

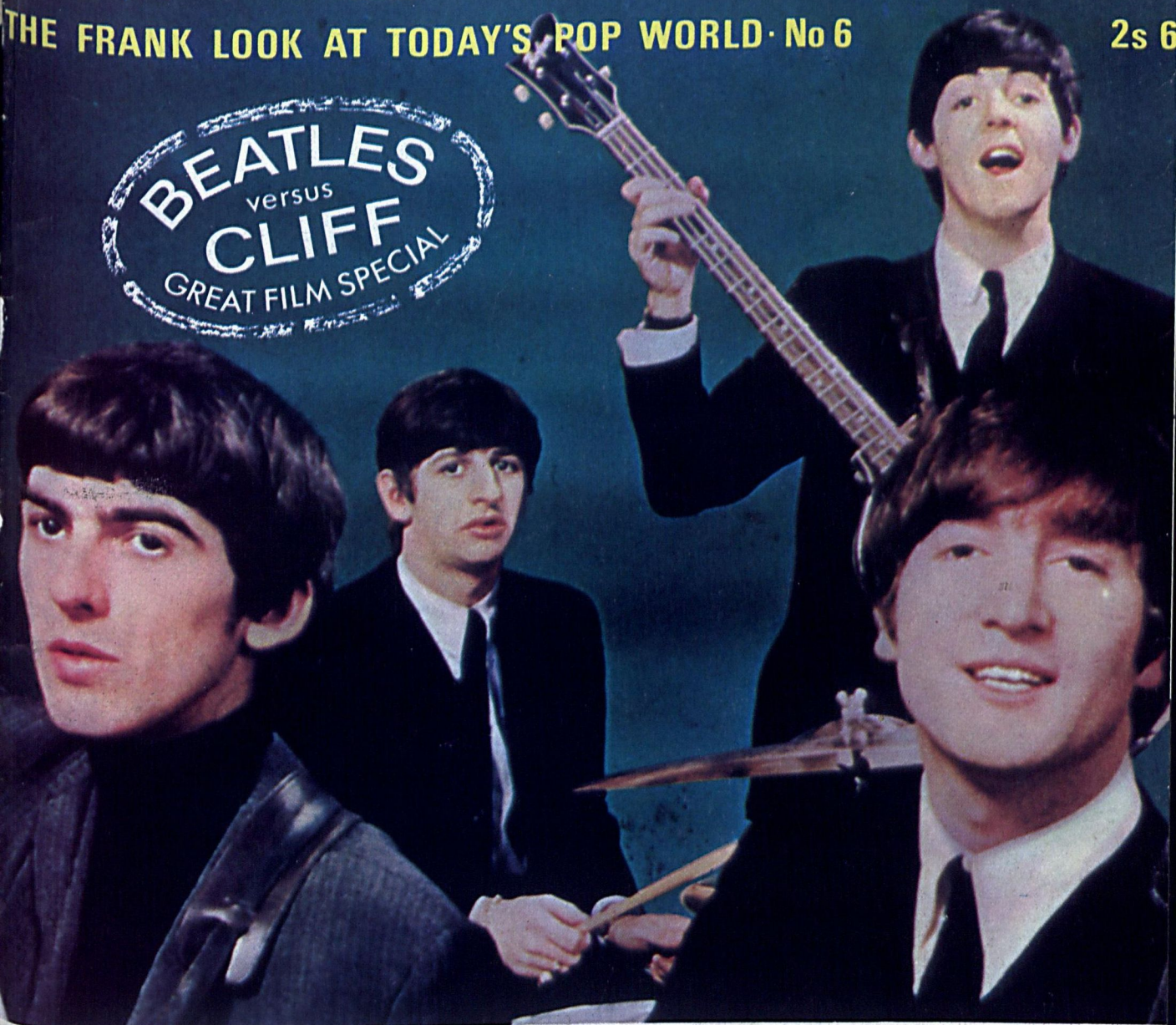
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P.P. 8003 Jg.

THE FRANK LOOK AT TODAY'S POP WORLD · No 6

2s 6

BEATLES  
versus  
CLIFF  
GREAT FILM SPECIAL



**WILD!** ROLLING STONES AS YOU'VE NEVER KNOWN THEM  
ALAN FREEMAN HEART-TO-HEART WITH CILLA

# IT'S NICE TO BE A WOMAN

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# MAX FACTOR PERFUMED SPRAY DEODORANT 3/9



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# Revelations

No.6  
JULY 1964

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FASHION 50  
STARBEAT 12  
TODAY'S RAVES 19  
HIGHLIGHTS 44  
STARWISE 58  
LETTERS 54

## COME FLY WITH THE STARS

—an armchair trip around the world with GERRY, MILLIE, SEARCHERS, BILLY J., DAVE, MANFRED, BRIAN. Page 59

### PICTURE CREDITS

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Rosser (Millie)—Theo Sanders  
(Manfred). 64, David Magnus.

## a WONDERFUL HARD DAY'S LIFE CLIFF/BEATLES'

fans take over  
PAGES 24 to 39

### BACKSTAGE AT rave

Holidays are here! Time to get away. Have fun. Live it up! We've lots of gen inside to help.

It's going to be a great summer—particularly for film fans. The Beatles' first movie and Cliff's new one will be the highlights. Hope you like our souvenir pictures and light-hearted look!

Let us know, anyway. Reading your letters makes us feel part of the biggest gang in the world. Thanks a lot!

Also, for your votes in our "Name The Next Rave-Wave" Poll. We're counting mountains of coupons. Results in the next rave—out July 30. Make it a date? Good!

**DON WEDGE, EDITOR.**

P.S. A clue about the Poll result. Look for groups with initials M, P and Y among the leaders!

ALAN  
FREEMAN  
HEART-TO-HEAR  
WITH  
**CILLA**  
page 14

# WILD!

ROLLING STONES  
AS YOU NEVER  
KNEW THEM



**'As the excitement mounts girls surge down to the footlights, their screams swamping our amplifiers'**

*Says Brian Jones*

SOME GROUPS give performances. We have a rave. A mad, swaying, deafening, sweating half-hour of tension and excitement which gives us just as big a kick as the kids. For us a rave starts pretty quietly. As we drive into the town, we stop to ask someone the way to the ballroom.

We like to case the joint first, to see how big the crowd is outside. If it looks large and a bit mad, we shoot off to a phone-box and lay on an emergency service. Police and officials bundle us through a secret door. With a bit of luck, our car remains unscratched and unlipsticked, our clothes stay in one piece and we still have as much hair as we started with.

We wander round backstage to scout out the scene. Already we can hear the screams. "What's the audience like?" we ask. "Wild!" someone says. And that's great, because that's how we like it.

Suddenly a voice bawls out from somewhere: "Right, lads. Five minutes!" And then it all starts happening. The rave is about to begin.

We rush back to the dressing-room for a final tune-up, Stu, our road manager, is shifting our gear onto the stage.

Standing in the wings, waiting for the curtains to part, you get your first real glimpse of all the excitement. Stage hands frantically beat off girls who are trying to wrench back the drapes.

The atmosphere is more than electric by now—it's something tangible, like a vast elastic band, ready to snap at any moment!

And then we're off. Keith roars into "Talkin' About You". The curtains slowly part. The Stones are rolling!

As our music gains momentum, the kids sway like palm trees in a hurricane. A huge Hampden roar swamps our overworked amplifiers. We feel as if we're really in there with the fans.

As the excitement mounts, the girls surge down to the footlights and start showering us with gifts—sweets, peanuts, cuddly toys. We're feeling very good.

Suddenly it's all over. The curtains close quickly, shutting off the faces behind that ear-splitting roar.

Back in the dressing-room, we swallow cokes to get that sandpaper taste out of our throats. We start to unwind as we wait for the police to arrange our getaway.

We always feel a little sad, driving away through the surging throng.

Another rave is over, but already we're looking forward to the next.



**WILD! THAT'S HOW WE LIKE IT!**



**WILD! THAT'S THE WAY STONES LIVE!...**



ave



TROY DONAHUE

# WILD! THAT'S THE WAY THEY LIVE

## HOME? THAT'S ONE PLACE STONES DON'T SEE MUCH

"HOME IS where you finish up between tours," joked Mick Jagger as he drove down the M1 into London late one night. "Our life doesn't let us get home much."

Mick and Keith share a pad in Cricklewood, London. Charlie lives a few miles away, at Wembley Park. His mother works a 6d bus ride away at a precision tool factory in Alperton. When Mick and Keith are on their way to a show they pick them up.

Brian has two homes—one in Reading, where he lives with his family, the other in London's swish Belgravia, next door to Lady Dartmouth.

You won't find Bill's house in a neat row in Beckenham, Kent, looking different to any other in the neighbourhood. "In fact, lots of local people don't realise I live there, it's so quiet," he says.

The Wyman home is shared by his wife Diane and son Stephen (see below). Actually, neighbours know them as the Perks family, for that's Bill's real name!

## LOOKING AHEAD

THE STONES certainly believe in living life to the full—but they're taking care of the future, too. "It won't always be a gas like this" is Brian's sensible view.

Mick and Keith's songwriting (they wrote Gene Pitney's "That Girl Belongs To Yesterday") is an investment. "Royalties come in every six months—and we just stack the cash away," they say.

Bill, the family man, is thinking of buying property. "To provide more security for my dependants."

Charlie, although never keen on acting, is enthusiastic about the Stone's film—because many movie people have said he'll go far in this medium.

And Brian's full musical talents are gradually emerging to show that he has a considerable future as an arranger.



## They go for jazz clubs

LONDON'S Flamingo Jazz Club holds a great attraction for the Stones. You'll often see at least one of them enjoying himself there on a night off.

Then there's the Scene, London's centre for way-outs. Or the Marquee, or Ronnie Scott's. "Our favourite kind of haunt is a jazz club," says Keith. "As a rule we don't like show business hang-outs—but we dig the Ad Lib."

In the provinces the Stones can't circulate so much. "We're virtually prisoners in our hotel."

## FAST MOVERS!

BRIAN JONES spent several hundred pounds on a fast, sleek Humber which matches his own personality. But you'll see him driving it only around London.

"I prefer to hire cars in the provinces," he says. "Mick and I drive."

Keith usually joins them in the front—in charge of the radio!

Charlie recalls: "We had a late-night drive from Aberdeen to Dundee along dark, lonely roads. Could have been boring."

"But Brian found a new game. We pretended to be at the pictures. What we saw through the windscreen was the film. It was a great laugh!"

## A MEAL A DAY KEEPS THEM FIT

LIFE doesn't stop for a meal—that's the Stones' philosophy. One main meal a day keeps them going, together with plenty of cups of tea and glasses of milk.

Favourite drinks are whisky with coke or ginger and lager and lime. Steaks go down well, so do salads, fish and roast dinners.

"But eating and drinking are functional necessities" laughed Keith Richard, pouring himself a third cup of tea! "We're not keen on breakfast—we get up too late for it, anyway."

After a show, when the Stones can really relax, they order drinks and sandwiches. They get fads, too. Once they went mad on tea and buttered toast. They ordered it at every meal.

## Say 'fair'—not 'great'

You WON'T hear a Rolling Stone describe something as "great". He'll use the word "fair", instead. And "it's a gas" is strictly out. In is "knockout".

Anything gear is regarded as "the gov'nor" Mick's favourite word is "diabolical". He uses it to describe almost anything he doesn't like!

# WILD! THAT'S THE STONES

## CHARLIE EVEN FORGETS HIS TELEPHONE NUMBER

CHARLIE has never been allowed to forget the night he forgot his own phone number! His bad memory comes in for a lot of good-natured teasing.

Mick, the Stones' memory man, reminds Charlie of the numbers he forgets. And it's Mick who does the best impersonations of Charlie's struggle to remember things!

Once Charlie had a call from a reporter who asked him a lot of personal questions about his love life. He got very indignant—and still hasn't realised it was only Brian Jones!

"But Charlie wasn't caught as badly as I was," Brian admitted. "I was interviewed on the phone for half an hour, but it was Mick posing as a journalist."

Their way-out lives bring a way-out sense of humour—their game called Nankies, which they practise wherever they go.

"Nankies are little men who think they represent authority," explained Brian. "We take them off by pulling down the underneath of our eyes and pushing up the end of the nose."

"Then you say things like 'I'm only here to do my job'. Or 'I don't make the rules, I merely abide by them'."

## WHEN YOU MEET DON'T

... treat the Stones as people apart. They like to be regarded as ordinary human beings and resent star treatment.

... ask them if there's any rivalry between them and the Beatles. They're the best of pals with John, Paul, George and Ringo.

... go to meet them without having some questions prepared. They're embarrassed by people who stand and stare, speechless.

... make jokes to the Stones about their long hair. After all, they won't tease you if you wear yours short!

## Cameramen have got to be with it

THE ROLLING STONES never mind posing for photographs — but they hate cameramen who aren't with it!

Sometimes they'll frustrate photographers by making it impossible to take a picture of them as a group. There'll always be at least one Stone missing.

Another favourite trick is to pretend that some of their friends are members of the group. They have a good laugh afterwards at the photographs.

## How to click with 'em!

"WE LIKE people with way-out, original points of view," says Mick. "People who share the same humour, the same language."

Like Andrew Oldham, the group's 20-year-old co-manager who also handles their recording. He's a trend-setter, a self-made tycoon and the Stones think he's marvellous.

Or Lionel Bart. "Lionel's talents in all fields appeal to us," said Brian. "He understands us, and he appreciates what we are trying to do."

Then there's Graham Nash and Allan Clarke of the Hollies. "Quick-witted, slightly cynical—and they know what they're talking about," said Keith.

Gene Pitney and Phil Spector are so similar to the group in manner and tastes that they have been dubbed "honorary Stones".

But not all the Stones' friends are wealthy. Their oldest pal is Jimmy Phelge, a printer. He once shared a tiny flat with Mick, Keith and Brian.



**Charlie—the studious one**

CHARLIE WATTS is the studious one. He reads books on the American Civil War. Has many classical albums among his LP collection. The well-dressed Stone, he often spends £50 at a time on clothes. The silent one. Of the five Stones, Charlie is the one who says the least.

## Living to the full

THE STONES are active, even when they're relaxing. "We can't sit still, we have to keep our minds working," says Brian

If they're flying they like to play cards.

In the dressing rooms Keith will pick up pencil and paper and sketch. "Bill's usually my model," he says. "He's the best at posing."

The others pick up guitars and experiment with sounds. Sometimes you'll hear an impromptu blues session coming from their room.

## GREAT MIMICS

DON'T be surprised to find the Stones imitating your own mannerisms. They are great mimics.

Bill makes his hair stand out, gives a toothy grin and calls it "my Ken Dodd bit." Mick takes off nearly everyone.

Keith and Brian are experts at picking out things people say which seem typical of their personality. Charlie doesn't imitate anyone in particular—but he enjoys the way Mick impersonates him.



## Hairstyles — for a giggle!

WHEN the rest of the group comb their hair back for a giggle, Mick won't join in. "It hurts my scalp if I pull it against the way it normally hangs," he says.

When they're in gagging mood, the Stones sometimes give themselves new hairstyles. And it's surprising how different they look!

Brian washes his hair so often that it smells of shampoo most of the time. You'll catch a whiff of Tang after-shave when you meet the Stones, too.

Everywhere he goes, Brian takes his expensive Schick electric shaver. Mick borrows it sometimes. Bill is the envy

of the rest of the Stones, though. His beard is so light he shaves only once every three days!

## They'll go down in History

THEIR private thoughts are noted by Bill Wyman, who keeps a daily diary of the Stones' sensational career. "He's our unofficial historian," joked Keith Richard.

Bill's kept a scrapbook of their cuttings since they began, is currently pasting up his fourth volume. On tour he folds away the local papers with stories about them.

Stones read the popular

daily papers. "Punch", "Town", the music papers, "rave" and anything with any mention of the group.

## Early days

TOUGH—that's how the Stones' intimately think of their early days. Keith's mother remembers way back when Mick and Keith were pals in their home town of Dartford, Kent.

"They were both set on becoming musicians, but for a long time they had no money. In the end, they both left home because they couldn't pay for their keep."

"Sometimes I'd ask Keith how much he had earned that week and he'd beam and say: 'Thirty bob, mum!' It hardly kept him in guitar strings—and

I've paid for lots of those, too.

"He used to get so broke that I'd slip a fiver into his pocket in the dressing room at the Station Hotel and the Crawdaddy Club where they used to play in Richmond."

## JAZZ FANS

MENTION the name of almost any blues artist, like Mary Wells, Jimmy Reed or Marvin Gaye, to one of the Stones and you'll be talking to an authority!

"We're keen jazz fans, too," said Mick as he selected a Thelonious Monk long-player from the collection in his bedroom.

Dave Clark Five and Heinz are among the British artists they like to talk about. But privately they think the Hollies are one of the best home groups.



# CLIFF'S HIDEAWAY... BEATLES' BILLS... FANCY SMITH'S HAUNT... GERRY MEETS THE SAINT

## CLIFF'S HIDEAWAY... BEATLES' BILLS...

■ Cliff Richard, Frank Ifield and Bruce Welch have become neighbours at Algarve, Portugal. Each has bought a luxurious house out there—and Cliff has never even been near the place!

Muriel Young has owned a house there for some time. Disc-jockey Ray Orchard is negotiating for some land in the southern province and so is EMI Records executive Arthur Muxlow.

Why has Algarve suddenly become all the rage among show business folk? Frank told me: "I had a sun-soaked holiday there recently and I had such a marvellous time I decided to build a permanent home."

Property isn't cheap in Algarve, but the forty-mile area is undeveloped so far and when an airport is built there next year, prices will rocket even higher.

Bruce Welch, who in addition to having saved a lot of money as a Shadow, has made a small fortune from songwriting, tells me that he, too, fell in love with Algarve after a holiday.

Cliff said: "It's true I've never been there, but I heard such glowing reports that I thought it worth investing some of my cash in a place where sun is guaranteed."

Both Frank and Bruce are going to be tied up in summer seasons for a few months. Cliff's own activities this year are going to keep him a long way from Portugal.

"We haven't bought the houses just for ourselves," explained Frank. "We've all got lots of friends and relatives who would like to spend their holidays in Portugal!"

■ Billy Fury's keen interest in horse racing goes back many years to the days when he and I used to watch it on television in his flat.

Billy avidly studied the day's newspapers to read up on form. When he had made his choice, he would bet me half-a-crown that his horse would win!

I'd make my selection and bet against him. Usually he won. "It's not the money you can win—it's the thrill of the crowds, the horses and everything, that gets me," he would say.

Our Saturday afternoon sessions at the TV track gradually developed into something more for Billy. He rapidly became an authority on form, quietly watching the progress of horses with a view to buying one of his own.

His manager, Larry Parnes, and close friend, Daryl Quist, share his enthusiasm for the racing game. "But we don't usually tell each other what we are backing," said Billy. "I hope from now on they'll be putting their money on Anselmo."

■ Before Gerry Marsden started work on his film "Ferry Cross The Mersey", he watched Roger Moore at work to learn the right technique.

"Singing on stage or TV was second nature to the Pacemakers and I," explained Gerry. "But we weren't sure how we needed to adapt ourselves for the impersonal film camera."

He and the Pacemakers watched Moore at work on

■ John Lennon and Lionel Bart were chatting together so cosily over the lunch table that I asked them if they were considering a song-writing partnership.

