

rave

NO 5
MONTHLY

THE FRANK LOOK AT TODAY'S POP WORLD · 64 PAGES 2s 6d

**GEORGE
TALKS!**

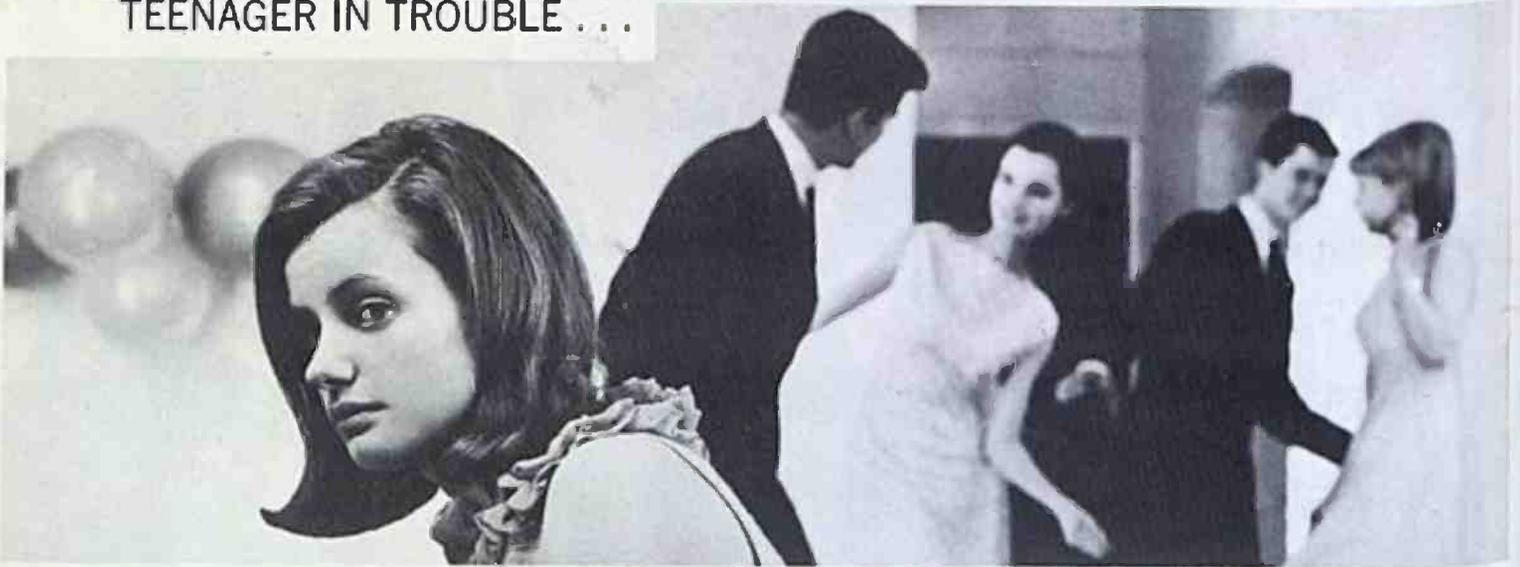
—NEVER SO
CANDIDLY

HOW TO BE A
**BEATLE
PEOPLE**

I predict
the stars'
tomorrows
SAYS TOP ASTROLOGER

COLOUR! · Stones · Gerry · Hollies · Dave

TEENAGER IN TROUBLE . . .



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

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

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

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

Did you know . . .

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

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

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

Face the facts

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

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

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



Specially for teenagers — CHECK

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



Beware the Old Wives' Tale . . .

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

So go ahead — choose the right CHECK for you

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

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

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

Have fun!



THIS MONTH'S ravelations

rave No 5 JUNE 1964 © George Newnes Ltd.

**I'M LOOKING AT
ALL YOUR
TOMORROWS**

BEGINNING ON

PAGE 25

**ANOTHER
rave
FICTION
SCOOP
Dr KILDARE'S
SECRET
ROMANCE**

PAGE 14

I'M GOING TO BE A

**BEATLE
PEOPLE**

PAGE 9

**ON PAGE 22 I GO
HEART-
TO-HEART
WITH
GEORGE**

**COME WITH
ME AS THE
HOLLIES
HIT THE
ROAD**

PAGE 41

Film Guide page 43, June Highlights page 52

BACK STAGE AT rave

How do you like the line-up?
And that's not all. Take in
the Rolling Stones overleaf—
they're having fun, yet! Also,
see what they say about their
chances abroad (page 6).

There's a lot more, too. Not
least rave's first poll (page 59).

You'll help your favourites
up the ladder. There'll be a lot
of attention focused on the
winners. You'll be able to share
their fame.

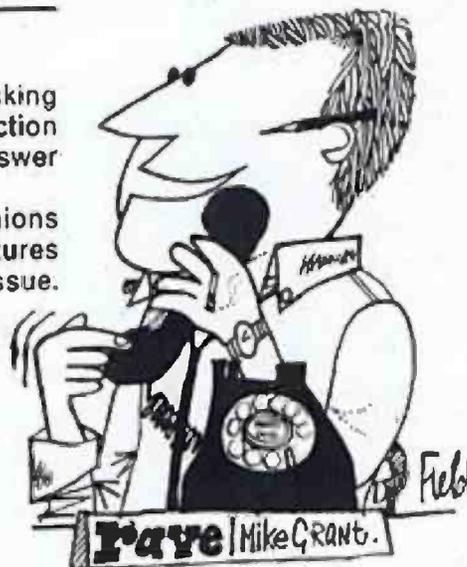
So hurry and post your vote!
What else? Well, after the
success of our James Bond

serial a lot of you wrote asking
if we'd feature another fiction
hero—Dr Kildare. The answer
is on page 14.

Your comments and opinions
play a big part in what pictures
and articles go into each issue.

Our new columnist,
Jason Gregg (page
21), certainly holds
nothing back! He'll be
airing his opinions
again when the new
rave comes your way
on June 25.

Don Wedge, Editor



**IT'S FRED GUMSHOOTER,
CHIEF, HE SAYS THAT
MICK JAGGER USES ALMA
COGAN'S HAIRDRESSER**

COLOUR CREDITS Cover, Romano Rossetti. Pages 4/5:
Richard Rosser. 8: 20th-Century Fox. 25: David Redfern.
28: Vic Singh. 29/61: Dezo Hoffman. 32/33: ATV.
37/40: Bruce Fleming. 60: Michael James. 64: UPI.

BATTERSEA GRAND PRIX!

On the starting grid: Rolling Stones Brian Jones, Keith Richard, Mick Jagger, Bill Wyman and Charlie Watts. A 33½ lap race for the Pop Pop Championship of 1964



Five of the fastest men on discs, the Rolling Stones, thrilled a record crowd at the Battersea G P recently. Brian Jones made the best start and lead into the first corner, but at the chicane (created by over-enthusiastic photographer Richard Rosser) Keith spun off and... You don't believe a word, do you? Okay, we'll confess. We're just kidding. The boys were actually enjoying an afternoon off at Battersea Fun Fair. They wanted to see which Stone rolled the fastest! Ouch!



6
At home those couldn't - give - a - damn
Stones are gear, but, asks Mike James...

WILL THE WORLD LOVE 'EM TOO?

The Rolling Stones are making a strong bid for international fame. But how will they be received? Will they be accepted like the Beatles or are the Stones faced with a harder fight?

This month the group is scheduled for an American trip taking in radio, TV and personal appearances. In the autumn they are down for Scandinavia. A long Australian and South African tour is due to follow.

The Stones are a controversial group. They are a talking point in Britain because of their non-conformity. In Switzerland, they left a hotel "by mutual agreement" because the management had never met a group like them!

Mick Jagger bluntly puts their case: "We are completely unmoved by any criticism. We are not worried about what people think of the way we look."

When the Stones arrived at the quiet

Swiss town of Montreux for the international TV festival, they were unknown and unrecognised as stars.

Swiftly, they became the town's top attraction. Intrigued by their way-out clothes and long hair, people stopped, stared and followed them.

Brian Jones laughingly admits to being asked, as the group's unofficial leader, to remove his party from the hotel. "You are very unusual guests and we just can't cope with you", they were told. "We're leaving anyway," was Brian's reply.

This is no new experience for them. Britain's most controversial group are used to being shown the door in hotels, pubs and clubs all over the country. "People take one look at us and decide we're villains or something," said Jones.

World reaction to the Stones should be interesting.

Famed American disc-jockey Murray



Rediffusion pictures



At Montreux they shook the Swiss, were even asked to leave their hotel. Soon they were climbing high, though

the K, who regards the Stones as "a serious threat to the Beatles' world-wide popularity," told me: "The American people are going to go absolutely wild for the Stones.

"Their appearance will create the initial interest just as it did with the Beatles. But when it sinks in that the Stones are a completely different kettle of fish, their popularity will sky-rocket".

Another expert with his finger close to the U.S. record-buyers' pulse is television producer Jack Good, who flew here to handle the Beatles TV spectacular which will be shown round the world.

"When I first saw the Stones I was stunned," he recalled. "It was at the Mod Ball at Wembley.

"They went on stage to give one of the most devastating performances I have ever seen. With their vibrant personalities they will go far."

Certainly, the Stones' music has caught on in the U.S. Their "Not Fade Away", almost a No. 1 hit in Britain, lost no time getting into the charts there.

What about Scandinavia? The Beatles caused enough of a stir there last year. The Rolling Stones will amaze the cool, calm Swedes the moment they arrive.

Their lack of uniform on stage will no doubt puzzle the South African audiences if their trip materialises.

Brian Poole, who recently returned from a series of dates there told me: "The kids are a bit staid and formal, in a nice sort of way. You somehow get the impression that they expect to see you walk out on stage all neat and tidy.

"What will happen when the Stones



stroll out on stage dressed as they walked into the theatre, is anybody's guess. The audience might sit there for a bit, stunned, before they begin to dig their music".

Poole has also been to Australia, where he says audiences are used to a great deal more informality. "They won't be surprised at seeing the boys dressed casually. But they will be amazed at their wild, un-English approach to music."

In fact, the Stones themselves are quite amused at the horror their appear-

ance plainly causes some adults. They don't have that trouble from audiences in their own age group, though.

"We're quite clean, really," says Brian Jones. "What we want to do is to bring a lot of pleasure to people. Thereby earning a bomb!"

As the Stones become better known internationally, one great controversy will roll around the world. What likeness, if any, is there between the Rolling Stones and the Beatles?

Hair styles are comparable. Attitudes are similar. Their views on music. Their ways of life. Their sense of humour.

The Beatles, though, are cheerful, witty, and smile for photographs and fans so much that their jaw-muscles must be worn out.

On the other hand, the Stones rarely smile. "It's not that we're miseries, or anything like that," explained Keith Richard. "We're not smiling sort of people.

"We take our work very seriously, we work hard, and we don't see why we should have to smile like inane idiots every time a photographer comes near."

The Stones have demolished the image of the clean-cut, boy-next-door appeal of many pop stars and have replaced it with their personal brand of down-to-he-manship.

The most outspoken comment on the Stones overseas ambitions and how their appearance will fit in came from Mick Jagger.

"We think we're normal-looking human beings," he said. "It's other people who say we look unusual. And if foreign record-buyers think we look a sight then all I can say is they've never really watched a group enjoying themselves.

"The fact that you're all wearing suits of the same style and colour doesn't mean that you're clean or that your music is any better. We may look untidy, but we're sure comfortable."

rave



DICK VAN DYKE



NOW
YOU CAN
BE A
**Beatle
People**
AND GET
RIGHT IN
HERE
WITH THEM



■ Just a few people share the Beatles' lives—and their wit, charm, gaiety—because the Beatles can't meet everyone.
■ But now YOU can join these Beatle People! For this rave Special will give you an insight into their lives that you've never had before!

WHERE BEATLE PEOPLE COME FROM . . .

You don't necessarily have to be anyone special to be a Beatle People—certainly not to have come from a Grand Family!
RINGO'S folks still live in Dingle, one of Liverpool's humblest parts. Inside, home has changed a bit—new furniture, new radiogram, lots of stuffed animals! But his mum, once a barmaid, and his house-painter dad agree: "Our neighbours are too nice to leave."
Ringo often pops home to see his hair-dresser girl friend Maureen Cox, and drift into the snack bar of the Blue Angel club.
GEORGE'S dad has been a Corporation bus driver. Now he's just back with mum from a holiday in Jamaica—paid for by George—to a new house in Liverpool's Woolton—paid likewise.

George's brother Pete, a mechanic, has swapped his motor-bike for a brand-new Hillman convertible . . . while brother Harold has taken on George's old Jaguar.
PAUL'S father is a 61-year-old cotton salesman. Once he ran a dance band. Now he gets 200 fan-mail letters a week. "People send me pipes and tobacco and hope to get Paul's autograph in return", he explains.
Jim McCartney is a widower—and his living-room shows it. Friends who pop in get coffee with rum, amid piles of laundry.
Neither do Beatle People have to have had any special education. . . .
JOHN may be a writer, lover of poetry and art and he may look like a thinker . . . (Astrid Kirchherr who fell in love with Beatle Stuart Sutcliffe just before he died

explains: "He looks that way because he's short-sighted and hates wearing glasses!")
But John's maths teacher once reported: "He'll be on the road to failure if he carries on like this."
And RINGO'S 13 childhood operations kept him away from school almost continually.
Other Beatle People had humble beginnings . . .
CILLA BLACK'S mum still lives in a back-to-back . . . LIONEL ("FINGS") BART came up from London's toughest East End district . . . GERRY MARSDEN began work as a railway delivery boy . . . washing-machine millionaire JOHN BLOOM came from a poor family . . . BOB ("CAVERN") WOOLER, once the Beatles' manager, was a railway booking clerk.

HOW BEATLE PEOPLE LIVE IT UP

WHERE BEATLE PEOPLE HANG OUT . . .

JOHN and Cyn, looking for a house in the country now, live in a Kensington, London, flat with baby Julian. It's usually littered with fan-mail. *Where is it?* Not even other Beatle People are allowed to know!

TV producer JACK ("Around the Beatles", "6.5 Special") GOOD says: "John's phone number was denied to me. When I went to meet him at home, I was taken in a black car by a man I didn't know, to a street in an area I didn't recognise."

"I was told to ring five times on the bell of a certain house. This wouldn't ring in John's flat—it'd just create a noise on his TV set!"

"Actually, the bell didn't work—so I had to shout myself hoarse!"

The others share a spacious and elegant flat elsewhere in Knightsbridge. PAUL'S hardly ever there. He's round at the Asher home in Wimpole Street with Jane.

Alma Cogan lives in Kensington, where she throws the best show business parties . . . Alan Freeman has a penthouse flat up past Marble Arch.

HIT THE TOWN— BUT KEEP IT SIMPLE

Beatle People have their fav night-spots—but they seldom plan an "evening out" or anything "special". The gang just get an idea to get-up-and-go to some bright spot—and then go!

Beatle dining-places in London include La Dolce Vita in Soho, the Mayfair Hotel for a bit of posh, and for a bit of showbiz

company like Jimmy Savile or Harry Secombe at the Ad Lib and the Pickwick.

They don't always lash out either. Beatle eating preferences are simple and cheap: Chicken with salad, chips with anything—or just a sandwich. John likes curries, smoked salmon, pancakes—and steak-and-hip butties.

Yes, made up into a sandwich! OUT are onions and spicy foods.

For drinks, (always referred to as "Bevvia") they prefer Coke in large amounts from very tall glasses. Or milk. At parties they'll order Scotch and Coke. Iced.

Eating out, the bill for two Beatle People seldom passes 50s—cheap for the West End.

Often as not, they drift into a friend's house and sit around to talk and play records.

Fav venues are: John Bloom's Mayfair house where they sing it up a bit around a piano . . . Alma Cogan's place where they catch up on showbiz talk.

First time the Beatles met Alma was at a "Lucky Stars" tele-recording. Alma was wearing a tight black dress and kinky boots. John just stared. Ringo said: "Coo—you're real! We thought you were just a squinned dress walking about!"

Most fav drop-in venue is the Asher's. Jane says: "We sit around, drink coffee, munch crisps and biscuits and talk about every subject under the sun."

... Adds brother Peter: "Maybe we strum guitars. Then John or Paul will hit on a phrase or two that reminds us of a song."

"Before you know it, we're jouncing in, singing and playing until the early hours."

Have fun—even when you're broke

In their early days, the Beatles may have been broke—but they still lived it up like fury! Astrid, German girl photographer, first met them when they were playing in Hamburg's Kaiser-keller, for £15 a week.

"One day I combed Stuart's hair forward into the now-famous Beatle haircut. The others laughed, but a few days later George tried it and the others quickly followed." Astrid notices that now Cynthia cuts John's hair and the rest cut each other.

"They behaved like a gang, but a harmless one. They were always up to some nonsense. John once appeared on stage in bathing trunks with a toilet seat round his neck!"



BE A SWINGIN' DANCER . . .

Ringo dances as readily as he breathes. Like most drummers, rhythm is in his make-up. As soon as there is music or rhythm, he's off. It can be in his flat (as above, with Astrid Kirchner, German girl photographer and long-time Beatle People) . . . It can be in an office or anywhere. It doesn't have to be in a club. This is typical of the way that success has helped Ringo relax. He used to be the quietest Beatle. Now that he feels more sure of himself, he is the wittiest—and swingiest. Paul's a great dancer too. He and Jane were first spotted dancing a cool Blue Beat at a wild showbiz party . . .

SHARPEN UP YOUR WIT . . .

Beatle People are great gagsters . . . When still unknown, the Beatles used to write poems and articles for "Mersey Beat". And strange adverts appeared in the paper, too . . . like "WHERE ARE YOU REID NOSE?—WHISTLING 'JOCK LENNON' . . . and 'HOT LIPS LENNON SEEKS RED NOSE'".

Ringo is often asked why he wears so many rings (he has been sent 3,000). He stares straight at you, seriously, and says: "I have them balanced to keep my shoulders straight."

One night last summer, the Beatles armed themselves with a tape recorder and set off round Southend as a fake Candid Camera team.

Gerry Marsden remembers: "Paul kept stopping people and asking the way in pidgin English, refusing to believe any directions they gave him. It was a great laugh."

One evening on tour, the Beatles were visited in their dressing room by a local Mayor and Mayoress. On the table was a tin of Carnation condensed milk. Said the Mayoress: "What's that for?"

