey. Among the artists going into the studios to get the (Bob) Mersey sound are Andy Williams and Dion DiMucci.



FREDDIE GARRITY had a little trouble passing his driving test. Three times he failed—and he got his coveted pink pass only when he changed his mode of transport.

"I was running around in a beat-up old van with bad steering", the diminutive gagger told me. "Eventually, after being failed three times, I reckoned the old crate had something to do with it."

"I persuaded a friend to lend me his car, which was in much better condition. But I only got in about thirty minutes' driving time before I took test No. 4. Luck was on my side, though."

On the subject of cars, what about the trouble Mark Wynter is having with his sleek Austin Healey Sprite? "It seems jinxed", he told me.

"I've spent £45 on repairs after vandals twice gouged the metalwork. And now I've discovered mechanical defects, too. I was driving down the M.1 in a blinding blizzard when the clutch failed. It was a frightening experience."

Three stars of TV's "Bonanza" series have won headlines because of their refusal to appear before a segregated audience.

Mike Landon, Dan Blocker and Lorne Greene were due to appear on stage at a Mississippi theatre. But they walked out when they learned that white and coloured ticket-buyers were being split up.

TWO major record companies are planning policy changes to take effect now.

EMI want to push their American releases. These have suffered badly since the group scene began. They are also launching an all-out drive on r-and-b, and Manfred Mann's "5-4-3-2-1" chart success has encouraged them.

Over at Decca, I gather there may be a re-shuffle in the firm's nerve centre—to further strengthen the artists' recording department. Decca is having a great deal more

success than EMI with its U.S. records here, but they would like to get a lot more British talent in the charts.

The Liverpool sound has meant little to Decca's finances. EMI, with the Beatles, Billy J., Cilla Black, Gerry and the Fourmost have this boom fairly tied up.

In one week recently, the Top 30 showed EMI with a total of thirteen entries—only one of them American. Decca had twelve, of which seven were British.

EDD BYRNES says that he wants to be known as Edward Byrnes from now on. "I'm a big guy now. I'm married. Edd sounds too juvenile", he explained.

JOHN LENNON is becoming more and more interested in recording techniques. How long will it be before the Beatles are cutting their own records?



AMERICAN presidents have done it for years. So has de Gaulle. And the astronauts. What? Had their press conferences televised. AR-TV staged one of top d-j Alan Freeman's "They Sold A Million" shows during Decca's press party for the Ronettes. rave editor, Don Wedge (above left) was among the journalists questioning them. "Pleasantest day's work of the week", was all he'd say when he got back. I agree. They're dishes.

JIMMY SAVILE has a wily way of beating stage nerves before a show. "I always keep some tinned prawns in the dressing room", he told me. "They're great when you lose your appetite through nerves".

RICK NELSON will earn more than £1,000 a week over the next five years under a new contract with an American TV company. He splits more than £1,000,000 with his brother David and mother and father, Ozzie and Harriet.

THE Eurovision Song Contest is fast losing support. Sweden is not participating at all this year and looks to be out for good.

Denmark, 1963 winner and hosts to this year's competition in Copenhagen on March 21, has said that after this year it is withdrawing from festivals of this kind.

GERRY and the Pacer-makers, the Merseybeats, the Beatles. They are losing fans daily . . . in Liverpool, their home town. Their pre-

viously loyal followers claim they have now sold out to fame and fortune and forgotten their fans. They say they never see Gerry, George, Paul, John, Tony and the rest any more.

Gerry Marsden gives the other side of the picture. "This sort of thing is inevitable", he told me. "We haven't been back home to play for a while, it's true, but it's not because we don't want to. We owe all our fans and friends in Liverpool too much to forget them altogether."

"But unfortunately, we can't just pick and choose where we can perform. I only wish it were that easy."

Tony Crane, of the Merseybeats, added: "A lot of these complaints are unreasonable. We couldn't stay in Liverpool forever. But we always jump at the chance of playing home territory when we can."

Tony Barrow, Brian Epstein's publicist told me: "A lot of it is just jealousy. The fans look upon these groups as their own personal property. But a lot of this

Big John Wayne had a problem getting Maureen O'Hara to play in wet and mucky scenes at sub-zero temperatures during the making of "McLintock".

"Eventually I hit on an idea," he said. "To get her to descend a ramp into some ice-cold mud, I whispered: 'Only an Irish girl could do it!' And whoosh—you should see her go!"



Two three-hour sessions in a tiny recording studio in London's Denmark Street . . . fifty unsuccessful takes. Finally, with a dozen empty coffee cups and countless fruit pie wrappers littering the floor, the Rolling Stones completed "Not Fade Away".

At the first session the Stones worked by themselves. But something wasn't right. At the second session Phil Spector played maracas and Gene Pitney took over the piano. This time they got it right.



WHACKED BUT JEANS WILL SOON BE SWINGING!

The Swinging Blue Jeans ought to change their name. SLEEPING Blue Jeans would be more appropriate! Why? Well, when I saw them the other Sunday cutting sides for LP and single releases, they'd hardly enough energy left . . . even to *stay*.

They were facing the session after only a snatched sleep! Forced on them because they'd been working nearly all the previous night.

It was recording manager Wally Ridley who spurred them into life. "Okay, boys, the balance is fine now. Let's get to work", he said, from the glass-fronted control room.

Lead guitarist Ralph Ellis tried a few

chords, one or two runs up his fretboard. The deep brown tone of Les Braid's bass hummed. Norman Kuhlke crashed out a staccato drum roll. A couple of run throughs, and the groups' lethargy began to wear off.

Take one: the red light blinked on. Ray shouted into the microphone. Then his voice was lost in the deluge of pulsating rhythm as the other three thumped out a pounding backing.

Take two: Ray forgot his words in the third verse.

Take three: still not right.

Take four: no mistakes. "Long Tall Sally" was in the can. After a quick run through the boys had an instrumental by Les, "Wastin' Time", on tape too. Then the yawns start again, and off they went to spend Sunday afternoon in bed!

TONY WYNTER

LES BRAID

RALPH ELLIS

NORMAN KUHLMKE

RAY ENNIS



ALAN FREEMAN

HEART-TO-HEART WITH THE FAMOUS

CONTINUING **rave's** SEARCHING NEW
SERIES BY BRITAIN'S 'MR POP PICKER'

SELF-MADE DAVE CLARK

Ever stopped to think, pop-pickers, about this incredible, marvellous, crazy thing that's happening to show business today? I got to pondering about it when I was choosing a star for a heart-to-heart this month for you . . .

Once, the biggest thrill a performer could know was, after years of striving, to have an audience raise the roof for him—to pour a tidal wave of adoration across the footlights at him.

An old-timer in show business put it this way: "Alan, it's like basking in a great warm glow—a glow of love."

Then he added thoughtfully, "But now there's something more. This new thing . . ."



—instant success. Being Mr Nobody on Monday, then having half the country at your feet by Friday.

"Us old-timers, we might have worked the theatres for years before anyone recognised us in the street. Why, even Marilyn Monroe had to make several films before she hit the big time.

"Today . . . people like you, Alan, have changed all that with the radio and TV."

I had to tell him he was wrong . . . well, half-wrong.

It's *you* who make the hits. It's *you* who can tell, almost in a flash, which disc has that Big Wonderful Something and which is—well, just another disc.

And it's *you* who can turn today's Mr Nobody into tomorrow's Mr Front-Page News . . . news that *everyone*—from your maiden aunt Emily to the Prime Minister—is talking about.

Now here's another thought. Suppose it happened to you? Suppose, suddenly, everyone was talking about you, wanting to see you, hear you, touch you . . .

How would you feel?

I poured two cups of coffee as Dave Clark relaxed contentedly into the deep cushions of the settee facing me. He was looking really sharp—all 6 ft. of him—in a blue mohair suit and a gleaming white polo-neck sweater.

Then I said: "Do you remember what I said to you, Dave, after I'd spun 'Glad' for the first time?"

Dave laughed. "We met in the 'Lucky

Stars' studio just before it was released and you congratulated me on it."

"Yes", I said, "and you pulled a face down to your boots and told me you thought it wouldn't set the charts on fire. Right?"

"Right!" Dave admitted. "But can you blame me? When we cut this record, I decided to make 'Glad' the A side. I thought it was the better tune. That bump-bomp, you know.

"But everyone told me I was mad! The boys and I argued about it. Then we took the record to the dance hall at Basildon where we were working.

"You know what? All the kids there went for the B side!

"But I stuck to my decision—because I still reckoned the stomp rhythm was great to dance to."

How right Dave's judgment was has been proved in hundreds of dance halls.

~~~~~

I asked Dave how it all began.

"Well, Alan, it was all sort of an accident. I'd been going to a gymnasium in Tottenham with a bunch of pals and about four or five years ago, the gym's football team had an invitation to play in Holland. The problem was the cash.

"So we thought we'd run some dances. But what about a band? That's how we came to start a group.

"I only tried my hand at the drums because no-one else could play! I bought my first set for £10—from a Salvation Army bass drummer!

"Anyway, we ran two or three dances and raised £200. That sort of encouraged us although we must have sounded atrocious! We went on in fits and starts, sometimes getting fed up with the life—until a couple of years later when we took the plunge and decided to try to work on a semi-professional basis.

"We went on one-nighters for six months, then tried for a residency at a Mecca ballroom. We got the job but it was all hard graft."

I poured Dave another coffee while he sat silent, no doubt remembering those early days. "How did you come to get into the disc business?" I asked.

"We made some demonstration discs for other people", he recalled. "But the sound seemed terribly messy to us. So we set about working to get it right.

"Eventually we felt we were experienced enough to begin as recording artists in our own right.

"The first record we made, 'First Love', was paid for by a music publisher. The second, 'That's What I Said', we paid for ourselves. Both were sold to Pye. We had big hopes and thought they were both dead certs for the charts."

Dave was standing by the window of my flat, looking out into the night.

"What happened, Dave?" I asked.

The room was so quiet I could hear my

watch ticking. Then Dave turned to me.

"They flopped—boy, did they flop! The second disc got just four plays on Radio Luxembourg.

"We sure came down to earth with a bang."

That's the way show business is, Pop-pickers . . . The hours of hard work in the studio, the days of waiting after the disc's release, the fading hopes . . .

It takes a lot of determination to carry on, to go on feeling you've got something worthwhile to offer. I knew Dave has that kind of determination so I let him pick up the story in his own time.

"You know, after our first two discs flopped, we thought a change of record company might mean a change of luck. So we went to EMI and began recording again in earnest. We made 'Mulberry Bush'.

"And that flopped, too. . . .

"But this time, we profited. It taught us a lesson. On this disc, we back-tracked a very deep voice. Actually, it was a taped voice, slowed-up to get the deep effect.

"Of course, when we did the number on stage, we found we couldn't reproduce this deep voice. I should have learned before, actually. On our first record, we double-tracked the bass player on harmonica—and that couldn't be done on stage, either.

"From that moment on, I vowed that the Dave Clark Five would never record a number which couldn't be done exactly the same way on stage."

"Dave, talking about studio work", I said, "how do you go about a session?"

"Well, Alan, we don't work the way many artists work. For one thing, we cut our own records. It costs us about £100—although it needn't cost every group that much—but we feel it's money well spent. It means we own that record and get about three times the normal royalty.

"For another thing, we do our sessions the hard way. We don't work out the record in advance—and we don't keep to a time limit in the studios even if it takes us five hours.

"If you get a drummer or a guitarist who's flashy and wants to be on top and the bass player wants to be on top, too—then the whole thing becomes a mess. But us, we all swing together."

~~~~~

Dave's got a lot of strength of character—what say you, pop-pickers? I asked him when he first got interested in show business.

He laughed. "Guess you could say it started when I was three-and-a-half! I began going in for talent contests."

"What did you do?"

Dave rocked with laughter. "I sang 'You Are My Sunshine'—it must have been murder!"

"Did you ever think of becoming a singer?"

Dave was firm. "No, definitely not. I sing in tune and I'm all right when my

voice is hidden in a group—but I'm by no means note-perfect."

The percolator was perking and while I poured out fresh coffee, Dave strolled about the room.

"Alan, you've got a great flat—a ton of space! I'm still living with my Mum and Dad and my brother.

"They're great, my folks", Dave grinned. "We used to get back from jobs in the early hours.

"We'd wake all the neighbours up when we carried our equipment upstairs. But Mum and Dad always defended me.

The clock-barometer on my mantel-piece chimed the hour. It was getting late and neither of us had had a meal.

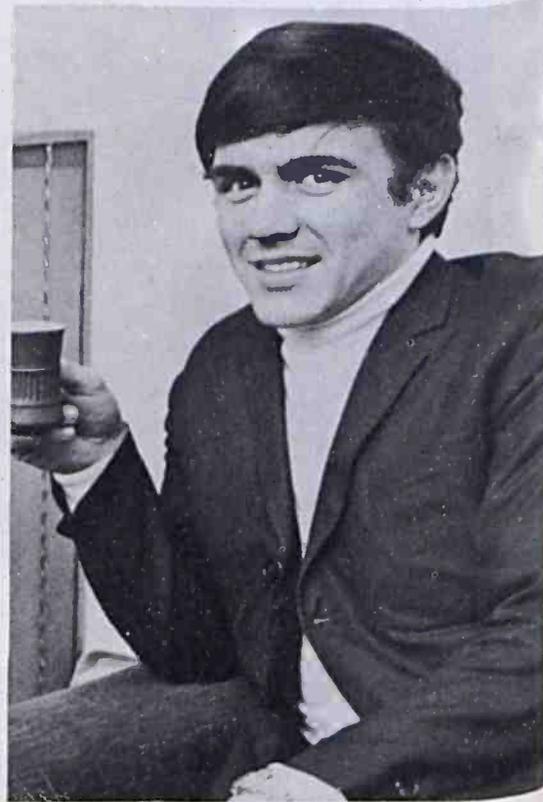
"These days, I barely get time to eat!" Dave told me in my Mini as we headed for London's famous Lotus House restaurant just down the road from my flat for a good old-fashioned Chinese tuck-in. . . .

So that's the Dave Clark story, a story with a happy ending and a pretty accidental beginning.

Just think, if someone somewhere hadn't invited a Tottenham club's football team to Holland the D.C.5 story might have been very different.

Well, pop-pickers, let's make a date for my heart-to-heart in rave next month—all right? Right! Stay bright!

Dave and I could laugh now as we thought back to the time I first heard "Glad". I asked "Do you remember how you pulled a face and said it wouldn't set the charts on fire?"



PICTURES BY RICHARD ROSSER

Take your pick — anything you like—we said . . . And boy, did they go to town

SEARCHERS ARE THE SLICKEST!



They are one of the slickest looking groups on the beat scene. "Needles And Pins" clinched their position among the greats of the beat-age. And their clothes have the same sort of polish as their Merseyside sound.

On stage, they wear smart un-gimmicky suits. Three buttons down the front, slim trousers, white shirts, dark ties and Cuban heeled boots with seams down the middle.

But the Searchers like casual wear, too. In one of John Stephen's shops in Carnaby Street—London's top gear market—rave gave them the chance to be themselves and choose what they like for off-stage wear.

The boys caused quite a stir. One quiet City gent who happened to be in the shop at the same time as the group got the brunt of their skylarking. He lost his shoes (drummer Chris Curtis "borrowed" them) and then all the boys turned advisers.

They tried their best to put him off buying a conventional suit. He took it all in good part, but will vouch that as "themselves" this Liverpool foursome can be as entertaining off-stage as on.

They also took Jenny Moss along for the trip—she plays Lucille in "Coronation Street". She weighed in with some advice.

KEITH WRIGHT



TONY JACKSON—"Anthony for short", he says—is 22 years old and weighs 11 stone. He fancied an all-black outfit and took some black lightweight cotton trousers and covered his stocky top half with a polo-necked jerkin in black leather.

He liked it. It was kinky, he said, and he rated himself as a sort of ton-up Kildare. Tony, lead singer and bass guitarist with the group, has a preference for black and blue, dark suits and, of course, leather clothing. In fact, when he arrived for his rave date he was wearing a wine-coloured jacket, a knitted tie and black trousers. Very smart, too.

Tony's black leather pullover costs £12 12s. The matching black poplin trousers are £2 9s. 6d.

MIKE PENDER is the quiet one of the group. He is, at 21, lead guitarist and vocalist with the Searchers, but claims that as a boy all he wanted to do was play football for Everton.

It took Mike a long, soul-searching time in the shop to settle on the collarless grey suede jacket with tab cuffs. To set this off he chose a white shirt with a button-down collar and a dark knitted tie.

This silver grey suede jacket with tab cuffs (other colours: black, green and brown) cost £13 13s. with a white shirt with button-down collar and a knitted tie. The white shirt is £2 19s. 6d. and the knitted tie 9s. 6d.

CHRIS CURTIS says he prefers rags. He's the real joker of the pack. He rolled up in a leather black shortie coat over . . . well, rags.

Pressed to change his clothing for something in the shop this popular drummer-vocalist went for a sort of Wild West kit. He chose a bright red waistcoat with plenty of pockets and saddle stitching over a grey denim shirt tucked into hipster trousers in diced cord black.

Chris, 21, also likes suits, but given the choice would rather live in casual clothes.