Their reactions were interesting. John shook his head emphatically. Bart said quickly: "John's already got a collaborator—Paul McCartney. He doesn't need anyone else to write with him."

Nevertheless, I wouldn't mind betting that if the two of them put their heads together they would come up with some great ideas!



one of the programmes in the "Saint" series. Although the series is for television, it is filmed many months in advance.

Roger Moore gave Gerry this advice: "Whatever you do, be yourself. Even if you're playing the part of a king, think how you would act in yourself if you really were a king!"

■ Have you noticed the similarity in looks between Nicky Crouch of the Mojos and George Harrison? Or perhaps you think he looks more like Charlie Watts of the Rolling Stones.

Either way, Nicky, who is not related to George, is fed up with the comparisons. "The only person I look like is myself," he complained to me. "I don't like people staring at my face and seeing someone else!"

■ A song written by Hollies Graham Nash and Allan Clarke is likely to herald the disc debut of dancer Patrick Kerr of RSG fame later this year.

Patrick has been taking singing lessons and asked Graham and Allan what they

## FANCY SMITH'S HAUNT... GERRY MEETS THE SAINT

thought of his voice. "We liked his style so much that we sat down and wrote for him," they told me.

Parlophone recording executive Ron Richards has given Patrick a test—with favourable results.

■ Acker Bilk, fed up with having bought more than a hundred new bowler hats in the past three years—they've been snatched off his head while playing—is giving up wearing them.

■ The Beatles have spent a small fortune on clothes for their Australian and American tours this summer.

They ordered 45 shirts from Esquires of Glasgow, the shop where most stars buy their gear. The bill for these came to £156.

All the shirts were made to measure. High collars, long points, James Bond cuffs were the order of the day. Incidentally, John has the thickest neck with a 15½-inch measurement!

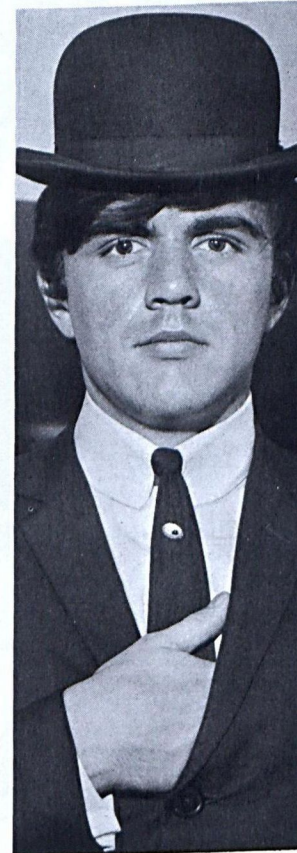
Then off they went to tailor Duggie Millings in London. He has turned out dozens of Beatle suits and makes up material to Paul McCartney's own design.

"The first rule to observe when making trousers for the Beatles is that there should be no slack on the seat," he told me. "They all like their trousers really tight-fitting. If there's even a half-inch of play, they'll send the trousers back!"

Suitably attired, they are facing the world. I reckon that by the time you've added up £3 shirts, £35 suits, £6 boots and all the other accessories, it costs more than £50 to dress a Beatle!

■ When Elvis Presley agreed to take a dual role in MGM's "Kissin' Cousins", manager Col. Tom Parker is reported to have rubbed his hands and said: "Good—now we can ask for twice the salary".

Presley didn't get two wage packets. And quite frankly even the £450,000 he was paid was twice as much as he deserved. The film is a poor one; the music isn't very good and Elvis has done nothing to advance his career.



■ What would Dave Clark be doing now if he hadn't had a hankering for the bright lights? "I'd be attending regular monthly meetings of the board of a business transfer agency," he told me.

"I worked for the agency some years ago, going around looking at property. Eventually my show business urge made me feel I had to leave."

"When I gave in my notice they offered me a directorship. I was told: 'At least this is a respectable job in a respectable profession, Mr Clark'."

Dave turned down the tempting offer. Now, in addition to fulfilling his urge he has two directorships — Dave Clark (London) Ltd., and Spurs Music.

■ The Searchers were talking about travelling—which takes up a lot of their time these days. Their conversation stemmed from John McNally's confession that, as an ex-sailor he'd like to travel everywhere by sea!

## FANCY SMITH'S HAUNT... GERRY MEETS THE SAINT

For Mike Pender, trains are favourite. As a boy he collected engine numbers. He's not too keen on diesel trains, though. "They're characterless," he says.

Chris Curtis doesn't mind how he moves about as long as it's not by bus. "In our early days we had to hump all our gear on and off buses to get from one place to another and that's how my pet hate began," he told me.

Tony Jackson feels happiest when he's in a taxi. "That's because I don't know my way around most towns," he said. "You just get in and leave it to the driver to provide a door-to-door service."

■ Nancy Sinatra and Claudia Martin—daughters of Frank and Dean—consolidate their close friendship by appearing together in a film to be released soon.

The picture, "For Those Who Think Young", stars James Darren. It's practically set on a sandy beach with surfers filling in the background!

United Artists tells me the film is provisionally slated for release later this month.

Will Don Wardell reach the heights achieved by some of his former Radio Luxembourg colleagues when he leaves the station to freelance this month?

Disc-jockeys like Alan Freeman, Peter Murray and Keith Fordyce have progressed since leaving 208. Don's original very English approach should stand him in good stead. I'm tipping him to join the other d-j greats.

■ There's a new haunt for show business folk where you stand a fair chance of getting knocked about. No, it isn't a particularly rough club, pub

or coffee bar. It's a judo club in London's West End.

Fancy Smith of "Z Cars" (Brian Blessed when he's off duty) goes there. So does Honor Blackman. Doug Sheldon used to hand out quite a belting when he called.

The club — the London Judokwai — attracts many behind-the-scenes show business people, too. They talk big business as they compete for their black belts.

■ George Chakiris' acting ability, together with his Grecian good looks, has won him many parts as a foreigner—but never as a Greek.

"So far I've played a Puerto Rican in 'West Side Story', a Hawaiian in 'Diamond Head', an Indian in 'Kings Of The Sun', an Italian in 'Bube's Girl' and a Norwegian in '633 Squadron'," he told me.

"I'm an American — of Greek descent, but I guess I'm just not the type to portray a Greek," he smiled.

■ Whenever I see Manfred Mann mentioned in print I can't be sure whether reference is being made to the group or the individual.

This is because Manfred insists that there are no individuals in his group because they are all Manfred Mann! Even Paul Jones, Tom McGuinness, Mike Hugg and Mike Vickers!

"I'd rather have this confusion than work under some of the names we have called ourselves," said the real Manfred Mann.

These included: the Blues Bros., The Manfred-Hugg Blues Menn, the Hipsippy Five and—wait for it—Freddy Slack and the Cow-Cow Boogie Band!

■ Jane Asher once had a very lucrative sideline modelling handbags.

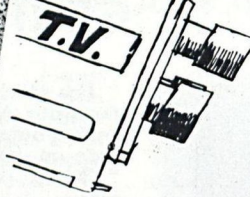
They call 1964 the year for groups. They say that British artists have never had it so good. Yet the most consistent-selling record in the "New Musical Express" chart this year has been American Jim Reeves' "I Love You Because".

Reeves has scored more on a points aggregate than any other artist this year! His record came in on February 20 and is still going strong. Close behind Reeves' achievement comes the Bachelors' "I Believe".

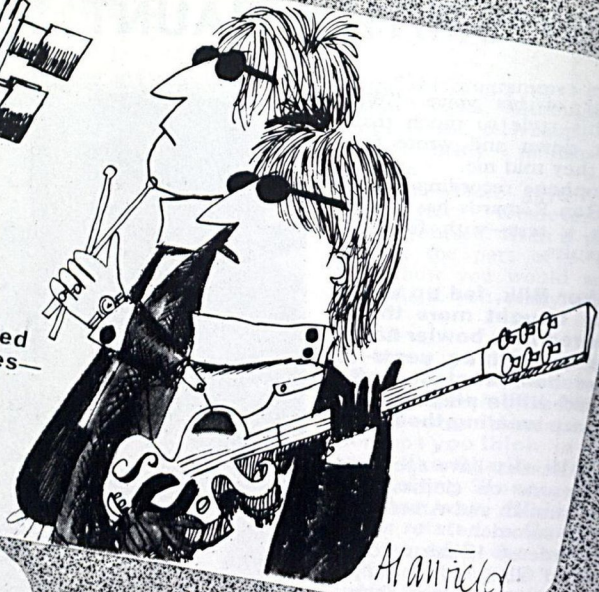
Millie's "My Boy Lollipop" is third—then come the Bachelors again with "Diane". So much for the group scene domination of the charts!

# READY STEADY

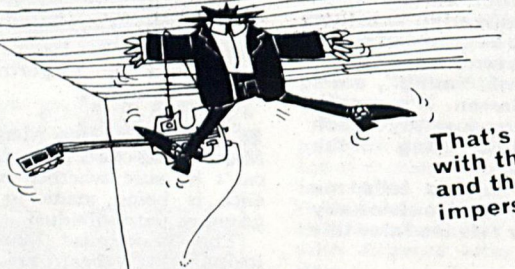
**LAUGH!**



'Course we need  
the dark glasses—  
we got our  
words painted  
inside 'em.

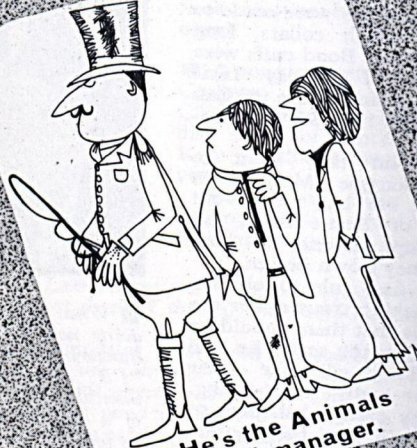


Alan Field



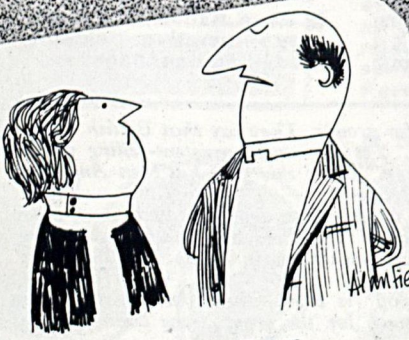
That's the trouble  
with these Freddie  
and the Dreamers  
impersonators.

COLMAN

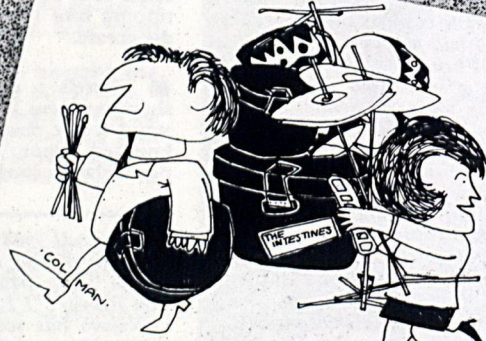


He's the Animals  
road manager.

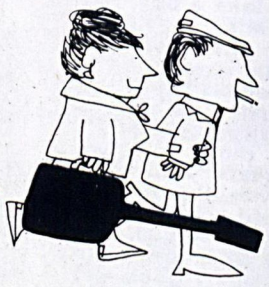
MANTON



No, it's not a Dave  
Clark—it's an Archbishop  
of Canterbury.



I sometimes wish I fancied guitarists instead.



COLMAN

Intimate, revealing, candid  
**ALAN FREEMAN**

**Heart-to-heart  
 with the famous**

**W**ho is Cilla? What is she? The question drifted across my mind as I set out the sun-chairs on my roof garden and made sure there was plenty of ice for our glasses.

You know, pop-pickers, it's easy to take too much for granted in show business. In the cartwheeling gaiety of our jobs many people begin to fancy they're on friends-till-death-do-us-part terms with

artists they've worked with in just a couple of shows.

But after a while you realise that you're only seeing their professional side. It's only when work is finished and the artist is relaxed, comfortable and at ease that the true personality starts to show through—and the secrets that matter are shared.

That's why I always try to make my London home a free and easy pull-in where my ...



**'I FEEL I'M ON THE EDGE  
 OF A VERY HIGH CLIFF'**

••• friends among the stars can really put their feet up and unwind from the week's tensions.

But there are no tensions in Cilla Black. Here's a girl who knows how to get the maximum out of every moment, whether she's working or lazing.

As soon as I opened the door Cilla danced delightedly in, her eyes flicking everywhere at once.

"Alan! What a smashing pad. It reminds me of the one Rock Hudson had in that picture 'Pillow Talk'. Ooh! Get those *marvellous* stairs. Can I go up and come down again?"

## HAND ON HIP

She flew up the cute little spiral staircase (which between you and me, sports, is the reason I fell in love with the place myself). After a moment she appeared at the top, hand on hip and hankie dangling languidly like an old-time movie siren. She sauntered haughtily down and threw the hankie to one of her invisible admirers.

**As we played a few bars of "Anyone" Cilla suddenly burst out, "You know, I was a fool to record that!"**

"I'll bet you've got a great imagination, Cilla," I said, laughing.

She sank down on the sofa merrily. "Oh, Alan. You've no idea. I've got the most fantastic imagination. I can be Ingrid Bergman or Bette Davis or anybody.

"When I was small I'd see some little kid fall over and I used to tell my mother his mutilated body was lying in the road. I nearly drove my poor teachers mad with the compositions I used to write about what happened to me. They were *endless*.

"Even now I sleep with the light on sometimes, because my imagination gets the better of me and I imagine I'm choking or something.

"When I get a new song to do I concentrate very hard just on the words and the tune.

"But by the time I'm out on the stage I start acting it and I get all worked up, as if what's in the song is really happening to me."

I said: "Cilla, I think I know what you mean. For instance, in 'Anyone Who Had A Heart' when you come

to that middle part—'what am I to do'—what exactly do you feel?"

Without pausing she answered: "I'm walking on the edge of a cliff, a very high cliff at the end of the world!"

I sat down at my new grand piano and played a few chords of "Anyone". Cilla hummed the melody.

My fingers lingered over



the middle bars of the number . . . "What am I to do?"

"What a great song," I said.

"I was a fool to record it," Cilla said surprisingly.

I looked up from the keyboard in amazement. It took her to No. 1. Brought fame, success, wealth.

"That's something I would never do again," she explained. "Record a cover version of someone else's original."

Cilla had never looked more sincere. "I couldn't stand all the criticising," she went on.

"Brian Epstein brought me back that record when he went to the States with Billy J. The American publishers didn't even know they had it.

"I'd never heard of Dionne Warwick before then. I thought the number was boring, the way it was done, with nothing happening before the end of the song.

"I recorded it because it was a song I wanted to *attack*. I wanted to get my teeth into it.

"The next minute 'Heart' started going up the American charts like mad and I thought, 'Oh, well, we'll have to scrap it.'

"But they said, 'No, put it out.' And then, of course, everything started to flare up."

She's not stopped with that, of course pop-pickers. A sensation at the Palladium and, perhaps more important, another No. 1—"You're My World".

I needed air. So I took her out on the roof garden and she stood looking down at the traffic rumbling far below while I mixed some tall cold drinks. We sank down on our

sun-chairs and sipped happily.

"I'd have brought my bikini if I'd known you were going to ask me out here, Alan," she grinned. She was wearing a sharp little navy suit and she took off the jacket to reveal a floppy French beige sweater.

Cilla is reputed to have a tremendous influence on teenage fashions. "Do you really see yourself as a leader of fashion?" I asked her.

"To tell you the truth, I don't," she said. "When I go on stage I try to wear clothes that would look all right anywhere . . . not exaggerated.

## NOT LIKE ME

"That's why I got a little French dress for the Palladium. I'd hate to think there were loads of girls walking around looking like me. I paid a lot of money for that dress."

After only eight months as a professional singer, how is it that Cilla is so sure and poised in her clothes sense, her career decisions and her casual, confident personal outlook?

She took a straw out of her mouth and smiled.

"Alan, you have to remember I had eleven aunts. They taught me an awful lot. And I was the only girl in our family.

## CILLA-ISMS

*Quick answers to my questions.*

**BALLADS V. BEAT:** "If young people are like I was they'll go for both. I sobbed along with Judy Garland when I was fourteen."

**HER NEXT DISC:** "I wanted my next record to be a raver but they said to me, 'Nine hundred thousand people have bought 'Anyone Who Has A Heart'. You've set a pattern in their minds and you must accept it.'"

"I thought, 'How boring—have I got to stick to this?'"

**TOP TEN OR CAREER?** "Success doesn't depend just on the Top Ten. Look at Frank Sinatra. He rarely gets into the charts—is he finished?"

**LIFE:** "I live for today and if today goes well, that's great. If it doesn't go well, there's always tomorrow."



**"I'm by no means beautiful," said Cilla as we sunned ourselves on the roof.**

"Every week-end when I was small I used to go to our Nannie's house, and on Sundays there used to be all these aunts floating about. One of them looked like Susan Hayward. Veronica her name was.

"I was closest to her. She looked after me and she used to teach me to roll my eyes. She'd have me hula-hula dancing and then she'd take me to see all the pictures of Nelson Eddy and Jeannette Macdonald.

"She adored them. She was a marvellous singer herself and she passed it on to me."

I asked her: "Cilla, can you remember when you first burst into song?"

"Oh, yes. I was about eight. My aunts had this big old-fashioned record player with the 78s and you had to wind it up. I loved it and I used to sing for them."

"Did you always want to be a singer?" I asked, moving our chairs around to follow the sun.

"Well, I always *loved* singing, Alan. But if it hadn't turned out this way for me I would have been a hairdresser.

"You see, where we were living in Liverpool was over a barber's shop on the Scotland Road. And having no front door we had to come in and out through the shop.

"I remember I didn't half get told off by the barber—Mr Murray his name was. I was mad on hairdressing and I used to have all my friends in at nine o'clock at night to do their hair.

"Before I became professional I was going to give up my job as a clerk-typist and take a hairdressing course with what I'd saved. I'm very



business-minded. I always knew I'd be . . . well, not exactly rich but sort of prosperous."

Instead, Cilla today has her hair dressed in the exclusive West End salon of Vidal Sassoon, one of the kings of his craft. If her destiny had gone otherwise, she might have been tending the coiffure of the society women clients whom she now studies with quiet humour.

"Every woman looks the same under the hair-dryer.

I've seen lots of people on the screen and on TV and I've thought they were gorgeous.

"Then you meet them and they're so ordinary. When they turn round and ask me for my autograph it just shatters me."

I looked at Cilla, feet curled under her in repose. "Do you think beauty is important?" I asked.

"No. I don't think so, Alan. I haven't got it. I'm by no means beautiful. What attracts me to people is character, sense of humour."

It is this last quality that has been such an effective key to so many doors in Cilla's life. She told me how her very first job was a hilarious mistake.

After she had been studying for some time at a Liverpool commercial college, the principal asked her one day to go along with a nervous fellow-pupil who was being interviewed for a job. Cilla chatted away so profusely that all the boss had the opportunity to say was "Hmm, hmm."

"He was more frightened than I was," she laughed. The following Monday Cilla got a letter giving *her* the job . . . as clerk-typist at five shillings an hour.

In the evenings she worked as cloakroom girl in Liverpool's famous Cavern Club. She sang with a group called

••• Cass and the Casanovas, which became the Big Three.

Later she sang with Rory Storm and the Hurricanes. "Actually, Alan, I thought the lead guitarist was dishy," said Cilla. "He couldn't play a note but I thought he was lovely. I had a real crush on him."

