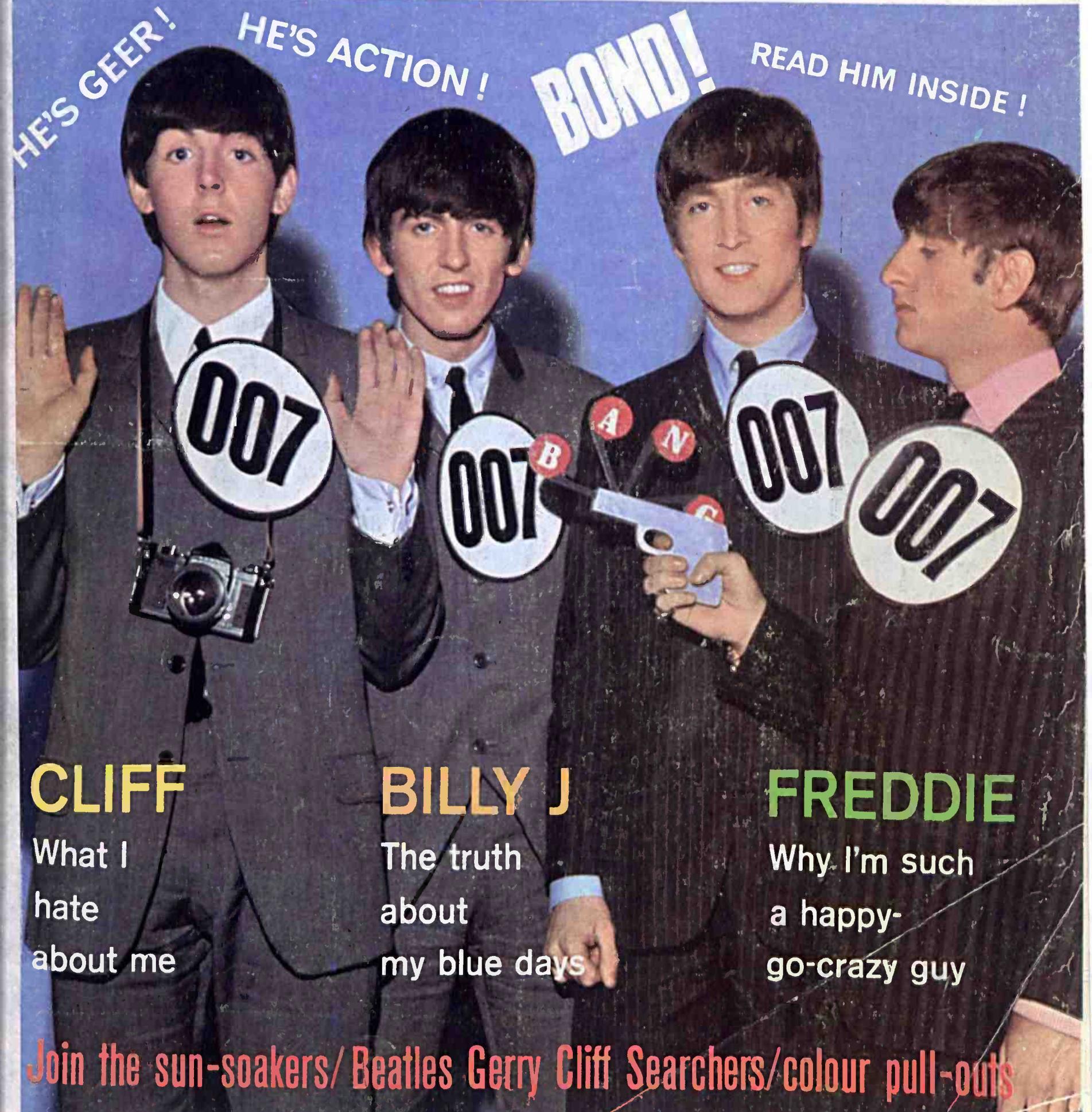


rawe

MONTHLY **1**

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



HE'S GEER!

HE'S ACTION!

BOND!

READ HIM INSIDE!

CLIFF

What I hate about me

BILLY J

The truth about my blue days

FREDDIE

Why I'm such a happy-go-crazy guy

Join the sun-soakers / Beatles Gerry Cliff Searchers / colour pull-outs

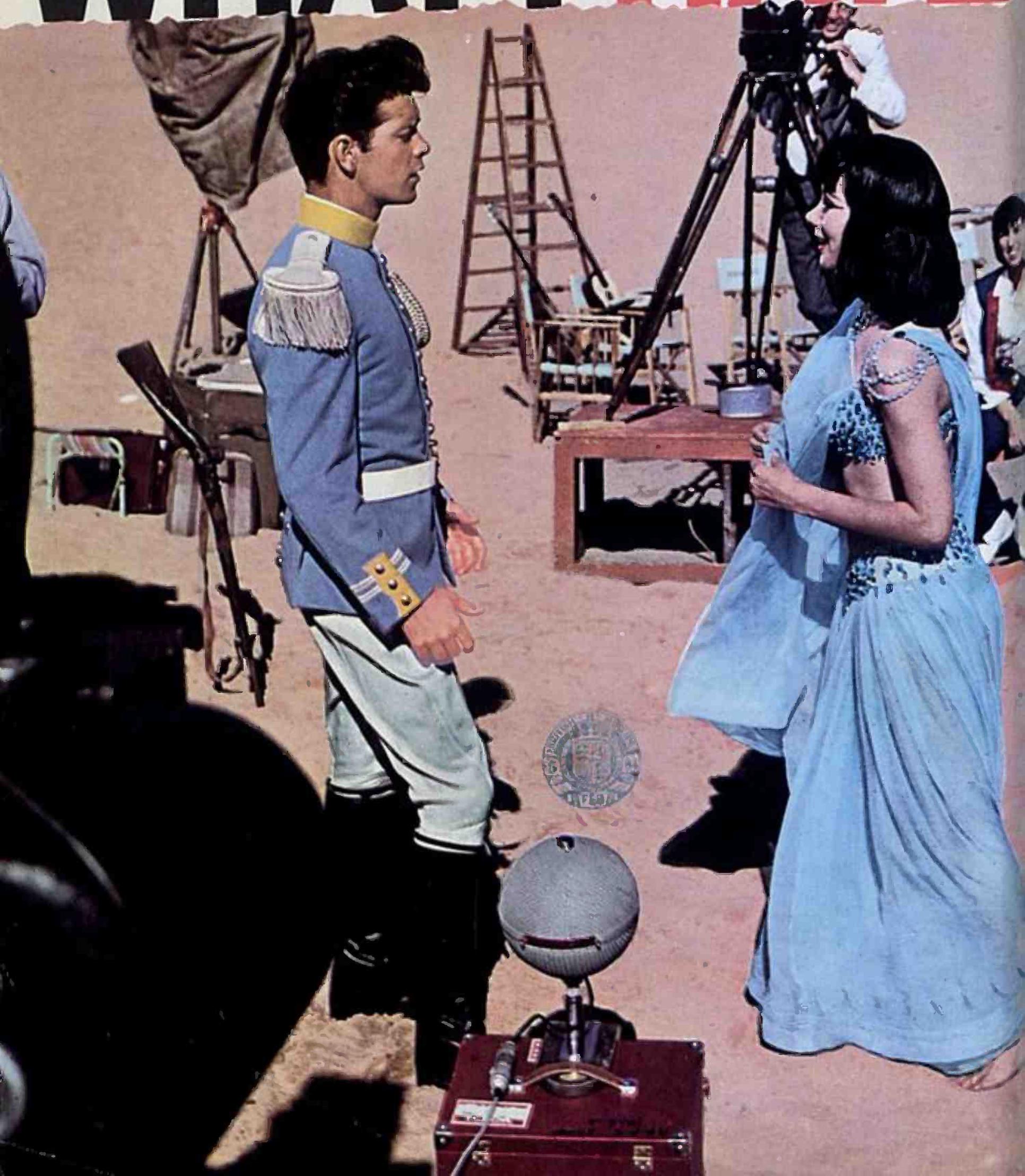
rave





THE SEARCHERS

WHAT I HATE



ABOUT ME . . .



CLIFF RICHARD, filming in the luxury of the Canaries, has NEVER been so frank, says Dick Tatham

Atop a 50 foot sand dune in the Canary Islands . . . 2,000 miles from home . . . Cliff Richard—wearing a bright-hued Foreign Legion uniform—sat in a green canvas chair.

It was during a pause in filming "Wonderful Life". He'd asked me up to chat. Just the two of us.

I'd plonked myself in the sand at his side. The sun beat into us. Care seemed a light-year away.

Then, suddenly, Cliff came out with them—the most forceful, heartfelt statements I have ever heard him make about himself.

I had asked whether he kept copies of his films at home. He had replied, "Yes. There are a few relatives who haven't seen them yet. But I don't run them often."

I was noting this down when he added, "I certainly don't enjoy watching myself in 'The Young Ones'. I look so fat, I get embarrassed. That's what started me slimming."

At first I thought he was joking. Then—as I realised he was in earnest—he added firmly, "Another thing is that I have a young face—and I hate it."

This was so unexpected, I asked: "Cliff—is that definitely for quoting?"

"Certainly," he replied. "I am perfectly serious." I sat in the sand and waited for the explanation. When it came, I realised the full meaning of Cliff's remarks. For they show how strongly he has set his heart on tackling film roles which are a challenge to him. . . . How eager he is to develop as an actor. . . .

"My screen parts so far," he said quietly, "have been more or less exaggerations of Cliff Richard. Whether I can play quite different roles, I don't know. But I am dead keen to try.

"For example, I may be starting a film in June which is not a musical. I would just have four songs fitted into the story.

"Looking further ahead, there are

certain meatier, more demanding roles I would like to attempt. But I need a more mature face. So if I say there are times I wish my features were a bit lined and haggard—that's the reason why.

"Know what? In one scene of 'Wonderful Life' the other day, I was supposed to be an old cowhand. They made me up to look about 90. I felt wonderful!"

As you'd expect, Cliff is putting his full energies into the making of "Wonderful Life". I was speaking to him about the film after spending weeks as the only journalist travelling day-after-day to locations with the unit.

I began with a comment that was short and simple—but which made Cliff glow as if he had just been plugged into a power point.

I had mentioned the team spirit which had been evident from the moment shooting started in the Maspalomas area of the Gran Canaria.

"It means so much," he said, "working with people *and* having a togetherness with them in private life. You get a drive. An excitement. A terrific enthusiasm.

"This may sound crazy, but two of the moments I enjoy best in a typical day out here are when we have tea. First is around eight in the morning when we've just arrived on location: Susan Hampshire, Richard O'Sullivan, Melvyn Hayes, Una Stubbs, the Shadows and myself.

"It is the lull before the storm. Gives us a moment to collect ourselves. Think about the scene coming up. Talk about how it slots into the film as a whole. By the time Sid Furie calls us in front of the camera, we're rarin' to go. All of us.

"Second tea-talk is when we get back to the hotel early in the evening. We have it on the terrace right by the palm trees. Just sip tea. Relax. Talk a bit. Feel together.

"Then? Now and again we'll have

dinner in the hotel dining room. But mostly we go to one of our private rooms and sit around by candlelight.

"Then it's a simple meal. Maybe cheese, biscuits, fruit and a little wine. Talk shop? We do sometimes. The only set rule is we kick around whatever subject comes into our heads."

Someone brought mid-morning coffee and rolls. Cliff sipped his coffee. He started to bite at his roll—but then paused to examine it. He shook his head and put the roll down.

"No good," he said. "If I do this scene with Susan with my breath smelling of sardines, we may find our team spirit isn't what it was!"

Then I started to talk about Sid Furie. Age 28. Canadian. Bit like Eddie Fisher. Director of "The Young Ones"—and now of "Wonderful Life".

"Cliff," I said, "I realise he is a vast inspiration to you all. I know you admire his skill. But can you give me an example of how he works?"

Cliff: "He is always ready to treat the script as just a rough guide. If we want to change our lines a bit, there's a good chance he'll play along.

"Now there may come a time when a scene doesn't go right. Sid will say: 'This is terrible. Let's start all over.'

"Then he will put us into a completely offbeat rehearsal. He will tell us to relax. To be ourselves. To go into the scene entirely on impulse. 'Use whatever words and actions you feel are right', he calls out.

"So we do. We go milling spontane-



Recognise him? Yes, it's Cliff as we'll see him in the film. He'd like to look like this more often

ously around for seconds or maybe minutes—and at the end of it Sid will know exactly what words and which actions he wants kept in. Then away we go into a completely fresh approach to the scene.

"We don't see a lot of Sid apart from work. But if I do have a meal with him, I don't have to guess what the table talk will be about. 'Wonderful Life' is on his mind every moment he's awake. Guess he even dreams about it, too..."

I had already realised "Wonderful Life" was creating the same carefree, colourful entertainment we had seen in "The Young Ones" and "Summer Holiday".

I put it to Cliff that many people were welcoming this trend towards escapist,

sun 'n' fun films—and away from kitchen sink unspetaculars.

"Maybe," he said. "Mind you, we didn't try to start a trend. Things just worked out this way. And I'm not against kitchen sink films. I think the film world needs the best of them and of escapist productions."

Then we stopped talking and watched the next scene being set up in the sand below us. Susan Hampshire in a wispy dress of vivid blue chiffon. Cute little Una Stubbs wearing specs for her role as clapper girl in the film-within-the-film.

Richard O'Sullivan, Melvyn Hayes, newcomer Joe Cuby and the Shadows all ready for action. Director Furie by the camera: jeans, no shirt, handkerchief knotted round neck, battered old straw hat.

Standing a bit apart from it all—a slim, fair-haired man in casual clothes of light blue. Producer Kenneth Harper. Watching thoughtfully.

A week before I had seen a truck get stuck in the sand. Everyone pushed. Much sweat in the sun before it was shifted. As the pushers dispersed, I saw that among them had been Kenneth Harper and Cliff Richard...

With Cliff and his young ones in "Wonderful Life" are such practised performers as Dennis Price and Walter Slezak.

"I have been lucky in my film career," said Cliff—resuming our talk. "Working with able and experienced people. I have learned so much from them. I want to continue learning.

"As I see my film future, that is more important to me than the size of my roles. If the film were interesting enough, and I were offered a two-minute part, I would seriously consider it.

"I wouldn't even mind speaking just one line if it had sufficient impact. Just a single line..."

Then the call came for him and down the side of the dune he went—down towards Sidney Furie and the vast unit camera. And I thought as he went that he had said only one thing with which I would disagree: about being lucky in his film career.

Staying at the same hotel, watching him day after day on location in the Canary Islands, I had come to realise more than ever before how serious and dedicated is Cliff's approach to his work.

Our talk over, I went and sat in the audience: a crowd of Spanish peasants sitting fascinated on a slope about 50 yards away.

A local senorita grinned with flawless teeth and said, "Muy bonita pelicula, no?"

I looked down again at the bright-hued, fairyland setting. I told the senorita I agreed with her. They were indeed making a very beautiful film.

Filming is fun—particularly in the sun of the Canaries. But at times it's just as nice to laze... like the Shadows



Tower House,
Southampton Street,
London, W.C.2.

. Welcome to 'rave'. We think it's time young people had their own monthly. Something special. As new as 1964.

"rave" brings the deep truth about people you want to know better. Brilliant colour pull-outs. Pictures with a new angle. Laughs, too!

Famous names will often contribute. We're specially proud to bring you an Ian Fleming James Bond story, "Risico", as our first serial.

And Alan Freeman, now back heading the pop-picking on Sunday afternoons, will be a 'rave' regular.

These are the kind of people we like. We thought we'd share them with you.

Who are we? Well, heading the 'rave' team with me are Roger Pinny, John Wells, Mike Hellicar and Ed Blanche.

For what the big show business names feel, see page 59. Tell us what you think.

Don Wedge
Editor.



B is for Beatles—and Bond, of course. Both are featured in this issue. So we gave the boys 007 badges and slipped a Walther PPK (?) in Ringo's hand. Paul told him crushingly: "You're not as good looking as Sean Connery."

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STAR



REPORTING ON DAVE CLARK, JET, BEATLES, FREDDIE,

What chance does the DAVE CLARK Five stand of beating the BEATLES for all-round popularity during 1964? I have been examining the assets of both groups.

My prophesy: there will be a battle that will sort the men from the boys.

Dave Clark's much-publicised agency contract with promoter Harold Davison is said to be worth £1,000 a week to them this year. Davison is undeniably jazz-minded, but has many years of hard bargaining in his cheque book.

The Beatles are managed by a young man with no previous show business experience, Brian Epstein. He is 29 and does not hesitate to seek advice.

Behind the Dave Clark Five? A couple of hit records. A lot of national publicity. Their agency contract.

But consider the formidable

array of show business experience lined up behind them.

A close business associate of Harold Davison is Leslie Grade, whose agency is among the biggest in the world. Grade's elder brother, Lew, is managing director of ATV, which presents the top-rated "Sunday Night At The London Palladium".

Another brother is impresario Bernard Delfont, whose theatre contacts are unrivalled. The publicist Clark employs is Leslie Perrin, regarded as a top operator in this field. He has handled many big British stars.

Next month sees the real beginning to the battle. Clark sets out on a nationwide tour presented by Arthur Howes. He also co-operates closely with Leslie Grade.

From that moment on, a whole army of show business generals will be tuned in to every whisper of reaction to both groups.



JET HARRIS was full of plans for a comeback to active stage and recording work when I spoke to him at a party. "I want to get back - right to the top - with a new, exciting sound," he said.

Then his eyes dimmed. "Do you think people will accept me again?" he asked. "I regret being quoted as saying that I was sick of show business and was giving it up. It was all part of the after-effects of my car crash."

Harris still suffers badly with nerves. A sad aftermath of his troubled days. Only time and convalescence will heal this condition. He was getting on fine until he ran into some trouble.

Six thugs pounced on him in Harlow New Town and beat him up. Two weeks later he still bore the scars. But he told no-one and made no fuss.

The Paramount film "Zulu" has inspired a new dance. The title's not very imaginative—it's called the Zulu Stomp. Stanley Baker is introducing the dance, which film director Cy Endfield invented.

As far as I'm concerned the steps match "Hit The Wood, Jack"

Ask an impertinent question and you may get an honest answer. I asked MICK JAGGER of the Rolling Stones how much he earned.

"That's personal", he replied. "But I'll tell you this much. Our weekly income, before managerial percentage and expenses is £1,300".

I estimate that before tax each member of the Stones earns £200 a week.

Even that authoritative and usually accurate organ of the airwaves, "Radio Times", gets things wrong sometimes. It reported in glowing terms that TOMMY STEELE'S current Light Programme Sunday lunchtime show was his first BBC series.

Not so. Tommy began a run as a d-j with "A Handful Of Discs" for the BBC on Whit Sunday, 1958.

Some of the greatest rock records of the 'fifties are being re-released in album form. Four LPs—three out in February, the fourth in March—are being put together to form a must for every record collector.

Several hits by Little Richard, Jerry Lee Lewis, Bobby Darin, Duane Eddy and Johnny and the Hurricanes are scheduled. There will also be tracks from Carl Perkins, the Champs, the Coasters, the Drifters, Roy Orbison, Ray Charles and Del Shannon.

Title of the series on London is "Memories Are Made Of Hits". Behind this unique set lies a story of sweat and tears. With so



BEAT

RONETTES, KATHY, ELVIS, DUSTY, ADAM, THE STONES

many hits being taken from so many labels, there were numerous contract difficulties to overcome.

THE RONETTES seem to be a highly developed sort of American Beverley Sisters. They, too, believe in doing everything together.

Leader Ronnie Bennett, who is 18, told me: "We grew up together, went everywhere together, and now we are hoping to get married together." Not to the same man, I hope.

Marriage is a great worry for many British and American pop music artists. Not the physical strain of keeping a marriage together—but how to prevent their public from finding out there's a wife in the background!

FREDDIE GARRITY

thought all was lost when his marriage secret leaked out. He was wrong. JOHN LENNON never made a secret of his marriage, but nevertheless felt happier when not asked about it.

DEL SHANNON denied he has a wife and kids in Detroit, in spite of reports to the contrary. LES MAGUIRE of the Pacesetters married a German girl recently and told no-one for two weeks.

France's RICHARD ANTHONY, who records here and has had two Top Fifty entries—"Walking Alone" and "Too Late To Worry"—tells me that on the Continent they take the opposite view.

"Having a wife helped my career", he said. "Why, she even gets fan mail, too."

Incidentally, no pop music

marriage item is complete without the old evergreen that JOE BROWN is secretly wed to Vicki Hasegan



of the Breakaways (above). I asked a close associate of Joe's to confirm or deny the rumour—just to settle it. He refused.

ELVIS PRESLEY likes his new Rolls Royce so much that he's thinking of buying a convertible model similar to the one Tony Curtis drives.

But Presley may be a bit more creative than Tony. For Elvis prefers such luxuries as a drinking fountain, television and record player in the car.

And Tony has only one telephone in the Rolls. Elvis has three—one in the front seat and two extensions in the back!

KATHY KIRBY's meeting with bandleader BERT AMBROSE and the story of how he put her on the road to fame has been oft-told. But did you know that another bandleader gave her what some may consider to be her most important break?

He is DENNY BOYCE, who told me: "Four years ago, a shy Kathy Kirby came to me for an audition.

She was good, and I gave her a job with my band. Later I arranged her first night club booking."

From that moment on, Kathy began to earn the title of London's night club queen. That led directly to another successful stage of her career.

This is one American film producer's view of actress SUSAN HAMPSHIRE, now filming with Cliff Richard. "She will become an important star. To me, she's one of the most exciting actresses in Britain today and her blonde beauty is a refreshing change from the Italian girls!"

FRANK SINATRA JNR, who is currently touring here with the Tommy Dorsey band, used no family influence to get the contract with his father's old band.

Without giving his name, he asked leader Sam Donahue to hear him try a number or two when the band was appearing at Disneyland a year or so ago—and was an immediate success.

Guiding light behind BILLY FURY, who is brilliantly interviewed by disc-jockey Alan Freeman in "rave" this month, is impresario Larry Parnes. It was he who master-minded, with John Kennedy, the career of Tommy Steele.

Yet Parnes, whose "stable" of artists was once famous—it included Tommy, Billy, Marty Wilde, Duffy Power, Dickie Pride, Vince Eager and several others—tells me:



Royalty digs the Beatles and now they have been accepted into the hard, commercial, millionaire class. Washing machine magnate John Bloom invited them to two of his parties recently. Bloom and the boys hit it off.

Which prompts me to wonder if Bloom will be offering a Beatle with every washing machine. Or a Bulgarian holiday with Ringo as courier. Or George for fifty books of trading stamps.