Said John, without a trace of a smile: "To wash our hair." She believed him, so he went on to explain how shampooing in

Feel at home— wherever you are

When the Beatles were in New York, famous American disc-jockey Murray the K took them to the Playboy Club, where the girls (called "Bunnies") and the decor usually cause newcomers almost as much rozzing as the bill.

The Beatles enjoyed themselves and took it all in their stride. Murray the K remembers: "While we were eating, a reporter asked us what we thought of the place."

"For once, I was struck for an answer. Then Paul looked up from his steak and cracked: 'Just say the Playboy Club and the Beatles are just good friends.'"

Top photographer Bob Freeman, who took the pictures for the book "Beatles Ltd.", is used to handling the world's top personalities.

"But the Beatles threw me right off balance," he says. "When I first met them it was in a hotel in Bourne-mouth. Nationwide fame hadn't quite reached them."

"Old ladies were surrounding the Beatles and asking them questions. They had all

HAVE TALENT - but be modest

Beatle People are clever . . . but they'll snig laugh (politely) at yours. Beatle People never talk about "Merseybeat"—that word's old hat.

Beatle People are loyal—but don't let on about it. George visited a sick Merseybeat in hospital in Liverpool . . . Beatle People don't listen to gossip about each other's dates . . .

When people ring up Jane Asher to ask about Paul, she often pretends to be her own sister, saying: "Sorry—Jane isn't around."

George and Paul. "I dashed back into the club for help—and three figures in black leaped for the door to be the first to tackle the gang."

It wasn't until afterwards that he discovered it was Ringo, George and Paul.

Beatle People are up-to-date—but hate to show-off about it. The Beatles don't tell Elephant Jokes . . . they've heard most of

GET A KICK OUT OF SPEED . . .

All Beatle People share a love of speed and excitement. Paul (harking, below) enjoys a ride in a crack express train. George runs a 150 m.p.h. E-Type Jaguar (a 21st birthday present) . . . but occasionally years to hop on a bus. Ringo loves fast cars, too.

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The Loves of Beatle People

CHECK YOUR RATING!

How do you rate as a Beatle People? Tick your answer to each question—then count up your score. Chances are you'll award yourself the Beatle People Diplomat

- At a private party, you are introduced to a Beatle. Would you
 - Hint that you'd like to know him better?
 - Be polite but not treat him as anyone special?
 - Ask him for his autograph?
- Do you believe that the Beatles' success is due to
 - Their own talents?
 - The fact that they fulfilled a need?
 - Other people's efforts on their behalf?
- If you were chatting to the Beatles would you talk about
 - Pop music?
 - Themselves?
 - Politics and world affairs?
- If you tinker with musical instruments in front of friends do you
 - Try hard not to make a fool of yourself?
 - Play around casually?
 - Make it obvious you don't know what you're doing?
- Do you believe
 - That there is such a thing as the Liverpool sound?
 - Only the Beatles play Mersey music?
 - The Liverpool sound does not exist?
- The person who is talking to you is a tiresome bore. Do you
 - Show your boredom?
 - Tease the person lightly?
 - Listen politely?
- Assuming you've got a sense of humour, do you think
 - That some things are too sacred to be joked about?
 - Anything's good for a laugh?
 - Joking's all right if you're discreet?
- Do you prefer to wear
 - Suits if you're a boy, simple dresses if you're a girl?
 - Casual gear?
 - Anything so long as it's black?
- If you are offered a drink do you
 - Insist only on Coca-Cola?
 - Ask for whisky and coca?
 - Not care what you have so long as it's cold?
- A complete stranger comes up to you and treats you like an old friend, calling you by your first name. Would you
 - Ask him who he is?
 - Feel embarrassed?
 - Pretend that you know him?



THE THINGS THEY ADORE . . .

DISCS: This is George's fav talking point. He's an expert. In fact, all Beatle People admire experts on records and the recording industry.

They all admire the Miracles, the Marvelettes, Mary Wells, Chuck Berry, Carl Perkins . . . New favourites: Jimmy Reed, Chuck Jackson, James Brown. They came back from America wild about Tommy Tucker's "Hi-Heel Sneakers".

TELEVISION: John and Cyn spend a lot of time together watching TV. **TOPS IN TV** for all Beatle People are the **Teleoons**—and **Seconbe-Sellers-Millan** voices and wisecracks spatter their conversation all the time.

READING: John and Paul are great book people. All Beatle People read the popular dailies and all trade papers. *And "rags", (hi, John, George, Paul, Ringo).*

CLOTHES: Beatle Boy-People go for short jackets with two or four pleats behind, preferably a polo-neck sweater beneath. Then plain drainpipe trousers, with suede-boots side-zipped. The Beatles' show clothes come from showbiz tailor Douglas Millings (£30-£40), shirts by Esquire of Glasgow (£3), shoes by Anello and Davide.

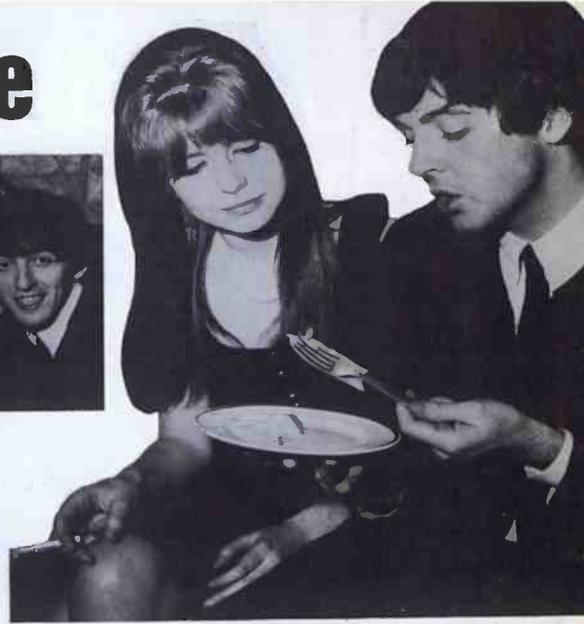
Beatle Girl-People like separates for day, but enjoy dressing



up for evening. Jane Asher went for long dresses and granny shoes. "I'm having copied some of the clothes I wear in my new film, 'Masque Of The Red Death'. They're all clunky and medieval—terrific!"

Colour? Anything as long as it's black.

THIS & THAT: They all use Signal toothpaste, Tabac after-shave . . . John and George smoke Stuyvesant cigarettes but will pinch the others' Marlboro's . . . Paul's a compulsive mint cream sucker!



THEIR INTIMATE FRIENDS

Will Jane Asher and Paul McCartney marry? Does their romance endanger the Beatles' future? To ask these questions at all is to misunderstand what makes Beatle People tick!

Beatle People don't arrange their lives. Neither do they parade them to gain publicity. They just let things happen—and pile in to enjoy them.

For their parties, they like a few friends, lots of laughs, lots of dances, no reporters, no photographers, no disappearing into quiet corners, nothing "serious".

For their holidays, the gang like to laze around in the sun (they dug Miami).

For their dates, Paul, George and Ringo go for girls who are cute, blonde or red-headed, tend to dress hip but not so very way-out. Usually slender, too—John's Cynthia has the best figure.

Why likes what about who? Jane Asher—marmalade hair, ivory complexion, and at 17 the most envied girl in Britain—admires Paul because "he's fun, funny and marvellous company." That marriage gossip? "A bit ridiculous," says Jane. "I want to get married when I'm older but not now—I'm an actress and I've still a long way to go yet."

"Although I'd give it up if HE wanted me to."

Their friendship is obviously deepening.

Paul sometimes takes his Jennie for a quiet drive in the country. Or they stay at her place—"and I cook," says Jane. "Yes, I'm terribly fond of Paul . . ."

Pattie Boyd—she has modeled fashion for rave and h in the Beatles' new film—is probably

the first girl George has really cared about.

She's not sophisticated . . . most Beatle Girl-People don't think of themselves that way. That suits George very well. Neither is Pattie a glibber-mouth. She only really comes alive when George is around. That suits George, too—he likes to talk.

Pattie lives with her parents in Chelsea and George usually takes her home in his Jag. She's very clever with cosmetics and spends a lot of time on it. Her eye make-up is a real knock-out!

Beatle People say George and Pattie are right for each other. He's cautious, is the most serious Beatle over how to invest his earnings. She's deliciously wild, doesn't give a thought to tomorrow.

Ringo's date, Maureen, is the least known of Beatle People

—and they've all agreed to keep it that way. She's a Liverpool hairdresser, small and slim, with shoulder-length red hair. Known Ringo since school-days.

They usually meet in Liverpool, although Maureen has visited Ringo in London several times (doesn't care for the place).

Quiet and shy, she is reluctant to talk about Ringo—but blows some into vivacity when he's around. She's an average dresser . . . nothing expensive . . . preferring Dolly Rockers right now.

They haven't been steady for long, but when they had a tiff last autumn, it brought Ringo down badly till they patched it up.

Cynthia is the perfect foil for John's dynamic power to succeed in everything he does—music-making, song-writing, books, poetry, drawings, now acting. She's warm, sincere, affectionate, tends to spoil John and baby Julian, and helps him to relax.

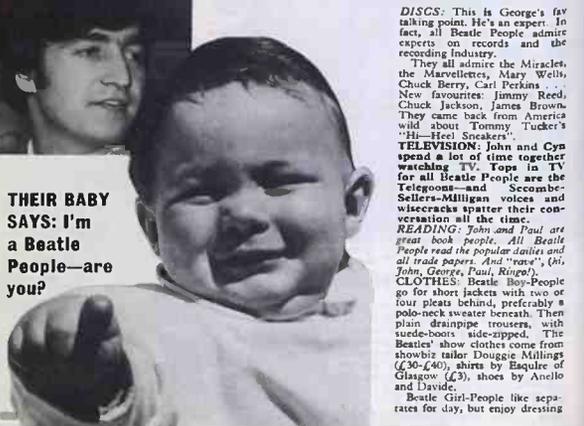
ANSWERS

1	a.	0.	b.	2.	c.	1.
2	a.	0.	b.	1.	c.	2.
3	a.	1.	b.	0.	c.	2.
4	a.	1.	b.	0.	c.	2.
5	a.	1.	b.	0.	c.	2.
6	a.	0.	b.	1.	c.	2.
7	a.	0.	b.	1.	c.	2.
8	a.	1.	b.	0.	c.	2.
9	a.	0.	b.	1.	c.	2.
10	a.	1.	b.	0.	c.	2.

THEIR BABY SAYS: I'm a Beatle People—are you?

HOW YOU RATED—17.20. Wow! You're so much like a Beatle you should join the group! They'd like you. It's. You haven't got what it takes but don't worry, they'd think you rather pleasant.

8-10. Unless you want to be the butt of the Beatles practical joking, keep away!



DR. KILDARE'S SECRET ROMANCE

She was silent, and much too serious for a girl out for an evening of fun. That same mystery was still bothering her. "What's the answer, Denise? Who are you? What are you?"

Begins this month—the most heart-warming love story of the year. By NORMAN DANIELS

JAMES KILDARE, M.D., of Blair General Hospital, was soaking up as much sunlight as possible in the ten minutes he'd taken out of his busy day.

A tall, quite handsome young man, fair-haired, with grey-blue eyes, he walked slowly, because there were too many times when he had to move very fast.

Suddenly a maid came streaking out of the nurses' dormitory and one look at her face was enough to inform him that something drastic had happened. She ran to him, and then pointed at the dormitory while her jaws worked, but no sound came from her throat.

ILLUSTRATION BY JON DAVIS

Kildare put a hand on her shoulder, gripped it tightly. "Take it easy now. Get your breath. Easy."

She gulped, and blurted out: "Girl in there . . . Room 203 . . . she's killed herself, Doctor!"

"A student nurse?" Kildare asked in dismay and surprise. "How? Where is she?"

"I don't know, Doctor. In the river, I suppose. All I found was the note she left."

"Show it to me."

"I . . . just dropped it . . . on the floor in her room, but it tells where she wants to be buried and it asks everybody to forgive her . . ."

"203," Kildare repeated, and went up the dormitory

stairs as fast as he could. The door of 203 was open and he spotted the note on the floor as soon as he entered. He read it swiftly.

Someone said, with a cautious touch of indignation, "I beg your pardon, Doctor . . ."

A girl stood in the doorway. She wore a terry-cloth robe, tied at the waist. Her hair was awry and she held a shower cap in her hand. She smelled of soap and newly applied cologne.

He held up the letter. "I don't know the name of the girl who has this room, but . . . well . . . this note . . . it's a suicide . . ."

The girl gave a sharp cry, reached for the note, and

ripped it to pieces. She had trouble controlling her tears.

"It's all a silly mistake. Really, Doctor . . . I'm thoroughly ashamed of myself."

"It didn't read like a silly mistake," Kildare said gently. "If there's anything I can do to help you . . ."

She made a quick dab at her eyes with a lightly knuckle fist. "You're Doctor Kildare, aren't you?"

He smiled. "That's right."

"Doctor Kildare . . . you probably know all about how lonely a girl feels when she's away from home for the first time in her life."

Kildare looked at her. Without lipstick, rouge or eye



make-up, this girl was exceptional. Her hair was fair, like his own, and she had the bluest of eyes. Her features were regular enough, but shaped so that she was undeniably cute — not quite beautiful, but not far from it. She looked somewhat older than the average nurse in training, but that could be an illusion.

"You wrote it in a fit of the blues. Is that what you're trying to tell me?" he asked.

"Yes. One night . . . I was exhausted . . . you know how

we're worked. Second only to Interns. Well, I came off duty and I suddenly wanted to be home again, with my aunt and uncle. They're all I have and I missed them."

"Well," Kildare said, "okay. I see your point."

"I hope you do, Doctor. I suppose men, too, grow lonely at times."

"We sure do. Look . . . I know a perfect cure for what ails both of us. Today I get paid. I'm still as hard up as I was when I was an intern, though. I regard that money as

something to be spent fast . . . and there's no more satisfying way to spend it than on a pretty girl. How about it?"

"Why, Doctor . . ." she said, "I'm flattered. I'm only a first year student . . ."

"I know," he said, with one of his infectious grins. "There's only one species any lower, and that's an intern. We could have dinner somewhere. We might," he studied her critically, "come to like one another a bit, and get rid of some of this loneliness that seems to be bugging us."

"I go off duty at six," she said. "I can be ready at seven-thirty."

"That's fine."

"You . . . do believe me when I say that note has no meaning, Doctor?"

He nodded cheerfully. "Sure . . . I certainly don't see any psychotic impulses showing on you." At the door he paused. "Would you mind telling me your name?"

"I'm Denise Landon."

"Denise," he tried out the name. "Ummm . . . sounds . . ."



KILDARE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

nice. Like apple pie tastes. See you."

Kildare met the maid downstairs. "It was all a mistake," he said. "The girl was in the shower room. She's fine. The note was part of a story she was writing. Didn't mean a thing."

"Oh, boy," the maid said. "I'll get hung for this."

"There'll be no fuss unless you mention it to anyone else."

"From me . . . nothing," she said fervently. "Not a word."

Kildare headed towards Administration at the front of the hospital and entered the door marked SUPERINTENDENT OF NURSES.

"Yes, Doctor?" Molly Cavendish said brusquely. She had unconsciously been imitating Doctor Gillespie so many years that it was like second nature to be as gruff as he was.

"I'm Doctor Kildare, Miss Cavendish. I . . . have a problem."

"Concerning one of my staff, Doctor Kildare?"

"Yes, ma'am . . . Student nurse Miss Landon. A maid in the dormitory found a note on Miss Landon's floor. It was a suicide note . . . She told me she'd written it some time ago . . . in a fit of loneliness."

"Well?"

"Well . . . I believe her, of course, but I wanted to be sure."

Molly Cavendish leaned back in her chair. "Doctor Kildare, Miss Denise Landon came to us almost a year ago. She was doing office work, didn't like it and decided she wanted to be a nurse."

"Miss Landon happens to be at the head of her class. Not just the head . . . but head and shoulders above the others. She has a profound and almost uncanny knack for the profession and, in my opinion, she will probably be head nurse of a large hospital within five years after her graduation."

"I see. Thank you, Miss Cavendish."

"I presume you're going to try to date her, Doctor?"

Kildare grinned and said nothing.

Molly Cavendish smiled at him. "Relax, Doctor, I'm not Gillespie. How are you getting on with the monster?"

"Very well . . . I hope."

"Don't pay too much attention to his growling, but when he barks, you jump. Confidentially, he likes you. Now get out of here so I can go back to work!"

THAT evening Kildare prepared to make his final check of the wards. This done, he dropped into the children's ward on the fifth floor.

He had a favourite patient there. A nine-year-old girl named Nancy. She was as bright and cheerful a little girl as possible—for someone who was dying. Kildare made it a point to see her whenever he found an opportunity, and she'd fallen madly in love with him during the three months she'd been in the hospital.

"I thought you wouldn't come in today," she said.

"Now would I pass up a chance to see a pretty girl like you?" He sat down on the bed.

"I'm feeling a little better today," she said. "I'll guess I'll go home after a while."

"Sure you will—and then what am I going to do for feminine company?"

"Oh . . . you're being silly," she accused him. "I'm not old enough for you."

"Not now—but little girls grow fast. Tell you what . . . you keep on growing older and I'll stop. I'll find some kind of a pink pill that will let me stay just as old as I am now, and you can catch up. How's that?"

She laughed and he bent down and kissed her.

Back in his room, he slipped out of his whites, shaved carefully, took a quick shower and dressed. Then whistling energetically, he strode out and crossed the well-tended lawn towards the nurses' home.

He found Denise sitting in the waiting room off the reception hall. For a moment

Jimmy decided that he'd never been quite as happy as this in his life

he just stared at her in obvious admiration.

"Why," he said, "you're absolutely beautiful."

"Thank you, Doctor. I'm not, but the compliment is welcome."

"You are," he insisted.

"And my name is Jimmy."

She smiled, linked her arm under his and they walked out to the front of the hospital where cabs were arriving and leaving all the time. He found one, got in beside her and sniffed.

"You smell good," he said. He spoke to the driver. "Hotel Braden, please."

Kildare decided that he'd never been quite as happy as this in his life. A pocketful of money, an outrageously attractive girl, an evening off. Impulsively, he took her hand and held it between his.

"In my best bedside manner, may I say thank you very much, Denise."