The drummer with the Hurricanes was one Ringo Starr. "He was ugly but cute, and he was a friend of Paul McCartney. Paul at that time was the most-fancied one in Liverpool.

"They all had a crazy sense of humour and they were great fun to be with. John Lennon's sense of humour is really marvellous, but I know I'll never understand more than a part of it. "By the time the Beatles were signed up I'd given up thinking of a singing career. I'd tried twice and got nowhere. I was flogging a dead horse.

"Five people had offered to sign me up but my dad said no. He's only a docker, but he's very quiet and shrewd and it takes him no time to weigh people up. And, of course, he knew these ones were no more than we were."

## CAN'T TELL

I thought of how many cases I have known in the disc business—how many tragedies where the big chance, the long-awaited break has been offered but not recognised . . . to pass on to the next and luckier person. Fame and wealth and applause for those who snapped at the opportunity; heartbreak and obscurity for those who let it go.

But how do you tell which is the chance that counts and which is merely the bait of the shoddy exploiteer? I tell

From the roof garden we looked down at London.



you, pop-pickers, it's a tough choice—and Cilla was lucky to have a dad who knew the difference.

Cilla sat back and turned the glass in her hands thoughtfully.

"By the time he turned down the sixth person I was fed up. And then I met Brian.

## I GAVE UP

"Although I'd given up singing I still used to go along to the clubs for my own enjoyment and I knew Brian slightly—the Beatles had introduced me.

"But you know their sense of humour. Brian thought they were joking when they said I was the singer they'd told him about.

"And I thought *they* were joking when *they* said, 'Hasn't Brian been to you yet, love?'"

"But Paul said, 'Never mind, Cilla. When I'm rich I'm going to have my own recording company and the first person I'm going to sign will be you.'

"I hadn't lost all hope and I'm sure he meant it. I still used to go to all these clubs and now and then the group would ask me to get up and do a number.

"One night when I got up Brian was in the audience and

he heard me. Afterwards he said in that lovely accent of his: 'Cilla . . . I have an idea.'

"I drooled when he told me what it was. Gerry of the Pacemakers was in town that week and Brian said I could do some tapes with him and he'd send them down to George Martin of Parlophone.

"My dad was knocked out with Brian and I knew he was satisfied at last."

But in these cynical days, success is often tempered with suspicion. Could a girl like Cilla, having grown up in a tough, self-reliant city like Liverpool, take easily to the idea of trusting another person with her life and her career?

"Oh, yes," she said. "It all depends on the person.

"In a place as big as London you might get the idea that they were out to con you. But I wouldn't ever be frightened of that with Brian.

"I record to please me. Nobody *tells* me what to sing. I don't like refusing to do something. I'm not being temperamental, but I just won't do it if it isn't me."

I said very seriously: "Cilla, if you had the choice of making a record that would take £100,000 as a world hit, or recording a tremendous song that would show Cilla Black at her best but wouldn't earn you a penny—?"

She didn't wait. "I'd choose the second."

I knew she was telling the truth. It showed.

## LIKE RAVING

"Do you object to being called a pop singer?" I asked.

"Well, sometimes, Alan. 'Pop singer' means you're here to-day and gone tomorrow. I love singing ballads and I like raving as well, even Ray Charles-type stuff, 'Frankie And Johnnie,' all that.

"Before, people used to put rubbish on the B-side of records. But I think all that's dying out. If I do a ballad on the big side I like to get a raver on the back."

I offered Cilla a cigarette. She shook her head. She gave up smoking this summer and she doesn't drink.

"Who are your favourite singers?" I asked.

"Oh, I've lots. The first record we bought when we got our radiogram was Jimmy Young singing 'Too Young'. I love Dinah Washington. I like Millicent Martin, Ray Charles, Frank Sinatra. And Tony Bennett.

He knocks me out, breaks my heart when he sings 'One For My Baby'."

"Dislikes?"

"Any singer who sounds too English. My mother loves Vera Lynn. Her latest record is good. It has some soul. But the kids don't want to know about war songs. Nobody really wants to be reminded about war. I hate digging up old things. I believe in progress."

## HEARTBREAK

Cilla looked at her watch. "I'll have to be getting along, Alan. I'm frightened of my hairdresser."

"One last question," I said as we walked back through the flat.

"Have you ever had a personal emotional heart-break?"

"Once," she said. "The time 'Love Of The Loved' entered the charts at No. 25 and then dropped right out. My first record. The thrill of it going into the charts—it nearly killed me.

"I told everybody. And then when I rang up the following



Monday and they told me it was completely out . . . it has me nearly crying even now. I could never recapture anything like that thrill."

"Not even when 'Anyone' went to No. 1?" I said.

Cilla shook her head. "No, Alan. It wasn't like that first time. I'll never recapture it."

I closed the piano and saw her to the door. I know that stars come and go, but here was one that would last.

A thousand songs lie ahead of Cilla Black, the girl from Scotland Road . . . moving ballads, raving songs, heart-break songs.

And they'll keep knocking me out as I spin them for you!

I'll be back pop-pickers in the next rave—on July 30. Make it a date? Right? Stay bright!

# today's raves



## False Information

To get the best effect from our false eyelashes, wear two pairs together—one in fur, the other natural hair. If you want the latest Dolly-eye look, straighten the lashes by wetting them. Take care to keep the glue-strip dry.

## YANKEE DOODLES

All the latest from New York. When a girl's going steady she gives her date a symbolic chain made from chewing-gum wrappers. The longer the chain, the more she loves him. Comes the big break-up and the boy sets himself free by putting a match to the chain!

The Beatles are still the tops in America's Teen-Pan Alley, but Billy J. Kramer and the Dave Clark Five are also making fans from coast to coast. Billy J's "Little Children" has really hit the young belt for six.

Music trends swing between folk songs and rock 'n' roll.

Everybody's got a guitar in their hands, whether they can play it or not. Latest dance is the "Slauson", the same as the "Stroll"—only different!

Latest postal craze is spattering envelopes with zany initial-letter codes—like P.B.L.F. (Please Burn, Letter Follows) or N.R.B.O. (Not To Be Read Before Opening).

Girls are going for short dresses, culottes, brown lip-sticks, name necklaces, pastel flaties, green and blue rain-coats, mohair anything.

Boys still refuse to be fashionable and are happy to go for the girls.

## Cooliest for cats . . .

Skinny jumpers are the coolest thing in doll's wear right now. Make your own by cutting out the sleeves of a T-shirt and edge the neck and sleeves with contrasting binding.

Easy do-it-yourself idea: a crochet sweater in fine white, or coloured, string. If you go for the coloured stuff, make sure you get enough rolls of string before you start. Matching the dyes exactly can be an impossible job if you run out later on.

Men chasing the cool look should visit a specialist cycling shop—even if they've never pushed a pedal in their lives. No one will ask for your qualifications when you ask to have a silky sweat-shirt made up in "racing" colours of your own choice. They'll make them to your own design, too.

You can get in on the crochet market while you're at it. One-tone crochet shirts for boys are now available.



## CHECKS, MATE

That's what gives Craig Douglas' Prussian-collared jacket such instant eye-appeal. The snappy houndstooth check in two-tone brown is sheer 1964.

Craig wears it indoors for lounging—"dressier than a cardigan" and outdoors (still for lounging), because it's "more comfortable than a coat."

The soft tweed material is just right for the summer season—and so is the price: £4 from Michael's Man Boutique in Ealing.

More jacket gen for sharp male dressers. First the telly twosome—three-button eye with cutaway front as worn by "My Favourite Martian", and the Jethro Bodenc special, pleated pockets and pleats inset below the belt, as worn by Max Baer Jr in "The Beverly Hillbillies".

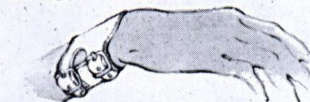
If you want special trimmings try a hand-stitched artificial hem round the sleeves, about 3 in. up from the cuff.

## St. Tropez \* Tit-Bits

What's fresh on the French Riviera? We've sent out spies to spot the 1964 trends from Bardot-land and the good news is that bikinis are back. And we do mean bikinis!

The object isn't just to show off your figure but to catch as much sun as you can. That means the briefer the bikini the better.

For showing off your tan—dazzling white leather wrist-strengtheners will make your arm glow browner than brown.



If you can't afford to go and get that crisp Riviera bronze just pop along to Woolworths. They do a very effective variety of instant sun-tan.

Pancakes, incidentally, should be filled, French-style, with apricot jam. Pancake stalls are as common out there as fish and chip shops in Bootle! (\*say it: San-Trop).

## RAVES ON THE CREST OF A WAVE—

split-skirt culottes . . . skinny jumpers . . . tropicano shoes . . . longer jackets . . . mohair suits . . . semi crew-cuts . . . tight, white pants for girls.

## ALL WASHED UP—AND DEFINITELY OUT

—canvas sneakers . . . nail varnish . . . back-combed hair for boys . . . the bare-eye look . . . long tight dresses . . . blue-beat skirts . . . Beatle hair-cuts . . . decorated scooters.

## ODD SPOTS

Edinburgh's beat clubs have a checkered history. Bungy's was a coffee bar, then a casino before it became a beatspot. It was also burnt out three times under mysterious circumstances. The city's last jazz band, Old Bailey and his Advocates, gave their farewell performance at The Place, venue of the "Hootenanny" television shows.

The Gamp Club was closed down for a while because it didn't have enough fire exits.

## NAMES TO REMEMBER!

Talk of the town soon will be two ordinary girls, plucked from their desks to join Peter Sellers in the breezy American film "The World Of Henry Orient". No-one who sees it will quickly forget teenage scene-stealers Tippy Walker and Merrie Spaeth.

Off-screen, Tippy, 17, wears her hair lank and loves bikinis. Her favourite writer is John Lennon. She wears high heels, sheath dresses and no lipstick.

Merrie, 15, wants to come to London to study at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. She goes for red lipstick, pleated skirts and loafers.

If you really want to catch up on the American teen scene, don't miss their performances.

## Emergency repairs

New Tom Thumb wallet contains foam clothes brush, hair grips, safety pins and nail pad. You can't buy them—there's one free with every large tub of Gordon-Moore's Cosmetic Toothpaste.

**rave**



**MOJOS**

# WHY NOT TONIGHT?

BY BILL SPICER

**A hit-parade question for the Mojos. But one that strikes an uneasy chord in their private life**

**F**or once the fans didn't have the Mojos working. The guitar gear lay unstrummed, the drums undrummed, while the frantic five from Liverpool hunted ideas for filling in their first night off-stage in a month of strum-days.

Each one knew what he *L to R (back) Nicky Crouch, Terry O'Toole, (front) John Konrad, Stu James, Keith Karlson.*

really wanted to do. And each one knew he couldn't do it!

Before they became the Mojos with a chart-topping hit like "Everything's Alright" to live up to, the boys were never lost for ways to spend an evening.

Stuart James, 18, mop-haired guitar player and vocalist, was a model railway addict, building his own scale trains and tracks.

Keith Karlson, 19-year-old bass guitarist, was a budding poet, filling sheet after sheet with rhyming couplets.

Nicky Crouch, 21, lead guitar, was a real outdoor man—judo, athletics, swimming.

Terry O'Toole, 22-year-old pianist, turned out oil paintings in his spare time.

And John Konrad, 19, drummer, turned out intricate model airplanes and cars.

All busy boys, able to balance their interest in music with a healthy chunk of evening-off escape.

But not any more!

"Now we've got nothing to do with our spare time except waste it," says Nicky. "We just fritter most of it away, really."

Why? If they used to fill in their off-duty evenings to such good effect, why not tonight?

"For a hundred different reasons," explains Stuart.

"The main one being that we can't carry our hobbies around with us. We've been based in London for the last two months while popping all over the country on ball-room and theatre dates, yet all our gear is still at home in Liverpool.

"Tonight I'll just laze about. Maybe go to the pictures on my own, then pop into a little night club I go to in Soho now and again for a little relaxation.

"I won't dance—just listen to the music."

The others had no definite plans for filling in the time that stretched out ahead until the next working day.

"I'll just make up my mind as I go along," says Keith, most studious-looking of the Mojos and the only one to wear glasses.

"I won't be writing any poetry, though. It takes concentration to do that and after the strain of the week I'd rather just relax. I'll probably lounge around and listen to a few blues records—my favourite kind of music."

John, who used to be a welder and is beginning to take up a new interest in photography, was hoping to be able to snatch a game of chess with road manager Bill Collins. Apart from that his night would be blank.

Terry thought that he might go along to see a film—Ingrid Bergman's "The Silence"—but he wasn't at all sure.

"Let's face it, we've had to sacrifice our hobbies to get on and we wouldn't have done it if we didn't want to," says Stuart.

"Another pastime we've had to sacrifice is girls. The Liverpool girls we know are far away and we haven't made the London scene yet. We don't really get asked out to parties and things so we don't get much chance to meet any."

Each of the boys goes his own way after duty hours, only getting together to write music—when they can be bothered.

"We're terribly lazy about it," says Stuart. "We tend not to do anything until we're pushed. We didn't start writing 'Why Not Tonight?' until the recording date was nearly on top of us. But once we started we worked really hard at it."

Then with a multi-track sigh, the boys went on puzzling out how to fill in their all-too-brief evening off.

Not that they were complaining, really.

For they've come to realise that when you're building for tomorrow, it's worth sacrificing a few tonights.

## JASON GREGG ONE GUY'S VIEW

**O**nce, every newly-fledged pop star's aim was to buy himself a sports car—and his parents, a house.

But now, we have new status symbols: suits and shirts, fancy waistcoats, ties and hankies.

As soon as they had their first hit, the Mojos spent £500 on new clothes. The Rolling Stones spend about £100 a week on clothes—with Brian Jones stocking up shirts, and Charlie Watts hoarding pocket handkerchiefs.

Somehow, though, the Cliff Richards and Tommy Steeles were the shrewd ones. With time, a house goes up in value—but try selling old shirts!

Imagine George, Paul and Ringo still playing at the Cavern. Hard isn't it? To think of life without the pop revolution the Beatles brought about!

Yet they'd still be in Liverpool but for

John Lennon. Neither would we have ever heard of Gerry, Cilla, the Searchers, the Fourmost, Billy J. and the rest.

Just consider:

It was Lennon who formed the original skiffle group, the Quarrymen. It was Lennon who provided the artistic inspiration with Stuart Sutcliffe.

It was Lennon's humour that captivated the other Beatles. It was Lennon who chose the group's catchy name:

It is Lennon who writes the songs with Paul McCartney. Not only for the Beatles, but also for Billy J. Kramer, Gerry, Peter and Gordon, the Applejacks, the Rolling Stones and Cilla Black.

John may not be the most handsome Beatle, but to my mind they would be nowhere without him.

Regrettably, I must rap the knuckles of some recording managers. For they are depriving US of discs we are anxious to hear and themselves of a lot of loot!

Easily the most popular stage numbers performed by the Searchers are "Farmer John" and "What'd I Say?"

Both drive their fans wild, especially the famous Ray Charles number which has Chris Curtis furiously pounding his drums, hair flying and arms flailing.

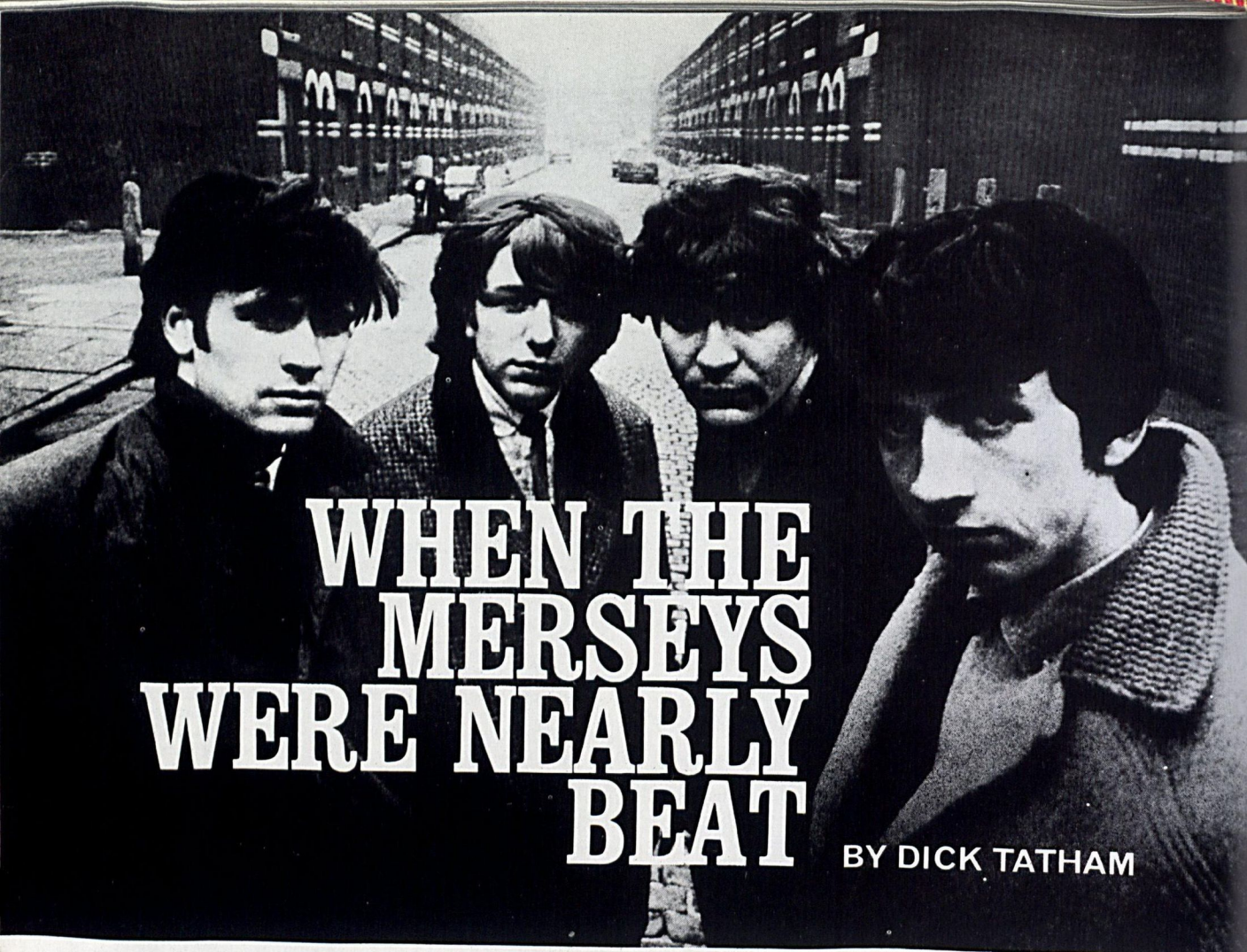
Yet neither number has been released as a single—or recorded live by the Searchers

Equally surprising is the failure of Fontana to issue the Merseybeats' "Can't Tell A Book" as a single.

It's their most-requested stage number—just as "Michael Row The Boat" is a top number for Brian Poole, and "Jambalaya" for Gerry and the Pacemakers.

Seems to me our recording managers are spending too much time in the studio and not enough listening to audience reactions.





# WHEN THE MERSEYS WERE NEARLY BEAT

BY DICK TATHAM

There are seven women in the life of Tony Crane. Tony—as I'm sure you know—is leader of the Merseybeats. These days the Merseybeats are doing very well.