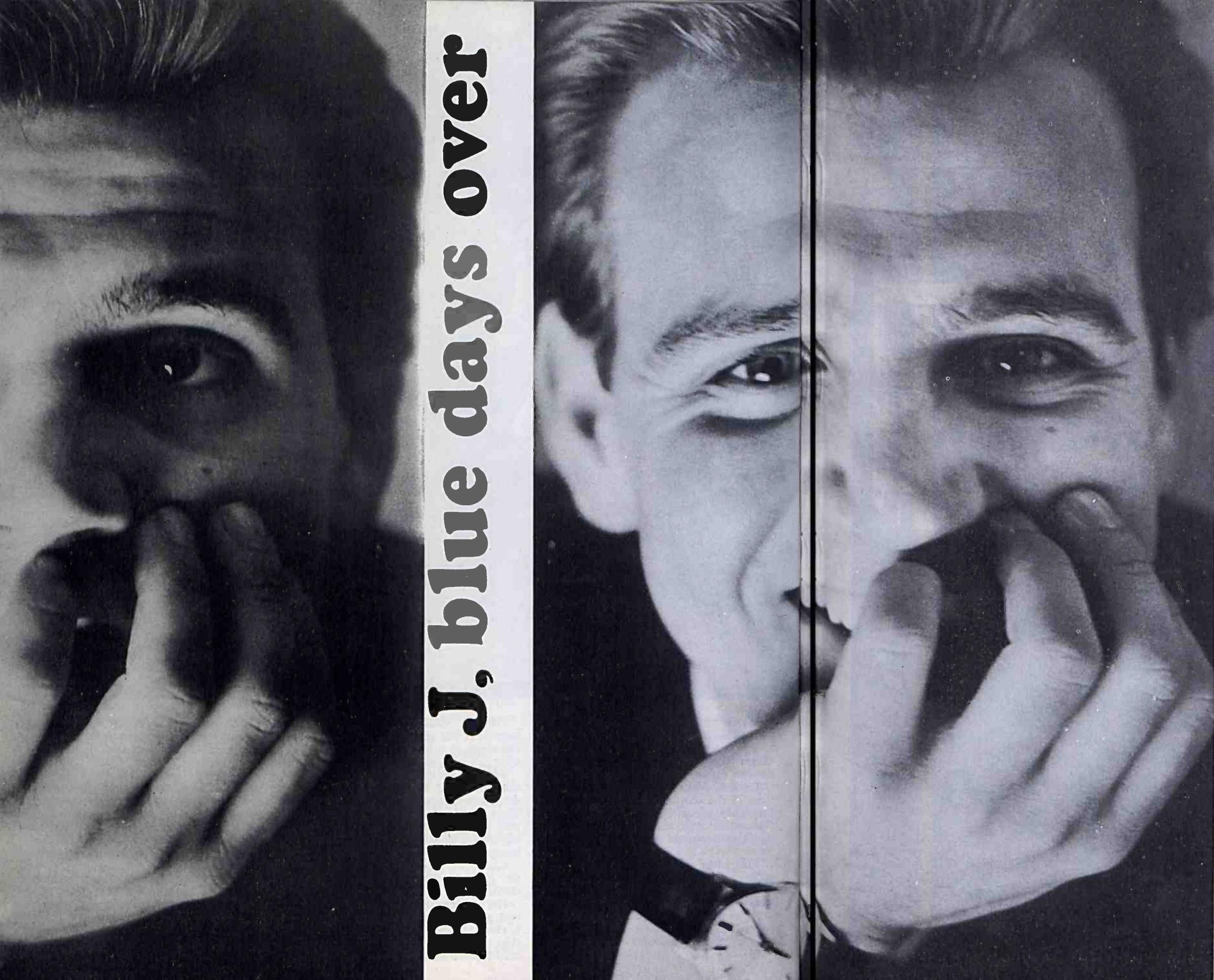
He thought this red leather waistcoat great. There are two dozen colours to choose from—at £7 7s. His grey denim shirt cost £2 19s. 6d. and black diamond cord hipster slacks £3 19s. 6d.

JOHN McNALLY, 21, sings and plays rhythm guitar. His taste is comfortable rather than way-out. He thought Tony Jackson looked "daft" in his leather jerkin, and said so.

He spent a furtive hour in the darkest corner of the shop and shyly emerged sporting a knitted crew-neck sweater and a pair of grey tweed trousers.

His favourite colour is grey and he likes smart suits and smart shirts as well, he says.

The conventional crew-necked sweater in navy blue worn by John cost £2 9s. 6d. and the black and white tweed slacks £4 19s. 6d.



Billy J. blue days over

He couldn't know—never ever dreamed—of the wonderful days that were to come so soon

Concluding the Billy J. Kramer story, written by Dick Tatham

The superintendent stared hard at Billy J. "So you want to throw up the chance of good pay and 100 per cent security for—this—this wild gamble?"

There was a terrible silence in the office. Outside, metal cranked in the railway workshops that Billy was about to leave for ever.

Billy swallowed hard—then he spoke quietly but firmly. "Yes—someone in show business has agreed to manage me . . . and my folks have said I should do it."

It seems hard to realise that Billy J. only came into show business little more than a year ago—on January 7, 1963, to be precise.

From a £5 12s.-a-week job as a British Railways indentured apprentice in January . . . to top-of-the-bill on ATV's Palladium show in October! There can be few show business stories to beat *that!*

But then back on that bitterly cold January day last year when he handed in his notice to the superintendent, Billy couldn't know—never ever dreamed—of the wonderful days that lay ahead.

As if I'd let off a bomb

True, Brian Epstein—Liverpool's King-maker—had agreed to manage him. But as he faced the superintendent, Billy wasn't thinking about success. . . .

He told me: "The superintendent couldn't have been more surprised if I'd let off a bomb in his office.

"Me—I wasn't feeling all that marvellous. At a time like that, you don't think about all the people who have made a fortune in showbiz.

"You worry about the thousands of others who have tried to climb the ladder and come flopping back to earth."

From the blue days to the golden days. . . . From being no-one to finding yourself caught up and carried along in a breathtaking, incredible burst of fame. . . .

That's the way it was with Billy in the early months of 1963, when his first disc went like a space rocket to the very peak of the charts—and when it was also plain that this was just the start of a marvellous success story.

"The fact that fame had come my way took quite a time to sink in. And as it did, my mind became a whirl of wonderful, wonderful feelings.

"Of course, you get a kick out of going into a clothes shop and ordering whatever takes your fancy.

"Of course, it's great travelling all over the country and getting well paid for doing work which is also a pleasure.

"Sure there's a thrill in staying at lush hotels, eating in ritzy restaurants and being invited here, there and everywhere. I'm not denying it.

"But there were two feelings in my mind far more important than these.

"One came from realising what it meant to have folks rooting

BONDOR

BY KAYSER BONDOR

LINGERIE

PUTS
YOU
IN THE
FASHION
PICTURE



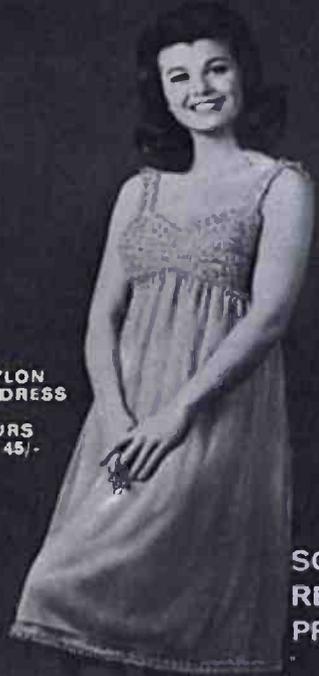
BRI-NYLON
SLIP IN
6 COLOURS
FROM 26/11

SO
YOUNG...



BRI-NYLON
HALF SLIP IN
6 COLOURS
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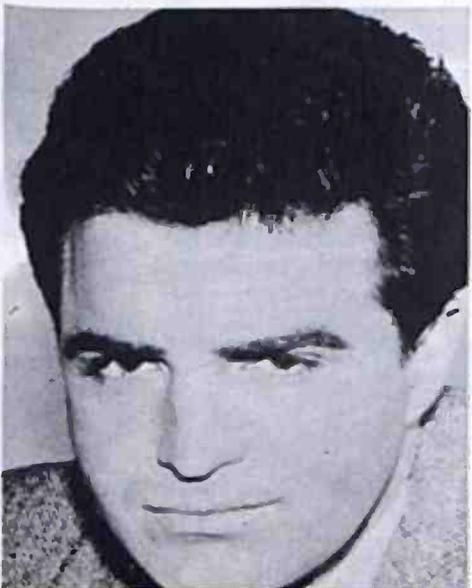
BRI-NYLON
NIGHTDRESS
IN 5
COLOURS
FROM 45/-

SO
REASONABLY
PRICED...

SLIPS FROM 19/11 · HALF SLIPS FROM 12/11 · NIGHTDRESSES FROM 21/-



THEY'D BE HARD PUSHED TO EVEN DIAGNOSE A COLD!



■ How true-to-life are TV's make-believe doctors? Does Dr Kildare really know a scalpel from a screwdriver? Can Dr Casey even stand the sight of blood? *rave's* Hollywood reporter Bob Heyman put Kildare (Richard Chamberlain) and Casey (Vince Edwards) through a thorough check-up. But first, a glance at their case histories . . .

RICHARD CHAMBERLAIN

29, was born in Beverly Hills on Hollywood's doorstep and went to Pomona College whose "old boys" include Robert Taylor and Joel McCrea. He went into acting after army service in Korea. His first starring film is "The Charge Is Murder"—due for release in May.

Did you study any facet of medical science in college?

EDWARDS: When I was at college, I no more thought of becoming a doctor than of taking up acting. Consequently, I read nothing of medicine. The only ambition I'd really set my heart on then, was to become a member of the American national swimming team.

I took a step towards that when I won a swimming scholarship to Ohio State University. I finally made the national team—but not for long. An acute case of appendicitis put me out of the championships and a little dispirited I looked elsewhere—to acting.

CHAMBERLAIN: No, medicine was not one of my interests. At Pomona, I studied art and drama and never really thought of becoming anything but an artist until my last year when I decided I wanted to be an actor.

Do you read medical books?

EDWARDS: No, but I have one medical work by my bed every night when I study the script for the next day's shooting. It's called "Merck's Medical Manual" and it has become my bible for checking the pronunciation and meaning of some of the technical phrases.

CHAMBERLAIN: I don't really need to—because we always have medical experts on hand whom we can consult whenever in doubt. I find, anyway, that during the course of the series I have been soaking up quite a bit of incidental knowledge.

Have you ever been to a hospital for research purposes on a script or to consult the medical staff?

EDWARDS: Before we started the series I spent several days at Los Angeles County General Hospital soaking up the atmosphere and studying the work of neuro-surgeons and their reactions to certain situations. I also watched several operations, all of them concerned in some way with the brain.

CHAMBERLAIN: Yes, of course. I spent about a week with a young doctor at Los Angeles County General Hospital, watching his every duty and studying particularly his relationship with his

VINCE EDWARDS

32, was born the son of a bricklayer in Brooklyn, New York. After college, he entered the city's American Academy of Dramatic Arts. Before going into TV, he served in the U.S. Navy. He has made a number of films, the latest being "The Victors".

superiors. I think this part of the character of James Kildare is as important as his medical knowledge.

A doctor must know how to handle people before he can start treating them. By the way, the young Doctor—George Andros—is now a resident doctor at the University of Chicago Hospital, and he was technical adviser to us until he left to take up that position.

Can you stand the sight of blood?

EDWARDS: I can—if I have to! I felt a little queasy watching operations before the series, but I managed to stick it out and pick up a lot of useful hints.

CHAMBERLAIN: I remember seeing a street accident when I was about 15. This was the first time I had seen human blood like that and I remember feeling a little guilty because the sight of the victim's blood had no effect on me.

Do many fans consult you for medical advice?

EDWARDS: Yes, all the time. I've even been asked in the street for advice about arthritis and so on. I always try to be nice when I tell them—usually elderly ladies—"No, I'm sorry, I'm an actor and if you want advice you should go to your doctor."

We get a lot of letters too, which we turn straight over to the American Medical Association.

CHAMBERLAIN: I get about 15,000 fan letters a week and always a small percentage asks advice. I always have to tell them they should go to their doctors.

When you—or someone you know well—falls sick, do you draw on your acting experience as a doctor?

EDWARDS: Of course not. As I tell those elderly ladies, I'm an actor—not a doctor. And I so rarely feel unwell that I don't need my own doctor. I work out in a Beverly Hills gym every week and eat a special diet of organically grown food. I can't remember the last time I had a cold.

CHAMBERLAIN: I would never think of trying to treat a friend for a complaint. Medical science is a profound subject—one for a doctor, not an actor. And as far as I'm concerned, I'm blessed with good health.

A rave serial! Second part of Ian Fleming's power-packed story. Starring secret agent

JAMES 007 BOND

out to smash an international narcotics ring. It's his most thrilling task yet. Risky? Call it—

STORY SO FAR: James Bond is in Rome to smash an international dope smuggling ring. He links with Kristatos, a tough cigar-smoking CIA agent.

They meet in a restaurant owned by drug-king Enrico Colombo, who, unknown to Bond, has planted a small tape recorder by his table and knows the two spies' plans. They must be eliminated. He goes into action.

Suddenly, Colombo fakes a row with his girl—seductive, blonde Lisl Baum. She "accidentally" bumps into Bond as she runs from the restaurant.

Bond hails a taxi and gets in with her. Posing as a thriller writer working on a novel about dope smuggling, Bond asks her help.

She is leaving for Venice the next day and suggests they meet on the Bagni Alberoni, a beach, where she will be sunbathing.



ILLUSTRATION BY HARRY LINDFIELD

She got out of the taxi. Bond followed. She held out her hand. "Thank you for coming to my rescue. Goodnight."

Bond said: "Three o'clock then. I shall be there. Good-night."

She turned and walked up the curved steps of the hotel. Bond looked after her thoughtfully, and then turned and got back into the taxi and told the man to take him to the Nazionale.

He sat back and watched the neon signs ribbon past the window. Things, including the taxi, were going almost too fast for comfort. The only one over which he had any control was the taxi. He leant forward and told the man to drive more slowly.

The best train from Rome to Venice is the Laguna express that leaves every day at midday. Bond, after a morning that was chiefly occupied with difficult talks with his London Headquarters on Station I's scrambler, caught it by the skin of his teeth.

The Laguna is a smart, streamlined affair that looks and sounds more luxurious than it is.

The seats are made for small Italians and the restaurant car staff suffer from the

disease that afflicts their brethren in the great trains all over the world—a genuine loathing for the modern traveller and particularly for the foreigner.

Bond had a gangway seat over the axle in the rear aluminium coach. If the seven heavens had been flowing by outside the window he would not have cared.

He kept his eyes inside the train, read a jerking book, spilled Chianti over the tablecloth and shifted his long, aching legs and cursed the Ferrovie Italiane dello Stato.

But at last there was Mestre and the dead straight finger of rail across the eighteenth century aquatint into Venice.

Then came the unfailing shock of the beauty that never betrays and the soft swaying progress down the Grand Canal into a blood-red sunset, and the extreme pleasure—so it seemed—of the Gritti Palace that Bond should have ordered the best double room on the first floor.

That evening, scattering thousand-lira notes like leaves in Vallombrosa, James Bond sought, at Harry's Bar, at Florian's, and finally upstairs in the admirable Quadri, to establish to anyone who might be interested that he was what he had wished to appear to the

girl—a prosperous writer who lived high and well.

Then, in the temporary state of euphoria that a first night in Venice engenders, however high and serious the purpose of the visitor, James Bond walked back to the Gritti and had eight hours dreamless sleep.

May and October are the best months in Venice. The sun is soft and the nights are cool.

The glittering scene is kinder to the eyes and there is a freshness in the air that helps one to hammer out those long miles of stone and terrazza and marble that are intolerable to the feet in summer. And there are fewer people.

Although Venice is the one town in the world that can swallow up a hundred thousand tourists as easily as it can a thousand—hiding them down its side-streets, using them for crowd scenes on the piazzas, stuffing them into the vaporetti—it is still better to share Venice with the minimum number of packaged tours and Lederhosen.

Bond spent the next morning strolling the back-streets in the hope that he would be able to uncover a tail.

He visited a couple of churches—not to admire their interiors but to discover if

anyone came in after him through the main entrance before he left by the side door. No one was following him.

Bond went to Florian's and had an Americano and listened to a couple of French culture-snobs discussing the imbalance of the containing façade of St Mark's Square.

On an impulse, he bought a postcard and sent it off to his secretary who had once been with the Georgian Group to Italy and had never allowed Bond to forget it.

He wrote: "Venice is wonderful. Have so far inspected the railway station and the Stock Exchange. Very aesthetically satisfying. To the Municipal Waterworks this afternoon and then an old Brigitte Bardot at the Scala Cinema. Do you know a wonderful tune called 'O Sole Mio'? It's v. romantic like everything here. JB."

Pleased with his inspiration, Bond had an early luncheon and went back to his hotel. He locked the door of his room and took off his coat and ran over the Walther PPK.

He put up the safe and practised one or two quick draws and put the gun back in the holster. It was time to go.