"You're going to make a wonderful doctor," she said. "I can feel symptoms coming on when you talk to me like that, Jimmy. I'm kidding, of course. I know you're intensely serious about your career, by the way you listen and observe."

"Speaking of observations, you seem to have done pretty good yourself for a first year student."

For a moment he thought he detected a fleeting look of worry on her face, but it was gone so quickly he couldn't be sure.

"Now I'll tell you how we do this," he said, as the cab neared the hotel. "When the headwaiter greets us, you call me Doctor. Make sure he hears you. Then he'll give us a good table."

"Yes, Doctor," she smiled, and she carried it off so smoothly he somehow sensed that being in swank places like this was not new to her.

After ordering cocktails, Kildare said, "Tell me about yourself, Denise."

"What is there to say? I come from St. Paul. Ever been there?" When he shook his head, she went on. "I thought I'd never leave. My mother and dad were born there, all their friends, and mine were there. You know how it is . . . almost too much happiness and then . . . wham!"

"I know they're dead."

She raised her glass and her hand trembled slightly, as if the memory unnerved her.

"I had a sister . . . Joanne . . . she died about two years after Mother and Dad. So I quit my job and . . . came here to enter nursing school."

"There's a lot of satisfaction in fighting the things that strike down those you love."

"You have no idea, Jimmy. I was reluctant at first . . . I'm years older than the kids who are in their first year with me . . ."

"Gives you a considerable edge on them," Kildare said. "Proves that with age comes wisdom."

She laughed. "Jimmy, I'm not that old! I'm twenty-five, that's all."

Then she regarded him quite solemnly. "Jimmy—how am I doing? I mean . . . have you heard anything about me? Good or bad?"

"All good, nothing bad. They seem to regard you as some sort of a phenomenon—a girl with a built-in talent for her profession. You're doing fine."

The evening was over in a painfully short time for both of them.

At midnight they had their last dance. They were silent as they made their way back to the hospital.

At the glass doors of the residence hall, Denise paused, and Kildare kissed her full on the lips.

Her arms, around his neck, tightened. "Jimmy," she asked, "are we in love?"

"I don't know," he said wonderingly. "What do you think?"

"Well," she said, "to be clinical about it, the symptoms are there. My head swam and my heart pounded like a hammer."

"Me too," he said. "Yet, I don't know for sure. Neither do you."

"And now I'd better go in, because we do have rules in that dormitory. Besides, I've got a session in the operating room tomorrow."

"First time?" he asked. She looked straight ahead, not at him, and she wasn't smiling any longer. "First time," she said.

"It's nothing. All they'll do is show you the operating

RICHARD
ANTHONY



SO ITORE ALONG THE DOTTED LINE..

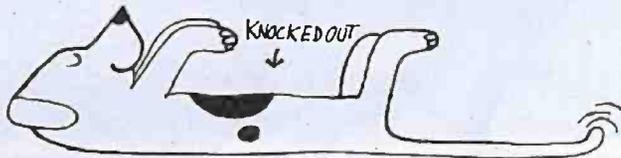
1 KNOWING AS I DID, THAT I WAS THE
 GEAVEST-LOOKING KID ON OUR
 ROAD IT CAME AS NO SURPRISE TO
 ME WHEN IT WAS SUGGESTED BY MY
 INTIMATES THAT I TRY FOR CHART
 HONOURS! by becoming ONE
 OF THOSE WAILING HARMONICA CATS
 (THIS HIDING MY ONE BLEMISH - MY CHOPPERS)



Using my pencil, I wrote for
 the "LEARN THE MOUTHORGAN IN JUST
 FIVE BREATHTAKINGLY FLEETING DAYS!!!"
 course, enclosing my postal order for ONLY 5/6d (PLUS
 106 WEEKS AT 14/19d.)

IT CAME IN JUST SIX BREATHTAKINLY FLEETING WEEKS!!! & SOON....
 (SEVEN SHORT MONTHS LATER!!!)

...I WAS GASSING OUR DOG SPOT.



NOT WITH MY PLAYING YOU UNDERSTAND BUT WITH MY TRICKY HAND
 MOVEMENTS AND WILD SHOUTS... MY LOUD STAMPING & CLAPPING....

2 HOWEVER, MAM WAS
 NOT KNOCKED OUT....



"WELL YOU SEE, HIS DAD & ME HAS
 ALL US BIN RESPE CABLE & THAT & WELL
 HE JUST NOT WORK YOU SEE HE NOT GET
 A JOB. HE JUST KEEPS BLOWIN & JUMPIN
 ABOUT. HE RECKONS AS HOW HES READ
 THAT THEY ROLLIN' WHATS NAMES HAS
 NEVER HAD NO JOB & AS HOW HES GOT
 TO DEVELOP HIS STAGE MANNER &
 GET TO KNOW HOW TO SHAKE ABOUT SO
 AS TO GET ALL THEM YOUNG GELS AT
 IT SO AS YOU CANT HEAR YOU THINK!..."

& NEITHER WAS THE PATER



'HE'S OFF HIS ROTTEN NOT MATEY!

3 EACH DAY I READ THE
 PRESS, AVIDLY HUNTING
 FOR SOME BREAK
 LIKE BRIAN JONES GETTING A
 GUMBOIL OR CHAPPED LIPS....

-I HAD PIKS
 TOOK



... And sent one
 every half hour

TO ALAN FREEMAN!

(THIS IS CALLED 'PUBLIC RELATIONS')

-HE SENT THEM ALL BACK.

(THIS IS CALLED 'SHOW-FIZ')



BUT I HARMONICA'D ON!...

4 THEN ONE DAY! AN IMPORTANT LOOKING LETTER!

IT SAID: "DEAR SIR YOU ARE ONE HUNDRED & SEVENTY-TEN POUNDS IN ARREAR
 WITH YOUR "LEARN-THE-MOUTHORGAN-IN-JUST-FIVE-BREATHTAKINGLY-FLEETING-DAYS"
 COURSE & WE PLAN TO SUE UNLESS THIS BREAD IS FORTHCOMING WITHOUT DELAY"

I LAUGHED LIGHTLY....

(KISSED MAM, SHOOK CAPS WITH DAD
 TICKLED SPOTS SPOT PACKED A JAM
 BUTTIE INTO A RED CHECKED HANDKERCHIEF
 AND CHANGED MY ADDRESS!)

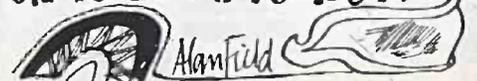


NOW I AM HUNTED IN FIVE PARISHES!

BUT NOT FOR LONG THIS OBSCURITY....



...I've sent off a coupon to learn to be A
 FOLKSINGER!



'My fiancee walked out on me. I never saw her again.'

He might have been ELVIS

THE IMPROBABLE P. J. PROBY

We've all heard of split personalities, but P. J. Proby is the wildest. If P. J. had been three years older he might have been Elvis Presley. Now he's not quite sure who he is. While other soloists get their brains in a tangle hunting the gimmick that'll make them individual, this tall Texan clown has found his own nutty fame-formula.

He sings like everybody. His real name is James Marcus Smith, but that's not much help. One identity wouldn't cover a quarter of his weird vocal activities.

He's called Jet Powers on the label of rock discs in the States.

He's Orville Woods when he cuts r-and-b records for Negro radio stations.

He's Rosie when he sings squeaky with the Originals.

He's P. J. Proby, with buckles on his shoes and a hair-bow at the back of his neck, when he belts out big-sounding singles for Liberty and Decca.

And when he's fooling about, which is pretty well all the time, he's Presley himself—heavy lids, gobbled syllables, twitching from navel to knee in the rites of the abdominal go-man.

P. J. has had more opportunity than most to bone up on the Pelvis.

"We've known each other since we were kids," he said, retrieving half a dozen cans of beer which he'd left out to air on the window-sill of his London hotel room.

Stepping carefully over his guitar, three movie scripts, an attache case full of court papers and a blue shirt with white polka dots as big as half-crowns, he made his way back to the bed and ruminated about one of his former lives.

"When I was 15 I used to sing with Tommy Sands out at the Hitching Post, a sort of old cowboy bar-and-dance place the other side of Houston. We were getting 25 dollars a night.

Elvis's date

"Tommy was only 12. Elvis was 18. He was getting a hundred—he had a record out called 'That's All Right, Little Momma'. Then he started going with my step-sister, Betty Mores, and he used to come over to our house.

"I guess we might have worked up some kind of club act together but we were both too vain. He used to spend hours fixing his hair. Betty couldn't even get to look in the mirror with him there.

"Tommy Sands was being



handled by Colonel Tom Parker. He was the wheel, the staff, the brains. Greatest showman since Barnum. He used to sell these remedies, said they were snake-oil but they were nearly pure alcohol.

"When he met up with Elvis—wham! Everything changed.

"The colonel said to me and Tommy: 'Boys, I'm sorry. You're too young. Elvis is older. I can do more with him. So it's Elvis.'

P. J. combed his hair for five minutes, then opened his wardrobe and selected a dark white shirt which showed off his healthy pallor. It was a sort of duelling shirt like they all wear in Mutiny on the Bounty, and it looked fine with the buckled shoes, as if he'd been washed ashore.

"With most people," he said, "it's the management, the organization, that makes the star. But Elvis didn't really need any help from anyone. He just got up there and shook his hips and tore everybody up.

"But I learned a lot, because I wasn't Elvis. After the Colonel took him off, I said to myself: 'Man, I'm going to learn the business before I start entertaining.'

"I spent eight years learning. I learned painting, singing, dancing, acting. And I learned about money—my dad's a banker. Now I can stand toe-to-toe with any lawyer.

"A movie actor—I think Jack Lemmon—said talent is only about eight per cent of the business. The rest is professionalism.

"I decided to be a professional when I was 11. My parents got divorced and I was sent to this military academy. I figured the only way I could get to do what I wanted to was to become an officer. I did. I made it all the way up to Colonel in the cadet corps.

"It was a pretty wild military academy. It was co-educational. I used to inspect the girls' quarters and I was real hard on them

The record company refused to sign me. I was ruined.'

if their things weren't folded properly."

The hotel maid knocked at the door and quivered at the strewn heaps of music, shirts, rehearsal sheets and press clippings. The military Proby was apparently a distant memory.

"Come back in a minute," P. J. told her.

"Okay, so I kept on developing myself, and I almost made it in Hollywood, and then I blew it.

"A record company was going to sign me—I was Jet Powers then. I got a big TV show, and in the interval people came into see me and I drank some wine and got a bit out of shape.

"It was a far-out show. Part of the set was a sort of pool with real seals in it. I went on with my guitar round my neck and I bowed real low and fell in among the seals.

"The people started shouting at me and I shouted

back at them. The police came and I had a fist fight with them. My fiancee walked out and I never saw her again. The record company refused to sign me. I was ruined.

"I went into the construction business. As a carpenter. The first job I got was building a recording studio. That just about broke me up."

Job to job

P. J. moved from job to job, trying to keep touch with show business by songwriting in his spare time. His father had gone off on a hunting trip which lasted several years and P. J. was sadly behind with the rent on his garret.

"One day I saw this notice on an office, Camdex Music. I said, what can I lose if I go in? I had a couple of songs I wrote.

"I sat down and played them two songs and they

bought them for 200 dollars." So began the renewal of the Proby fortunes. He decided he would make no mistake the second time.

"I planned it all out. I made sure to pay my room up for a year. I saw that my best suit was always pressed. I got myself in to the right publicity parties—and I made sure I was never seen with a drink in my hand."

"Liberty, the company which had turned me down, signed me up again. I got a tour with Andy Williams doing c-and-w things, and then I recorded 'There Stands The One'.

"Since then, everything's been fine. I kept straight. And here I am."

He had never been in Britain until Jack Good brought him over for the Beatles TV show. Now he wants to settle here, dropping all his myriad selves except one.

"I want to make it on

my own as P. J. Proby, entertainer."

He may or may not be wise in this. Some say his own voice is far too close to Presley's even when he's singing naturally in numbers like "I Believe", "Cumberland Gap", or "Hold Me"—his first release for Decca.

This lively import from Texas might do better to play his career for laughs. Since the advent of the lordly Epstein dynasty, it could be that too many people are taking themselves a little too solemnly. Pop could stand a few giggles at its own expense.

Think of the bedlam that would follow the revelation that half the numbers in the Top Ten were recorded by the same joker. Unless you've actually seen the singers, be careful.

There's just a chance they're all P. J. Proby.

LESLIE MALLORY

JASON GREGG ONE MAN'S OPINION

Will Peter and Gordon be remembered as long as "World Without Love", the song that made them famous? Will the Band of Angels reach stardom's golden gates? Or the Applesjacks lasting fame? I SAY NO!

Because, unlike Merseyville's talented pop pioneers, these performers have not had to battle to the top. It is the hard struggle to exist that forges the lasting talent. None of the really big names—the Beatles, Gerry and the Pacemakers, Billy J. Kramer, the Rolling Stones—found easy success.

In Hamburg—where the Searchers, Mojos and Gerry Marsden also learned the hard way—the Beatles knew poverty.

Those tough days with eight-hour sessions at the Indra, Kaiser Keller and Star Club taught the Beatles their musicianship.

Peter and Gordon, and the Band of Angels—all of them public schoolboys—have not had to work like this to pay the rent.

And this shows. In my book they lack that certain something that makes a star.

Gerry has been dating a Liverpool girl for five years. Friends expect them to marry. But she never appears with him in public. Come on, Gerry. Don't be shy. Your fans would like to meet her.

FORECAST 1: With Johnny Gustaffson, how can the Merseybeats fail?

His pounding bass guitar, haunting voice and sheer vitality has given this group the balance it needed for chart-topping success. Now, this will undoubtedly come.

FORECAST 2: The Mojos will be as big as the Searchers and the Rolling Stones in six months.

Like the Beatles, they served a Hamburg apprenticeship. Like the Beatles, they are able songwriters and wits.

And they have another asset. Their manager Spencer Lloyd Mason shares it with Brian Epstein—wealth.

All John, Paul, George and Ringo wanted was a quiet month afloat with their girls.

But what happened? Reporters dogged them. They were harried from post to post.

But why be sorry for the boys. They've only themselves to blame.

Few papers would have been excited if husband John had holidayed with Cynthia Lennon. But Paul, George and Ringo were silly to whisk their girls out of the country with such secrecy.

The timing of the Cliff Richard and Beatles film premieres is infuriating.

First, B-day is announced for July 6. Then, C-day for four days earlier. Then, we hear that different charities will benefit.

Then, that Princess Margaret will grace B-day. And Princess Alexandra, C-day.

It is petty managerial jockeying. And it's unfair to both Cliff and the Beatles.

Intimate, revealing, provocative—the series that everyone's talking about
—by Britain's Mr Pop Picker

'Sometimes we're treated like THINGS not human beings'



ALAN FREEMAN
HEART-TO-HEART
WITH THE FAMOUS

George Harrison. In MY flat. Sitting on MY settee. Drinking MY coffee. Pop-pickers, how many of you wouldn't have given a right arm to have been in MY position?

Sure, I've met the Beatles plenty of times. Often when we've all been working. Perhaps at a party at their houses or mine. But never have I had the chance to sit down—without any rush—and just talk, heart-to-heart.

George didn't just arrive—he BREEZED in. Not exactly on time of course. They're leading such a hectic life just now, that would have been like expecting a top hit from Victor Silvester! But from the moment he dropped his black corduroy coat casually on the floor and started thumbing out a two-fingered version of "Chopsticks" on my baby grand we were laughing two beats to the bar.

But that was one of the snags. Because this, I reckoned, was a rare chance to TALK to George.

He's been labelled the most serious of the Beatles. Well, if that's true, the others must be the zaniest characters ever!

He just doesn't believe in being serious for long—about a couple of minutes in every hour if you care to check it with a stop-watch.

But I tried. I mentioned one of the last times I'd been with the boys. An evening which, on the face of it, had been hilarious, yet in truth pin-pointed the trouble of being a Beatle.

"That's the sort of thing which annoys us," George suddenly burst out as I recalled it. "People treat us sometimes as if we were just things and not human beings."

This feeling that people sometimes treat them as objects rags. They try not to face it—but at times, as had happened just now, they have to blurt out their real feelings.

Of course, they've worked hard to be world famous. They like being liked. But what they can never be sure of now is how genuine people are being to them.

Is it because they are really liked? Or is it because they happen to be Beatles? They can never get away from it—as the recent fiasco of their attempted holiday proved.

To their cost, they are discovering that the world is too small for them.

But George had been serious long enough. The suspicions which had triggered off the out-burst were pushed into the background.

His face cracked into a grin. "That evening you mentioned, Alan, a scream wasn't it?"

"We were all in an Austin Princess when the fans spotted us and the chauffeur made a dash for it."

"Yes," I said, "and the door Paul McCartney was leaning against flew open as we rolled round a corner."

Friends, you should have seen it! It

was a scene that would have made the Keystone Cops look like a Dr Kildare weepie.

The swinging door hit a parked car and flew clean off. With the fans closing in for the kill we had to shoot off like lightning leaving the door and Klaus, one of the Beatles' friends who'd jumped out to recover it, standing in the roadway.

"The best part of the joke," George reminded me, "was that the police were going to arrest Klaus for trying to pinch the door. Can you imagine it? The thing's so heavy it would take a couple of men to lift it."

Anyway, after circling half-a-dozen blocks with a tartan rug tied over the door so that it looked like a mobile tent, we arrived back at the scene of the crime to find the place swarming with policemen.

We managed to sort things out peacefully enough, but that, pop-pickers, is the funny side to some of the things that happen to the Beatles all the time.

The grin left George's face as he said, "It's great being world-famous. But when people start jumping into your car when you're out on a private night out then it becomes a bit of a strain."

"Do you ever feel, George," I said, "that show business and the fame that goes with it is stifling you?"

"How could it? Show Business IS my life. None of us have ever done what you might call an honest day's work. I was employed for a couple of months as an apprentice electrician—not that I ever worked at it."

"John did a bit of ditch-digging to help buy his first guitar and Paul was once second-in-command of a lorry."

"Not what you'd call an ambitious array of trades. We eat, breathe, sleep



FIVE FACES OF GEORGE..



'We never had any ambitions with music'

and dream beat music. And then get up and play it.

"We started doing it because we enjoyed it. We still enjoy it. When we stop having a ball we'll pack it in."

I produced one of my prize pieces of furniture, an old mahogany tea chest converted into a cigarette box. "Tea must have been valuable in those days," George cracked. "I see you've even got a lock on it."