The Seven Ladies of Crane think this is great. They are specially pleased about the group's transport. This is a Vauxhall Cresta and an Austin van. Both very posh. During one-nighter tours the Cresta and the van go roaring all over the country. Packed with gear and Merseybeats.

The ladies are glad to know the boys are travelling in style. It wasn't always like this. Not by any means. Meet them in Liverpool, as I did, and the memories flow.

Back at the start of 1961—the early days of the Merseybeats. That was when it began to grow awkward—the problem of getting around.

"None of us had a car," Tony will tell you. "Couldn't run to it. Couldn't even run to a van between us. Yet the dates were starting to come in.

"Some were quite a way out of Liverpool. If you think there wasn't a problem, you try getting on and off buses with a guitar and amplifier and all the trimmings."



He learned about Jeff through asking around. Maybe one of the seven ladies tipped him off. Maybe one of the many other people he asked. He forgets. The thing is, he found Jeff. And Jeff was Mister Fixit.

"The pitch was," says Tony, "that Jeff had this van. It had a canvas top. It was ten years old. It looked it.

"He used it to carry cement in and around Liverpool. But he was free evenings and weekends. So was the van. We did a deal. Jeff would drive us to our dates. Quid a night. Him and the van. Few bob more if it was very far. No: we didn't bother about a contract . . ."

The cement . . . That was all moved out beforehand. Or most of it. "Jeff was a good bloke. Used to hustle like mad to get the inside cleaned up for us.

"But you know what cement is. To get rid of every trace you'd have needed one of those factory vacuum cleaners working overtime for a week.



"So sometimes we arrived for a date and got out looking greyer than grey. People would make cracks about the Ghost Squad."

The seven ladies used to worry about this. About whether it was good for Tony's health and so on. They worried even more the day they heard the Merseybeats were going in the van—a 220-mile trip to Gravesend!

"Thing about Gravesend," says Tony, "is that some feller had told us he could book us some great dates in France. TV included. It meant going to Gravesend and taking a boat. We didn't mind. Way we were in those days, if someone had offered us a fiver and fares to do a ballroom date in Mongolia, we'd have taken it."

Early one evening, off went the van. From Liverpool. Bound for Gravesend. Via London. It was mid-winter. It got dark as they set out.

Tony remembers the dogged progress of the van for maybe a hundred miles.

Then it happened. The blow-out. Van careers to a stop. Out gets driver Jeff. Out tumble cursing Merseybeats.

"You know what it's like—changing a wheel in the dark. Takes ages. There was that. Then the fact we weren't sure of the way. Well, we didn't like to admit the truth. But by the time we reached London, we had to admit it. We weren't gonna make that boat.

"What to do? We stopped the van. Managed to get the agent on the blower. He said to forget the whole thing. So there we were. Stuck. Cheesed off. Whacked to the wide. So? So check into a hotel, you say. We thought of that. Only snag: for a hotel you need money. We didn't have any."

Next morning—at first light—the Merseybeats came crawling from the van like men of ninety. With their breath coming in clouds onto the frosty air, and with much fierce coughing and wheezing, they agreed they had just spent the longest night of their lives."

The Seven Ladies of Crane . . . They had been expecting that—a day or two later—they would get a picture postcard from France. Saying: "Having great time. Wish you were here." Or something like that. They did not expect the Merseybeats would arrive back in the Pool less than 24 hours after setting out. But that is what happened.

"We staggered out of that van," says Tony, "looking as if we'd just spent a month in Siberia. Bleary-eyed, unshaved, fed to the teeth. We all went straight to kip. Didn't get up for about two days.

"About a week later some other group told us it was just as well we had missed the boat. They had gone on those French dates. They said they were in small, doomy clubs—and the money was terrible—and the TV just didn't exist.



"They reckoned spending the night in that van was the best thing that could have happened to us. That's something about which we are still very far from being convinced."

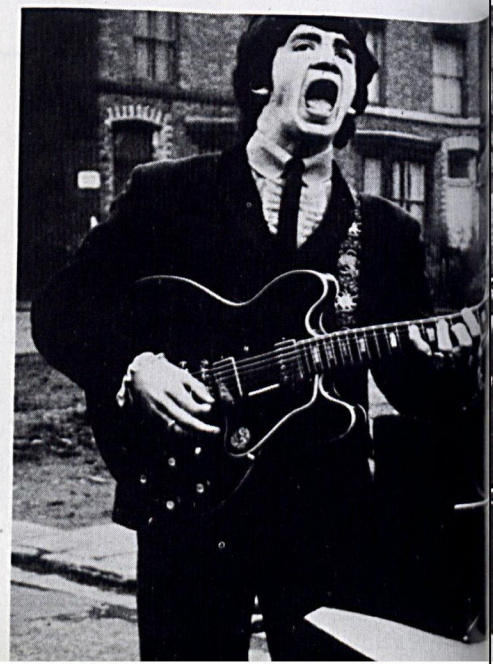
The seven ladies . . . You should know about them. One is Tony's mum. Others are his six sisters: May, Barbara, Ellen, Pat, Joan, Eileen.

If you go to Liverpool and you meet them, ask if it's not true. About how they used to worry in the days of the cement van. And about how knocked out they are today over the success of the Merseybeats—and the new van—and the Vauxhall Cresta.

But maybe you won't be able to ask Pat. She's not often in Liverpool. She works at Butlin's in Minehead. If you go there you could probably ask her. And say Tony sends his love.



Today, the Merseybeats—(r to l above) Tony Crane, Aaron Williams, John Banks and Johnny Gustafson, that's him left as well—are a top group. They live in style. But it wasn't always like this. Far from it. I rave took them on a flashback to the past . . . back to Everton, Liverpool, the scene of their early struggles. The memories came flooding back, too. . . .

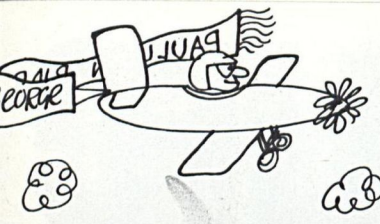


# a WONDERFUL

# HARD DAY'S LIFE

CHAOS! Who told Cliff's and the Beatles' fans that **rave** was paying tribute to 'A Hard Day's Night' and 'Wonderful Life'? We'll never know! But readers, WE WAS RAIDED! First Cliff's lot . . . then the Beatles'. They cornered cartoonist Alan Field . . . this is the result . . .

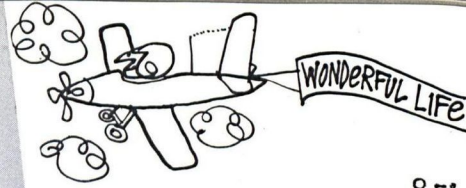




# THEY'LL HAVE YOU DOUBLED UP!!!!



Flash! Cliff has more than 60 costume changes - including hilarious take-offs of Sherlock Holmes and Groucho Marx!



Flash! See Cliff and Susan do a new dance "The Peach Skuffi"!

# Cliff at his MOST DASHING

Hey Cliff - did you say 'queue here for the one-and-nines?'



← NOW YOU THOUGHT THE BOYS WENT EVERYWHERE IN AN AUSTIN PRINCESS! WHAT'S HAPPENED IS THEY'VE JUST HAD A FLAT TYRE AND ARE PHONING GEORGE FOR HIS E-TYPE PUSH-CHAIR

Flash! Cliff knocked out "Roving Cowboy" in three minutes.



**AAAH! IT'LL NEVER REPLACE THE SHAKE MATEY!**

Flash! Cliff's ambition to play a cowboy was realised three times over: as a mean gunfighter, a singing cowpoke, and a dancing cowboy.

Flash! Cliff has his first love scene, impersonating James Bond. His partner: Susan Hampshire (as Ursula Andress).

Flash! John and Paul wrote 14 songs for their film.



Flash! Off the set, Ringo wrote to Marlene Klaires, the twist-girl he met at New York's Peppermint Lounge. Also sent her two rings as a keepsake.



**Bet he parked the cart outside the Savoy, too!**

Flash! He-man Cliff. He wrestles with a gorilla, a crocodile and a runaway camel.

# A Talented NEW CLIFF!

Wackcherly, he's thinking:  
How the heck do I get  
Hank's lot to hump  
this piano back down  
the hill?'



Flash! Spot the real and the fake palm trees in Cliff's film.



# Cliff battles with a monster!

Bet they're just good friends-like them wrestlers on the telly! Can't you see Cliff saying out of the corner of his mouth 'Put up a struggle, old chap, and when we're finished you can have Paul McCartney'

# WHAT WAS JOHN'S SECRET?

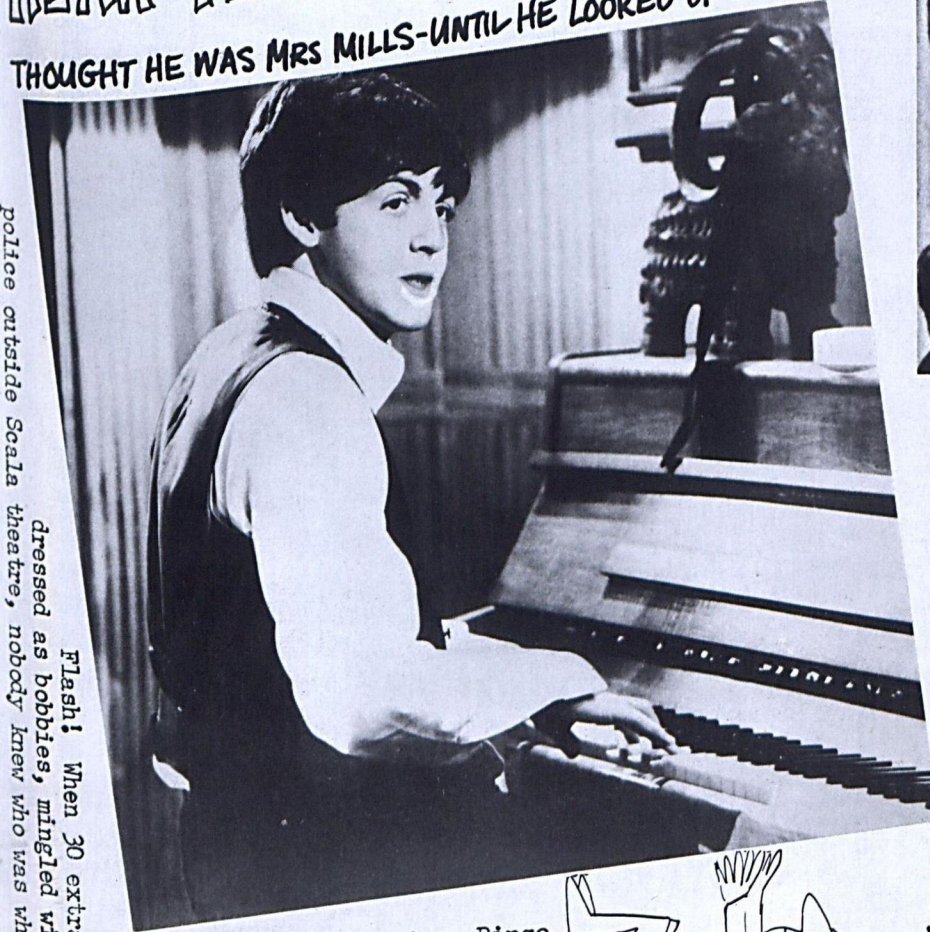
IT WAS HIM AS DONE THE MAIL TRAIN ROBBERY!



Flash! Walter Shenson, who produced Sinatra, Sellers, Novak and Monroe films, says Beatles film is his toughest, most enjoyable yet!

# HEAR PAUL PLAY PIANO

THOUGHT HE WAS MRS MILLS-UNTIL HE LOOKED UP & SMILED



Flash! When 30 extras, dressed as bobbies, mingled with police outside Scala theatre, nobody knew who was who!

Flash! Biggest surprise, Ringo has stolen the acting honours.



# RINGO! WITH A MISSION!

LIKE NICKING INTO CLIFF'S CONCERTS WITHOUT PAYING

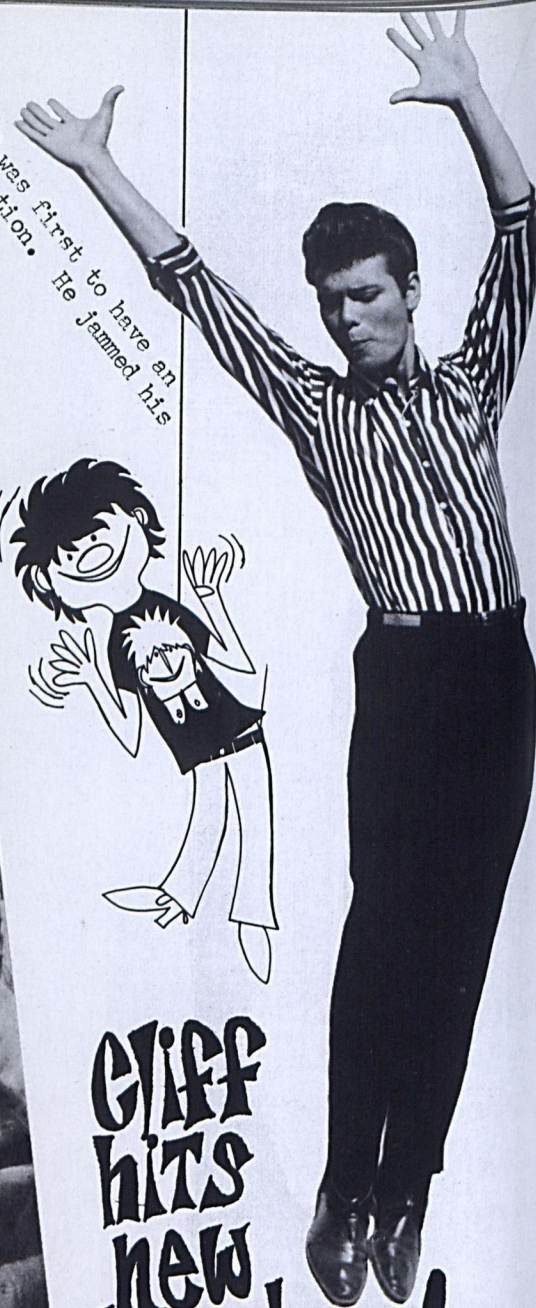
KEEP YOUR HEADS DOWN, YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE AT THE OTHER PREMIERE



# A TOUCH OF THE WILD WEST



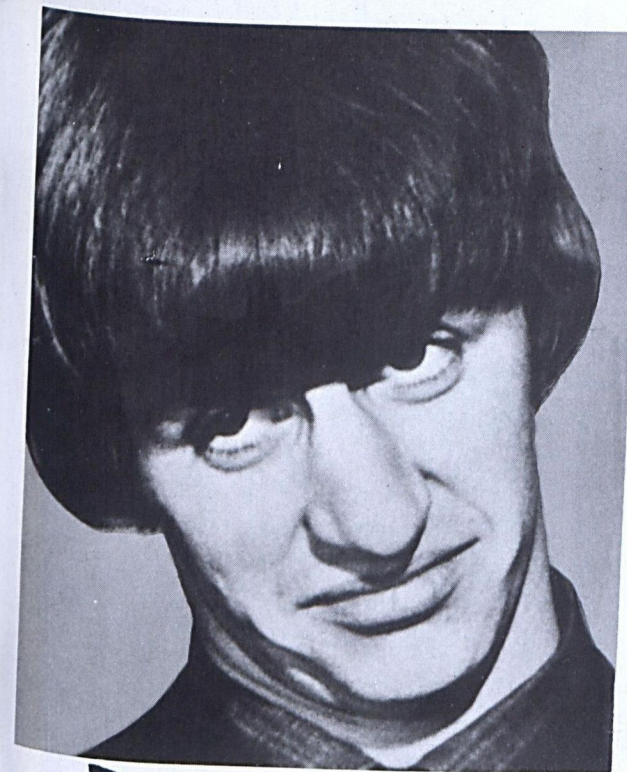
Flash! Cliff was first to have an accident on location. He jammed his hand in a car door.



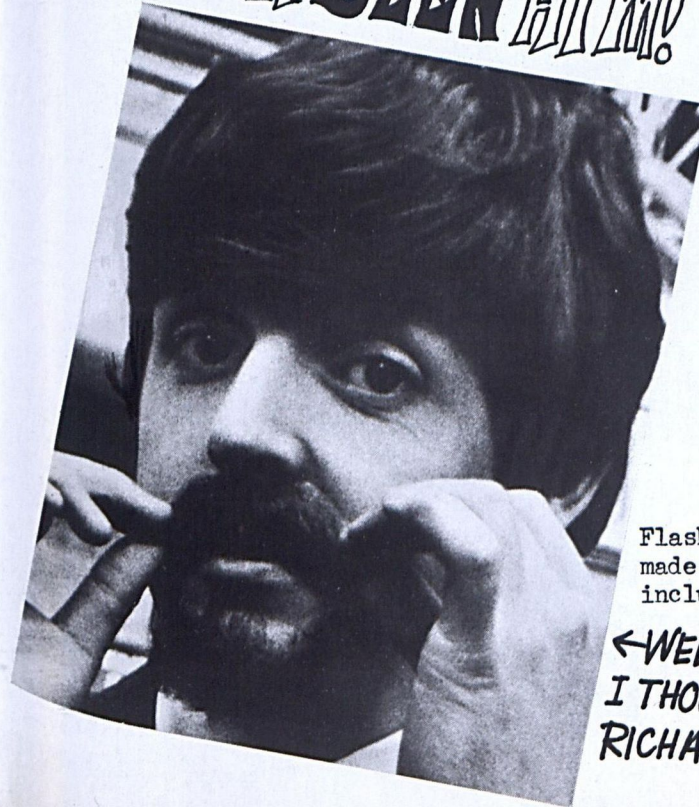
## CLIFF HITS NEW HEIGHTS!

Just wait till he spots the Beatles on the other end of the wire!

Lucky for him Susan was there when his boss got up and went.



## PAUL AS YOU'VE NEVER SEEN HIM!



## GRINCE BEFORE A TOUGH NEW GEORGE!

HE'S JUST HEARD THAT PATTIE ONCE WROTE CLIFF A FAN LETTER!

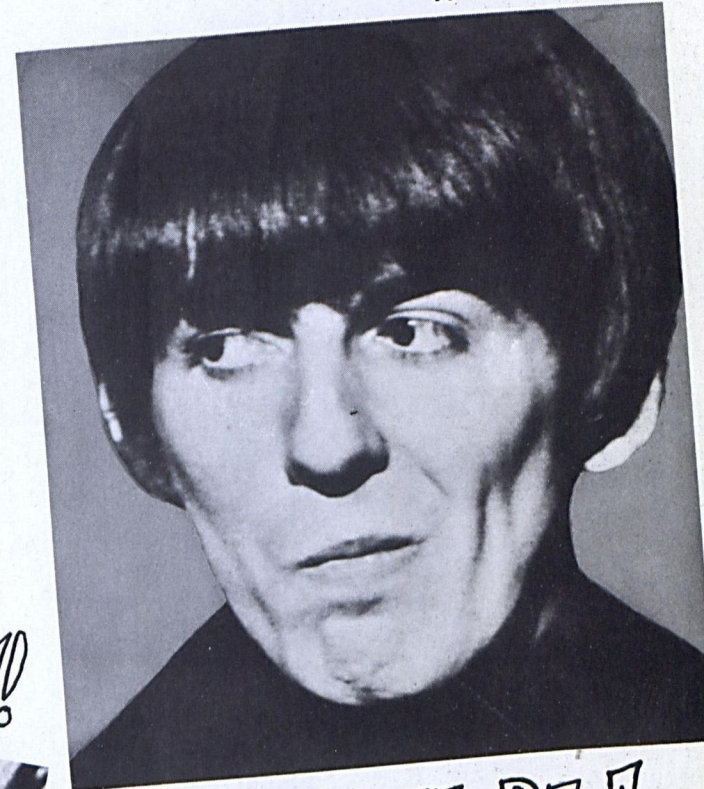
Flash! Parlophone's George Martin made an LP from the sound track—including some of the dialogue!