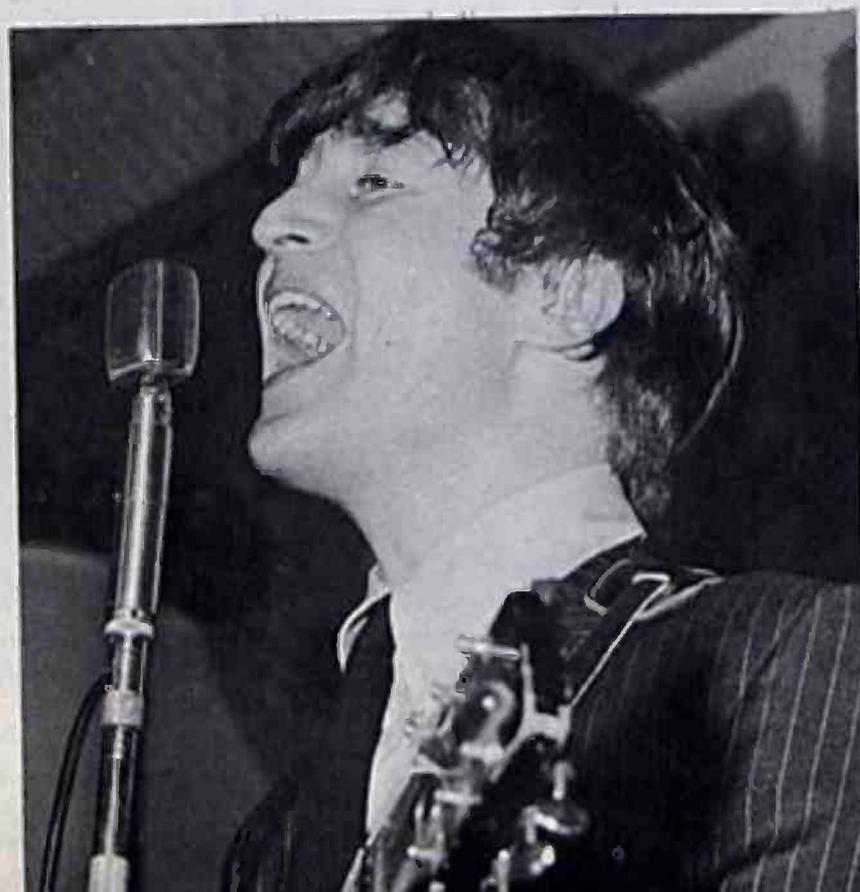
With the world at their feet, how do the boys with the golden touch see tomorrow?

OUR SECRET DREAMS

PAUL: Invest—and then enjoy making my kind of music



JOHN: Writing and producing films . . . that's the life for me

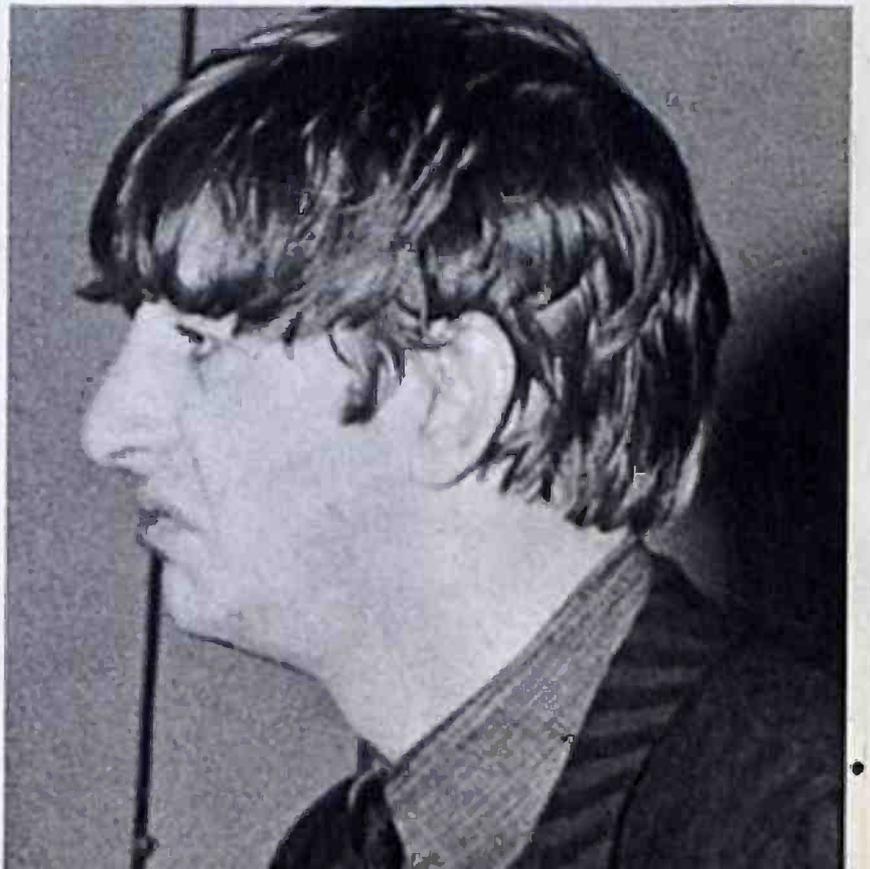
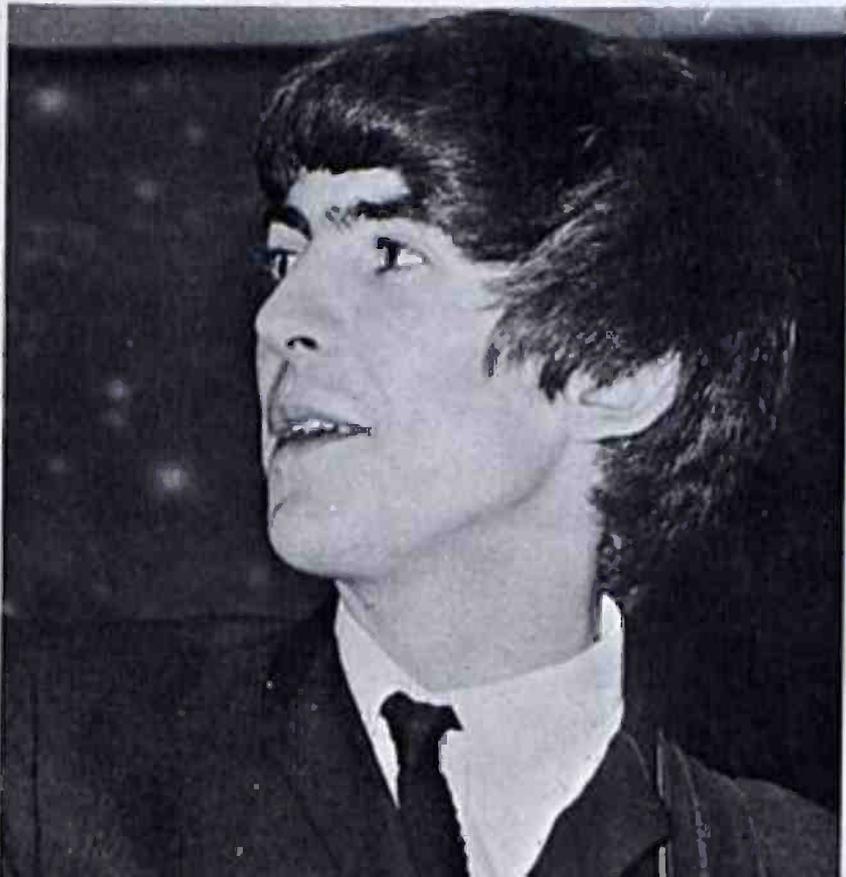




PICTURES BY CHRIS-KINDAHL

GEORGE: I want to be quoted on the stock exchange

RINGO: I'll run a fleet of hire cars, because I love driving



I was shattered—they STILL day-dream

Nothing about the Beatles can surprise me! Or so I thought. But I admit they shook me when I discovered they STILL day-dream. Not about chart success any more—but they dream just as much as they ever did. Wondering what excitements tomorrow will bring.

Paul, John, George, Ringo and I were talking about it the other afternoon. They were supposed to be packing for their trip to Paris. But, as the discussion grew more serious and more frank, little work was done.

Seated on a long settee in their Mayfair flat, the boys summed up their feelings: "Peter, if it suddenly fizzled out, well... it's still been a lot of fun.

"We've been skint before. But now we've banked enough money to be able to try other things we've thought about".

Such as?

John Lennon mused. "Sometimes I feel I'd like to try something completely different. Like film directing, for instance. Don't know whether I'd be any good, but it appeals to me.

"Sort of moulding a lot of different things into a complete entertainment. There'd be less of the limelight, but I wouldn't mind.

"I should really learn to play piano properly. I can just about control both hands at once at the moment. But it'd help a lot...

"D'you know, I think I get a bigger kick out of writing words and music than actually being up there on stage? The trouble is, I'm dead lazy. You need

discipline to write—and I'm too easily sidetracked," he grinned.

"Yes, I'm lazy", he admitted. "That's why I plan to buy a house—one completely detached, standing in its own grounds. That way I can get away from everyone when I feel like it. No distractions at all. Then I think I could write more.

"Paul and I want to write a stage musical. That's a must. Maybe it'll be about Liverpool. But it would be the lot... words, music, story. Of course, you need time for that.

"Also, I'd like to get our own kind of humour across properly. We often get quoted on gags... but it doesn't sound the same. We're the ones who really understand it". He paused for a long swig at his drink.

Paul, though largely involved in the daydreams of John, wants to use his money wisely. He told me: "I'd like to see some sort of return for what I've earned. My brother, Mike, is in a hairdressing business. Maybe I could invest there. But I can't imagine being cut off from music.

"It'd hurt, somehow. I get fed up with playing guitar and just singing. I think I'll learn to play trumpet properly. Or maybe piano. But it all fizzles out. No time, you see.

"But the trouble is that I enjoy the fun. I like this life. Yes, I could buy a business and then enjoy just making my own kind of music."

The telephone rang, searing through our conversation. Paul, always the

energetic Beatle, sprang to his feet to answer it.

John took advantage of the interruption to say: "That's another dream of mine. To own some clothing stores. Just providing the best gear. I'd probably buy most of it myself... that's where most of my money goes nowadays."

There was a short silence as Paul padded back to his seat and announced that he had turned the percolator on.

"Good... coffee", muttered George, who up until then had been living up to

U.S. COPIES THEIR STYLE

The Beatles have begun a trend in America—with their famous hair. Film star Janet Leigh has adopted the Beatle cut and the idea is spreading fast.

Beauty editors of hundreds of American papers have been sent how-to-do-it kits for the Beatle hair style. It is all part of a campaign for the group's U.S. television appearances.

his nickname of "the quiet one".

Ringo Starr's enthusiasm for women's hairdressing shops is well-known. He's dead serious about it. But he went further: "I'm fascinated by cars. I love driving, specially at night.

"So I'd like to buy 'em, try 'em—and then use them in a car-hire business. I'd be the gov'nor.

"There's a lot of money in it, you know", he assured me solemnly.

"If I couldn't be boss, I'd have to do something with my hands. I've always liked things like basket-making, or pottery. I like to see something as the end product. To be able to say 'I did that!'

"The other week I took over the second controls on a plane bringing us all from Liverpool to London. For a moment I thought about trying to become a pilot. The others talked me out of it. I've also been talked out of becoming a racing driver!"

Which left George Harrison. He revealed: "I dream a lot. But I can't get away from guitars. I used to doodle guitar shapes even when I was supposed to be doing sums at school. But I believe that cash should be used to earn money.

"So I'd like to build up a really big business. You know, have the shares quoted on the Stock Exchange and so on. A business tycoon, that's me.

"Juggling with the production and the sales and all that. Then just sit back and let the others get on with it.

"I'd probably go off to places like



The bar is meant to keep the fans at arm's length... but it doesn't always work

rave



LOUISE DUNN -
Iris the gossip of
BBC's 'Compact' puts
some facts straight
in this rave interview

ME A GOSSIP?



NO NEVER!

RAVE: Are you as big a gossip as you seem in "Compact"?

LOUISE: Oh no! I'm not that kind of person at all! You know, I'm a bit reserved. Not exactly shy, but I don't make friends easily. Iris is just the opposite.

RAVE: What do you think about gossips?

LOUISE: Oooh that's a question! I think gossiping can be very dangerous, especially when it's done maliciously. It can cause an awful lot of unhappiness and I'd hate anybody like that.

RAVE: Iris, how on earth did you and Don (Iris recently married "Compact" television cameraman Don Cameron) manage to keep your engage-

ment secret for nearly four months?

LOUISE: As you can imagine, it was terribly difficult. Perhaps the cast are too involved spotting budding romances in the "Compact" offices, to notice a true life one under their noses.

Don and I were also very firm. We agreed to virtually ignore one another in the studio. We didn't even sneak sly winks when we thought no one was watching.

Did you choose the engagement ring? (Diamond and ruby).

No, it was a marvellous surprise . . . Don doesn't believe women should be allowed anywhere near a jewellers.

Louise, we've seen you a number of times on "Juke Box Jury". What kind of music do you go for?

I'm going to be very unpopular, but I don't go overboard about groups.

I like Cliff Richard . . . Adam Faith, too, but . . . I really am square, aren't I . . .? I think Tommy Steele is the best of them all. He's a natural.

What about the Beatles?

