RADIO CAROLINE

WORLD DISTRIBUTORS

CAROLINE
CAROLINE

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The famous Ships... the Stars... the deejays... the lot! It's right here for you in the first ever book on the nation's first ever commercial radio network.

RADIO CAROLINE ANNUAL

EDITED BY

PAUL DENVER

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CAROLINE CALLING

Exactly six months after going on the air with its No. 1 broadcast, Radio Caroline's first how-they-listen survey came up with the news that the two ships were winning the battle of the sound waves at the speed of an Olympic champion.

Michael Parkin, Caroline's general manager, was able to say flatly: "We have a larger audience than the BBC in our areas. Not just on their Light Programme – but all of their programmes."

In that short time Radio Caroline had already netted a regular weekly audience in excess of 12½ million people – 6½ million in the north and 6 million in the south.

And that was only the start. . . .

Just why has Radio Caroline become a "must" listening-post for millions? One major answer is the friendly informality – and brevity – of Radio Caroline's brilliant deejays.

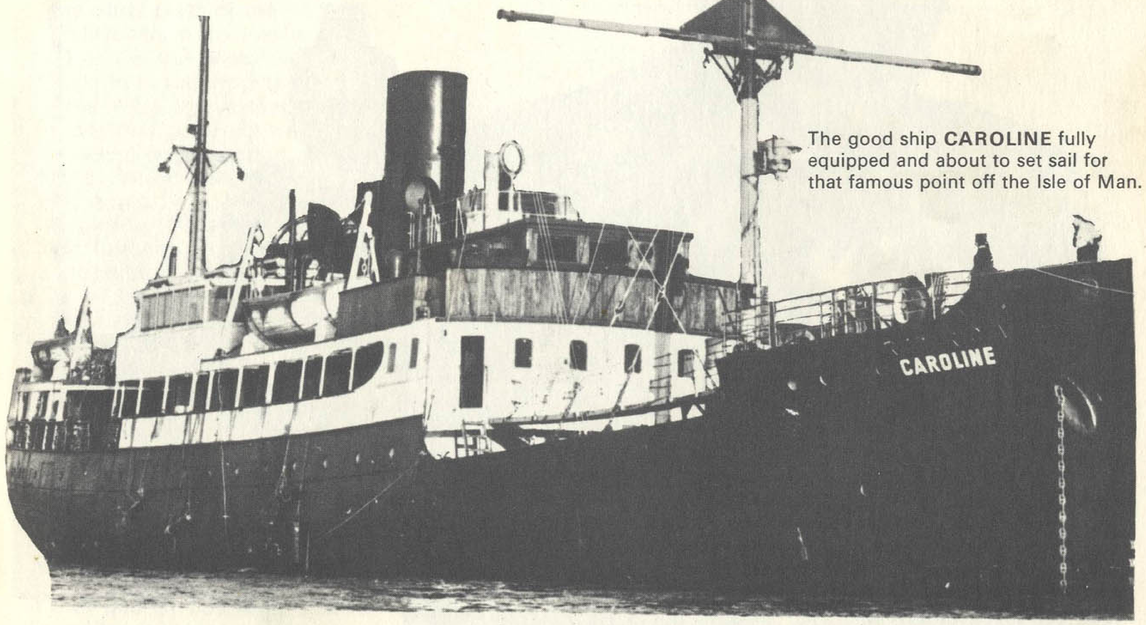
A 20-year-old girl put it to me this way: "The announcers on Radio Caroline don't mouth glib show-business clichés, they don't talk down to us and they don't let too many words get in the way of the discs they spin. Above all, we like the unassuming and intelligent way they go to work . . . we feel that each announcer is one of us."

I don't think Radio Caroline could ask for a better definition of what it's trying to do.

This book takes you behind the scenes of the two famous broadcasting ships. So step right in and see how it all ticks, meet the men who run the whole show, sit in on a broadcasting session – and, for good measure, there are many, many pages of pictures and originally-styled articles on the Kingdoms of Popdom, Beatdom and Jazzdom!

It's been fun putting this book together. We hope it'll be even better fun reading it.

The Editor



The good ship **CAROLINE** fully equipped and about to set sail for that famous point off the Isle of Man.

NON-STOP TO STARDOM

GARY LAINE SPOTLIGHTS THE SUPERSONIC RISE OF RADIO'S SWINGIN' SHIPS

Radio Caroline went into action with one overall aim – to give round-the-clock musical entertainment. Instantly, it met a staggering untapped demand for non-stop music – and itself soared non-stop to broadcasting stardom.

See how it all happened. . . .

The first Radio Caroline motor ship took up position off Harwich on Good Friday, 1964. That same night it began test broadcasting.

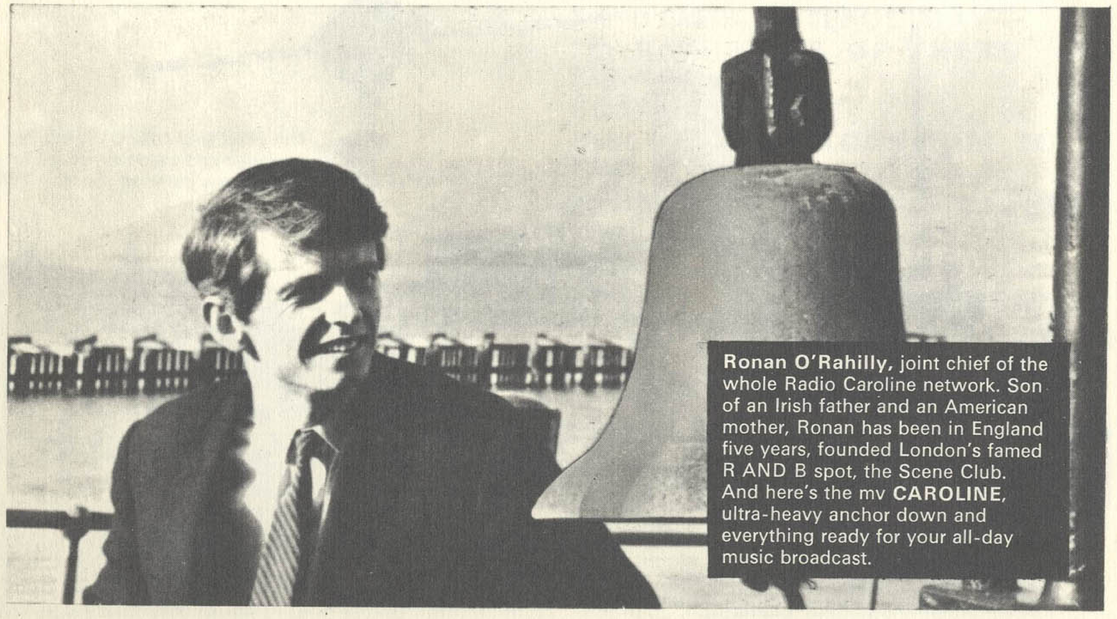
The impact was immediate. By next morning news of Radio Caroline's unsuspected existence had hit the newspaper headlines. By Easter Sunday the ship had embarked on regular broadcasting.

Not only were the national Press fascinated. So were the experts of the Gallup Poll. They reported that in its first three weeks Radio Caroline had won the allegiance of almost 7 million listeners – a figure which did not even take in those under the age of 17.

But this was only the beginning. For Caroline was beaming to an area containing more than 19 million people – so polls were outdated almost as soon as they were written. Nothing like it had ever happened before.

Then, six weeks from the start, Radio Atlanta sailed in, dropping anchor some 14 miles from Caroline. Between them, the two ships aimed at and reached the second largest English-speaking audience on earth.

On 3 July, 1964, both ships merged under the Radio Caroline call-sign. Actually, Ronan O'Rahilly, who ran Radio Caroline, and Allan Crawford, the boss of Radio Atlanta, had been having merger talks ever since Caroline first went on the air, and the ships had been closely linked from the start. Both were fitted out at Greenore in Southern Ireland.



Ronan O'Rahilly, joint chief of the whole Radio Caroline network. Son of an Irish father and an American mother, Ronan has been in England five years, founded London's famed R AND B spot, the Scene Club. And here's the mv **CAROLINE,** ultra-heavy anchor down and everything ready for your all-day music broadcast.

When Atlanta began broadcasting it was only a matter of time before both parties started to work hand-in-hand. Finally came the decision to team up, and the good ship Caroline sailed up the Irish Sea to anchor in international waters 3½ miles off picturesque Ramsey in the Isle of Man.

Incidentally, it went right on broadcasting on the 199 metres wave-length all the way north!

At the same time the good ship Atlanta continued in business from its existing position, transmitting to the Greater London zone and South-East England in general – but now under the Radio Caroline call-sign.

Ronan O'Rahilly and Allan Crawford put out a joint announcement in which they declared: "The decision to merge was taken in view of the enormous interest from the public and advertisers in other parts of England outside the original broadcasting areas. This network will now cover the most populous areas of Great Britain."

When the first Caroline ship went into action its signal was heard in London and the South-East – as the organizers had hoped. Nobody thought the signal would go much further – but, in fact, it got through to many other parts of the country. Even listeners in areas as far-flung as Glasgow and Bristol were able to tune in to the programmes.

Fans who, try as they might, just couldn't get in on the Caroline wave-length started writing to the station asking if something could be done to expand the service. That's really how Radio Caroline and Radio Atlanta got together.

Now Radio Caroline North reaches not only the North but also the Midlands and most of Ireland, Wales and Scotland. And Radio Caroline South even gets through to Holland, France, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Belgium and Finland.

Just for the record (no pun intended) the *Late Late Show*, which goes out until 3 o'clock in the morning, was actually heard by sun-tanned Britons lounging in their holiday hotels on Spain's Costa Brava coast.

Now let's take a closer look at the policy which has shot Radio Caroline to the summit of success.

The bedrock principle is simplicity itself – to put out top musical entertainment with a minimum of announcement. It was this basic fact that the girl who spoke to the editor instantly, and rightly, appreciated.

Radio Caroline's deejays pack a verbal punch – but, even more to the point, they pack as much music into each of the day's transmission hours as is humanly possible to do – by cutting the dialogue to a minimum.

A famed jazz musician once held that the key to success was "few notes but good notes". For Radio Caroline disc jockeys it's few words but good words. Above all, few!

This means there's an endless flow of music free from wordy distractions. On top of that, there's never more than six minutes of advertising commercials in any sixty minutes of air time. Which, as everybody knows, is nearly all the time . . .

If you aren't already a dyed-in-the-wool Carolinian what kind of music can you expect to hear? One thing is for sure – somewhere along the line you'll get *your* kind of music. That goes for everyone.

Jazz, folk music and other specialized varieties are beamed frequently every week as well as Top Fifty chart-makers. "Unknowns" are given a broadcasting break as often as possible because Radio Caroline deejays make a point of spinning discs

Carl Conway was an actor in films, radio and television before he became one of Radio Caroline's deejays.

from small, up-and-coming recording outfits.

Tin Pan Alley itself benefits from Caroline. Not only through the airing of its music but also because of the arrangements made to pay fees to the Society which looks after the interests of composers and publishers of music.

But, above all else, Radio Caroline benefits literally millions of listeners who want to hear the tops in pop music, the tops in specialized music in an all-day service from the friendliest radio station in the world.

We don't claim that Radio Caroline was the first commercial radio station operating at sea in Europe. As a matter of fact, it's the third. Before her there were only Radio Sud off Sweden and Radio Veronica off Holland.

The first commercial radio station of any kind got under way in the U.S.A. nearly half a century ago. Australia and then other Commonwealth and continental countries followed not long afterwards. In America some States can receive as many as sixty different radio shows.

When Radio Caroline started, the ship not only attracted legions of listeners – its programmes also attracted shoals of letters. Everybody wanted to know how the ship operated, what the disc jockeys looked like – and, of course, in poured the requests for favourite records to be played over the air.

Within a few months Radio Caroline was getting more than 2,000 letters *every day*. The office staff at Caroline House in the heart of London's West End were almost at their wits' end trying to cope with the mail. In fact, they just couldn't cope with the floodtide of letters. So the Radio Caroline Club was launched. It was a hit right from the start.

On 11 July, 1964, a programme was launched to play records to and from club members and to announce all kinds of items of interest. Answers to the most frequently asked questions were put out in capsule form.

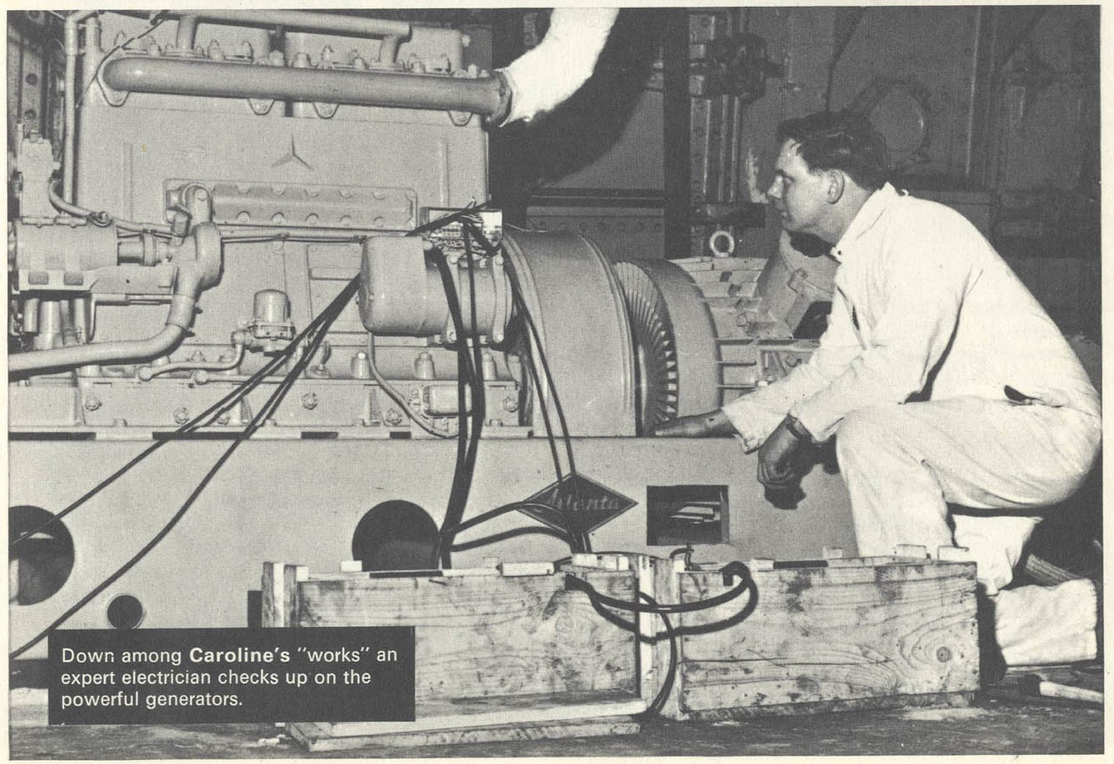
Then Radio Caroline became nation-wide and now the letters were more like an avalanche – not only from the South but from the densely populated North. So the club expanded its activities to cover the entire scene.

The way things are progressing the Caroline Club is all set to become the biggest organization of its kind in the world.

And *you* made it. Just like you made Radio Caroline itself . . .

Inside **RADIO CAROLINE** – and it's all set for another spin of yet another disc.

The smile goes with the voice as a deejay gets ready to go man go!



Down among **Caroline's** "works" an expert electrician checks up on the powerful generators.

HOW HIGH THE BOOM?

FRANK LESTER

GOES DOWN IN THE CAVERN AND COMES UP WITH THE LOW DOWN

It was on a hot night in high summer that I turned left on Liverpool's North John Street and went down the eighteen worn stone steps into the dim subterranean world of The Cavern – the three dungeon-like passageways where the Big Beat boom began.

On the pitted walls and massive archways are carved the names of beat barons who made it and some who didn't. The only hard white glare in the place is the spotlight which hits whatever group is swinging the rhythm and blues up on the microscopic two-level stage at the distant end of the central passageway.

Almost at the foot of the stage sit the ultra-dedicated who come not to twist and shake but to lap up the Big Beat from the ring-side seats, as it were.

On some specially big night the fans may scream and stamp, but on the night I was on hand everybody was digging the din without so much as a single squeal.

The Cavern rakes in enough money for its owners to give it any kind of fancy face-lift, but to do this would destroy the very character of the place. It's plain commonsense and good business to keep this humid and strangely hypnotic underground world exactly as it was on the never-to-be-forgotten night when it first opened.

Visitors roll up from all parts of the world, for this is the old home ground of The Beatles. Several young Americans were going down the steps just ahead of me.