←WELL, HE HAD ME FOOLED PROPER! I THOUGHT HE WAS PLAYING CLIFF RICHARD AS A VERY OLD MAN...



# A NEW LOVABLE Ringo!

WHAT-WITH A JAM BUTTIE CRUMB ON HIS CHIN!?!



rave



You wouldn't think they were only going off to Bingo!



Flash! While Beatles filmed on Thames canoeist fan overburned. He was pulled out laughing.



**WATCH OUT STEPTOE → YOU'VE GOT COMPETITION**

Flash! If producer Shenson's young sons don't like his Beatles film, "life won't be worth living at home", he says.

rave





Cliff NEVER MORE  
Elegant!



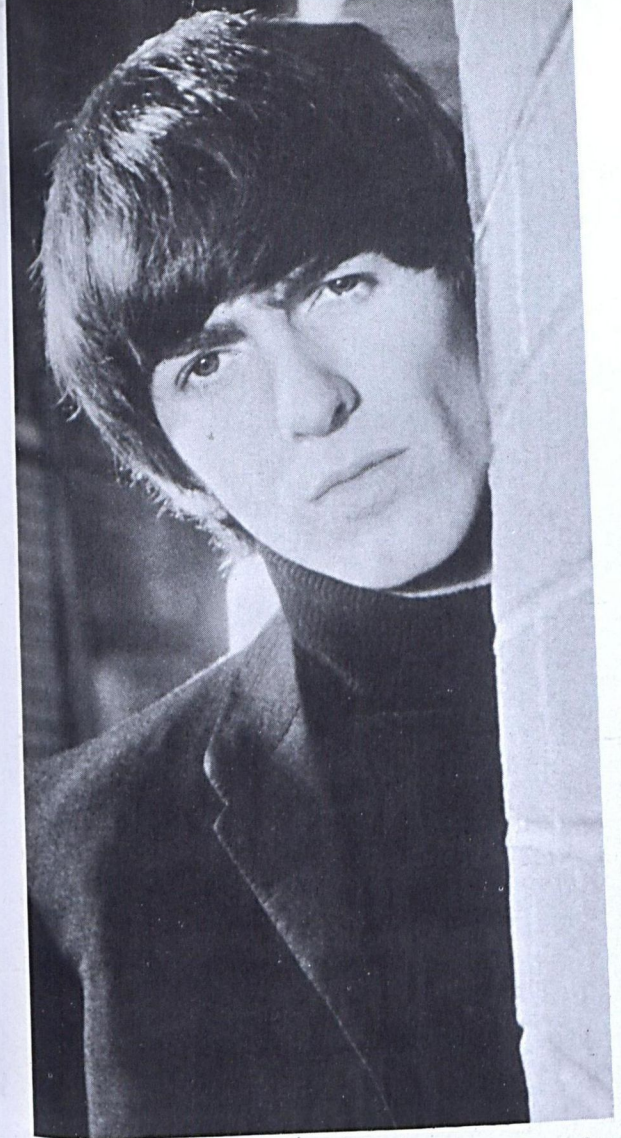
Flash! See Hank as Tarzan.



BEHIND THE CAMERA

Camera nothing! He's just looking at his Beatle slides

Wipe that smile off your-face and get cracking with them knickerbocker Glories, mate!



GEORGE! BRITAIN'S MOST WANTED MAN

SHOULD HAVE KEPT UP YOUR GUITAR PAYMENTS, WHACK!

Flash! Blue-eyed blonde Alison Seebohm, a secretary in the film, was discovered in a Chelsea restaurant dining with a boyfriend. To pay for drama lessons, she worked in a soup kitchen.



THE NEW SHY PAUL!



POOR LITTLE DEVIL - JUST SET FIRE TO HIS HAIR WITH HIS CIGGIE!

Flash! Beatles' director Dick Lester worked as a guitarist in Tahiti, Canada, Spain, France, Venezuela, Australia and the West Indies.



# YOU TOO CAN HAVE FUN IN THE SUN



## BLACKPOOL



**"IN" PLACES TO GO** Older teenagers meet at the Roaring Twenties coffee bar in King Street, just around the corner from the ABC Theatre where Frank Ifield and Kathy Kirby are appearing until October. Music from the juke box and an "in" place for new fashion.

A more intimate atmosphere at the Golden Nugget in Cookson Street and the Blackpool Jazz Club—trad only—in Rex Parade. Both a couple of minutes from the Central Promenade, the centre of town. Other spots to go: the Top Ten coffee bar in Dickson Road, near Gynn Square; (get a tram from the Promenade) the Hawaiian Eye; the Picador Club. Most of the coffee bars are for meeting and disc listening only. Dancers head for the many ballrooms in the town, open all week during the summer.

**LEISURE** The Savoy Bowling Alley on the Promenade has a dozen lanes, coffee bar and a club where you can dance above. There are four swimming pools, many tennis clubs, and a boat hire service in the harbour, also at Fairhaven Lake and Stanley Park Lake.

**PLACES TO EAT** Try the Lobster Pot along Central Promenade by the North Pier. With self-service and restaurant sections, this is one of the town's most popular eating houses. Also recommended: Colinson's on the Promenade for light meals and salads, the Savoy Alley snack bar and the Temple Grill in Temple Street for steaks.

**STYLE GEAR SHOPS** In the cheaper range, go to Lewis' on the Promenade, next to Tower buildings. For more expensive leather and suede gear: Corley's in Birley Street. Male and female fashion at Diana Warren's store on the Promenade. Also, Hill's department store on the Promenade, by the Tower.

## BOURNEMOUTH



**"IN" PLACES TO GO** There's the Bure Club, just outside the town. Many big names

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**Follow this guide—compiled specially for you by people in the know—and you'll catch all the action. YOU CAN'T MISS!**

play here at week-ends until 11 pm. It's a 45-minute bus ride from the bus station on the 18 route. You can get a meal at the Wheelhouse Club in Woolton Road, just off Old Christchurch Road. If you don't like the group's sound, there's a coffee bar and two juke boxes downstairs. Open Fridays, Saturdays, Sundays and Mondays, this is a place for young people run by young people who form Youth Ventures Ltd. Le Disque-A-Go-Go in Holdenhurst Road is the place Manfred Mann really got going. Usually packed with students from the Municipal College down the road at lunch-time disc sessions. Le Kilt in Bournemouth Square, two minutes' walk from the town centre, has dancing in candlelight. Real Bohemian atmosphere here. Place for a meal, coffee and beat is El Cabala in Old Christchurch—buses pass the door—where the town's many foreign students meet. Best ballroom is the Royal in Boscombe on the No. 1 Corporation bus route.

**LEISURE** Five minutes walk from the town centre is the newly-opened Top Rank Bowling Alley in Fairlight Glen. If you're keen on sailing or learning to sail, take a green bus (Hants and Dorset 1, 2, 3, 4 to Poole, change to a 33 at Hamworthy) to the Adventure Centre, Hoyle Road, Hamworthy. Here there are sailing and canoeing instructors to take you out, also other outdoor activities facilities. For tennis players there is the West Hants Club in Roslin Road and the Winton Club on the green 21, 22, 24, 13 and 12 routes.

**PLACES TO EAT** Try the Lansdowne. It's open until 2am and caters for late-night diners. You can get there on a 12, 13, 21, 22 or 24 Hants and Dorset bus. The Rendezvous is also recommended.

**STYLE GEAR SHOPS** Girls are well catered for here. Hop on a 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 10 or 23 green bus to Commercial Road for Cassandra, which specialises in leather and suede gear. Or maybe drop in next door at Boutique. Williams and Hopkins' "21" Shop in Christchurch Road is also worth a look for light-

wear holiday casuals. Buses from Bournemouth bus station: 18, 19, 20 and 38 Hants and Dorset. If you're in the centre of town, then the best place for new lines is Maryon Boutique by the bus station.

## BRIGHTON



**"IN" PLACES TO GO** For a short stay, try a different place every night. Kick off with modern jazz at the Ship Inn in Lewis Road. Tubby Hayes, Ronnie Ross and other stars play on Mondays until 11 pm. It's licensed, no dancing. On the Brighton to Lewes Road, a 48, 111 or 113 bus drops you right outside. Tuesday is jazz night at the Hare & Hounds in Preston Circus. Buses: 7, 7a and 39 to Old Steine, the town centre, or 5 and 5b to Preston Circus. Starlight Rooms and Pop Inn in Montpelier Road are open all week until 11 pm. Just off the seafront on the 1, 2, 4, 5, 15 and 59 routes from Old Steine, and 6, 11 and 19 from Brighton station. Top trad and r-and-b bands play the Chinese Jazz Club at the Aquarium, opposite the Palace Pier, two minutes' walk from the town centre, or on a 7, 7a or 39 bus from the station. The Florida Rooms and the Scene, also at the Aquarium, feature bluebeat and r-and-b sounds on Saturdays. Week-end hotspot is the Devil's Bar, licensed, which spotlights local beat groups until midnight. But if you wear jeans or don't have a tie, you won't get in. On the 27 bus route, overlooking Devil's Dyke.

**LEISURE** Bowling Alleys: the King Alfred on Hove seafront, with a licensed bar and coffee lounge. Buses: 11 from Brighton station or a 31 from Poole Valley. The Odeon, Hove, on the 7, 7a and 39 routes from the station and 3a from Old Steine. Ice skating rinks at the Brighton Sports Stadium in West Street, on Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays from 7.30 pm, only two minutes' walk from central Brighton. Numerous cricket, golf and tennis clubs within easy reach. Stock car racing at Arlington, not far from town.

**PLACES TO EAT** Anything from a slice of cheese on toast to a four-course meal at the Hideout in East Road. Licensed and open until midnight, only a couple of minutes' walk from the Town Hall on the 7, 7a and 39 routes from the station. The Scandinavia coffee bar in Western Road, Hove, closes at 11.30. Buses: 1, 2, 4, 5, 15 and 49 from Old Steine to

**Brunswick Place, 6, 11 and 19 from the station to Brunswick Place.** For Continental dishes, wines and discs, try the *Gondola in Church Road, Hove*, just round the corner. On the same route is the *Cordoba in Western Road, Hove*, open until midnight.

**STYLE GEAR SHOPS** The Fab Gear Store is the fashion centre here. Located at the corner of Brunswick Place and Western Road, Hove, most bus routes will get you there. Another spot is the Smith and Brown store in Trafalgar Street, Brighton, two minutes' walk from the station and town centre. For girls: the Girl Friend in East Street is a bit expensive, but worth a visit.

## JERSEY



**"IN" PLACES TO GO** A night out is a little more expensive here, especially cabarets and floor shows. But try the surfing and aqua shows at the Watersplash and Sunset Strip along Five Mile Road at St Ouen's Bay, nine miles outside St Helier. How to get there: special coach trips from the town's many hotels, but the best way is by car (very cheap to hire). Spots worth a visit are the Opera House in Gloucester Street, just off the Esplanade, open until midnight. Tam's Restaurant out on St Brelade's Bay, has a good floor show and dancing. One of the very few beat scenes on the island is the West Park Pavilion, admission 7s. 6d. Best coffee bars to meet: the Butterie and the Cordora.

**LEISURE** Apart from surfing at St Ouen's Bay, there are several golf courses on the island not far from St Helier, tennis courts, swimming pools at most of the hotels, five cinemas. Cheap way to get around: hire a bike. Also day excursions to France and neighbouring islands, including a new Hydrofoil service from St Helier harbour which makes three 65-minute crossings to the French mainland every day. Best time is to catch the early morning trip to give you more time in France. Cost: £3 12s. Also 15-minute flights to Dinard in France. Passports are needed. Cost: £2 5s.

**PLACES TO EAT** Plenty of good restaurants, including Chinese and Indian. Recommended are *Le Couperon De Rozel* down the coast where specialities are lobster and other seafoods (six miles from St Helier). Best way to get there is to hire a car for the night.

**STYLE GEAR SHOPS** Plenty to choose from, but not so fashion-conscious as the mainland.

## SCARBOROUGH



**"IN" PLACES TO GO** Try the dim-light atmosphere at the Candlelight Night Club on Bland's Cliff: dancing, wine, food and cabaret. Or maybe the Condor Club in Rams-hill Road on the 102 bus route. This one doesn't close until 2 am. For beat fans, there's the Olympia on the Foreshore, which has a

special rock'n'roll night on Wednesdays until 11.30 pm. Out-of-town spot is the Belle Vue Club, Belle Vue Street, Filey, a 20-minute ride on a 111 bus from town, where you can dance to the Tennesseans r-and-b group.

**LEISURE** Several tennis clubs to choose from, with hourly court rates ranging from 3s. to 5s. per person. Also two open-air swimming pools. Favourite sport down here: water ski-ing. And you can get lessons on The Mere, on the seafront. How to get there: 101 bus from Scarborough station. There's a bowling alley on the Foreshore which also features a juke box system and soda fountain.

**PLACES TO EAT** Fav snack bars: *Wimpy* and the *Cat's Whiskers* in Albermarle Crescent. Nice and handy for when you're out on a shopping spree because of its central location. To keep cool with a salad, try *Coopland's* self-service in Eastborough. And for those late night meals after a film, theatre visit or a dance, best place: *Hong Kong Restaurant* in York Place, which closes at 11.30 pm on weekdays and midnight on Saturdays and Sundays. You can get a meal with trimmings for 6s. per person. It's only three minutes walk from the station.

**STYLE GEAR SHOPS** Rowntree's, Newborough, Scarborough's main street, just two minutes' walk from the station. During the summer, this store will be featuring a special line in chiffon shirts and sequined jenkins. For striped holiday gear, try Miss Martina's along St Nicholas Cliff, near the Grand Hotel. Also chain store branches.

## TORQUAY



**"IN" PLACES TO GO** No particular coffee bars. Juke boxes restricted to pubs in town. Dance halls are the best places for excitement and pleasure—like the Empire in Victoria Road, an r-and-b centre (open all week). The 400 Ballroom in Victoria Parade by the harbour, which bills the Eric Delaney Band—they've just finished an "Easy Beat" series—for eight weeks in July and August. This is only 100 yards from the town centre. Peter and Gordon, *Swinging Blue Jeans* and Brian Poole and the Tremeloes are frequent attractions at the Town Hall, Castle Circus. In Paignton, a five-minute 6d. bus ride away, most of the action centres on three swinging hotels along the seafront: The Timbani, the Esplanade and the Casino, all within 200 yards of Paignton bus and railway station.

**LEISURE** Best place to mix is the XL Bowling Alley up the hill from Torquay town centre in Higher Union Street. Fixed up with coffee and snack bar, a dozen lanes and a juke box system. To work off any excess energy after dancing and bowling, try one of the local tennis courts. In Torquay: Abbey Park Club, Leamington Park Club. In Paignton: Oldway and Victoria Park Club, all of them no farther than a 6d. bus ride from town centres. And for a variety show there's the Princess Theatre on Torquay seafront, with pop concerts every Sunday throughout the summer.

**PLACES TO EAT** Recommended for reasonably priced meals, quick service and pleasant decor: *Devon Milkmaid*, Fleet Street, Torquay, specialises in local dishes served with thick Devon cream, Cornish pasties and all pastries.

*Oyster Shell Seafoods Restaurant* in Beacon Terrace, Torquay, 100 yards from the town centre, serve omelets and salads. Other suggested eating houses are *Eros* and *Callards*, both in Fleet Street, *Evans* in Victoria Street, Paignton.

**STYLE GEAR SHOPS** Zenith's in Victoria Parade, Torquay, is reckoned to be the exclusive "Face" store in town.

## AYR



**"IN" PLACES TO GO** A lot goes on here although Ayr is not a large town. For dancing, there's the Pavilion, on the seafront, six days a week, Bobby Jones' near the railway station and the Blue Grotto on the seafront near the Pavilion. Costs 17s. 6d. to get in, but you can get a meal there.

**LEISURE** Three golf courses just outside town, boating lake at Craigie Park and four tennis courts.

**PLACES TO EAT** Reasonably priced: the *Academy Restaurant* in New Bridge Street, the *Locarno* in Sandgate, near the bus station, *Coya's* in Smith Street, near the railway station, *Hourston's* in Alloway Street, and the *Hong Kong Chinese Restaurant* in the High Street. All within a few minutes walk from most hotels and the town centre.

**STYLE GEAR SHOPS** Peter Lobban in Burns Statue Square, near the railway station is the local centre, but Reid Habbik and J. L. McQueen's in Newmarket Street are places to buy. For girls: Irene Adair's in High Street. Plenty of casual wear in stock.

## NEWQUAY



**"IN" PLACES TO GO** More variety than usual for this part of the country. Blue Lagoon in Cliff Road is open all week. It has room for 1,000 dancers. Snack bar and coffee. Cabaret Jazz Club in Cliff Road caters for traditional jazz fans. Sailor's Arms, licensed, in Fore Street, has a modern jazz combo playing in the lounge bar. Quiet beer garden if you don't want to listen or dance. All hotels have ballrooms and hold several dances a week.

**LEISURE** Golf: Tower Road Club. Tennis: Trenance Gardens, three minutes' walk from the station. Squash: Brecem Court Hotel in Tower Road. Horse riders can go out from several stables, swimming pools at most of the hotels in the area and there's surf riding with Australian Malibu boards.

**PLACES TO EAT** *Wimpy Bar* most popular with local teenagers. That's in East Street. Best place for steak is the *Toddle Inn*, which also has a coffee dive downstairs. Others are *The 46* and the *Killa Court*, in East Street.

**STYLE GEAR SHOPS** Mostly for boys: His Casuals in King Street. Caters for the local "Faces". More expensive, but less variety at Carnes in Bank Street.



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**frenzy talc ... two times softer**

# july highlights

## Tours

**Ray Charles:** Bristol Colston (7), Leicester de Montfort (8), Leeds Odeon (9), Liverpool Odeon (10), Manchester Free Trade (11), Hammersmith Odeon (12), Cardiff Capitol (14), Nottingham Odeon (15), Sheffield City Hall (16), Birmingham Town Hall (17), Finsbury Park Astoria (18), London New Victoria (19), Croydon Fairfield (20), Portsmouth Guildhall (21), Southend Odeon (22), Brighton Dome (24), Hammersmith Odeon (25-26).

**Hollies:** Clacton Town Hall (July 1), Scotland (2-12), Lowestoft Royal (14), Southsea Savoy (17), Buxton Pavilion (18), Scarborough Futurist (19), Guernsey St George's (21), Jersey Springfield (22-24), Guernsey St George's (25).