I think they're quite exciting . . . but then I still don't like groups much.

~~~~~

**RAVE:** Three of your colleagues in "Compact" have made records, have you ever thought of trying your hand at singing?

**LOUISE:** Good gracious . . . I've got a frightful voice . . . and anyway, I haven't got a group! I don't think I'd ever hit the charts.

*Is there anything that really irritates you?*

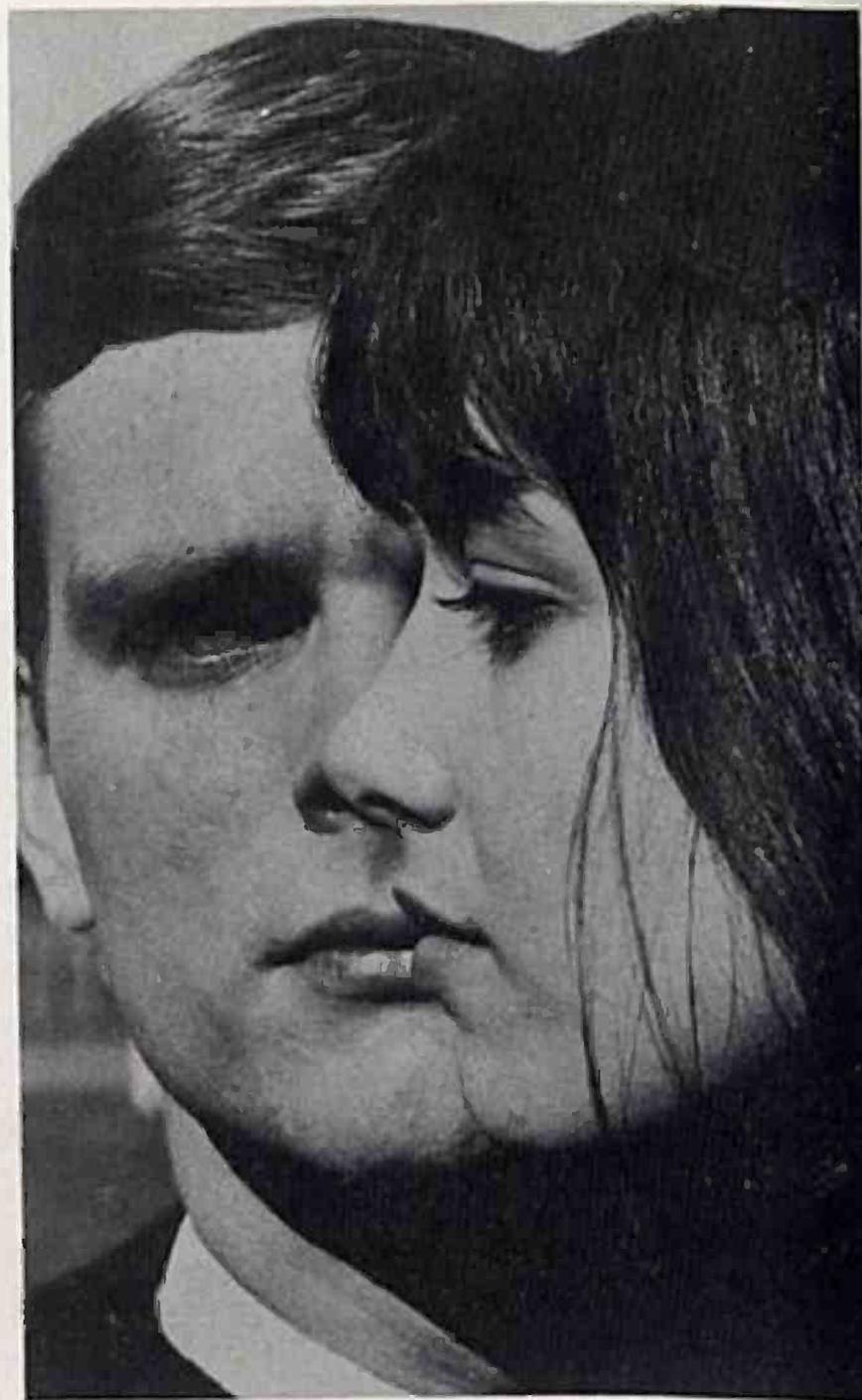
I can't stand the pettiness of a lot of modern females. And the way they cock their heads on one side and look men over with eagle-eyed glances. Many of them seem to think the only thing they have to do in life is to trick a man into marrying them.

*How much importance do you put on appearances?*

Quite a lot. It's worth the effort to make yourself look attractive. Although my figure's far from text book measurements, I always spend a great deal of time and thought on what I wear and how I look.

**RAVE:** Louise, if you weren't a successful actress what would you most like to be?

**LOUISE:** (Throwing her arms in the air) A pirate! I'd love to be a pirate!



# togetherness

Take a good, long look at this couple. Can their faces be known in every home by the end of 1964? Could be. They are two newcomers, Keir Dullea and Janet Margolin.

Their impact on the American film scene far outweighs their acting experience. Both virtually novices, they were chosen for the leading roles of two mentally-disturbed teenagers in a small budget film, "David and Lisa".

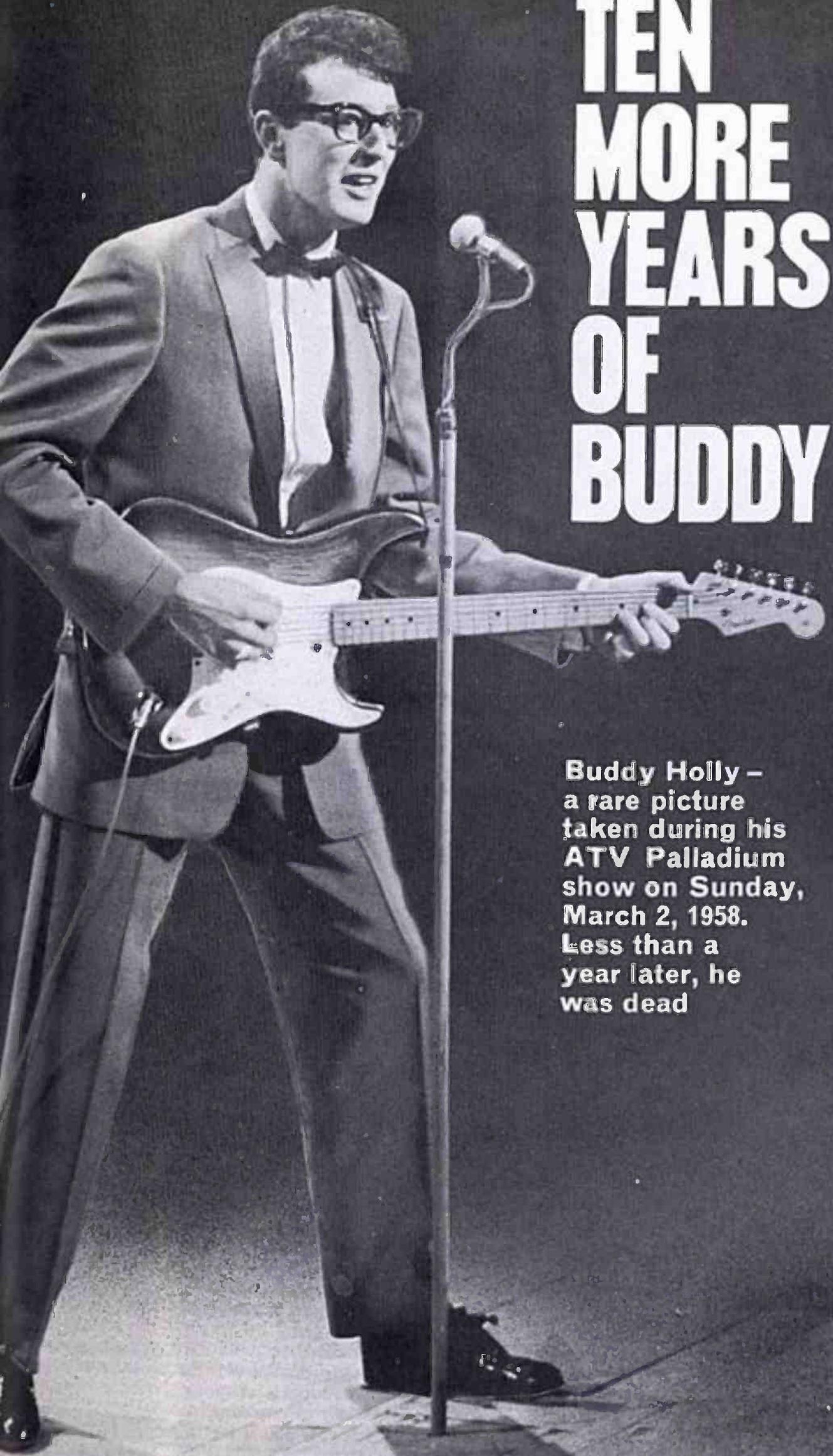
The producers, who regarded it as a labour of love, were almost as green as they were. Yet, incredibly, this off-beat, haunting little film has won praise wherever it's been shown.

The acting of Keir and Janet, who find their salvation in a growing love for each other, is deeply touching. Both have carried off best actor and actress awards for their performances.

On the practical side, it has already won Hollywood contracts for Keir Dullea. He is now making two more films—"Mail Order Bride" and "The Thin Red Line".

Premiered in London recently, "David and Lisa" is so out-of-the-rut it may be hard to find in local cinemas. But catch it if you can. Tell me what you think.

**Margaret Winzman**



# TEN MORE YEARS OF BUDDY

**Buddy Holly — a rare picture taken during his ATV Palladium show on Sunday, March 2, 1958. Less than a year later, he was dead**

**B**uddy Holly can still be a top disc seller in TEN years' time. The treasure trove of his unissued tapes is enough to keep his name spinning on millions of turntables at least until 1974.

There have now been amassed more than forty never-before-released tapes. All available for issue and good enough to satisfy his most discriminating admirers.

When Buddy's plane plunged into a snow-covered field in North Carolina almost five years ago the tragedy struck a chord in hearts all over the world.

It was also the start of a boom as big as anything he had known while alive.

The aptly titled "It Doesn't Matter Any More" set the pattern of Buddy Holly's posthumous success.

But Coral, the company which issued it, added a cautious note.

Make the most of it, they said, because there aren't many more where that came from.

Then more tapes which the singer had left behind came to light.

Many of them have been tracked down by Buddy's mother, Mrs. Ella Holley, who now devotes her life to preserving the memory of her famous son.

Others came to light as she patiently followed up reports that several of her son's friends had kept practice tapes.

Mrs. Holley spent weeks tracking them down. Her reward — thirty songs that the world never knew existed.

A dozen more were found in the recording studio in New Mexico, where Buddy made most of his early successes.

What is the secret of Holly's fantastic appeal?

Over to Buddy Holly addict, Roger Taylor of Loughton, Essex:

"There seems to be a part of Buddy's character in all his records.

"There always was and always will be just one Buddy Holly."

This will still be true in ten years time.

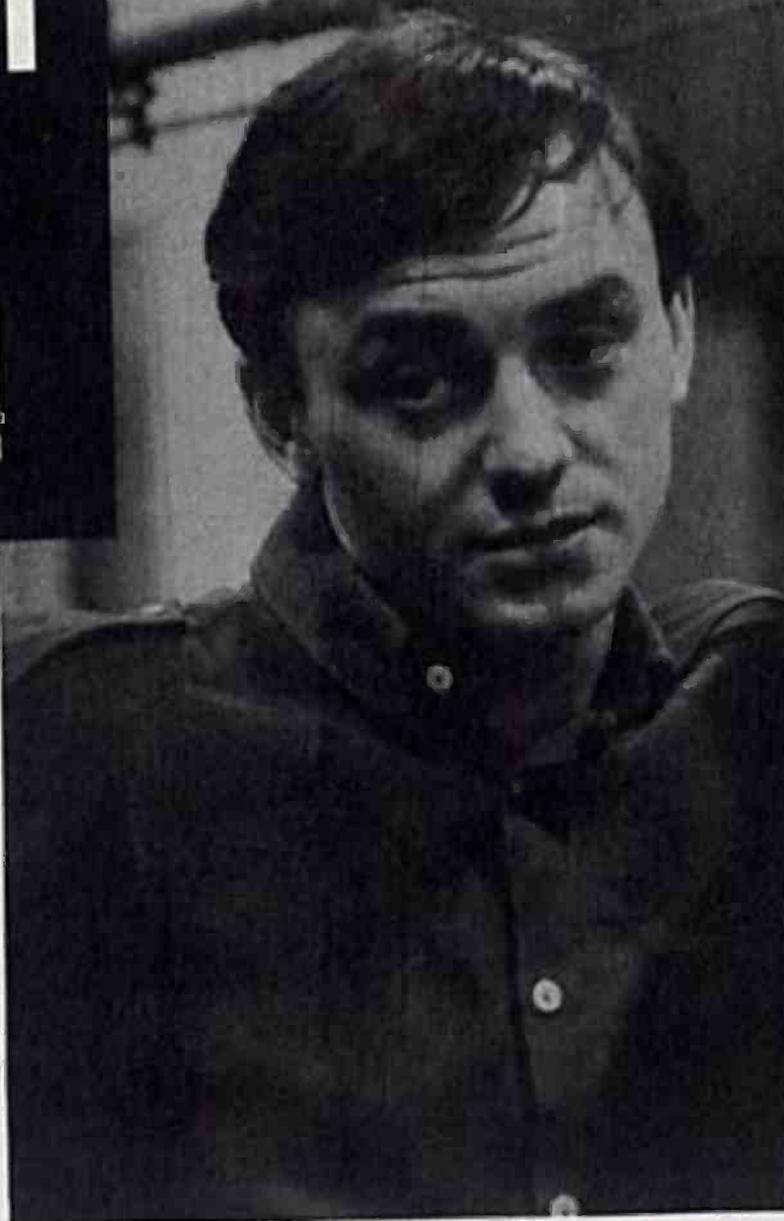
**Clive Allen**

# The reputation of being a chart topper is g

## GERRY'S MOMENT OF TRUTH!

### HIS OWN STORY

PICTURES BY  
DAVID REDFERN



**T**hree No. 1 records is a cross I have to bear. Not that I'd dream of complaining. But it makes things tough when you have to make the next record and you know everyone expects that to shoot to the top, too.

Time and again our achievement had stared out at us from the pages of the musical papers. They said: "Gerry and the Pacemakers are the first British group ever to get their first three records to the top of the charts".

Words can't describe how we feel about our success. It makes things a bit frightening, though. For instance, this recording

session had been looming over us for some time. When we walked into the studio the moment of truth had arrived.

With a reputation like ours, it made a follow-up all the harder to get right. I honestly believe that at the moment we work harder on recordings than any other artist. We have to.

Crikey! Even after getting three number ones, people are still going to think we're finished if our fourth record doesn't make the top. It's one of the penalties of success.

It took us about three hours to get the whole record completed that afternoon.

That included the piano and choral tracks, too. We had more than twenty separate tries at the song before we were all satisfied.

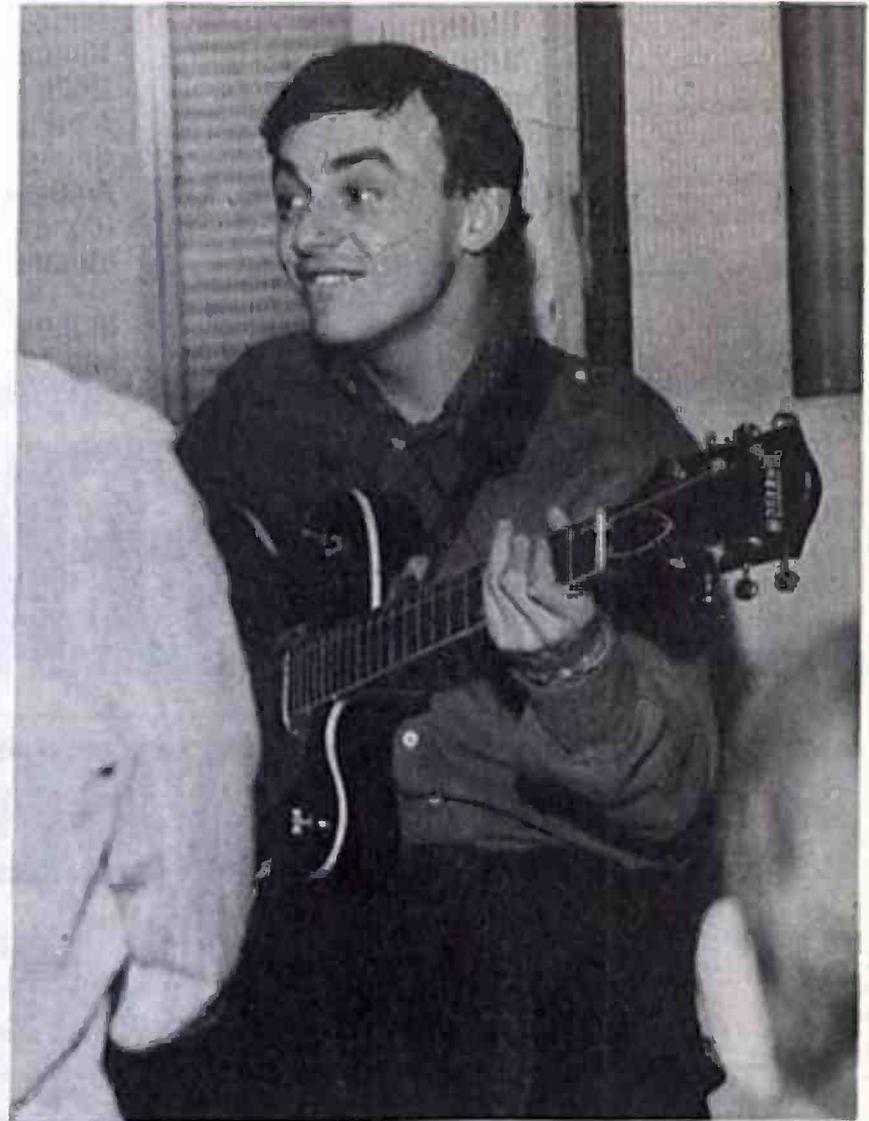
I wrote "I'm The One" on a train to Lowestoft. I wanted to put all the things into a song that a bloke like me would say to his girl.

Believe me, it's hard enough writing songs on trains. But the pressure of three chart-toppers on your shoulders doesn't exactly inspire ideas.

A year ago, I was a record buyer, just like most people my age. I didn't mean a thing in pop music. I bought other

# reat . . . until you are forced to live up to it

It was all over in three tension-packed hours. Gerry's vital fourth hit was in the can. But the more chart toppers he cuts the greater the strain to keep it up. The anxiety shows in these exclusive pictures taken during the session at EMI's London studios



people's records, never daring to hope that soon I would be in the charts myself. Now I will only record numbers that Gerry Marsden the record collector would buy. That puts me on the same plane as the people who made "How Do You Do It?", "I Like It" and "Walk Alone" successful. We must have looked worried at that session, you know. Someone said to me: "Relax. If this one gets to the top too, you'll make your own achievement harder to beat". That's true. It'll be murder thinking in terms of chart-topper No. 5!

# ALAN FREEMAN

## HEART TO HEART with the famous

THE FIRST OF 'RAVE'S' SPARKLING NEW  
SERIES BY BRITAIN'S 'MR POP PICKER'

## THE BILLY NO ONE KNOWS

I've seen Billy Fury countless times on television. I play his records on my programmes and listen to them for relaxation. I've interviewed him on TV, too. But how can you reveal a person's true character in less than thirty seconds?

It takes longer than that to get to know someone. Billy in particular. For you see, pop pickers, there's a lot goes on behind those smouldering deep set eyes of his. He doesn't say much and his expression is usually serious.

That's why I invited Billy to my flat one Sunday evening. As he stepped over the threshold I saw a Billy Fury not many people know.

He was off duty. His fair hair was ruffled, his eyes danced with gaiety and happiness. He seemed the opposite to his normal image!

I showed him round my flat until the coffee was ready. Then we sat down and

chatted. Billy, normally so quiet, talked and talked. He told me how excited he is about his new interest—breeding chihuahuas.

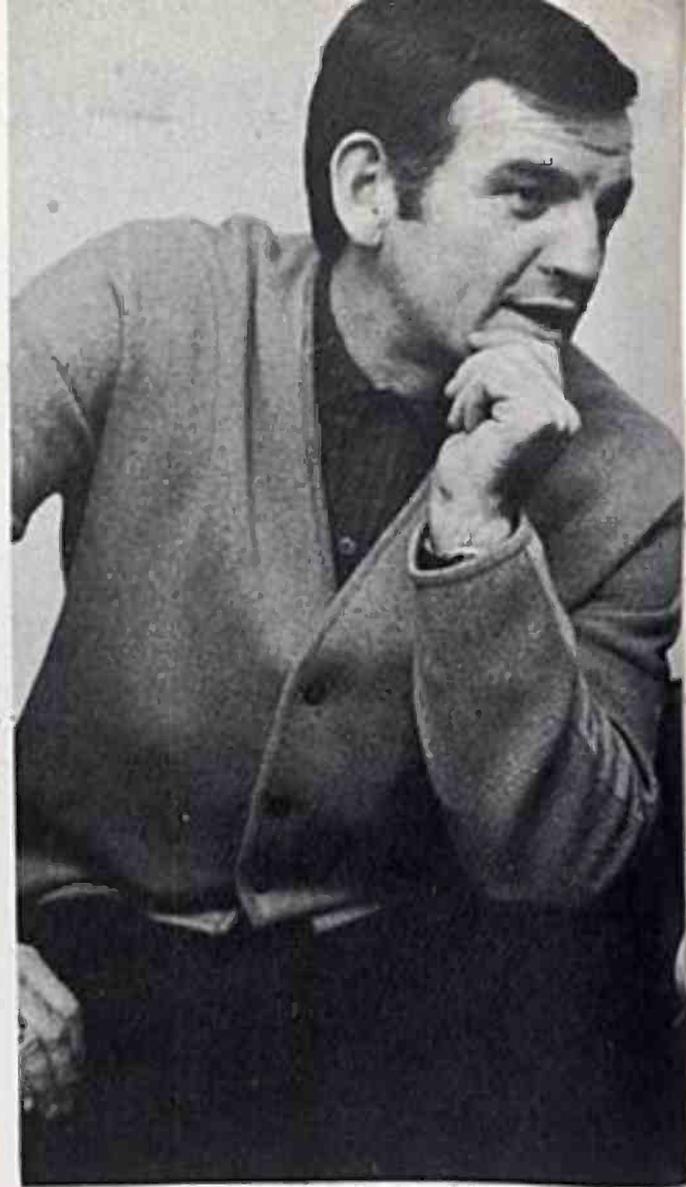
Then he confided that his next off-stage ambition is to buy part of an old boat and add to it. He seemed so enthusiastic about his spare time that I asked him: "Are you happy in show business, Billy?"

His laughing eyes lit up. "Yes, of course", he replied.

"But have you always been happy?" I asked. Immediately I realised I had struck something for those expressive eyes dimmed.

"No, I haven't always been happy, Alan", he admitted. "When I was at home, before I entered show business, I had a lot of jobs that led to nothing."

This prompted me to ask about his family. "I've got one brother, Albert Edward, who lives at home with my mum



and dad. Albert drives a heavy truck, delivering meat."

Billy spoke with some pride about his folks. I wondered if Albert had any show business ambitions, too. "He's nineteen", Billy told me. "And he's quite a good singer."

I asked Billy: "Is he better than you?" and this raised a smile.

"I don't know", he replied. "But it's not a bad idea for someone to give him a recording test. He's said once or twice that he'd like to go into show business."

"I've never really encouraged him before, but I am now. I think he'll do all right."

I asked Billy to tell me more about those jobs that made him so unhappy because they led to nothing. "I hate dead-end jobs", he said.

"My first was like that—I was a hotting lad. I used to heat rivets and throw them to the riveter. That was a dead end, I realised, so after six months I changed."

He paused to sip his coffee. "Then I thought I'd really struck lucky. I got a job in a drawing office, sketching plans of steel girders and things."

"But there was a snag. My employers told me I had to go to night school to learn the trade—and I didn't dig that."

"I'd had enough of school, see", he said. "So I kidded them I was going to night classes. But they found out the truth and I got the sack."

Those eyes had lost their light, but



Billy was still talking freely. "I went on the dole for a month", he said, almost ashamed.

"I used to hunt for jobs, but I wasn't trying very hard. I didn't really want one."

There was silence in the room for a few moments—and then Billy unexpectedly laughed out loud. "Eventually I took a job as a porter", he chuckled. "Three pounds a week—and I was more like a horse, carrying great boxes up and down hundreds of steps without a lift."

"But do you want to know the real reason I stuck it, Alan? Do you want to know the truth?"

I told him I did.

"I was the only boy in the place. The office was full of girls, and real smashers some of them were, too."

### || Margo prompted his first song

He leaned forward in a confidential way. "As a matter of fact, it was one of those girls who prompted me to write one of my first songs. Her name was Margo and I guess I was infatuated with her."

"But I was restless and I wanted promotion. I was sick of humping those boxes around. So I asked to be transferred to another department. They told me I could—but it meant I had to go to night school again!"

Billy was laughing out loud at his recollections and I must say I found it funny,

too. How frustrating to lose two jobs that seem absolutely marvellous, just because you don't want to go back to school. But what happened after that?

"I quit that job a few weeks later and went to work on the tugs. We went up and down the Mersey all day", he recalled. "The only Mersey sound I know is the gentle lapping of muddy waves against the side of the boats!"

Billy became serious again as he told me how this job gave him his first real interest in music. "I'd been writing a few songs and keeping the tunes in my head", he said.

"But one of my mates on the tug taught me to play the guitar. I was the galley-boy, and I'd practise between preparing meals and washing up."

Silence again—so I poured some more coffee. Two lumps for Billy.

"Y'know, it was weird how I actually got started", he said. "One night I heard there was a beat show starring Marty Wilde at Birkenhead Essoldo, just across the Mersey from my home in Liverpool."

"Now I dig Marty, always have done. And I'd written a song called 'Maybe Tomorrow' with him in mind. So I thought I would try my luck at getting in the theatre."

"So you put your guitar in its case and off you went?" I guessed.

Billy grinned sheepishly. "Actually, I kept it in a pillow-slip", he confessed.

"When I got to the theatre, I walked right through the open stage door—there was no one there to keep people out", he said. "But as I walked down a passage a suave cat in evening dress came up and tried to throw me out."

"I explained who I was and what I wanted—and the man, who turned out to be Larry Parnes, took me in to meet Marty. They both asked me to sing the songs I had written."

A smile broke out on Billy's tense face as he recalled his first round of applause. "When I'd finished singing, a crowd of fans outside Marty's window started clapping. I was thrilled—but that feeling was replaced by one of amazement when Larry told me he had arranged for me to go on stage and sing them!"

I'm sure, pop pickers, you know what happened next as Billy has told it often. Sick with stage fright, he had to be pushed

on stage by Larry to face a screaming audience for the first time in his life.

"Honestly, I thought Marty or someone had walked on, too", he said. "I couldn't believe they were screaming at me. I looked round and saw only my shadow in the spotlight. It was a very strange feeling."

I asked Billy if that was the first time he used his stage name. Don't forget he was plain Ronnie Wycherley then.

"Well, I wanted to be called Stean Wade. I fancied that name", he replied. "Larry wanted me to be announced as Stean Wycherley. He got his way because the compere got my names mixed up!"

### || He raced off stage — scared

Billy sang "Maybe Tomorrow", "Don't Knock Upon My Door", and "Just Because". The audience went mad, apparently. But did he go back for an encore? Oh, no.

"I raced off that stage like an Olympic sprinter", he said. "Larry tried to push me back into the spotlight but I wanted to get as far away from that stage as possible."

"Larry asked me to join the show at Manchester the next night and I agreed."

"Just like that?" I asked. "Yes, just like that, Alan. It was a spot decision. I went home and told my folks that I was leaving for a show business career and we had a long talk about it. I went with their blessing, although my dad said I'd never be a singer."

"After a show at Manchester the next night, Larry took me to London for a recording test with Philips—which I failed", said Billy.

"Part of the trouble was due to the fact that I'd flown to London with Larry, Marty, Vince Eager and somebody else. I'd been so sick on my maiden flight that I used up their little brown bags as well as my own!"

"Anyway, the recording test was a disappointment and I thought of asking Larry if I could just do shows and not bother about records! But I got a recording contract eventually, in an off-beat way."

"I had a small part in a television play and all I had to do was to sing 'Maybe Tomorrow' and strum my guitar. The

next day I got a phone call from Larry who told me all the record companies wanted to see me."

The rest is pretty well chronicled, isn't it? Billy recorded "Maybe Tomorrow" for Decca, and it was a hit.

"Do you know, I was sitting in a bus travelling down London's Oxford Street just after I'd been told the record had sold 1,200 copies in a week", he recalled.

"It seemed a huge number to me. I thought there was a good chance that someone on that bus had bought a copy!

"I almost wanted to stand up and shout: 'If anyone's got "Maybe Tomorrow" in their bag, I'm the guy who sings it!'

"Well, I was in the hit parade. I began an eight-day tour as a professional entertainer—and promptly died a death.

"I was so bad that Larry gave me a terrible dressing down in front of some other people in the show.

"Every day he rang the touring manager for a progress report on me. I improved!

"You see, one of the last things Larry had said to me was: 'If you don't get any better, you're out on your ear.'"

The telephone rang, breaking Billy's chain of thought. While I answered, he prepared some more coffee.

Those deep-set eyes were smiling again, smiling as we talked about his career and how everything turned out A.1.

"What do you see for yourself in the future?" I asked. Billy had a ready answer for that. "It may be that I'll turn to jazz and blues singing", he said. "I'd like that. I've got a feel for it. I want to seriously explore the acting field, as well."

Soon, too soon, he rose to leave. As I helped him with his coat, I felt that I had really delved into the mystery that is Billy Fury. "You know, I've told you lots of things that nobody ever knew about me before", he said.

"It's been good to talk to you about my early days, I guess if sometimes I seem a little silent and moody you'll understand, knowing my background."



With a sensuous shake of champagne curls the beautiful Kathy Kirby said to me: "Of course I'm looking for a man."

Now anybody giving Kathy's frame the slightest inspection must admit this is surprising. But she hastily explained:

"I've been so busy working that I haven't had a chance to get to know people properly."

"What chance has a girl got of finding a mate when she's only got time for a handshake?"

"So far, I haven't had a chance to meet anyone I could fall in love with. That's how I've managed to reach 23 and stay single."

What sort of man is Kathy looking for?

"I don't lay down any hard and fast rules," she replied cautiously. "My ideal man would have been someone like the late President Kennedy but when you're looking for romance you can never be sure what kind of man it will come from."

### Lush life

Curvaceous Kathy, first of our modern red-hot mommas, leads the lush life in a smart Mayfair flat that once belonged to Marion Ryan.

The "Stars and Garters" programme has helped to build her as the sexiest of symbols. But look beneath the make-up and Passion Flame lipstick and you'll find a little girl lost.