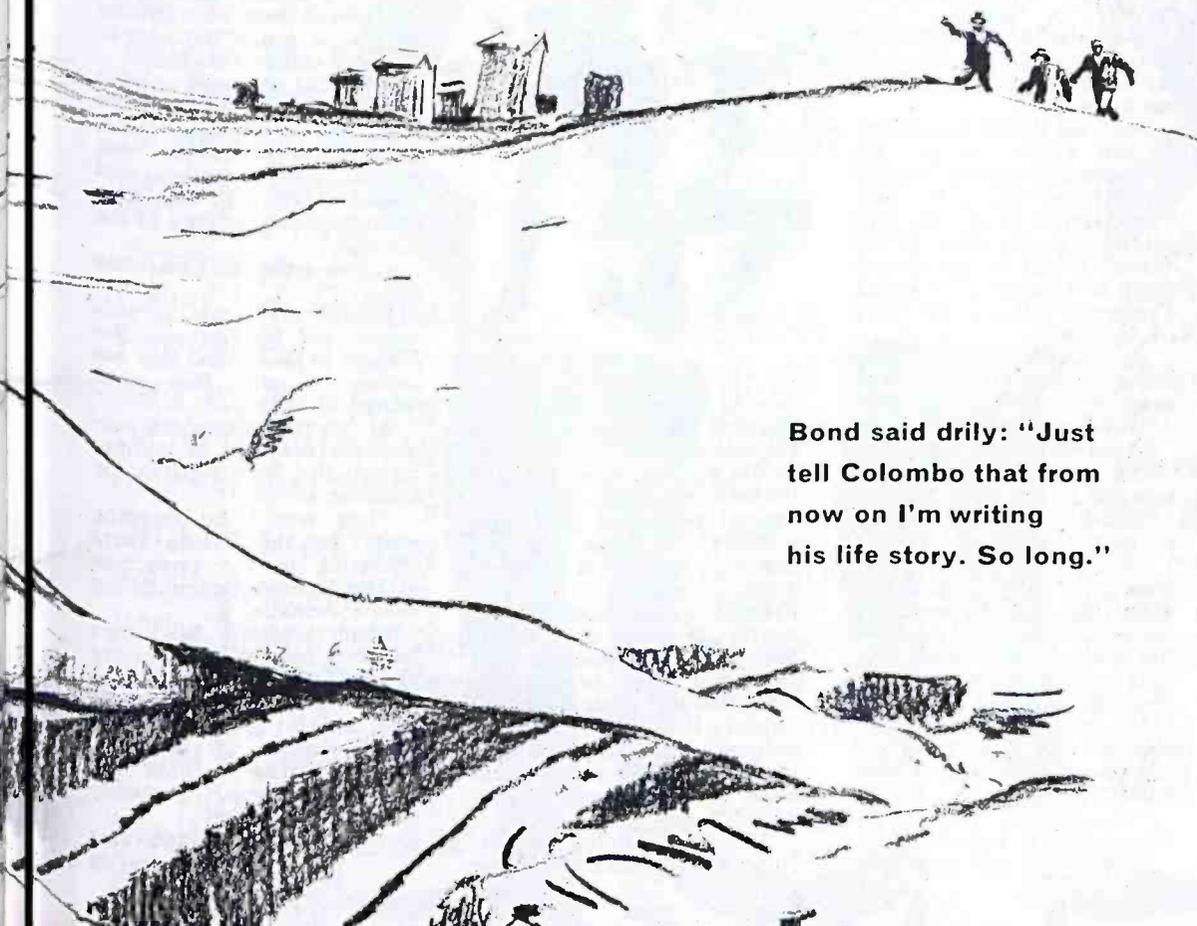
He went along to the landing-stage and boarded the twelve-forty vaporetto to Alberoni, out of sight across the mirrored lagoons. Then he settled down in a seat in the bows and wondered what was going to happen to him.

From the jetty at Alberoni, on the Venice side of the Lido peninsula, there is a half mile dusty walk across the neck of land to the Bagni Alberoni facing the Adriatic.

It is a curiously deserted world, this tip of the famous peninsula. A mile down the thin neck of land the luxury real estate development has petered out in a scattering of cracked stucco villas and bankrupt housing projects, and here there is nothing but the tiny fishing village of Alberoni, a sanatorium for students, a derelict experimental station belonging to the Italian Navy and some massive weed-choked gun emplacements from the last war.

In the no man's land in the centre of this thin tongue of land is the Golf du Lido, whose brownish undulating fairways meander around the ruins of ancient fortifications.

Not many people come to Venice to play golf, and the project is kept alive for its



Bond said drily: "Just tell Colombo that from now on I'm writing his life story. So long."

BOND

snob appeal by the grand hotels of the Lido.

The golf course is surrounded by a high wire fence hung at intervals, as if it protected something of great value or secrecy, with threatening Vietatos and Prohibitos.

Around this wired enclave, the scrub and sandhills have not even been cleared of mines, and amongst the rusting barbed wire are signs saying MINAS. PERICOLO DI MORTE beneath a roughly stencilled skull and crossbones.

The whole area is strange and melancholy and in extraordinary contrast to the gay carnival world of Venice less than an hour away across the lagoons.

Bond was sweating slightly by the time he had walked the half mile across the peninsula to the plage, and he stood for a moment under the last of the acacia trees that had bordered the dusty road to cool off while he got his bearings.

In front of him was a rickety wooden archway whose central span said BAGNI ALBERONI in faded blue paint. Beyond were the lines of equally dilapidated wooden cabins, and then a hundred yards of sand and then the quiet blue glass of the sea.

There were no bathers and the place seemed to be closed, but when he walked through the archway he heard the tinny sound of a radio playing Neapolitan music.

It came from a ramshackle hut that advertised Coca-Cola and various Italian soft drinks. Deck-chairs were stacked against its walls and there were two pedalos and a child's half inflated Seahorse.

The whole establishment looked so derelict that Bond could not imagine it doing business even at the height of the summer season.

He stepped off the narrow duckboards into the soft, burned sand and moved round behind the huts to the beach. He walked down to the edge of the sea.

To the left, until it disappeared in the autumn heat haze, the wide empty sand swept away in a slight curve towards the Lido proper. To

the right was half a mile of beach terminating in the seawall at the tip of the peninsula.

The seawall stretched like a finger out into the silent mirrored sea, and at intervals along its top were the flimsy derricks of the octopus fishermen.

Behind the beach were the sandhills and a section of the wire fence surrounding the golf course. On the edge of the sandhills, perhaps five hundred yards away, there was a speck of bright yellow.

Bond set off towards it along the tide-line.

"Ahem."
The hands flew to the top scrap of bikini and pulled it up. Bond walked into her line of vision and stood looking down. The bright shadow of the umbrella covered only her face.

The rest of her—a burned cream body in a black bikini on a black and white striped bath towel—lay offered to the sun.

She looked up at him through half-closed eyelashes. "You are five minutes early and I told you to knock."

Bond sat down close to her in the shade of the big umbrella. He took out a handkerchief and wiped his face. "You happen to own the only palm tree in the whole of this desert. I had to get underneath it as soon as I could. This is the hell of a place for a rendezvous."

She laughed. "I am like Greta Garbo. I like to be alone."

"Are we alone?"

She opened her eyes wide. "Why not? You think I have brought a chaperone?"

"Since you think all men are pigs..."

"Ah, but you are a gentleman pig," she giggled. "A milord pig. And anyway, it is too hot for that kind of thing. And there is too much sand. And besides this is a business meeting, no? I tell you stories about drugs and you give me a diamond clip. From Van Cleef. Or have you changed your mind?"

"No. That's how it is. Where shall we begin?"

"You ask the questions.

What is it you want to know?" She sat up and pulled her knees to her between her arms. Flirtation had gone out of her eyes and they had become attentive, and perhaps a little careful.

Bond noticed the change. He said casually, watching her: "They say your friend Colombo is a big man in the game. Tell me about him. He would make a good character for my book—disguised, of course. But it's the detail I need. How does he operate, and so on? That's not the sort of thing a writer can invent."

She veiled her eyes. She said: "Enrico would be very angry if he knew that I had told any of his secrets. I don't know what he would do to me."

"He will never know."
She looked at him seriously. "Lieber Mr Bond, there is very little that he does not know. And he is also quite capable of acting on a guess. I would not be surprised"—Bond caught her quick glance at his watch—"if it had



crossed his mind to have me followed here. He is a very suspicious man."

She put her hand out and touched his sleeve. Now she looked nervous. She said urgently: "I think you had better go now. This has been a great mistake."

Bond openly looked at his watch. It was three-thirty. He moved his head so that he could look behind the umbrella and back down the beach. Far down by the bathing huts, their outlines dancing slightly in the heat haze, were three men in dark clothes.

They were walking purposefully up the beach, their feet

keeping step as if they were a squad.

Bond got to his feet. He looked down at the bent head. He said drily: "I see what you mean. Just tell Colombo that from now on I'm writing his life-story. And I'm a very persistent writer. So long."

Bond started running up the sand towards the tip of the peninsula. From there he could double back down the other shore to the village and the safety of people.

Down the beach the three men broke into a fast jogtrot, elbows and legs pounding in time with each other as if they were long-distance runners out for a training spin.

As they jogged past the girl, one of the men raised a hand. She raised hers in answer and then lay down on the sand and turned over—perhaps so that her back could now get its toasting, or perhaps because she did not want to watch the man-hunt.

Bond took off his tie as he ran and put it in his pocket. It was very hot and he was already sweating profusely. But so would the three men be. It was a question who was in better training.

At the tip of the peninsula, Bond clambered up to the seawall and looked back. The men had hardly gained, but now two of them were fanning out to cut round the edge of the golf course boundary.

They did not seem to mind the danger notices with the skull and crossbones, Bond, running fast down the wide seawall, measured angles and distances. The two men were cutting across the base of the triangle.

It was going to be a close call.

Bond's shirt was already soaked and his feet were beginning to hurt. He had run perhaps a mile. How much farther to safety?

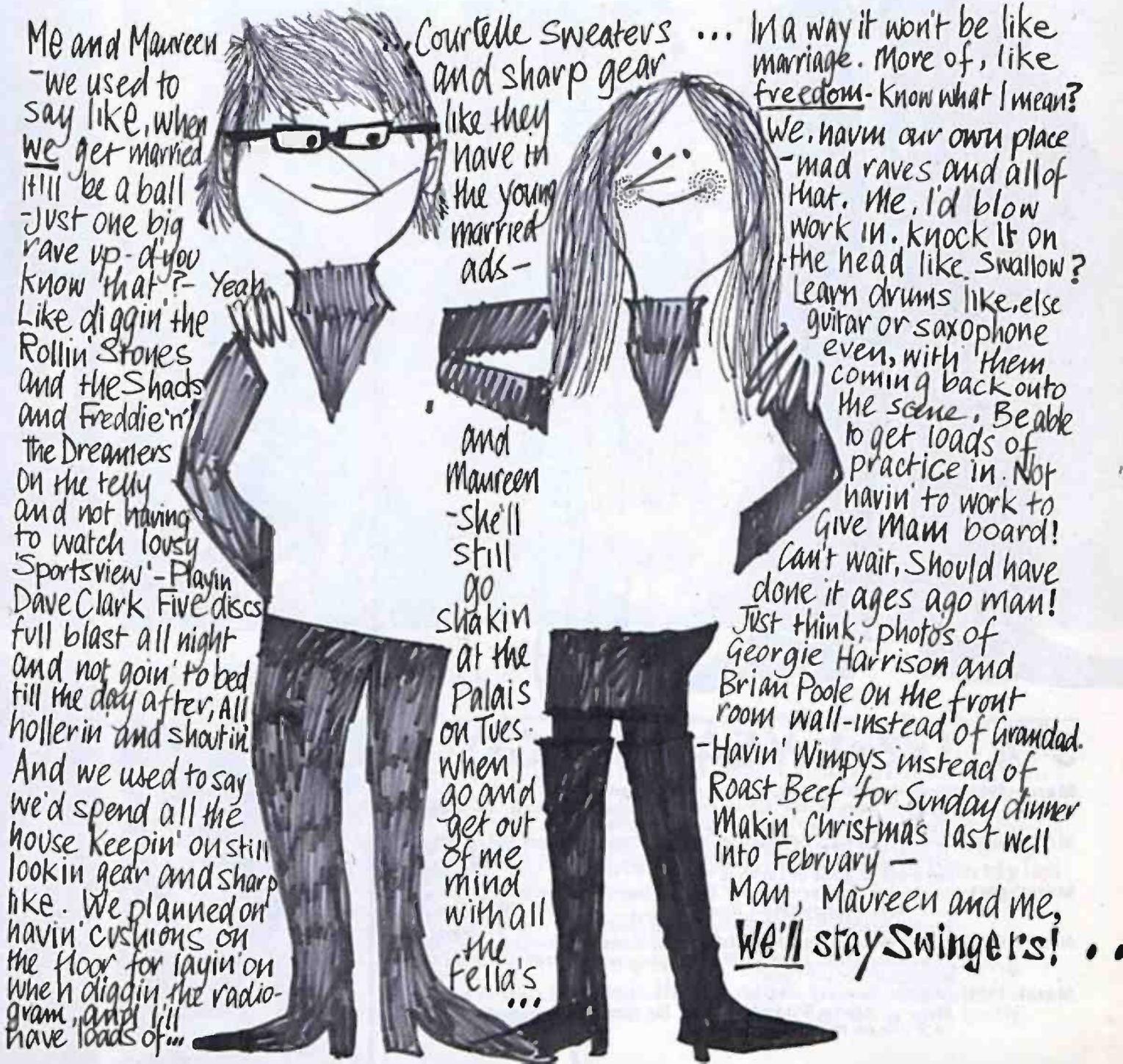
At intervals along the seawall the breeches of antique cannon had been sunk in the concrete.

They would be mooring posts for the fishing fleets sheltering in the protection of the lagoons before taking to the Adriatic.

Bond counted his steps between two of them. Fifty yards. How many black knobs to the end of the wall—to the first houses of the village? Bond counted up to thirty before the line vanished into the heat haze. Probably another mile to go.

Could he do it, and fast

DUNRAVING



Me and Maureen
-we used to say like, when we get married it'll be a ball just one big rave up - if you know that? - Yeah
Like diggin' the Rollin' Stones and the Shads and Freddie'n' the Dreamers
On the telly and not having to watch lousy 'Sportsview' - Playin' Dave Clark Five discs full blast all night and not goin' to bed till the day after, All hollerin' and shoutin'.
And we used to say we'd spend all the house keepin' on still lookin' gear and sharp like. We planned on havin' cushions on the floor for layin' on when diggin' the radio-gram, and I'll have loads of...

...Courtelle sweaters and sharp gear
like they have in the young married ads -
and Maureen - she'll still go shakin' at the Palais on Tues. when I go and get out of me mind with all the fella's ...

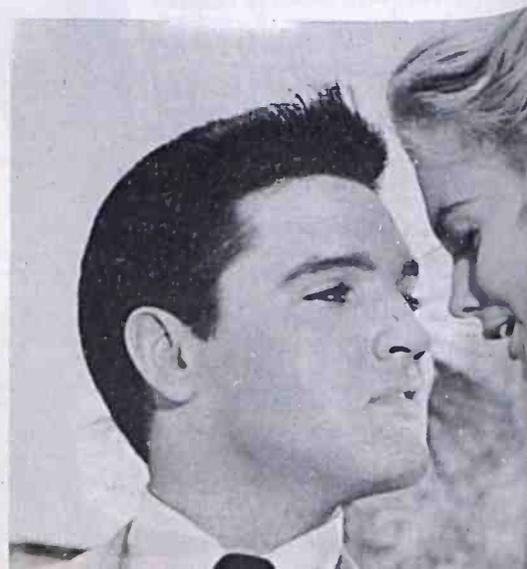
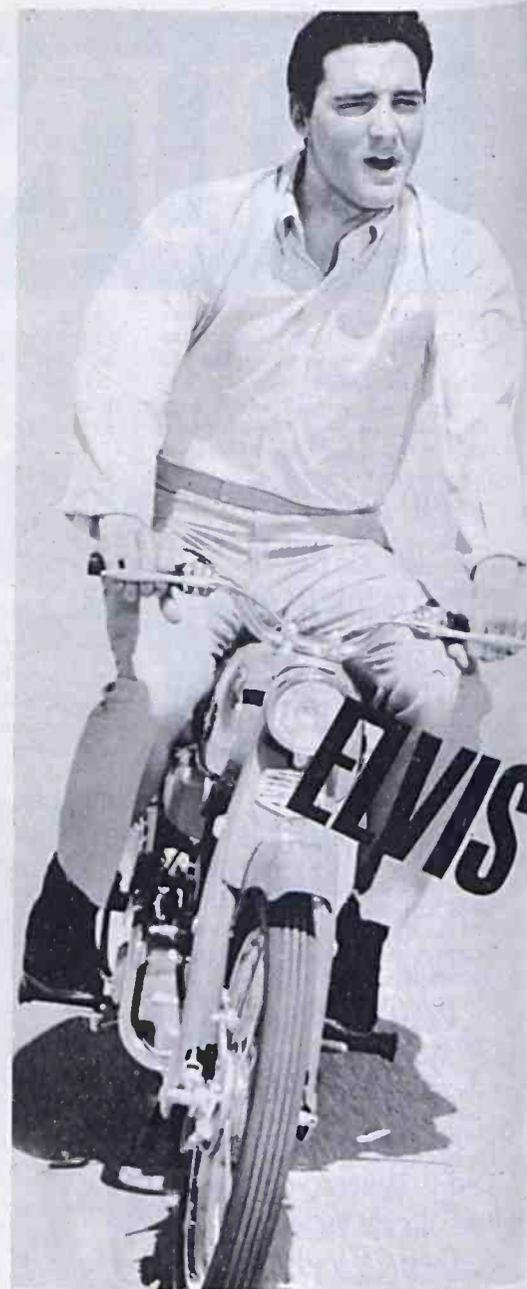
In a way it won't be like marriage. More of, like freedom. Know what I mean?
We, havin' our own place - mad raves and all of that. Me, I'd blow work in. knock it on the head like. Swallow? Learn drums like, else guitar or saxophone even, with them coming back onto the scene. Be able to get loads of practice in. Not havin' to work to give Mam board!
Can't wait, Should have done it ages ago man!
Just think, photos of Georgie Harrison and Brian Poole on the front room wall - instead of Granddad.
-Havin' Wimpys instead of Roast Beef for Sunday dinner
Makin' Christmas last well into February -
Man, Maureen and me, We'll stay Swingers! ...