**Animals:** Wimbledon Palais (July 3), Tunbridge Wells (6), Soho Flamingo (8), Leeds Mecca (9), Grimsby Mecca (10), Chester Royalty (11), Windsor

(13), Ipswich (20), Hounslow Attic Club (24), Northwich Town Hall (25), Maryport Palace (31). **Four Pennies:** Birmingham Ritz (July 3), Northwich Memorial (4), Leamington Town Hall (10), Chester Royalty (11), Scotland (15-18), Nelson Imperial (22), Stoke-on-Trent (24), Soho Beat City (25), Catford Savoy (29), Salisbury City Hall (30), Chesterfield Bradbury (31). **Mojos:** Bristol Top Rank (July 1), Maryport Palace (3), Loughborough College (4), Preston Top Rank (8), Douglas Palace (9), Manchester Oasis (10), Nantwich Civic Hall (11), Porthcawl Pavilion (16), Wellington Sankey's (17), Rawtenstall Astoria (18), Pembroke Palladium (24), Bedford F.C. (25).

## Diary

2: "Wonderful Life" premiered at the Leicester Square Empire, attended by Princess Margaret. Manchester premiere at Ardwick ABC on July 13.

- 6: "A Hard Day's Night" premiered at London Pavilion (before Princess Alexandra). Liverpool premiere four days later at Odeon, watched by Duke of Edinburgh.
- 14: **Royal Variety Club** luncheon at the Savoy Hotel.
- 15: **Peter, Paul and Mary** Granada-TV show screened. Also ATV's "The Road To Beatlemania".
- 19: **Beatles** top the bill in ABC-TV's "Blackpool Big Night Out" show from Blackpool ABC.
- 26: "Kissin' Cousins" goes out on general release.
- 26: **Searchers** star in "Blackpool Night Out" show.
- 27: **Lonnie Donegan** leaves for six-week cabaret tour of Australian hotels.

## Concerts

**Blackpool Opera House:** Shirley Bassey (July 12), Russ Conway (19). **Blackpool Queens:** Applejacks (July 5), Four Pennies (12), Applejacks (19). **Blackpool North Pier:** Animals (July 5), with Manfred Mann (12, 19, 26). **Blackpool South Pier:** Big Dee Irwin (July 5, 12, 19 and 26). **Bournemouth Pavilion:** Russ Conway (July 5). **Douglas Palace, Isle of Man:** Dave Clark Five (July 12). **Gt. Yarmouth Britannia Pier:** Karl Denver, Mark Wynter

with Mojos (July 5, 12, 19) or Applejacks (July 26). **Great Yarmouth Aquarium:** Searchers (July 19). **Great Yarmouth Hippodrome:** Four Pennies (July 5), Merseybeats (19). **Morecambe Winter Gardens:** Dave Clark Five (July 5 and 19). **Rhyl Pavilion:** Danny Williams (July 5), Kathy Kirby (12). **Scarborough Futurist:** Billy J. Kramer and the Dakotas (July 12), Gerry and the Pacemakers (26). **Torquay Princess:** Merseybeats (5), Applejacks (12).

## Summer Seasons

**BLACKPOOL**  
ABC: Frank Ifield, Kathy Kirby. Central Pier: Bachelors with Al Read.  
North Pier: Danny Williams, Jimmy Tarbuck.  
South Pier: Joe Brown, Johnny Kidd, Tornados.  
Winter Gardens: Dave Clark Five, Clinton Ford, Eddie Calvert, Kaye Sisters.

**GREAT YARMOUTH**  
ABC: Shadows, Ruby Murray. Aquarium: Billy Fury, Rolf Harris, Karl Denver. Wellington Pier: Morecambe and Wise, Bert Weedon.

**WEYMOUTH**  
Gaubont: Hollies, Big Dee Irwin, Shane Fenton.

**DOUGLAS (Isle of Man)**  
Crescent: Freddie and the Dreamers, Susan Maughan.

# GO, GO, GO, FOR RAVE

OUT JULY 30

HOW THE  
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ROLLED TO  
THE TOP

THAT LOVABLE  
RINGO

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# Graham Nash : MY CLOSE-UP ON THE HOLLIES



Hi there ! Graham Nash talking. I want to bring you right into focus on my mates in the Hollies. Me? I was born in a Blackpool hotel on February 2, 1942. I now live with my parents, Bill and Mary, and my sisters Elaine and Sharon, in Manchester. I am 5 ft. 11 ins. tall, have blue eyes, brown hair, weigh 9 st. 7 lbs. I play rhythm guitar and sing with the group.

The rest of the gang ? Well, let me tell you about . . .

## OUR CAREERS

. . . began when we were schoolboys. All of us played in various groups around Manchester before forming the Hollies in Christmas 1962. Allan and I had been playing together for years before the Hollies were heard of. Bobby was not with the original group. He was with Shane Fenton and the Fentones.

## OUR DISCS

. . . were not overnight hits. The first one, "Just Like Me", barely made the charts. Though no smash, it gave us a lot of confidence. Disc No. 2, "Searchin'", did better and people began to realise we were around. But the big breakthrough was "Stay". Since then we've had hits with "Just One Look" and "Here I Go Again".

## OUR FAN CLUB

. . . has been a lot of help to us and is run from The Toggery, Mersey Square, Stockport, Cheshire.

## OUR EARLY LIVES

. . . Allan was born in Salford on April 5, 1942. We first met when he was five years old. We split up when I went to grammar school and he went to secondary modern. Later, he worked as an apprentice engineer, a millhand, a silk screen printer with his brothers, and a furniture salesman in the same department

store where I was in the menswear section. Before that, I had been a Post Office clerk. Bobby Elliott, who was born on December 8, 1942, in Burnley, was an apprentice mining engineer for four years. He met Tony Hicks at a jazz cellar. Tony—he was born in Nelson on December 16, 1943—almost didn't join the group because he didn't want to leave his job as an apprentice electrician. Eric Haydock was born in Stockport, where he still lives with his parents and two sisters, on February 3, 1943.

## OUR FRIENDS

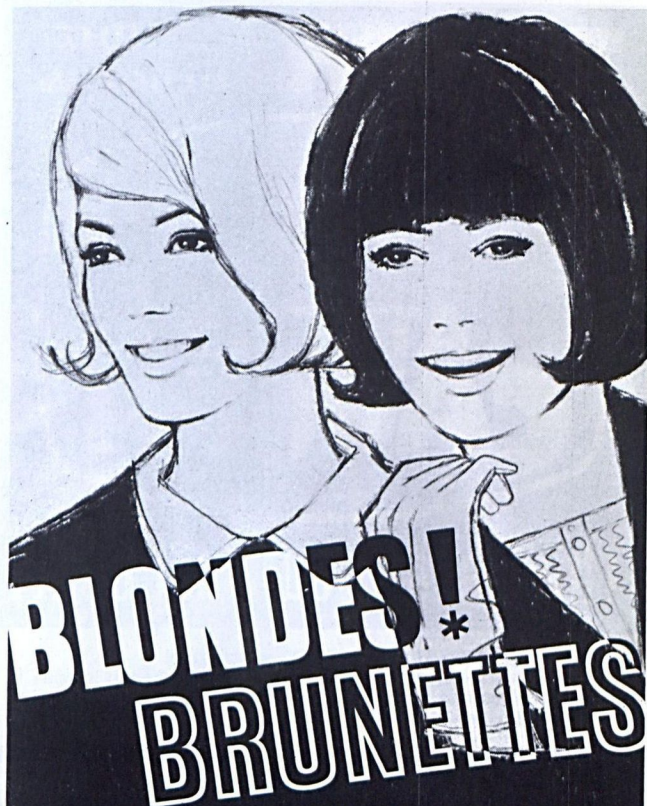
. . . in the recording business are many. Ron Richards, our recording manager, Tommy Sanderson, our manager, Jay Vickers, our road manager. Andrew Oldham and the Rolling Stones are great mates, and we often drop in on each others' sessions. So are Shane Fenton and Chris Sandford.

## OUR FUTURE

. . . in show business promises to be exciting. Now we're established, we want to develop as a group.

. . . as far as travelling is concerned, is up in the air. We all want to go to the States, where "Just One Look" did quite well. We all want to visit places we've always dreamed of: Spain, Australia, the Bahamas, and exotic spots all over the place.

Graham, Tony, Allan, Eric and Bobby



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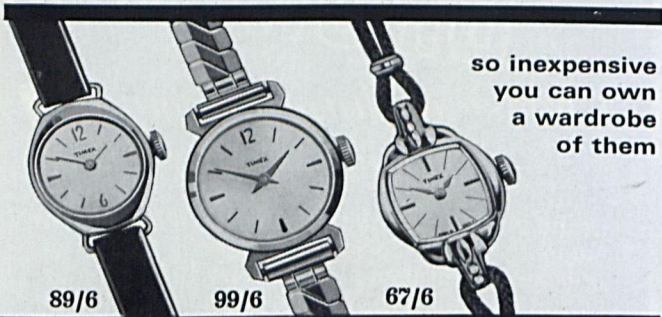


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# I met...

This office looks like a postman's nightmare. Letters. Hundreds of 'em. EVERYWHERE! And all telling us about the time you met your top star. How DID some of you get away with it? Take Miss D.S. of Dublin and her friend. Read on, you'll see why she wants to remain anonymous!

"We'd heard the Beatles were holding a press conference at our local theatre and just managed to get inside the restaurant, which was attached, before the doors were slammed shut on the crowds."

The girls made their way through to the theatre and saw a squad of newsmen outside the main dressing room. They walked over, joined them. Looked as nonchalant as real reporters.

It worked! They went into the dressing room, talked with the Beatles, fired a few questions to keep up appearances and left with four valuable autographs. AND NOBODY WAS ANY THE WISER.

"It was the luckiest day of my life," wrote Miss D.S. Cool.



And just as cool was Carol Faulkner from Finchley. She and her friend Jan talked their way past the ring of guards around the dressing rooms at the RSG Ball at Wembley.

"We were told by a girl to say the password 'Okay Pops,'" wrote Carol. "And to my surprise, it worked!"

"We were surrounded by stars. We had a drink with Manfred Mann and the Merseybeats in their dressing room. Then Charlie Watts said hello and signed our autograph books.

"Mick Jagger came over and I kissed him. Later, we spoke to Bill Wyman, who stayed behind just to chat to us."

Maureen Daly, who lives in Fulham, London, pulled off the near-impossible. She and a friend helped to choose the Hollies' first hit, "Searchin'!"

"We were with the group until midnight one night last year during a recording session. When they finished the boys asked my friend and I which of the three songs we had heard should be the 'A' side. We chose 'Searchin', and they agreed with us."

An evening that Jacqueline Rothstein, of Ilford, Essex, is still remembering concerns Gerry and the Pacemakers. Jacqueline is secretary of the Bachelors Fan Club and Gerry and the boys are honorary members.

She and two friends went along to see them all when they were together on the bill at her local theatre.

"We were outside Gerry's dressing room waiting for him to come out, when suddenly we heard screaming and yelling of 'Gerroff'. The Pacemakers were in there as well and they were all shouting, too. It sounded for all the world as if someone was being massacred!"

"We heard Gerry shouting 'You're killing me, Gerroff!'"

"We got very worried by all the commotion and started banging on the locked door demanding the Pacemakers to leave poor little Gerry alone."

"Suddenly the door was flung open and there they all stood, large as life and immaculate, and unhurt, grinning from ear to ear at the joke they'd played on us!"



But not everyone comes out of meeting the stars as well as this.

Amy Best sneaked into a Bradford theatre with a horde of hopeful fans after a door had been left open. She knocked on a dressing room door and got the shock of her life when Paul McCartney opened it.

"I was just too dazed to say anything," she wrote. "I just stood there with my mouth wide open while he asked me what I wanted."

Just then the rest of the girls saw Paul and screamed down the corridor. The door was slammed shut. And Amy and the rest had to leave.

If you've ever met one of the stars, write to rave about it. The address: Tower House, Southampton Street, London, W.C.2.

His arms  
drew her to  
him. "Jimmy,"  
said Denise,  
"Someday  
you'll have to  
know the  
whole truth"

**STORY SO FAR:** Dr Kildare is deeply attracted by Denise Landon, who has come to Blair Hospital as a first-year student nurse.

But the more he sees of Denise, the more she unwittingly reveals expert medical know-how. Why is she pretending to be a beginner? When he questions her, Denise is greatly distressed and insists that her wide medical knowledge has been derived only from studying books.

Kildare's growing affection for Denise persuades him that he was wrong to think there is some awful secret in her past. Yet he is still a little uneasy, because she has already confessed that she once nearly committed suicide . . .

**T**HE next morning Kildare looked for Denise in the hospital's cafeteria and he quietly sat down beside her.

Denise said, "Do you believe what I told you last night? That I knew all those things only because I studied them?"

"I guess I do. How else would you have known?"

"I'm sorry I was so glum last night, Jimmy."

"We'd both been under a strain. Let's forget the whole thing."

They were both happy. Kildare was content with her story and her eyes glowed with gratitude for his trust.

Late that afternoon Kildare was called to assist Dr. Howard Kane, who had sent in a patient on an emergency basis. Doctor Kane was a highly successful society practitioner.

Kildare entered the private room. The patient was a woman of about fifty, rather heavy, but quite handsome.

Kane signalled covertly, and Kildare followed him out.

"She has a chronic bronchial infection that's spread to her lungs," Kane said. "To complicate things, there's a heart condition."

"Yes, sir," Kildare said. "What course of treatment do you recommend?"

"I'm not sure yet, except that she needs rest most of all. I'll have a better picture once the tests are run. You can start her with lung X-rays. I'll drop by late this afternoon."

Kildare nodded and began his part in making the tests. The picture of her lungs showed an old lesion. It was quite extensive. But what Kildare feared most was her constant cough.

If it grew any worse, that would place a strain on her heart. Doctor Kane had neglected to mention that she . . .

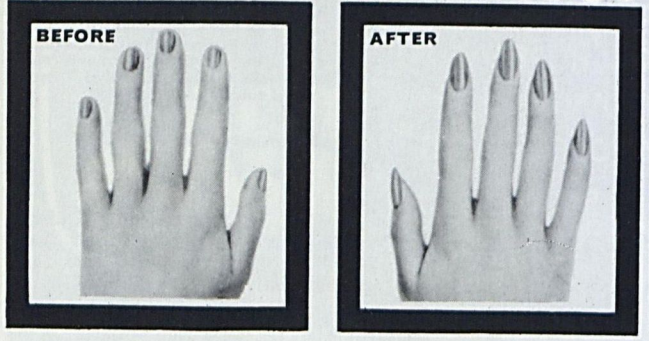
STORY BY  
NORMAN DANIELS

ILLUSTRATION BY  
JON DAVIS

# DR. KILDARE'S SECRET ROMANCE



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# KILDARE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

also had once suffered from an ulcer.

Then he spoke to the patient. "How severe was your ulcer attack, Mrs. Marshall?"

"Quite severe. They tell me it's healed over well. I wasn't operated upon."

When Kane returned, Kildare said abruptly, "She's going to need more treatment than she's been getting. If the ulcer kicked up..."

"It's an old ulcer that hasn't kicked up once. Why should it do so now?"

Kildare stood by while Kane saw Mrs. Marshall. In the corridor Kane said, "We're going to have to use prednisolone."

"Yes, sir," Kildare said, after a moment's hesitation. "Well—don't you approve?"

"I think the drug is indicated, Doctor. But it's a rough drug. The side effects can do a lot of damage. Sometimes it makes a bronchial infection spread."

"Tomorrow, put her on the drug. The responsibility is mine."

AS he went on his rounds, Kildare was worried.

Then he saw Denise, in green skirt, white blouse and a green scarf tied attractively around her head, splash colour against the lighted entrance to the nurses' residence hall.

He told her about Mrs. Marshall.

"Dr. Kane ordered prednisolone. You're not familiar with that drug, of course."

"Trouble is, it has side effects that may damage the heart. There's still another complication. An old peptic ulcer."

"There's scar tissue?"

"Plenty. Say—you sound as if you know something about this."

"Jimmy, I know of a case similar to Mrs. Marshall's. There was a bronchial infection. And that same drug was used."

"So?"

"The one other similarity—an old peptic ulcer. It kicked up. They had to operate. The patient died on the table."

"Jimmy, that drug may set

the ulcer loose again. The same thing may happen..."

"Kane says to start the drug tomorrow, but I could hold off. He's out of town. I could treat the heart condition and start ulcer therapy. I could prepare both the heart and the ulcer to resist the drug if there are any side effects."

"It's the only way, Jimmy," she said.

He took her in his arms for a moment and his kiss, though brief, was one of combined love and gratitude.

Then he rushed directly to the hospital. Denise walked slowly back to the residence hall.

The past was catching up. Meanwhile, Kildare had returned to Mrs. Marshall's room and astounded the night nurse by issuing a completely new set of instructions.

He had just thirty-six hours to set the patient up for the use of the powerful but dangerous drug.

The next day, Kildare stayed with Mrs. Marshall for an hour. On the following day he examined her intently.

The drug often had dramatic results and this was one of the times. Her coughing returned briefly, but then stopped and did not resume.

"Everything's fine now," Kildare said. "Dr. Kane will be back this evening and he's going to find you much better."

"Thank you. I do feel better," she said.

As always, Dr. Kildare's day was so busy that it passed without his really being aware of it.

Then he phoned Denise. "How is Mrs. Marshall?"

Denise asked eagerly. "She's going to be fine."

"I'm happy, Jimmy. You have no idea how happy I am."

"You know I have to talk to you," he said.

Her gaiety died. "Yes... I know."

"Tonight?"

"I promise to be there."

Kildare went back to work. Halfway through dinner he was paged on the PBX. Dr. Kane was in Mrs. Marshall's room and wanted to see him.



"Oh—what's it all about?"

"Well—there was this question of using prednisolone to control the shortness of breath and the cough. I'm sure you're familiar with the side reactions of the drug. Spreading infection, even making an old peptic ulcer, which Mrs. Marshall had, flare up acutely."

"Yes, I've heard that. Obviously, the drug did not have this effect on Mrs. Marshall."

Resignedly, he went straight away. Mrs. Marshall was sitting up, looking stronger, with a much better colour.

"Dr. Kildare was wonderful," she was telling Dr. Kane.

Kane said lightly, "I'm delighted, Mrs. Marshall. I'm sure Dr. Kildare did very well. And I believe we may change your treatment soon—if Dr. Kildare agrees, of course."

Dr. Kane knew what had happened. That last sarcastic remark was proof of it. Kildare knew he was in for trouble now. Dr. Kane led the way from the room.

"I notice a unique course of treatment, Kildare," he said. "You've taken it upon yourself to play doctor, Doctor. I won't have it so far as my patients are concerned. I shall be in Dr. Gillespie's office in fifteen minutes. See that you are also there."

"Ah, Dr. Kildare," Gillespie looked up from a tray of food on his desk. "Sit down."

Kildare decided to beat Kane to the explanation. "Dr. Kane is on his way, sir. It's about a patient of his... Mrs. Marshall."

"Oh, yes. I've dropped in on her from time to time. She thinks a great deal of you, Doctor."

"I'm afraid Dr. Kane doesn't, sir."

Gillespie looked up sharply.

"That's just it, sir. Dr. Kane ordered its use two days ago. He went to attend a medical convention and left me to supervise things and I didn't administer the drug."

"You didn't what?" Gillespie roared.

"Not two days ago, sir. I administered it yesterday."

"Why?"

"Because I was afraid of the drug. I gave the patient medication to strengthen her heart and a diet and medicine to keep the ulcer quiet."