The warehouse cellars which became The Cavern used to store wines and spirits and the supporting arches were reinforced to resist German bombing raids on the dockland city during World War II.

Originally operated by Alan Sytner, the place opened back in 1957 on the night of Wednesday, 16 January, as a jazz spot – with the Merseysippi Jazz Band topping the bill.

And such a night it was. Fully 1,000 fans crammed the celebrated Cave – with hundreds having to be turned away. From then on pretty well every major jazz group in the land played there. But when the rival Mardi Gras club opened, a decline in audiences set in – and in the late summer of 1959 Ray McFall, an astute jazz enthusiast trained in accountancy who had been working in The Cavern as part-time cashier, took the whole place over.

It was Ray who, taking note of a rising interest in local beat outfits, started putting them on, at first as subsidiary attractions to the constant procession of jazzmen.

He had seen the writing on the wall of the musical scene – but for many months he was playing it cool. So cool, in fact, that even as late as February, 1962, both The Beatles and Gerry and the Pacemakers were having to take second and third billing below The Saints Jazz Band.

But the final shattering eruption of beat fever was not long in coming – and when it came it swamped everything. Traditional jazz, as originally created in old New Orleans, was no longer king of The Cavern . . . soon it was not even a minor monarch.

The Beatles, The Pacemakers, The Merseybeats, The Swinging Blue Jeans, Cilla Black – each and every one got their foretaste of national fame in The Cavern.

Since then The Scene has become a nationally tumultuous battleground of contenders for the sweet smell of success. There has never been anything like it in the long and chequered history of pop music.

How high is the boom? Can it last?

It seemed to me that Ray McFall, the first man to give so many beat groups their first chance, ought to be equipped to give an answer.

To talk it out we went back up the steeply narrow steps and into a cosy but functionally furnished office on street level.

Ray, who looks a decade younger than his 39 years, thought for some moments before delivering his appraisal in the carefully considered, unemotional voice he invariably uses.

"I'm a jazz enthusiast, as you know," he began. "That's how I got started here. But I'm in business, too, and in this connection I've got to come right out and say that I see nothing wrong in meeting a clear and insistent public demand."

A thin smile lived briefly on his serious features. "You know, the jazz modernists complain about not having enough opportunities to play their particular brand of jazz. Well, I'm telling you that we at The Cavern provided all the opportunities, altogether apart from the traditional jazz set-up. Week after week we provided them – and there were never enough fans to make the sessions pay without being subsidized by trad.

"Then I saw the emergence of the Big Beat in its embryo stage.

The Merseybeats got a foretaste of fame in the Cavern.

THE BEATLES have always been in good heart . . . right from their early days at The Cavern when they were a down-the-bill attraction !

At first it was scattered round the city and its outer fringes – totally unknown groups playing in little-known halls, anywhere they could get a booking. So I decided to bring them into The Cavern.

"Well, you know what happened – it's history. But the thing is that we're often accused nowadays of going commercial just because we're the international Beat HQ. That word 'commercial' has become the dirtiest word in jazz . . . yet all it means is that a lot of people demand a certain kind of music at a certain time and are willing to pay good money to hear it."

He fell silent for a few seconds, looked up and went on in his level voice: "You're interested in how I regard the future. All right, I'll tell you. I think there will be changes – in fact, the original old-style beat is already giving way to a sort of anglicized rhythm and blues.

"There'll be other modifications, new ideas or a mixture of old and new ideas, perhaps a different approach and some new instrumentation. In the world of pop music changes have always taken place – sometimes slowly over the years, sometimes faster.

"One thing I do know for certain is that, contrary to what some people seem to think, we have *not* drained Merseyside of talent. On all sides there are eager youngsters coming up. Of course, some won't get to the top – after all, it's just not possible for every single group to hit the global jackpot – but what I'm saying with complete conviction is that we have no drying up of talent. The contrary, in fact.

"Looking at The Scene internationally, there'll be some changes made, as the old jazz standard puts it – but I firmly believe that the Great Boom will go on, not necessarily in its original form – in fact, as I've said, that form has already begun to change and by the time these words are in print the change may well have become more marked. But, one way and another, it is here – and it's here to stay."

He extended his slightly withdrawn smile into a laugh. "It makes no difference – whatever comes next you can be sure of one thing: we'll be providing it at The Cavern!"

I think Ray McFall's overall assessment on the beat is right, and for a solidly swinging reason.

This is, quite simply, that the beat itself – maybe over-simplified and assuredly over-amplified, as jazzmen insist – has nevertheless been like a dynamic shot-in-the-arm to pop music in general. Even more pointedly, the beat stems from indigenous American rhythm and blues which in turn derives from the bedrock blues of out-and-out jazz.

Changes will come, never doubt it – but you can bet your entire record collection on that old swinging beat being around for a long time. Maybe in a new way, maybe in several new ways. But around.

Why, even Bill Haley has managed to stay around, which is more than you might say for some. But, then, it was Bill Haley and his Comets who triggered the whole thing – though when he revisited these shores last year a whole lot of newcomers to the beat probably hadn't even heard of him, incredible as that might seem.

Incredible? Well, not really – for nothing changes so fast as the kingdom of popdom, and late in 1965 the pop world of 1957 looks kind of distant. Yet at that time Bill Haley was the undisputed Regent of Rock 'n Roll – the fans of that period hadn't got around to calling it the beat, though the word had been used by jazzmen over the previous thirty years to describe the basic pulse of their kind of music.

I ran into Bill on his first trip over here. He was playing one-night stands to packed crowds who jumped, screamed and swooned at the spectacle of The Comets belting out *Rock Around the Clock* while lying on the stage or in any other zany position.

Negro "race music", as it used to be known by U.S.A. recording studios, formed the basis of The Comets' style, though Bill and the boys had bent it to their special purpose.

"As a matter of simple history, we were originally playing straight dance music and not getting anywhere with it," he remembered. "In fact, one way and another things were kind of tough and we weren't eating too well or too often."

He touched the famous 'kiss curl' and went on: "Then we got a string of dates playing at college dances in various parts of the States and at the same time I got this idea of delivering a kind of socked-out rhythmic pop music with this big rhythm and blues influence pushing the beat like crazy. Well, right away it went over like it was an atom bomb. The kids really flipped and we were in."

Rock Around the Clock – the Haley hit which sold no less than 11 million records – was featured as the theme music of a movie, and before Bill could bawl "beat",

All the boys and girls from the Big Beat's most famed city. Try your eye at sorting 'em out on this wide-angle shot of the All-Mersey show on TV's *Thank Your Lucky Stars.*

he and his sidemen were touring not only America and Britain but almost all parts of the world.

As a matter of fact, they haven't stopped touring – though when they re-appeared in England seven years after their first frantic ovation they were no longer top of the bill. Now they had to play second fiddle – or guitar – to British beat groups which had soared famewards in the meantime.

Bill was full of praise, though, for the British boys who, since he first put the boom into beat, have not only conquered Britain but also America. Indeed, not the least startling thing about the beat is that British groups, spearheaded by the engagingly likeable Beatles, have sold what is basically an American music back to the Americans.

With a difference, to be sure – for the boys from Britain have given the beat their own special savour and slant, making it something peculiarly their own.

It's true that in the cockeyed kingdom of popdom anything can happen and usually does. Which is just a way of saying, with Ray McFall, that changes are sure to come along.

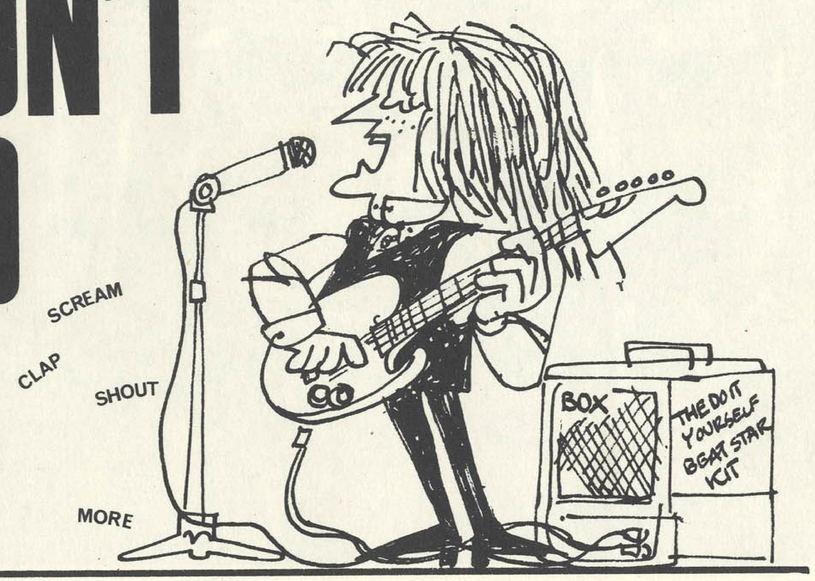
But, no less surely, the influence of the Big Beat is likely to be felt–and heard–when a lot of today's teenage fans are no longer teenagers.

THE SEARCHERS

CONTROVERSY CORNER

WHY THEY DON'T GO BACK

DON DARROW TAKES A HARD LOOK AT A HARD PROBLEM



You start – maybe in vaguely untidy casuals, the way The Beatles did – with an electrified guitar, a small batch of original numbers and a tall pile of hope.

Let's say there are four of you – guitar and vocals, guitar and harmonica, bass guitar and vocals, plus a drummer. Perhaps not unnaturally, even inevitably, you begin by copying some famous combo you admire – after all, you have to get started somewhere and plenty of stars went thataway at the onset of their careers.

All right, you get bookings in small halls and smaller clubs. At first you're not doing anything a score of other unknown groups have not been doing and perhaps better.

But between the four of you, you've got the germ of a new idea, the beginning of a new or different style. Better still, a style and a sound which belongs only to you.

So you work at it and in the end the sound your group makes isn't a carbon copy of any other sound any more. It's instantly recognizable. It's an identity. It belongs to you in a special and highly personal way.

Right? Right – you're on the way in. Or, rather, up.

Like The Beatles and The Stones before you, everything is now happening fast. Like The Beatles, it takes you ten months to zoom to the top – those sunny uplands of the Hit Parade where the discs sell in their millions and the fans scream in their thousands.

Now you're in the big money league. Your manager buys you first-class tickets on the international air routes of the world. No longer are you in the market for a Saturday night stint at sixty-five bob per man and travelling there by bus.

BOAC or Pan Am fly you to New York, Los Angeles, San Francisco . . . the high scream of the jets is in your ears, the plushy pile of the world's top hotels yields softly under your expensively shod feet. Civic authorities have to call the cops out to hold the crowds at bay. The celebrated ones of the world, even some with the bluest of true blue blood, shake you by the hand.

But back home where you started are the original fans, the ones who squealed and stamped for you before anybody else got around to it. Long before you hit London, long before you got a television date out of impresario Val Parnell, long before the kids from the West Side or the Lower East Side figured your haircut (or lack of it) was cuter than cute.

Only just lately you haven't been back to the old home town, except to see your parents and a few long-gone pals you used to bang around with in the chips-with-everything days.

Specifically, you haven't played a club date there, since you can't recall when without checking up with your road manager.

Some of the home-town fans don't like it. They get to thinking you're not with them any more, even perhaps that your head isn't quite the size it used to be. Man, it's bigger . . . or so they may think.

Of course, they like it that a group from home has finally made the charts on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean. But they like it somewhat less that you've now decided to live in London and

FLASHLIGHT FLASHBACK . . . to the **Stones** when they first started rolling to fame.

they like it a whole lot less that somehow or other you don't seem able to play a date at the local club.

Are they right? Are you right?

The answer is "Yes" both times. The fans who gave you that first – and, let's face it, vital – push along the stardust road have some right to feel that you belong to them at least in part, at least enough to have a small prior claim on you.

But *you* are right, too – though this is not always the easiest thing to explain. But the truth is that things have happened to you, things which you hardly dared to hope for not so long ago – above all, things which have set the pattern of the future whether you wanted it just that way or not.

For a start, you now live in London because it's the show-business centre of the country. It's the place where the agents are – and the bookers, the impresarios, the public relations wizards, above all else it's where the recording studios are. Perhaps at first you went right on living in Liverpool or Manchester or wherever it was, but in the end you moved down to London.

All right – but what's wrong about playing a few club dates in the home town just for old times' sake?

Alas, you're in business now, big business. There's a price on your heads. It's a big price – not because your heads are bigger but because the price simply has to be right. It has to fit your rating in the charts. You can't go around playing dates for less, unless it's for charity. In a nutshell, you can't undercut yourselves.

In sober reality, this is the whole answer. It's a simple, uncomplicated matter of basic economics. After all, nobody expects to get a Jaguar for the price of a Mini, do they?

Bob Wooler, the casually witty deejay and compére at The Cavern, has summed it all up in a single sentence.

Said 34-year-old Bob: "I think the top groups should return to the places where they started and the fans who started them. I feel The Beatles ought to come back to The Cavern, but there always seem to be excuses – and as it would probably cost £2,000 an hour it would be quite ridiculous."

Perhaps Bob, than whom there is a no more amiable man, sounds just a trifle bitter, but he hits the nail on the head all right when he sets out clearly the cash realities of Big Beat stardom.

Cilla Black, who once worked part-time in The Cavern snack bar for a five-bob lunchtime fee, knows it too.

It has been estimated that her first year of stardom was worth not less than £50,000 to her and somewhere along the way she decided to quit living on Merseyside. She made London her H.Q., and lives in a hotel there – when not travelling.

It was a hard decision for the former typist and daughter of a Liverpool docker to make. She finally made it but not without regrets because she felt it was snapping a link between her and Merseyside.

She'd heard Liverpudlians saying, "The Beatles have left us" . . . and here she was doing the same thing.

"But if you're successful in show-business you must live in or near London," Cilla says.

She's right, of course.

After all, if you came up on the pools with a first dividend the chances are that you'd change your mind about living in the same house or street.

And if you're in the big money *because* you're in show-business the compulsion to live in or near London, is pretty well irresistible. That's why John Lennon paid £20,000 for a home in Surrey.

That's why George and Paul go for E-type and Aston Martin motoring.

Though when Ringo wanted to buy Mam and Dad a new home somewhere else they chose to remain on Merseyside in the terraced dwelling which is not only their house but their home.

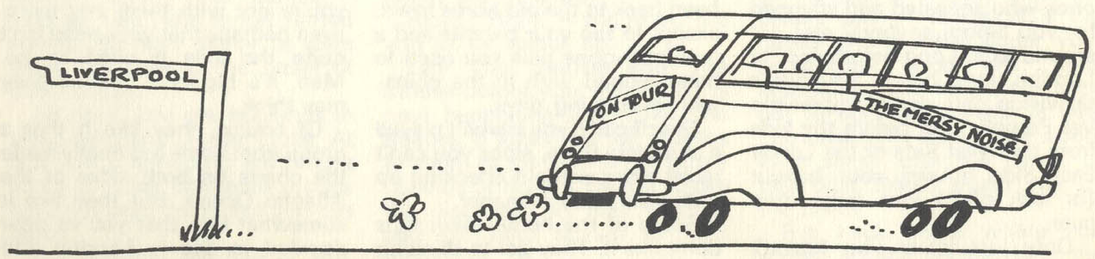
But for all the outward signs of affluence which success has brought the biggest of the beats, the nicest of all things is that as persons they've stayed the same.

You see it in the unaffected exuberance of The Beatles, the merriness of Marsden, the frolicking of Freddie. . . .

To wish they were still knocking around the club where they got started is understandable. But *their* side of the new story which has opened out for them is no less understandable.

Though it *would* be something if you made one annual pilgrimage to those founding fans . . . wouldn't it?

Don Darrow



SIMON DEE DISC JOCKEY FOR RADIO CAROLINE, ASKS

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Not everybody in show-biz changes his name when the big change in fortune comes. By no means.

But some do. Maybe they have a name like Bert Bloggs and decide it could do with a touch of glamour. So Bert Bloggs becomes Vance Power or something equally 'with it'.

Sometimes when spinning a disc for Radio Caroline's millions of listeners I get to thinking about the artist's real name. So let's take a long look round The Scene and uncover a few major identities. Like this:

Dusty Springfield was born twenty-five years ago as Mary O'Brien.

Craig Douglas was born twenty-four years ago as Terry Perkins.

Adam Faith was born twenty-five years ago as Terence Nelhams.

Billy Fury was born twenty-four years ago as Ronald Whycherley.

Karl Denver was born thirty-three years ago as Angus Mackenzie.

Heinz was born twenty-three years ago as Heinz Burt.