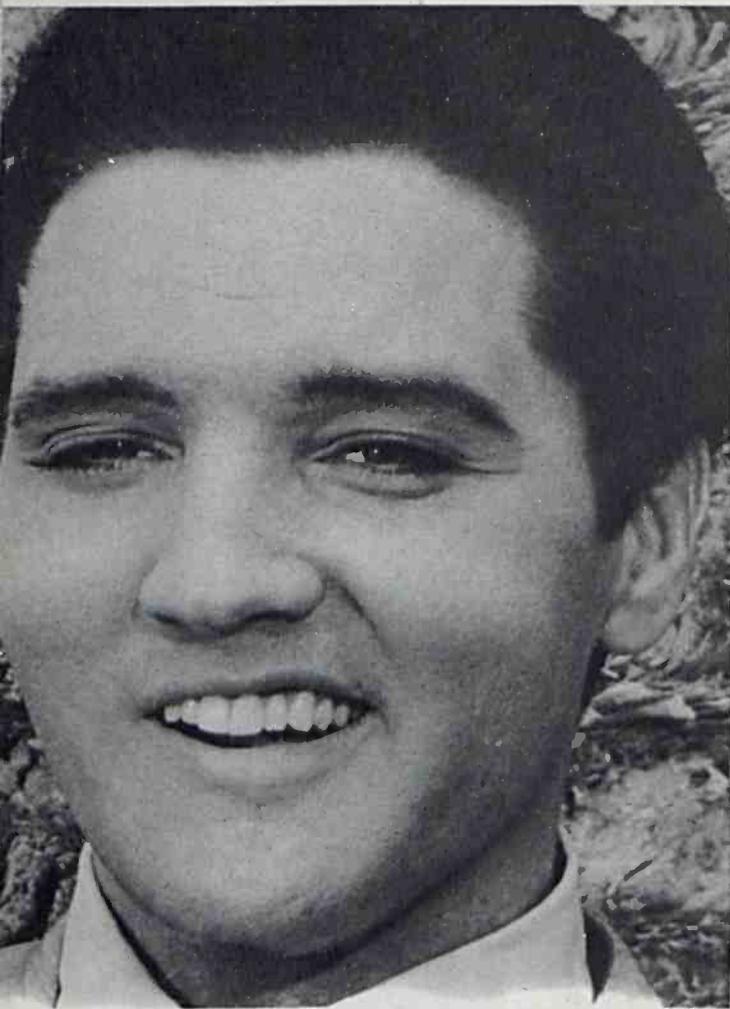
BY ALAN FIELD

5·4·3·2·1 YEARS AGO!

- March 1963:** Beatles get first chart-topper with "Please Please Me" . . . Country stars Patsy Cline and Hawkshaw Hawkins die in Tennessee airplane crash on their way to Nashville.
- March 1962:** Kenny Ball's "Midnight In Moscow" disc reaches the Top Five in America . . . "West Side Story" film is an immediate hit when it opens in London.
- March 1961:** Memphis declares an Elvis Presley Day when he makes his first stage appearance in four years . . . First "Thank Your Lucky Stars" features Adam Faith and Craig Douglas.
- March 1960:** Elvis Presley is discharged from U.S. Army after two years . . . Hollywood strike holds up Frankie Vaughan - Marilyn Monroe film, "Let's Make Love".
- March 1959:** Michael Holliday flies to America to meet Bing Crosby, his idol . . . Marty Wilde rows with his label to have his group back him on records.



Another sure-fire box office hit is on the way for Elvis: 'Love In Las Vegas', his latest MGM film out this month. It's got everything! The thrills of motor racing, best-selling songs, out-of-this-world settings, shapely girls led by Ann-Margret (self-styled fiancée of the Rock King) and, of course, Elvis himself. He plays a motor mechanic who loves fast cars and girls who look like Ann-Margret. By the end of the final reel he's got both.



Elvis gets his girl (above) but not before she's given him a good run for his money. Below, he sings to quell celebrating Texans in a Las Vegas night spot



ELVIS ON TOUR HERE—HIT OR MISS?

Presley's discs have taken a dive—no doubt about that. So supposing he did a stage tour here—that's if he were willing—what would happen now? A smash hit? Or a terrible flopperoo?

Do you believe people would queue all night for tickets—as they did for the Beatles? Do you think they'd pay £3?

Or could it possibly happen now that Elvis would be playing to empty seats?

I've been putting these questions to people in the know.

Like ace promoter **VIC LEWIS**. He has presented top Americans in Britain. *He is strongly . . .*

● *FOR Elvis*: "Maybe Presley's disc sales have fallen off for the moment", he says. "But that wouldn't affect his pulling power as a live performer."

"He is still an enormous star. People would rush to see him. They would willingly pay well above-average prices."

"A year or two ago, I went to the States to meet Elvis and the Colonel. I hoped to get them over. When they explained their commitments, I realised I had no chance."

"But if I had a letter tomorrow asking if I'm still interested, I would flash a *yes* back across the Atlantic double fast."

● *FOR Elvis*: Promoter **GEORGE COOPER**, whose packages have included the Ronettes, Joe Brown, Kitty Lester, Johnny Kidd, Dee Dee Sharp.

"Presley would go a storm", he told me emphatically. "I would grab at the chance to get him. You could charge higher prices than for the Beatles."

"How much? A £3 top. And every house would be a packer."

But there is another view:

● *AGAINST Elvis*: It was put to me by **ARTHUR HOWES**—promoter of long experience and high standing. He

has staged many Cliff Richard tours and presented Americans like Bobby Darin.

He said bluntly, "If Presley did a tour now, I would be very doubtful about its success. Mersey beat has completely altered the scene."

"To counter it—and this is being perfectly frank—I would sooner have the Dave Clark Five than Presley."

"If I were offered Presley, I would bargain hard before accepting. And I wouldn't ask more than 25 bob top."

Which view is right? I lean towards that of Arthur Howes. I think Presley would pack theatres at normal prices. But I am sure the day is past when people would have paid several pounds for a seat."

Would you rush to see him? And, if so, how much would you pay for a seat? You tell us! Write to 'rave', Tower House, Southampton Street, London, W.C.2.

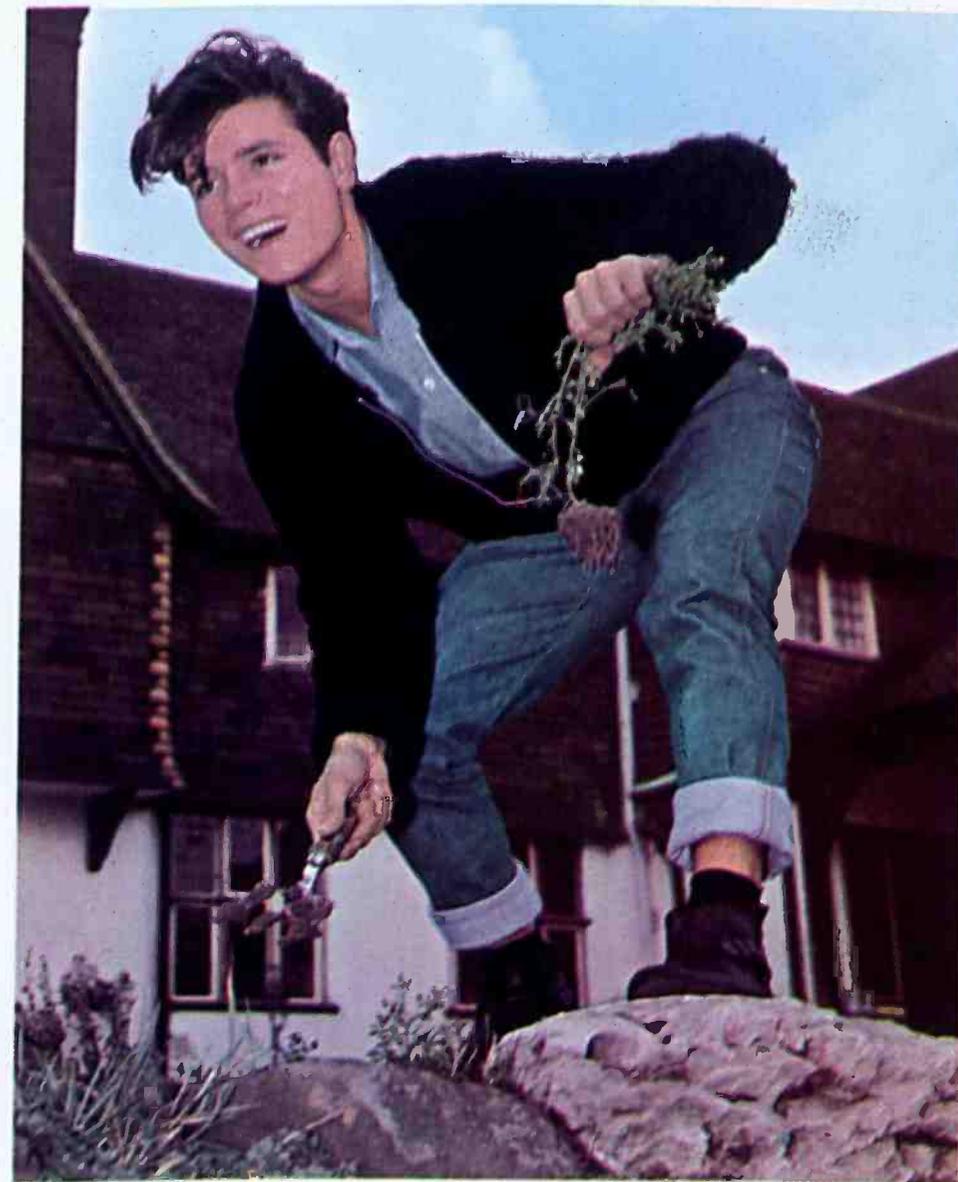
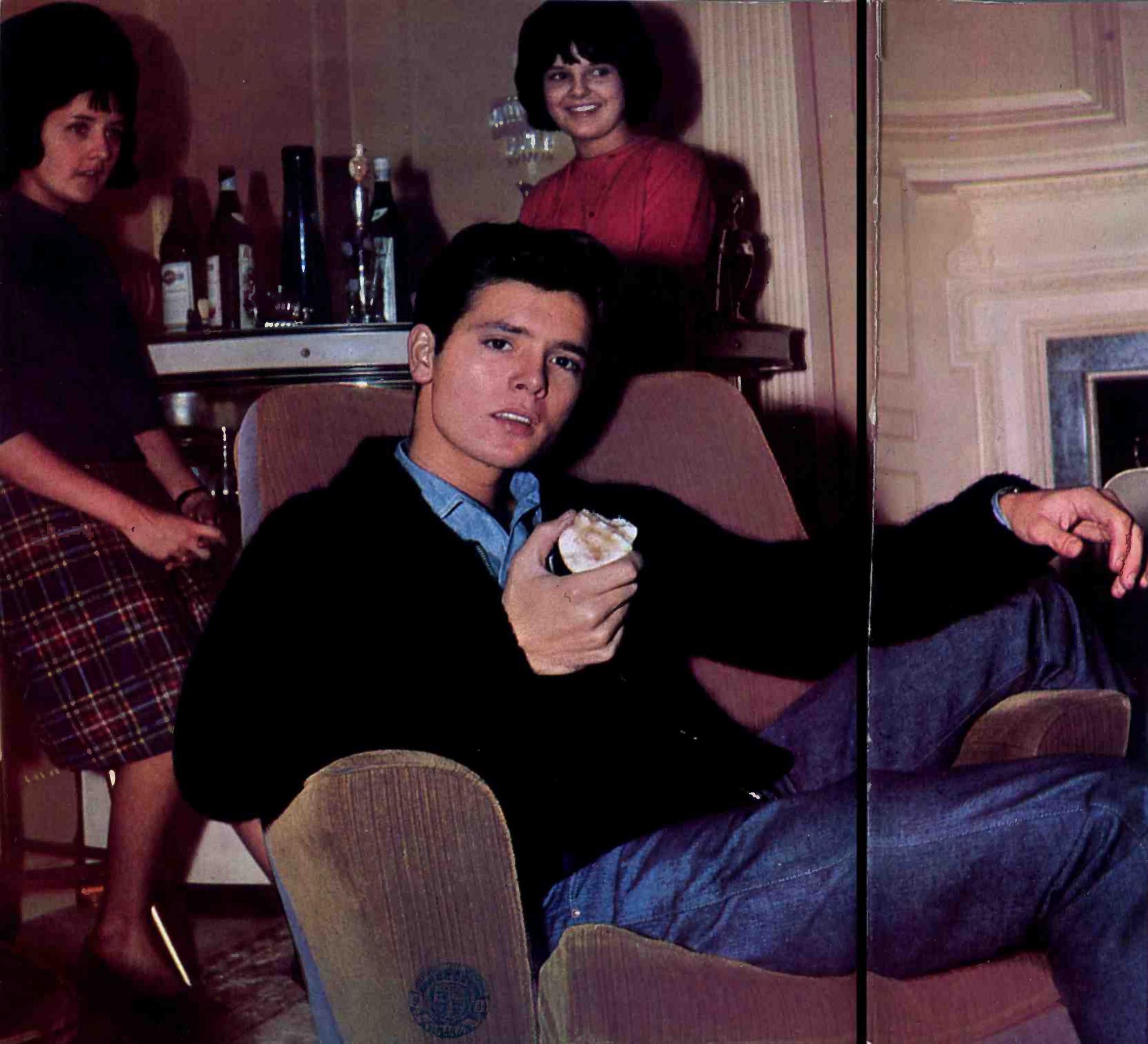
Dick Tatham

rave



ANN-MARGRET

ELVIS PRESLEY



time off!

Home. Three months' filming in the Canaries over, Cliff Richard can enjoy his new house at Upper Nazeing, Essex. These exclusive **rave** colour pictures show him relaxing in the lounge with his sisters, Jackie and Joan, and getting the garden in order.

How do the famous spend their time off? The following pictures give a clue. There's a complete run-down on pages 38 and 39.



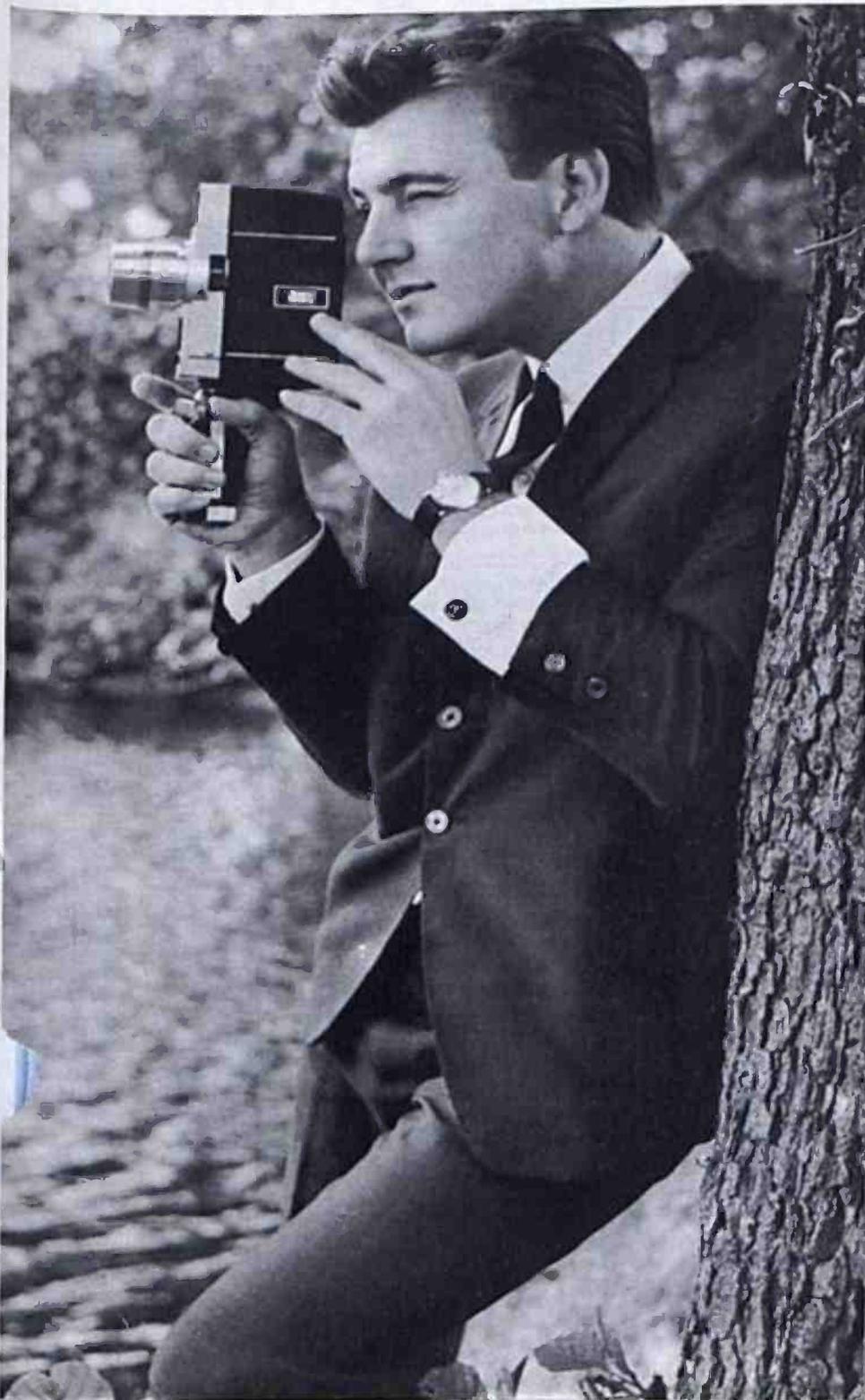
DAVE CLARK

rave



MARK WYNTER

RELAXING



Time off. It can mean a lot when you've been on the road doing two shows a night for three weeks. It's a chance to catch up on all the little things everyone takes for granted.

For Adam Faith, getting away means isolating himself in his 15-room oak-panelled mansion set in its own green acres at Esher, Surrey. Or a morning in the fields shooting.

Freddie Garrity likes to go round Blakely golf course near his Manchester home.

Do-it-yourself hitmaker Dave Clark finds his new-found fame pretty hectic. His scooter or sleek blue Zephyr get him around quickly to make the most of the off duty minutes.

Billy J. Kramer's idea of a good time is to get home to his parents and spend a long evening in front of the fire, hearing about homely, everyday things. He can't get home much, so he has to be content to phone them.

Driving is Mark Wynter's way of spending his time off. He zooms off to some lonely road in his zippy sports car.