Then he casually dampened my pride by flicking out his solid gold cigarette lighter—a £130 birthday present from manager Brian Epstein.

"Now I know why you enjoy being a Beatle," I told him as he lit up my "ciggy" with a flourish.

I was joking, of course, because money isn't the motive that has taken these fabulous young men to the top.

"We never had any great ambition to do things with music," George told me. "Everything just sort of happened. In fact if Brian Epstein hadn't taken us in hand and started organising things we'd probably still have been playing dance-halls for £5 10s, a night between the four of us."

Now this, I thought, was a fascinating confession. Could it possibly be true that this great group didn't even take their world-shaking Merseybeat seriously?

"Merseybeat? There's no such thing," George insisted. "What we play is the old rock 'n' roll warmed up modern style."

"Our great idols were Elvis, Buddy Holly, Carl Perkins, Eddie Cochran,



'Ringo's gone potty learning the guitar'

Jerry Lee Lewis, Larry Williams, Little Richard and all the old rock 'n' roll kings. When others threw their guitars in the dustbin we kept on playing their stuff."

"I remember during the skiffle craze we were playing one club where the manager kept handing up bits of paper saying: 'Will you kindly stop playing rock 'n' roll. Rock 'n' roll is dead.'"

"So we introduced each number by saying that it was one made famous by Leadbelly or Blind Lemon Jefferson or somebody—and just kept on beating out the same old stuff."

"Nobody noticed the difference. We were pretty crummy in those days!"

Incidentally, Paul McCartney plays a left-handed guitar and George curled me up with the story of how he learned to play.

"Paul started off as a trumpet player," he told me. "But then he decided he wanted to sing. He had a bit of trouble trying to sing and play the trumpet at the same time, so he packed it in and bought a guitar."

"In those days, though, they didn't cater for left-handed guitarists so he had to buy an ordinary one and then play the chords back-to-front."

"It was a scream, really, because instead of strumming the strings down he had to scratch them up from the bottom."

"Finally he switched the strings over and then the funniest thing happened. We'd started playing with John's skiffle group, the Quarrymen, and we found that John didn't have a proper guitar—just a weird old thing that he used to pluck out a few strange banjo chords that his mother had taught him."

"Anyway HE started learning to play

Two fingered "chopsticks" and we were soon laughing



'We're not trying to kid anybody we're actors'



'Our flat is like a madman's music shop'



'It all started as a giggle and it still is'

... on Paul's guitar which by this time had been converted for a left-handed player. And that left John with the same problem—he had to learn to play back-to-front chords, too, beating his fingers up over instead of down.

"We made a terrible old sound in those days, we really did."

When, I asked him, did the Beatles decide they wanted to become stars?

"We didn't. We never took it seriously at all. I remember all the fuss and bother we went to to pass a couple of auditions for a Carol Levis Discoveries show.

"Eventually we got through a couple of heats to the big regional final in Manchester.

"We had to dash off for a train after our number and didn't even go on stage for our applause. It didn't bother us.

"We didn't hear any more and we didn't even care. It was all a great giggle—and it's stayed that way since."

While he was talking George had wandered restlessly over to the baby grand and started picking out a few restless chords.

"Ringo and me have had an organ moved into the flat," he announced in part-explanation of his keyboard doodling, "and we're both learning how to play."

Ringo's gone a bit potty and is trying to learn the guitar, and I'm having a crack at the drums, so the place looks a bit like a madman's music shop."

Right then he remembered that he ought to ring the flat, but he stopped in dismay half way to the telephone. "I've just thought on—I don't know the phone number. It's so secret they don't even let me know it—they can't trust me with it, you know."

He wasn't joking, either.

It just so happened that I had that very, very, very secret number in my

little book of very, very, very secret addresses so I was able to help him get in touch with his old drummin' buddy.

I know what you're thinking, pop-pickers, but you might as well save the stamp. That number goes no further than the walls of my flat—not even for good friends like you.

As a refugee from Melbourne, where I began my chequered pop-picking career, I was eager to know how the boys were looking forward to their three weeks in Australia that is scheduled for this month.

George didn't bother trying to flatter me "It's not the same as America is it? I mean, America's the place. I'd like to spend a holiday in Australia, yes, but this won't be a holiday and we won't see much of the country at all.

"We're really excited, though, about our return trip to the States for the premiere of our film over there in July. Actually I wouldn't mind buying a house over there—say in California or Florida—where we could live some of the time."

How did he think the film had turned out?

"We like it but we're not trying to kid anybody that we're actors. We've seen all the rushes and we all agree that Ringo comes out of it better than anybody. It's hilarious really, we made a lot of it up as we went along."

They didn't take it seriously, of course. They don't take anything seriously—least of all themselves.

"School was a giggle, skiffle was a laugh and Germany the greatest gag of all," said George. "The first time we went I was kicked out for being under age—I was 17 then—and Paul and Pete Best, our drummer at the time, were both deported.

"The owner of the club where we were

playing claimed that they'd tried to burn down his cinema or something. John was asked to leave more quietly because he didn't have a work permit.

"They just gave him a train ticket and told him to be out of town by the morning. When we got back from Hamburg the second time the Liverpool promoters started billing us as 'the group from Germany' and people kept congratulating us on speaking such good English.

"Crazy, isn't it?"

I was tempted to ask George whether or not he took his new girl friend seriously, but there are some things you don't talk about—even to your friends, so I asked about his guitar playing instead.

Surely he was serious about that?

"Nah, I just fool about with it really. What I'd really like to do is play classical guitar. If I could do that I'd really have achieved something. It's so complicated.

"The trouble is I've learned to play the guitar my own way and it's the wrong way round. It's almost like having learned to play the piano with your feet and then having to make a start with your fingers. You just haven't got a clue.

"I wouldn't mind going back to scratch but I could never find anyone to teach me.

"I learned one piece—Bach's Prelude—in Tenerife last April. I've had time to learn nothing more since. I know I have the feeling for it. I'm sure I could do it with practice. But for the moment, the Pop Parade comes first."

I don't know about you, pop-pickers, but I for one, am pretty pleased to hear it.

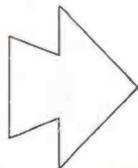
In my book George Harrison is already one of the greatest.

See you in next month's rave on sale June 25. Right? Stay bright!



GERRY LIBRA

FUTURAMA



See your future with the famous. rave proudly presents the forecasts of the world's top astrologer-clairvoyant

I CAN REVEAL

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CAPRICORN

(Dec 21 to Jan 19)



ELVIS

born Jan 8, 1935

HE WILL WED A GIRL NAMED 'T'

When I had the pleasure of meeting Elvis Presley in Hollywood, I knew immediately that here was an exceptional man. Like most Capricorns, he is ambitious and extremely good-looking, and once you get him talking he states his views very profoundly. But Elvis is exceptional in that, unlike some Capricorns, he is rather shy and modest and does not enjoy the limelight.

Face to face with him, I recognised that true Capricorn desire for perfection. Elvis will go to any lengths to do the best possible job and allows no-one to hurry or jostle him. Look into his face—and you will see it, too.

Capricorns like Elvis can never be

accused of being conceited or proud, because while they are the friendliest of people they prefer to mind their own business.

Saving is a great Capricorn asset—and of course Elvis has become very wealthy. Again, Capricorns are determined people—and I could see that once Elvis makes up his mind about something important, little can stand in his way.

I PREDICT that within a year Elvis will marry a girl with the initial "T".

I PREDICT that Elvis will hit No 1 with a revival of an old number.

I PREDICT that Elvis's next-but-one film, done in costume, will be raved about everywhere.

I PREDICT that in the future Elvis will become extremely powerful in the film industry.

IF YOU'RE CAPRICORN LIKE ELVIS . . .

I find that you generally like being absolutely correct in everything you do. Ambitious? Yes—but with a tendency to be rather idealistic. Lucky Capricorns—good looks are so often yours and you usually enjoy good health.

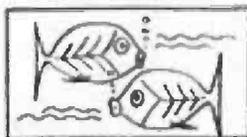
I find that Capricorns do better at work as they grow older. They are good at dealing with the public—say, as an air-hostess or working in a bank.

I PREDICT that you will reap the benefit of past work—provided you don't let a colleague influence you.

I PREDICT that you will hear of a journey you have always hoped to make.



PISCES
(Feb 19 to Mar 20)



BRIAN JONES
born Feb 28, 1944

STONES WILL SMASH A LIE

Mark my words: It's Brian Jones of the Rolling Stones who—like most people born under Pisces—really stands out in this group. It's not that he bosses anyone around.

No, Brian has that wonderfully sensible approach of the Piscean that makes people co-operate.

It isn't surprising, when you hear their storming sound, that the Rolling Stones' private life should be a little stormy. Just look at the clashes in their birth signs . . .

Their stars indicate that Charlie Watts has the down-to-earth qualities of a Gemini. And Geminis do not always get on with Sagittarians



(Keith Richard's group), who are often inclined to be dreamers.

And astrologically speaking, it is a set fact that Bill Wyman cannot always agree with Brian. Bill's sign of Scorpio comes in conflict with Brian's Pisces.

Luckily, Mick Jagger's sign of Cancer goes well with Brian's Pisces and Bill's Scorpio.

I PREDICT that the Rolling Stones will show the lie to rumours of difficulties and go from strength to strength.

I PREDICT that before the year's end, there will be a marriage that they will all celebrate.

AQUARIUS

(Jan 20 to Feb 18)



TROY DONAHUE
born Jan 27, 1937

WE'LL SEE HIM SOON

Knowing Troy Donahue as well as I do, I have to say that—like many Aquarians—he is not easy to understand for two reasons.

One is a studious and deep-thinking strain. The other always surprises people and it is the strong will of Aquarians.

This reveals itself in a taste for excitement and danger.

I PREDICT that around the end of the year Troy will come to England.

IF YOU SHARE TROY'S BIRTH SIGN . . .

Aquarians are the most reliable of people—for you think deeply about things and show determination.

Generally, you are kind and full of sympathy, preferring to achieve your aims without fuss. You reveal a genuine ambition to rise above others.

I PREDICT that you will have much success with a recent plan.



MICK JAGGER
born July 7, 1944



BILL WYMAN
born Oct 24, 1941



KEITH RICHARD
born Dec 18, 1943



CHARLIE WATTS
born June 2, 1941

PISCES LIKE BRIAN? THIS IS FOR YOU . . .

I find that when you are born under Pisces, you are among the kindest of people . . . extremely receptive to others and an excellent friend.

But you are apt to worry,

aren't you—and I ought to tell you that sometimes you worry for nothing. I think that this is because some people can too easily take advantage of your kindness.

Their concern for others

make Capricorns good teachers, caterers and nurses.

I PREDICT that you could achieve a personal ambition and please others close to you.



MARK WYNTER
born Jan 29, 1943



GRAHAM NASH
born Feb 2, 1942



DEL SHANNON
born Dec 31, 1939



RALPH ELLIS
born Mar 8, 1942

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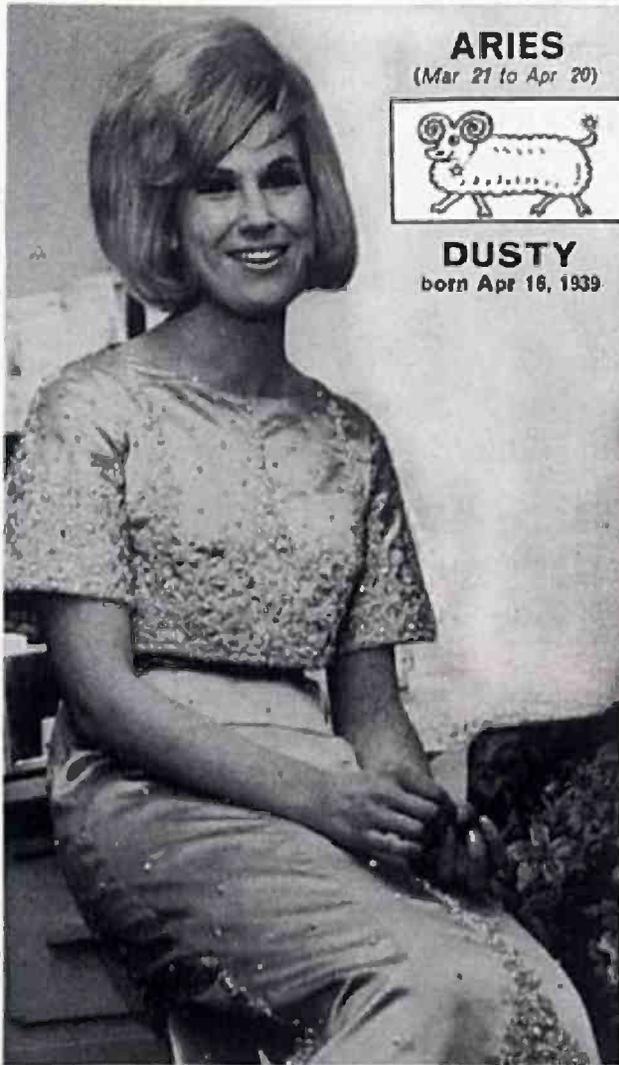
Julie Christie

ARIES

rave

Billy
Kramer

LEO



ARIES

(Mar 21 to Apr 20)



DUSTY

born Apr 16, 1939

Dusty to turn to comedy!

Last year, I predicted that Dusty Springfield would leave Tom and Mike and succeed on her own. So I am very happy that she has done so well! Mind you I was not surprised, for her birth-sign, Aries, is the strongest of all the signs and produces people who want to be right at the top.

They are the rulers, the pioneers. They are only happy when things are going the way they want them to be. They do not

as a rule get on well with less definite people; the Aries type usually "knows best" and is normally proved right!

I PREDICT that Dusty, who is capable of so much more than we have seen, will develop into a wonderful comedienne on stage and in films as the year goes by.

I PREDICT that she will make an excitingly happy marriage to a man *she already knows!*

JULIE'S BREAK

Julie Christie, born April 14, is an unusual Arian. While those under her sign are quick to anger and quick to forgive, Julie has a quiet way about her. She will be as equally determined as other Arians to achieve her aims—but by sweetness.

I PREDICT that marriage will be hers by Xmas 1965.

ARIES TOO? HERE'S HOW I SEE YOU

I find that you Aries people are often leaders in what you set out to do. Because you possess the power to see what lies ahead, you know how to plan your life. It is much better for you to give orders than to receive them.

Although you're so often proved right, other people may sometimes resent this—so I do caution you not to get self-righteous.

You are very head-strong,

frank, enthusiastic and impulsive, and if you turn these gifts into a useful channel you will reap a great reward in life.

Ward against being over-generous—and don't get so carried away that you over-work. Otherwise, your health trends are excellent.

I PREDICT that you will reach a much better understanding with someone very close to you.

TAURUS

(Apr 21 to May 20)



JOE BROWN

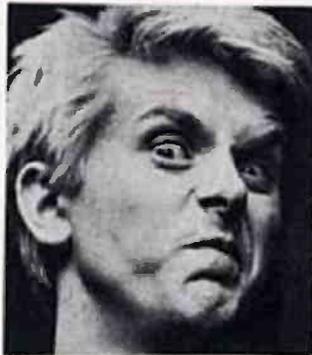
born May 13, 1941

HE'LL WIN A WINDFALL

Look deep into Joe Brown's eyes—and you will see that like many of his birth-sign he has a most generous heart and is exceptionally genuine.

If Joe has a fault, it is typical of Taurians in that he cares for those closest to him so much as to be possessive.

He has a will of iron—and that has helped him reach the top. For I can



see that Joe has had little help on the way.

I PREDICT that a windfall is coming Joe's way.

I PREDICT that 1964 will end very eventfully. He will have news of a child by October and it will be a daughter.

JUST LIKE JOE? HERE'S YOUR SIGN . . .

I find that you Taurians are gifted with the strongest of intuition.

You also have a strong practical streak which, combined with your patience, honesty and reliability, make you very dependable in situations which call for responsibility.

I PREDICT that you should benefit financially from some changes which are in the offing.



BILLY FURY
born Apr 17, 1941



HAYLEY MILLS
born Apr 18, 1946



EDEN KANE
born Mar 28, 1942

GEMINI

(May 21 to June 20)



**PAUL
McCartNEY**
born June 18, 1942



MARRIAGE for Paul

Watch Paul McCartney this year! Like most people born under Gemini, Paul thrives on change and can't stand doing the same old things for long.

The sky is clearly the limit for lucky Paul, whose Gemini gifts of quick-wittedness and talent help him to be one of the great entertainers.

If Paul is thwarted in his desire for change, I can tell him that he runs the risk of becoming restless.

Some people may find Geminis like Paul far too critical and analytical. They could be annoyed by the Gemini tendency to doubt things—and Idealists will regard Geminis as too concerned about practical and materialistic things.

I PREDICT that Paul McCartney will marry this year.

CILLA OFF TO AMERICA

Is Cilla Black (born May 27, 1943) unreliable — as are some other Geminis? Definitely not! It is just that with her Gemini thirst for changes Cilla runs the risk of becoming restless.

I PREDICT that Cilla Black may be lost to America before next February.

NEW BABY for John

Like most Librans, John Lennon needs enthusiastic encouragement in order to do his best. But what a best!

I am bound to say that the signs under his birthdate—October 9, 1940—indicate that he may not at times be the easiest of people to get along with.

But John will always attract a full share of affection because of his exceptional qualities.

I PREDICT that he can expect to hear he is to be a father again.

A RISK for George

The key to George Harrison (born Feb 25, 1943—a Piscean) is that he loves animals, as many do. Likewise, show George someone who has been hard done by—and sympathy will shine from him.

I want to tell George to listen more to what his instincts tell him is right. Guard against becoming emotionally confused.

I PREDICT that George Harrison will face the risk of being diverted from what he believes is right for him.

BIG DEAL for Ringo

Of all the Beatles, I say that Ringo Starr is the one who has definitely decided what he wants to achieve, that is typical of those of his sign, Cancer.

Ringo is to me the real swinger of the group. He's putting behind him that Cancer trend towards indecision and hesitation.

Nevertheless, Cancer people like Ringo, who was born July 7, 1940, are quick to notice when they're being treated unfairly. They can be contrary when peeved!

I PREDICT that Ringo Starr will make a business deal apart from the Beatles this year.

IF YOU SHARE GEMINI WITH PAUL . . .

I find that you Gemini people are among the most intelligent—constantly wanting to know more about everything. Like Paul, you can be too analytical—some would call it critical.