Duffy Power was born twenty-three years ago as Raymond Leslie Howards.

Matt Monro was born thirty-three years ago as Terence Parsons.

Cliff Richard was born twenty-five years ago as Harry Webb.

Bobby Rydell was born twenty-three years ago as Robert Ridarilli.

Mark Wynter was born twenty-two years ago as Terry Lewis.

And last but never least –

Cilla Black, who first saw the light of day twenty-two years ago as Priscilla Maria Veronica White.

You'll have spotted that some famous names aren't included because they haven't been changed. Like The Beatles who have never considered it necessary to switch from John Lennon, Paul McCartney, George Harrison and Ringo Starr.

Like Joe Brown, that celebrated cockney kid who was actually born in Lincolnshire. He merely shortened Joseph to Joe and dropped his middle name, which is Roger.

Like Dave Clark, who merely shortened David to Dave; like Ray Charles, who never even cut Raymond to Ray because the latter was, in fact, his given name.

I haven't pretended to list everybody. For instance, Dean Martin is really Dino Crocetti and Bobby Darin is really Walden Robert Cassotto. These resolute fellows are in the mainstream of popdom, that durable tide which rarely slams its members into the happy hunting grounds of 45 rpm single disc hits but, instead, hands them an enviable living in the big LP field.

Both Dean and Bobby however have scored single-track hits. It was immediately after his *Mack the Knife* success that Bobby was hastily booked into a package rock show to junket round the British one-night stand circuits.

A colleague who was at one of the shows says Bobby got a fair hand for *Mack* but that when he took off on a hauntingly lovely version of *My Funny Valentine* the fans didn't want to know . . . and, alas, this was in Liverpool.

But perhaps that *was* the reason. The audience had come to dig the beat, the whole beat and nothing but the beat – and though Bobby swings like crazy he does it more the way a jazz instrumentalist would do it.

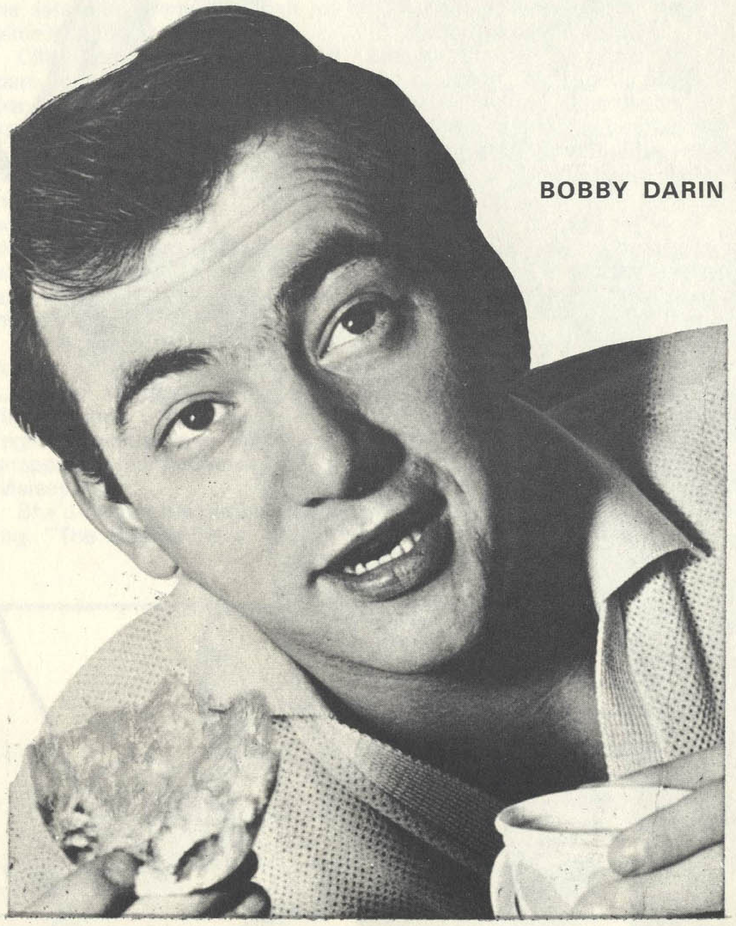
It's worth mentioning that Bobby has a boundless regard for Louis Armstrong – the 65-year-old King of Jazz who last year upset all Tin Pan Alley's fondest theories by shooting straight up both the American and British charts with his gravel-voiced version of *Hello, Dolly,* played many times over the Radio Caroline network.

Bobby also made known his feelings about Bing Crosby, the longtime daddy of them all and the man who had outsold every singing star who ever happened, including Frank Sinatra.

"It's this way," said Bobby. "Most of us began in this business by modelling ourselves on somebody else – but Crosby never modelled himself on anybody. Man, he *started* it all. . . ."

Which reminds me that

Bing Crosby was born sixty-one years ago as Harry Lillis Crosby.

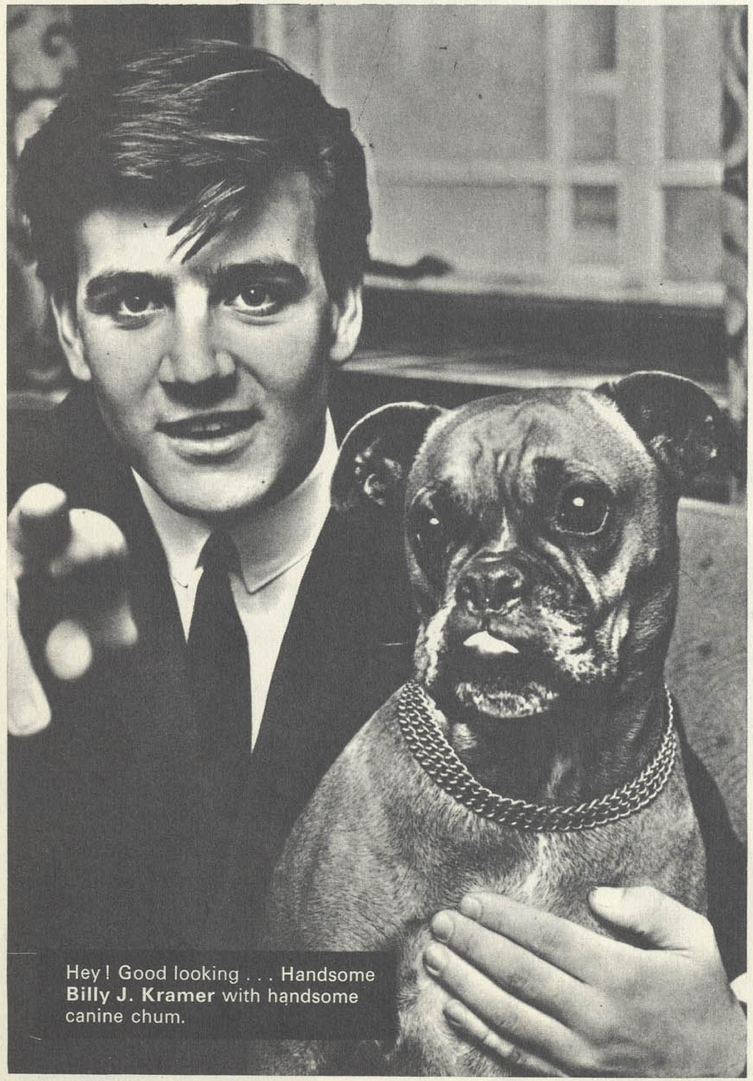


BOBBY DARIN

CLIFF RICHARD

I Like.

BILL GOWANS MAKES A RUNDOWN ON WHAT THE STARS FANCY MOST— AND LEAST



Hey! Good looking . . . Handsome **Billy J. Kramer** with handsome canine chum.

The lads who lord it on the Hit Parade and those who hope to, have some fairly definite ideas about what they like to do when they're off stage or away from the recording studios.

And it's a topic in which Radio Caroline's army of listeners take more than a passing interest.

Mind you, a lot of the shooting stars have one like in common – girls. Blondes, brunettes, redheads, famous girls and girls not at all famous. But girls.

And, to be sure, they have a whole assembly of other likes.

Consider **Gerry Marsden,** that pint-sized but punch-packing pacemaker of Gerry and the Pacemakers. With a grin that splits his face in two, he comes up with a round dozen likes – snooker, golf, snow, sleeping, stamp collecting, modern jazz, travelling, Grieg's Piano Concerto, Miss Elizabeth Taylor, The Beatles, Ray Charles and the Pacemakers.

"Not in that order, though," footnotes the lead guitarist and solo vocalist who was a British Railways van man before getting into the van of best-selling stardom.

Frank Ifield goes for films, girls, museums, art galleries, the English seasons ("Except winter," sighs the celebrated Australian), listening to and making records, driving and taking baths . . . and if this isn't *the* most mixed list of likes we'll be interested to know what is.

Cliff Richard also comes up with a formidable roster of pre-

No apologies for bringing in **Brigitte Bardot**—for France's famous sex symbol is much admired by the **Merseybeats' John Banks . . .** and how many more?

ferences, including driving cars, badminton, casual clothes, Indian curry, steak and mashed potatoes with onion rings, sausages, the colour green, ice cream and Tizer, Elvis Presley, Bobby Darin, Ricky Nelson, Ray Charles, Lena Horne, Dakota Staton, Peggy Lee and Connie Francis.

Billy Kinsley, who used to play bass guitar with The Merseybeats, says he likes blondes and Frank Sinatra.

Merseybeats drumming man **John Banks** announces, quite simply, that he likes girls – though he later specified Brigitte Bardot as one to be particularly admired.

Tony Crane specified actress Mylene Demongeot and the gospel singing Mahalia Jackson as being among his favourite likes. Others include the Everleys, sirloin steak and the blues.

Aaron Williams takes in some wide territory – James Dean, Kim Novak, Russian tea, Ray Charles, rhythm and blues.

How about the singing six who accompany Lulu under the style of The Luvvers? Their answers are brief and to the point—

Ross Neilson: Girls and smart shirts.

Alex Bell: Girls and sleeping.

Jim Dewar: Music, animals and camping.

Tommy Tierney: Just girls.

Jimmy Smith: Watching TV.

David Mullin: Shirts and dancing.

But what, a million agitated readers will be asking, of The Beatles? Why has no mention yet been made of this inimitable, ingenious and inventive foursome?

Jumping in like mad to repair the omission, we stride first into the amiable presence of **John Lennon** who has made it known that his favourite companion is A Blonde. No prizes offered for guessing her identity. . . .

Among the remaining Beatles, likes vary from writing songs **(Paul)**; records, guitars and girls **(George)**; fast cars, his parents and anyone who likes him **(Ringo)**.

Eden Kane discloses a fondness for the opposite sex, but the redoubtable **Billy J. Kramer** left girls out of a list which included football, travelling, good food and funny films.

The boys have their emphatic dislikes, too. Such as breaking guitar strings, telephone conversations and double-edged questions **(Frank Ifield)**; getting up in the morning, queueing and moody people, grumpy people, snooty people and crowded buses **(The Luvvers)**; thick heads and trad, hair-cuts, buses and motor-bikes, onions and Chinese food **(John, Paul, George** and **Ringo)**.

Billy J. Kramer hates badly-dressed singers . . . but the most surprising statement of the lot comes from the 6 ft. 1 in. **Eden Kane**. For what is it that this Delhi-born singer loves to hate the most?

Eden will tell you in one word . . . *nothing*!

THE MERSEYBEATS

Australia's **Frank Ifield** comes up with the most mixed list of likes!

TWO OF THE FAMOUS, A GIRL AND A BOY, HAVE THEIR SAY ON A TORRID TOPIC

STARS ON TEENAGERS

Ever since *Rock Around the Clock* got mixed up with those dubious classroom goings-on in that controversial movie, soured characters have been going around putting the blame on teenagers for one thing after another – and, particularly, just for *being* pop fans.

If the girls scream there's a sexy implication. If they line up to welcome The Beatles back from America they're stupid. If they wear casuals they're ill-dressed. The list goes on and on.

So perhaps it's an idea to get the views of a couple of singers whose voices are not exactly unknown to Radio Caroline listeners.

"My friends the teenagers," is how Cliff Richard describes them. Then he goes right ahead.

"In spite of all the insults that are hurled at today's teenagers I think they are a great crowd. Of course, there are trouble-makers among them – but aren't there in any generation? Whenever I am playing a show my road manager always has a look to see if there are any rebellious types hanging around. If so, he brings them to meet me – and invariably that proves the most effective method of putting salt on their tails.

"As for the youngsters who get up to all sorts of antics at shows – well, youth has got to have an outlet, hasn't it? And I'm of the opinion that it is far better for them to let off steam at the theatre than somewhere else less suited. Take it from me, today's teenagers are a fine bunch."

Cliff gave one of his fast grins. "It's not long since I stopped being one of them," he said.

For the feminine viewpoint who better to speak than Lulu of The Luvvers – for the 5 ft. 2 in.-tall Scots lassie who was born as Marie Lawrie is herself a teenager. In fact, as of now, Lulu is still only sweet sixteen.

Said Lulu: "Teenagers who are young vandals are news, so perhaps a few make the headlines and cause a bad impression for the rest of us."

But teenagers in general? "They think for themselves today more than ever before," argues Lulu. "I think they are more self-possessed and confident than in the past. Why? Well, I've read about the life of, say, a Victorian family. Very strict, very hard on the teenager. Today there's a greater affinity (I think that's the word) between parents and children. Adults are sort of closer to the children nowadays. Why, people even take my Mam for my sister. Our family *is* a family, you know – very close.

"Of course, every kid should go to Sunday school. It's – what shall I say? – character-building. Yes, that's it. You get a set of rules to live by. I'm not deeply religious, but Sunday school did me good, I know that. I learned the Ten Commandments . . . and they're the Top Ten list for living. If you don't believe in something . . . then you don't live. Whoever you are I think that deep down you have to have faith in something. I have."

Cliff Richard praises "my fans the teenagers", remembers that it's not so long since he was a teenager, too.

We once asked Marty Wilde, at the time when his size thirteen shoes were thudding up the charts, about his fans the teenagers.

Marty, peering down from his impressive height, said almost truculently: "For crying out loud, what's wrong with them? They dig pop music and they don't conform to what their elders lay down. Well, why should they? Teenagers are worried about The Bomb, it's their one big ceaseless worry. And who invented it and a couple of frightful wars? Their elders . . . and now they want to tell the kids how to live. What makes them think *they* know all the answers?"

As we hinted, Marty doesn't pull punches. It's a fair guess that his views are also the views of the new batch of fans who have come along since. And of groups themselves.

Though a 21-year-old listener to Radio Caroline may have an even more on-the-target answer.

Thoughtfully she said: "Beat music belongs to *us*. Our kind of people created it. I mean it's something we've done for ourselves, it has nothing to do with older people. We aren't even fussy about them liking what we like. Perhaps beat groups aren't 100 per cent polished professionals in the sense that older stars are . . . but that's not criticism, it's praise. It's this very fact that endears them to us, identifies them with us, like we're all one, all in the same musical swim together – creating, performing, digging our kind of music."

The young lady who said all that to us at Radio Caroline is named Louise.

She seems to have made quite a point . . .

Lulu, still only sweet sixteen and the feminine section of The Luvvers. She likes to wear kinky deer-stalkers, loves to hear Ray Charles.

THE DAY BUCKINGHAM PALACE SENT FOR DAVE CLARK

If Dave Clark hadn't been born in Tottenham and if the Spurs weren't the top topic in the famed London district, Buckingham Palace wouldn't have sent a letter to . . .

Wait, wait, wait a minute. We're getting ahead too fast.

Starting at the beginning, which is usually a good idea, this offbeat look at the down-beat tycoon from Tottenham gets under way on a day back in 1960.

Dave was then 17 and a member of the South Grove Youth Club. Naturally, he was as fevered a fan of Tottenham Hotspur as the most veteran supporter. Even more to the point, Dave was a member of the Youth Club's own football team, playing at left back.

Then, in the autumn of the year we're talking about, the team suddenly got a chance to play a Dutch Youth Club XI – in Holland.

Everybody was excited by the prospect – until attention was focused on the little matter of money. Or, not to beat about the bush, the absence of it. There just wasn't enough to pay the team's fares.

Then Dave got the idea which, though he didn't and couldn't know it at the time, was to change the course of his life. He decided to form a skiffle group and run dances to raise the needed funds. He bought a beat-up old kit of drums for a tenner and formed a quintet.

To say the venture was a success is an understatement. Four dances later the empty cashbox was full to the brim with folding money and loose coins totalling exactly £100.

So the team went to Holland – and, before we tiptoe on to the next sequence, they notched a decisive 3–0 victory.