"I was broken-hearted when I discovered that somebody else had made another version of my record 'Secret Love'," she told me.

"I cried and cried like a child who'd been cheated at Christmas. I've never been so disappointed!"

### Topper

But in spite of the unexpected competition and in spite of the fact that girl singers move like treacle up the charts, Kathy's "Secret Love" took her almost to the top of the tree.

Kathy Kirby isn't soft—she knows what she wants (she started singing lessons when she was nine and began singing with dance bands at 14).

"I'm rich enough now to buy all the things I need. I'm hoping to expand my career into international cabaret and films—certainly my working life isn't short of excitement."

When it comes to secret wishes though, Kathy has one that remains unfulfilled—to be able to curl up in front of the fire with a nice cosy man of her own.

Time, and perhaps you, can remedy that.

Bill Spicer

## Who is the man for Kathy?



unbelievably...29/11



new *Shapemaker* girdle

Kayser's clever new Shapemaker girdle shapes you instantly to smooth, slim lines. In lightweight power net, designed to give absolute freedom of movement, it's the prettiest double cross ever! Trims your tummy in seconds—flat. Controls your seat with

downstretch satin elastic. And all for 29/11. In White trimmed Blue, or Black trimmed Cherina, finished with fine ribbon-slotted lace. Kayser's Young Life Bra is in Bri-nylon taffetta. White or Black. 13/11.

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by **KAYSER** in **BRI**  
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"In this pizniss is much risico." The words came softly through the thick brown moustache. The hard black eyes moved slowly over Bond's face and down to Bond's hands which were carefully shredding a paper match on which was printed *Albergo Colomba d'Oro*.

James Bond felt the inspection. The same surreptitious examination had been going on since he had met the man two hours before at the rendezvous in the Excelsior bar.

Bond had been told to look for a man with a heavy moustache who would be sitting by himself drinking an Alexandra. Bond had been amused by this secret recognition signal.

The creamy, feminine drink was so much cleverer than the folded newspaper, the flower in the buttonhole, the yellow gloves that were the hoary, slipshod call-signs between agents. It had also the great merit of being able to operate alone, without its owner. And Kristatos had started off with a little test.

When Bond had come into the bar and looked round there had been perhaps twenty people in the room. None of them had a moustache. But on a corner table at the far side of the tall, discreet room, flanked by a saucer of olives and another of cashew nuts, stood the tall-stemmed glass of cream and vodka. Bond went straight over to the table, pulled out a chair and sat down.

The waiter came. "Good evening, sir. Signor Kristatos is at the telephone."

Bond nodded. "A Negroni. With Gordon's, please."

The waiter walked back to the bar. "Negroni. Uno. Gordon's."

"I am so sorry." The big hairy hand picked up the small chair as if it had been as light as a matchbox and swept it under the heavy hips. "I had to have a word with Alfredo."

There had been no handshake. These were old acquaintances. In the same line of business, probably. Something like import and export. The younger one looked American. No. Not with those clothes. English.

Bond returned the fast serve. "How's his little boy?"

The black eyes of Signor Kristatos narrowed. Yes, they had said this man was a professional. He spread his hands. "Much the same. What can you expect?"

"Pollo is a terrible thing."

The Negroni came. The two men sat back comfortably,

A 'rave' scoop! First British magazine to serialise this power-packed Ian Fleming story

# JAMES 007 BOND

sets out to smash a narcotics ring. It's his most

ILLUSTRATION BY H. LINDFIELD



each one satisfied that he had to do with a man in the same league. This was rare in 'The Game'. So many times, before one had even started on a tandem assignment like this, one had lost confidence in the outcome.

There was so often, at least in Bond's imagination, a faint smell of burning in the air at such a rendezvous. He knew it for the sign that the fringe of

his cover had already started to smoulder. In due course the smouldering fabric would burst into flames and he would be *brûlé*. Then the game would be up and he would have to decide whether to pull out or wait and get shot at by someone. But at this meeting there had been no fumbling.

Later that evening, at the little restaurant off the Piazza di Spagna called the Colomba

d'Oro, Bond was amused to find that he was still on probation. Kristatos was still watching and weighing him, wondering if he could be trusted.

This remark about the risky business was as near as Kristatos had so far got to admitting that there existed any business between the two of them. Bond was encouraged. He had not really believed in Kristatos. But surely all these precautions could only mean that M's intuition had paid off—that Kristatos knew something big.

Bond dropped the last shred of match into the ashtray. He said mildly: "I was once taught that any business that pays more than ten per cent or is conducted after nine o'clock at night is a dangerous business.

"The business which brings us together pays up to one thousand per cent and is conducted almost exclusively at night. On both counts it is obviously a risky business." Bond lowered his voice. "Funds are available. Dollars, Swiss francs, Venezuelan bolivars—anything convenient."

"That makes me glad. I have already too much lire." Signor Kristatos picked up the folio menu. "But let us feed on something. One should not decide important pizais on a hollow stomach."

A week earlier M had sent for Bond. M was in a bad temper. "Got anything on, 007?"

"Only paper work, sir."

"What do you mean, only paper work?" M jerked his pipe towards his loaded in-tray. "Who hasn't got paper work?"

"I meant nothing active, sir."

"Well, say so." M picked up a bundle of dark red files tied together with tape and slid them so sharply across the desk that Bond had to catch them.

"And here's some more paper work, Scotland Yard stuff mostly—their narcotics people. Wads from the Home Office and the Ministry of Health, and some nice thick reports from the International Opium Control people in Geneva. Take it away and read it. You'll need today and most of tonight. Tomorrow you fly to Rome and get after the big men. Is that clear?"

Bond said that it was. The state of M's temper was also explained. There was nothing that made him more angry than having to divert his staff from their primary duty. This duty was espionage, and when

necessary sabotage and subversion. Anything else was a misuse of the Service and of Secret Funds which, God knows, were meagre enough.

"Any questions?" M's jaw stuck out like the prow of a ship. The jaw seemed to tell Bond to pick up the files and get the hell out of the office and let M move on to something important.

Bond knew that a part of all this—if only a small part—was an act. M had certain bees in his bonnet. They were famous in the Service, and M knew they were. But that did not mean that he would allow them to stop buzzing.

There were queen bees, like the misuse of the Service, and the search for true as distinct from wishful intelligence, and there were worker bees. These included such idiosyncrasies as not employing men with beards, or those who were completely bi-lingual, instantly dismissing men who tried to bring pressure to bear on him through family relationships with members of the Cabinet, mistrusting men or women who were too 'dressy', and those who called him 'sir' off-duty; and having an exaggerated faith in Scotsmen. But M was ironically conscious of his obsessions, as, thought Bond, a Churchill or a Montgomery were about theirs.

He never minded his bluff, as it partly was, being called on any of them. Moreover, he would never have dreamed of sending Bond out on an assignment without proper briefing.

Bond knew all this. He said mildly: "Two things, sir. Why are we taking this thing on, and what lead, if any, have Station I got towards the people involved in it?"

M gave Bond a hard, sour look. He swivelled his chair sideways so that he could watch the high, scudding October clouds through the broad window.

He reached out for his pipe, blew through it sharply, and then, as if this action had let off the small head of steam, replaced it gently on the desk. When he spoke, his voice was patient, reasonable. "As you can imagine, 007, I do not wish the Service to become involved in this drug business. Earlier this year I had to take you off other duties for a fortnight so that you could go to Mexico and chase off that Mexican grower. You nearly got yourself killed. I sent you as a favour to the Special Branch.

"When they asked for you again to tackle this Italian gang I refused. Ronnie Vallance

thrilling task yet. Risky? Call it—

# RISICO

Bond took the girl's elbow. She jerked herself free. "All men are pigs," she said angrily



# BOND

went behind my back to the Home Office and the Ministry of Health. The Ministers pressed me. I said that you were needed here and that I had no one else to spare. Then the two Ministers went to the PM," M paused. "And that was that. I must say the PM was very persuasive. Took the line that heroin, in the quantities that have been coming in, is an instrument of psychological warfare—that it saps a country's strength.

"He said he wouldn't be surprised to find that this wasn't just a gang of Italians out to make big money—that subversion and not money was at the back of it." M smiled sourly. "I expect Ronnie Vallance thought up that line of argument. Apparently his narcotics people have been having the devil of a time with the traffic—trying to stop it getting a hold on the teenagers as it has in America.

"Seems the dance halls and the amusement arcades are full of pedlars. Vallance's Ghost Squad have managed to penetrate back up the line to one of the middle-men, and there's no doubt it's all coming from Italy, hidden in Italian tourists' cars. Vallance has done what he can through the Italian police and Interpol, and got nowhere.

"They get so far back up the pipe-line, arrest a few little people, and then, when they seem to be getting near the centre, there's a blank wall. The inner ring of distributors are too frightened or too well paid."

Bond interrupted. "Perhaps there's protection somewhere, sir. That Montesi business didn't look so good."

M shrugged impatiently. "Maybe, maybe. And you'll have to watch out for that too, but my impression is that the Montesi case resulted in a pretty extensive clean-up. Anyway, when the PM gave me the order to get on with it, it occurred to me to have a talk with Washington. CIA were very helpful. You know the Narcotics Bureau have a team in Italy. Have had ever since the War.

"They're nothing to do with CIA—run by the American

Treasury Department, of all people. The American Treasury control a so-called Secret Service that looks after drug smuggling and counterfeiting. Pretty crazy arrangement. Often wonder what the FBI must think of it. However," M slowly swivelled his chair away from the window. He linked his hands behind his head and leaned back, looking across the desk at Bond.

"The point is that the CIA Rome Station works pretty closely with this little narcotics team. Has to, to prevent crossed lines and so on. And CIA—Alan Dulles himself, as a matter of fact—gave me the name of the top narcotics agent used by the Bureau. Apparently he's a double. Does a little smuggling as cover. Chap called Kristatos.

"Dulles said that of course he couldn't involve his people in any way and he was pretty certain the Treasury Department wouldn't welcome their Rome Bureau playing too closely with us. But he said that, if I wished, he would get word to this Kristatos that one of our, er, best men would like to make contact with a view to doing business.

"I said I would much appreciate that, and yesterday I got word that the rendezvous is fixed for the day after tomorrow." M gestured towards the files in front of Bond. "You'll find all the details in there."

There was a brief silence in the room. Bond was thinking that the whole affair sounded unpleasant, probably dangerous and certainly dirty. With the last quality in mind, Bond got to his feet and picked up the files. "All right, sir. It looks like money. How much will we pay for the traffic to stop?"

M let his chair tip forward. He put his hands flat down on the desk, side by side. He said roughly: "A hundred thousand pounds. In any currency. That's the PM's figure. But I don't want you to get hurt. Certainly not picking other people's coals out of the fire. So you can go up to another hundred thousand if there's bad trouble. Drugs are the biggest and tightest ring in crime." M reached for his in-

basket and took out a file of signals. Without looking up he said: "Look after yourself."

Signor Kristatos picked up the menu. He said: "I do not beat about bushes, Mr. Bond. How much?"

"Fifty thousand pounds for one hundred per cent results."

Kristatos said indifferently: "Yes. Those are important funds. I shall have melon with prosciutto ham and a chocolate ice-cream. I do not eat greatly at night. These people have their own Chianti. I commend it."

The waiter came and there was a brisk rattle of Italian. Bond ordered Tagliatelli Verdi with a Genoese sauce which Kristatos said was improbably concocted of basil, garlic and fir cones.

When the waiter had gone, Kristatos sat and chewed silently on a wooden toothpick. His face gradually became dark and glum as if bad weather had



come to his mind. The black, hard eyes that glanced restlessly at everything in the restaurant except Bond, glittered.

Bond guessed that Kristatos was wondering whether or not to betray somebody. Bond said encouragingly: "In certain circumstances, there might be more."

Kristatos seemed to make up his mind. He said: "So?" He pushed back his chair and got up. "Forgive me, I must visit the toilette." He turned and walked swiftly towards the back of the restaurant.

Bond was suddenly hungry and thirsty. He poured out a large glass of Chianti and swallowed half of it. He broke a roll and began eating, smothering each mouthful with deep yellow butter. He wondered why rolls and butter are delicious only in France and Italy. There was nothing else on his mind. It was just a question of waiting.

He had confidence in Kristatos. He was a big, solid man who was trusted by the Americans. He was probably making some telephone call that would be decisive. Bond felt in good spirits. He watched the passers-by through the plate-glass window.

A man selling one of the Party papers went by on a bicycle. Flying from the basket in front of the handlebars was a pennant. In red on white it said: *PROGRESSO?* — *SI!* — *AVVENTURI?* — *NO!* Bond smiled. That was how it was. Let it so remain for the rest of the assignment.

On the far side of the square, rather plain room, at the corner table by the *caisse*, the plump fair-haired girl with the dramatic mouth said to the jovial good-living man with the thick rope of spaghetti joining his face to the plate: "He has a rather cruel smile. But he is very handsome. Spies aren't usually so good-looking. Are you sure you are right, mein *Täubchen?*"

The man's teeth cut through the rope. He wiped his mouth on a napkin already streaked with tomato sauce, belched sonorously and said: "Santos is never wrong about these things. He has a nose for spies. That is why I chose him as the permanent tail for that bastard Kristatos. And who else but a spy would think of spending an evening with the pig? But we will make sure."

The man took out of his pocket one of those cheap tin snappers that are sometimes given out, with paper hats and whistles, on carnival nights. It gave one sharp click. The *maitre d'hôtel* on the far side of the room stopped whatever he was doing and hurried over.

"*Si, padrone.*"

The man beckoned. The *maitre d'hôtel* went over and received the whispered instructions. He nodded briefly, walked over to a door near the kitchens marked *UFFICIO*, and went in and closed the door behind him.

Phase by phase, in a series

# instant fame

BY ALAN FIELD

(or how to do the success bit without even trying)



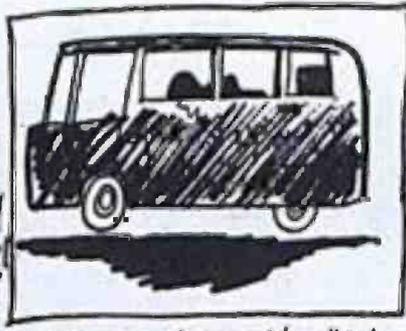
IN the unlikely event of your not having a Beatle hair style - get one! It need not tie you down to being John Paul or any one of those because practically everybody but Frank Sinatra has one now

You will also need a suit like the ones Billy Fury wears on the Telly. They shine and are made from Mohair (C&A have got them!) Never wear a sweater or Beatle coat because the idea is that you will be going on-stage within the hour

You will also need lots of pix to distribute to your eager fans. The paper should not be too shiny because remember that you have got to write your name across them with other peoples pens

NOW YOU LOOK LIKE A GREAT HIT-PARADE-TOPPING STAR WHO EXCHANGES JOKES WITH ALAN FREEMAN AND BRIAN MATTHEW, IT IS TIME TO JUMP IN THE VAN AND ZOOM OFF TO HEANOR OR SOMEWHERE AND GET MOBBED!!!

THE VAN itself is also very important. It has to be covered with travel dust and lipstick messages which say things like "I love you little darlings" and "Love from Sylvia & Maude in Birkenhead"



Drive right up to the place where all the kids meet before the raving starts and order "Egg & chips" very quietly so that when they come you can exclaim "Man! Not egg & chips again!!" thus implying much travel and Cliff-like sropovers at transport caffs



NOW COMES THE TELEPHONE BIT!