Ambitious, not an idealist, all for the good things in life . . . that's you!

However, you have a great capacity for hard work and you stand to gain extra rewards through this. Your type is in demand as teachers, journalists, matrons and secretaries.

I PREDICT that someone you have admired will reveal a high opinion of you.



George Harrison
PISCES

John Lennon LIBRA

Ringo Starr
CANCER

Paul McCartney
GEMINI

CANCER
(June 21 to July 21)



Adam scores with an old song...



ADAM FAITH
born June 23, 1940.

Have a Cancer type like Adam Faith as a friend and you cannot find a more loyal person... quick of wit and a good sense of humour.

With other people of his sign, Adam shares the tendency to be very sensitive and rather retiring. There are times when they want to be noticed. So it would never be very hard—given the right approach—to persuade him to come forward.

When necessary, Cancer people, like Adam, get thrifty and can be terrible in anger.

In the year ahead, I feel Adam will have the problem of how to divide his time between acting and singing. He will be busy, but he should take care to look after himself. I foresee problems with his back.

I PREDICT that Adam Faith will next year make a film that will not only be a big box office success but have a great deal of dramatic force.

I PREDICT that in 1965 he will have a big disc hit with a revival of an old song.

IF YOUR SIGN IS CANCER, TOO . . .

Nobody, but **NOBODY** else—is like you. Generous, sensitive. Shy. And a knockout for romance. You don't like people to think that you enjoy being the centre of attraction. But the truth is you do.

Mind you, if romance, or anything else for the matter, doesn't go smoothly and you get a bit angry you soon become pretty contrary. This

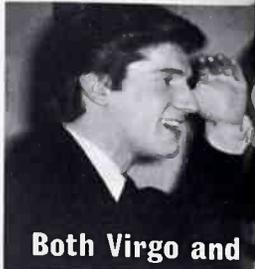
usually leads to extreme irritability and peevishness unless you keep your temper well under control. And as any Cancer subject knows—this isn't easy!

What are your biggest faults? Indecision and consequent hesitation. But once over this initial hurdle you go your way with a great deal of will power and perseverance.

It is a known fact that you make good nurses, managers, caterers and manufacturers and usually good sailors. But beware of worrying too much.

I PREDICT that a romantic attachment will come to a head this month.

I PREDICT that a domestic matter can become rather annoying.



Both Virgo and — BUT JOHN

No wonder the Searchers are so big—the stars show they are bound to be! For Cancer people like **Tony Jackson** (born July 16, 1940) always go well with Virgo people—and there are two Virgos in the Searchers, **John McNally** (born Aug 30, 1941) and **Chris Curtis** (born Aug 26, 1942). Being under Cancer, Tony brims



Cancer have blessed the Searchers WILL BE TEMPTED TO QUIT

over with feeling. He is generous, very sensitive—perhaps a little shy sometimes. And here's an odd thing about Cancer people; they have lots of "funny little ways" and yet they can also be absolute sticklers for "the done thing", for convention. The Searchers are lucky to have two Virgo people in John and Chris—for they are the types who always work well with others.

Intelligent, methodical, they have the ability to choose successfully.

Mike Pender, (born Mar 3, 1942) being under Pisces, fits in easily with the team. Pisceans are extremely friendly people.

Mike makes a good listener, tries hard at everything he does.

Pisceans are quite good at business. They can inspire great things, particularly from Cancer subjects. In fact, the Searchers' signs make

very good combinations and together will bring them great success.

I PREDICT that before the year's end John McNally may be tempted to pull out of the group.

I PREDICT that the Searchers will enjoy even greater success and that these will largely be thanks to Mike Pender.

I PREDICT that two discs of theirs will hit the charts together very soon.

BORN UNDER VIRGO? THIS IS FOR YOU . . .

Nicknames like "egg-head" and "brainy" aren't uncommon to you. Because normally people born under the sign of Virgo are intelligent, very methodical and have highly developed powers of discrimination.

I doubt whether anyone

would ever call you a dreamer, you're far too down to earth for that.

Your biggest drawback in life, is that you're inclined to put on weight.

I PREDICT that in the coming month you will

have to make an important decision.

I PREDICT that most of your evenings will be taken up with romance.

I PREDICT that now is the time to impress your superior at work of your competence.

VIRGO
(Aug 22 to Sept 21)



SEAN CONNERY
born Aug 25, 1930

HE'LL RIVAL GARY

Whenever I meet Sean Connery, I am struck by how typical he is of Virgo people... down-to-earth, matter-of-fact, intelligent and business-like. He loves to give his full and undivided attention to one thing at a time.

You could never call Sean a dreamer. Intensely practical, he needs everything down in black-and-white before he will accept it.

I PREDICT that Sean Connery will develop into a big comedy star on the lines of Cary Grant.

I PREDICT that by the end of next year he will be nominated for a film award.

I PREDICT that he will have a baby daughter within the next 18 months.

LEO
(July 22 to Aug 21)



HIS NEXT No. 1

BILLY J.
born Aug 19, 1943.

Billy J. Kramer was born under Leo—the sign that produces people whose object is to bring happiness and benefit to others. In this Billy is utterly typical. His aims are so high that I

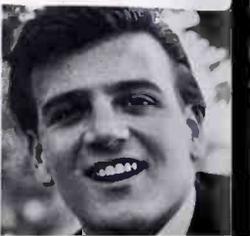
have to tell him they may take some time to achieve.

Leo people are extremely frank and open—sometimes those who are less so find this irritating.

Bill's job means a great deal to him—much more than most in his position. But a word of warning! He should beware of suggestions to team with another as performers. It would be a bad mistake.

I PREDICT that he will be hitting the headlines strongly in September.

I PREDICT that he will have a record at No. 2 or No. 3 in October and top the charts next February.



If you share Leo with Billy . . .

Have you noticed how people seem to talk and talk and talk when you're around? Hardly giving you a chance to get a word in edgeways? That's your big fault. You're extremely sympathetic, very faithful and just a bit too generous. That's why people find you such a marvellous listener! You're capable of feeling very deeply for others.

Leo types make good organizers, public relations officers, doctors and managers.

I PREDICT that an obstacle at work will delay you, but you'll overcome it.

I PREDICT that you may be tempted to over-spend.



HEINZ
born July 24, 1942.



RONNIE BENNETT
born Aug 19, 1945.



TOMMY QUICKLY
born July 7, 1945.

rave



John Mulvally VIRGO
Chris VIRGO
Mike Pender PISCES
Tony Jackson LEO

rave



[Handwritten signature]
AVE

SAGITTARIUS



LIBRA (Sept 22 to Oct 22)



CLIFF born Oct 14, 1940.

ROMANCE BUT NO STRINGS

Cliff Richard is very true to his birth sign of Libra, being well-balanced, refined, and strongly artistic. I should tell those close to him that they will always find Cliff difficult to fool. Cliff, like many Librans, has an inborn sense of intuition upon which he can usually rely.

I believe you will find, Cliff, that the older you get, the more your scope will expand. This is true of many Librans. For as they go along, they tend to lean less on the advice of others, gaining more and more confidence in their own thoughts and feelings.

Cliff has great generosity and a very keen sense of knowing when to come forward and when to melt into the background.

I **PREDICT** that Cliff Richard's next film will be a smash hit and that he will score again in a musical stage show around next spring.

I **PREDICT** that romance will come his way—but I do not yet see signs of marriage.

Honour is on the way



Gerry Marsden is absolutely typical of Libra people, in that he is a happy and harmonious type — gifted with strong artistic ability. The stars make Gerry (born September 24, 1942) a natural leader of a group, for Librans are well-balanced with the knack of making others get on easily together.

Kindness is one of

Gerry's strongest points, as with others of his sign. I feel that he has a sensitivity, an inborn curiosity and a sympathetic feeling which should make him very much tuned into the future . . . am I right, Gerry?

I **PREDICT** that Gerry Marsden will be invited to take part in the next Royal Variety Show.

IF YOU'RE LIBRA, LOOK HERE

I find that you Librans are among the most likeable of people. You attract affection easily and enjoy being in the centre of things. One thing I must warn you of: because you enjoy affection, you may run the risk of lacking just that little bit of toughness which life sometimes demands.

I **PREDICT** that someone you respect will put you in touch with a very influential person.

I **PREDICT** that you may clash with a strong-minded person on a minor issue and I advise you to have patience,



MIKE BERRY
born Sept 24, 1942.



MANFRED MANN
born Oct 21, 1941.



FRANK IFIELD
born Nov 30, 1937.



HANK MARVIN
born Oct 28, 1941.



KATHY KIRBY
born Oct 20, 1940.



RAY CHARLES
born Sept 23, 1932.

SCORPIO

(Oct 23 to Nov 21)



FREDDIE
born Nov 14, 1940.



SPLIT IN GROUP

Never take Scorpio people like Freddie Garry lightly. They have more concealed power than most people—a power intensified by their extremely shrewd judgment of people.

Freddie has great determination coupled with a boundless ambition—and that is a pretty strong combination.

Like most Scorpios, Freddie is very positive about doing really well whatever he sets out to achieve and I find that he is immensely capable.

You could not find a more wonderful friend than Freddie . . . very loyal as are most people born under his sign. Cross someone close to him—and you will meet a very formidable foe indeed.

Scorpio people are very discreet. You can always trust them with a secret.

I PREDICT that Freddie will face a crisis in his group, with one of his team wanting to break away.

I PREDICT that he will find himself among the top three where an award is concerned, some time next winter.

Blonde in Brian's life!

Brian Poole, who was born Nov 2, 1941, is a true Scorpio in that he is very cautious. He possesses great strength of mind.

Scorpio people are always extremely fascinating to others with many attractive qualities and Brian is no exception.

I would, however, warn Brian—and other

Scorpios—to guard against envy. Envy has great destructive powers and the only way to ward it off is to avoid situations where unfair comparisons might be made.

I PREDICT that Brian Poole will shortly be sharing his work with an attractive blonde, born under Cancer.

You're Scorpio, too? . . .

I find that you Scorpio people contain inside yourselves more strength of purpose than some give you credit for.

I believe that you are not always credited with this quality because you tend to use it carefully and in moderation. This is as it should be, for I must tell you that there are times when you could be the centre of jealousy.

Continue to rely on your marked judgment and understanding of others—and the danger will be averted.

I PREDICT that in an important part of your life you will achieve more than you expected and be able to enjoy life greatly.

SAGITTARIUS

(Nov 22 to Dec 20)



DAVE CLARK
born Dec 15, 1942.

SUCCESS ON HIS OWN

Dave Clark, like so many Sagittarians, has an uncanny instinct about people. He understands others so well that at times he runs the risk of showing that he has power over them. And sometimes other people can resent this, especially if they have anything to hide.

Dave belongs to the instinctively happy and optimistic type of person. With those closest to himself, he can be the most demonstrative of people. That is true of most Sagittarians.

He has great determination and would face tremendous odds to achieve his goal. His vast energy helps in this. Very independent in nature, finds it easy to express himself.

I PREDICT that Dave Clark will have a long and lasting romance.

I PREDICT that he will emerge as an artist in his own right. I do not mean that the D.C.5 will break up. Quite the contrary; his success will make the group stronger.

Her brown-eyed partner

Brenda Lee, who was born Dec 11, 1944, shares with some other Sagittarians the tendency to be a bit of a rebel. Her original approach to situations, coupled with her liveliness and strength of purpose, sometimes bring her into conflict with less able people. They soon find that she will brook no interference.

Sagittarians like Brenda have such a great zest for living that they run the risk of being called selfish. This is not so and when the risk is realised, I



know that they can always correct this.

I PREDICT that Brenda Lee will make No. 1 with a "B" side.

I PREDICT that in her work she will team up with someone with brown eyes and the initial "A".

Hey Sagittarius! Your turn . . .

I find that you Sagittarians are much in demand because you always look on the bright side. Witty, cheerful, you can enjoy immense popularity. The people that you accept as friends find you very loyal and understanding.

On the other hand, people who strike you as foolish or deceitful can get the sharp end of your tongue only too easily.

I PREDICT that demands will be made of you and from them you will enjoy considerable rewards.

I PREDICT that someone close will bring you great delight.

rave



THE GOLDEN AGE OF GEAR

For the Hollies
the 'bits and
pieces' add up to
a £5,000 sound,
says Dick Tatham

The Hollies . . . Five of 'em. 'In' guys. Big on the scene. Much reckoned.

Graham: he's leader. Tall, slim, thick thatch of brown hair. Buzzsaw energy. Personality: bubbling, bit crazy.

Tony: could be Graham's brother. Looks like him. Same height, colour-

ing, personality. Says biggest influence on career is drink.

Allan: good-looking and wants to be a millionaire. But sorry, girls, he's gone. Wed last March.

Eric: seems shy at first. Later switches on high-wattage grin and starts to talk. Deep. Plays chess.

Bobby: group's only blond. If you're game to listen, will talk drums non-stop for a week.

So those are the boys. But what of their music? What do they do to get the sound that goes into the discs that send 'em high in the charts? Here's what might give you a slight idea . . .

The guitar stood in a corner of the dressing room. Bright gleam from its gold plate. Dark gleam from its woodwork. It shouted money.

"Not mine," said Graham Nash. "Tony Hicks's. Gretsch. £280." He mentioned the figure like you or me saying we had just paid fifteen bob for a plastic mac.

I grinned at the thought. I said, "The mid-sixties will go down in showbiz history as the Golden Age of Gear. There have certainly been some changes made since the days when skiffle groups were grafting around with thirty-bob guitars, washboards and tea-chest basses. And who knows where it will all end?"

"Every time you look round the gear is at a new high. More powerful. More technical. More fantastic in price."

The 22-year-old leader of the Hollies relaxed his long, lean figure in a chair. He said, "There's no way out. You want to be at the top—you need the gear.

"It is as much a part of our story as any playing ability we may have. As vital as the numbers we choose."

The Hollies and their gear . . . It wasn't easy to get the story of it—since all five of them and heaven knows how many more people were milling around in a dressing room roughly the size of a large phone booth. But here are the bits and pieces I picked up . . .

Fore-runner of the Hollies was the Deltas. Graham formed the group about two years ago. Line-up also included Allan Clarke and Eric Haydock of the present group.

They had three second-hand guitars—£80 each. Three small amplifiers—£40 each new. Other items (like transport and uniforms) brought total cost of gear to about £600.

Most of the gear was on HP—parents acting as guarantors. "Our folks didn't mind," says Graham. "Only too glad to see us off the streets. We paid off the HP pretty fast.

"Maybe we weren't much known outside Manchester—but we still earned £20 a night. Thanks to the gear."

The group became the Hollies in December 1962. (At Christmas: hence the name). Soon after they decided to up the gear. "We needed better guitars for faster playing and richer tone. We got Fenders. £175 each.

"We needed stronger amps—'cos the old ones used to shake like crazy when we stepped up the volume. We paid £105 for new ones."

Last year the Hollies lashed out on their own mike system to use on ballroom dates. Also on a new van. Also on new uniforms.

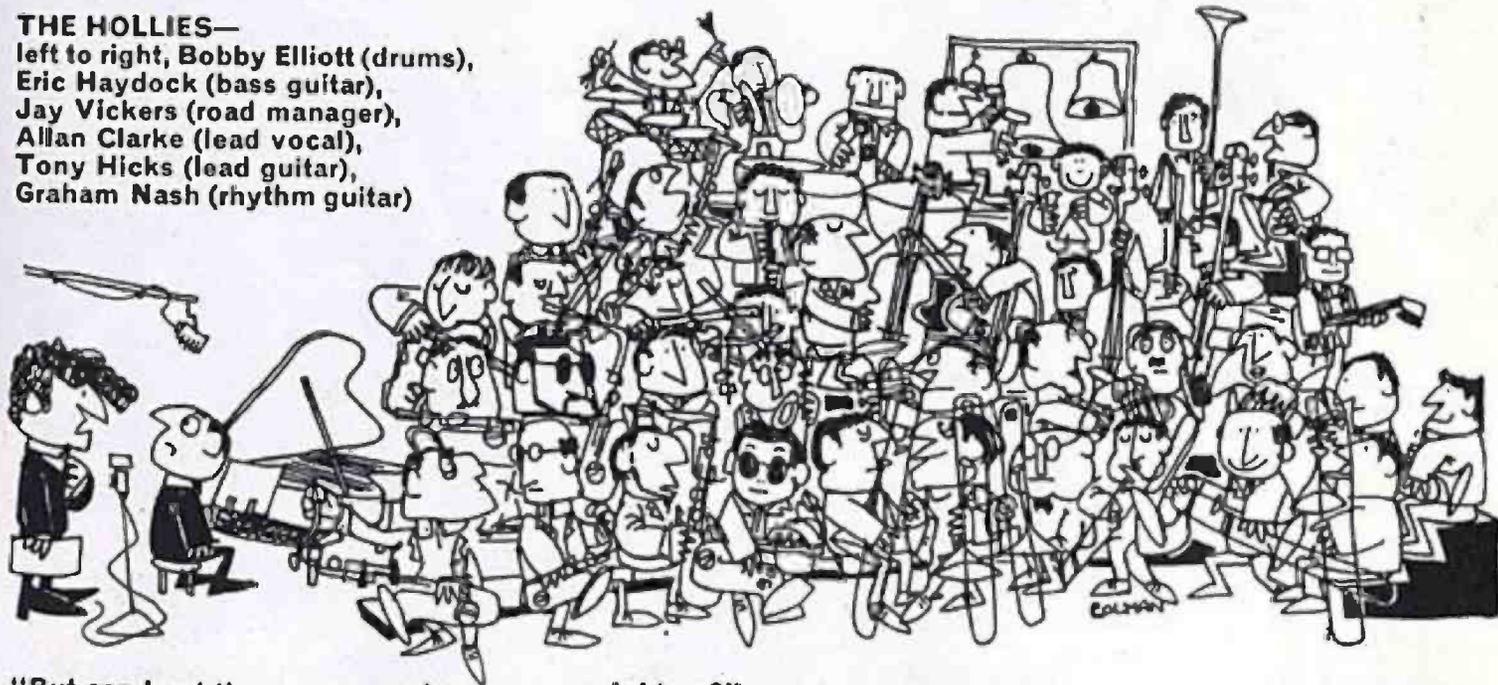
They don't know the total cost of their gear today. They say it's between £4,000 and £5,000.