Well, the success of the skiffle

group so impressed Dave and his aides that they had cards printed announcing that they were ready and willing to play at dances, parties, even weddings.

Offers flowed in . . . one in particular. Inside a week a letter arrived from Buckingham Palace desiring to know whether Dave and his group would appear at the annual staff ball.

"I thought it was a joke," says Dave. "I just laughed it off."

Only it wasn t a joke – as Dave discovered when the measured tread of dignified feet was heard outside the Clark home. On opening the door Dave found himself gazing at the grave features of a gentleman who introduced himself as a Palace footman.

He had called in person to book the Dave Clark bunch for that Palace date.

So the boys rolled up armed with drums, sax, guitar and a tea-chest bass. They didn't go to the trouble of hauling a piano along; they used the one already there.

So the Dave Clark Five did their first commercial session for the staff of Her Majesty's Palace.

Meanwhile, Dave was working by day as a draughtsman. Now, on four nights a week, he began putting himself and the boys through rehearsal paces. On the remaining two nights the group played for dances at the Grove Hall.

These events were to become a flashpoint for future expansion. For the dances were jammed with youthful enthusiasts – and their biggest enthusiasm was for the solid swinging beat generated by Dave and his chums.

It wasn't long before the local Mecca Royal Ballroom (apt name!) signed the Five as a second-string attraction.

This was the contract which first put the group in the headlines – for when Mecca's moguls decided to switch the boys to Basildon in Essex literally hundreds of Tottenham girls marched in a protest rally from the town hall to the ballroom – flying banners, handing out leaflets and presenting a petition with thousands of signatures demanding that Dave and the Five should stay on at the Royal.

It might be nice to say that the protest had what is known as the desired result, but the conscientious historian is concerned with facts – and the hard facts are that the Dave Clark Five were moved to Basildon.

There was a sequel, though. When the Essex fans heard that the group might be going back to Tottenham, hundreds of girls staged a sit-down strike in Basildon's Locarno Ballroom.

In the meantime, the Five were making other kinds of progress. They were asked to play a night club sequence in the film, *Rag Doll*, and later were easily spotted by cinemagoers in *Pit of Darkness*.

By this time it was clear to Dave that show business was to be his career. He's a cautious character, though – which is why he decided to take it slow and steady.

His other decision was that the group would now work every night in the week – but with the finest possible equipment. No never-never payments for the 5 ft. 11½ in., 12 st. 2 lb. Tottenhamian. It was cash on the drum, as you might say, for the amplifiers and speakers and the electric organ. Three thousand pounds of cash.

Then, by midsummer of 1962, he finally took the big leap – he gave up his day-time job as a draughtsman. Apart from music, he had decided on his ultimate ambition – film stardom.

For Dave this didn't mean sitting back and waiting to be discovered. Acting has to be learned, like anything else. Dave holds strongly – and rightly – the conviction that every job you do must be done to the utmost of your talent and your potential.

That's why he became an extra in the film studios – and a stunt car driver. He figured that this way he was able to watch at close quarters the technicalities of filming, to observe the approach to their work of actors and directors, to learn everything he could possibly learn. In short, to get with it – from the bottom up.

Well, he made out all right. In the next eighteen months Dave appeared in no less than thirty films – including such box-office hits as *The Victors* and *The VIP's*.

But even all this wasn't enough for Dave. Next he went into the recording business, putting capital into making his own discs for leasing to a major label, which is a very different thing from the normal routine of signing a contract with a recording company and making discs direct for it.

Dave's debut disc had what could be a pretty appropriate title – *I Knew It All the Time.* Michael Stritcher penned this one and it came out under the Pye banner. True, it wasn't a hit – though, at that, it won critical acclaim. Incidentally, Michael Stritcher is now Mitch Murray, with a string of song-writing successes behind him.

Two more numbers came out – then came *Do You Love Me?* Dave took the recording to Rex Oldfield, marketing manager of the giant EMI recording group. Rex listened and liked and leased the master record from Dave. It rocketed right into the Top Twenty, thus becoming the first hit from the do-it-yourself disc-makers.

But what really made the Clark crew glad all over was *Glad All Over*, which sold 181,000 copies in a single day and one way and another netted upwards of £4,000 for the famous Five.

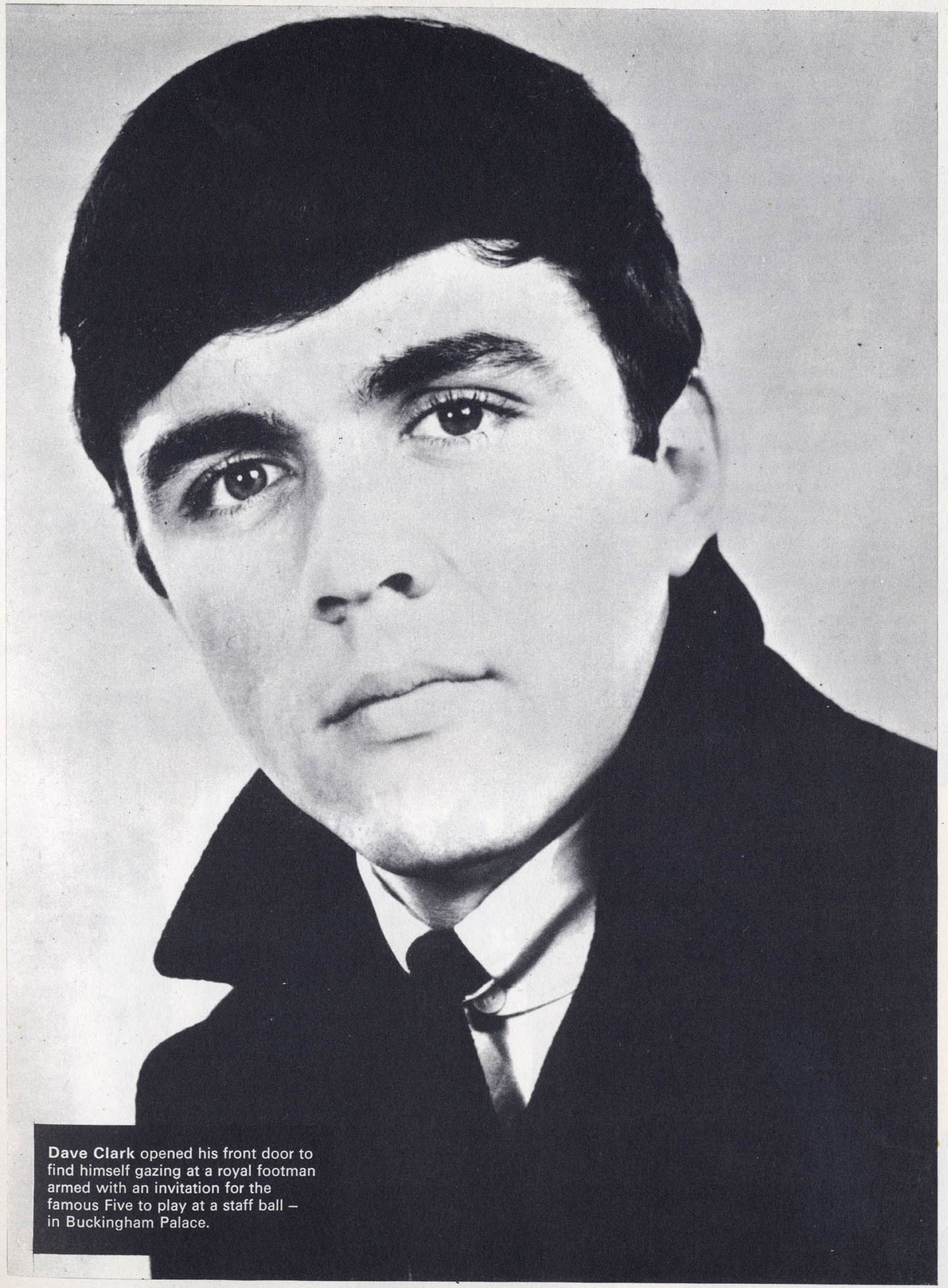
It is virtually unique for a pop group to go to the trouble and expense of making their own records. Each session costs Dave around £100 – but the advantages are real and rewarding.

First off, it means that Dave is his own recording manager – *he* decides what the group will record and the way in which they'll record it. Secondly, if the disc really gets off the ground and way up the charts the financial rake-off is much bigger.

Of course, if you do it this way you also take the risk of spending £100 on a record which never even gets started. But, then, you can't have it both ways. . . .

And for Dave the results have been agreeable all right. So much so that when his self-made records began to move in a big way agents and managers positively deluged him with bids for sole representation.

It's a fact that no less than forty-one of the major men in



Dave Clark opened his front door to find himself gazing at a royal footman armed with an invitation for the famous Five to play at a staff ball – in Buckingham Palace.

show-business made bold bids for his name on a contract.

The man who finally got the Dave Clark signature was Harold Davison, jazz enthusiast and London representative in Europe for such stellar names as Frank Sinatra, Duke Ellington, Ella Fitzgerald, Judy Garland, Louis Armstrong, Count Basie.

Now impresario Davison had never handled a beat group; in fact, he hadn't personally represented any British artiste for years.

But he took on Dave Clark. Months before Dave actually hit the jackpot Davison had stated that he would handle him if he turned professional.

Well, along came Sunday, 15 December, 1963 – Dave's twenty-first birthday and thus the first day on which he could legally sign any kind of contract.

He signed – with the assurance of "at least £50,000 in his first year, maybe nearer £100,000."

Events moved in top gear. Now it was No. 1 billing at the London Palladium, ace variety theatre of the world; starring twice in eight days on the $100,000-an-hour Ed Sullivan Show over U.S.A. coast-to-coast television and receiving the congratulations of Richard Rodgers, Mrs Oscar Hammerstein II, George Raft, Errol Garner and Lesley Gore; a continental tour; a round-America trip; a summer season in Blackpool's famous Winter Gardens; an Australian tour; a major film . . . and more.

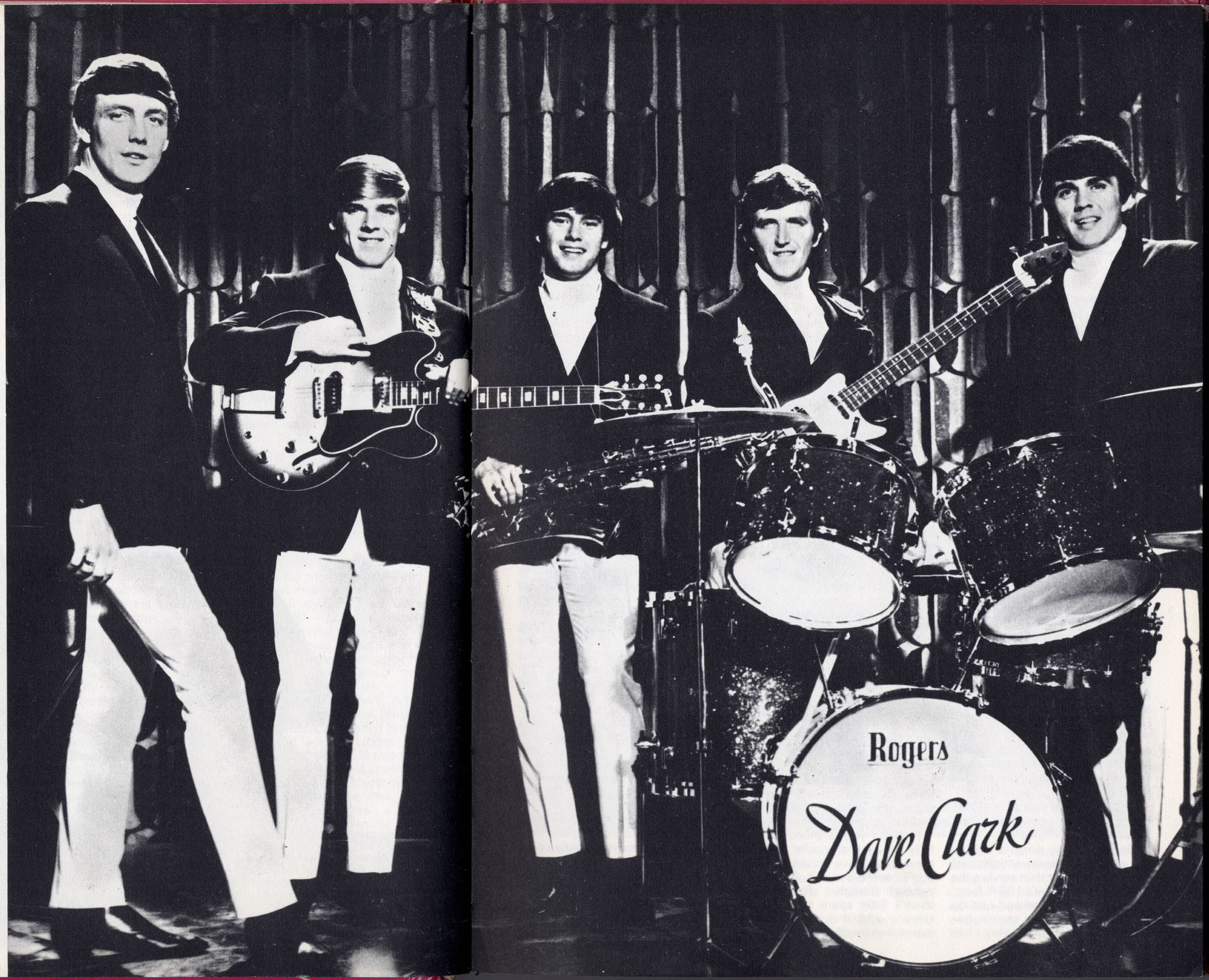
A long way in a little time for the black-haired pop star who loves gymnastics, swimming and horse riding.

And sharing his success along the way were Mike Smith, at 6 ft. 2 in. the tallest of the quintet; Lenny Davidson, at 5 ft. 5 in. the smallest; Rick Huxley and Denis Payton.

We almost forgot one other thing. Dave – who has a brother and two sisters – has one more ambition. He means to have his own recording studios and produce other people's records as well as his own.

Chances are he'll have done just that by the time this is in print, the way he's done everything else.

MARTIN WILLIAMS



GARY LAINE takes you

ALL ABOARD THE FAMOUS SHIPS

It's a mighty complicated business getting to and from the Carolines. That's why we can't run private trips to one or other of the famous radio ships.

Nothing would give the Radio Caroline men greater pleasure than to show parties of listeners over the boats, but the fact is that the whole process is just a bit too involved.

It's like this – everyone and everything carried out to the ships and brought ashore from them is, officially, "leaving and re-entering the country."

You see, the twin Carolines are actually outside the United Kingdom. They're in international waters. This means that every time tender-boats go out to them large chunks of paper work have to be organized.

In fact, and not to put too fine a point to it, this means passing through H.M. Customs and Excise, H.M. Waterguard, H.M. Immigration, even the Special Branch of the C.I.D. Nor is this all . . . for also involved are British Railways, Trinity House, the Board of Trade, the Ministry of Transport, the Port Health Authority and the local Harbour Board. Talk about administrative headaches!

But I *can* give you all a close-up of the two vessels at work. All set? Right – let's go.

Caroline in the north is a 763-ton merchant vessel which used to be a passenger ship serving the Danish islands. She's 188 ft. long, is in excellent shape and can do a sturdy 14 knots. Of course, being anchored off Ramsey, Isle of Man, her engines aren't used very often!

Caroline in the south was previously known as the Mi Amigo and was operated by the Swedish station Radio Nord until as lately as 1962. Smaller than her sister ship, she is a 470-tonner and 140 ft. long – and though she can steam at only 8 knots she has, in fact, crossed the Atlantic four times in a single year, 1963 to be precise.

Both ships were fitted out for broadcasting at Greenore, the port in Southern Ireland. They were also equipped with highly important, and unusual, items – heavy anchors. Why? Well, these super-weight anchors are to keep the ships steady in bad weather. And rock steadiness is a "must" – it stops the stylus from slipping across the surface of records during a storm at sea.

Those tender-boats I mentioned just now travel to the ships two or three times a week. After all, the crew, the disc jockeys and the engineers have to be fed and kept warm! The tenders are also used to transport personnel to and from shore after their spells of duty.

Which reminds me to tell you that each ship has a crew of ten seamen, plus two and sometimes three radio engineers, and that there are at least three disc jockeys aboard all the time.

Perhaps you're thinking wistfully of what a plushy time the crew must have in ships which don't even move? You'd be wrong, though. Believe me, there's little spare time for the crew – and the reason is that maintenance of the ships is of top importance, particularly when the weather experts are forecasting storms.