"I think I sort of braced those two possible flare-ups so they never happened. I did what I thought best, without regard to Dr. Kane's orders."

Before Gillespie could reply, Kane walked in briskly.

"Hello, Doctor," Gillespie said.

Kane glanced at Kildare, and then said, "I'm not going to try to weasel out of this, Leonard. I came down here to rip the hide off young Kildare."

"Nobody rips the hide off my young doctors," Gillespie said.

"I was wrong," Kane went on. "It slipped my mind—and carelessly too—that Mrs. Marshall's ulcer might react. Her heart as well. Kildare showed good judgment."

"All my young doctors have sound judgment or they wouldn't have been admitted to service in this hospital."

"All right. I apologise to Dr. Kildare. What he did was precisely right."

Gillespie's voice rose. "I don't condemn what Dr. Kildare did, but I do criticize the way he did it. Strictly on his own. Dr. Kildare, you should have asked for advice."

"Yes, sir."

"That's all then—and we'll let that transpire here go no further. Good evening, gentlemen." There was just the trace of a smile at the corners of his mouth...

THAT night Kildare met Denise.

"Jimmy... you're going to ask me how I knew about prednisolone. You must realise no first year student nurse would have knowledge..."

"I know that Denise Landon is a first year student nurse, going into her second year in a couple of days. I know she's going to be a remarkable nurse. I know she's a lovely girl."



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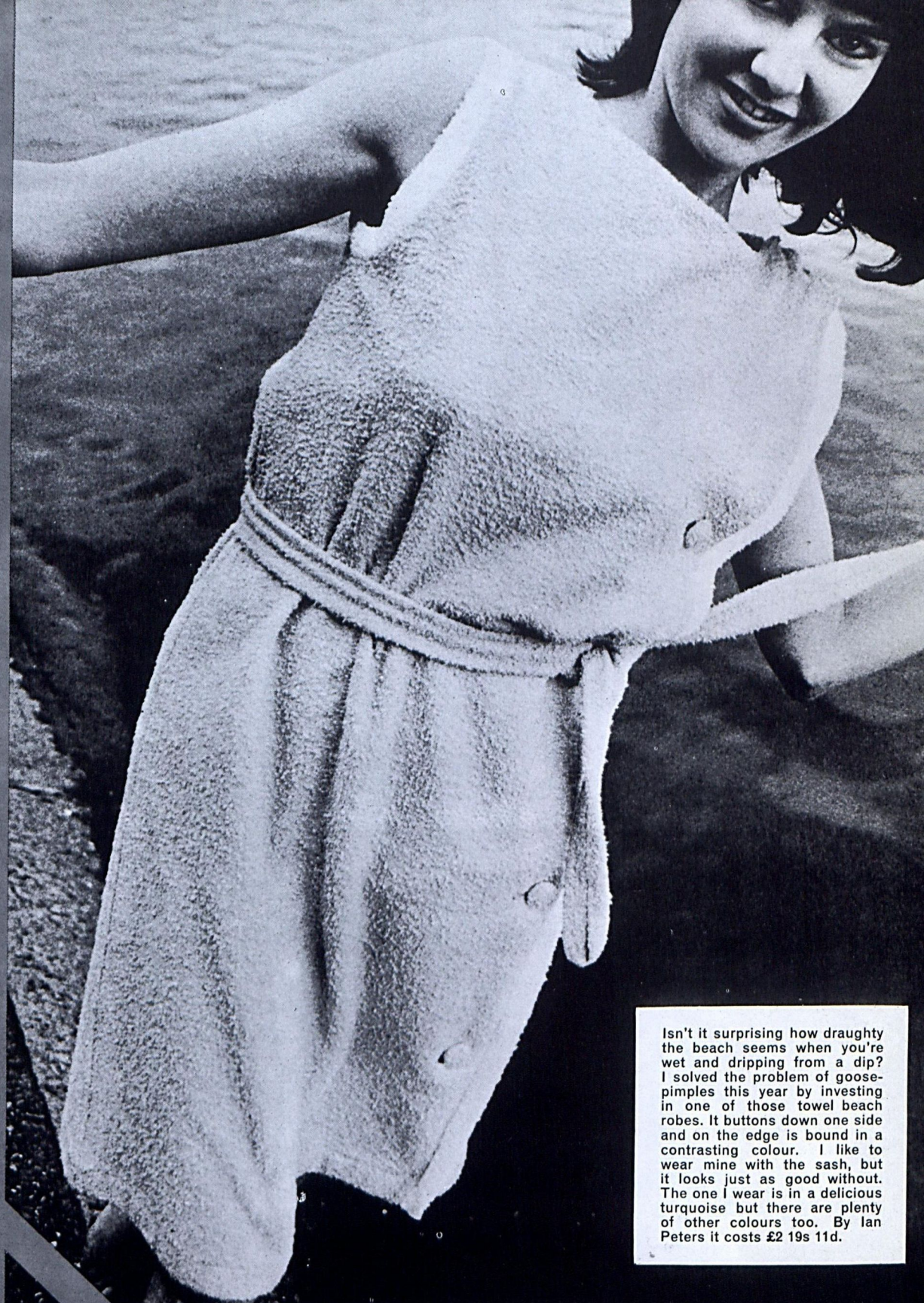
# WALK ON BY? IMPOSSIBLE!

NO BOY COULD! Not if you take a leaf from Jan and Pat's holiday snap album. You'll feel so wonderful you will positively sparkle in the sun. THEY did. Take a look. . . .



◀ The boys said I looked great in this long skirt—and I felt pretty good, too. Actually it's a summer version of one I had in the winter. It buttons down the front to just below the knee and then flaps open so it gives you plenty of room to move. The top half is useful for the beach too, because it has a pair of matching bikini briefs under the skirt. It is made by Emcar and cost £5.

Jan looked such a picture on the beach in her new swimsuit I couldn't resist getting this snapshot of her. The suit has a plain navy blue bottom half with a mass of red, white and blue stripes for the top. She got a beautifully tanned back because it really does plunge wide and low. It's in stretch helanca and was an absolute snip from Dorothy Perkins at £1 19s. 11d.



Isn't it surprising how draughty the beach seems when you're wet and dripping from a dip? I solved the problem of goose-pimples this year by investing in one of those towel beach robes. It buttons down one side and on the edge is bound in a contrasting colour. I like to wear mine with the sash, but it looks just as good without. The one I wear is in a delicious turquoise but there are plenty of other colours too. By Ian Peters it costs £2 19s 11d.

This beach shift came in pretty handy. Several days really sizzled and I'd have been ditto if I hadn't put this over my bikini. Don't you think the cut-in sleeves are wild? It's made in a linen type of fabric with great polynesian-looking splurges of red and green shrubbery over it. By Emcar it costs £2 9s 11d.

The boat I'm sitting on slipped off the jetty and into the lake a few minutes after this picture was taken. Just as well I moved! I can't say I particularly wanted to swim in my new denim skirt and shirt.

It's in blue and made by an American firm called Majestic of New York. It's a wonderful arrangement because there are twelve pieces to this set which you can buy separately, ranging from a pair of shorts to a shift dress. Prices go from £1 19s 6d to £4 9s 6d. The two pieces I bought cost £2 12s 6d for the button down shirt which can be worn in or outside, and £3 9s 6d for the skirt, which has its own belt of red woven rope.



## TEENAGER IN TROUBLE . . .



Funny. All the time you're a kid, you think what fun you'll have when you're grown up. Then one day, you're a teenager. Suddenly, it's all happening—and half the time you wish it weren't!

WELL, WHY? Why aren't you having the fun you should? What's it all about?

**"I'm not a child any more . . ."**

But you're not a grown woman yet, either. Your body is still developing—and the problems *that* can bring! Some you'll know about already because they're obvious—spots and acne, for instance. But others you may not have caught up with yet—for example, the problem of perspiration and B.O. (body odour).

### Did you know . . .

that in your teens you perspire a whole lot more than at any other time in your life? And it's not just the energetic things like dancing that cause this. The truth is—teenagers can perspire just as much from purely emotional reasons. Honestly! Anything that makes you excited or nervous—like an important date, an interview for a job, an exam, an argument—can have you soaking wet in seconds.

And only *you* know how embarrassing that can be. Your make-up begins to shine and run . . . your hands go damp and sticky . . . your nylons cling uncomfortably to your legs . . . and that tell-tale

damp patch begins to show under the arms of your dress. And worst of all is knowing that with all this perspiration comes the risk of offensive B.O.

### Face the facts

At your age you're going to perspire a lot, like it or not. But it doesn't have to get you down, because this is one problem you *can* deal with.

First, get it firmly into your head that the real danger spot is under the arms. Anywhere else, perspiration can immediately evaporate away. But under your arms it is trapped. In less than an hour that horrible odour will begin. And remember—you may not be aware of it yourself, but other people notice it right away!

For a teenager, there is only one answer to this problem. *Stop underarm perspiration altogether.* Adults, who do not perspire so much, may be able to get away with using a simple deodorant, which merely stops the odour without actually stopping the perspiration. But for teenagers, this just isn't enough.



### Specially for teenagers — CHECK

CHECK is a range of deodorants specially made for the teenage problem. Because each and every product in the range is not only a deodorant, but an anti-perspirant as well. That's to say, it actually prevents the perspiration from forming. So you have a double guarantee of personal freshness.



### Beware the Old Wives' Tale . . .

that it is "bad for you" to stop underarm perspiration. This is just plain nonsense! Of course, your body must be allowed to perspire somewhere—but it doesn't *have* to be under the arms where the moisture is trapped and becomes so unpleasant. There is plenty more skin left, where the perspiration can escape and evaporate away unnoticed!

### So go ahead — choose the right CHECK for you

You see, fragrant CHECK comes in several forms . . . a spray, a stick and a roll-on. So whatever kind of perspiration problem you have, there's sure to be a CHECK that suits you and your skin perfectly. And the prices, too, are specially tailored to suit teenagers. The stick comes at 2/9, the spray at 3/6 and the long-lasting roll-on at 4/6.

And remember—every CHECK product is an effective anti-perspirant as well as a deodorant. Only the CHECK name can give you this double promise of confidence.

There you are then. Make CHECK a part of your morning routine—and be sure of yourself right through the most crowded day.

Have fun!



# LETTERS

Brickbats or bouquets, **rave** wants your letters, and pays 2 guineas for the best. The address: Letters, **rave**, Tower House, Southampton Street, London, W.C.2



*style and on which they can reckon on making the charts. But the scene is overcrowded.*

●The Shadows have far more right to be up at the top of the charts than the Beatles do, because they have far more experience, more skill and a smoother act. Their "Theme For Young Lovers" should have got higher. — **Brian Dandridge, Woodbridge, Suffolk.**

*Over to you Beatle fans!*

●What a lot of rubbish is talked about r-and-b. It seems the more unkempt the appearance and more clownish the act, the greater a group's chances of success—regardless of talent or feeling for the blues. There are really only two true r-and-b groups; Georgie Fame and the Blue Flames and John Mayall's Bluesbreakers. — **Lindsay Heap, London, S.E.12.**

*But then neither of these groups have had a disc in the charts, or is that too commercial?*

●If people don't like the Dave Clark Five topping the bill on the Palladium TV show, why don't they just switch off or turn to another channel instead of writing stupid letters. — **Five loyal fans, Birmingham.**

*Some people just like to have a grouse now and then.*

●The idea that stars should avoid marriage in case they endanger their careers is just rubbish. People don't get into the charts because they are single, but because they are talented and make good discs. — **Eileen Kelly, County Kerry, Ireland.**

●I've heard an awful lot about a "mojo". There is a group called the Mojoes, a song called "Got My Mojo Working". But what exactly is a "mojo"? **Mike Davis, Winchester.**

*A mojo is worn by negroes in the Southern States of America and is meant to give the wearer or owner great powers and make them more attractive to the opposite sex.*

●We think rave is the greatest thing since electricity. — **Alison and Alice, Edinburgh.**

*What's that? We're running out of wax candles here.*

●Who says Elvis is finished? Why, The Beatles. Up the Rolling Stones! — **Brenda Marr, Alnwick, Northumberland.**

*Correction: the Beatles say Elvis was one of their favourites and a great influence on them. But your tastes vary, don't they, Brenda?*

●Where can I get in touch with the Kinks, the Fourmost, and the Searchers? — **V. Willoughby (Miss), Wolverhampton.**

*The Kinks: c/o Arthur Howes' Agency, 34 Greek Street, London, W.1. The Fourmost: c/o NEMS Enterprises, Sutherland House, 5-6 Argyll Street, London, W.1. The Searchers: c/o Tito Burns, 3 Vere Street, London, W.1.*

## Pretty Things, Animals, Yardbirds I LOVE THOSE NAMES!

What wonderful names groups seem to be giving themselves these days: the Pretty Things, Animals, Mojoes, the Yardbirds, the Bluesbreakers, Peter's Faces, Me and Them, Hollies, Lulu and the Lovers, and so on. All fascinating and offbeat. But thank goodness for conventional groups like the Dave Clark Five, Cliff and the Shadows and Brian Poole and the Tremeloes. They bring a bit of sanity onto the scene. — **Brian Lewis, Birmingham.**

*Well, Brian, anything's better than RIP and the Tombstones! There's 2 guineas on the way.*

●If a beat group wants dependable transport I suggest they buy an old ice-cream van. The group I'm with, Colin and the Keymen, bought one and found we had enough room in the back to fit an old car seat and still pack our gear in. Trouble is people come up to the van when we're parked and ask for a sixpenny wafer! — **Larry McLeod, Rutherglen, Lanarkshire.**

*What's your signature tune? "Ice Cream Man"?*

●What type of harmonicas do the Rolling Stones use? — **J. R. Lloyd, Reading, Berks.**

*The boys use a selection of 12 Hohner Vampers in different keys, costing between 8s 6d and 12s 6d.*

●We must have more of Long John Baldry. He must be the best blues singer we have in Britain. His performance on "Around The Beatles" was superb. A real soul singer with tons of personality and energy. More! More! More! — **Lenny Gregson, Dartford, Kent.**

*We imagine a lot of other viewers who saw that programme will agree.*

●We have a great group in Bury called Buddy Francis and the Blue Starrs. Reading Pete Best's article in rave I noticed that his mother had written to a television station for the Beatles to appear on

TV. Could you tell me who this group should write to for an audition? — **Sheila Payne, Bury, Lancs.**

*Try Miss Myrna Malinsky, ABC-TV's Casting Director at Teddington Studios, Broom Road, Teddington, Middlesex.*

●It seems there are too many groups and not enough songs to go round. Some numbers have been recorded by 17 different people. And when a duplicated song does make the charts, it's always by the artists who are well-known. — **O. Williams (Mrs), Wisbech, Cambs.**

*Artists always try to record songs which suit their particular*

## 5 · 4 · 3 · 2 · 1 YEARS AGO!

- July 1959:** Frankie Vaughan stars at New York's Copacabana . . . Shooting begins on "Expresso Bongo" with Cliff Richard . . . Presley wins fourteenth consecutive gold disc. Top Disc: "Dream Lover", Bobby Darin.
- July 1960:** Shadows' "Apache" zooms into charts . . . Marty Wilde's £100,000 two-year contract with Harold Fielding ends after six months. Top discs: "Good Timin'", Jimmy Jones; "Please Don't Tease", Cliff Richard.
- July 1961:** Johnny Ray, Johnny Mathis, Mel Tormé, Edward "Kookie" Byrnes, Rosemary Clooney and Peggy Lee in London for appearances. Top discs: "Runaway", Del Shannon; "Temptation", Everly Brothers; "Well I Ask You", Eden Kane.
- July 1962:** Billy Fury's "Play It Cool" film premiered . . . Acker Bilk has two discs in U.S. Top 100, "Above The Stars" and "Stranger On The Shore". Top disc: "I Remember You", Frank Ifield.
- July 1963:** Searchers, Swinging Blue Jeans and Freddie and the Dreamers make chart debuts . . . Kitty Lester tours Britain . . . Jet Harris injured in car crash. Top disc: "I Like It", Gerry and the Pacemakers.



# KILDARE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49

"Oh, Jimmy, I can't go on this way."

"Listen, Denise. I'm aware that you've had considerable experience in hospital work, but for some reason you can't talk about it."

"But you've helped me to save lives. So that's all right."

His arms drew her to him. "Jimmy," she said softly, "we'll have to let it go on this way. Seeing one another when we can . . . finding out about us . . . and some day you have to know the whole truth."

"It can wait and if we do go separate ways, then never. Agree to that, sweet?"

"Agreed."

A few evenings later, Kildare and Denise were strolling together in the grounds of Blair Hospital. They were near the ambulance entrance when they heard the bells.

"That's the call for the Catastrophe Unit!" Kildare said.

"I know, Jimmy. Let's go!" Any available doctors were already on the move. Kildare darted into a supply room and seized one of the score of black bags.

Each bag contained emergency drugs, hypodermic needles, rubber gloves kept sterile in sealed containers, instruments, plasma, bandages and sutures.

Kildare and Denise jumped into the nearest of the waiting ambulances. "What is it, Pat?" he asked the driver.

"Train accident six miles out of the city. A passenger train and a freight—head-on. They say it's bad."

Soon they saw the dull glow of fire, and then the twisted railway carriages.

Along the right of way there were dim forms, silhouetted garishly in the light of several red flares set off to provide illumination. The ambulance stopped beside them.

Denise was the first one off, she saw the lights of a house not a hundred yards away, and began running towards it.

Kildare joined the doctors and nurses bearing down on the row of injured or dead.

Denise raced down to the right of way again and waved down the emergency truck.

"Roll up to that house," she ordered brusquely. "I've arranged for it to be used as a hospital. We need all the equipment there."

Two policemen carried in a young man. Denise winced. He was terribly injured. An intern came in, moving very fast. Denise stopped him and pointed to the young man.

"Plasma—fast! Get him ready for surgery."

Another patient was carried in. Denise shook her head.

"He's dead," she said. "Take him to the room at the end of the hall. Set it up as a morgue."

She checked each patient, gave sharp orders but was calm, precise, knew exactly what she was doing.

Down at the wreck, Kildare was already covered with dirt and grime. He came to a middle-aged man whose right leg had been crushed between the seat and the floor. Kildare tried to free him, but it was impossible. Kildare crawled back and saw his friend and colleague, Dr. Agurski, trying to reach him.

Kildare said, "Get to the truck and fetch instruments to do an amputation."

**I**N the house which she had commandeered, Denise worked with a remarkable precision. A few white-uniformed nurses were, at first, amazed or angry at being given orders by a girl in a student nurse's uniform.

But when Denise's voice grew crisp with authority they didn't question her, for every command she gave was so obviously right.

Aware that someone was standing directly behind her, she turned. It was Dr. Gillespie.

"I'm told you're Miss Landon," he said.

"Yes, Dr. Gillespie, I'm Denise Landon and I know perfectly well I'm going to be standing on the carpet before your desk soon, but right now I don't have time to talk."