As for Susan Maughan, she likes pottering around her Highgate flat in her bare feet, cooking and doing keep-fit exercises.

They all agree; time off is a rare and precious thing when you're at the top.

More details overleaf.

ED BLANCHE

Away from work—how the famous spend their time

	CLIFF RICHARD	ADAM FAITH	FREDDIE GARRITY
How often do you get time off to relax?	Very rarely. I just snatch the odd moment when it comes along.	Not much. It can be anything from two hours to two days a month.	Maybe a day a month if I'm lucky, but I'd like to get away more.
What do you do when you're not working?	Swim and drive, and I'm mad keen on taking my own movies.	I spend most of my time at home, but I have spent quite a bit on my house.	Write songs and play golf. I like to plan for the future.
Do you have any expensive hobbies?	Two. My car and taking my own films.	Play snooker mostly. I read a lot. I'd also like to do more shooting.	Only my wife!
What type do you like to date?	Girls who are not in show business because I hate talking shop.	Girls who are smartly dressed and good looking.	Blondes . . . but don't tell the wife!
Where do you go on a date?	Depends on where we both feel like going. Parties sometimes.	Stay at home. I rarely go out on a date.	We stay at home, occasionally sneak out to the pictures.
What kind of car do you have?	A Chevrolet "Stingray" sports car.	I have two, a pale blue MG sports car and a dark grey Jaguar Mk 10.	A white E-type Jaguar.
Do you drive much for pleasure?	I get a great kick out of just driving around, being on my own.	Never. I used to enjoy it, but not now.	We drive around so much when we're working that it's no pleasure any more.
What brand of cigarette do you smoke?	I don't smoke.	Rothmans. At one time I smoked 50 a day, but now I'm down to five.	I don't smoke.
What is your favourite food and drink?	Curry. I don't drink.	Coca-cola, steak, treacle pudding.	I don't touch alcohol or beer, I get drunk on orange juice! Hotpot and trifle.
Do you often meet friends who are not in show biz?	The only people I knew were school friends and I've lost contact.	I see Hurgie Van-Engle, an old school friend quite a bit.	I see a lot of my old mates who were in the engineering works with me.
Do you have many friends in show business?	"Sammy" Samwell, who wrote a lot of my early hits, and the Shadows.	Only one real friend, comedian Dave Reid.	A lot of new-found friends—Brian Poole and the Tremeloes and a lot more.
Do you see much of your group in your spare time?	We're good friends so we often knock around together.	Not a lot. We've all got our own lives to lead.	I keep away from them, because we want to get right away from work.
How much do you spend on off-stage clothes?	Not so much now, but I used to spend quite a bit.	I haven't bought a suit since I came back from Hong Kong with nine.	I've got a full wardrobe—a boiler suit and a pair of football boots!
What is your favourite style of off-stage clothes?	I like loose neck shirts, slacks and sweaters.	Casual mostly, white jeans and black sweaters, that sort of thing.	Leather jackets and waist-coats. Old Fred the conservative one, that's me.
What sort of music do you relax by?	Good jazz and negro spirituals. My favourite disc is "Black Nativity".	Everything; rock'n'roll, rhythm'n'blues, jazz, the classics.	Sammy Davis Jnr., Buddy Holly, Roy Orbison, sentimental songs.
What would you do if your career ended?	Stay in the music business for sure, either as a record producer or on the publishing side. It's the only thing I really know anything about. I can't imagine doing anything else.	I'd go into business of some sort, buy a chain of shops or something like that. I've been told I have a head for business.	Play golf. Be another Ben Hogan, but there isn't much money in it. I'm taking up tap dancing—Fred Astaire and Ginger Garrity!—in case beat music goes out.

famous spend their time

	DAVE CLARK	BILLY J. KRAMER	SUSAN MAUGHAN	MARK WYNTER
How often do you get time off to relax?	Life's upside down at the moment, so I don't have much time off.	About one day a week, except on a long tour when I don't get any time off.	Only a day a month at the moment. Believe me, I'd like more.	I get five weeks' holiday a year, mostly I live out of a suitcase.
What do you do when you're not working?	Stay at home, play my drums and go down to the gym as much as possible.	Wander round London, see a film, try to get home as often as I can.	If I'm feeling energetic I go off to a gym. If not I just stay in.	I drive, swim and go to the cinema.
Do you have any expensive hobbies?	I haven't had time to develop any expensive hobbies.	I'm dead keen on home movies.	I'm mad about shoes—I've got 70 pairs—and cuddly toys.	I spend quite a bit of money on my car, that's about all.
What type do you like to date?	Girls who are natural and who don't put on an act.	Girls who have dress sense, look pretty and can talk intelligently.	Any type, just so long as he has a good personality and we can talk.	Girls who let me do the chasing and who play hard to get.
Where do you go on a date?	Usually to a good restaurant and a theatre.	Cinemas mostly, sometimes to a party, very rarely to a night club.	Out to see a show and then to a restaurant. I like to go dancing too.	Take a trip down the Thames if I'm in London.
What kind of car do you have?	A blue Zephyr, and a scooter for town.	None.	A white Zodiac.	A black Austin Healey "Sprite" Mk II.
Do you drive much for pleasure?	Very little, I don't have the time.		Not much, it's nearly all business when I do any driving.	To give myself excitement, calm myself down when I'm angry—and for fun.
What brand of cigarette do you smoke?	I don't smoke.	I don't smoke.	I don't smoke.	Rothmans. 30 a day if I'm not singing, 12 if I am, sometimes five.
What is your favourite food and drink?	I don't touch alcohol. Steak.	Draught beer. Steak.	Ginger beer, steak and mushrooms.	Brandy and coke, milk, Steak, scampi.
Do you often meet friends who are not in show biz?	Things haven't changed that much yet. They still come round to my house.	Only when I'm in Liverpool. But I see them less and less now.	Not very often. Most of my old friends are up north where I used to live.	Every four months or so I see old friends I used to work with on building sites.
Do you have many friends in show business?	Not many yet, apart from the fellows in the group.	Fellow artists are more acquaintances than friends at the moment.	Many. Just about everyone in the business. It's so easy to make friends.	Only four: Rolf Harris, Cliff, Mike Preston and Tommy Steele.
Do you see much of your group in your spare time?	A lot. We're all good friends and are always at each others' houses.	When we have any time off, we all go to our homes.		
How much do you spend on off-stage clothes?	Can't say exactly because I'm still on what you could call an average wage.	Quite a lot because I like new clothes.	About the same as any other girl. I don't go in for any exclusive suits.	£15 a week, on shirts, trousers, sports jackets, a suit every three months.
What is your favourite style of off-stage clothes?	Casual and mod—like high-neck, button-down collar shirts.	It depends on the occasion, but I like a collar and tie.	Casual, sweaters, slacks. I never wear shoes in the flat.	Jeans and sweaters.
What sort of music do you relax by?	Modern jazz and some of the classics.	I like American rhythm'n' blues, beaty stuff like that.	Smoochy stuff like Johnny Mathis and Nat Cole, also Chubby Checker.	Peggy Lee, Como, Andy Williams, Sinatra, Tony Bennett and some classics.
What would you do if your career ended?	I'd definitely stay in show business in some way, probably as a record producer. That sort of thing interests me very much.	I hate the thought of being out of show business. It's what I've always wanted to do. If I couldn't sing, then I'd try to become one of the back room boys.	Work in an hotel or a small club, anywhere so long as I could mix with people. I'd miss singing terribly, because I like doing it, but it wouldn't mean the end of the world for me.	I'd like to be a clown because it's a disguise and clowns are such deep, sensitive people. Or a racing driver because it would give me excitement and thrills.



CILLA (BEST DRESSED)



1



2

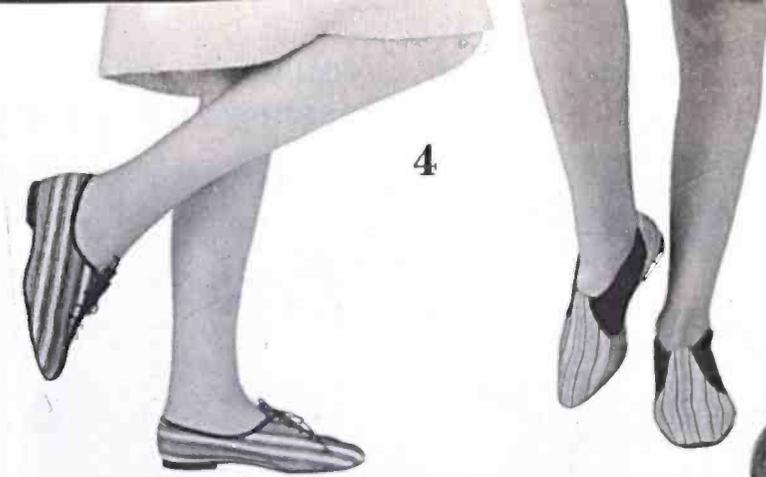
Cilla Black, even though she doesn't think so, is now one of our best-dressed girls. For good reason. She has a model girl's figure and she is always on the fashion wavelength.

Her main extravagance is make-up. "I am a fanatic. My room is always littered with bottles. I've got stuff for bags under the eyes, grains for the pores, all sorts, lurking about all over the place.

"I have one big rule. I take every scrap of make-up off before going to bed. Then I slap on loads of cream and tell myself how glad I am going to be when I am forty and have a good skin. I hope!"

If you do leave on your make-up and find you have a few spots, Cilla suggests using a medicated foundation for a few days. Innox's Tinted Foundation 41 looks after your skin as well as giving it a cool or a golden look, depending how you like it. The price is 7s. 9d.

BLACK



4



3



5

1 "When I was working as a clerk I'm sure I was better dressed than I am now. I don't get much time for shopping and when I do, I rush about buying all sorts of bits and pieces I only wear once. I've lost control! This spring I am going to buy one good suit and stop myself from wasting my money on glimmicks. I love linen, especially the printed ones, and I think this blazer is a rave." David Bond of Slimma designed this suit. The overblouse is sleeveless and the print is in turquoise and lilac. The outfit, with blazer, costs £6 16s. 6d.

2 "How about Cilla the demure! The main dress is shocking pink and the bib and sleeves are white with pink spots. Watch out for those puffy sleeves, they are going to be tops this summer". Cutawear made the dress which is £2 9s. 11d.

3 "This is the kind of outfit I want to wear in the summer when I go on a personal appearance." The pink suit is from Highlight Sports, about £2 15s. 6d. You can get a blouse like Cilla's from Feminella.

4 "That linen look is everywhere this summer. Even in shoes. The ones I like best look like deckchair material, all stripey and colourful" The little lace-ups are from Russell & Bromley, 16s 11d. The elastic-sided boots are from Barratts, £1 5s. 11d. With them Cilla is wearing the newest stockings for summer, very, very pale, almost white, like Taylor Woods' Blarney Stone, 4s. 11d. a pair.

5 "Bob, my manager, says I look real sporty in this outfit, as though I should be out looking at the horses. Seems he meant it as a compliment so I am going to invest in this shirt and skirt for travelling on tour." The linen blouse is £3 13s. 6d. and the hopsack weave linen skirt is £3 9s. 11d. Both come from Reldan/Digby Morton. The Kangol Beattie Cap costs £1 4s. 11d.

DEAR MARK: Please help me...Would you mind... I am in hospital...When you're passing...I'd like...



THE PRIVATE LETTERS OF MARK WYNTER

The mother was worried — really worried. Her 17-year-old daughter had walked out on the family. No message. Nothing. Could he help her? Did he know where she was?

Mark Wynter scratched his head, lit a cigarette and read the letter through again:

Betty is a great admirer of yours and used to hang photographs of you on her bedroom wall. She collected all your records and I know that she used to write you a lot of letters.

Last week, we had a big argument because she kept coming in late, now she has left home taking all these things with her.

I can't tell you how worried we are, and I wondered if she had written to you telling you about this. Please help me if you know where she is as all the family are missing her very much and want her to come home.

Mark turned to check the unopened mail which had accumulated during the week while he had been in Coventry starring in pantomime. Perhaps Betty had written to him...

Although this isn't typical of the letters that Mark gets, he always finds among the regular batch of mail from home and overseas, some letters of a deep and personal nature.

Letters asking for sympathy, advice and even help. The letter from Betty's mother was such a one.

"I can't find a letter from Betty, so all I can do is keep a close check on the mail and write and assure the mother that I will let her know if I hear anything. That's the least I can do," said Mark worriedly.

Of course, there is always a stack of letters asking him over to tea, to birthday parties, for weekends in the country (Mark's a country-lover, of course), and requests for him to visit people in hospitals.

"Naturally, I'd love to do all these things", he said "but with travelling about so much, I find that I am hardly ever in one spot long enough. But I do

Susan Warne (left) and Diane Powell. Because of Mark they became close friends



try to take a special interest in people in hospital.

"Not long ago I received a letter from the Mother Superior of a convent hospital in Birmingham, who asked if I could go along to see some of her patients.

"I spent an afternoon in the hospital. It was a very upsetting experience as all the children were incurable spastics.

"A letter that stands out in my memory came just over two years ago", added Mark. "It was from a girl called Susan Warne who was laid up in hospital in London with a T.B. hip.

"She had to spend long periods lying on her back and was only allowed to get up and go home for a short stay on odd occasions.

"It was a very depressing sort of letter. Doctors had told her that there was nothing more they could do. Was there any way in which I could help?

"I suggested to her that she tried a little swimming—something I'm keen on. After that, we corresponded regularly.

"Now when she writes she doesn't even mention her illness—she is completely cured.

"And there was another nice ending to that story as well", added Mark.

"When I was appearing in Portsmouth some time ago, I met a girl called Diane Powell. She said that she wanted a pen-friend, and asked me if I knew anyone. I gave her Susan's address.

"Since then, they have become great friends and frequently spend weekends at each other's homes."

Mark sorted through another pile of letters and produced one from a 17-year-old Warrington girl, June, telling him that she wanted to become a pop singer, and asking for advice on how to make a record.

"A lot of people write in with the same question", he said, "and I can only suggest that they do what I did. One girl wrote to me every other day when I was in Great Yarmouth last summer.

"I advised her to get her voice down on tape, then send the result to a record company. If they rejected it, she should send it to another company. She did this and, although her efforts were turned down by two companies, she is still trying. It's the only way!"

Mark Wynter takes his fans—and their letters—seriously. Every letter he receives is replied to—"Let's face it... without their support where would I be?"

His admirers are not the only people who appreciate his genuine interest in them.

Often he gets letters from their mothers thanking him for taking the time and trouble to reply to their youngsters' letters—and many even end up by joining his club as well!

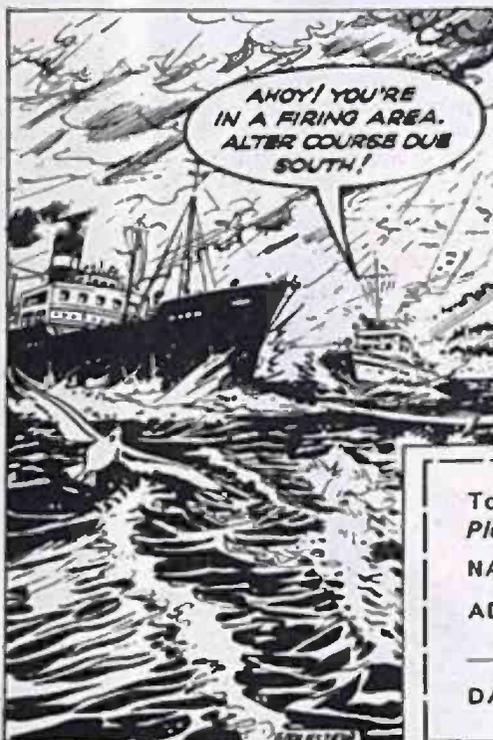
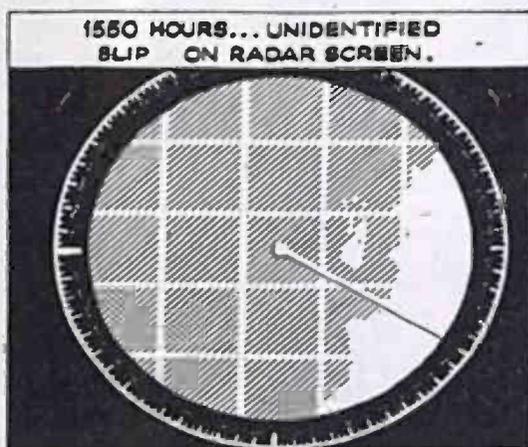
BESS COLEMAN

Strange Object on the Radar Screen

WENDY GIVES THE ALERT



I'M WENDY. I WAS JUST AN OFFICE GIRL BEFORE I JOINED THE W.R.A.C. NOW I HELP TO MAN RADAR SCANNING EQUIPMENT ON THE COAST OF BRITAIN.



IT'S AN ACTIVE AND EXCITING LIFE IN THE W.R.A.C. WHY DON'T YOU FIND OUT MORE ABOUT IT? POST THE COUPON TODAY!

To: The Director, W.R.A.C., The War Office, Dept. MP6(RVE/W41), London, S.W.1
Please send me further information about the W.R.A.C.