Both Carolines are fitted out as completely self-contained broadcasting units. A tremendous amount of time and planning went into the selection of equipment – and all of it is the best obtainable. Caroline controllers are justly proud of this.

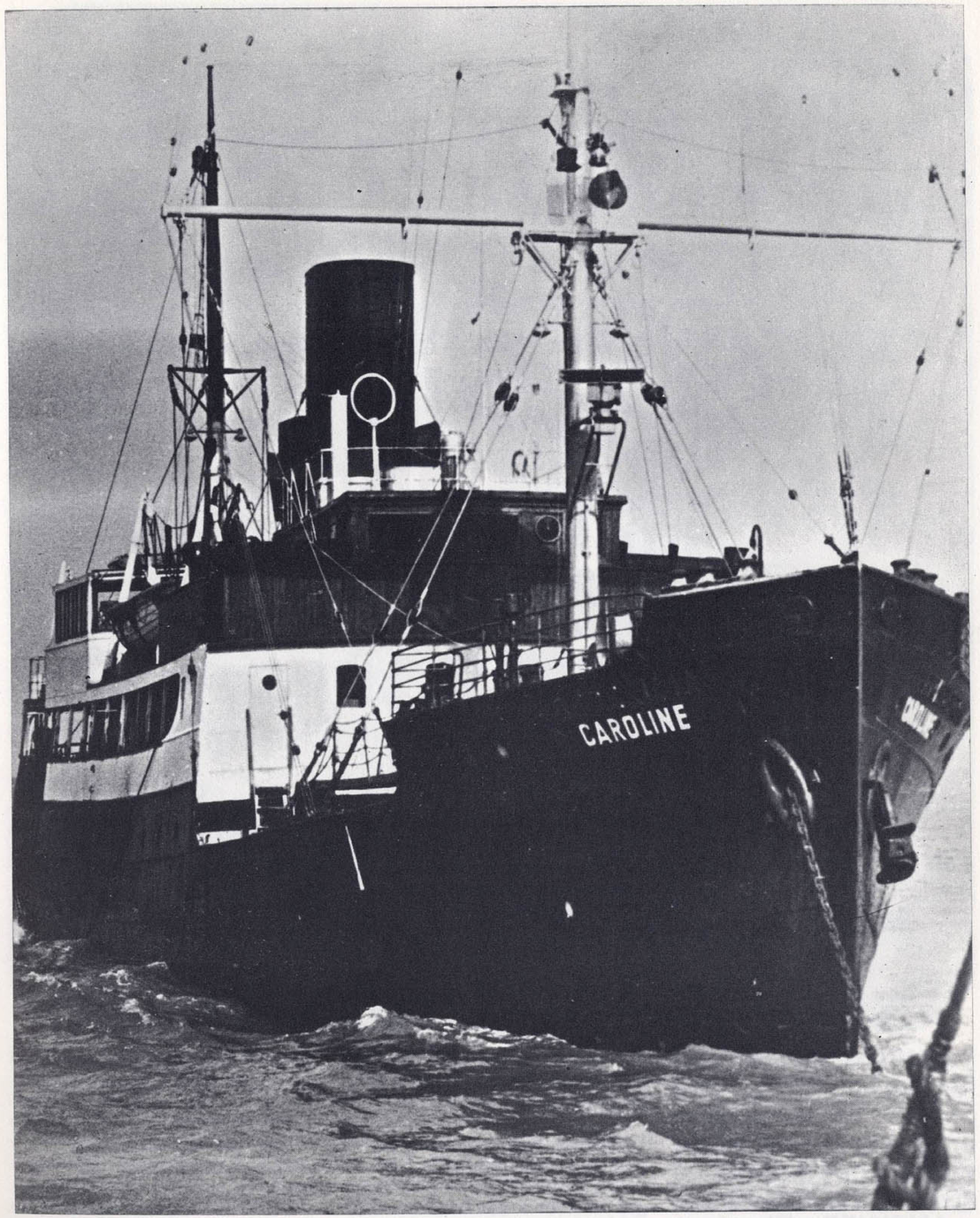
It was Arthur Carrington who headed the installation team on the northern ship. In passing, you may like to know that he was responsible for Britain's first aerial and first undersea television transmissions. He's worked for the BBC and for the British Government on radar. Mr A. N. Thomas, an ex-BBC man, was in charge of the team which put in the southern Caroline's gear, though the equipment on both ships is pretty much the same.

This being the case, we'll just make a brief rundown on Radio Caroline in the north. There are a couple of generating sets with a control panel regulating the voltage with a complex switchgear. The two transmitters can each transmit 10 kilowatts – with a combined unit this is doubled.

The aerial is really unique and rises 168 ft. above deck level. It was designed and made in Southampton and rigged in Cowes, Isle of Wight.

But I expect that you'll be more interested in the way your favourite programmes actually come through to you when you tune in. So let's step right inside the entirely self-contained sound control room.

Facing us are a battery of three Ampex tape machines. Then you see two transcription turntables – that's the name the radio engineers give to their complicated gramophone turntables.



In this room sits the radio engineer who controls the actual transmission of music from Radio Caroline. The sound control room itself is linked to the studio – and it's here that the disc jockey sits when he puts the show through to you.

So there he is. Maybe it's the turn of Chris or Gerry or Simon, maybe Allan Zepherd or someone else. But whoever he happens to be he'll be signalling his "cues" to the engineers through an interconnecting window and once more RADIO CAROLINE IS ON THE AIR!

Charm in the Charts

QUESTION : If you looked at the Top Fifty charts at any time over the last few years what must have struck you the most?

ANSWER: The fact that they were invariably dominated by male singers.

One list I picked up at random had exactly six charmers among the fifty groups and singles!

The widely accepted reason for this sad state of affairs is that girls are the biggest buyers of records and thus just naturally go for the boys. I reckon that must be it.

I remember going up to Manchester to interview Cliff Richard when he first shot to fame. The city's famous Free Trade Hall was jammed – all the 2,500 seats sold and legions still desperately clamouring to get in. And nearly all of those present were girls. As far as the eye could see were girls and the air was filled with feminine screams.

Before and since that time I've been to pop shows all over the country and I've yet to hear screams for a female vocalist.

Well, all I can say is that it's tough on girl singers! They have to work three times as hard as the boy singers to get to the top . . .

So the fact that some of them win through just the same reflects high credit on their talent, their cute looks and, not least, on their splendid determination to battle their way through to the top of the pops.

In the world of the Big Beat it's tougher than tough – for this is almost the 100 per cent masculine world. Almost, but not quite.

For who should trip daintily – but purposefully – slap bang in the middle of it but the 5 ft. 5 in. Miss Priscilla Mary Veronica White, better known to one and all as Cilla Black.

Her hair is red, her eyes are dark blue and her ambitions are made of whatever colour it is that spells implacable determination. More than a year ago she announced, without qualification, that she aimed to get to the No. 1 spot in America – having, of course, already done so in the land of her birth.

In the city of her birth, which is Liverpool, bouncy Miss Black grew up as the only sister to three brothers and first got her tinted toenails into show-business when, aged 9, she played in a production of *Little Red Riding Hood* at St Anthony's Secondary Modern School.

Cilla in a pensive pose.

LULU again!

When 1959 was coming to an end she was to be found pounding an office typewriter – though if you dropped into any lunch-time session at The Cavern the chances were that you'd see Cilla handing out snacks to the customers in the tiny buffet bar, a chore which netted her a modest five bob.

And if you went back at night there was always the strong probability that you'd see her lapping up the Mersey Beat, which she's never ceased to regard as fab or Endsville.

Then one remembered night a singer slipped her the mike so that she could take up the lyrics of a number where he left off. After that Cilla was often to be heard on stage belting out some pretty solid R and B stuff – and even more often in after-hours jamming in sub-sidewalk clubs up and down the city of The Beatles, Alun Owen and Z-Car coppers.

Finally, Brian Epstein added the name of Cilla Black to his ever-expanding roster – and then, as everybody knows, along came her big hit.

Others were soon to follow – and in her twenty-second year Cilla moved into the London Palladium for a season, and you can't get higher than that in the world of the live theatre.

She still has her sudden, elfin grin, still likes going around in casuals, still feels uneasy when

Sweet Sue . . . or paging the swingin' **Susan Maughan,** who says her favourite clothes are . . . bikinis.

she has to walk into a crowded room – though in other ways Cilla feels more self-assured than she was back in those not-so-distant Cavern days and nights.

Coming from a home where money had to be worked hard for – her Dad is a docker – Cilla doesn't throw hers around madly. Like any other girl, her biggest spending is on clothes.

Her biggest aim? It's finding out what she is capable of and expanding to the full limits her built-in talent.

She loves dancing the Cavern Stomp, likes tall boys and sun-bathing in bikinis – she once said, with that elfin grin, "I'd wear nothing if they'd let me!"

Her listed dislikes are a bit unexpected. They include people who slop tea, necking and nattering in cinemas – and false teeth, of all things.

From swinging Cilla to sweet Sue, which means we're introducing ourselves to Susan Maughan – who, by a neat coincidence, says *her* favourite clothes are bikinis.

Susan was born twenty-three years ago in Newcastle-upon-Tyne as Marian Susan Maughan and originally meant to be a physical training instructress – for though she's only 5 ft. tall, Susan won trophy after trophy in school athletics.

But when the family moved to Birmingham she became, just

like Cilla, a shorthand typist. Five months of this was more than enough for Susan.

She obtained and passed an audition as a band singer, which is as good a training as anyone could wish for.

In passing, it was while working in a summer show at Weston super Mare that she became a poster girl for the resort's holiday campaign which was urging everybody to "Come to Weston super Mare".

They did . . .

Later, Sue sang with the Ray Ellington Quartet, following in the famous footsteps of Marian Ryan, finally emerging as a solo star in her own right with her big hit, *Bobby's Girl*.

And even when she slipped down the charts she has continued to be one of the most in demand of all girl stars. Those band nights, when she not only learned to sing anything and everything but also to read and write music and transpose her own arrangements, have surely stood Sue in the good stead.

Then there's Mary O'Brien, who became Dusty Springfield – and the owner of one of the most intriguing talents around.

Fifteen years ago when she was a 10-year-old schoolgirl she told her class teacher that she wanted to be a blues singer. She hadn't a clue about the blues but she thought it sounded good.

But as she grew up she became increasingly drawn to American Negro folk music. Today, as a shining solo star since The Springfields split up to go their differing ways, the influence of coloured blues singers is apparent in her style.

Actually, Dusty has utilized some of the elements of this type of music in a pop pattern very much her own – one which is always stimulating and unvarying in quality.

An unusual girl, too. A worrier, a perfectionist, a girl who confesses that she never had any normal teenage life "because I was interested only in singing".

Before she got into the musical business Dusty sold dustbins, worked as a char and served in a shop. It took her just eleven months after The Springfields disbanded to reach the high peaks of success. It's a safe bet that she'll be around those happy hunting grounds for a long time.

The 5 ft. 4 in. blonde-haired, green-eyed Dusty likes success. Mind you, sometimes she gets vexed as well as worried. When this happens Dusty throws crockery around. . . .

Cilla and Dusty have ceased to be teenagers – but some of the newer aspirants for fame are very young indeed. Especially Lulu who, with her Luvvers, made her disc debut for Decca with a little item or opus called *Shout*.

Lulu was born sixteen years ago at Lennox Castle, Lennoxtown, in Scotland – ancient seat of the Earls of Lennox which had been converted into an emergency maternity hospital.

Says Lulu enthusiastically: "Dad is really responsible for my big urge to sing. He sings standards, just for kicks. He sings all the time . . . and well."

Lulu laughed. "They tell me I began singing when I was only 3, but it wasn't until Coronation Year that I sang in public – at a Glasgow Coronation party."

The title of her chosen number was *Daddy's Little Girl*.

Well, of course, this was very different from the belted-out rhythm and blues which Lulu loves now. She goes for the up-tempo blues idiom for much the same reasons as Dusty.

"I love it because it has soul," says Lulu. "The rhythm and blues singers I love have more soul than all the balladeers put together. Their songs are sort of personal things, like the singer was baring his or her own soul. It's just that they're – how can I put it? – being people, being sincere."

She thought for a moment and added: "I think most pop songs are just skin deep emotionally, whereas R and B is for real."

Lulu has two brothers and a sister. "We really are a family very close, very close indeed," she'll tell you.

Unlike many who finally crashed the teeming world of show-business, Lulu has never had any other job apart from singing. She was leaving school when somebody wanted a girl vocalist with a group called The Gleneagles and Lulu landed the job.

She likes to dress mod – but doesn't like being a carbon copy of anybody else. She goes for kinky deerstalkers, long pants and high boots.

Make-up? "I wear pale lipstick and perhaps a little foundation and mascara when I'm on stage. Offstage I prefer to do without it. After all, I'm only 16 – and I can't believe make-up is good for my skin, at my age anyway."

Lulu, who has green eyes to go with her red hair, is the daughter of a butcher and her favourite singers are Ray Charles, Bo Diddely, Chuck Berry and Alex Harvey. Her favourite groups are The Beatles, The Rolling Stones, The Hollies, The Takers and The Searchers.

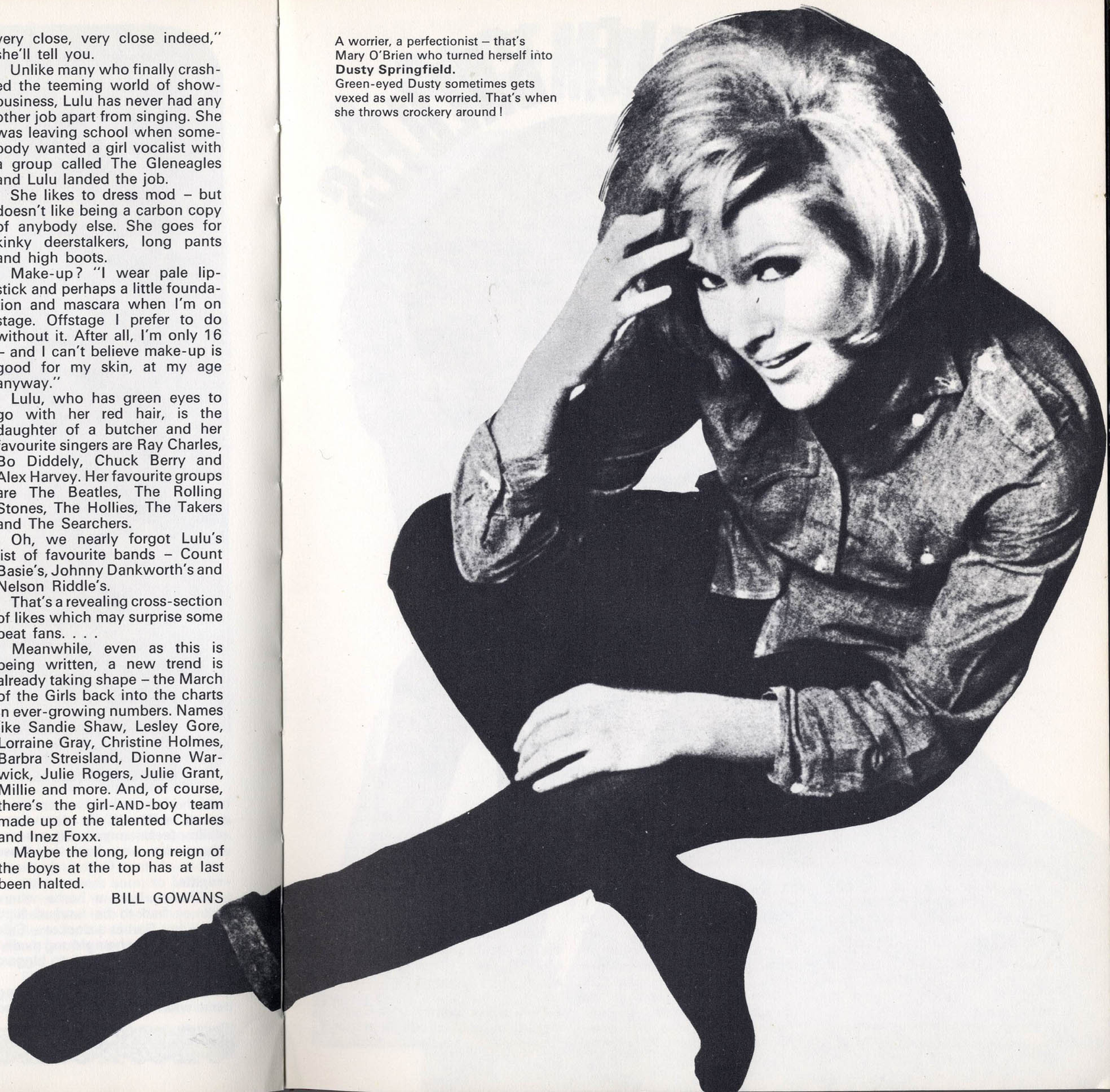
Oh, we nearly forgot Lulu's list of favourite bands – Count Basie's, Johnny Dankworth's and Nelson Riddle's.