"Yes—I can see that," he said. "You're doing a remark-

● ● ●



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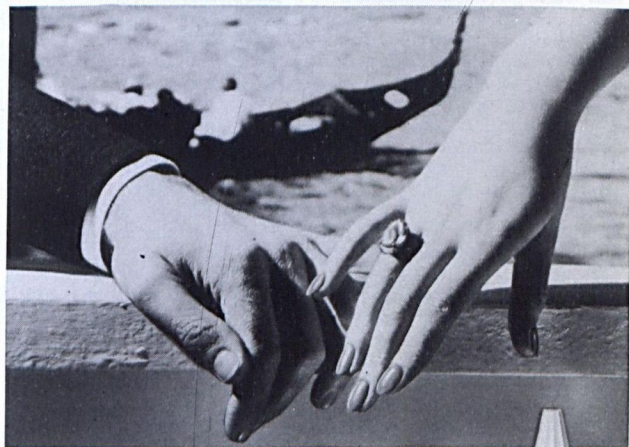
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# KILDARE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55

ably fine job, Miss Landon. At the moment I have not recognized you as a student nurse. Shall we carry on?"

"Thank you, Doctor."

"I understand there are a number of people still trapped in the wreckage. Things are in good shape here and I have an idea you want more action."

"I'll go right down," she said.

"You are a graduate nurse, of course?"

"Yes. I was an O.R. head nurse."

"In a big hospital, Miss Landon?"

"One of the biggest."

"They turned out a fine nurse in you."

"No." She shook her head.

Then they saw Dr. Agurski hurrying over.

"Doctor . . . Kildare is with a man . . . his leg has to come off . . . I need equipment . . ."

"Go back to Jimmy," Denise said. "I'll bring what you want."

As Gillespie nodded, she went back to the house, and collected all the instruments Kildare would need.

She ran down the slope towards the tracks and the wrecked carriages.

"Where is he pinned, Jimmy?" she asked.

"Denise!"

"Dr. Gillespie sent me. It's all right, Jimmy—let me see the leg."

He moved aside and Agurski flattened himself so that she could squeeze by.

She nodded. "You're right, Jimmy. You have to take it off." She motioned for him to raise the lantern to light up the man's face. It was composed.

"I gave him two syrettes of morphine," Kildare said.

"Good—he's in such shock he wouldn't feel much anyway. Get at it, Jimmy."

Agurski was in a better position to use the scalpel. He poised it, deciding where to use it.

"No," Denise said tersely. "Higher up, Doctor. And use the guillotine method. Straight through. Never mind the flaps . . . just get him free."

"She's right," Kildare said.

Agurski motioned for more light. His scalpel made a deep incision. A smaller scalpel was firmly pressed into his hand by Denise. Agurski found the other instruments ready and completed the operation rapidly.

The man was now free. Agurski and Kildare grasped his shoulders and hips and worked him away from the twisted wreckage which had imprisoned him. An ambulance was backed up and they got him aboard.

Over coffee from the Red Cross truck, Denise said, "Doctor Gillespie is quite aware that I'm more than a student nurse."

"Everyone must be by now, Denise."

"So—I'll have to go away."

"Who says you have to go?"

"Jimmy—they will."

"I don't agree."

"But you don't know what has caused all this. What's in my background?"

"It won't make the slightest difference to me."

"I'm afraid it may, Jimmy."

"Try me."

"Tomorrow? I'd like to tell you while we're alone . . . in that little park behind the nurses' home. I'll need all the calmness and peace I can find to tell this."

"I'll be there."

**T**HE following morning she was waiting for him.

"Denise . . ." he began.

"My name is not Denise," she said. "I'm Joanne."

"To me you're Denise."

"Denise was my sister. She's . . . dead."

"All right," he said. "You're Joanne. It's a nice name."

"Jimmy, two years ago I was head O.R. nurse at Putnam Memorial."

He whistled. "You must have been something, Joanne. My dad used to tell me about that place. You're the absolute tops in your profession."

"Wait until you hear the rest of it."

"Tell me what happened."

"I . . . killed someone, through carelessness. Jimmy, you can't be careless in an operating room."

"The details," he implored. "Let me decide."

"It was the fifth operation in a row which I supervised. They were doing some surgery on a five year old boy. Everything was routine, but I was tired. I wasn't thinking straight."

"They were using gas anæsthesia and the operation required an endotracheal tube. I was getting it into position. I signalled the anæsthetician that it was set and he turned on the gas and . . . and . . . I had the tube placed wrong."

"Jimmy, all that gas under pressure entered the child's stomach. It happened so fast."

"The child died?"

"The child must have died."

"Then what happened?"

"I lost my head . . . my nerve. I don't know . . ." She lowered her head and cried softly.

Kildare put an arm around her shoulder and smiled into her moist eyes.

"You ran away."

"I . . . dropped everything and just . . . ran. They were working on the child. I . . . just kept on going."

"I don't know how long . . . days, I think. Weeks, maybe. I found myself in a big city and for a long time I didn't even leave my hotel."

"There was nothing unnatural about that reaction," he said.

"Yes, there was, Jimmy. I can tell you now. That was . . . when I wrote that suicide note. I intended to jump out of the window."

"But you didn't."



"Okay chief—he's ugly! So we got someone to mime his face!"

"I think perhaps that note . . . the writing of it . . . was what cleared my mind. I . . . kept the note to remind myself of what I almost did. I reasoned with myself that I had killed a child, but if I killed myself as well, there were two lives wasted."

"I thought that what I should do was return to nursing and make up for what I'd done."

"So you took your sister's name?"

"She was dead. Back where we were born, they didn't know that. I . . . wrote to my high school for her record, using her name. I wrote to the clergyman, to others, for references, again in the name of Denise."

"She was such a wonderful girl. The letters I got back were glowing . . ."

"Your own would have been too," Kildare said. "Go on, Joanne."

"It seems strange to have you call me that, Jimmy. Well—I hunted for a fine hospital and picked on Blair. It was a long distance away. I could get by, I hoped. So I applied as a student. I knew I'd have to go through the entire course, but I didn't mind. Even as a student nurse, I could do some good, undo some of the wrong I had done before."

Kildare looked deep into her eyes. "How much do you have to make up, Joanne?"

"All I can, during the remainder of my life. That's where the trouble lies, Jimmy."

"I don't see how."

"They won't permit me to go on with my studies."

"You don't have to. You're an R.N."

"With a record of killing a child through carelessness. I couldn't go on as that nurse. I wanted to become another one, with a clean record and I'm sure, in time, I could forget what happened. Now I'm Joanne Landon again and as Joanne I can't continue."

"Look," he said, "there's no sense in trying to guess what Dr. Gillespie himself will do about it. We can talk about the future when we know how he feels. And we're going to find out. Right now!"

**IN NEXT MONTH'S PAVE  
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**FREE** Buy your new crystal-clear CHANDAU hair spray now! Each easy aerosol container comes complete with a

**FREE HAIRBRUSH**

# STAR WISE

How do you rate on the pop scene? Could you be president of a fan club? Full marks (30) and you're elected. 25 or over, you'd make a good vice-president. Over 20, you're on the committee. 15 plus, an efficient secretary. Below 10, don't even apply for membership!

## TV

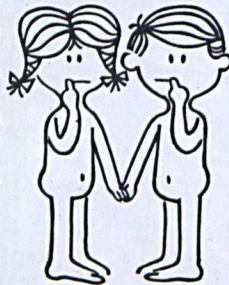
1. Who plays Dennis Tanner in the "Coronation Street" series?
2. What Liverpool comedian has appeared four times on the Palladium TV show this year?
3. Who is the odd man out: Efreem Zimbalist, Raymond Francis, John Smith, Gene Barry?
4. Which famous scriptwriting team wrote "Stepbrother and Son"?
5. What ex-film idol stars in the "Captain Of Detectives" series?
6. Which star of "T W T W T W" now hosts a series?
7. A famous actor plays the father in "My Three Sons". Who?
8. Which well-known actor plays Dr Gillespie in "Dr Kildare"?
9. Who plays Eric Sykes' sister in his domestic comedy series?
10. What theme from an ITV puppet show made the charts?

## FILMS

1. Who created the role of "Tammy" in the film of the same name?
2. What star of "Wonderful Life" is in "Night Must Fall"?
3. Which famous Greek actress starred in "Never On Sunday"?
4. Who played the part of Conrad Birdie in "Bye Bye Birdie"?
5. Name the ex-dancer who starred in "The L-Shaped Room"?
6. One of Doris Day's comedy co-stars made his name in the "Maverick" TV series. Name him.
7. What top actor-director was once a trapeze artist?
8. Richard Chamberlain starred in a courtroom drama. Name it.
9. What was the first film in which Hayley Mills appeared?
10. What picture was Marilyn Monroe making when she died?

## CHARTS

1. Who originally recorded "Not Fade Away"?
2. What was Frank Ifield's first single issued in Britain?
3. Bobby Darin had a hit with "Splish Splash" in the U.S. Who had a hit with it in Britain?
4. What have "I Like It" and "You Were Made For Me" in common?
5. Which American girl recorded "Needles And Pins", the Searchers' hit?
6. Valerie Mountain and the Eagles made the charts with what single?
7. What smash hit by Ned Miller made the charts six years after it had been recorded?
8. Adam Faith started singing with a skiffle group. Name it.
9. Name the original members of the Springfields.
10. What is Little Richard's real name?



## ANSWERS

TV: 1—Philip Lowrie. 2—Jimmy Tarbuck. 3—John Smith. (He's a cowboy, the rest are detectives). 4—Ray Galton and Alan Simpson. 5—Robert Taylor. 6—Millicent Martin. 7—Fred MacMurray. 8—Raymond Massey. 9—Hattie Jacques. 10—"Fireball XL5".  
FILMS: 1—Debbie Reynolds. 2—Susan Hampshire. 3—Melina Mercouri. 4—Jesse Pearson. 5—Leslie Caron. 6—James Garner. 7—Burt Lancaster. 8—"The Charge Is Murder". 9—"Tiger Bay". 10—"Something's Got To Give".  
CHARTS: 1—Buddy Holly. 2—"Lucky Devil". 3—Charlie Drake. 4—Both written by Mitch Murray. 5—Jackie de Shannon. 6—"Some People". 7—"From A Jack To A King". 8—The Worried Men. 9—Dusty and Tom Springfield, Tim Feild. 10—Richard Penniman.



## Are you a James Bond Blonde?

Cool, frosty-eyed, capable...  
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NEWNES

# COME FLY WITH THE STARS

—ON A DREAM TRIP AROUND THE WORLD WITH GERRY MARSDEN  
BRIAN POOLE, BILLY J., THE SEARCHERS, MANFRED MANN

New York's skyscrapers . . . the Australian Bush wooden chalets in Sweden . . . South Africa's sprawling veldt. These are only a few of the places our top stars see as they take British pop to the corners of the earth.

But what do they think of it all? **WHAT WOULD YOU THINK?** Join them on this armchair trip around the world.

Comfortable? Sipping a

Coke? Right, chocks away!

First to New York. Your guides are GERRY MARSDEN and the SEARCHERS who have only recently returned from there. Over first to Gerry.

"New York? It's fantastic. You'd ALL love it!

"We had five days to ourselves, and did a lot of sight-seeing from a chauffeur-driven Chevrolet, fitted with a telephone. Fans discovered the number. Every few

seconds—even when we were driving to Massachusetts—the phone would ring. More fans! Mind you, this wouldn't happen to you!

"What shakes every visitor to New York are the prices. Fantastic! On Fifth Avenue, I went into a shop to buy some sunglasses; just ordinary plastic ones. The cheapest were 15½ dollars—over £5!

"One night, Fred and I went out for dinner. Just the two of us; and that cost us

45 dollars—fifteen quid! Another evening, we asked for some ice to be sent up to our hotel suite; that cost 7½ dollars—£2 10s.

"We'd heard a lot about Greenwich Village, the artists' quarter. But it's no different to Soho, really.

"But the food! If you order a steak, you get half a bull!"

And what did the Searchers think?

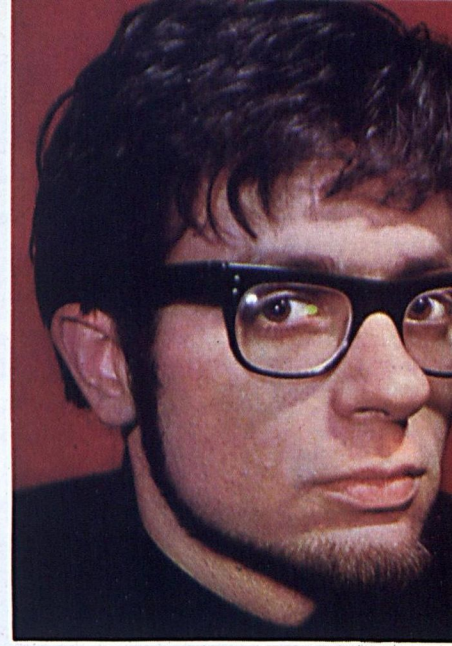
They loved it, especially the hotels and food. But the . . .

The Searchers take flying in their stride, but even so are quietly excited to be heading for New York again





Between them, Dave Clark, Millie, Manfred Mann and Brian Poole have clocked up enough flying miles to take them around the world—TWICE! Dave's longest haul has been to New York (twice), Millie's was when she flew here from Jamaica, Manfred's was the flight from South Africa. Brian? He's been to South Africa AND Australia!



clubs we hear so much about?

A big disappointment.

"All flash outside and nothing inside," says TONY JACKSON. "I went to the Peppermint Lounge off Sixth Avenue, supposed to be one of the best, but we've got better in Liverpool.

"And their groups are terrible. Two of the top ones were playing that night. We'd been nervous about appearing over there, but as soon as we saw that lot our nerves vanished. They were the worst I've heard."

So don't bother about staying to see them. Catch the next plane from Kennedy Airport heading for Australia. In the seat beside you, BRIAN POOLE.

Start wondering NOW how the heck you are going to escape the crush of fans that will greet your plane.

"The last time we were

there the police closed the airport. There were 10,000 fans there! Our coach drew right up to the plane. We had to race aboard, and were off.

"But they followed us—some running, others in cars with water skis strapped to the roof and blowing hooters—all the way to the hotel.

"Australian audiences are the wildest anywhere. At Melbourne, kids started throwing toy koala bears and sweets at us. One chap threw a boomerang. But didn't get it back . . . it cracked on the edge of the stage."

Maybe you feel you'd like to just keep on sitting right in that plane? Okay, let's start the return trip home then. First stop South Africa. And don't forget that sun-tan lotion!

The weather will be so hot you can easily get sunburnt.

Some of our stars who go there have still got the blister scars to prove it!

But let MANFRED MANN, who comes from there and whose father has a large printing works in Johannesburg, be your host.

"The fans there read all about pop stars and buy their records—but hardly ever see a star in person. When they do, they go mad!

"And don't expect to hear a lot of local music. There's only the native kwela music played with penny flutes and guitars.

"A sight that will strike you immediately you step foot in a town is the conventional way people dress, even the teenagers. That's one of the great things about Britain—freedom. You can wear what you like and walk around freely. In South Africa you would be shunned."

But you won't have this trouble as we fly on to our next port of call, the Continent. Country: Sweden, well known to BILLY J. KRAMER and one of the most unconventional places.

"We all love it here. The fans are really wild—they love numbers like 'What'd I Say?'—and the countryside's so beautiful, and so different.

"When the snow's on the ground, it's just like a Christmas card. I went down by the harbour and saw all the boats tied up with the water iced over and thought how much I'd love to go back there in the summer and see it again."

As you fly back to England you can think how much all these trips MIGHT have cost you. No, don't. It's too much! By buying rave you've saved nearly £1,000!

# and the stars themselves dream all about . . .

## GEISHA GIRLS

CHRIS CURTIS of the Searchers: Japan has always fascinated me. I've always wanted to see those beautiful Geisha girls in their kimonos, those fabulous paintings, teahouses and all those exotic things. That's where I'm off to one of these days.

## LAZING IN BRAZIL

DUSTY SPRINGFIELD: If I had as much time as I wanted, I'd take off like a shot for South America. Brazil especially. My brother Tom told me all about it—the excitement, the sun, music and carnivals. And I'd love to take a siesta.

## BONDI BEACH

KEITH RICHARD of the Rolling Stones: I've always wanted to bathe from some of those fabulous Australian beaches. I saw a film about them once. Miles of golden sand and blue sea. Great!

## A SIX MONTH DAY

MIKE WILSH of the Four Pennies: It may sound strange, but Greenland has always held a fascination for me. I'd get a kick out of having a six-month day and a six-month night and be able to see the Aurora Borealis.

## EGYPT'S SPHINXES

FREDDIE GARRITY: Egypt's the place for me. It's such an interesting place with so much history and legend behind it. If I ever get the time, I'd like to spend a few months visiting all those interesting spots.

## SUNSET STRIP

CILLA BLACK: I suppose lots of people are influenced in their choice of place by what they've read. I can just see myself driving along Sunset Strip in Hollywood, eating in Dino's and the Brown Derby, then touring all those film studios.

## SEEING ROME

TONY CRANE of the Merseybeats: Every time I see that "In city after city . . ." cigarette advertisement, I see the place I want to go—Rome. I'm dead keen on history and I'd spend days and days just wandering around the sights.

## LIVING LIKE BOND

BILLY J. KRAMER: I've never been there, but I know I'd really love Jamaica. There's a sort of magic about the Caribbean that really gets me. But I'd hate to go there for just a couple of weeks, it would have to be for at least two months. Lounge around just like James Bond.



# THE BEATLES

## are coming to breakfast



### Get the official Fan Club badge... with *Kellogg's* RICE KRISPIES

**The Beatles say:** Don't miss this chance of getting your hands on the official Beatles Fan Club Badge. If ever anything was gear, this is it. Moreover, and even further, it's what the well-dressed fan-about-town is wearing. Read on, gentle reader.

**Kellogg's say:** The badge is charcoal-grey cloth, with the Beatles'

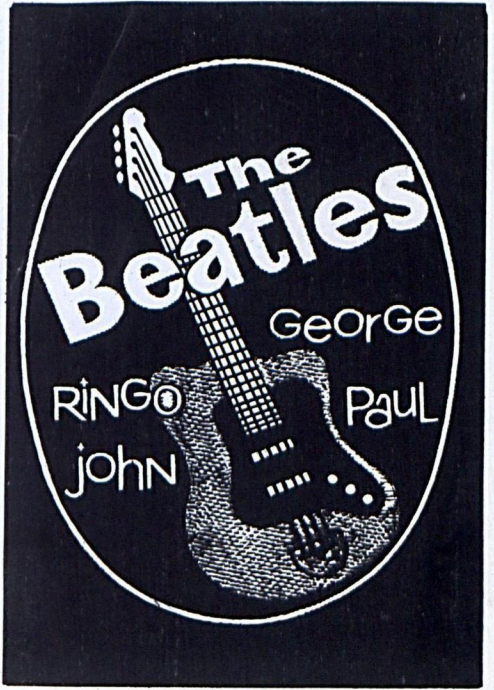
names in gold round a red guitar. To get it, all you need do is send us your filled-in coupon, any two Rice Krispies packet tops and 2/3d. And the Beatles badge will come beating back. (Into the bargain, you get yourself some popping good breakfasts of Rice Krispies.) Our address is on the coupon. What's yours?



**To: Kellogg's Beatles Badge Offer, P.O. Box No. 38, Manchester, 3.**  
 Please send, post free, ..... official Beatles Fan Club badges. I enclose cheque/P.O. No. .... value ..... made out to "Kellogg's" and crossed "& Co." and ..... Rice Krispies packet tops.  
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# rave **NO 6**

COME FLY WITH THE STARS—FEATURING GERRY, MILLIE,  
DAVE CLARK, BRIAN POOLE, MANFRED MANN—IN COLOUR



**Gerry and the  
Pacemakers  
in New York**