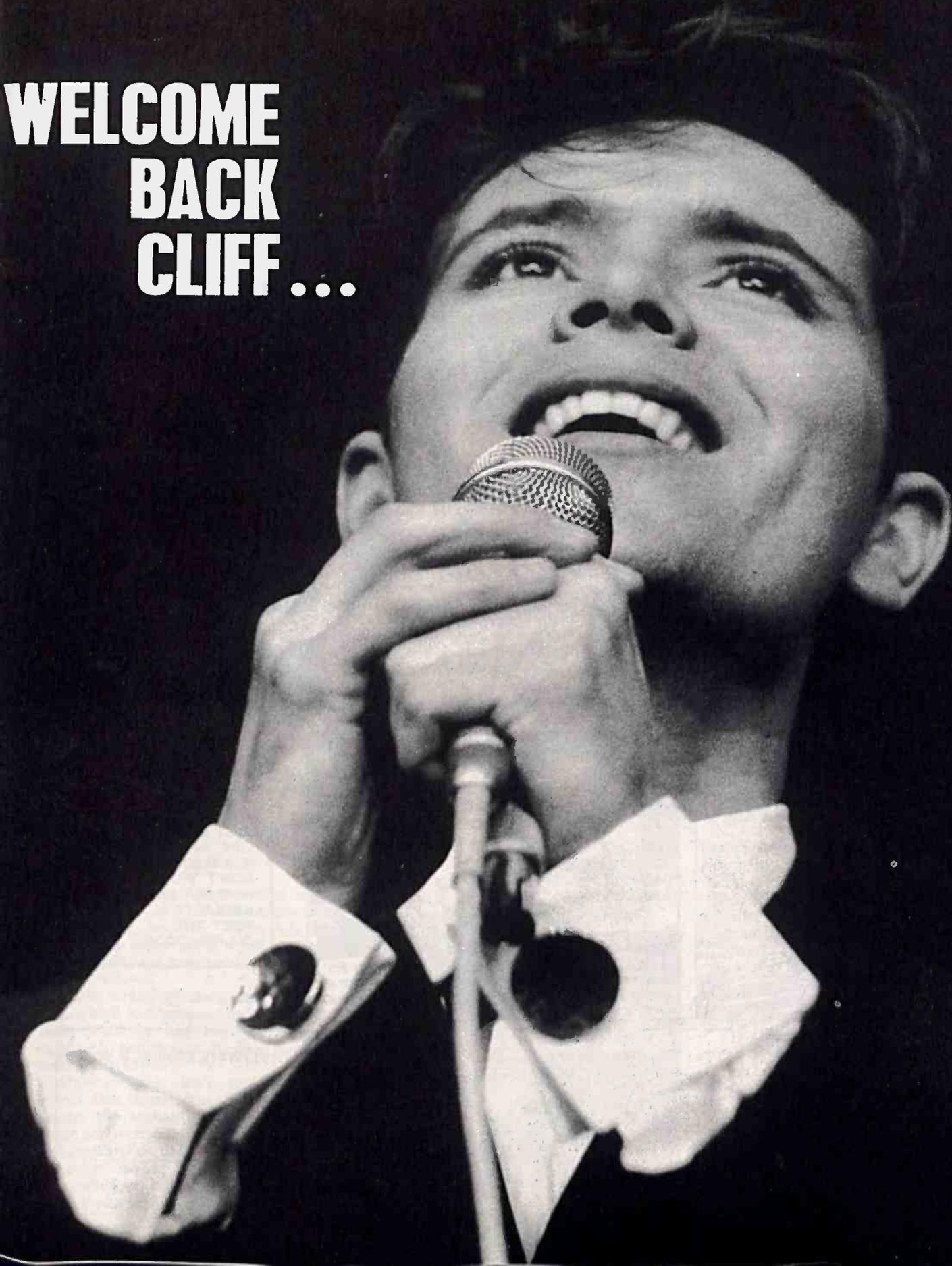
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

DATE OF BIRTH _____

Applicants must be resident in the U.K.

WELCOME
BACK
CLIFF...



and about time too!

As Cliff Richard prepared for his 30-day tour of one-night stands starting March 28—his most extensive for more than two years—he hotly answered complaints that it was “about time, too!”

He told me: “I know some people have been saying that I’ve given up touring—but I’m never going to drop one-nighters as long as people want me to do them.”

Before 1961, Cliff did three or four tours a year. Since then, his touring schedule has been reduced by filming, trips abroad, recording sessions and lengthy season shows.

This tour in March will be Cliff’s first for a year.

To me, Cliff strongly denied accusations that he has “lost the taste for touring now that he’s an international star.”

He declared: “Touring is the most satisfying part of my work. I prefer it to anything else I do.”

“One-night stands were my apprenticeship. I learned a lot from them. I had a rough time at some theatres. But it was all experience!”

“My policy now is to undertake one major tour a year.”

Cliff’s friends know how hurtful to him are suggestions that his rise to international stardom has made him feel differently about going on the road. He still enjoys being part of “the gang”.

When travelling from one venue to another, principal artists usually have their own transport. But Cliff mostly travels in the show coach.

“I prefer to be with the people in the show and have a good old sing-song”, he told me.

On this tour, he will be appearing with the Shadows plus the Bob Miller band which has accompanied him on “Parade Of The Pops” and on TV.

“Hank, Bruce and I like to sit up front in the coach, play our guitars and start singing. Soon everyone joins in. We often make up our own tunes and lyrics, too.”

“That’s how a lot of our musical ideas are born.”

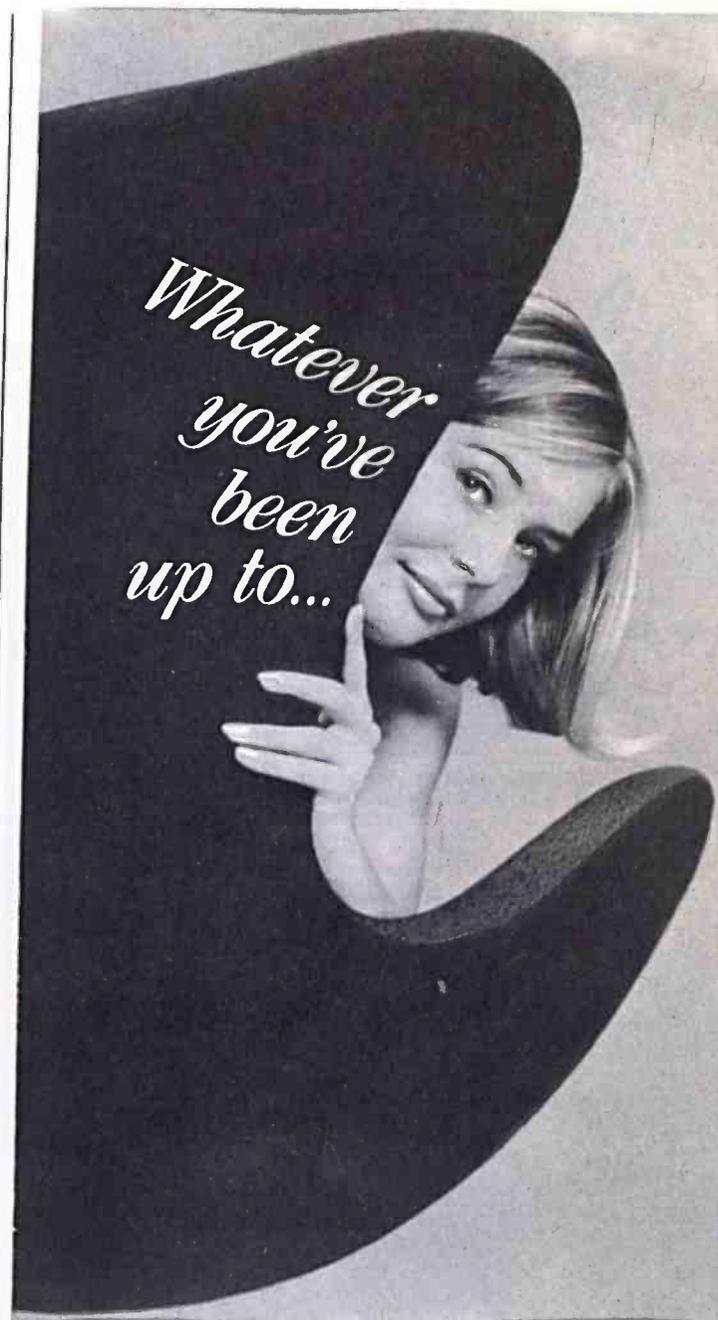
Cliff’s weight-watching diet goes to pot on tour. Normally he eats well-balanced food at regular times. But on the road this isn’t easy.

“You have to take what’s going”, he grinned. “Greasy bacon, egg and chips at a roadside cafe. Or, if you’re lucky, fillet steak and salad at the best hotel in town.”

Once the Richard entourage have arrived at the theatre, they usually have to stay behind a locked stage door for the rest of the evening. Cliff, who gets more tense as his act nears, finds relief in talking.

Cliff’s tour starts on Saturday, March 28, at Southampton Gaumont. When it is completed by mid-April, he will fly to the Continent for more stage appearances—in Holland, Belgium, France (the Olympia in Paris) and Scandinavia.

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A TAPE BUYERS SURVEY

A TAPE RECORDER— YOURS FOR UNDER £30

• Can you buy a good tape recorder for less than £30? Yes, says expert FRED CHANDLER of "Tape Recording Magazine"—if you are wary. Here's his advice:

There are lots of tape recorders under £30 these days—some battery-run as cheap as £5. But take care: some very cheap ones don't record music as well as you'd want . . . and others, especially imported ones, are bad bets for after-sales service.

So *ALWAYS* get the salesman to demonstrate the machine by recording and playing back some music—and through the recorder's own loudspeaker, not one he's plugged the machine into.

ALWAYS try to buy at a shop you know well—and prefer a recorder with a brand-name you know.

For good reproduction, the tape should run at 3½ inches per second—although some machines run at half that speed (1½ inches) with surprising results.

For extra running time, I like the Philips Starmaker EL 3514 (£28 7s.). It records four separate sound tracks on one tape, instead of the usual two. Of course, four-track machines cost a bit more—but they double a tape's playing time. Philips also make two very similar machines, the Corsor CR 1603 and Stella ST 456 which cost £1 1s. more. All three are outstanding for the price.

The Ferguson 3200 (£27 6s.), with an equally good performance, has a pause control, a magic eye for preventing distorted recordings, a rev counter so you can find your place on the tape, tone control and piano-key press buttons.

A cheaper four-track machine is made by Fidelity at £24 5s. . . . their two-track Playmaster model being £21.

For simple controls, there's the Geloso TR 702

(£24 13s. 6d.) marketed by Lee Products. It has a solid, uncomplicated deck (made by BSR) using a joystick to select "record or replay", "fast, forward or reverse" and "pause". To record, you use a second control (interlocked to avoid mistakes). It uses two tracks at 3½ i.p.s.

The same BSR deck is fitted to four Alba recorders priced from £25 4s. (R14) to £28 7s. (R17).

For the smallest machine I pick the 6lb. Elpico G 257 made in Italy and marketed here by Lee Products. True, the spools hold less tape than average but the slower tape speed of 1½ inches per second compensates for it. Lee Products also sell the Shaftesbury TR 802 (£27 6s.) with Ferguson tape deck running at 3½ i.p.s. plus pause control, magic eye, tone control.

For go-anywhere recording—without having to plug into the mains—there's the Philips battery-run EL 3586 (£26 5s.). The tape speed is 1½ inches per second, giving a playing time of up to 1½ hours on each of the two tracks.

Another battery-run machine is the Dansette Cadet (£27 6s.).

Other machines worth considering: the Dansette Consort (£23) . . . Elizabethan Popular 200 (£23 2s.) and Popular 400 (£26 5s.) . . . Stuzzi Two-star (£23 2s.) and Four-star (£25 4s.) . . . Sound Riviera A 41A (£23 6s.) and A 42A (£26 5s.) . . . Baird Tapemaster Twin (£23 2s.) . . . and Kolster-Brande (£25 4s.).

Two last warning words: Avoid second-hand models (they may be faulty and unrepairable). . . and beware of mail-order "bargains" (there may be no after-sales service).

blue days over

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for you. In case that just sounds corny, maybe I should explain . . ."

But I already knew part of the explanation. I remembered being with Billy backstage at Southend one evening last summer.

He had just heard he had been voted 1963's most promising performer in a poll. He was obviously proud and very deeply touched.

As cries of *WE WANT BILLY!* came from the street below, he said to me quietly and earnestly:

"It's hard to put my feelings into words. To think, that those people out there are calling out for me—and that thousands more like them have voted for me—stirs up such strange and powerful feelings inside me, *I almost feel like crying.*"

"Billy", I said, "it must be a fantastic, in-orbit sensation—playing to a packed audience and suddenly realising they are rooting for you, come what may. Some performers have told me it is as if a giant electric switch had been thrown over."

"Exactly!" said Billy. "The way it seems with me is that I am part of the audience—or they are a part of me—whichever way you like to look at it. It runs so deep in me that it hurts—I'm so up on a cloud that when it's over I can't wait for the next time."

Family mean so much

"A little while back", I reminded Billy, "you said there were two main feelings brought into your mind by the success you have found. . . ."

"Sure", he said. "The one I've not yet mentioned means most of all to me. It concerns my folks. Also my brothers and sisters. If getting ahead in show business means I can in any way add to their happiness, that is something really great."

"Tell you something about Mum", said Billy. "When my first disc hit the top of the charts, know what some of the neighbours said to her? '*When are you moving?*' That's what they said."

"Mum got real mad. Told 'em that her home had been good enough for her for 30 years and that was the way it was going to stay."

"So though I have set my mind on buying a new home for her and Dad, I've got to go careful. I know Mum's got her circle of friends round our way and she wouldn't want to be cut off from them."

"How about your brothers and sisters?"

"One I see most of is Arthur. That's because we are both single and still living at home. Arthur works in a sawmill. Brother Ronnie is a sheet metal worker. Jack runs his own scrap business."

"My sisters? Mabel and Eva are both married to shipping clerks. Olive's husband is a joiner. We all get along famously and it makes me feel good to know they take an interest in my career."

"I shall never forget when I played Liverpool Empire. The whole family turned out. Mum, Dad, my brothers and sisters—plus uncles and aunts—plus all my nieces and nephews. We all got together for a do afterwards. Smashing!"

"Seems you did the right thing—packing in your job at British Railways", I kidded him.

But Billy J. Kramer was dead serious as he replied, "Guess so. But—like I said—I don't want to sound cocky. Show business is a funny world and you never know which way the cookie is going to crumble next."

"But I tell you this for sure: even if my singing career faded right out tomorrow, I would have no regrets for anything I've done."

"I could never have asked for more wonderful things to have happened to me."

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STARWISE

We buy their discs, see their films, follow their careers. But how well do we really know the famous? Test your knowledge with this quiz



The faces are familiar, but do you know their real names?

TV

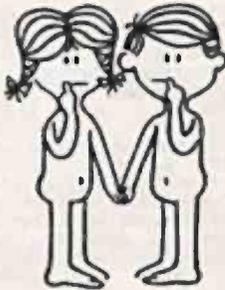
1. Who were the two stars of the original "Avengers" ABC-TV series?
2. What was the first TV beat show?
3. Robert Horton played what role in the "Wagon Train" series?

FILMS

1. Name the three stars of "High Society".
2. Adam Faith played a teenage thug in his first film. What was its title?
3. What four films have Frank Sinatra and members of his "clan" starred in?

CHARTS

1. Name the first hits these singers had after they died: Buddy Holly, Eddie Cochran and Johnny Horton.
2. What was the first disc to go straight to No. 1 in the British charts and who recorded it?
3. Which American singing duo had a hit with "Gonna Get Along Without You" prior to the Caravelles' recording?



ANSWERS
 (a) Ronnie Wycherley, (b) Mary O'Brien, (c) Richard Starkey, (d) Priscilla White, (e) Terry Lewis, (f) Harry Roger Webb, (g) Ian Hendry and Patrick Macnee. 2—"65 Special". 3—Finn McCullough.
 FILMS: 1—Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra and Grace Kelly. 2—"Beat Girl". 3—"Ocean 11", "Sergeants Three", "Four For Texas" and "Robin and The Four Hoods".
 CHARTS: 1—"It Doesn't Matter Any More", "Three Steps To Heaven" and "North To Alaska". 2—"Jathouse Rock" by Elvis Presley. 3—Patience and Prudence.

BOND

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enough to beat the two flankers? Bond's breath was already rasping in his throat.

Now even his suit was soaked with sweat and the cloth of his trousers was chaffing his legs.

Behind him, three hundred yards back, was one pursuer. To his right, dodging among the sand-dunes and converging fast, were the other two. To his left was a twenty-foot slope of masonry to the green tide ripping out into the Adriatic.

Bond was planning to slow down to a walk and keep enough breath to try and shoot it out with the three men, when two things happened in quick succession.

First he saw through the haze a group of spear-fishermen. There were about half a dozen of them, some in the water and some sunning themselves on the seawall.

Then, from the sand-dunes came the deep roar of an explosion.

Earth and scrub and what might have been bits of a man fountained briefly into the air, and a small shock-wave hit him. Bond slowed.

The other man in the dunes had stopped. He was standing stock-still. His mouth was open and a frightened jabber came from it. Suddenly he collapsed on the ground with his arms wrapped round his head.

Bond knew the signs. He would not move again until someone came and carried him away from there. Bond's heart lifted. Now he had only about two hundred yards to go to the fishermen.

They were already gathering into a group, looking towards him. Bond summoned a few words of Italian and rehearsed them. "Mi Ingles. Prego, dove il carabinieri."

Bond glanced over his shoulder. Odd, but despite the witnessing spear-fishers, the man was still coming on.

He had gained and was only about a hundred yards behind. There was a gun in his hand. Now ahead, the fishermen had fanned out across Bond's path. They had harpoon guns held at the ready.

In the centre was a big

man with a tiny red bathing slip hanging beneath his stomach. A green mask was slipped back on to the crown of his head.

He stood with his blue swim-fins pointing out and his arms akimbo. He looked like Mr Toad of Toad Hall in Technicolor.

Bond's amused thought died in him stillborn. Panting, he slowed to a walk.

Automatically his sweaty hand felt under his coat for the gun and drew it out. The man in the centre of the arc of pointing harpoons was Enrico Colombo.

Colombo watched him approach.

When he was twenty yards away, Colombo said quietly: "Put away your toy, Mr Bond of the Secret Service. These are CO, harpoon guns. And stay where you are. Unless you wish to make a copy of Mantegna's St Sebastian."