That's a revealing cross-section of likes which may surprise some beat fans. . . .

Meanwhile, even as this is being written, a new trend is already taking shape – the March of the Girls back into the charts in ever-growing numbers. Names like Sandie Shaw, Lesley Gore, Lorraine Gray, Christine Holmes, Barbra Streisland, Dionne Warwick, Julie Rogers, Julie Grant, Millie and more. And, of course, there's the girl-AND-boy team made up of the talented Charles and Inez Foxx.

Maybe the long, long reign of the boys at the top has at last been halted.

BILL GOWANS



A worrier, a perfectionist – that's Mary O'Brien who turned herself into **Dusty Springfield.** Green-eyed Dusty sometimes gets vexed as well as worried. That's when she throws crockery around!

A BEATLE SALUTES A PACEMAKER

Not always will you find one show-biz star giving the enthusiastic salute to another show-biz star.

But one of the nice things about the Beat Scene is the fact that the boys are largely free from this sort of professional antagonism.

Ponder the following words of high acclaim about Gerry Marsden, the tiny but dynamic head man of the Pacemakers:

Gerry is an explosive guy on or off stage. Lots of girls class him as another Joe Brown or a second Tommy Steele. He's got a fabulous sense of humour to go with his jet-propelled personality. He's sincere, happy-go-lucky, a showman in the best sense of the word . . . and he's commercial without being sickly pop.

Who said that?

None other than John Lennon of The Beatles when, in March of 1963, Gerry's first single was about to be released by Columbia.

Only a few months later Gerry more than justified John's praise by winning his second successive

Explosive! That's wide-smiling **Gerry Marsden,** pacemaking head man of the Pacemakers. The single-word description comes from none other than Beatle John Lennon.

silver disc with the chart-topping *I Like It*.

Since then Gerry and the Pacemakers have criss-crossed the country on tour, have been in on top-rating television shows, have recorded albums, shot to the No. 1 position in the continental charts, even attracted "rave" reviews in America.

The boys turned professional when, five years ago, they played the first of four standout seasons in Hamburg's famous Star Club and Top Ten Club.

But they were knocking around Liverpool even before that – as the Gerry Marsden Trio. The threesome became a foursome as the result of a suggestion made by The Cavern's alert Bob Wooler and the name was switched to Gerry and the Pacemakers.

Then, in the summer of 1962, Brian Epstein signed them up on a contract which wasn't long in bringing solid results.

It was no more than half a year later that George Martin, record producer for EMI, nipped up to Liverpool on business having to do with The Beatles.

Brian Epstein suggested that he might find it worth while to nip across the Mersey and catch an eyeful and earful of Gerry in action at Birkenhead's Majestic Ballroom.

Mr Martin did just that. Afterwards he delivered his considered verdict, as follows: "I watched Gerry and the Pacemakers bound through three numbers, scrubbed around the usual audition routine and asked Brian to pencil in a date for Gerry's first studio session. Gerry combines exceptional stage presence with an immensely exciting vocal personality."

The 23-year-old recipient of this accolade is a self-taught instrumentalist and indefatigable songwriter. He can change from beat hits such as *I Like It* and *How Do You Do It?* to audience-silencing standards such as *You'll Never Walk Alone.*

On drums he recruited his 24-year-old brother Freddy – they were together in various Merseyside rock and skiffle combos before the Pacemakers started making the pace in 1959. Les Maguire (23) came in on piano and vocals, Les Chadwick (21) handling bass guitar – also joining forces with Gerry in writing more than two dozen originals, several of which have been recorded as "B" sides to Pacemaker singles.

Gerry when not pacemaking . . . the head man of the **Pacemakers** relaxes after a seaside session.

I began this peep at the Pacemakers with John Lennon's tribute to Gerry. Well, the celebrated Beatle has done other friendly things. When John and Paul wrote *Hello, Little Girl* they didn't at all mind it being used as the first recording choice of The Fourmost – though previously the number had been regularly used by The Beatles themselves down in the deeps of The Cavern.

It was always a winner with Cavernites – and it was no less so for The Fourmost. In fact, it was riding in the charts almost before you could say "Hello!"

This group was at first known as The Four Jays – but not for long. In fact, for less than a week!

What happened was that the boys discovered that Liverpool had no shortage of groups called Jays. So this one instantly and unanimously became The Fourmost.

When it comes to zany humour The Fourmost might well be said to be the four most! After Tony Barrow, the public relations man with Brian Epstein's Nems Enterprises, met them for the first time he declared: "They are utterly mad. . . . Their gales of no-apparent-reason laughter all but swept the typewriter off my desk, a battery of goon-type gags thwarted every attempt I made to question them about their professional career."

However, Tony did succeed in digging the background on the frantic four, and finally came up with this judgement: "Beneath that layer of totally infectious pottiness are to be found four of the most intelligent minds and four of the most agile brains on the British pop scene. Vocally and instrumentally they have the type of ingrained versatility which comes of long experience and diligent practice."

And Dave Lovelady, who saved his pocket-money to get his first drum kit, puts it this way: "Apart from the fun we have playing to

any audience, however small, we all find that having zany senses of humour makes life worthwhile." He added, thoughtfully: "You have to be very firm friends to live, eat, work and pass twenty-four hours a day together."

A Liverpool group – but with a difference – showed up in the persons of Johnny Sandon and the Remo Four. For although hailing from Beat City theirs isn't a Mersey sound or even, strictly speaking, a British sound.

They established a sort of blending of rhythm and blues with Country and Western styles, plus a distinctive method of interpretation all their own.

Originally the group was known simply as the Remo Four. That was as far back as 1958. The singer who was with them around that time left and in came Johnny Sandon. Until then he had been vocalizing with The Searchers, after having worked first as a bricklayer's labourer and then as a stockroom assistant for a steel company. At 16 he began taking an interest in acting, still says acting is his secret ambition.

His overwhelming ambition is a simple one – to do well in everything he attempts.

But I think this goes for The Beatles, Gerry and the Pacemakers and pretty well everybody on the Beat Scene.

BENNY MARTON

ON THE RIGHT LINES

On the right lines even if they're on the wrong tracks . . . yes, it's the irrepressible **Gerry and the Pacemakers.**

the disc spinners

THE MEN BEHIND THE VOICES ON RADIO CAROLINE

You'd like to know what kind of men are behind the voices that come to you every day over the Radio Caroline network? Maybe you get to wondering just what Chris Moore, Simon Dee, Gerry Duncan and Mike Alan are doing when they're not actually spinning the discs.

Let's take a look around one of the ships and find out for ourselves. We'll start with Chris himself because he's the chief disc jockey in charge of programme planning. The fact that just at this moment he isn't announcing a show in that agreeable voice of his certainly doesn't mean he's put his feet up!

Like all the other Caroline disc jockeys, when not actually putting out a programme Chris is busy planning the next one and more than likely the one after that as well.

All the Caroline deejays spend many of their hours away from the microphone putting future programmes into shape. So you can see at once that, though stationary, the good ships Caroline are hives of activity pretty well right round the clock. That's why the normal period of duty is two weeks "on", followed by one week "off".

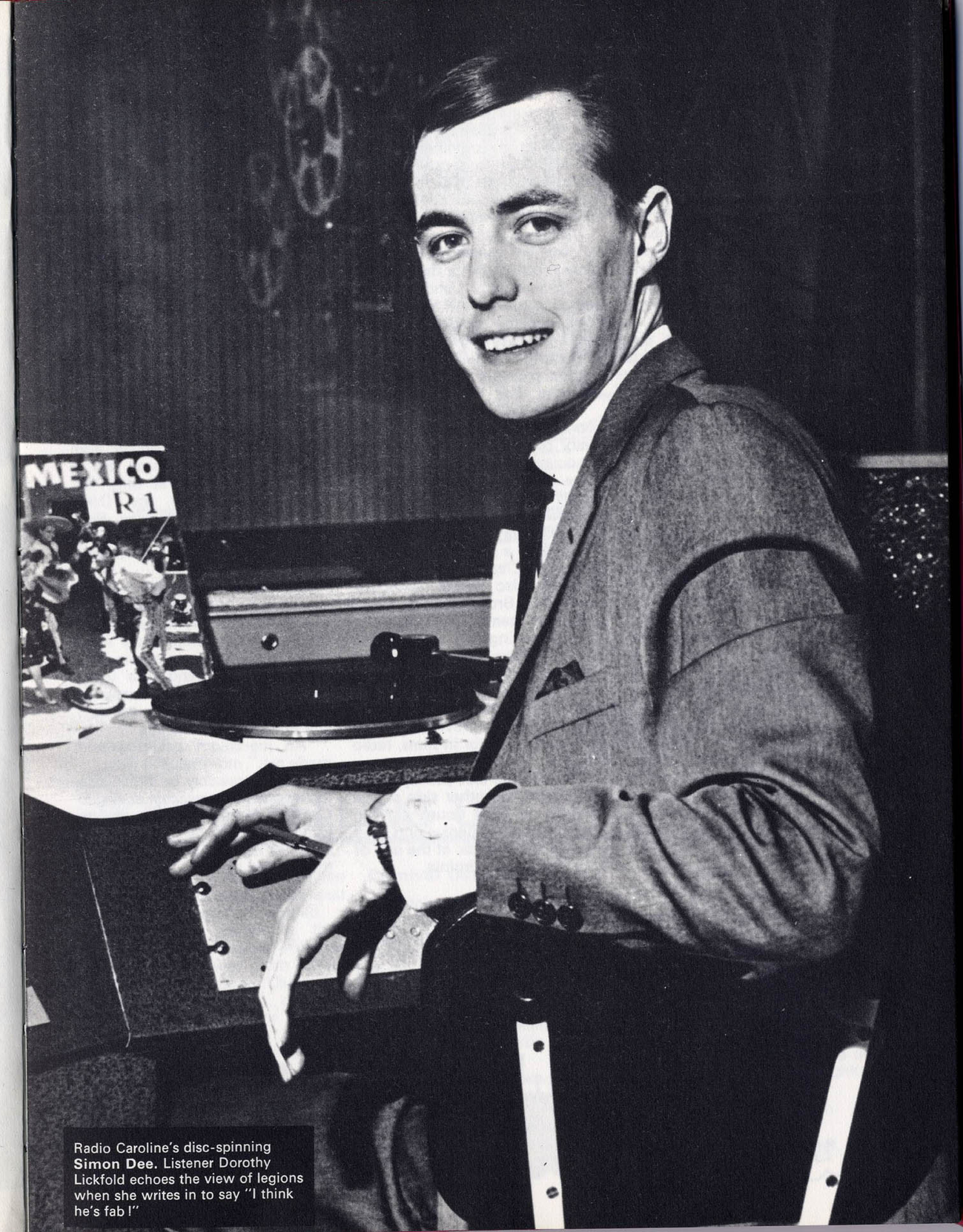
They need it!

Chris, our energetic programme director, is the key man – he decides what sort of records will be played over Radio Caroline, as well as the format of feature programmes like the Caroline Club Hour.

Born in Washington, D.C., twenty-four years ago, Chris first came to Europe when he was in knee pants – in fact, when he was only 8 years old. He went to school in England and at 18 began roaming the world in the Merchant Navy.

Back in England for good, he joined an advertising agency, and it was from this that he moved into the musical business – with happy end results for Radio Caroline.

Simon Dee is a 29-year-old Canadian from Ottawa. He's married and has a young son, Simon junior. Like the chief



Radio Caroline's disc-spinning **Simon Dee.** Listener Dorothy Lickfold echoes the view of legions when she writes in to say "I think he's fab!"

disc jockey, Simon senior has lived in England on and off since boyhood. In his case, since he was 11 – apart from the five years he spent with the RAF in troubled Cyprus and the Far East.

He wasn't always in the musical game. In fact, when he was demobbed from the RAF he became a fashion photographer. It was a chance meeting with Ronan O'Rahilly in London's Scene Club which led to Simon joining Radio Caroline – though not immediately.

Ronan told him that he was starting a floating radio station and asked if Simon would be interested in a job as a disc jockey. Simon said yes. More than a year later Ronan phoned to confirm the offer.

Ronan, by the way, is 25 and joint managing director with Allan Crawford of the Radio Caroline setup. Born in Dublin to an Irish father and an American mother, Ronan has been in England since 1960. He's always been closely linked with music – in fact, he founded the Scene Club, that famed national listening gallery for rhythm and blues.

Caroline's executive control is as cosmopolitan as the rest of its able staff. For Allan Crawford is an Australian. He's been prominent in the world of popular music for many years – as managing director of several successful music publishing companies and, not content with this, as controller of a couple of recording companies who between them put out the Rocket, Sabre and Carnival labels.

Then there's Gerry Duncan, who came in as programme producer. That means he's the man who co-ordinates the records, the men who play them, the time checks and the commercial spots – with a keen eye on the actual running of all Caroline programmes. Gerry also has a national programme of his own.

He has a leaning towards jazz . . . but we guess that listeners have spotted this for themselves! A 28-year-old Londoner, he served with the RAF in Germany, then became assistant to film director Lewis Gilbert with whom he worked on such notable motion pictures as *Light Up the Sky* and *Sink the Bismark.*

That was all in the space of one year, for at the end of that time Gerry became a cameramen for Associated Television, staying there for four years. Then he joined Radio Caroline.

Some of the early deejays on the Caroline network included Doug Kerr, a tall Canadian from Stampede City, Calgary, who began his disc career with the Canadian Broadcasting Company. He came to England in 1957, working for seven years in the theatre and film worlds before coming to Radio Caroline.

Listeners who were in at the start of transmissions will know Carl Conway, previously well known as an actor in films, radio and TV.

Unlike some disc jockeys who come from the other side of the Atlantic to this country, Tom Lodge was born here – and then crossed the Atlantic at the age of 4, to live in old Virginia.

When he was 17 he rode the range as a cowboy in Alberta, later turned himself into an Arctic explorer before becoming a disc jockey.

Tony Jay, another of the first of the deejays, used to be a school-teacher. Jimmy Leighton is a Londoner who was brought up in Canada and re-crossed the Atlantic in 1955. Among other things, he's a scriptwriter for some of the country's top comedians.

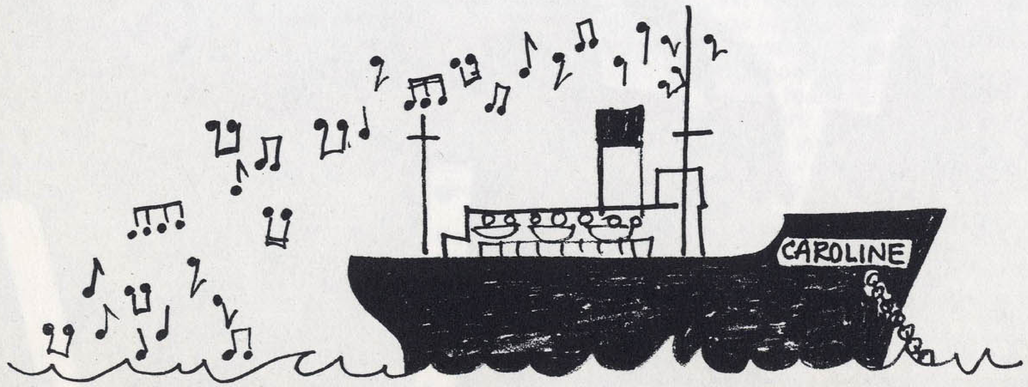
Not all the announcers who have figured on Radio Caroline were men. When you heard a girl saying "This is Caroline, your all-day music station" the voice belonged either to Jenny Conway or Marilyn Richard.

One is dark, the other fair, both are easy on the eye. Jenny is the daughter of a naval officer and got into show-business as a singer when she was only 16, later appearing in the Dora Bryan musical *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* and in the Cliff Richard Show up in breezy Blackpool.