Group's lead guitarist is Tony Hicks. He joined them shortly before the

page 55 ● ●

THE HOLLIES—

left to right, Bobby Elliott (drums), Eric Haydock (bass guitar), Jay Vickers (road manager), Allan Clarke (lead vocal), Tony Hicks (lead guitar), Graham Nash (rhythm guitar)



"But can I get the same sound on my one nighters?"



**GEORGE
CHAKIRIS**

FILM GUIDE

REVIEWS BY MARGARET HINXMAN

The Bargee (A) Harry H. Corbett and writers Ray Galton and Alan Simpson put too much "Steproe" into this lark tale.

Becket (A) As Henry II and Becket, Peter O'Toole and Richard Burton command all attention. A superb duel of acting talent.

Best Of Cinerama (U) Memorable moments from previous Cinerama features. Still stirring.

The Carotaker (A) Harold Pinter's tall tale of a tramp and two odd brothers; brilliantly acted, but monotonous to watch.

Chalk Garden (U) Lush and lavish "weepie" in which

Deborah Kerr puts the healing fluence on testy teenager, Hayley Mills.

Cleopatra (A) Elizabeth Taylor queens it over Rex Harrison and Richard Burton in the most spectacular "spectacular" ever.

Distant Trumpet (A) A Western with gusto and a tedious Troy Donahue as the hero.

Evil Of Frankenstein (A) Another chilly chapter in the adventures of the mad Baron and his monster. Good, gruesome fun.

Fall Of The Roman Empire (U) Stunningly mounted Roman epic, with Alec Guinness stealing the acting honours from Sophia Loren, Stephen Boyd and Christopher Plummer.

Finest Hours (U) A vigorous and imaginative documentary life of Winston Churchill. Dramatically and historically compelling.

French Dressing (A) Freakish frolic about a staid British seaside resort that goes Gallic.

Girl With Green Eyes (X) Rita Tushingham, touchingly Irish, and in love with Peter Finch. Newcomer Lynn Redgrave almost steals her limelight.

Global Affair (A) Bob Hope plays papa to an abandoned baby. A gooey affair!

How The West Was Won (U) Mammoth, star-studded Cinerama horse opera.

The Incredible Journey (U)

Two dogs and a cat embark on a hazardous journey across Canada. Disney adventure.

It's A Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World (U) A Cinerama chase to find a fortune, with a mixed cast of comics and automobiles.

Law Of The Lawless (U) Still on the side of the angels, Dale Robertson of TV's "Wells Fargo" upholds the law in a Western trouble spot. You won't be bored!

Lawrence Of Arabia (A) Don't miss this vivid movie. Peter O'Toole heads a strong cast.

Long Day's Journey Into Night (A) Powerful tragedy of family conflict, memorably stripped bare by Katharine Hepburn, Ralph Richardson and Dean Stockwell. An experience rather than an entertainment.

Man In The Middle (A) Gripping, though wordy, detection-cum-trial melodrama with Robert Mitchum.

Man's Favourite Sport (U) Rock Hudson takes a romantic beating from Paula Prentiss in a comedy which should be funnier than it is.

Night Must Fall (X) Albert Finney in cracking form as the Welsh boy who takes a kill to the ladies he first charms.

Nightmare (X) Murder, madness and dirty work in dark corridors.

The Nutty Professor (U) High-style clowning from Jerry

Lewis in a lunatic "Jekyll-and-Hyde" frolic. One of his best.

The Quick Gun (A) Rousing, routine Western in which Audie Murphy mops up the bad men with satisfying speed.

Seven Days In May (U) "General" Burt Lancaster attempts to overthrow the American President but fails to reckon with "Colonel" Kirk Douglas.

633 Squadron (A) Cliff Robertson and George Chakiris in an authentic tale of wartime heroism in the air.

The Sky Above—The Mud Below (A) Documentary record of an expedition into the interior of New Guinea. Nature in the raw, both brutal and beautiful.

Tammy And The Doctor (U) Sandra Dee is the homespun "Pollyanna" who spreads sweetness and light as thick as molasses.

Three Lives Of Thomasina (U) A Disney "charmer" about a small girl and a marmalade cat in Scotland. The adults—Patrick McGeehan and Susan Hampshire—have a tough time competing.

West Of Montana (A) Whimsical Western, short on action but strong on charm—notably that of Keir Dullea, the "David And Lisa" boy.

Woman Of Straw (A) Released from James Bond-age, Sean Connery plays a well-heeled cad with crime and Gina Lollobrigida on his mind.

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STAR BEAT



MIKE GRANT REPORTING ON ROLLING STONES, ELVIS, YARDBIRDS, CILLA, PENNIES

Drummer Charlie Watts tendered his resignation from the Rolling Stones recently—but he has been persuaded by his colleagues to think again. Consequently, Charlie will remain with the Stones. Although he and the rest of the group are close friends with each other, he did not feel on the same plane musically. Charlie's interests range wide, from e-and-b to the American Civil War. But he has confided at odd moments that he is not happy with the type of music the Stones are playing.

Nevertheless, Charlie was right to change his mind about leaving. At this stage a change in personnel would not be a good thing for the group. His retraction shows he has his best interests at heart.

Maurice Woodruff's prediction on page 26 that Elvis Presley will marry later in the year, prompted me to send my Hollywood mate scuttling round to see if Presley is preparing for matrimony yet.

Back came a cable saying that Elvis told a friend recently: "Thirty's beginning to sound mighty old to me—and that's coming up soon."

He's been keeping company with several girls in addition to regulars Ann-Margret and Priscilla Beaulieu. But the only concession he's so far shown towards domestication is to direct his shopping—by radio telephone—from the back of a huge Rolls Royce!

One of the most exciting sights—and sounds—of this current group scene is at the Crawdaddy Rhythm-and-Blues club in Richmond, Surrey. Here the Yardbirds

hold court every Sunday night.

I've been left cold and unimpressed by Liverpool's Cavern. Unable to grasp the atmosphere of London's Scene. But the Yardbirds (making friends with a gazelle at the Zoo, below) have made the Crawdaddy an unrivalled mecca for modern music.

The group has the same sort of appeal as the Rolling Stones, though they are closer to their audience. When excitement reaches fever pitch—usually during "Smoke Stack Lightning"—dancers shake from the rafters!

Styles are way-out. The girls are specialising in white ankle socks and slippers, pleated skirts and initialled sweaters and pigails.

There might have been a frustrated pop singer among the jubilant West Ham team that carried home the Cup from their Wembley match with Preston.

For Brian Poole once played for West Ham's junior

team and had ambitions—indeed, "every chance—of graduating!" "But I went mad on the singing kick," grinned Brian.

He has quite a sporting record. As a schoolboy cricketer he was hailed as brilliant. He was captain of his school team and for bowling eleven wickets for eight runs a newspaper made him a special award.

He was also the backstroke swimming champion of Ilford, and represented Ilford at water polo. A keen basket-ball player he spends spare Thursday evenings keeping in trim—his brother Arthur coaches him.

When ex-Shadow Ian Samwell wrote "Move It", Cliff Richard's first hit, he gave himself a "pension" for his retirement from the group. The five-year-old song still earns Samwell £3 a week in royalties.

What does James Bond do just before he tackles single-handed half a dozen of the

world's biggest crooks all with one distinct advantage over him—they're armed and he isn't?

The answer: he fills in his football pools. Or plays some bridge. Perhaps even take a little spin on a bike.

Sean Connery, 007 personified on the big screen, broke off filming "Goldfinger" to tell me: "Whenever I've got a big scene coming up I do everything I can to forget all about it until it happens. "I study the script and main points of direction a day in advance. Then I try to take my mind off the job."

Cilla Black was telling me the other day how she beats an acute attack of nerves and tenseness. We were chatting over coffee backstage at the London Palladium where she is currently appearing in the summer revue.

"The first time I walked into a recording studio I had the shakes," she giggled. "I couldn't sing—I just wanted to let myself go and scream.

My recording manager George Martin put me into an empty studio to let loose.

"When things don't go right at other times and I find myself getting angry, I make a bee-line for the nearest set of drums. There's no better way to give yourself confidence than by belting a drum!"

Shirley Eaton, now working with Sean Connery and Honor Blackman in the next James Bond thriller "Goldfinger" at Pinewood, is being sought by Hollywood producers to be publicised as "a more dainty Anita Ekberg".

Carl Perkins was playing at a dance one night when a boy in front of the stage shouted to his partner: "Keep off my blue suede shoes."

Recalls Carl: "This impressed me so much—a guy telling his girl not to dirty his shoes—that I couldn't get it out of my mind. I couldn't sleep that night and I wrote a song about the incident."

"Blue Suede Shoes" since became a rock standard, Elvis Presley's version being perhaps the most famous. Thirteen top names have recorded the number and has earned Carl a fortune.

Roy Orbison's six-year-old son, Roy Dewayne, very nearly put the Beatles out of action for a couple of weeks. The reason: after visiting them he found he had chicken-pox!

There was consternation in the Beate camp when Roy's spots were diagnosed. For a

few hours—during which Martin put me into an empty studio to let loose—fingers were kept tightly crossed until the Beatles' doctor gave an all-clear.

Roy told me: "I took Roy Dewayne to see the boys because they are special friends of his. Of course, we didn't know at the time that he had chicken-pox. It would have been mighty expensive if they'd been laid up, too."

Hollywood is waiting for the big bang when "nice guy" Richard Chamberlain blows his top... and starts acting up like everyone else in Movie City.

For when he isn't filming or recording, Dick is rushed off to personal appearances, film conferences and photo sessions.

One director who has had his share of uncooperative stars told me: "Dick never complains.

"Maybe he doesn't know that to be a star around he has to be temperamental—if only to avoid getting stepped on!"

Dancer Patrick Kerr of RSG fame is taking singing lessons. He hopes to branch out as a singer-dancer in the autumn and a tour is being lined up for him.

Artist Robert Percival has completed a portrait of the Swinging Blue Jeans—it now hangs in Liverpool's Walker Art Gallery.

Don't you think that the Four Pennies rate as the most handsome up-and-coming group?

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

Searcher Chris Curtis tells me: "My married colleagues are making sure their future is secure. Give them fifteen years and they'll be managing a group called Sons Of The Searchers. Wonder if they'll want a middle-aged drummer?"



YARDBIRDS, CILLA, PENNIES

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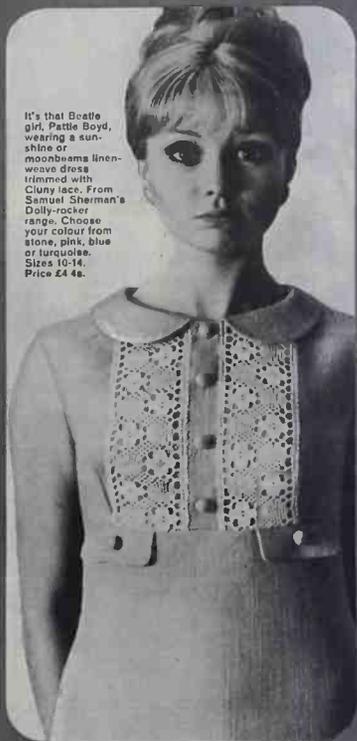
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It's that Beatle girl, Pattie Boyd, wearing a sunshine or moonbeams linen-weave dress trimmed with Cluny lace. From Samuel Sherman's Dolly-rockers range. Choose your colour from stone, pink, blue or turquoise. Sizes 10-14. Price £4 4s.



Matelot-style by day, sophistication at night. The sailor collar comes off in a trice leaving a round-necked dress ready for your favourite jewellery. By Lina! Dresses. It comes in navy, tan and yellow. Sizes 10-18. £4 19s. 6d.



A button-through coat dress with a neat line and the latest stand-away collar highlighted with white stitching. Made by Global Dresses. In pink, blue, charcoal and pale grey denim. Sizes 12-18. Price? Only £2 19s. 11d.

Pattie Boyd again... this time she's wearing a skimmer in embroidered check gingham with a white plique bob and collar. From Samuel Sherman's Dolly-rockers range. In blue/green or scarlet/green gingham. Sizes 10-14. Price £4 4s.



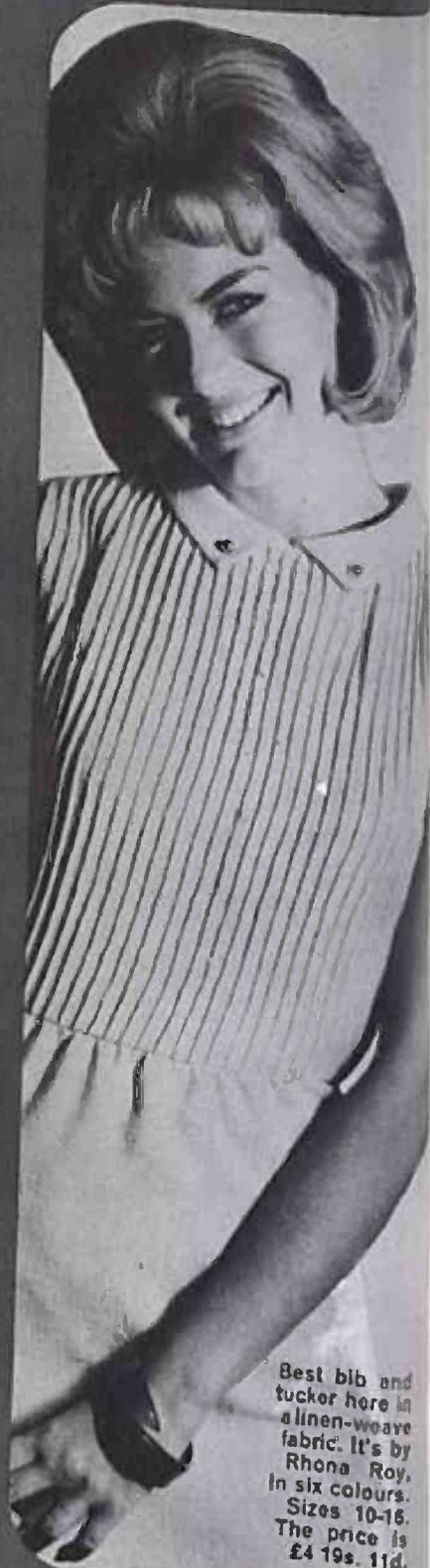
WHAT TO WEAR FOR A HARD DAY'S NIGHT

Got an awful lot of living to do? Take your pick from these pacemakers. You'll be cool enough to keep the boss happy at work and ready to move straight off on that swinging date—it could be to see *their* film!



The Transatlantic look in brightly striped sateen cotton that will emerge crisp and fresh after the most rugged day. From California Dresses, it comes in a wide range of two colour combinations on white. Sizes 12-18. £4 4s.

A work of art in muted pastels—this Empire line dress is made in shed-every-crease Tricel Jersey. Team it with a pretty cardigan in working hours. Sizes 12-18. In green, pink or blue tones. £4 14s. 6d.



Best bib and tucker here in a linen-weave fabric. It's by Rhona Roy. In six colours. Sizes 10-16. The price is £4 19s. 11d.

A 1270 BUYERS SURVEY

A COLOUR CAMERA FOR UNDER £10

More and more people are taking colour pictures today. For, with a bit of care, anyone can take colour pictures with any camera—yes, even the cheapest! Bill Dayton explains.

Don't be frightened by the cost. Look at it this way... Say from one black & white rollfilm you got 16 negatives worth printing. Prints can cost 9d. each, so that's 16 times 9d., equalling 12s. Add 3s. 9d. for the film plus 2s. for processing it. That's 17s. 9d., or 1s. 1½d. per picture.

Now for 36s. 9d. you can take 36 colour transparencies. Cost per picture: 1s. 0½d.

Of course, if some of the transparencies are duds, some of that 36s. 9d. is wasted. But a better camera will help you avoid dud pictures. How?

BECAUSE better cameras have better lenses, giving more-true-to-life colour with more detail—important if you want to screen your colour transparencies.

And also BECAUSE better cameras will take colour pictures when the light is too dim or even too bright for cheaper cameras.

If your camera has not passed enough light on to the film ("under-exposure"), the colours will be too dark. If it has passed too much light ("over-exposure") the colours will be wishy-washy.

Better cameras control the light in two ways...

By varying the light that can pass through the LENS. Think of a pin-hole punched through a bit of card. Not much light could pass through that. Make the hole larger—and more light will come through.

Better cameras indicate how much light the lens is passing by what's called the "f" number. You'll see "f" numbers stamped on the lens mounting. The smaller the "f" number, the more light the lens will pass. So at "f2.8" the lens will pass more light than at "f6.3".

The other way of controlling the light is by varying the SHUTTER SPEED. Every time you shoot, the shutter opens momentarily and lets the light on to the film. Obviously, the longer the shutter stays open, the more light gets to the film.

Shutter speeds are usually marked on better cameras in

fractions of a second. A shutter speed of 1/50th of a second will let in more light than 1/125th.

To sum up: to take the best colour pictures your camera needs a LENS with a choice of "f" settings or a continuously variable "f" setting and as many SHUTTER SPEEDS as you can afford.

Now, there are 20 cameras between £5 and £10. Which is right for you? This depends on what kind of colour pictures you want. If you'd like colour pictures printed on paper big enough to put in your album, go for a camera taking 120 or 127 size COLOUR NEGATIVE FILM.

If you'd prefer small colour transparencies to view against the light, or put in a magnifying viewer, or project on a screen, go for a camera taking 35mm. COLOUR REVERSAL FILM.

These cameras for 120 film give use of flash-gun for indoor pictures and will focus down to 4ft. for close-ups—Boots Korell II £5 10s., two lens settings (f8, f16), 2 shutter speeds, gives 24 snaps per film. Lubitel 2 £6, lens variable to f4.5, 3 shutter speeds, gives 12 snaps.

These cameras are similar but also have a two-snaps-on-one prevention device—Agfa Isoly I £6 4s. 5d., two lens settings, 1 shutter speed, gives 16 snaps. Agfa Isoly II £8 4s. 6d., lens variable to f6.3, 2 shutter speeds, gives 16 snaps. Photopia 66 £5 5s., two lens settings (f8, f16), 1 shutter speed, gives 16 or 12 snaps.

This camera is similar but without use of flash-gun—Actina Bellaluxe £5 19s. 5d., two settings (f8, f16), 3 shutter speeds, gives 16 snaps.

Here's a camera which works out the correct film exposure for you—Hanimax Fujiflex EE £8 10s., non-focusing lens, 1-shutter speed, with use of flash-gun, gives 8 snaps.