He turned to the man on his right. He spoke in English. "At what range was that Albanian last week?"

"Twenty yards, padrone. And the harpoon went right through. But he was a fat man—perhaps twice as thick as this one."

Bond stopped. One of the iron bollards was beside him. He sat down and rested the gun on his knee. It pointed at the centre of Colombo's big stomach. He said: "Five harpoons in me won't stop one bullet in you, Colombo."

Colombo smiled and nodded, and the man who had been coming softly up behind Bond hit him once hard in the base of the skull with the butt of his Luger.

When you come to from being hit on the head the first reaction is a fit of vomiting.

Even in his wretchedness Bond was aware of two sensations—he was in a ship at sea, and someone, a man, was wiping his forehead with a cool wet towel and murmuring encouragement in bad English. "Is okay, amigo. Take him easy. Take him easy."

Bond fell back on his bunk, exhausted. It was a comfort-



FRIEND OF THE FAMOUS

Deidre Meehan, telephonist at a London hotel, writes about some of the stars she's met and made friends with

A light on my switchboard flashed. I was glad—it had been a quiet evening at the London hotel where I worked.

On the phone, my friend on the hotel's reception desk said: "Deidre, there's a group of scruffy-looking boys here, booking rooms for the night. "They don't half look peculiar!"

A few minutes later I saw them for myself. They had long hair, very tight jeans and leather coats. They were clowning among themselves.

"We've come to London to make a record", they told me. "Well", I replied, "I'm

sorry, but I don't know you."

The four boys smiled sheepishly. "We're called the Beatles", they said.

"Never heard of you", I said—and it was true. The boys were in London to make "Love Me Do".

It was just impossible to talk to them any more because they had spotted a photograph of my favourite group, Sounds Incorporated, by the switchboard.

"We met Sounds in Hamburg", said Ringo. "With any luck, we'll be as good as them one day". Ringo is modest like that!

Yes, I've met many of show business's most likeable characters since I came over from Ireland to work at the hotel.

Gary U.S. Bonds, another guest, asked me to show him some London sights when he was here. We ended up at a twist club in Soho.

The floor was packed with people dancing to Gary's records! But no-one realised he was there.

The next night, I called at

his theatre—and got the shock of my life when he opened the dressing-room door.

His hair was in curlers—and heavily lacquered!

Gary told me: "I can't give a good show unless I'm sure my hair is looking neat!"

Being friendly with so many artists, I quickly discovered how to make myself useful backstage. My golden rule is: Never be without a needle and thread.

Stage clothes split easily. Particularly trousers. Many's the time I've come to the rescue.

My greatest reward is when an artist tells me after I've patched him up: "Deidre, if it wasn't for you, I couldn't have turned my back on an audience tonight!"

Do you have any true stories to tell about the famous? If you have, send them to us—rave, Tower House, Southampton Street, London W.C.2. We will be pleased to print them. Deidre tells more intimate and interesting stories in next month's rave on March 25.

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BOND

... page 48

able small cabin with a feminine smell and dainty curtains and colours.

A sailor in a tattered vest and trousers—Bond thought he recognised him as one of the spear-fishermen—was bending over him.

He smiled when Bond opened his eyes. "Is better, yes? Subito okay." He rubbed the back of his neck in sympathy.

"It hurts for a little. Soon it will only be a black. Beneath the hair. The girls will see nothing."

Bond smiled feebly and nodded. The pain of the nod made him screw up his eyes. When he opened them the sailor shook his head in admonition.

He brought his wrist-watch close up to Bond's eyes. It said seven o'clock. He pointed with his finger at the figure nine. "Mangiare con Padrone, Si?"

Bond said: "Si."

The man put his hand to his cheek and laid his head on one side. "Dormire."

Bond said "Si" again and the sailor went out of the cabin and closed the door without locking it.

Bond got gingerly off the bunk and went over to the wash basin and set about cleaning himself. On top of the chest of drawers was a neat pile of his personal belongings. Everything was there except his gun.

Bond stowed the things away in his pockets and sat down again on the bunk and smoked and thought. His thoughts were totally inconclusive.

He was being taken for a ride, or rather a sail, but from the behaviour of the sailor it did not seem that he was regarded as an enemy.

Yet a great deal of trouble had been taken to make him prisoner and one of Colombo's men had even, though inadvertently, died in the process. It did not seem to be just a question of killing him.

Perhaps this soft treatment was the preliminary to trying to make a deal with him. What

was the deal—and what was the alternative?

At nine o'clock the same sailor came for Bond and led him down a short passage to a small, blowzy saloon, and left him.

There was a table and two chairs in the middle of the room, and beside the table a nickel-plated trolley laden with food and drinks. Bond tried the hatchway at the end of the saloon. It was bolted.

He unlatched one of the portholes and looked out. There was just enough light to see that the ship was about two hundred tons and might once have been a large fishing-vessel.

The engine sounded like a single diesel and they were carrying sail. Bond estimated the ship's speed at six or seven knots.

On the dark horizon there was a tiny cluster of yellow lights. It seemed probable that they were sailing down the Adriatic coast.

The hatchway bolt rattled back. Bond pulled in his head. Colombo came down the steps. He was dressed in a sweat-shirt, dungarees and scuffed sandals.

There was a wicked, amused gleam in his eyes. He sat down in one chair and waved to the other. "Come, my friend. Food and drink and plenty of talk. We will now stop behaving like little boys and be grown-ups. Yes?"

"What will you have—gin, whisky, champagne? And this is the finest sausage in the whole of Bologna.

"Olives from my own estate. Bread, butter, Provelone—that is smoked cheese—and fresh figs. Peasant food, but good. Come. All that running must have given you an appetite."

His laugh was infectious. Bond poured himself a stiff whisky and soda, and sat down. He said: "Why did you have to go to so much trouble? We could have met without all these dramatics.

"As it is you have prepared a lot of grief for yourself. I warned my chief that something like this might happen—the way the girl picked me up

page 52 ...

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BROWN	Burnished Brown No. 4 or Soft Brown Glints No. 7
DARK BROWN OR BLACK	Chestnut Glints No. 5 or Soft Brown Glints No. 7
AUBURN	Auburn Highlights No. 6

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SPRAY TINT

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Cliff Richard, Joe Brown, Brian Poole, Ringo Starr, Clinton Ford—they all began their careers in holiday camps

YOUR CHANCE THIS SUMMER?



RINGO—Playing to the campers.

Going to a holiday camp this summer? It could be your chance to break into show business! That's where names like Cliff Richard, Joe Brown, Brian Poole and Jimmy Tarbuck first started working their way to stardom.

Or you could find yourself holidaying next to a big show business personality!

When Kenny Ball was working at Blackpool's Empress Ballroom, his wife and family were staying at a local hotel—until they all got so bored that Kenny moved them into a holiday camp.

"It was great fun—my wife and kids could do what they wanted without restrictions", he recalls.

How do you get a break in showbiz at a holiday camp?

Rhythm-and-blues stylist **Georgie Fame** was only an unknown sixteen, dreaming of a musical career, when he holidayed at a Pwllheli camp in Wales.

Rory Blackwell was leading a rock group there—and Georgie was fascinated by their beat. After an evening of digging their sound, he shyly went up to Rory.

"Excuse me, Mr Blackwell, but any chance of a job?" That was the start . . .

Cliff Richard was spotted singing at a London theatre in 1958—and was immediately signed by agent George Ganjou. He was introduced to recording manager Norrie Paramor.

Big break

Both Paramor and Ganjou advised Cliff to get as much experience as he could before setting out on a record career.

Ganjou promised: "I'll book you in for a season at Butlin's". And he did. That summer, Cliff and the Drifters—now the Shadows, with some changes in personnel—played four weeks at Clacton. "My first big break", Cliff says.

Comedian **Jimmy Tarbuck** was a redcoat at Pwllheli in 1962. He nursed an ambition to be a professional funnyman, so he went in for a national talent competition run by the camp.

The result: he won one heat and was awarded £50. Eighteen months later, he'd been on ATV's "Sunday Night at the London Palladium" *twice!*

Another comedian, **Des O'Connor**,

was once a house captain at a Filey camp. Some years later, Joe Brown worked at the same camp. **Brian Poole** and the Tremeloes gained a great deal of their know-how in getting dancing audiences into a frenzy at an Ayr camp in 1961.

The new recording group the **Contrasts** played at Skegness last summer as the Four Escorts. They backed singer **Bill Forbes**. During the season, they all got together to write a song, "I Can't Get You Out Of My Mind."

At the end of the engagement, they teamed up, changed their name—and landed a recording contract with EMI. Their first release? The song they wrote at Skegness!

Million sales

A "kiddies' uncle" at a holiday camp chain's hotel in Blackpool devoted much of his spare time to song-writing, too.

His name: **Russ Hamilton**. His song "We Will Make Love"—with its coupling, "Rainbow"—made him an international star with a million disc sales in England and America.

Down at Pwllheli camp, they still talk of the day **Clinton Ford** turned up and asked to see the entertainments manager. "But you can't", he was told, "he's busy."

Ford insisted—and a few minutes later found himself in the office demanding an audition. The audition was granted, so he parked himself on the edge of the manager's desk and sang folk songs.

When he finished, there was a long silence. Then he was told: "You're in!" Clint spent three summers at the camp, working with the Merseysippi Jazz Band during the winter months.

But perhaps the most celebrated of camp musicians is **Ringo Starr**. He played drums with **Rory Storm** and the Hurricanes at Pwllheli in 1960-61 and at Skegness in 1962.

In those days, he wore a beard (*see picture*).

Asked if his style had changed since he joined the Beatles, Ringo replied:

"Definitely. I used to be a short-haired, bearded drummer. Now I'm a long-haired, bald-chinned drummer!"

BILL DAYTON

Roger Moore

I'm not like the Saint



but he's the only one who thinks so!

The Saint looked me straight in the eye and made a very unlikely remark: "Anyone who went around behaving like the Saint would be a fool—there's certainly no resemblance between him and me."

Unlikely? I'll say! Frankly, I didn't believe a word of it. I'd been around Elstree studios—where ITV's roaringly successful "Saint" series is made—and they'd told me plenty about the man inside the Saint, Roger Moore.

Seems that the Saint and this tall, blue-eyed and incredibly handsome actor are pretty much the same man off-screen, too . . .

The Saint is always im-

peccably dressed. So, too, is Roger, who began his career as a photographer's model.

A studio hand told me: "I've seen that guy scramble up off the studio floor after a rough-and-tumble fight scene, and look as if he's just stepped out of Savile Row!"

The Saint likes fast cars. So does Roger, who zips to and from the studio in a blood-red sports job.

The Saint enjoys a gamble— and Roger's face is well-known in the plush gambling clubs of the West End. "I'll take a bet on anything that moves", he confesses.

The Saint is a great traveler. Roger owns a house in Hertfordshire, another in Hollywood, but confided: "My real home is in Rome."

The Saint has strong views on feminine attractiveness. So has Roger: "A girl should be well dressed. I like pastel shades best—but no frills, nothing ostentatious."

★ ★ ★

"Of course, personality is vital. That's why I like Italian women. They're warm, very feminine. In England, too many women conform—a big mistake."

The Saint is tough. Roger rarely uses a double when they film fight sequences and gets a black eye now and then.

So why does Roger insist he's not like the Saint?

He thought for a moment. "Basically, I'm a shy person. The Saint is big-headed—a superman who can do everything with effortless ease."

"I, on the other hand, can do many things quite well, but few brilliantly. Acting, for instance. I've yet to turn in a performance which proves to me that I can last indefinitely as an actor."

Roger, now 35, was once a newspaper cartoonist and still likes to doodle between "takes" at Elstree. The sun hasn't always shone for him. "There was a time when a packet of cigarettes was a luxury for me."

Now Roger is working on another Saint series to be seen all over the world. His next target? "To direct two films a year."

JOHN PARKYN

BOND

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in your restaurant was too childish for words.

"I said that I would walk into the trap to see what it was all about. If I am not out of it again by tomorrow midday, you'll have Interpol as well as Italian police on top of you like a load of bricks."

Colombo looked puzzled. He said: "If you were ready to walk into the trap, why did you try and escape from my men this afternoon? I had sent them to fetch you and bring you to my ship, and it would all have been much more friendly."

"Now I have lost a good man and you might easily have had your skull broken. I do not understand."

"I didn't like the look of those three men. I know killers when I see them. I thought you might be thinking of doing something stupid. You should have used the girl. The men were unnecessary."

Colombo shook his head. "Lisl was willing to find out more about you, but nothing else. She will now be just as angry with me as you are. Life is difficult."

"I like to be friends with everyone, and now I have made two enemies in one afternoon. It is bad."

Colombo looked genuinely sorry for himself. He cut a thick slice of sausage, impatiently tore the rind off it with his teeth and began to eat.

While his mouth was still full he took a glass of champagne and washed the sausage down with it. He said, shaking his head reproachfully at Bond: "It is always the same, when I am worried I have to eat. But the food that I eat when I am worried I cannot digest. And now you have worried me."

"You say that we could have met and talked things over—that I need not have taken all this trouble."

He spread his hands helplessly. "How was I to know that? By saying that, you put the blood of Mario on my hands. I did not tell him to take a short cut through that

place." Colombo pounded the table.

Now he shouted angrily at Bond. "I do not agree that this was all my fault. It was your fault. Yours only. You had agreed to kill me. How does one arrange a friendly meeting with one's murderer? Eh? Just tell me that."

Colombo snatched up a long roll of bread and stuffed it into his mouth, his eyes furious.

"What the hell are you talking about?"

Colombo threw the remains of the roll on the table and got to his feet, holding Bond's eyes locked in his.

He walked sideways, still gazing fixedly at Bond to a chest of drawers, felt for the knob of the top drawer, opened it, groped and lifted out what Bond recognised as a tape-recorder playback machine.

Still looking accusingly at Bond, he brought the machine over to the table. He sat down and pressed a switch.

When Bond heard the voice he picked up his glass of whisky and looked into it. The tinny voice said: "Exact. Now, before I give you the informations, like good commercials we make the terms. Yes?"

The voice went on: "Ten thousand dollars American . . . There is no telling where you get these informations from. Even if you are beaten . . . The head of this machine is a bad man. He is to be destrutto—killed."

Bond waited for his own voice to break through the restaurant noises. There had been a long pause while he thought about the last condition. What was it he had said?

His voice came out of the machine, answering him. "I cannot promise that. You must see that. All I can say is that if the man tries to destroy me, I will destroy him."

Colombo switched off the machine. Bond swallowed down his whisky.

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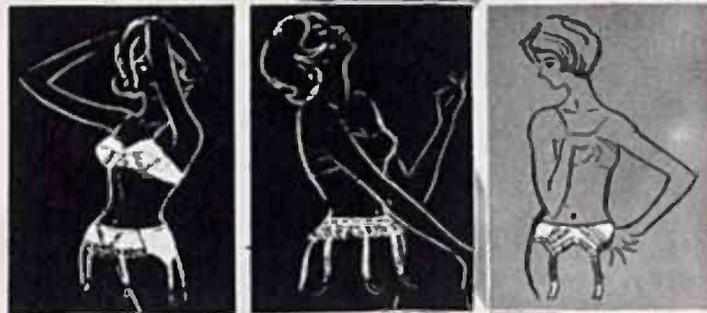
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FILM GUIDE

Reviews by
**MARGARET
HINXMAN**

The Long Ships (A) The Vikings sail again in an adventure-spectacle, manned by Richard Widmark, Russ Tamblyn and Sidney Poitier.

Love In Las Vegas (U) The Presley screen formula, garnished with Ann-Margret and some motor-racing thrills.

Mary, Mary (A) Debbie Reynolds shines as the quite-contrary heroine in this witty, but stagey, comedy.

McLintock! (U) A Western with more laughs than thrills. John Wayne.

Move Over Darling (A) This year's Royal Performance film. A tribute to Doris Day's wholesome charms.

The Prize (A) What starts out as a fraught tale about Nobel Prize winners ends up as a rollicking cliff-hanger, with Paul Newman risking all.

Studs Lonigan (X) Young Christopher Knight impresses as one of the original "rebels without a cause" in Chicago of the roaring twenties.

Dr. Strangelove: or how I learned to stop worrying and love the bomb. (A) Peter Sellers playing three roles in a ruthless, but very funny satire on how to destroy the world—by accident!

Four For Texas (A) Frank Sinatra and Dean Martin fool around in a parody Western which isn't as funny as it thinks it is.

The Gentle Art Of Murder (A) How to dispose of your spouse, demonstrated

in two homicidal stories—with Richard Todd as an innocent bystander.

The Incredible Journey (U) Walt Disney sends two dogs and a cat off on a hazardous trek across Canada and returns with a charming live-action tear-jerker.

Irma La Douce (X) Rather plodding screen version of the play about a light-hearted loose lady. But Shirley MacLaine and Jack Lemmon are, as always, superb.

Charade (A) Audrey Hepburn, Cary Grant and several vile villains in a crime caper that looks a treat, sounds hilarious and chills the spine, too.

Ladies Who Do (U) Or "Carry On Chars!" With Peggy Mount as the head of the mop-and-duster brigade and Harry H. Corbett as a jumped-up "Steptoe".

Hot Enough For June (A) Dirk Bogarde gets involved in an espionage plot, but manages to find some fun as well as thrills.

Zulu (U) One of the old Imperial battles of the last century, excitingly refought on film. Stanley Baker and arresting screen newcomer, Michael Caine.

Captain Newman, M.D. (A) Bobby Darin teams with Gregory Peck and Tony Curtis in an army drama—and, if he doesn't watch out, he'll become an even better actor than he is a singer!

This Is My Street (A) Turgid tale of London back street miseries. Worth seeing for Ian Hendry.