Your best friend calls the caff from outside and asks if... **Lance Thunder**: is there - you look up - sort of annoyed and say "I'm here"



After a cool brief talk on the phone during which you tell Brian Epstein "NO" and book two seats on the

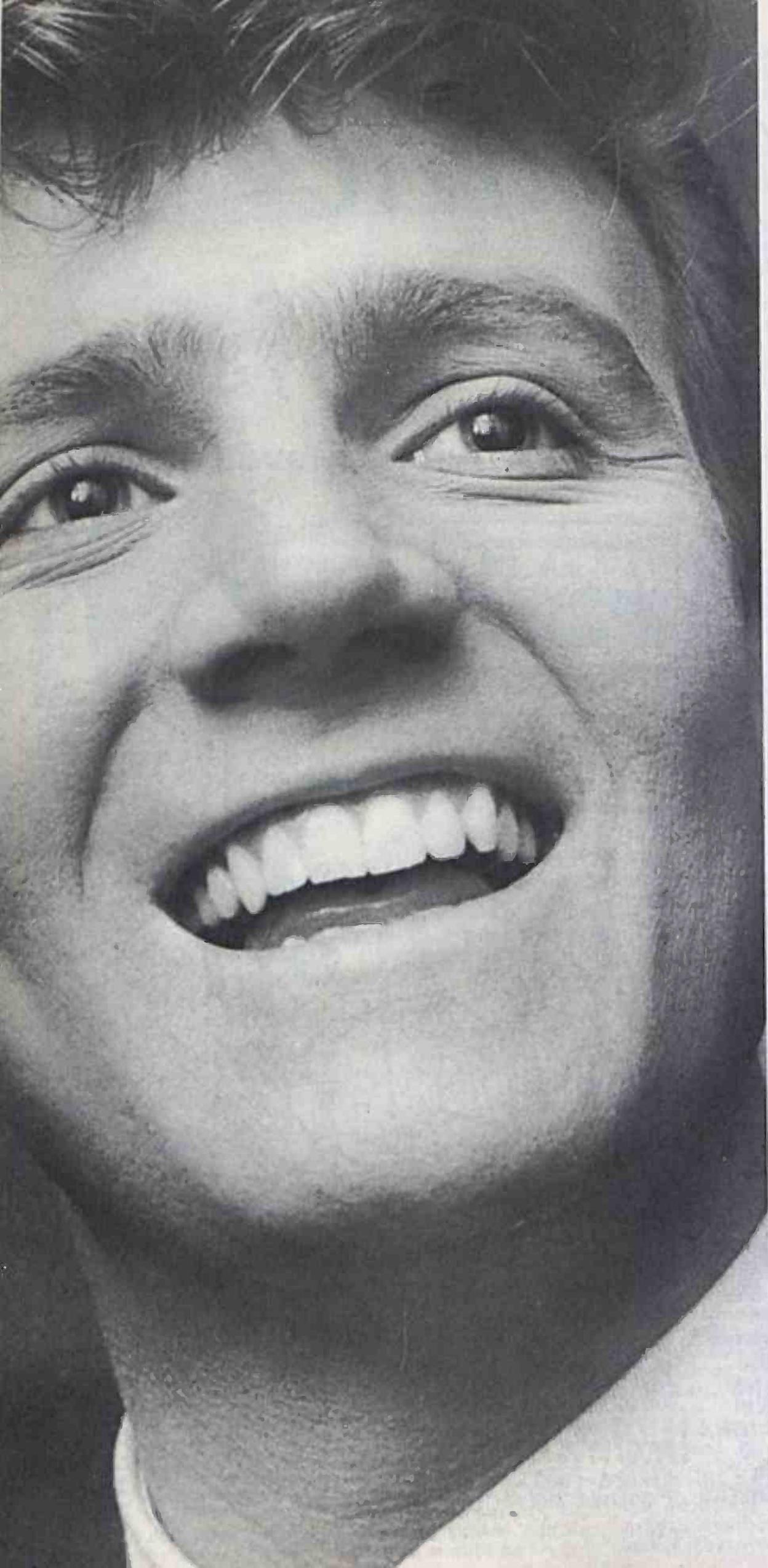
Sat. am flight to the States IT ALL HAPPENS!!!

They all want to know like mad and you have a real gear time signing books, menus and arms-in-plaster!

AFTER TWO OR THREE WEEKS OF THIS YOU WILL BECOME TIRED AND STRAINED BUT YOU KNOW THAT YOU MUST GO ON! AFTER ALL, AS THE OTHER STARS SAY, "THAT'S SHOWBIZ BOO!"

THIS IS NOT REALLY A LOT OF LOOT, IT IS 10/- WRAPPED AROUND A ROLL OF NEWSPAPER, ALL CUT TO SIZE

DON'T FORGET THE CUBAN HEELS!!!



# the bl

**T**he gloom of winter. Rain piercing the dusk outside. But when Billy J. Kramer came in he was beaming the widest grin you ever saw. Life was good for Billy, I figured.

Twelve months in full time show business and already a star. A big star.

Many people might think it had all been easy. Dead easy for Billy. Yet I knew there had been a time when it hadn't been easy: a time of working and struggling and getting nowhere.

I wanted his own full, true story of those days. The blue days of Billy J. Kramer. . . .

So when he sat down, I said, "I'd like to know about the beginning of you and show business. The *very* beginning. The tough times, the heartaches . . . that's if you don't mind talking about them."

Already Billy's face had taken on a serious, earnest look. His voice was quiet, its tone deeply sincere, as he started to give his answer. . . .

"Talk about those days? I'm *glad* to do it. I want to put the record straight—so no-one ever thinks it's been roses all the way. The start? The *real* start was years 'n' years ago. When I was just a kid. . . ."

## Only dreams

He remembers he was 12 years old when he decided to do something about the dream that had been building up inside him: the dream that he would become a star one day.

All he did was to start saving for a guitar. Maybe that doesn't sound much.

But when you are 12 years old it means you give the go-by to the sweets 'n' comics, the football matches 'n' the Saturday morning flicks. Those things you leave to the other kids.

"I'd been saving six months and had about three quid when my folks found out. Annoyed? Not them. They said how much more did I need.

"It was two pounds five. They gave it

He remembers the nights when he would leave his home and just walk and walk—wherever his feet happened to take him. Walking alone with his thoughts...

# ...the days of Billy J

BY DICK TATHAM · PART 1

me. I got my first guitar just in time for Christmas, 1955.

"My folks doing that for me: it's something I'll never forget. Later I'd like to tell you more about mum and dad. But now I'd like to skip to August 19, 1958...."

That was when he became 15 years old. It was also the day he started work as a British Railways apprentice. His money was £2 a week. But he had already decided to start saving again.

At 15, he knew he had to have a real musician's guitar. This one was going to cost £60....

"Once again my folks chipped in. Paid the last £12. The guitar was a Hofner. Smashing job! I felt on top of the world when I got it home and started making a bit of music...."

"There was this mate of mine—Ray Doherty. Lived in the next road to me. We began kicking numbers around together. Sort of Everly fashion. Mainly in his front parlour when his folks were out.

"After a while we scraped up enough to buy a second-hand amplifier. Both used to plug into it...."

"The months went by and I made several tries at getting started with groups. None of them came to anything much.

"My contact with Ray is important, 'cos eventually we teamed up with three other fellers living in the same district—one being my cousin, Arthur Ashton. This was the group that in time became the Coasters.

"For a while we rehearsed at my place. My folks didn't mind. But the neighbours did. Can't say I blamed 'em: we used to whip up a fair old storm.

"So we scouted round and did a deal

with a small local club. They let us rehearse there. In return, we played at their Saturday night do."

Came their first efforts to get off the ground. The auditions. And, after nearly each of them, the thumbs-down....

"I don't wonder at it. The sound we made was pretty chronic. Our equipment didn't help. It was old and battered. Something had to be done about it.

"Well, we started getting a few dates. Maybe a fiver a time for the lot of us. Most of that went on buying new gear.

"What with that and our playing getting better with experience, things

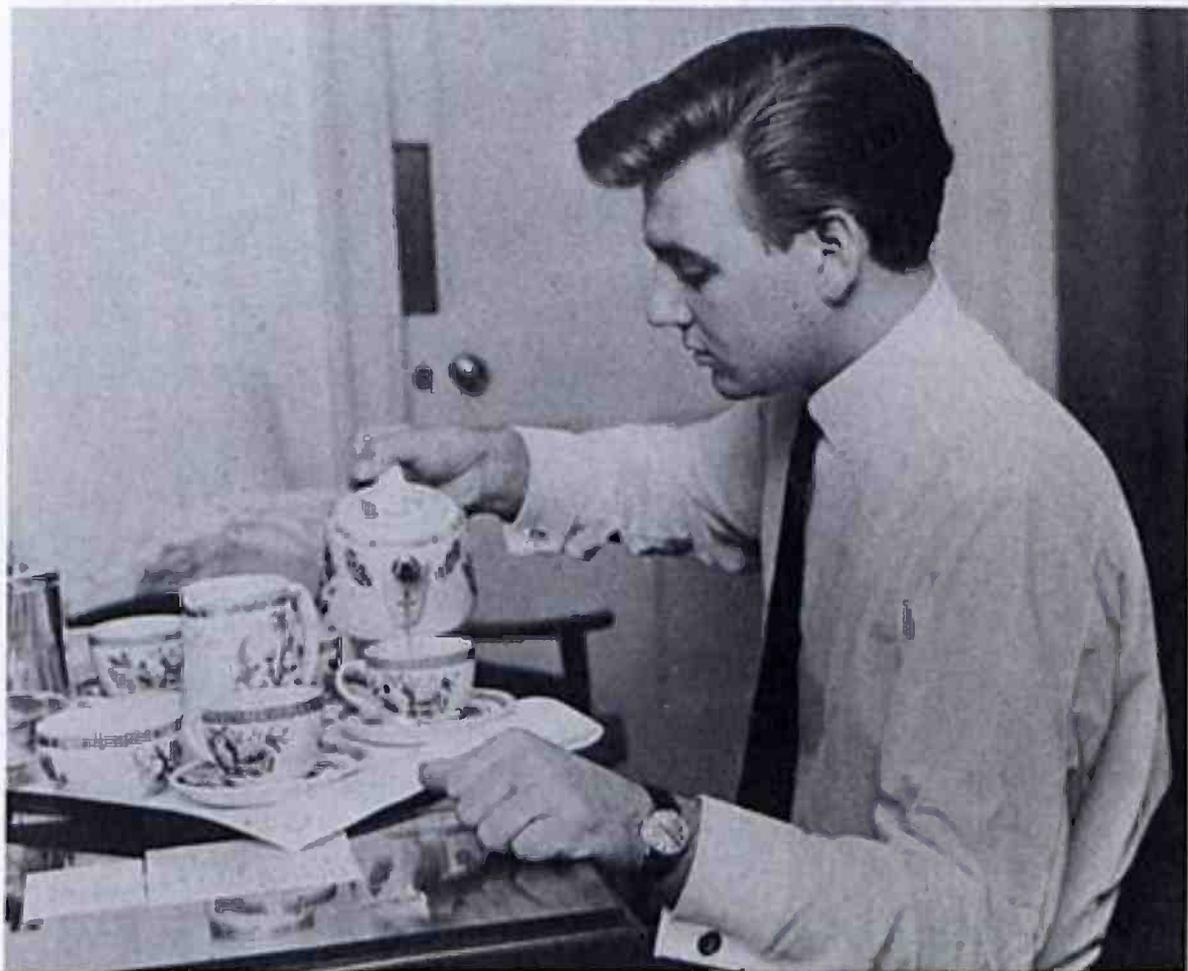
began to look up. It took time—but the day came when we could rate ourselves one of the best-known groups in Liverpool.

"I thought that was great. But as more and more months went by, I started to worry. *Where* was I getting?

"We were knocking ourselves out—playing at nights *and* doing day jobs. But there didn't seem any future in it.

"Don't forget this was long before the Liverpool boom. TV dates. Big package tours. A disc contract. These were the things I wanted. I figured I had as much chance of getting them as piloting a space ship...."

Deep in the blues. The nagging, searing thought that his dream of fame might ●●



Vividly he remembers another occasion when he fixed tea. It was midnight and he was far too excited to sleep

never be more than that. Might never come true at all. . . .

He remembers the nights when he would leave his home and just walk and walk—wherever his feet happened to take him. Walking alone with his thoughts, hoping to hit on some way out of the dead end.

"Some nights I would walk miles. I wouldn't get to bed till the early hours. Even then I would lie awake and wrestle with the problem."

The longer he carried on at the British Railways workshop, the more restless he grew. He might be watching a machine or stripping down some piece of gear—and all the time he would be thinking about showbusiness and wondering what it was like when you were a star.

"I kept telling the fellers I worked with I was sure to leave one day. One day soon . . . I said it so often they started to take the mickey. They didn't know how much I meant it.

"In the end it was the railway decided things. Brought them right to a head. The

superintendent told me one day I was due to be switched to Crewe.

"That would mean leaving home. Quitting the Liverpool music scene. I kicked at the idea. But I couldn't turn in my job just like that.

"My money after four years was only £5 12s. But I was an indentured apprentice. That meant good pay later on and a hundred per cent security. How would I feel if I threw all this up—and fell flat on my face in show business?"

January 7, 1963—a Monday. That was his deadline. He remembers it was the Thursday before when he went for a final, decisive talk with someone he had met through performing at the Cavern. Brian Epstein.

"We met at nine o'clock at the White Star—a pub near the Cavern. We were still talking at chucking-out time.

"Brian told me he would manage me if I wished and would see I didn't starve! But he wanted me to talk to my parents first.

"It was getting on for midnight when I

got home. My folks were in bed. But somehow I *had* to get things settled then and there."

He recalls so vividly going up the stairs—his pulse seeming to beat three times as fast as normal—and tapping on his parents' door.

"Mum . . . Dad . . . Can I talk to you? It's important . . ." He remembers his father calling back, "Sure, son. . . Better make some tea . . ."

"So I fixed the tea and took it upstairs and we sat round drinking it and talked the whole thing over. Now I think the world of my folks—and never more so than I did that night."

## Good luck

Maybe some parents would have led off about it being daft to give up a steady job—and about show business being a wild gamble. But there was none of that jazz.

"Know what dad said? He told me, 'Son, you've given a lot of time to your music. A lot of money. A lot of hard work. It would be a real shame to see it all wasted. If you want to make show business your career, good luck to you.'

"Mum said that went for her, too. So that was it!

"But we still talked on and on and it was two o'clock before I hit the hay. But I didn't sleep. I was too excited. Next morning I phoned and told Brian. The superintendent? I decided to put off telling him till the Monday."

The laughs at work. The sheer disbelief. . . "You'll never give in your notice, Billy. Who you trying to kid?" For a while he thought they might be right. Making the break wasn't so easy.

"I'd been clocked in two hours before I told myself it was now or never. Maybe I was nervous before I went on for 'Sunday Night at the London Palladium' last October. But that was nothing compared with the way I felt about facing the superintendent.

"I went out of the workshop, through the yard, across the railway tracks to some stairs. At the top of the stairs was the superintendent's office. . . ."

■ What happened next? On February 27, there'll be a new 'rave': Read about Billy as a star . . . About the things that have thrilled him most in show biz . . . About how he feels when he faces an audience . . .

Billy also talks about his brothers and sisters—and how he has found it, being the youngest of seven.

And when he reveals the person he most wants to meet, we reckon you're in for a big, big surprise.

*It's been a hard struggle to reach the point where his appearance really matters. But now his future looks set*



**rave**

**BILLY J. KRAMER**



**rave**

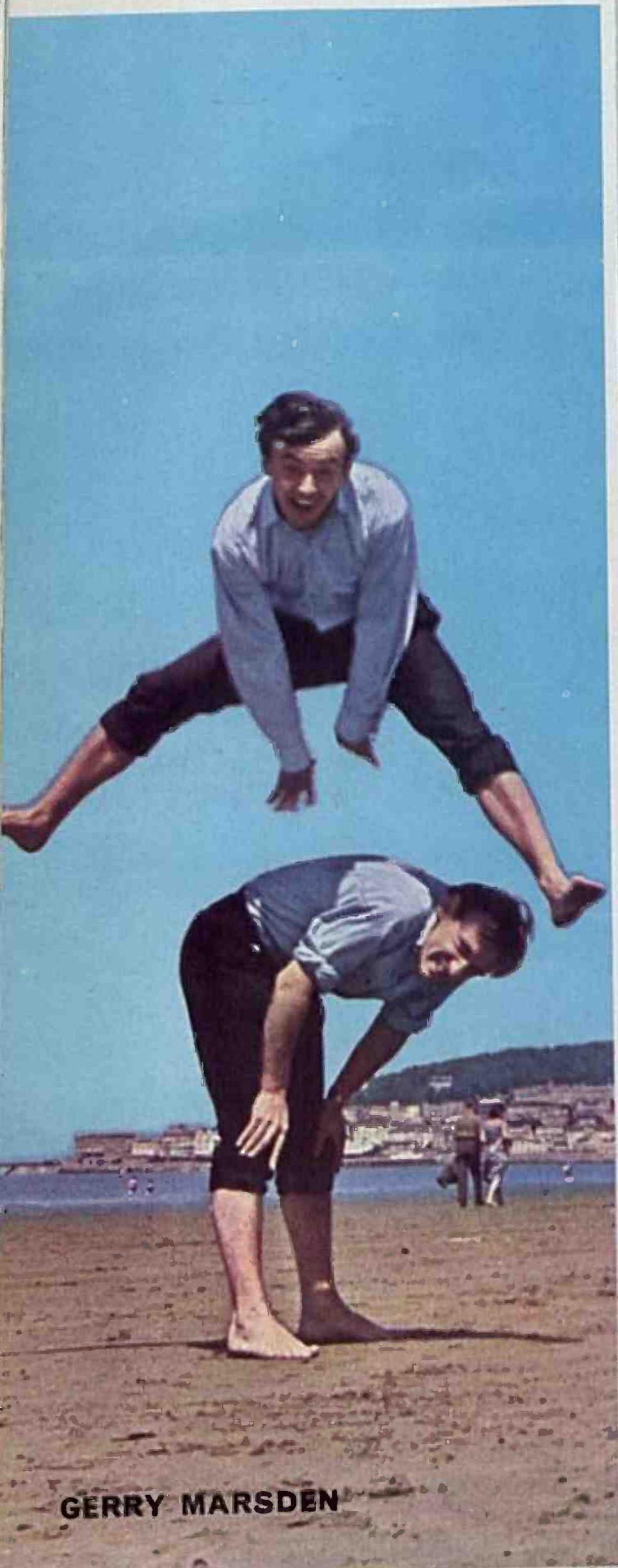


**CLIFF RICHARD**

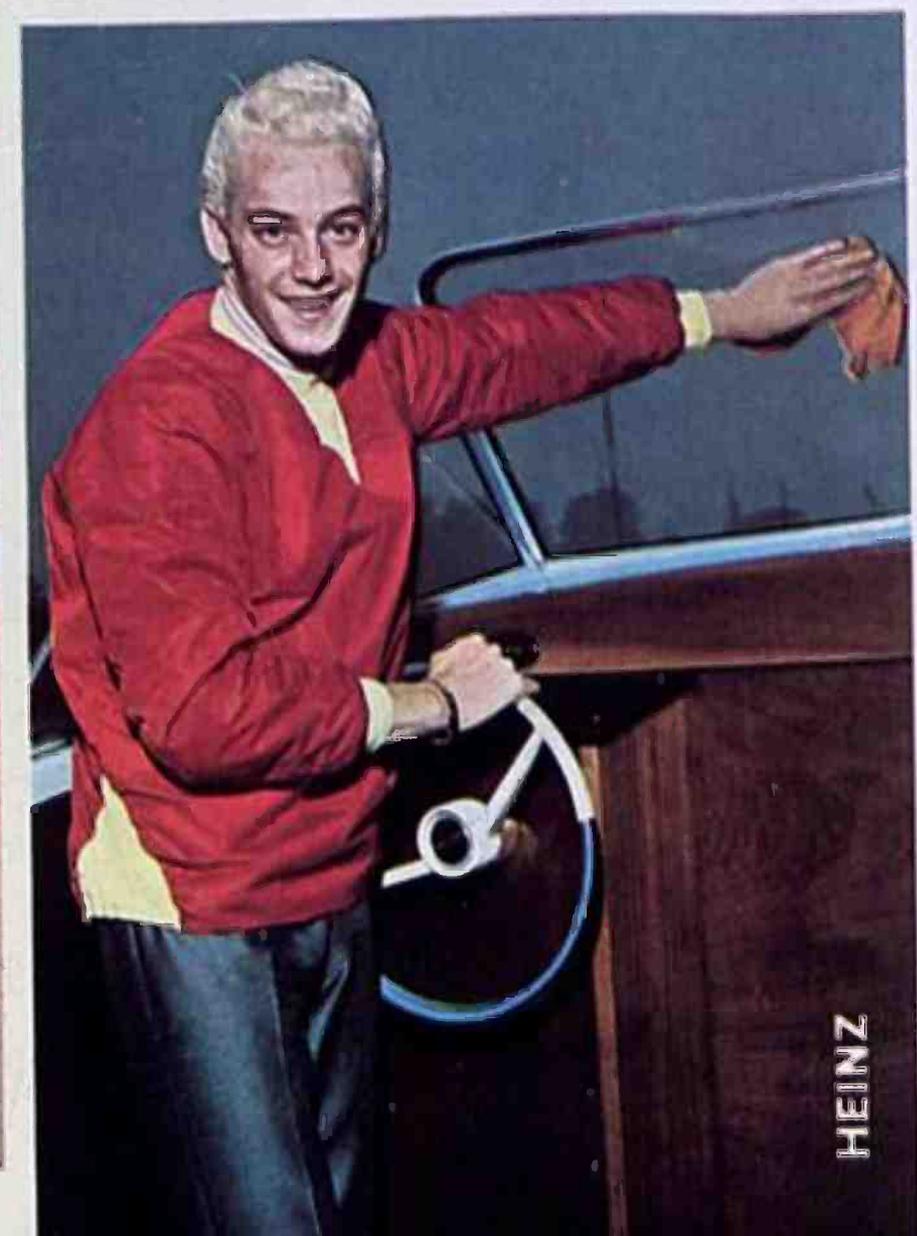
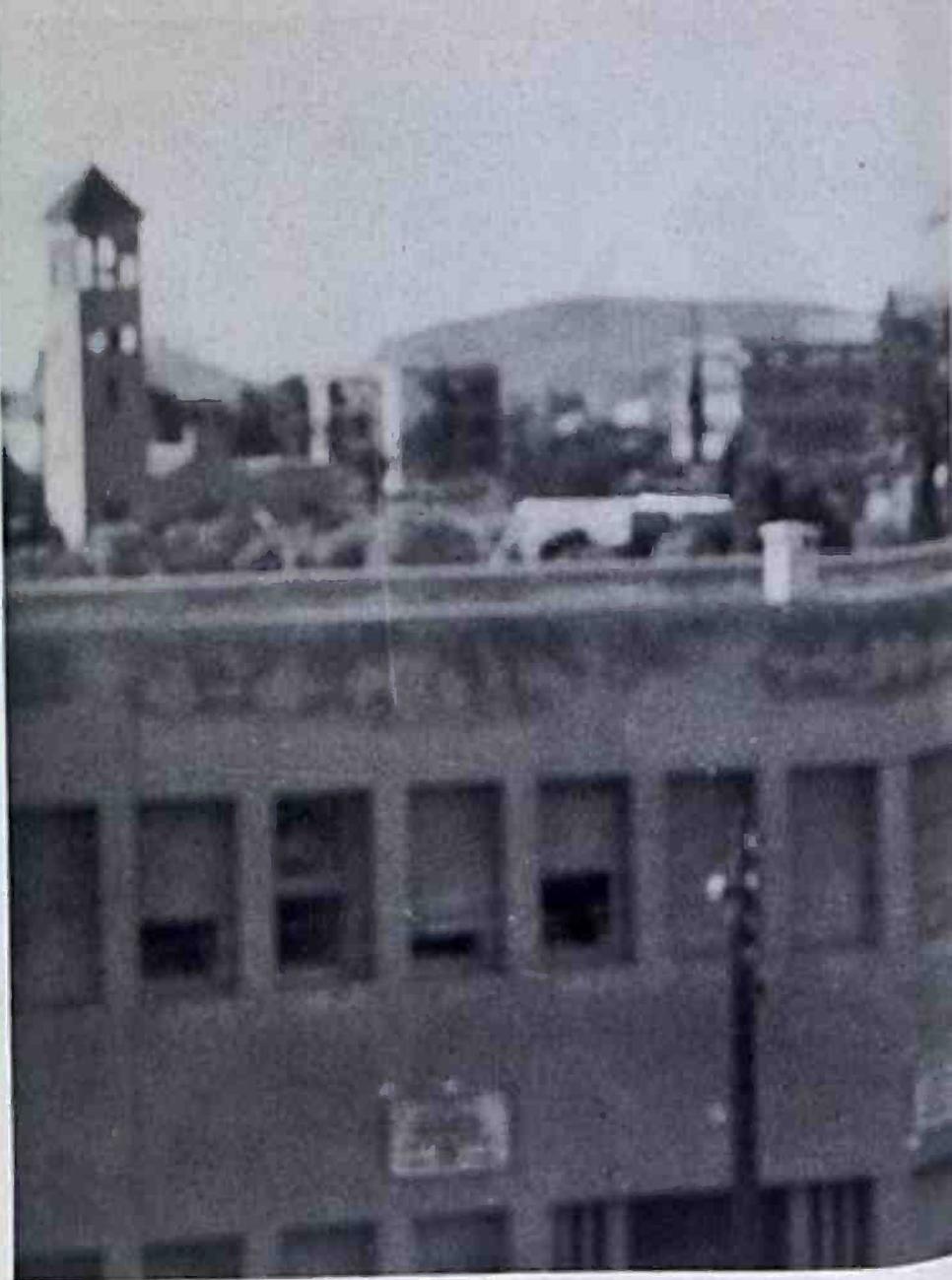
**SOAK UP THE**



ADAM FAITH  
Sun soaker



**GERRY MARSDEN**



**HEINZ**



## SUN SOAKERS

# go go go!

**F**rom the sun-drenched shores of Sitges to chalets at Corfu, snowy ski-slopes in the Swiss Alps and the mysterious alleyways of the Casbah.

Fifteen years ago, these resorts would have been beyond most people's reach. But now, four-and-a-half million Britishers take holidays abroad.

Entertainers almost always head for the sun. Usually they book at short notice. We have to plan ahead.

Look around for a travel bargain (probably from one of the big agencies) and for little more than the cost of a fortnight in Great Yarmouth you could share a holiday with the famous.

Because of fluctuating commitments, few stars know their vacation plans for 1964. But let last summer be our guide.

Take Sitges, a sunny town on Spain's

Costa d'Oro, with narrow winding streets, ornate villas and intimate hotels.

Cliff Richard (page 30) lazed on its golden beaches with the Shadows and Frank Ifield after recording sessions with their a and r manager Norrie Paramor, in which they all waxed Spanish numbers.

This year, you could follow them for as little as £41, the cost of an all-inclusive 15-day holiday.

Barcelona's crowded streets and squat, sun-whitened houses are less than an hour away by road.

You can learn bull-fighting, too. But do better than Cliff—he tripped over the matador's cape!

And a special tip from Frank: Ricky's Bar is a good starting point if you're planning an evening out.

At the other end of the Mediterranean,

you could follow Paul McCartney and Ringo Starr of the Beatles who shared a beach chalet at Corfu last September.

"It's so hot, you can only sunbathe for an hour or so at a time", advises Ringo, who used to lie in bed until mid-morning listening to the breaking surf.

He and Paul also toured other parts of Greece recommended by their recording manager, George Martin, and Cliff Richard who filmed "Summer Holiday" there.

"Cliff's right; it's great", says Ringo, who also commends the local wines.

Fellow Beatle George Harrison flew to Benton, Illinois. He went to see his sister, Louise, for the first time in nine years.

"It's a lonely sort of place", says George, who also went camping in one of America's national parks.

When he returned to England, George

had to pay £22 customs duty on a £90 guitar he had bought. It was similar to one already owned by John Lennon who holidayed in Paris with his wife and the group's manager Brian Epstein.

"Paul and I hitch-hiked to Paris in 1960, but were too broke even to go up the Eiffel Tower—so being able to afford it this time gave me a real kick", said John.

Like to follow the Beatles this summer? Ten days in Greece by coach and air costs from £90. But you could have seven days in Paris, for under £20, if you travelled by rail.

Perhaps like Paul Newman and Heinz you get a kick from small boats. Heinz bought a 28-foot motor launch last year.

He and the Saints called it "Globe-trotter", although they nearly settled for "Golden Heinz"!

After trial trips on Southampton Water they went across the channel to Calais.

This summer they hope for more ambitious cruises, perhaps to Holland and then down the Rhine to Switzerland.

Gerry Marsden and the Pacemakers were holidaying in Switzerland last month.

In the summer, Gerry spent short holidays in Wales, Dublin ("looking for little people") and Jersey, playing his guitar most of the night and golf nearly all day.

"There's nothing I like more than a quiet round of golf", says Gerry, whose group had a frightening experience in the Channel Islands. On a day trip to Guernsey, the engines failed and their boat drifted for five hours!

In Dublin, Gerry met Kenny Ball who had spent his own holidays under the swaying palms of Majorca, a favourite sun-spot with many personalities.

Adam Faith bumped into Matt Monro when he stayed there for a few days last March. Joe Brown went, too—and met Janette Scott, who taught him to water-ski.

Later, Adam, who also enjoys more expensive holidays, visited Egypt to see the treasures of the Nile before their swamping by the Aswan dam.

Mark Wynter also looked for the exotic. Last September he holidayed in Morocco.

"It has a rugged beauty", Mark recalls. He enjoyed touring the palaces, mosques and street markets in the towns, and crossing the barren deserts.

In Marrakesh, he was haggling over the price of a post horn in a bazaar when he walked Sam Kydd—there filming the "Crane" series with an AR-TV unit.

"We found we were staying at the same hotel", said Mark.

And this could just as easily have happened to you.

You could have met Cliff Richard or Frank Ifield in Sitges, Joe Brown or Adam Faith in Majorca or Mark Wynter in Morocco.

Who knows, if you went to any of these places this year you might find yourself sharing your holiday with the stars.



Lonnie Donegan—Go-Karting in holiday mood

## FOLLOW THE SUN SOAKERS

| RESORT                 | PRICE                                                                                                            | WHO GOES THERE                                      |
|------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------|
| Channel Islands        | By rail and sea from about £16 for a week.<br>Swans                                                              | Gerry and the Pacemakers                            |
| Paris                  | Cheapest trips—8 days bed and breakfast, travelling by rail, approx. £20 (£25 if by air).<br>All agencies        | John Lennon                                         |
| Majorca                | Cheapest trips by air from 29 guineas—<br>Overland, Cosmos, and most agencies                                    | Joe Brown, Janette Scott, Matt Monro and Adam Faith |
| Sitges                 | 15 days by air from 39 guineas, depending upon part of season—<br>Overland, Lunn's, or Cosmos                    | Cliff Richard, the Shadows, and Frank Ifield        |
| Morocco                | Cheapest trip—coach tours from 49½ guineas. By air, £59—Travel Savings Association                               | Mark Wynter and Sam Kydd                            |
| Greek Islands          | 15-day trip embracing Corfu, Athens and Loutrakis, cheapest trip through Lunn's (£90 3s.).<br>Average: £110-£130 | Paul McCartney and Ringo Starr                      |
| Cairo, Luxor and Aswan | 9 days holiday by air from £108 14s.—Cooks, Dean and Dawson                                                      | Adam Faith                                          |

**T**his is the moment that makes the working week worthwhile.

Twenty-odd bikes are massed at the roadside, their chrome glittering in the chill winter sunshine.

Their leathered riders stamp feet, rub hands and shout cheerful insults to each other to release their impatience.

The boy with command in his voice calls: "Remember, it's Edinburgh and back. The first one in cops the kitty."

"See you refuel as you go and watch out for the old law!"

The machines kick into thundering life. Then they're away, streaking out on to the road and into the 24 hours to Edinburgh and back.

The "ton-up" has started.

It's an action-packed sequence from a remarkable film, "The Leather Boys".

Remarkable? Yes, because it tells the truth about young people today.

It doesn't pussyfoot around the subject of sex. And it sets the record straight about the leather boys.

Ever since the Marlon Brando film



Getting ready for the big race, Reggie (Colin Campbell) and Pete (Dudley Sutton)

# LEATHER BOYS/THE FACTS

"The Wild Ones" showed a black-leather jacketed gang terrorising a town on motor bikes, the bike has been a symbol of delinquency.

"The Leather Boys" gets to the facts.

Its hero—refreshingly played by Colin Campbell—is a decent, hard-working lad. But come the weekend, he's as ready as most to get the dust off his feet and the wind in his face on a ton-up. For him, his bike spells freedom.

And it's on his bike that he takes his bride (Rita Tushingham—remember her last film "A Taste of Honey"?) off to their honeymoon at Butlins.

But they soon discover that being