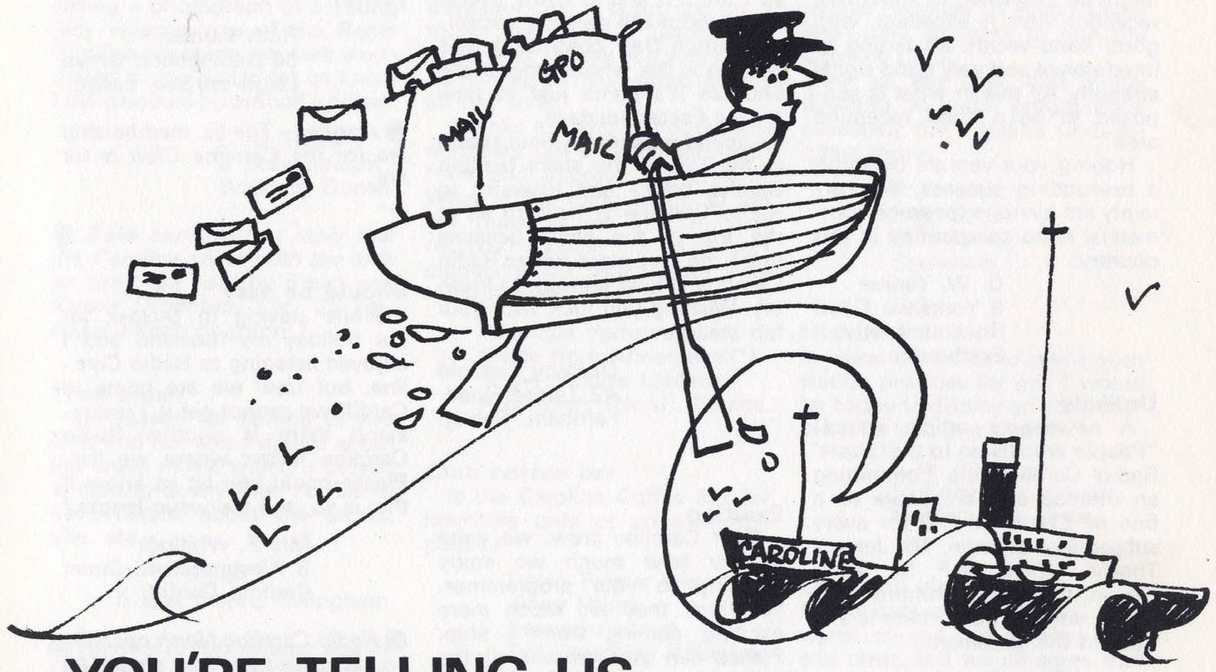
Grey-eyed Marilyn once worked in Monte Carlo as a bi-lingual secretary to none other than millionaire shipbuilder Aristotle Onassis, among others. She returned to England four years ago and started a new career as a photographic model – we said she was easy on the eye.

"An ice-cream advertisement made me," murmurs Marilyn.

There'll probably be other disc jockeys and announcers as Radio Caroline progresses. But of one thing you can be sure: they'll all be as friendly and informal as those early ones . . .



CAROLINE CLUB MAILBAG



YOU'RE TELLING US

Every day and by every post come the letters, from north, south, east and west – even from abroad.

They arrive literally in their thousands – and every one gets a detailed answer from David Martin, the Caroline Club's indefatigable secretary, or from Delia Zimmerman or maybe Eddie Jenkins.

What kind of things do listeners tell us? What kind of information do they want about the famous radio ships? It seemed to us that readers might like to see a cross-section of the Club's never-ending mail. So here we go . . .

Carnival Caroline

I enclose the local papers and two photographs of our recent carnival in which my son and three of his pals built a float as Radio Caroline. They really enjoyed the hard work which they put into it during their spare time at nights and weekends.

They won first prize.

E. B. R. Dicker,
Rose Green Road
Aldwick, Bognor Regis.

It's terrific

We have started a club in a barn. We have got some small Radio Caroline stickers for our cars, but we were wondering if you have got any big banners with Radio Caroline on them to hang up in the barn – because we think Caroline puts out a terrific programme. In fact, we think it should be on the air all through the day and night.

Lynda Boardman
Broadway
Dunscroft, nr. Doncaster.

CAROLINE CLUB MAILBAG

Well received

I have been listening to Radio Caroline almost daily since Easter Sunday, 1964, and thought you might be interested to know that reception here is excellent, with good band-width, no fading or interference and very good signal strength. All this in what is supposed to be a "bad reception area".

Hoping your venture becomes a resounding success. We certainly are overdue for some commercial radio competition in this country.

D. W. Tanner
9 Yorkshire Court
Rockhurst Drive
Eastbourne.

Unlikely

A newspaper article stated: "People who listen to the 'pirate' Radio Caroline are committing an offence and are liable to a fine of £10 with £50 for every subsequent offence, Mr Jeremy Thorpe, Liberal M.P. for North Devon, told the Commons."

Can you tell me if there is any truth in the statement?

R. J. Sturgeon
12 Spikes Bridge Road
Southall, Middlesex.

● *Radio Caroline's answer: As far as we are concerned this is a debatable point and very unlikely to arise.*

No more twiddling

Thanks to Radio Caroline, my days of knob-twiddling for music are over. Your "all-day music station" has filled a gap and people at work have a good selection of non-stop pop, jazz and show music as a background when they want it most.

Martin O'Dowd
8 St Paul's Crescent
Botley, Oxford.

Simon is fab

They told us on Radio Caroline that if we wanted to know anything about them to write to you, so I am. I'd like to know everything about the deejays, especially Simon Dee 'cos I think he's fab. So is the whole programme because it's come just in time for the Easter holidays.

I spend most of my time sitting at the top of the stairs reading Beatles books and listening to Radio Caroline (I have to sit at the top of the stairs because that's the only place where Radio Caroline is loud enough to listen to). Wishing you luck with your fab station.

Dorothy Lickfold
42 Tilford Road
Farnham, Surrey.

Exciting

Dear Caroline crew, we write to say how much we enjoy listening to your programmes. We think they are much more exciting coming from a ship. Please can you answer all the following questions? We are sorry there are so many but we are interested in ships – we plan to join the WRNS one day!

1. How many people work on board? 2. How many crew are on the ship? 3. How many introduce the programmes? 4. How big is the ship? 5. How many cabins are there? 6. Have you a doctor on board? 7. What kind of ship is it? 8. Do you sleep on board or do you come back to the mainland at night? 9. Shall we be able to hear you in bad weather? 10. Have you a ship's cat, and if so what's its name?

Celia Favell (15) and
Glenna Favell (10)
Copwood, Beeches Road
Crowborough, Sussex.

It's for life

Please would you tell me whether the 5s. membership fee for Caroline Club is for life or yearly?

Ruth Farmer
64 Darlinghurst Grove
Leigh-on-Sea, Essex.

● *Answer – The 5s. membership fee for the Caroline Club is for life.*

Should be easy

While staying in Sussex for our holiday my husband and I enjoyed listening to Radio Caroline, but now we are home in Cardiff we cannot get it. I understand there is another Radio Caroline nearer where we live. Please could you let us know if that is so, and the wave-length?

Mrs F. Whitlock
8 Westmoreland Street
Canton, Cardiff.

● *Radio Caroline North operates on 199 metres and you should be able to receive this quite easily, unless you are sheltered by the Welsh mountains.*

The best

Congratulations on Radio Caroline, the best station in England. After years of listening to loads of old bilge it's a pleasure to hear you on 199.

I dislike Caroline being labelled a pirate ship. All the old goats should belt up and leave us to enjoy 199.

Harry Phipps
12 Maule Close
Oxmoor Estate,
Huntingdon.

CAROLINE CLUB MAILBAG

Those tee shirts

As you may know, Radio Caroline has a very active fan club in this part of the country. After seeing a photograph of a young lady wearing one of the Radio Caroline tee shirts we were wondering if you would let us know how we could obtain half a dozen.

C. G. Rellis
8 Dreadnought
Bridport, Dorset.

● *Delia explained in reply that the Caroline shirts with the ship on them are sold by Smith and Brown (Brighton) Ltd., 20 Trafalgar Street, Brighton 1.*

That organ

My reason for writing to you is to find out some details about the organ music which is played at closing down time. I'd like to have details about the artiste, title, etc.

D. G. Smith
5 East Street, Gillingham.

● *Answer to this listener and all others who may have been wondering is that the organ music was played by Jimmy McGriff and is called "Around Midnight".*

Neddy

Thanks for the wonderful programmes you give us each day. During the early morning and very late evening I pick up Radio Caroline North. So far I have only been able to pick the names of two of the DJ's there – Tony Jay and "Neddy". Who is this man with such a funny name?

Martin Rose
51 Stanley Road
West Hendon, N.W.9.

● *Caroline Club answer was that Neddy is Alan Turner.*

Vive la Caroline!

I am a French girl of 24 years and I am a fan of Radio Caroline that I listen to every day on my transistor. As a radio station, I think that Radio Caroline is matchless. I thank you very much for playing so many good records all day long.

Thanks to the voice of the announcers (all very sympathetic) I try and improve my English. What is the thing to do to get the right to ask you to play records? I know that many foreigners enjoy listening to your radio station.

Monique Verrourt (or
"Mlle from Armentiers!")
9 rue Nicolas Leblanc
Armentiers (Nord), France.

Club coffee bar

Is the Caroline Coffee Bar for members only or open to the public?

David Palmer and
Jinny Hibbs
Second Avenue
Tye Common, Billericay.

● *The Caroline Coffee Bar is open to the public, but members get a special reduced price. The Caroline Club is open from 6 p.m. to 7 p.m. every day except Sunday when the times are 12 noon to 2 p.m.*

Our theme song

Please could you tell me if your "Caroline" signature-tune is sung by The Four Seasons and where I can obtain the record?

M. A. Jacobs
55 First Avenue
Mortlake, S.W.14.

● *The recorded version of "Caroline" is on the Decca label and is sung by The Fortunes.*

All join in

Please could you let me have three more application forms for three more people who are regular listeners to Radio Caroline—they all want to join the Caroline Club.

They all say that they enjoy listening to your programmes, especially the Caroline Club request shows.

P. Truscott,
High Street,
Blue-Town,
Sheerness.

His offer

In view of the enjoyment your station provides for me, I would be happy to display an advertisement for you in my car.

T. W. Bell,
15 Somersby Avenue,
Mablethorpe, Lincs.

Loud and clear

My friends and I receive your signal off the Isle of Man loud and clear, and we all agree that you are the best station on the air. We hope to have many happy hours listening to you in the future.

Desmond Platt,
Castle Villa,
Llanfarian,
Aberystwyth.

P.S.

POSTSCRIPT FROM CAROLINE CLUB HQ – These letters give a good idea of the kind of things our legion of listeners write to us about. We'd like nothing better than to print ALL your letters . . . but they'd fill the whole of this book! Keep writing to us, though.

FREDDIE'S FATEFUL DAY

Freddie "Floats" to Fame

The day Freddie and The Dreamers turned pro began at 5.30 a.m. when Freddie Garratty reported for work as usual at the dairy depot where he was employed as a milk roundsman.

AT 6.15 a.m. Freddie started delivering milk.

AT 8.35 a.m. he heard that a BBC television audition was lined up for 10 o'clock.

AT 8.36 a.m. he quit delivering milk, drove the electric milk float home, changed into stage clothes and parked the float outside the TV studios.

AT 9.7 a.m. the depot's telephone switchboard was buzzing with angry calls from housewives deprived of their pinta.

AT 10.45 a.m. depot officials located the float.

AT 10.46 a.m. **Freddie and The Dreamers** turned professional.

I'D RATHER BE UP THERE

.....SAYS ELLA FITZGERALD

SWINGING

The vast room in London's plushy Dorchester Hotel was awash with socialites, recording tycoons, newspapermen, public relations experts and jazz musicians from both sides of the Atlantic.

In the middle of the room, nervously fidgeting with a slim silken scarf, stood a splendidly upholstered coloured lady whose pleasant features had taken on the look of one compelled against her will to face some testing ordeal.

She was Ella Fitzgerald.

When I touched her arm she started agitatedly and said: "Oh, it's you. . . ."

I enquired if she was enjoying her role as guest of honour at this scintillating reception party.

Her answer came almost in a whisper. "Who *are* all these people?" she asked.

I nodded in various directions, mentioning various noted names.

"I don't *know* all these people, I'm so dreadfully nervous," she said in an agitated voice. "All I know is that I'd rather be up there on the stand swinging with the boys in the band."

I reflected that after all those years of singing stardom Miss Fitzgerald remains basically a shy person. Appearing on concert platforms all over the world hasn't made it any easier for her to be totally at ease among strangers.

Even up on the stage where she really expands she shows few of the slick, contrived mannerisms acquired by some professional entertainers.

Of course, she *is* a professional up to the hilt, but not in the sense of flamboyant showmanship. Ella's professionalism is contained entirely within her actual singing, which is one of the unique – and, better still, completely durable – things in the world of popular singing.

Her voice, which sometimes has a curious "little girl" timbre and at other times becomes almost resonantly deep, is an instrument which she uses with immense dexterity and control linked to tremendous drive and an innate sense of taste and jazzmanship.

To her legions of admirers Ella Fitzgerald can do no wrong, and who shall deny their right to hold this conviction?

Mind you, though her style of performance is a long distance from those mostly favoured along Tin Pan Alley, it's nevertheless a historical fact that she first soared fame-wards on what would now be called a gimmick.

That was back in 1938 when, as a teenager, she was singing up in Harlem with the big band led by the late Chick Webb, that diminutive drumming maestro.

The teenage Ella, accompanied by Chick's orchestra, recorded a sort of novelty opus called *A-Tisket a-Tasket*. Almost overnight it became a global hit and the name of Ella Fitzgerald became international currency. It's stayed that way ever since, not because she has made one gimmick hit after another – in fact, she didn't cut any more discs of that kind.

Ella may have had her first taste of stardom because of a gimmick, but she has stayed a star because she has vast, far-ranging talent which time has polished.

Once I wrote an article saying that she was the world's greatest pop singer rather than the world's greatest jazz singer. It was as if I had unwittingly touched off a barrel of dynamite.

From points north, east, south and west the raging letters roared in denouncing me. Letters apparently written with pens dipped in vitriol and couched in terms of uncompromising menace.

But I still hold to that view. I do not mean that Ella doesn't sing jazz – of course she does. But her international fame has been acquired largely in the world of what can best be described as superior pop music – as a swinging interpreter of the compositions of the greatest tunesmiths in the trade, men like Rodgers and Hammerstein, Cole Porter, Gershwin and other illustrious penmen.

Maybe I should have expanded my original statement to read "the world's greatest jazz-slanted pop singer". Yes, that fits. To perfection.

For Ella *is* a jazz singer of authority – if not the greatest the jazz scene has ever known. But almost throughout her career she has concentrated on a kind of top-bracket pop song with the stamp of immortality heavy upon it.

Though emotionally and technically equipped to sing the blues, Ella has scarcely ever done so – though without the blues there would be no jazz. She chose her way ahead, the route of the best of the pops, and an immensely rewarding way it has been, both for Ella and for her far-flung audiences.

That is, until quite recently, when there suddenly appeared on the Verve label a long-play album offered under the style of *Ella Fitzgerald: These Are the Blues.*

American impresario Norman Granz, who personally supervised this New York session which produced ten fine examples of the twelve-bar idiom, says: "Curiously, Ella Fitzgerald in almost thirty years of recording has, with rare exception, never recorded the blues. This, correcting a monumental oversight, is her first album of the blues. We tried as much as possible to be faithful in our approach to these songs: to recreate the period in our musical history during which they were written, and to retain as much as possible the spirit in which they were originally sung."

Why this "monumental omission"? I think it was less an omission than a more or less conscious act of policy along the lines I've already set out. Much more to the point, I think Ella decided to apply her genius to the blues *because the blues, the 100 per cent kind and the up-tempo rhythm and blues, have become part of the pop scene.*

In other words, there had arisen a vast and continually widening market for music with a blues slant.

In her album Ella concentrates on the dyed-in-the-wool variety – naturally, for she is no R and B shouter.

How does she make out? Very, very well – if not quite in the immortal stream headed by the late Bessie Smith, the still unchallenged Queen of the Blues. In one or two spots mannerisms pop up which suit Ella perfectly when she is singing and swinging popular standards but are frankly out of place with the true blues.

But these are small flaws – and isolated, at that. By and large, Ella demonstrates a fine inventive flair and an intuitive feeling for the idiom. Her version of the *St Louis Blues* must surely rank as one of the all-time great interpretations of the number which the late W. C. Handy penned back in the autumn of 1914.

For all who will assuredly be interested, Ella was formerly married to Ray Brown, probably the greatest bass player anywhere. When she's not roaming the world on star-studded concert tours, she lives quietly with her son in a spacious home in the Californian sunshine, is fond of cooking – and, paradoxically for one whose career has been spent wholly in the spotlight glare of fame, likes the quiet and unassuming life.