This camera for 127 film has a focusing lens, use of flash-gun, and two-snaps-on-one prevention—Actina Bellina £5 19s. 5d., lens variable to f5.6, 4 shutter speeds, gives 12 snaps.

These cameras have lenses variable to f3.5—Halina Rolls £5 19s. 6d., 3 shutter speeds, quick-wind-on device. Halina 35x £7 13s. 3d., 4 shutter speeds. Super Halina 35x £9 9s., 4 shutter speeds, easier-to-use viewfinder.

Japanese Cameras' Pal Junior £9 17s. 6d., 4 shutter speeds. Gnome Ados Polo I £8 19s. 6d., 3 shutter speeds, easier-to-use viewfinder.

All these 35mm. cameras have lenses with variable "f" settings, use of flash gun, two-snaps-on-one prevention, and focusing lenses.

These 35mm. cameras are similar but with lenses variable to f2.8—Boots Bellrette Junior II £7 19s. 6d., 3 shutter speeds, lens focuses to 2ft. Agfa Silhouette I £9 19s. 6d., 3 shutter speeds. Photopia Regulette 125 £9 19s. 9d., 3 shutter speeds, quick-wind-on device, easier-to-use viewfinder. Photopia Regula Sprinty I £6 19s. 9d., lens settings coupled to 3 shutter speeds. Photopia Regula Sprinty II £7 19s. 9d. same as model I but with easier-to-use viewfinder.

This camera uses special easier-to-load film, has a built-in flash-gun, two-snaps-on-one prevention, non-focusing lens, one lens setting and 2 shutter speeds—Kodak Instamatic 100 £5 4s. 8d.

This camera has a special easier-to-use system of lens settings, focusing lens, use of flash-gun, two-snaps-on-one prevention, lens variable to f3.9, one shutter speed—Kodak Colorsnap 2 £9 17s. 8d.



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DR. KILDARE'S SECRET ROMANCE

She was silent, and much too serious for a girl out for an evening of fun. That same mystery was still bothering her. "What's the answer, Denise? Who are you? What are you?"

Begins this month—the most heart-warming love story of the year. By NORMAN DANIELS

JAMES KILDARE, M.D., of Blair General Hospital, was soaking up as much sunlight as possible in the ten minutes he'd taken out of his busy day.

A tall, quite handsome young man, fair-haired, with grey-blue eyes, he walked slowly, because there were too many times when he had to move very fast.

Suddenly a maid came streaking out of the nurses' dormitory and one look at her face was enough to inform him that something drastic had happened. She ran to him, and then pointed at the dormitory while her jaws worked, but no sound came from her throat.

Kildare put a hand on her shoulder, gripped it tightly. "Take it easy now. Get your breath. Easy . . ."

She gulped, and blurted out: "Girl in there . . . Room 203 . . . she's killed herself, Doctor!"

"A student nurse?" Kildare asked in dismay and surprise. "How? Where is she?"

"I don't know, Doctor. In the river, I suppose. All I found was the note she left."

"Show it to me."

"I . . . just dropped it . . . on the floor in her room, but it tells where she wants to be buried and it asks everybody to forgive her . . ."

"203," Kildare repeated, and went up the dormitory

stairs as fast as he could. The door of 203 was open and he spotted the note on the floor as soon as he entered. He read it swiftly.

Someone said, with a cautious touch of indignation, "I beg your pardon, Doctor . . ."

A girl stood in the doorway. She wore a terry-cloth robe, tied at the waist. Her hair was awry and she held a shower cap in her hand. She smelled of soap and newly applied cologne.

He held up the letter. "I don't know the name of the girl who has this room, but . . . well . . . this note . . . it's a suicide . . ."

The girl gave a sharp cry, reached for the note, and

ripped it to pieces. She had trouble controlling her tears. "It's all a silly mistake. Really, Doctor . . . I'm thoroughly ashamed of myself."

"It didn't read like a silly mistake," Kildare said gently. "If there's anything I can do to help you . . ."

She made a quick dab at her eyes with a lightly knuckled fist. "You're Doctor Kildare, aren't you?"

He smiled. "That's right."

"Doctor Kildare . . . you probably know all about how lonely a girl feels when she's away from home for the first time in her life."

Kildare looked at her. Without lipstick, rouge or eye



make-up, this girl was exceptional. Her hair was fair, like his own, and she had the bluest of eyes. Her features were regular enough, but shaped so that she was undeniably cute — not quite beautiful, but not far from it. She looked somewhat older than the average nurse in training, but that could be an illusion.

"You wrote it in a fit of the blues. Is that what you're trying to tell me?" he asked.

"Yes. One night . . . I was exhausted . . . you know how

we're worked. Second only to interns. Well, I came off duty and I suddenly wanted to be home again, with my aunt and uncle. They're all I have and I missed them."

"Well," Kildare said, "okay. I see your point."

"I hope you do, Doctor. I suppose men, too, grow lonely at times."

"We sure do. Look . . . I know a perfect cure for what ails both of us. Today I get paid. I'm still as hard up as I was when I was an intern, though. I regard that money as

something to be spent fast . . . and there's no more satisfying way to spend it than on a pretty girl. How about it?"

"Why, Doctor . . ." she said, "I'm flattered. I'm only a first year student . . ."

"I know," he said, with one of his infectious grins. "There's only one species any lower, and that's an intern. We could have dinner somewhere. We might," he studied her critically, "come to like one another a bit, and get rid of some of this loneliness that seems to be bugging us."

"I go off duty at six," she said. "I can be ready at seven-thirty."

"That's fine."

"You . . . do believe me when I say that note has no meaning, Doctor?"

He nodded cheerfully. "Sure . . . I certainly don't see any psychotic impulses showing on you." At the door he paused. "Would you mind telling me your name?"

"I'm Denise Landon."

"Denise," he tried out the name. "Ummm . . . sounds . . ."

ILLUSTRATION BY JON DAVIS

GO! GO! GO! FOR

rave

OUT JUNE 25

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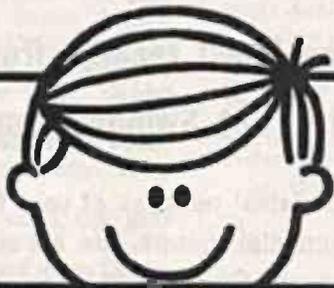
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JUNE HIGHLIGHTS

Tours

Hollies: Reading Olympia (June 4), Scotland (6-10), Isle of Man Palais (11), Chatham Invictor (14.)

Four Pennies: Barnstaple Queens (June 11), Plymouth Majestic (12), Torquay Town Hall (13), Blackburn King George's (14), Stourbridge Public Hall (17), Kidderminster Public Hall (18), Nantwich Civic Hall (20), Leicester College of Arts (25), Wellington Sankey's (26), Rawtenstall Astoria (27), Bath Regency (30).

Manfred Mann: London Marquee (June 1), Baling Club (4), Bridlington Spa (6), Wellington Majestic (7), Marquee (8), Bishop Stopford Longs (12), Orpington Civic Hall (13), Marquee (15), Bristol Corn Exchange (17), Richmond Athletic Grounds (18), Chatteris Barn (19), Catford Savoy (20), Chatham Invictor (21), Marquee (22), Sheffield University (25), Redcar Jazz Festival (26), Manchester Oasis (27), Marquee (29).

Mojos: Salisbury City Hall (3), Liverpool (4), Manchester Oasis (5), Reading Olympia (11), Forest Hill (12), Clacton Town Hall (13), Bradford Top Twenty (17), Birkenhead Top Rank (18), Leicester University (19), Morecambe Floral Hall (20), Worthing Assembly Hall (25), Cheltenham Town Hall (26).

Brian Poole and the Tremeloes: Longton Cabaret Club (June 2), Stoughbridge Town Hall (3), Ely Shippay Hill Farm (5), Ramsay Gaiety (6), Bury Palais/Manchester New Central Hall (13), Sheffield (17), Oldham (18), Leicester University (19), Margate Dreamland (20), Barrow 99 Club (24).

Swinging Blue Jeans: Salisbury City Hall (June 1), Hounslow Attic Club (2), Newcastle Mayfair (5), Ralton State (6), Hanley Majestic (12), Sheffield University (13), Yarmouth (14), Belfast Boom-Boom Rooms/Dundalk Adelphi (19), Arklow/Bray (20), Kilkenny (21), Dublin Kingsway/Dublin Cinerama (22), Mullingar (23), Tuam (24), Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion (26), Norwich Memorial Hall (27), Manchester Cavern (28).

Diary

1: Shirley Bassey opens a five-week season at the Talk Of The Town.

1: John Lee Hooker arrives for a 28-day tour starting at the Flamingo Club, London.

1: Rolling Stones fly to New York for three-week tour.

2: Susan Maughan flies to Madrid to star in TV variety show.

4: Beatles fly to Copenhagen for concert.

5: Millicent Martin's "Mainly

Millie" 30-minute TV series starts.

5: Beatles in Holland for two days.

5: Billy J. Kramer and the Dakotas leave for New York and Ed Sullivan TV show.

8: Beatles and Sounds Inc. fly to Hong Kong concerts en route for Australia and New Zealand tour (starts 12).

8: Rediffusion's "Around the Beatles" spectacular to be re-screened.

15: Hollies begin two weeks' holiday.

19: Billy J. Kramer tours Sweden for ten days.

20: Rolling Stones at Carnegie Hall, New York.

Birthdays

4: Gordon Waller

17: Norman Kuhlke of SBJs

18: Paul McCartney

22: Peter Asher

23: Adam Faith

Concerts

London Prince of Wales: Gerry and the Pacemakers, Mojos, Lorne Gibson Trio (7); Dusty Springfield, Bachelors (14); Four Pennies (21).

Blackpool Odeon: Susan Maughan (every Sunday). Blackpool Opera House: Dusty Springfield (7 and 28). Torquay Princess: Freddie and the Dreamers (28). Great Yarmouth Britannia: Big Dee Irwin, Karl Denver, Gamblers, Orchids (June 21 and 28).

Manchester Palace: Four Pennies (28).

Summer Seasons

BLACKPOOL

ABC: Frank Ifield, Kathy Kirby (from June 13).

Central Pier: Bachelors with Al Read (from May 16).

North Pier: Danny Williams, Jimmy Tarbuck (from June 5).

South Pier: Joe Brown, Johnny Kidd, Tornados (from June 26).

Winter Gardens: Dave Clark Five, Clinton Ford, Eddie Calvert, Kaye Sisters (from June 20).

GREAT YARMOUTH

ABC: Shadows, Ruby Murray (from June 27).

Aquarium: Billy Fury, Rolf Harris, Karl Denver (from June 12).

Wellington Pier: Morecambe and Wise, Bert Weedon (from June 15).

WEYMOUTH

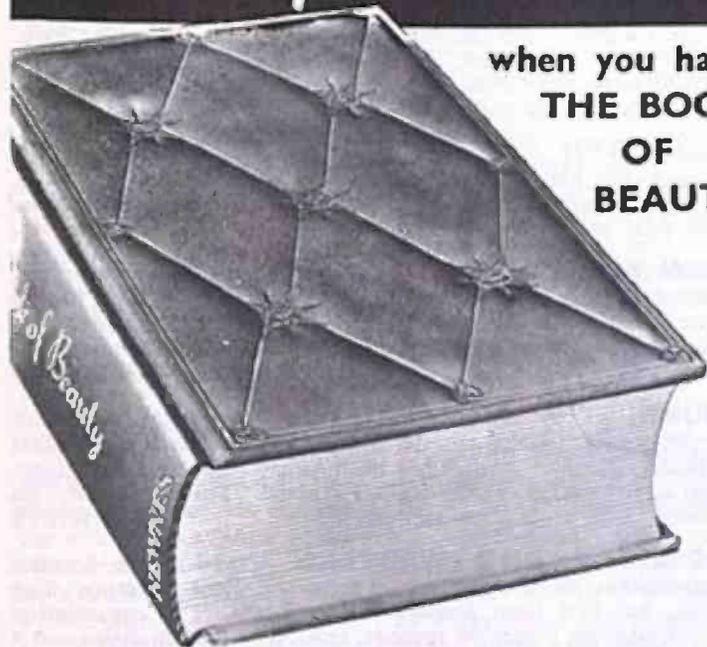
Gaumont: Hollies, Big Dee Irwin, Shane Fenton (from July 27).

ISLE OF MAN

DOUGLAS

Crescent: Freddie and the Dreamers, Susan Maughan (from July 5).

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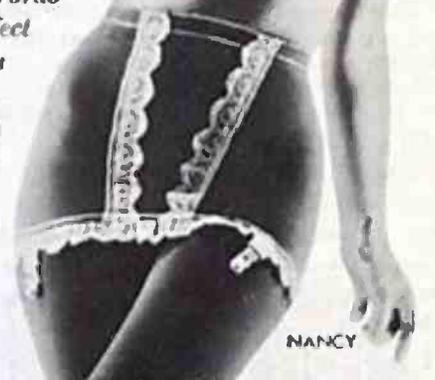


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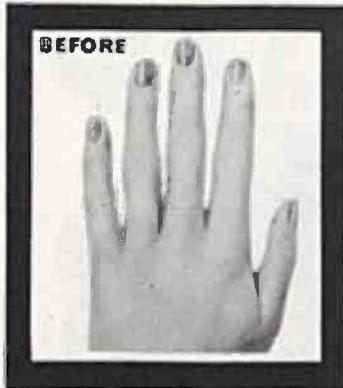
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GLASGOW American music is definitely out in clubs here. Jazz on the way back. Clubs cater for all kinds including college types who dress in jeans, sweaters and scarves. Top group: Dean Ford and the Gaylords. **COLLIN WOOD**

LEICESTER Catching like wildfire: Tom Jones bows. Reason: the film was showing here for more than six weeks. Girls who don't normally go in for eye-catching or ultra-fashionable wear are raving over it. **JEAN HILL**

NEW YORK Fashion-wise, girls are after folk singer styles. Accent is on casual wear; straight hair, shift dresses, bangle bracelets, tights, shoulder strap handbags and low-heel soft shoes. Sports types prefer plaid sneakers, sweatshirts and ski-jackets. **FRANCINE GIARGIANA**

MUNICH Top shows in Germany are all foreign crime thriller series, 14 of them. So popular is "77 Sunset Strip" that Edward "Kookie" Byrnes has been signed to make a film there. Top show, though, is the BBC-TV serial "The World Of Tim Fraser" with 26 million viewers. **JON WHITE**

COUNTRY AND WESTERN A new across-America organisation for country music fans, the Foot Stompin' Fan Club, has just been formed in St. Louis. The organisation offers discount prices on records, reduced rates for shows and a regular newsletter—all for 7s. 6d. membership! **CHET JAMES**

SWEDEN Blue beat catching on here. Labels in Britain, Germany, Switzerland and Holland have been negotiating for the first Swedish bluebeat waxing by Per Nystrom "The Jamaica Blue Beat". **GUSTAV JENSEN**

GUITARS Selmers are introducing a revolutionary new range of seven Gibson solids tentatively priced between £100 and £230. Three models are already available and the Merseybeats are using them. They have heavy duty machine heads which permit finer tuning. **ED BLANCHE**

MANCHESTER The city is club mad! Come the week-end, most places are packed—especially the Top Ten, where Jimmy Savile hosts, and the Century Hall. Clubbers are becoming ultra-fashion conscious. Girls: ankle-length dresses, boys: slim jackets, suede ties. **DAVID EVANS**

DANCES Expect some new steps from the Continent and South America soon. Brazilians are doing the "Bighorriho", a bossa nova type rhythm currently the rage in Rio. And from France, look out for the Snap. **JIM CONNELL**

ELECTRONICS Latest wonder: a keyboard instrument with a built-in computer memory system. A push-button makes it sound like any instrument and play any one of 18 rhythms at the touch of a finger. The secret: recordings of 1,250 instrumental sounds are on tape. **DONALD ALDOUS**

HOLLAND Hottest Dutch group are Roek Williams and the Fighting Cats. Billy Fury tipped them for the top during his visit. Roek sings and looks like the late Buddy Holly and writes all the group's songs. **DICK MULDER**

LIVERPOOL Sudden interest in art following late Stuart Sutcliffe's one-man exhibition at local art gallery. Add to this John Lennon's writings and the great appreciation of art by many group members, and everybody reckons art is fast becoming fashionable. **BILL HARRY**

TAPE New from Philips is a revolutionary battery-portable at 25 guineas. It uses special tape in a cassette which plays for an hour, measures 7½ x 4½ x 2½ inches and weighs only 4½ lb. (including batteries)! **FRED CHANDLER**

THE GOLDEN AGE OF GEAR

• • • page 41

Parlophone test which led to their first disc. ("Ain't That Just Like Me"—May 1963). He is 19. Started playing when he was eleven—having paid a schoolmate a pound for a home-made guitar.

£1. £5. £40. £105. £170. £220. £280. The price-tag story of his guitars is something like that. "I already have a £220 Gibson stereo," he told me. "Now I'm trying out this £280 Gretsch."

"Which do you reckon you'll keep?" I asked.

"Dunno. Both, maybe."

Tony's top three guitar points: clear sound; fast action; good tone. He changes the strings on a guitar about once a month. Takes about an hour. He checks them with a pitch pipe.

Eric Haydock is the Hollies' bass guitarist. He plays a six-string Fender. £170. He is 21. Been playing four years.

Bobby Elliott replaced Don Rathbone as group drummer in September 1963. He came from the Fentones. (Long before, he had been with Tony Hicks in the Dolphins). His folks have a grocer's shop in Burnley.

★ ★ ★

Bobby's first gear—around the age of 14—was biscuit tins and old paint brushes. He graduated to a thirty-bob, junk-shop snare drum—then paid his Sunday school £2 for an old bass drum.

Big-time for Bobby came at 17 with a £60 Premier kit. ("I'd saved £40. Dad lent me £20"). But the gear got more golden with a £130 Trixon set—which he had for three years—and then a super-duper £240 Ludwig which he got when he joined the Hollies.

Here is the international array you see on stage with Bobby today . . . In front of him (from America) the £240-worth of Ludwigs: bass drum; big tomtom on floor; small tomtom on bass drum; snare drum. On his right: a 20-inch cymbal (American—

£24). On his left: smaller cymbal (Swiss—£17).

Also a pair of "high hat" foot cymbals (British—£17 each). He beats hell out of the drums with oak sticks (Japanese—8s. 9d. a pair).