WHO WHAT WHEN WHERE

MARCH HIGHLIGHTS

WHO WHAT WHEN WHERE

TOURS

The Searchers, Dusty Springfield, Big Dee Irwin, Bobby Vee: Walthamstow Granada (March 1), Maidstone Granada (2), Ipswich Odeon (4), Manchester Odeon (5), Mansfield Granada (6), Sheffield City Hall (7), Hanley Odeon (8), Bolton Odeon (9), Leeds Odeon (11), Bedford Granada (12), Southend Odeon (13), Tooting Granada (14), Bristol Colston (15), Cardiff Odeon (16), Worcester Gaumont (17), Birmingham Odeon (18), Nottingham Odeon (19), Kingston Granada (20), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (21), Leicester de Montfort (22), Harrow Granada (23), Chelmsford Odeon (24), Doncaster Granada (25), Glasgow Odeon (26), Aberdeen Capitol (27), Newcastle Odeon (28), Liverpool Empire (29).

Gerry and the Pacemakers, Ben E. King, Fourmost, Sounds Incorporated, the Dennisons, Jimmy Tarbuck: Leicester de Montfort (March 1).

Rolling Stones, Eden Kane, Jet Harris, Billie Davis, Mike Sarne, the Innocents, Mike Berry: Guest artists will make appearances at most shows: Liverpool Empire (March 1), Nottingham Albert Hall (2), Blackpool Opera House (3), Bradford Gaumont (4), Blackburn Odeon (5), Wolverhampton Gaumont (6), Morecambe Winter Gardens (7).

Billy J. Kramer, Gene Pitney, Swinging Blue Jeans, Cilla Black, the Escorts, Reno Four, Billy Burden: Coventry Theatre (March 1), Cambridge ABC (2), Sheffield City Hall (3), Lincoln ABC (4), Huddersfield ABC (5), Wigan ABC (6), Birmingham Hippodrome (8), Exeter ABC

(10), Plymouth ABC (11), Salisbury Gaumont (12), Sutton Granada (13), Norwich Theatre Royal (14), Derby Gaumont (15), Dover ABC (17), Edmonton Granada (18), Shrewsbury Granada (19), Cheltenham Gaumont (20), Guildford Odeon (21).

Joe Brown, the Crystals, Manfred Mann, Heinz, Johnny Kidd and the Pirates, Daryl Quist, Mike Preston, Kevin Kirk, Al Paige: Portsmouth Guildhall (March 1), Kingston Granada (2), Chelmsford Odeon (3), Tunbridge Wells Essoldo (4), Guildford Odeon (5), Harrow Granada (6), Norwich Gaumont (7), Leicester de Montfort (8), Stockton Odeon (9), Sunderland Odeon (10), York Rialto (11), Scarborough Futurist (12), Woolwich Granada (13), Southampton Gaumont (14), Birmingham Hippodrome (15), Edinburgh Usher (16), Glasgow Kelvin (17), Dundee Caird (18), Kettering Granada (19), Bristol Colston (20), Slough Adelphi (21), Walthamstow Granada (22), Cardiff Sophia Gardens (23), Stoke Essoldo (24), Stockport Essoldo (25), Mansfield Granada (26), Brighton Granada (27), Ipswich Gaumont (28).

Jerry Lee Lewis: Birmingham Town Hall (March 20), Newcastle A'Gogo (21), Stratford Town Hall (22), Bloxwich (23), York Rialto (25), Kingston Cellar (26), Coventry Matrix (28), Manchester Belle Vue (29).

Cliff Richard, the Shadows, Bob Miller and the Miller-men: Southampton ABC (March 28), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (29), Lewisham Odeon (30), Harrow ABC (31).

Ella Fitzgerald, Roy Eldridge Quartet, Oscar Peterson Trio: Finsbury Park Astoria (March 21), Hammer-smith Odeon (22), Birmingham Odeon (25), Sheffield City Hall (26), London New Victoria (27), Brighton Dome (28), Leicester de Montfort (29), Royal Festival Hall (30).

Dave Clark Five, Hollies, Mark Wynter, Kinks, Mojos: Coventry Theatre (March 29), Scarborough Futurist (30), Leicester de Montfort (31).

BALLROOMS

Freddie and the Dreamers: Bath (March 2), Wallington (3), Stourbridge (4), Lowestoft (5), Gravesend (6), Redhill (7), Bradford Gaumont, with Kathy Kirby (8), Hinckley (13), Cardiff (14), Worcester (17), Maidstone (21).

VARIETY

Gerry and the Pacemakers and the Bachelors at Birmingham Hippodrome for a week from March 9. **Max Bygraves, the Polka Dots, and Three Monarchs** at Nottingham Theatre Royal for the same period. **Dave Clark Five and Susan Maughan** are booked for a week at Liverpool Empire from March 16. **Frank Ifield** stars at Birmingham Hippodrome the same week. At that venue the following week (23), the **Clark Five** and **Susan Maughan** are booked. **Russ Conway** and **Danny Williams** play Bristol Hippodrome. **Lonnie Donegan** tops the bill at Liverpool Empire. A stage version of ITV's "Stars and Garters" begins a two-week engagement at Southampton Gaumont from March 23, starring **Vince Hill, Al Saxon, Tommy**

Bruce and Ray Martine, Conway and Danny Williams appear at Wolverhampton Grand for a week from March 30. **Susan Maughan** joins **Donegan** at Manchester Palace that week. **Frank Ifield** will be at Liverpool Empire.

DIARY

Lonnie Donegan records in Nashville. **Duke Ellington** ends his British tour with a London concert at the New Victoria (March 1). **Susan Maughan** goes to Holland for a TV show (7). **The Shadows and Millicent Martin** headline ATV's "Sunday Night At The London Palladium" (8). **Freddie and the Dreamers** play at the opening of the Three Coins Club, Leeds (12). **Bachelors** begin a week of Manchester club appearances (16). BBC-TV screens the Eurovision Song Contest from Copenhagen (21). **Elvis Presley's "Love In Las Vegas"** goes on general release on the ABC circuit (22). BBC-TV screen Carl-Alan Awards presented by Prince Philip (23). **Max Bygraves** opens in a revue, "Round About Piccadilly" at London's Prince of Wales (29).

BIRTHDAYS

- 2: Tony Meehan
- 3: Mike Pender of the Searchers
- 8: Ralph Ellis of Swinging Blue Jeans
- 13: Neil Sedaka
- 16: Jerry Lewis
- 17: Nat Cole
- 23: Maureen Evans
- 29: Eden Kane
- 30: Ted Heath
- 31: Richard Chamberlain

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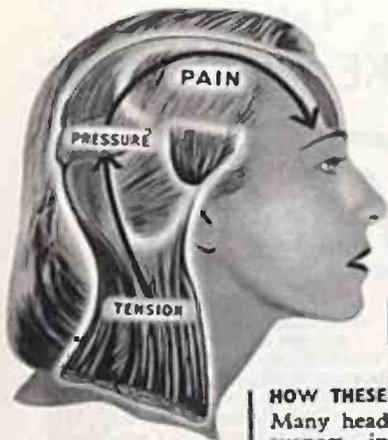
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LETTERS

rave

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DAVE DOESN'T STAND A CHANCE

I don't think there is any question about who will come out on top (Dave Clark Five v. the Beatles, "rave" January).

Although Dave Clark has a number of influential people behind him and a good No 1 hit, dozens of other groups have been in the same position. And yet none of them have received the all-round popularity achieved by the Beatles.

Although Dave Clark makes a fabulous sound it is not very original—nearly every group is slightly different in instrumental composition.—**CLAIRE WINSTONE**, London, N.W.11.

Time will tell, Claire. In the meantime there's 2 guineas on the way to you.

Great—just great! At least a topical new-style monthly. Just what we need. Just one tiny howler in "Starwise". The film "A Summer Place" featured Troy Donahue and Sandra Dee not Connie Stevens—but everyone makes mistakes!

Anyway good luck and long may you rave! — **LYNDA WITHERS**, Alvechurch, Worcs.

Thanks for the good wishes and we're sorry for the boob, it was all the work of Fred Gumshooter. We'll try and keep him under control in future.

Your "Sun Soakers" article, with its chart of resorts and costs, was interesting and helpful. Personally, I'm going back to Sitges, where I spent my holiday last year.

If I had started it a week earlier, I might have seen a lot of Cliff, the Shadows and Frank Ifield. I stayed at the

same hotel as they did but arrived just as Cliff and the rest were leaving.—**SIMON HOSKINS**, London, N.1.

Better luck this year, Simon.

The articles on Freddie, B's and Billy J. were great, especially the one on Billy J. I admire him for his honesty and respect for his parents even after he's become famous. I respect Billy J.'s Mum and Dad, who put their son's future before their sleep. I don't know of many parents who would do this.—**PAT ELSEY**, Failsworth, Lancs.

Come to think of it, nor do we.

How refreshing to find some stars who are consistently themselves like the Beatles.

John and Paul provide the zany stimulus, George the meditative, inspired wit and Ringo the facial contortions. A few of their contemporaries



so start writing now!

would do well to be as unaffected as the Beatles. — **ALAN PRICE**, Brighton

Big-timers don't last long in this business, Alan.

Please tell John, Paul and George not to be so unpleasant to Ringo. Sean Connery is about forty while Ringo is twenty-three. Looking at Sean Connery's face it reminds me of Clapham Junction. John should stick up for handsome Ringo when Paul insults him. — **VICKI BROWN**, Bromley, Kent

We think they're ALL handsome.

I thought I had every picture of the late Buddy Holly. But I was wrong. I didn't have the one taken during Buddy's Palladium show in March, 1958, which you published last month.

Thank you, and I hope you will continue to publish more exclusive pictures of Buddy. — **MICHAEL WALSH**, Dundee

We'll try.

I dig most of all the Alan Freeman-Billy Fury talk. It really makes me feel I know Billy a lot better.

It was a great idea to combine Beatles and Bond for your cover. Both tops.

The 007 serial is so exciting I can hardly wait to read more. — **P. McLAREN**, Lockerbie, Dumfries-shire, Scotland

We hope you'll keep on waiting—until next month.

in a line or two

... at last! A magazine that is going to give the girl singers a chance.—**JACKIE STAMP**, Birmingham, 26.

Well, girls are our hobbies!

... thanks for the fashion trends, holiday suggestions and cartoons. — **M. DAWKINS**, Chichester, Sussex.

Our pleasure.

... could you tell me whether the lady photographed with John Lennon of the Beatles on page 9 last month is his wife? — **M. P. KING**, Bournemouth, Hants.

No. It's Mrs John Bloom.

... the only thing that spoils this great book was the spelling of GEER on the front cover. Everybody who is with it should know it is spelt GEAR. — **CAROL WHIGHT**, Ayr, Scotland

Fred Gumshooter, to mention two, insists on geer.

... tell Cliff not to be so stupid. He's lovely and handsome. I'll still be a fan of his when he's fat and bald and I'm a grandmother six times over.

— **SONIA ADAMS**, Coventry.

Give the man a chance.

... the articles were geer especially those on the Beatles, Cliff and Billy Fury. I also look forward to the next part of Billy J.—*fancy leaving us in that position.* — **K. M. DAY**, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex.

Sorry.

... could a whole page be developed to photos of c-and-w artists such as Jack Elliot and Jim Reeves? — **KEVIN NAYLOR**, Ashbourne, Derbyshire

How many want a page?

... I picked rave up out of curiosity expecting another of those expensive magazines with uninteresting articles and dull pictures. But! I apologise. What I found was a real value.—

A. E. LANCASTER, Pontefract, Yorkshire

Wait till you see what's coming.

ALAN'S ALBUMS

NICE SET FROM RICK AND BOBBY'S BUDDY TRIBUTE

RICK NELSON: For You

Brunswick

For You; Fools Rush In; That Same Old Feeling; Down Home; You're Free To Go; I Rise, I Fall; That's All She Wrote; A Legend in My Time; Just Take A Moment; Hello Mister Happiness; Hey There, Little Miss Tease; The Nearness Of You.

A very pleasant set from Rick, spoilt by the shrieking girle chorus which sounds like a group of maiden aunts who have just discovered Presley and lost all their inhibitions. Rick, lumbered with a couple of extremely poor songs, varies his style from beat to orchestra-backed ballad, and shines on the title song, and *Fools Rush In*—his most recent hits—and the Hoagy Carmichael-Ned Washington oldie, *The Nearness Of You*. Top marks to his group, especially guitarist Jimmy Burton.

BOBBY VEE: I Remember Buddy Holly

Liberty

That'll Be The Day; It Doesn't Matter Any More; Peggy Sue; True Love Ways; It's So Easy; Heartbeat; Oh Boy!; Raining In My Heart; Think It Over; Maybe Baby; Early In The Mornin'; Pitying Me.

Who better to record a Holly tribute than Bobby who filled in for the Texas singer the night he was killed?

Some of the arrangements are similar, almost to the note, to the originals, and I feel that the tribute would have been more sincere if some imagination and ingenuity had been used.

Bobby abandons his dual-track technique, and sounds rather weak. Vocal accompaniment is very sour and does not merge with his singing.

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Memories Are Made Of Hits; Vol. 4

London

To Know Him Is To Love Him (Teddy Bears); Great Balls Of Fire (Jerry Lee Lewis); Red River Rock (Johnny and the Hurricanes); Splish Splash (Bobby Darin); Ballad Of A Teenage Queen (Johnny Cash); Cannonball (Duane Eddy); Tutti Frutti (Little Richard); Just Keep It Up (Dee Clark); Yakity Yak (Coasters); I'm Hurlin' (Roy Orbison); Here Comes Summer (Jerry Keller); Happy Organ (Dave "Baby" Cortez).

A medley of vintage hits, many of them now beat standards. Some of the names may seem unfamiliar, but to a lot of fans it will bring back memories of the days when Liverpool was just another city up north somewhere. It's a very dated Bobby Darin singing *Splish Splash*, his first big hit. And how many Beatle fans have heard of organist Dave "Baby" Cortez or the Teddy Bears? This one should appeal to the old 'uns.

ALAN JOHNS

chart chatter

Of course, all the papers which said the Beatles were the first British act to get a American No 1 were hopelessly out. Vera Lynn has that honour—for "Auf Wiederseh'n" in 1952.

Both Acker Bilk ("Stranger") and the Tornados ("Telstar") hit the hot spot in 1962. The Beatles carve their own niche in chart history however by getting two U.S. No 1's. No other Britisher has done that.

King of the American chart toppers is undoubtedly Elvis Presley. "Billboard" went back over 15 years and found Elvis had been No 1 seventeen times.

His nearest rival is Perry Como with a mere five at No 1. Only other act to get to the top more than three times was the Everly Brothers. Frank Sinatra, to mention one, has never done it.

ROY STEELE

In next month's rave

BRILLIANT READING/GREAT PICS

IN COLOUR

GROUP SCENE '64 BACKGROUND TO BIG BEAT!

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moaning about never seeing these groups just isn't true. The Beatles put on a special performance of their Christmas show in Liverpool. And that took a lot of doing."

Meanwhile, outfits from London and the rest of the country are being imported to play in the Beat City's almost legendary clubs.

GEOERGE CHAKIRIS — in colour on page 62 — got £20 for carrying a spear in a Marilyn Monroe film, several years ago. It was his first film assignment. "I hoped to be important," he recalled.

"I wanted to be so good that fans would write in and make me a star." What happened? "They cut the scene from the film", he grinned ruefully.

WHICH group do you regard as Britain's most outstanding? Beatles, Freddie and the Dreamers or Brian Poole and the Tremeloes?

These three groups are on the short-list for coveted Carl-Alan Awards—trophies given by Mecca Dancing—to be presented by the Duke of Edinburgh at Leicester Square Empire on March 23.

The short-list for the most outstanding vocal record for dancing is: "Glad All Over", "She Loves You", "I Like It", "Don't Talk To Him" and "Secret Love".

Instrumental discs short-listed are: "Washington, Square", "Steptoe And Son", "Dance On". And out of Ted Heath, Bob Miller and Joe Loss will be chosen the most outstanding dance band-leader.

What would your nominations be?

- Projected television series for Cliff Richard in the autumn.
- Light Programme should air "Easy Beat" from 11 am Sundays. More could listen.
- Tommy Steele went out of his way to praise rave No. 1.
- Watch for Elizabeth Taylor in a cameo role in "Becket".
- AR-TV will give girl singers a boost in a new series, "Girls' Eye View". It's planned for Wednesdays.
- Expect big film news for Cilla Black soon.
- Billy J. Kramer soon reveals what the "J" means.

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

Asked by an Australian radio interviewer what he thought of the Beatles, fuzzy-haired Joe Brown replied: "They're great. But I wish they'd get their hair cut!"

NORMAN KUHLE of the Swinging Blue Jeans, told me of one bet he did not mind losing . . . even though he won. When "Hippy Hippy Shake" was released before Christmas, all four in the group bet on how high the record would climb in the charts.

Les Braid said 11, Ray Ennis reckoned 5, Ralph Ellis decided it would reach No. 10 and Norman put his money on 3. He won, and he had to stand the other three a pint of bitter each.

TOM SPRINGFIELD, crazy about Latin American music, has returned from a Brazilian trip with two unusual instruments. A 12-string local guitar and a Coica—a wind instrument which makes a noise like a grunting pig!

LOTS of critics have said Gene Pitney's "Tulsa" hit owed a lot of its success to Burt Bacharach's backing.

Gene—we've a rare colour picture of him on page 63—would be very pleased to acknowledge the truth of this. For behind this waxing lies a story of Pitney's almost fanatical attention to detail.

He liked the song when he first heard it. "But a woman could interpret these lyrics better than a man", he said. "My recording will have to have an extra something to make it a hit."

Gene cabled musical director Burt Bacharach, who was in Europe making some recordings with Marlene Dietrich. Back came a reply that Burt would not be free for some time.

"O.K., I'll wait", said Pitney. And he did. His perseverance paid off. How right he was about the lyrics being better suited to a woman, shows in Dusty Springfield's marvellous version of the song.



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rave



GEORGE CHAKIRIS

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GENE PITNEY

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NO 2

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BEATLES