married has its snags. She finds that it isn't just "playing house" by day and loving by night.

He finds himself coming home hungry to an untidy flat and a wife who's spent the morning in the hairdresser's.

He loses any desire for her. She's bewildered by the change in him. Their nery frustrations finally drive them from each other.

He retreats to the life he enjoyed before they married: the leather boys with their meetings at the local cafe, their tall talk and their ton-ups.

There, he strikes up a friendship with

a new lad in the group who tries to persuade him that marriage is a drag.

Then the young husband learns the truth: his friend seeks more than friendship from men. . . .

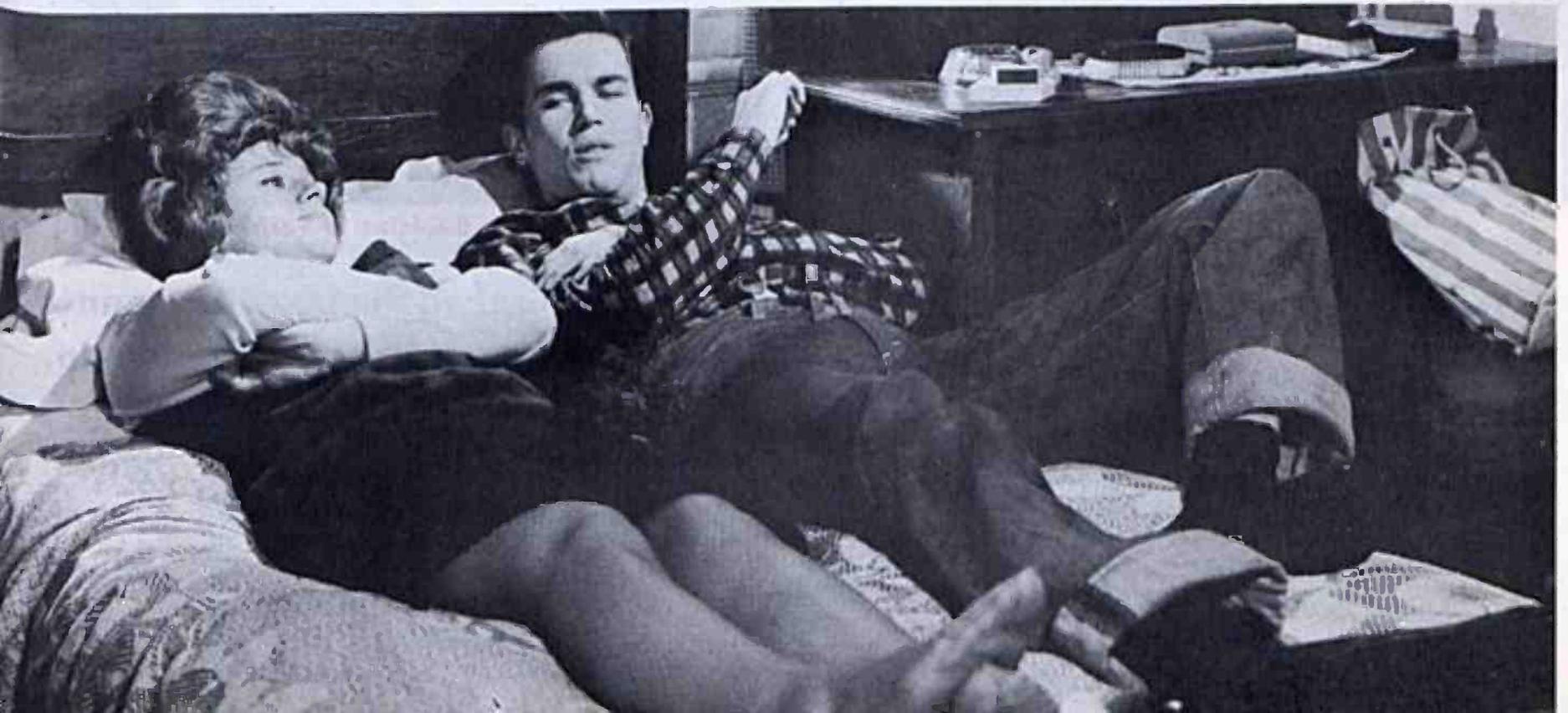
An individual problem? Yes. "The Leather Boys" treats young people as individuals—not all tarred with the same brush, nor all wide-eyed and innocent.

And it treats them seriously, instead of sensationally.

Let's hope more people will take a cue from "The Leather Boys".

*Margaret Hinzman*

*Dol (Rita Tushingham) and Reggie. Their marriage very soon goes on the rocks*



# KILDARE PLAYS IT TOUGH!



Client (Nick Adams) consults lawyer



Lawyer Claude Rains advises Dick to take the case



Dick tells Joan Blackman: "I'll defend him"



Chamberlain faces the judge

**"It's my meatiest role ever—I've dropped the bedside manner and I play a real tough lawyer", said Richard Chamberlain.**

**"It's all tears and table thumping".**

**Chamberlain's screen motto could well be: Your life in my hands.**

**As a TV doctor he spends his time curing patients with less than a 50-50 chance of surviving. Now, in MGM's film "The Charge Is Murder," his job is to save a suspected murderer from the gas chamber.**

## CLOTHES



MAN, IT'S  
GERRI AND WE'LL  
ALL LOOK LIKE THIS  
SOON

There's only one way we're going to look cool this spring—and that's by wearing even *more* lightweights. We'll either base our suits on a sort of military look with bags of detail or go for the streamlined Ivy styling.

It doesn't matter which. But it *must* be lightweight.

Beat jackets? Probably double-breasted with two rows of four buttons grouped fairly closely—a bit like a battle dress. A narrow wrap-over is definitely going to be "in".

But one of the big changes will be that jackets have collars again. We'll have a big choice here but the one which looks as if it could become popular is fairly deep with the lapels long and droopy and buttoned down like a shirt.

Best buy for Mods will be more traditional. A high four-button fastening with a pancake-flat chest and optional deep vents, *but deep!*—up to a foot.

For off-duty wear, it looks as if we're all going to follow the trend set by the Dave Clark Five. Their white trousers, cuban heels, Kildare shirts and four-button mohair jackets with those deep, deep, side-vents are the latest rave.

White for jeans will be very much "in" and so will lapel-less knitted jackets. Crew and boat-neck open-knit sweaters with wide horizontal stripes and denim-fabric shirts will still be fine for the beach.

If you've invested in leather (or plastic), you're still O.K. In fact, it's likely to become even more popular. Rated high are black leather top coats with tie belts.

And a hat is a "must". We'll need a Robin Hood-cum-trilby, dark coloured and not easy to find. But we'll have to get one.

Keith Wright



Dave Clark—he started the trend. We'll be following it.

## BOND

• • • page 24

of minute moves, an exercise that had long been perfected was then smoothly put into effect. The man near the *caisse* munched his spaghetti and critically observed each step in the operation as if it had been a fast game of chess.

The maitre d'hôtel came out of the door marked *UFFICIO*, hurried across the restaurant and said loudly to his No. 2: "An extra table for four. Immediately." The No. 2 gave him a direct look and nodded. He followed the maitre d'hôtel over to a space adjoining Bond's table, clicked his fingers for help, borrowed a chair from one table, a chair from another table and, with a bow and an apology, the spare chair from Bond's table.

The fourth chair was being carried over from the direction of the door marked *UFFICIO* by the maitre d'hôtel. He placed it square with the others, a table was lowered into the middle and glass and cutlery were deftly laid. The maitre d'hôtel frowned. "But you have laid a table for four. I said three—for three people."

He casually took the chair he had himself brought to the table and switched it to Bond's table. He gave a wave of the hand to dismiss his helpers and everyone dispersed about their business.

The innocent little flurry of restaurant movement had taken about a minute. An innocuous trio of Italians came into the restaurant. The maitre d'hôtel greeted them personally and bowed them to the new table, and the gambit was completed.

Bond had hardly been conscious of it. Kristatos returned from whatever business he had been about, their food came and they got on with the meal.

While they ate they talked about nothing—the election chances in Italy, the latest Alfa Romeo, Italian shoes compared with English. Kristatos talked well. He seemed to know the inside story of everything. He gave information so casually that it did not sound like bluff.

He spoke his own kind of English with an occasional phrase borrowed from other languages. It made a lively

mixture. Bond was interested and amused. Kristatos was a tough insider—a useful man. Bond was not surprised that the American Intelligence people found him good value.

Coffee came, Kristatos lit a thin black cigar and talked through it, the cigar jumping up and down between the thin straight lips. He put both hands flat on the table in front of him.

He looked at the tablecloth between them and said softly: "This pizness. I will play with you. To now I have only played with the Americans. I have not told them what I am about to tell you. There was no requirement. This machina does not operate with America. These things are closely regulated. This machina operates only with England. Yes? Capito?"

"I understand. Everyone has his own territory. It's the usual way in these things."

"Exact. Now, before I give you the informations, like good commercials we make the terms. Yes?"

"Of course."

Signor Kristatos examined the tablecloth more closely. "I wish for ten thousand dollars American, in paper of small sizes, by tomorrow lunchtime. When you have destroyed the machina I wish for a further twenty thousand." Signor Kristatos briefly raised his eyes and surveyed Bond's face. "I am not greedy. I do not take all your funds, isn't it?"

"The price is satisfactory."

"Buono. Second term. There is no telling where you get these informations from. Even if you are beaten."

"Fair enough."

"Third term. The head of this machina is a bad man." Signor Kristatos paused and looked up. The black eyes held a red glint. The clenched dry lips pulled away from the cigar to let the words out. "He is to be destrutto—killed."

Bond sat back. He gazed quizzically at the other man who now leaned slightly forward over the table, waiting. So the wheels had now shown within the wheels! This was a private vendetta of some sort. Kristatos wanted to get himself a gunman. And he was not

paying the gunman, the gunman was paying him for the privilege of disposing of an enemy. Not bad! The fixer was certainly working on a big fix this time—using the Secret Service to pay off his private scores, Bond said softly: "Why?"

Signor Kristatos said indifferently: "No questions catch no lies."

Bond drank down his coffee. It was the usual story of big syndicate crime. You never saw more than the tip of the iceberg. But what did that matter to him? He had been sent to do one specific job. If his success benefited others, nobody, least of all M, could care less.

Bond had been told to destroy the machine. If this unnamed man was the machine, it would be merely carrying out orders to destroy the man. Bond said: "I cannot promise that. You must see that. All I can say is that if the man tries to destroy me, I will destroy him."

Signor Kristatos took a toothpick out of the holder, stripped off the paper and set about cleaning his finger-nails. When he had finished one hand he looked up.

He said: "I do not often gamble on incertitudes. This time I will do so because it is you who are paying me, and not me you. Is all right? So now I will give you the informations. Then you are alone—solo. Tomorrow night I fly to Karachi. I have important pizness there. I can only give you the informations. After that you run with the ball and—" he threw the dirty toothpick down on the table—"Che sera, sera."

"All right."

Signor Kristatos edged his chair nearer to Bond. He spoke softly and quickly. He gave specimen dates and names to document his narrative. He never hesitated for a fact and he did not waste time on irrelevant detail. It was a short story and a pithy one.

There were two thousand American gangsters in the country — Italian-Americans who had been convicted and expelled from the United States.



When Susan leaves her office at half-past five or so Intent on buying records, she knows just where to go: H.M.V., the largest store, which has her choice in stock And keeps its doors wide open right up till eight o'clock!

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**8 PM**  
MONDAY TO FRIDAY

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*new* **Bert Weedon**  
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**WHY WE  
MUST KEEP  
LAUGHING AT  
FREDDIE**



The studio is wrapped in a drone of solemn chatter. Stern-faced producer confers with stone-faced camera crew. Unsmiling technicians gossip in grave groups. Up on a high wooden rostrum, the four Dreamers listen grimly to instructions.

Everywhere an air of importance.

But then. Wafting through the studio door on happy-go-lucky legs comes flying Freddie Garrity.

Legs bouncing, arms bobbing, curls nodding in a ruffled chorus across his forehead he carves his way cheerily through the solemn atmosphere at Shepperton Studios.

Suddenly people are grinning. Grown men and women smiling helplessly all over the place as they follow the springheeled progress of the underfed little man in the oversized glasses.

No one who has ever seen him perform will need to ask why.

With a kick of his heels and a flick of his spectacles Freddie has three times soared up the chart with "If You Gotta Make A Fool Of Somebody", "I'm Telling You Now", and "You Were Made For Me".

How does he do it? Why does he do it? What makes Freddie jump?

I went to Shepperton to find out. Freddie and the boys were making a film for Cinebox, a three-minute version of "You Were Made For Me" that is now playing in 300 look-and-listen juke boxes.

It will also shortly be released as part of a cinema second feature called "Pick Of The Pops" produced by Jacques de Lane Lea.

The Dreamers were immaculate in tight, shiny mohair suits, sculptured hair-dos and patent-leather boots with Cuban heels.

But Freddie hopped about the set in a baggy striped shirt and shoes that looked as though they'd just walked all the way from Manchester.

"Trouble with me suit," he explained. "Had to get it pressed again."

Even when it turned up, he managed to adopt the rumpled look of a man who has slept with his clothes on. Freddie has a good pop voice, but he's the first to admit that goonery has taken him to the top.

"It's not a gimmick, though. I'm nutty all the time—always have been. In fact, I've quietened down a lot since the days when I was a young lad.

"I used to be daft as a brush, a right tearaway. We used to have mischief nights when we'd get up to right daft tricks. Anything for a laugh.

"I like making people laugh. I couldn't stop cracking jokes now if I wanted to."

He did a quick knees bend, hitched up his trousers and beamed through his thick-lensed spectacles.

"I took up the guitar in the old skiffle



*"I don't get as much fun out of clowning as I used to. Maybe I'm growing up"*

days because I like being active. I've got to have something to do. Hate being idle."

Freddie's big ambition is still to have a No. 1 hit. "We haven't had one yet, but I'll do it or bust.

"We always seem to get nipped by the Beatles or Gerry and the Pacemakers. Flaming liberty takers.

"Seriously though, I think the Beatles are doing a grand job. I can't wait to see the back of them."

While Freddie bounced off to do a few corkscrew legs for the camera I chatted to drummer Bernie Dwyer who has been a friend of Freddie's since school.

"He's always been a funnyman. I think it's a sort of defence, him being so small and having to wear glasses.

"When you're little like that you either try to be a joker so that people will like you or turn nasty so that they'll be scared.

"Freddie and I were both little lads. He was the good guy and I was the bad guy. He was always laughing and clowning. I was a toughie, always looking for a battle.

"I've mellowed now. I suppose Freddie's zany attitude has helped a lot.

"We were just an ordinary guitar group until he joined up with us about four years ago. The act's got nuttier and nuttier ever since."

Things have changed for Freddie since he picked up his first battered guitar for a fiver. The Dreamers' guitars are now worth £160 each.

"Sometimes I look back and yearn for

those good old skiffle days," he says. "We enjoyed it. We got a few quid for it. Life was full of gags and giggles.

"It is still, I suppose—but everything is so hectic. Dash here, dash there, never a chance to be alone and think things out."

The director calls. Freddie darts across to go through "You Were Made For Me" for the fifteenth time, putting every bit as much zing into it as he had from the beginning.

The wardrobe girl steps forward to snip off an untidy curl. Freddie glares through his glasses. "Take care of that, luv. It'll fetch a good price."

The girl smiles. But she wraps the curl up in tissue paper all the same.

Twice more through the hop, skip and a smile routine and then back for a breather.

One hour later, Freddie bounded on stage at Guildford Odeon, electrifying his audience with a firework display of nervous energy.

The Dreamers jerked, spun, fell flat, crawled about, sang, played and clowned behind him.

Freddie's irrepressible gaiety beamed out into the stalls like a searchlight and was reflected back in wave after wave of happy screams.

This was what his life was all about. He looked like a cross between Harold Lloyd and Groucho Marx—a born clown.

Later, in the dressing room, with sweat water-falling down his face I asked him what he hoped to do when his Dreaming days were over. Would he like to be a full-time comedian?

"Not really. I get my kicks mainly from the music. Because I look funny people seem ready to laugh at anything I do or say. But I have to work at the singing bit. When the time comes to change I'd like to go into song writing."

He looked solemn for a moment. "I don't get as much fun out of clowning as I used to do."

A wistful silence, a worried look and then: "Maybe I'm just growing up."

He didn't seem to know whether he meant it or not. A knock at the door. In came a woman police sergeant with a mountain of autograph books.

Back came the white-toothed grin, the jaunty, rubber-kneed bounce. "What'll I sign them with, luv—an X or a Z?"

Minutes later Freddie was out at the stage door, chatting, signing autographs, giving out with the zany behaviour he's loved for.

"Freddie Garrity growing up?" I thought as I watched his impromptu performance. "I don't believe a word of it."

He's a nice guy. He's a funny guy. But he'll always be little Freddie—no matter how big his reputation grows.

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## GO-ANYWHERE DISC PLAYERS

Transistor record players look as if they're going to be all the rage. Powered by batteries, they're "go anywhere grams!"

How can we be sure to get our money's worth? "rave" called in an expert, Donald Aldous, technical editor of "Audio and Record Review"...

**R**emember they have a limited power output without distortion, don't expect the volume of a juke-box.

Check: how much *sound* can be produced without distortion; are any *tone* controls fitted (some models have treble-cut control that reduces the "scratch noise" on worn records); whether a sapphire or a longer-lasting diamond *stylus* is fitted to the pick-up; and, lastly, is the *sound quality* acceptable?

The bass is determined by the size of loudspeaker unit. The smallest loudspeakers can sound "tinny".

Some players have the speaker in a detachable lid, such as the Philips AG 4026—a top seller in this firm's range—which is fitted with a 6½in. loudspeaker, and a four-speed turntable. Price: £15 15s.

A novel record player is the "Bandbox" produced by Playcraft Toys. This British-made unit plays any 7in. 45 rpm record through any mains or transistor radio set.

It works from four Vidor V II batteries and the price of £6 6s. includes a zipper carrying case.

Going up the price-scale, the Dansette "Prefect" at £15 15s., minus batteries, incorporates a 4-speed BSR turntable and will play all sizes of records with lid closed.

An advanced design, of German origin, is the "Swingalong". This compact unit has space for 12 45 rpm discs, as well as a two-waveband radio. Price is £30 9s. and records can be played on the move—while walking or dancing!

Tellux make the "Aut-O-Pop" at £19 18s. 6d., an autochange player operating from three PP9 batteries. It has separate volume and tone controls. There is also the "Port-O-Pop", a non-auto model, at £16 5s. 6d.

Perhaps the most unusual of record players are the Japanese "Audio Pioneer" models costing from £11 13s. 4d. upwards.

On these models, discs—including stereo—are heard through a pair of flexible plastic tubes, rather like a doctor's stethoscope. The motor is driven by one PP9 battery.