Sticks wear out after about a month. Bobby carries plenty of spares—including two he keeps on the bass drum in case he drops the ones he's using.

Gearwise, the Holly who gets off lightest is 22-year-old lead singer Allan Clarke. Now and then he plays harmonica. These pocket jobs cost him ten bob each. "But," he says, "I'm not acting smart. My harmonica is the one bit of gear which always gets lost."

★ ★ ★

Vital to the Hollies is a man seldom seen by the fans. He is 32-year-old ex-singer Jay Vickers. He is their road manager. He says, "My job is to see they have nothing to worry about except going on and giving a performance."

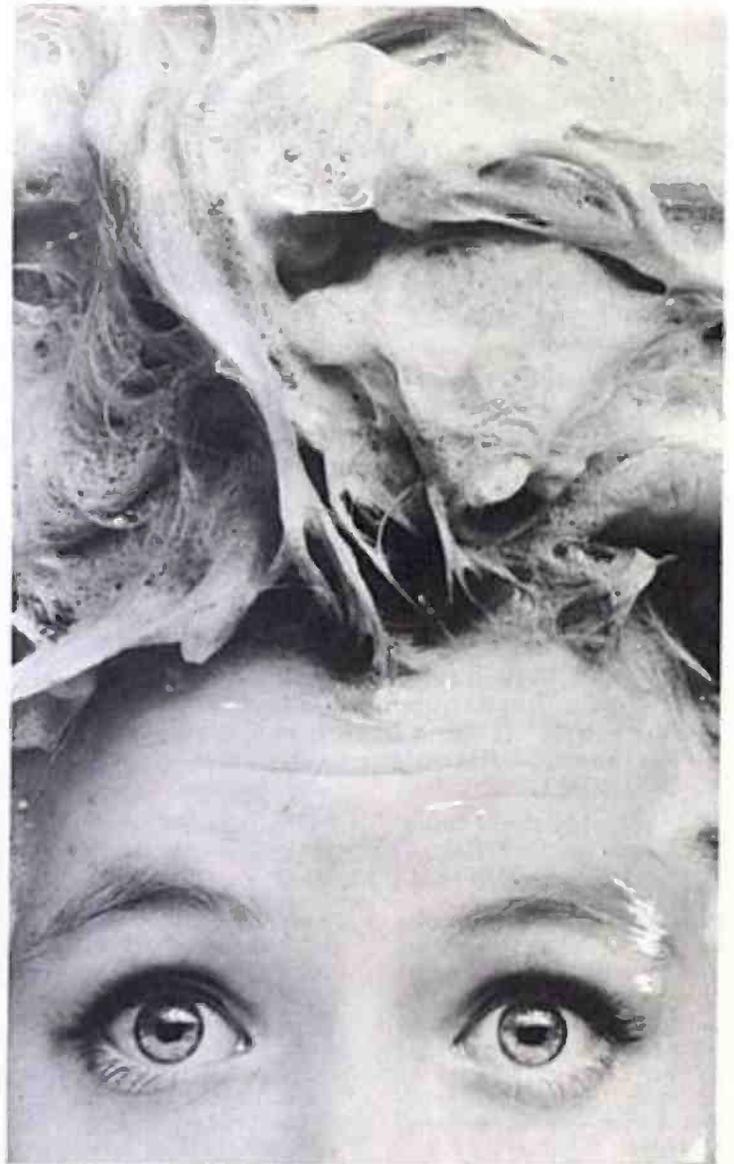
When the Hollies tour, he drives them about 1,500 miles a week. He books their hotels. Organises their meals. And he is responsible for seeing their gear gets from date to date.

Jay (12 years' experience as a performer) also checks on the group's stage lighting. He keeps spare plugs, leads and fuses. Does simple electrical repairs. Sets up the gear and sees all the sound is in go condition before a performance.

The group have four sets of stage suits (blue, maroon, grey, black). Also a set of casual wear. These are kept spruce at same-day cleaners. Seeing this gets done is just one more of Jay's jobs.

How much more golden will the Age of Gear get? I asked the Hollies about the next stage . . . Conference . . . Then agreement as Graham Nash said, "Amplified brass. That could be all the rage next."

He pondered a bit. Then said, "More and more gear . . . Bigger and better all the time . . . Yet when Allan and I started years ago as a double act—know what our gear was then? Two harmonicas—and two cardboard cases!"



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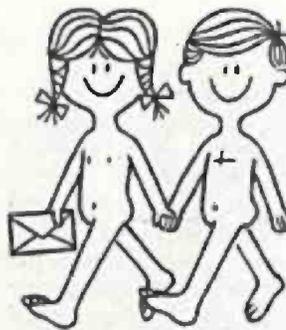
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LETTERS



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Britain is tops— but it won't last

How long is this current British dominance of the world pop scene going to last? The Americans have far more resources than the British pop industry has. They have more potential talent to hit back with and they have the money to do it with. I'm expecting to see Stateside artists creeping back into the charts soon.—Alan Brewster, London, S.W.1.

You could be right, Alan, but you can be sure that British artists are going to fight hard to hold their lead.

Peter and Gordon deny that the Beatles helped them get to the top with their first disc. Yet they recorded a Lennon-McCartney composition. And then recorded another Beatle original for the follow-up. Bit of a contradiction, I think.—Michael Norry, Liverpool.

We think they meant they weren't climbing on the Beatle band-wagon, Michael.

Fathers who complain about their daughters screaming at the Beatles should see themselves at a football match. As for the mothers, I'm sure they stand longer outside a sale than fans do outside a booking office waiting to get tickets to see their idols.

They shove twice as much tool—Marianne Scott, Dundee.

One up for you Marianne.

I'm glad that Cilla Black isn't planning her life and career down to the last minute. ("Cilla Meets Her Match"—rave No 4). Far too many stars say they won't mix career and marriage, but they usually do get married . . . and divorced. Cilla is being sensible and taking things as they come.—Gina Powell, Dalkeith, Midlothian.

We suspect marriage is still a long way off for Cilla.

Cliff's popularity waning? Never! Not if the screams and applause he received when he

appeared here last month were anything to go by. He seems much more mature now and gives a very balanced act which appeals to everyone.—Carol Christie, Edinburgh.

We're sure Cliff will be on the scene a long time as an all-round entertainer.

How cissy can a male get? Hair lacquer, powder, scent. And hair that is far too long. It's the Middle Ages all over again. I just can't see how the boys who spend all their money on clothes can have any fun. And I'm not a square!—Steve Brent, Wembley, Middlesex.

Put it all down to taste, Steve. Live and let live.

A girl friend, who is a reporter, invited me backstage at the local theatre to meet the Gene Pitney package. But the manager refused to let me in. Then Gene heard about my plight and told the manager I was the president of his fan club—which I'm not!

As I was shown through endless corridors back-stage, I bumped into the Blue Jeans. I gasped as they all put their arms around me and asked if I had enjoyed the show. Later I met Billy J. Kramer, the Remo Four, the Escorts and Gene Pitney who were all most polite, friendly and sincere.

That was one night I shall never forget.—Trishia Young, Plymouth, Devon.

Last July, at a charity cricket match, we met an unknown group whose latest disc was "Mulberry Bush". Who were they? The Dave Clark Five. And we spent the whole afternoon chatting to them, never thinking that they would be a top group today.

When they were topping the Palladium bill, we met again. They remembered the match and said it was the first time Dave had worn his now-famous Dr Kildare shirt.—Pat and Lesley, Enfield, Middlesex.

Any more stories of you with the famous?

WHICH ONE IS THE BEATLE?



I say that John Lennon and Peter Sellers look alike, but nearly all my friends disagree. Will you help me prove it, one way or the other?—Diane Standley, Bourne-mouth, Hants.

Okay, so we've proved it. But which way?

How did Charlie Watts ever get tied up with the Rolling Stones? He is the only good-looking one, the only one who bothers to dress sensibly and the only one who smiles—Linda Croale, Sidcup, Kent.

Stand by for some large brickbats, Linda.

When is Joe Brown going to have another hit! Not that he needs one, he's so popular anyway, but it would be nice to think his talent and personality was recognised by the record-buying public.—Pete Wallace, Darlington Yorks.

Joe says it would be nice to be back in the charts, but he's not too worried at the moment.

5 · 4 · 3 · 2 · 1 YEARS AGO!

- June 1963: Cliff Richard's "Holiday Carnival" opens at new Blackpool ABC theatre . . . Mike Pickworth, of the Springfields, marries Sarah Hearne. Top disc: "Do You Want To Know A Secret", Billy J. Kramer.
- June 1962: Johnny Burnette and Bruce Channel tour Britain . . . Nelson Riddle on ten-day tour with Shirley Bassey. Top Discs: "Good Luck Charm," Elvis Presley; "Come Outside," Mike Sarne.
- June 1961: Gene Vincent makes plans to live in Britain . . . Johnnie Ray opens in cabaret at Talk Of The Town. Top disc: "Surrender," Elvis Presley.
- June 1961: Tommy Steele marries dancer Anne Donoughue . . . Adam Faith's "Never Let Go" film premiered in London. Top disc: "Cathy's Clown," Everly Brothers.
- June 1959: The late Mike Holliday meets his lifelong idol Bing Crosby in Hollywood . . . Louis Armstrong, aged 59, in hospital with pneumonia. Top disc: "A Fool Such As I," Elvis Presley.

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NAME.....
 ADDRESS.....

STARWISE

Are you top of the charts when it comes to show biz know-how? Try this quiz and find out. Full marks (30) give yourself a Gold Disc. Over 25, a Silver. Over 20, you'd make the Top Ten. Over 15, better luck with your next release. Over 10, try another label!

TV

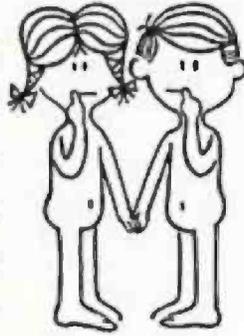
1. What vocal group were featured in the last "Putting On The Donegan" series?
2. Which actor plays Marshal Matt Dillon in "Gunsmoke"?
3. Who was the original "Man At Saint Marks"?
4. Which famous comedy team hosted "Big Night Out"?
5. Name Capt. Amos Burke's assistants in ITV's "Burke's Law"?
6. Which beat show was televised in Switzerland recently?
7. Sid James is currently starring in what BBC series?
8. What personality introduces the "Detective" series?
9. Name the two undercover agent heroes of "G.S.5."
10. What singer recently appeared in a play set in the West Indies?

FILMS

1. Who was "discovered" to take the female lead in "The Birds"?
2. In which film did Liz Taylor and Richard Burton appear as husband and wife?
3. Name the latest film in the successful "Carry On" series?
4. Who played Guy Gibson in "The Dam Busters"?
5. The Searchers made their big screen debut in what film?
6. Which actress has played opposite Sean Connery and Elvis Presley?
7. Which famous actor is to take the title role in "Lord Jim"?
8. Lance Percival and William Rushton starred in what film?
9. Mike Sarne starred in a film with Rita Tushingham. Name it.
10. Doris Day made the charts recently with the title song from what comedy?

CHARTS

1. Did Eddie Cochran have a backing group on "Summertime Blues"?
2. What British girl singer living on the Continent is now a big star there?
3. Paul Anka's first disc was a million seller. What was it?
4. Name three former members of the Shadows.
5. What was the Everly Brothers' last No. 1?
6. What old Patti Page hit did Alma Cogan recently revive?
7. What famous jazz singer has recorded a Beatles' composition?
8. Dionne Warwick and Leroy Van Dyke have recorded what tunes with the same name?
9. What was the original name of Gerry and the Pacemakers?
10. What group did Heinz record with before he went solo?



TV: 1—The Raitors. 2—James Arness. 3—Leslie Phillips. 4—Mike and Bernie Winters. 5—Detective Tim Tison. Sgt. Les Hart. 6—"Ready Steady Go". 7—"Taxi". 8—Kupert Davies. 9—Tony Miller, Peter Clark. 10—Kenny Lynch.

FILMS: 1—Tipp: Hedden. 2—"The VIPs". 3—"Carry On Jack". 4—Richard Todd. 5—"Saturday Night Out". 6—"Urra Andress". 7—Peter O'Toole. 8—"It's All Over Town". 9—"A Place To Go". 10—"More Over Darling".

CHARTS: 1—No. He played all the instruments himself using a multi-track technique. 2—Patsy Clark. 3—"Diamond". 4—Tony Meehan, Jet Harris, Brian Locking. 5—"Temptation". 6—"Tennessee Waltz". 7—Ella Fitzgerald. 8—"Walk On By". 9—Gerry Marsden and the Meters. 10—"The Tornados".

ANSWERS

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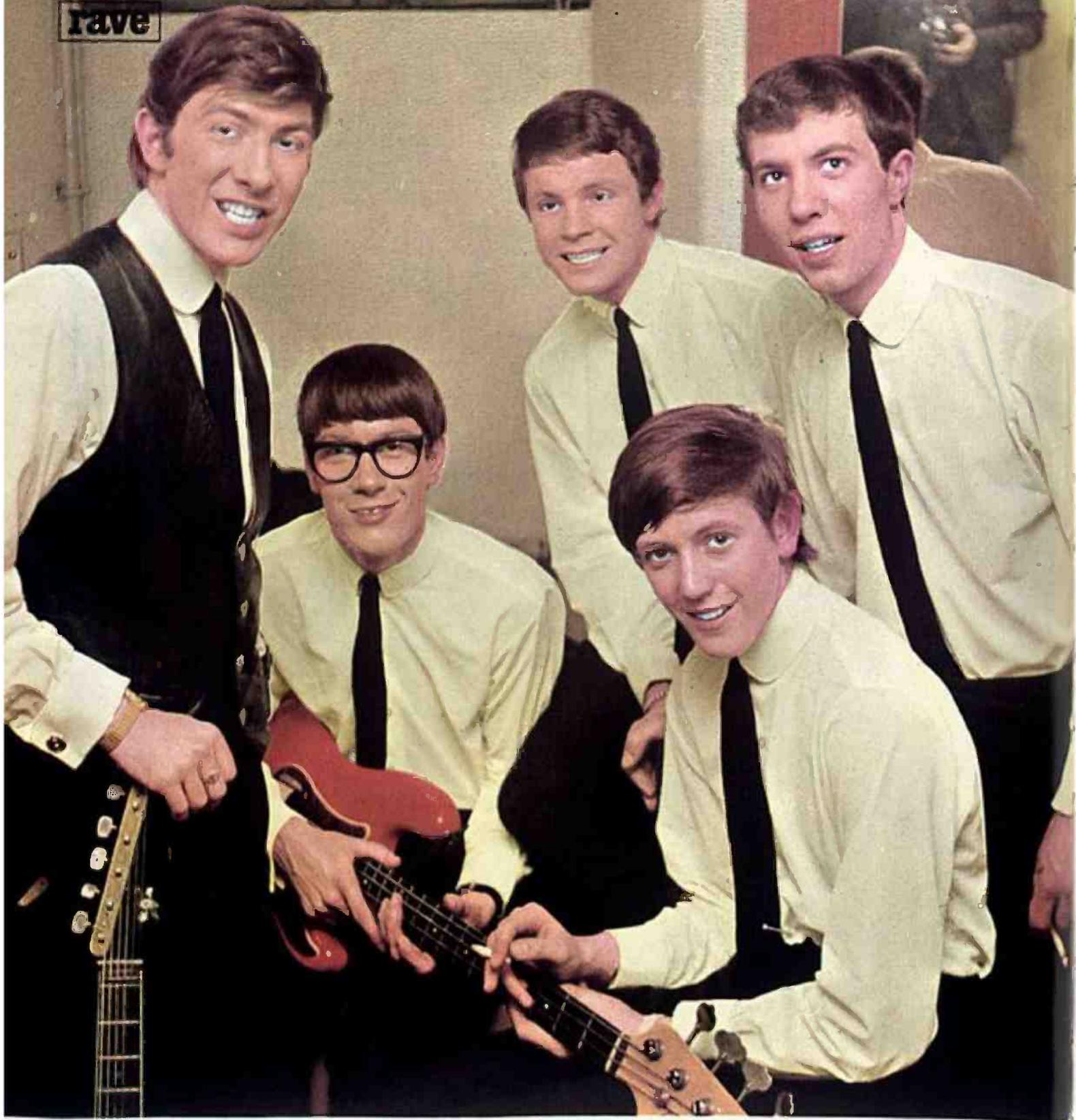
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WHO'S YOUR NEW RAVE...



THE FOUR PENNIES

rave



Nicky Louch Photo by John K. ...
[Signature] *[Signature]*
[Signature] *[Signature]*

MOJOS

PENNIES SOUNDS MOJOS or...



SOUNDS

YOU PICK THE NEXT RAVE-WAVE

I name the next big rave groups as . . .

First name: _____

Surname: _____

My town: _____

Age: _____

X
 X
 X

rave poll

Which of 1964's new recording groups will be the rave by the autumn? Who would you nominate as the group most likely to succeed? Now is the chance for you to nominate *your* choice!

The current rave-wave of groups grows stronger. Since 1964 began, more than forty new units have begun seriously competing for chart honours. Less than ten have got into the best-sellers.

Fewer still have penetrated the barrier set up by the Beatles, Searchers, Rolling Stones, Dave Clark Five and the SBJs.

Are the Mojos strong contenders for lasting success? The

Applejacks? What about the Four Pennies? Or Sounds Incorporated—now guided by the magical touch of Brian Epstein? *You tell us!*

You can read record reviewers' enthusiastic comments all the time. They say: "It surely can't be long before this group makes the grade."

That same prediction could have been applied to the Beatles' first disc. Or the debut efforts by the Yardbirds, the Pretty Things, Me and Them, the Interns, the Rebounds—or dozens of others!

But now it's your turn.

Simply fill in the coupon giving your three nominations in

order of merit. Send it to—rave Group Poll, Tower House, Southampton Street, London, W.C.2—and we'll let you know how the voting went. Closing date: June 24. There's a panel for you to write in your choice so you can check in the autumn. Meantime, only Father Time knows the answer!

I named:-

.....

.....

.....

as the next big groups by the autumn in rave magazine's poll in June, 1964



Will THE APPLEJACKS be the next rave? Your vote will tell

rave

NO 5

ANOTHER **rave** FICTION SCOOP — 'DR KILDARE'S
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RICHARD CHAMBERLAIN