■ Buying by hire purchase? Then here's a point to watch. Shops are allowed to charge extra for hire-purchase. Ask the salesman how much the extra hire-purchase charge is—and then try another shop to see if their charge is lower.

# STARWISE

Are you a show biz expert?  
Try this quiz and see for  
yourself just how much  
you really know

Elvis made the world envy these girls. Who are they?



### TV

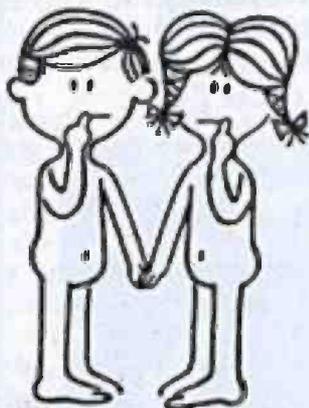
1. In the "Z-Cars" BBC-TV serial, what are the ranks held by the following: (a) Barlow, (b) John Watt, (c) Fancy Smith?
2. On what TV show did Brenda Lee debut here?
3. Who was the first "Sunday Night At The London Palladium" compere?

### FILMS

1. Name Cliff Richard's girl co-star in (a) "Expresso Bongo", (b) "The Young Ones", and (c) "Summer Holiday."
2. "A Summer Place" gave important acting breaks to which two young Warner Bros. stars?
3. Which famous actor took the role of Glenn Miller in the film story of the bandleader's life?

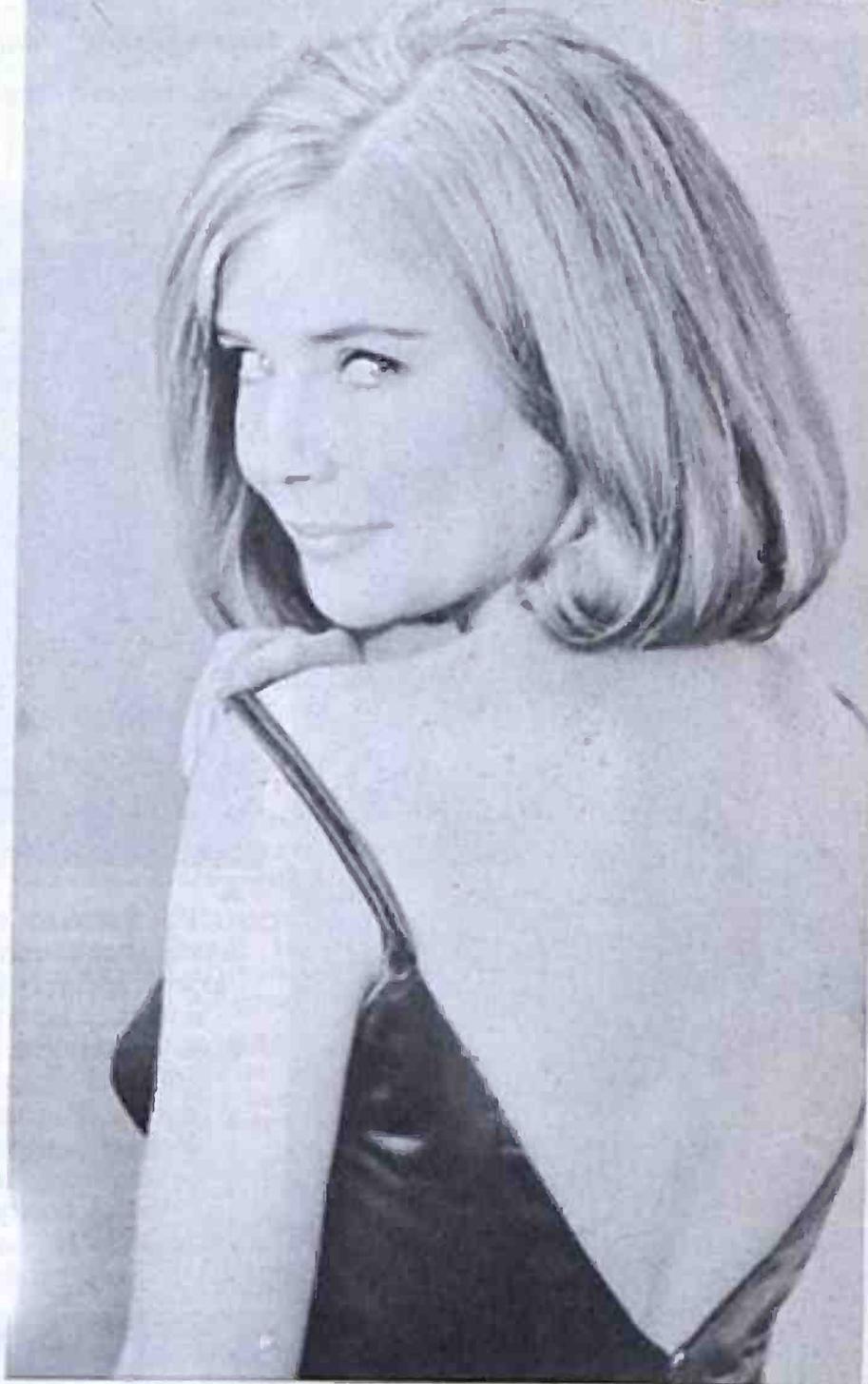
### CHARTS

1. Which was the first Everly Brothers record to reach No. 1 in Britain?
2. In 1961, Elvis Presley reached his peak with five No. 1 entries here. Can you name the titles?
3. Who made earlier hit versions of these songs—(a) "It's All In The Game" (b) "Secret Love" (c) "Beggar In Love" (d) "Deep Purple"?



**ANSWERS**  
**ELVIS' LEADING LADIES:** (a) Joan Blackman in "Kid Galahad", (b) Dolores Hart in "Loving You", (c) Tuesday Weld in "Wild In The Country", (d) Anne Helm in "Follow That Dream", (e) Joan O'Brien in "It Happened At The World's Fair", (f) Ursula Andress in "Fun In Acapulco"  
**TV:** 1—(a) Detective Chief Inspector, (b) Detective Sergeant, (c) P.C.  
**FILMS:** 1—(a) Yolande Donlan, (b) Carole Gray, (c) Lauri Peters  
**CHARTS:** 1—"All I Have To Do Is Dream"—James Stewart  
 2—Connie Stevens and Roy Donahue, 3—James Stewart  
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**CHARTS:** 1—"All I Have To Do Is Dream"—James Stewart  
 2—Connie Stevens and Roy Donahue, 3—James Stewart

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CLOTHES



# dusty

*making the most of being small*

**D**USTY SPRINGFIELD is a girl with strong ideas. About the kind of songs she wants to sing. The way she wants her future to go. The clothes she likes to wear.

Dusty is the kind of size men can feel protective about, reaching five feet three but usually disguised with high heels.

As a small girl she has the advantages of the petite. She

can wear the current little-girl shifts off stage. On stage she can get away with the dramatic. At the moment she is working on a design for a tabard in vivid colours to wear over a cat-suit.

On the debit side, she can't wear separates which cut her in half.

And she can't wear the over-the-knee boots, much as she wants to.

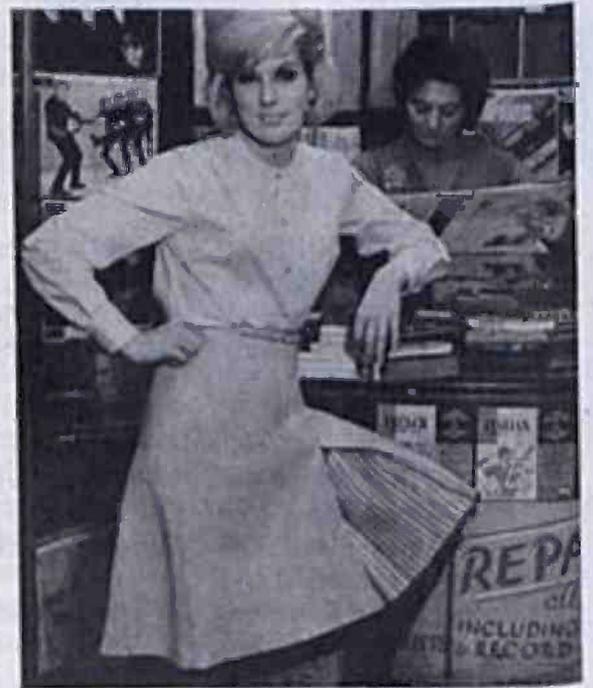


▲ "Shift dresses will be around for a long time to come. They are so easy to wear and very flattering, especially now they have the slightly fitted, high waisted line. I love the Victorian wallpaper effect of this little dress, and there is just the right frill."

Rehearsing a new song with her recording manager, Johnny Franz, Dusty wears a Tricel dress, fully lined, from Malcolm Martell and just under £5.

"I only ever wear trousers when I am relaxing at home. I prefer matching skirts and shirts for casual occasions —and best of all I like linen or denim. It was the colour that first attracted me to these separates, I am very with pink at the moment."

The tucked blouse in cotton poplin is 22s. 11d., the linen-look skirt is 29s. 11d., and they are both available from main branches of Dorothy Perkins.



Dusty's make-up is concentrated on the eyes. "I love that sooty look", she says. To get the dark-eyed effect, use Reylon eye liner in charcoal grey, and grey eye shadow, putting the depth of colour way back on the lids, not so much near the lashes. Only use eyeliner on the under lids if you have really big eyes. Brush-on black mascara and a pale pink lipstick complete the Springfield look.



▲ "I prefer suits with clean, sharp lines and no fussy trimmings. It is the cut which catches the eye. For my height I think small checks are better than bold patterns and I am mad about tweeds, especially in vivid colours. I hope fitted suits are not coming back—I don't like them. But I do like this low hipster belt. I go for big chunky jewellery like this fabulous sheriff's badge, although I know this goes against all the rules." Dusty's suit is by Carol Freedman, mustard and white with navy blue high-necked jersey blouse, price approx 10½ gns.

STORY BY JACKIE MOORE

▲ "Gold is great for evenings. I like it cut in simple styles, almost casual, but with bags of glitter. With this shirtwaister I either wear masses of gold jewellery or a polo necked black sweater. I bought that fluffy fur coat early in the winter and I love it so much I will probably wear it all year." The dress is from Blanes, priced £7 19s. 6d. and the coat is from Fenwicks.

PICTURES BY CHRISTOPHER MOORE

# BOND

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These men were in a bad way. They were on the blackest of all police lists and, because of their records, their own people were wary of employing them.

A hundred of the toughest among them had pooled their funds and small groups from this elite had moved to Beirut, Istanbul, Tangier and Macao—the great smuggling centres of the world.

A further large section acted as couriers, and the bosses had acquired, through nominees, a small and respectable pharmaceutical business in Milan. To this centre the outlying groups smuggled opium and its derivatives.

They used small craft across the Mediterranean, a group of stewards in an Italian charter airline and, as a regular weekly source of supply, the through carriage of the Orient Express in which whole sections of bogus upholstery were fitted by bribed members of the train cleaners in Istanbul.

The Milan firm—Pharmacia Colomba SA—acted as a clearing-house and as a convenient centre for breaking down the raw opium into heroin.

Thence the couriers, using innocent motor cars of various makes, ran a delivery service to the middlemen in England.

Bond interrupted. "Our Customs are pretty good at spotting that sort of traffic. There aren't many hiding-places in a car they don't know about. Where do these men carry the stuff?"

"Always in the spare wheel. You can carry twenty thousand pounds worth of heroin in one spare wheel."

"Don't they ever get caught—either bringing the stuff in to Milan or taking it on?"

"Certainly. Many times. But these are well-trained men. And they are tough. They never talk. If they are convicted, they receive ten thousand dollars for each year spent in prison. If they have families, they are cared for. And when all goes well they make good money. It is a co-operative. Each man receives his *tranche* of the *brutto*. Only the chief gets a special *tranche*."

"All right. Well, who is this man?"

Signor Kristatos put his hand up to the cheroot in his mouth. He kept the hand there and spoke softly from behind it. "Is a man they call 'The Dove', Enrico Colombo. Is the padrone of this restaurant. That is why I bring you here, so that you may see him. Is the fat man who sits with a blonde woman. At the table by the cassa. She is from Vienna. Her name is Lisl Baum. A luxus whore."

Bond said reflectively: "She is, is she?" He did not need to look. He had noticed the girl, as soon as he had sat down at the table. Every man in the restaurant would have noticed her. She had the gay, bold, forthcoming looks the Viennese are supposed to have and seldom do.

There was a vivacity and a charm about her that lit up her corner of the room. She had the wildest possible urchin cut in ash blonde, a pert nose, a wide laughing mouth and a black ribbon round her throat.

James Bond knew that her eyes had been on him at intervals throughout the evening. Her companion had seemed just the type of rich, cheerful, good-living man she would be glad to have as her lover for a while.

He would give her a good time. He would be generous. There would be no regrets on either side.

On the whole, Bond had vaguely approved of him. He liked cheerful, expansive people with a zest for life. Since he, Bond, could not have the girl, it was at least something that she was in good hands. But now?

Bond glanced across the room. The couple were laughing about something. The man patted her cheek and got up and went to the door marked *UFFICIO* and went through and shut the door.

So this was the man who ran the great pipeline into England. The man with M's price of a hundred thousand pounds on his head. The man Kristatos wanted Bond to kill. Well, he

page 50

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# BOND

• • • page 49

had better get on with the job.

Bond stared rudely across the room at the girl. When she lifted her head and looked at him, he smiled at her. Her eyes swept past him, but there was a half smile, as if for herself, on her lips, and when she took a cigarette out of her case and lit it and blew the smoke straight up towards the ceiling there was an offering of the throat and the profile that Bond knew were for him.

It was nearing the time for the after-cinema trade. The maitre d'hôtel was supervising the clearing of the unoccupied tables and the setting up of new ones. There was the usual bustle and slapping of napkins across chair-seats and tinkle of glass and cutlery being laid.

Vaguely Bond noticed the spare chair at his table being whisked away to help build up a nearby table for six. He began asking Kristatos specific questions—the personal habits of Enrico Colombo, where he lived, the address of his firm in Milan, what other business interests he had.

He did not notice the casual progress of the spare chair from its fresh table to another, and then to another, and finally through the door marked UFFICIO. There was no reason why he should.

When the chair was brought into his office, Enrico Colombo waved the maitre d'hôtel away and locked the door behind him. Then he went to the chair and lifted off the squab cushion and put it on his desk. He unzipped one side of the cushion and withdrew a Grundig tape-recorder, stopped the machine, ran the tape back, took it off the recorder and put it on a play-back and adjusted the speed and volume. Then he sat down at his desk and lit a cigarette and listened, occasionally making further adjustments and occasionally repeating passages.

At the end, when Bond's tinny voice said "She is, is she?" and there was a long silence interspersed with background noises from the restaurant, Enrico Colombo switched off the machine and sat looking

at it. He looked at it for a full minute. His face showed nothing but acute concentration on his thoughts. Then he looked away from the machine and into nothing and said softly, out loud: "Son-a-beech."

He got slowly to his feet and went to the door and unlocked it. He looked back once more at the Grundig, said "Son-a-beech" again with more emphasis and went out and back to his table.

Enrico Colombo spoke swiftly and urgently to the girl. She nodded and glanced across the room at Bond. He and Kristatos were getting up from the table. She said to Colombo in a low, angry voice: "You are a disgusting man. Everybody said so and warned me against you. They were right."

"Just because you give me dinner in your lousy restaurant you think you have the right to insult me with your filthy propositions"—the girl's voice had got louder. Now she had snatched up her handbag and had got to her feet. She stood beside the table directly in the line of Bond's approach on his way to the exit.

Enrico Colombo's face was black with rage. Now he, too, was on his feet. "You goddam Austrian beech—"

"Don't dare insult my country, you Italian toad." She reached for a half-full glass of wine and hurled it accurately in the man's face. When he came at her it was easy for her to back the few steps into Bond who was standing with Kristatos politely waiting to get by.

Enrico Colombo stood panting, wiping the wine off his face with a napkin. He said furiously to the girl: "Don't ever show your face inside my restaurant again." He made the gesture of spitting on the floor between them, turned and strode off through the door marked UFFICIO.

The maitre d'hôtel had hurried up. Everyone in the restaurant had stopped eating. Bond took the girl by the elbow. "May I help you find a taxi?"

She jerked herself free. She said, still angry: "All men are pigs." She remembered her

page 60 • • •

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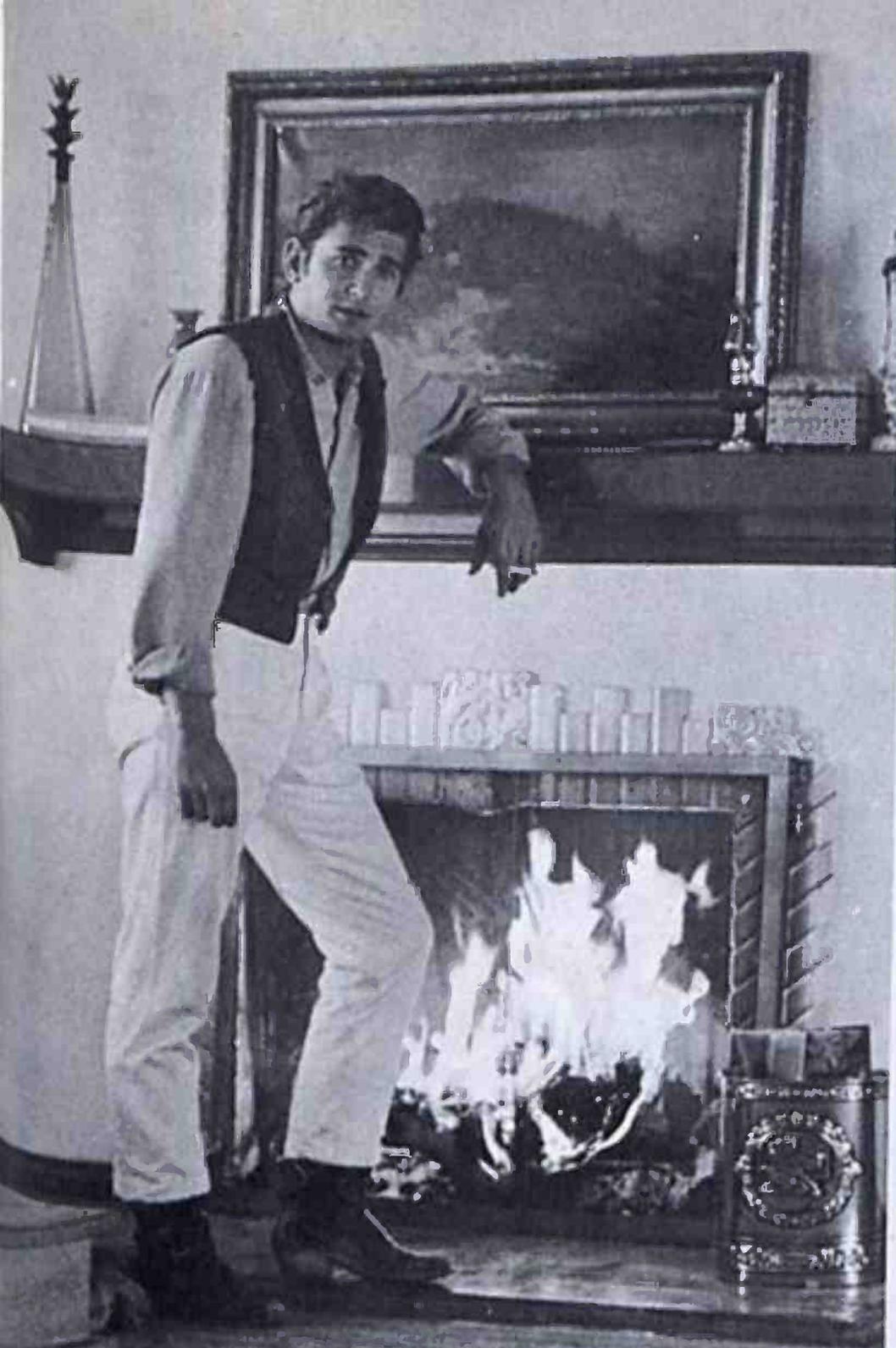
The Spray-Tint guide to the new, lighter colours

| HAIR COLOUR            | SHADE TO USE                                        |
|------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------|
| BLONDE                 | Light Blonde No. 1                                  |
| FAIR                   | Honey Blonde No. 2                                  |
| MOUSEY                 | Glowing Gold No. 3                                  |
| BROWN                  | Burnished Brown No. 4 or<br>Soft Brown Glints No. 7 |
| DARK BROWN<br>OR BLACK | Chestnut Glints No. 5 or<br>Soft Brown Glints No. 7 |
| AUBURN                 | Auburn Highlights No. 6                             |

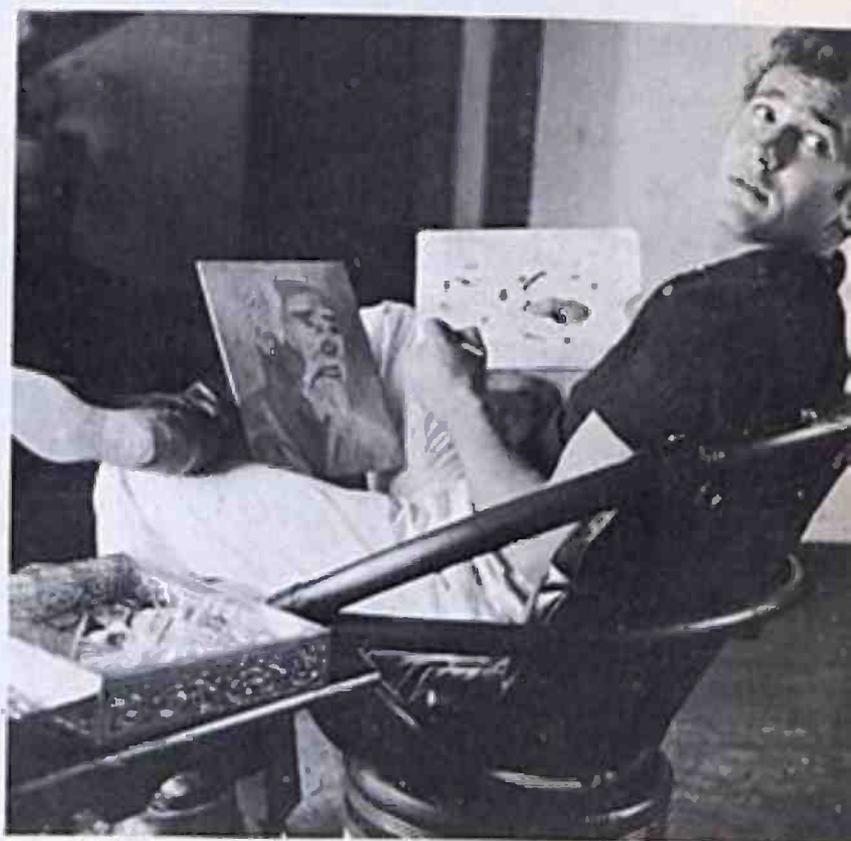
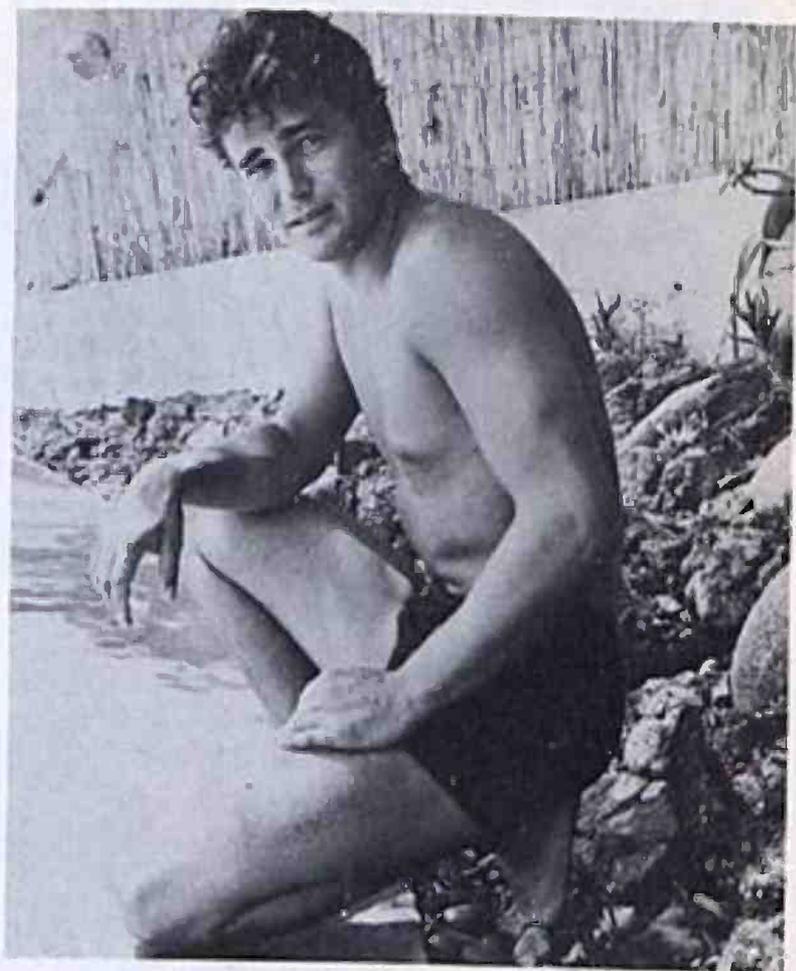
bandbox

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**Away from the studios Mike Landon admits to being one of the laziest men in Hollywood. After he's finished playing the hot-blooded Joe Cartwright in ITV's "Bonanza" about the only strenuous thing he enjoys is a quick dip in the pool. Then he'll paint and relax in his Californian-style house built on the hills overlooking Hollywood**

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DARYL QUIST      MIKE PRESTON

MANFRED MANN

AL PAIGE      KEVIN KIRK

### SPRING TOUR, 1964

#### February

16. Theatre, Coventry
17. Astoria, Finsbury Park
18. Odeon, Luton
19. Gaumont, Bradford
20. Odeon, Bolton
21. Odeon, Blackburn
22. Opera House, Blackpool
23. Empire, Liverpool
24. Gaumont, Derby
25. Gaumont, Wolverhampton
26. Gaumont, Worcester
27. Odeon, Cheltenham
28. Gaumont, Taunton
29. Winter Gardens, Bournemouth

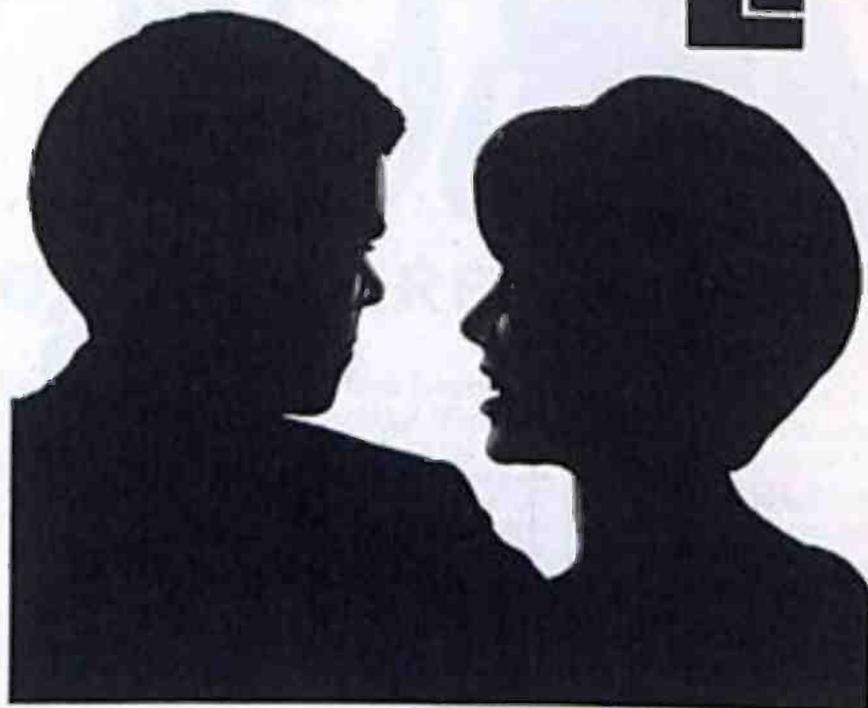
- March
1. Guildhall, Portsmouth
  2. Granada, Kingston
  3. Odeon, Chelmsford
  4. Essoldo, Tunbridge Wells
  5. Odeon, Guildford
  6. Granada, Harrow

7. Gaumont, Norwich
8. de Montfort Hall, Leicester
9. Odeon, Stockton
10. Odeon, Sunderland
11. Rialto, York
12. Futurist, Scarborough
13. Granada, Woolwich
14. Gaumont, Southampton
15. Hippodrome, Birmingham
16. Scotland
17. Scotland
18. Scotland
19. Granada, Kettering
20. Colston Hall, Bristol
21. Adelphi, Slough
22. Granada, Walthamstow
23. Sophia Gardens, Cardiff
24. Essoldo, Stoke
25. Essoldo, Stockport
26. Granada, Mansfield
27. Essoldo, Brighton
28. Gaumont, Ipswich

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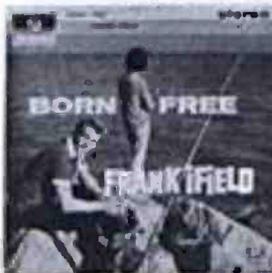
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## STAR BEAT

• • • page 9

"My ambition has always been to manage a heavy weight boxer."

Is Vince Edwards concerned about his image? TV's Ben Casey should be. For in one morning I read three different magazine articles about him—and they certainly weren't favourable.

One called him "old grouch bag". Another drew attention to his numerous girl friends by headlining: "Vince Edwards—caught between a blonde and a redhead". The third claimed he spent some of his time on the psychiatrist's couch seeking a cure for stage fright!

When JANE FONDA finished filming "The Love Cage" in France, she made plans to stay in Europe.

But father Henry vetoed the idea. His son Peter's wife Susan is expecting a baby—and Henry wanted the family to be together for the event.

Jane wasn't too keen on this. She realises that if she returns to Hollywood she might not be able to get much opportunity to travel, for some time. Deadlock.

Adam Faith has been named the best-dressed show business personality of the year—last year, that is. His tailor is Duggie Millings, top show business clothesmith whose prices range from between £25 and £40.

In recent months Adam has been walking about in a particularly smart suit, but clearly not of Millings' styling. The fashion-conscious asked: "Has he gone to another, more expensive, tailor?" He hasn't—it was a suit he bought for £9 in Hong Kong!

Dusty Springfield can sail through TV, radio and newspaper interviews

without batting an eyelid. She can hold her own with the most experienced and probing questioner.

Yet when I spoke to her recently, she wasn't too keen about one interview that seemed to be looming ahead. Dusty wanted to raise some capital quickly—and wondered how. I suggested she should consult her bank manager.

"I may have to", she replied, not too struck on the idea. "I have got the offer of a fabulous flat in Rome—my favourite city", she explained. "Only I have to scrape together a tremendous amount for the premium. Still, I intend to let it out at a profit most of the year round".

Debbie Reynolds went to a night club to hear her accompanist play in cabaret. Then she got up to sing as a special favour. When Debbie sat down again, Broadway actress Elaine Stritch was asked to perform.

Debbie listened politely and then decided to do some more singing. Trouble was, Elaine was still on stage. But Debbie remedied that. She took two full glasses of water and calmly poured them down Elaine's neckline. Suddenly the stage was left clear for her to sing again . . .

Pop music is enjoying a boom it has never before experienced. The BBC has not been slow to notice this whereas the independent television companies have.

Expect more pop music from BBC-TV. Neville Wortman who booked several unusual panels as producer of "Juke Box Jury" is keenly lobbying to be associated with big band shows and the introduction of new talent.

## QUOTE OF THE MONTH

Caroline Maudling, daughter of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, giving her verdict on the Beatles:

"Quite frankly, they leave me cold. I'm certainly not one of their fans."

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## TOURS

**Gerry and the Pacemakers, Ben E. King, Fourmost, the Dennisons, Sounds Incorporated, Jimmy Tarbuck:** Nottingham Odeon (February 8), Liverpool Empire (9th), Wolverhampton Gaumont (10th), Gloucester ABC (11th), Cardiff Capitol (12th), Exeter ABC (13th), Plymouth ABC (14th), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (15th), Brighton Hippodrome (16th), Chesterfield ABC (18th), Carlisle ABC (19th), Glasgow Odeon (20th), Stockton Globe (21st), Newcastle City Hall (22nd), Scarborough Futurist (23rd), Bedford Granada (25th), Cleethorpes ABC (26th), Doncaster Gaumont (27th), Northampton ABC (28th), East Ham Granada (29th).

**Joe Brown, the Crystals, Johnny Kidd, Heinz, Daryl Quist, Mike Preston, Manfred Mann and Kevin Kirk:** Coventry Theatre (February 16), Finsbury Park Astoria (17th), Luton Odeon (18th), Bradford Gaumont (19th), Bolton Odeon (20th), Blackburn Odeon (21st), Blackpool Opera House (22nd), Liverpool Empire (23rd), Derby Gaumont (24th), Wolverhampton Gaumont (25th), Worcester Gaumont (26th), Cheltenham Odeon (27th), Taunton Gaumont (28th), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (29th).

**Duke Ellington:** London Royal Festival (February 15), Hammersmith Odeon (16th), Cardiff Capitol (17th), Bristol Colston Hall (18th), Croydon Fairfield (19th), London Royal Festival (22nd), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (23rd), Leicester De Montfort (26th), Birmingham Odeon (27th), Leeds Odeon (28th), Manchester Free Trade Hall (29th).

**Frank Sinatra Jr., Tommy Dorsey Orchestra:** Nottingham Odeon (February 1), Hammersmith Odeon (2nd), Portsmouth Guildhall (3rd), Norwich Gaumont (4th), Sheffield City Hall (5th), Scampton RAF Station (6th), Walthamstow Granada (7th), Brighton Dome (8th), Southend Odeon (9th).

**Shirley Bassey, Matt Monro, John Barry Orchestra:** Hanley Gaumont (February 2), Sheffield Gaumont (7th).

**John Leyton, Mike Sarne, Rolling Stones, Jet Harris,**

## WHO WHAT WHEN WHERE

# FEBRUARY HIGHLIGHTS

## WHO WHAT WHEN WHERE

**Billie Davis, the Innocents, Mike Berry.** Other guest artists — including the **Swinging Blue Jeans** and **Bern Elliott** and the **Fen Men**—will make surprise appearances: Edmonton Granada (February 8) Leicester De Montfort (9th), Cheltenham Odeon (10th), Rugby (Warwicks) Granada (11th), Guildford Odeon (12th), Kingston Granada (13th), Watford Gaumont (14th), Rochester Odeon (15th), Portsmouth Guildhall (16th), Greenford Granada (17th), Colchester Odeon (18th), Stockton Globe (19th), Sunderland Odeon (20th), Hanley Gaumont (21st), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (22nd), Birmingham Hippodrome (23rd), Southend Odeon (24th), Romford Odeon (25th), York Rialto (26th), Sheffield City Hall (27th), Cardiff Sophia Gardens (28th), Brighton Hippodrome (29th).

**Searchers, Dusty Springfield, Big Dee Irwin, Bobby Vee:** Slough Adelphi (February 29).

## DIARY

**T**his month, Frank Ifield and Susan Maughan tour South Africa. Beatles fly to America for major TV appearances (7th). BBC-TV screen "Song For Europe" contest with Matt Monro (7th). Shirley Bassey opens in cabaret in Sydney, Australia (22nd). Royal Film Performance—"Move Over Darling" with Doris Day and James Garner—at Leicester Square Odeon, attended by Duke of Edinburgh (24th).

## HISTORY

**February, 1963:** The Tornados are awarded a gold disc for "Telstar" . . . Jet Harris and Tony Mechan team up and record chart-topping "Diamonds".

### February, 1962:

Bobby Vee, Clarence 'Frogman' Henry, Tony Orlando tour Britain together . . . Ronnie Carroll wins BBC-TV's "Song For Europe" contest with "Ring-A-Ding Girl".

### February, 1961:

Unknown 14-year-old singer Helen Shapiro's first disc, "Don't Treat Me Like A Child" is released . . . The Allison's first disc, "Are You Sure?", shoots up the charts after it won the British heat of Eurovision Song Contest.

### February, 1960:

"Cool For Cats" TV disc show ends after 196 editions . . . Pat Boone hits out at religious-style pop songs.

### February, 1959:

Cliff Richard gets his major stage break: a season in variety at London's Palace Theatre . . . Buddy Holly, the Big Bopper and Ritchie Valens killed in American air crash.

## FILMS

**The Pink Panther ("A")** Peter Sellers plays the gormless cop who is outwitted professionally and privately by master thief David Niven.

**Dr Strangelove: or how I learned to stop worrying and love the bomb ("A")** Sophisticated satire on how to

destroy the world—by accident! Peter Sellers.

**Four For Texas ("A")** Frank Sinatra and Dean Martin larking around in a "cod" Western.

**Irma La Douce ("X")** A light-hearted tale of a good-hearted loose lady, Shirley MacLaine, Jack Lemmon.

**It's All Over Town ("A")** Eye-catching, ear-tickling 55-minute British musical with Frankie Vaughan, the Hollies, and the old Springfields.

**The Servant ("X")** A superb performance from Dirk Bogarde as the evil hired help who corrupts his master.

**Take Her, She's Mine ("A")** James Stewart plays the heavy father to Sandra Dee's trouble-prone daughter.

**The Victors ("X")** Shows how war is hell for back-room girls as well as front-line troops. George Peppard shines.

**Who's Been Sleeping In My Bed? ("A")** Not Dean Martin—but the circumstantial evidence is damning. Predictable comedy.

**Who's Minding the Store? ("U")** A riot with Jerry Lewis.

**Zulu ("U")** A heroic real life battle between Queen Victoria's soldiers and the Zulus in South Africa. Exciting and authentic. Stanley Baker, Michael Caine.

**This Is My Street ("A")** Morbid drama of London back street life, worth seeing for Ian Hendry's portrayal of a roguish seducer.

**Under The Yum Yum Tree ("X")** It's the same old girl-chasing game, but Jack Lemmon as a comic wolf on the loose plays it to perfection.

**Ladies Who Do ("U")** Or "Carry On Chars!". Very flimsy cockney farce, Peggy Mount, Harry H. Corbett.

**McLintock ("U")** A big Western starring the big man himself, John Wayne ably assisted by son Pat.

On February 27th, there will be a new "rave". Make sure of your copy now. Take this coupon to your newsagent.

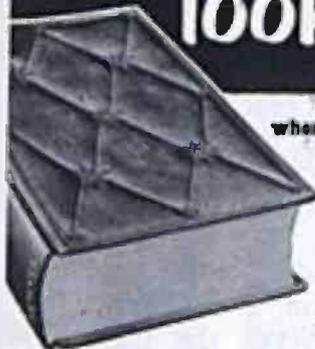
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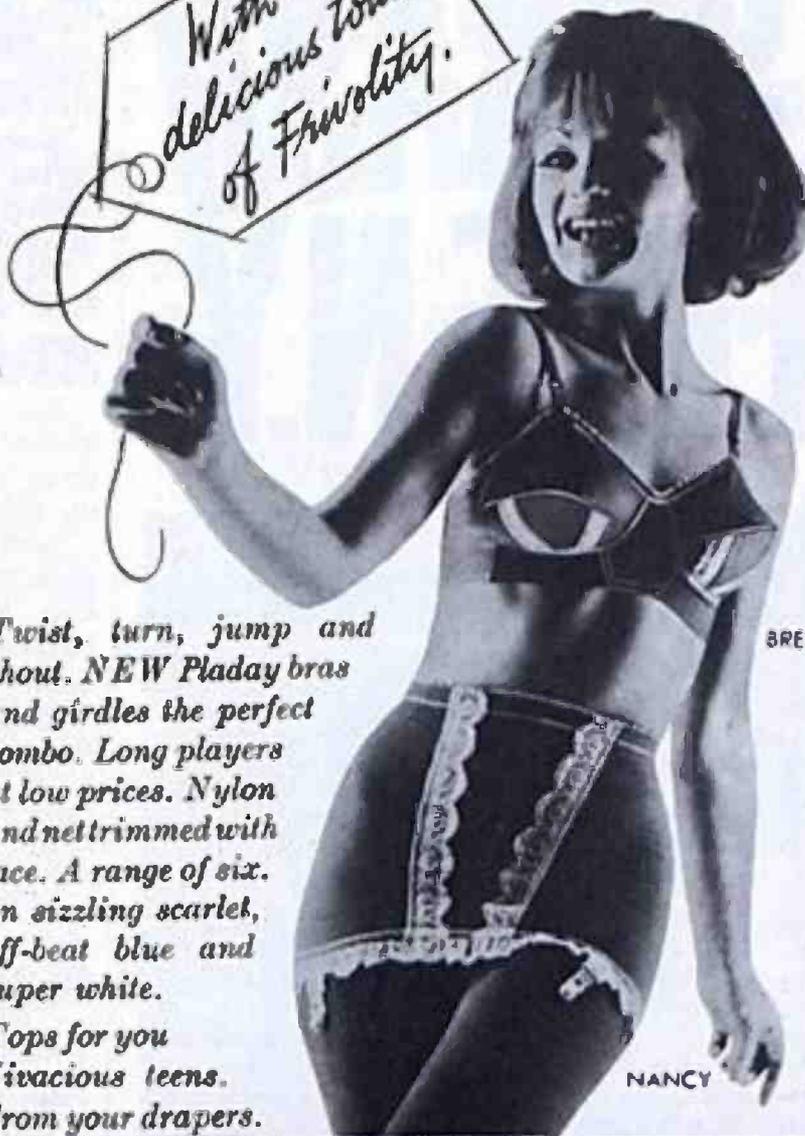
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In a gigantic shopping spree for their British trip the

# CRYSTALS CRASH FIFTH AVENUE N.Y.

New clothes and fun go together. A trip abroad is the best excuse for both. The Crystals believe it. And, phew, they make the most of it!

I was there when they bought new outfits for their February British tour with Joe Brown.

Now, mind you, I wouldn't have missed it. But we ended up that day looking as if we'd been shopping for the entire American population!

The girls wanted just about everything. First we went to Fifth Avenue. The stores are the ultimate. You don't shop there unless you can really afford it.

But as the group explained: "We've worked hard to make the Fifth Avenue scene so you can't blame us for wanting the best."

Saks is one of the largest and best department stores in the whole of the U.S. When we arrived the place was buzzing with activity. But they didn't know what was about to hit them.

We stopped at the glove counter so the girls could buy warm mittens. After we'd had most of the shelves out, they settled instead on suede. New all-suede outfits were a must!

"It's nice to know we can go into a store like Saks and buy anything we want without thinking twice about cost", said De De.

"We like to buy clothes at any time of the year. But with our British trip and all, we really have an object in mind."

Round the departments for thick sweaters, scarves and large handbags—to cram personal belongings when on the road.

"Travelling presents a problem", said Barbara. "We don't like to overload ourselves, but we always seem to land up with so much stuff."

"England is going to be even worse. Everything will be thick to keep out the cold. We've been told that they don't have



New York. Four girls. Open purses. Fashion stores. The combination wore out our reporter, and photographer David Steen. But they wouldn't have missed it for worlds. Neither would those Crystals. When they descended on the stores they had a real ball!



as much heating indoors as we do, so we'll have to buy clothes for indoors and out. What a mess we'll be in by the time we get through!"

About to leave Saks, we discovered La La Brooks was missing. Barbara figured she must be in the shoe department—she's wild about them.

When tracked down, La La was surrounded by boots of all shapes and sizes sure enough.

In the end, she settled on a pair in brown, thigh length leather, which cost a small fortune!

We headed then for a small sportswear boutique on the smart East side.

The window was full of ski pants, skis, boots and leather jackets, not to mention wild Swiss windcheaters and sweaters.

Inside, we all got lost in rails of exciting clothes. De De bought the first suede suit she tried on. Barbara and La La settled on suede skirts and jerkins.

In the same shop, they all bought slacks of different colours and sizes. Sheepskin jackets, we were told, were cheaper and better in Britain. The girls resisted temptation and decided to wait.

On stage, and generally off, the girls all dress alike. As none of the Crystals has yet reached 20, glamorous evening dresses are out.

"We're kids, and our audiences are not old" La La said. "So why should we make out that we're everything we're not?"

What can people in Britain expect to see in the Crystals? Well, they're fun-loving girls who get a kick out of living a natural life.

Their aim is to play a really big night club, like the Copa. The thought of a date like this scares and thrills them at the same time.

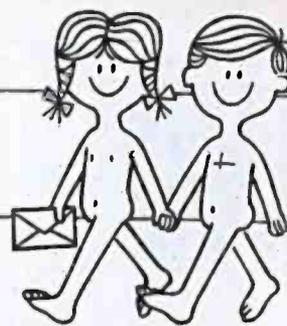
But more than anything, the Crystals are just dying to get to England and show off all these clothes!

Me? I'm still having to put my feet regularly to soak! But it was worth it.

**Sue Miller**



# letters



JOHN, PAUL, GEORGE, RINGO · BILLY FURY  
CLIFF RICHARD · FREDDIE · BILLY J. KRAMER

THEY'VE BEEN WAITING FOR 'RAVE', TOO!

When you photographed us with 007 badges and planted that funny gun in Ringo's hand, we wondered what on earth it was all about.

Now we know — and we consider ourselves privileged to appear in the first issue of "rave".

Since we came into show business twenty eight years ago, we have been hoping for a magazine like "rave" is setting out to be. On the day the first issue comes out, we'll be in Paris. Please mail four copies.

*George Harrison*     *John Lennon*  
*Ringo Starr*     *Paul McCartney*

Too many people get wrong ideas about show business folk like myself because often unskilled writers and interviewers don't know their subject. I'm thrilled to be the first of Alan Freeman's subjects in his "rave" series. I feel this gives me the opportunity to present myself as I really am.

*Freddie*

I am always happy to hear of anything new and fresh — and that's the reason I am sending my best wishes to "rave". It is nice to know that the readers of your magazine will be able to get a new and much needed insight into show business.

*Cliff Richard*

When I heard that I was being featured in "rave" No. 1, I could hardly believe it. At last there will be a magazine that doesn't gloss over the realities of life. I enjoy my work, but I'd hate anyone to think it was all jam. "rave" will tell the truth.

*Billy J. Kramer*

Congratulations on your bold plan for "rave". I am looking forward to the first edition of this magazine. The Dreamers and I wish you every success and hope that all your readers will agree, "You were made for us".

*Freddie Barclay*

## NOW TELL US WHAT YOU THINK

Next month we'll be printing some of your letters. There will be two guineas for the best one printed. So get that bright thought on paper and post to Letters, "rave", Tower House, Southampton Street, London, W.C.2.

# BOND

page 50

manners. She said stiffly: "You are very kind." She moved haughtily towards the door with the men in her wake.

There was a buzz in the restaurant and a renewed clatter of knives and forks. Everyone was delighted with the scene. The maitre d'hôtel, looking solemn, held open the door. He said to Bond: "I apologize, Monsieur. And you are very kind to be of assistance." A cruising taxi slowed. He beckoned it to the pavement and held open the door.

The girl got in. Bond firmly followed and closed the door. He said to Kristatos through the window: "I'll telephone you in the morning. All right?" Without waiting for the man's reply he sat back in the seat. The girl had drawn herself away into the farthest corner. Bond said: "Where shall I tell

him?"

"Hotel Ambassadors."

They drove a short way in silence. Bond said: "Would you like to go somewhere first for a drink?"

"No thank you." She hesitated. "You are very kind, but tonight I am tired."

"Perhaps another night."

"Perhaps, but I go to Venice tomorrow."

"I shall also be there. Will you have dinner with me tomorrow night?"

The girl smiled. She said: "I thought Englishmen were supposed to be shy. You are English, aren't you? What is your name? What do you do?"

"Yes, I'm English — My name's Bond — James Bond. I write books — adventure stories. I'm writing one now about drug smuggling. It's set in Rome and Venice. The trouble

is that I don't know enough about the trade. I am going round picking up stories about it. Do you know any?"

"So that is why you were having dinner with that Kristatos. I know of him. He has a bad reputation. No. I don't know any stories. I only know what everybody knows."

Bond said enthusiastically: "But that's exactly what I want. When I said 'stories' I didn't mean fiction. I meant the sort of high-level gossip that's probably pretty near the truth. That sort of thing's worth diamonds to a writer."

She laughed. "You mean that . . . diamonds?"

Bond said: "Well, I don't earn all that as a writer, but I've already sold an option on this story for a film, and if I can make it authentic enough I dare say they'll actually buy the film."

He reached out and put his hand over hers in her lap. She did not take her hand away. "Yes, diamonds. A diamond clip from Van Cleef. Is it a deal?"

Now she took her hand away. They were arriving at the Ambassadors. She picked up her bag from the seat beside her. She turned on the seat so

that she faced him. The commissionaire opened the door and the light from the street turned her eyes into stars. She examined his face with a certain seriousness. She said: "All men are pigs, but some are lesser pigs than others. All right. I will meet you. But not for dinner. What I may tell you is not for public places."

"I bathe every afternoon at the Lido. But not at the fashionable plage. I bathe at the Bagni Alberoni, where the English poet Byron used to ride his horse. It is at the tip of the peninsula. The Vaporetto will take you there. You will find me there the day after tomorrow — at three in the afternoon."

"I shall be getting my last sunburn before the winter. Among the sand-dunes. You will see a pale yellow umbrella. Underneath it will be me." She smiled. "Knock on the umbrella and ask for Fräulein Lisl Baum."

In 'rave' on sale  
February 27—Bond's  
beach date with Lisl.

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*Pages and pages of colour pull-outs.*

**rave NO 2—ON SALE FEBRUARY 27**  
**ORDER YOUR COPY NOW!**

• • • page 12

Nashville, Tennessee, and spend days watching my idols like Chet Atkins. I'm determined to see what makes a master like that tick."

Day-dreaming. They day-dreamed back in the days when they were successes in Germany and Liverpool and unknown everywhere else. Then their dreams centred entirely round the sort of fame they enjoy now.

But those days were fun, too. Which is why the Beatles look back, too, with some measures of regret. Stardom is demanding.

George suddenly pinpointed their feelings. "I remember seeing Paul and John for the first time in a fish and chip shop", he said. "Now we can't take the chance of buying a packet of chips. It just causes trouble if you're recognised. It's not SO bad in Liverpool, 'cos they've known us longer."

"But we can't go out to the pictures, not easily. It's a furtive sort of performance getting anywhere."

Continued Ringo: "Then

there's the trouble about girls. You meet a girl you really like. If you're seen with her, well . . . somebody tries to get you married off. Or if you keep it quiet, you have to move on anyway.

"Course we love the fans. But we get hemmed in. Sort of stifled. I used to like just sitting in with a group of musicians in any club, anywhere. But now it's difficult."

John added: "I don't mind the life, really, it's all part of the job. But I feel sorry for my wife. She gets dragged into it—and I don't think that's fair."

"Being married, I sort of need that extra privacy. It's hopeless for me to try to take her out for a quiet show or meal. There's always somebody who recognises you . . ."

And George rounded off the discussion: "That's it. We've always had our own sort of fun. Get on well with lots of people round us. Now it tends to get out of hand. Everybody telling us what to do, where to go and all that. Gosh, we *must* pack, you lazy lot."



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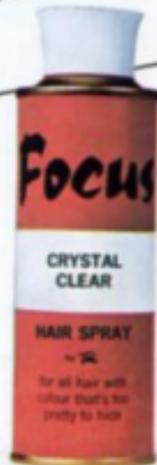
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