Except, of course, when she's up there with the boys swinging. . . .

PAUL DENVER

15 LP'S FOR YOU

JUST UNSCRAMBLE FOUR WORDS TO MAKE FOUR FAMOUS NAMES

This Radio Caroline book is giving away fifteen long-playing record albums of individual choice to the winners of a Star Names Contest.

All you have to do is to unscramble four of the nineteen words in the following sentence to make four famous names:

He made the remark that milestones along the silver road to stardom began even before the age of bingo.

The letters in the key words can be changed around as needed. You can even drop a letter if you think it will do the trick.

Each of the fifteen winners will be able to choose his or her favourite LP and RADIO CAROLINE ANNUAL will fill the orders.

When you've unscrambled the sentence post your entry, on a postcard, to Star Names Contest, Radio Caroline Annual, P.O. Box 111, Manchester 1.

Your entry must arrive not later than 1st February 1966.

The prizes will be awarded to the first fifteen correct entries received.

The editor's decision will be final and no correspondence can be entered into with competitors.

GARY LAINE
MEETS THE TUGBOAT KID

BILLY'S FURY TOOK HIM TO THE TOP

I first met Billy Fury when, at the onset of his career, he was starring in Liverpool's vast Empire Theatre. Bang in the heart of the city where he was born.

He seemed quiet and unsophisticated – even, it seemed, a bit on the shy side. But you sensed, just the same, a calm determination to give of his best and get the best out of his show-biz career.

You could call it a sort of quiet fury going on inside the compact frame of Billy Fury, who was born Ronald Wycherley.

Only a little while before our meeting he had been working on the Mersey tugboats that shepherd the great ocean-going liners into the Liverpool docks.

Even now Billy's hazel eyes are likely to light up when he recalls his boyhood ambition to become a tugboat captain. Instead, the captain of the tug on which he worked became his banjoist in the skiffle group Billy ran on board when he was only 17.

Later Billy found himself out of work and on the dole – and, to the distress of his dad, unable to find a job.

Around this time he had started writing the songs which, in the not-distant days ahead, were to bring him the equivalent of a cabinet minister's salary in royalties.

But he was still down, if not out, when he was taken by three pals to play his songs over to impresario Larry Parnes, who had a show running at the Essoldo over the water in Birkenhead.

Larry – a shrewd spotter and groomer of talent – heard young Ronald Wycherly in his dressing-room – and to the latter's amazement sent him out on stage to sing in public there and then.

At this time Larry, a dab hand at dreaming up names for his youthful hopefuls, was planning to call his next recruit Billy Fury. So Ronald Wycherley got the name . . . much to his disappointment.

"I wanted to be called Stean Wade," Billy remembers. "I got that name from a character in a Western I'd been reading."

Blonde Billy shot to the top – one of the few rock soloists to survive the tremendous upsurge of groups rather than single personalities.

Even several years ago Billy figured he must have been making something like £10,000 a year from record and sheet music royalties, television and personal appearances.

He hasn't slipped back since. Billy has stayed the course so well that in 1964 he was able to pay £8,500 for a racehorse.

But his frank simplicity hasn't changed – or his agreeable Liverpool voice.

"That's one of the many nice things about Billy – he's still the same as when we first got together," Larry Parnes once told me.

How long does it take Billy to pen a best-selling number or any kind of number? The average time is half an hour, though he's been known to knock one out in minutes.

"I write quickly because I can only write the songs that flow naturally from the start," he says. "When I have to concentrate and stop to work them out nothing happens."

Billy composes and plays guitar on the strength of a natural gift for music and some twenty lessons as a boy.

"I wish now that I hadn't stopped taking lessons, but I really couldn't stand them," he admits. "But one day I want to find the time to study music seriously – and write songs like Rodgers and Hammerstein."

Maybe he's right, though maybe not. It's possible that his natural genius will stand him in better stead than learning music academically.

He loves his family – his parents and younger brother Albert – and says that if he were to end up a failure he doesn't think he could ever face the folks in Liverpool again.

The danger is remote. . . .

Billy Fury unleashes a characteristic smile. The one time tugboat kid is unchanged by the sweet smell of success.

Lesley Gore . . . at 18 almost a "legend" to American teenagers, then she made a big hit with teenagers over here.

THE BACHELORS

MANFRED MANN

P. J. PROBY

DUSTY SPRINGFIELD

THE ANIMALS

THE HONEYCOMBS

THE PRETTY THINGS

BRENDA LEE

Zoom went Kathy
Britain's Kathy Kirby zoomed straight into the Hit Parade with a vocal version of an instrumental – *Dance On,* which was first a winner for the Shadows.

THE SOUND OF MUSIC POINTS NORTH

The Hollies MAKE IT IN 72 HOURS

The sound of music didn't come exclusively from Liverpool and Tottenham.

Manchester has had a hand in the musical pie, too. There were The Dakotas, Herman's Hermits and The Hollies.

Five boys from the Manchester area make up The Hollies – whose first disc, *Just Like Me*, landed in the best-sellers after being on sale only seventy-two hours.

And it was no flash-in-the-pan success, for *Stay* and *Searchin'* both climbed into the upper slopes of the Hit Parade – and their No. 1 long-play album entitled *Stay With The Hollies* reached the Top Five, thus showing that a whole lot of listeners were staying right along with the fivesome.

Originally, Graham Nash, Allan Clarke and Eric Haydock were members of a Mancunian group called The Deltas. When the combo broke up they asked Tony Hicks to join them on lead guitar, and with drummer Don Rathbone they re-formed.

The time – Christmas, 1962. A new name was needed. The boys were sitting around in a room festooned with decorations – including holly. Credit for shouting "The Hollies" first is still being hotly argued about!

Graham and Allan had been friends since early school days. They appeared together musically as The Two Teens and Ricky and Dane, later joining Eric in The Deltas. Eric had run his own group, The Dominators, and had done some cabaret work in Manchester before joining The Deltas.

All smiles and no wonder! For seventy-two hours after their first disc went on sale it landed **The Hollies** in the charts.

It was in February, 1963, that The Hollies got a recording contract with Parlophone. At the same time they landed a part in the Frankie Vaughan musical film, *It's All Over Town*. A month later the boys turned fully professional.

By summer's end Don Rathbone decided to try his hand in the agency side of the business and was replaced by Bobby Elliott, who had been with Shane Fenton's Fentones.

Blackpool-born Graham sang in a choir from the age of 6. Allan ran through scores of jobs before he became a professional musician. Both write many of The Hollies' numbers.

Quietest of The Hollies is bass guitarist Eric. He's thoughtful and slow to speak and sort of has a controlling influence on the super-exuberance of his colleagues.

The Four Pennies used to rehearse in a music shop in their native Blackburn. Which was lucky – because it was Miss Marie Reidy, the owner of the store, who took the first decisive step towards putting them on the show-business map.

She sent a recording of the group to Philips Records – and almost before they realized what

HERMANIA

Hermania gripped the pop fans when Peter Noone turned himself and his group into HERMAN'S HERMITS and soared to chart-topping fame.

was happening the four boys were in the musical game.

Blackburn is proud of its pop idols and the boys are no less proud of their old home town. In fact, they took their name from the street in which Miss Reidy's music shop stands – Penny Street.

It was as lately as November, 1963, that the group turned professional, having previously been known as the Lionel Morton Four.

The Pennies' hit, *Juliet*, was born in the back room of the music store. Mike Wilsh, an 18-year-old ex-student teacher, punched out the basic melody line on Miss Reidy's piano. He handed it to Fritz Fryer, the lead guitarist, who says he was stuck for a lyric idea – until he remembered his niece Juliet. The rest "just happened".

Incidentally, the young lady who inspired the successful lyrics was 18 at the time – months, not years!

It was Miss Reidy who introduced the Four Pennies to their manager-to-be, Alan Lewis – a businessman from Manchester. He's 27 but looks less, is dark, incisive and a cigar smoker. Alan went into business on his own account at 19 with just £40 capital. From this grew a big used car business – though he doesn't own a car himself!

Alan also has big property investments, a fact which inspired The Pennies to form their own property company.

Drummer Alan Buck remembers how Fritz and Mike wrote one side of a disc in a police station.

"We spent the night there," he says. "Not for any misdemeanour! What happened was that we had arrived too late at an engagement to get a late key for the hotel. After the show we had something to eat and got to the hotel only to find that we were locked out. We threw gravel up at the windows, rang the bell, all without getting any results. So we trundled off to the local police station."

The police, it turns out, were very accommodating. In fact, they offered the boys beds in the cells – but they declined

when they found out that there were no mattresses.

"So we sat up all night following the adventures of the local Z-Cars' T–8," says Alan. "During this time Fritz and Mike drummed-up the idea for our 'B' side, *Don't Tell Me You Love Me*. About 5 a.m. we left the police station and drove to our hotel – and slept all day!"

Meanwhile, we hear that thousands of girl fans of The Pennies have bored holes in pennies to use them as ear-rings and necklaces.

And it was three girls from Manchester who complained to their musical paper: "We're always hearing about Beatlemania. Well, we've got Hermania. What about giving *him* some publicity?"

They were putting the spotlight on Herman's Hermits, already one of the most popular groups in Manchester and the North generally. Soon they were to achieve national renown.

The unusual name of Herman comes from a cartoon character. If you used to watch the TV programme called *The Bullwinkle Show* you'll remember a boy named Sherman.

The rest of the group were amused at the similarity of this character and their lead singer. Mistaking the name of Sherman for Herman, they "christened" him – adding The Hermits because it seemed to go with Herman. In fact, at the start the boys went around under the style of Herman and The Hermits, later shortening this to Herman's Hermits.

Herman's real name is Peter Noone and though only 18 he formerly appeared as a singer and actor on several television shows, including *Knight Errant, Coronation Street* and *Saki*.

Mickie Most, an independent record producer, was the man responsible for the choice of material on the Hermits' début disc. It's title was certainly apt – *I'm Into Something Good*!

And it was as far back as 1960 that yet another Manchester outfit, The Dakotas, sprang into being under the inspiration of leader-drummer Tony Mansfield and rhythm guitarist Robin MacDonald. The management of the city's Plaza Ballroom wanted Tony to bring his new and unnamed combo along in Red Indian clothes and under the name of The Dakotas.

The boys refused the first part of the request – but they really went for the suggested name. After building up a big following at Manchester's Oasis Club, the team scored heavily at Liverpool's famous basement of beat, The Cavern. It was here that they were spotted by Brian Epstein – and a year later when he was looking for a group to back his new vocal discovery, Billy J. Kramer, he handed them the job.

By the way, Tony Mansfield used to be a trainee baker in his dad's confectionery business. In the summer of 1960 he took over the drums with a ballroom dance band.

Months later, on holiday at a North Wales holiday camp, he watched an unknown drummer playing with an unknown rock 'n roll group. That decided Tony's future, for back he went to Manchester and set about forming the group which was to become The Dakotas.

But who was the unknown drummer? His name was . . . Ringo Starr!

The Dakotas started without a name, then a ballroom boss suggested The Dakotas. The boys went for this – but not for the suggestion that they should debut in full Red Indian regalia!

From a music store in Blackburn to stardom went **The Four Pennies.** They took their group name from the street in which the shop stands – Penny Street.

Satchmo the Great in swinging action.

PAUL DENVER MOVES IN ON THE JAZZ SCENE

Jazzman **Acker Bilk.** Bearded, bowler-hatted and striped-waist-coated, he learned to play clarinet in Egypt – in an Army jail where he was a guest after falling asleep on guard duty.

The world's first jazz sounds came from the slum sprawl of the Storyville district of New Orleans somewhere around the year 1896, nearly a century after Napoleon sold the city to the U.S.A.

The background was as colourful as you could wish. Thousands of foreigners had mixed with the descendants of the French and Spanish settlers who are known as Creoles. The civilizations of the old and new worlds met and mingled. The impact of this – and last but never least the presence of a vast Negro population – gave New Orleans a unique flavour.

Jazz owes much to the American Negro. His ancestors, imported like animals in the fearful slave ships from the African coast, brought with them the heritage of raw tribal rhythms.

In the New World they were in contact with millions of Europeans shaking themselves free from old tyrannies. This vast melting-pot of humanity started to make its own culture – and on the working-class level jazz was the result.

Some writers argue that jazz is entirely a coloured music. The truth is that the Negro influence is massive, but not 100 per cent. In fact, native Africans do not easily understand jazz when they first hear it.

What happened in the Deep South of the U.S.A. more than half a century ago was the mixing of the African rhythmic sense with European ideas of music. The mixture exploded – and jazz was the outcome.

Into its creation had gone dozens of ingredients – traditional Negro spirituals, the blues, hymn-shouting, work-songs, half-forgotten ballads of old France,

the music-hall songs of the 'nineties, marching songs, tunes handed down from the Civil War period, and ragtime.

The teeming life of the New Orleans sidewalks and dives had thrown up a new earthy music to match a new social setting. The men who first began to play it were mostly unable to read or write – and all were unable to read written-down music.

But they had an irrepressible urge to create *their* kind of music. They started by forming street bands which played in the innumerable parades to which New Orleans was and still is addicted, at weddings, at organized picnics, even at funerals. For the latter it was a sad "dead march" blues to the cemetery, a rousing march on the way back when the departed had been properly laid to rest.

Mind you, the superior upper class of New Orleans despised this "gutter" music which was to make their city internationally famous. To the men who wanted to play jazz for a living the *salons* were barred. But they found work in Storyville – the vast district of bars and gambling dives and cabarets which were in roaring business on Basin Street, Perdido Street, Canal Street, Rampart Street and Franklin Street.

This was the city that gave birth to jazz – and "King" Buddy Bolden, Joe "King" Oliver, Louis Armstrong, Freddie Keppard, Kid Ory, Sidney Bechet, Johnny Dodds, "Jelly Roll" Morton, and the white musicians headed by Nick La Rocca, leader of the now almost legendary Original Dixieland Jazz Band.

But the first New Orleans players didn't call their music jazz. In fact, the word did not appear until, during World War I, several New Orleans bands were booked into Chicago night clubs.

The origin of the word is uncertain. Some people think it came from the French *jaser* as a term for clatter and noise. In Chicago it had a doubtful meaning. When one band was billed at a club there a rival club owner applied the word to it in an advertisement – but the intended "knock" drew such a crowd of the curious that the management promptly put the term up in neon lights.

By this time the new music had spread all over the South. It went steaming up the Mississippi to St Louis and Memphis on the floating dance-halls of the riverboats. The tunes – still being blown inside out in pretty well every jazz club in Britain – were shot full of eloquent nostalgia. Numbers like *Canal Street Blues, Basin Street Blues, Beale Street Blues, St Louis Blues, At the Jazzband Ball.*

Bunk Johnson, the trumpet man who was rediscovered after thirty years of obscurity, once declared: "Now the thing that made Buddy Bolden's band the finest that ever played jazz was because it did not read at all."

The idea behind this statement is still largely true, even though to-day many brilliant jazzmen are highly trained technicians. The reason is that jazz is composed by the players *in the act of playing*.

The extraordinary improvisations of a small "hot" band are, in fact, jazz. The result would be bedlam but for the fact that each player understands exactly what the others are thinking jazz-wise. On the basis of a simple melodic

Transatlantic reunion . . . America's **Eddie Condon** with Britain's trumpeting **Humphrey Lyttelton**.

Jack Teagarden . . . from deep in the heart of Texas he came to be acclaimed as the greatest jazz trombone man of all time.

theme the most complex counterpoint and exciting rhythmic patterns are created.

The resulting characteristic din is the true voice of jazz. It is the folk music not so much of a race as of a class, the working class of cities and towns.

Though the southern city of New Orleans gave birth to jazz it was the middle west city of Chicago which provided the setting for its biggest development in the decade after the first world war ended.

For it was to Chicago that the greatest of all the early jazz groups came in 1921. It was led by Joe Oliver – who, on a never-to-be-forgotten night in New Orleans in 1916, had led his band out of a club into the street playing a stream of inspired blues phrases which brought the crowds surging from the honky-tonks to acclaim him "King".

To the Windy City he brought a band whose playing set the pattern on which much of the later jazz styles were to be based. Oliver played cornet and trumpet and later had with him another youthful trumpeter whose name was to become the greatest in all jazz history. He was a young Negro whom Constant Lambert, the eminent classicist, was to describe as one of the greatest virtuosi of the age . . . Daniel Louis Armstrong.

The band finally broke up – but not before it had powerfully influenced a group of young white students from Chicago's Austin High School. Before the 1930's arrived they and others in the city had created a style of performance destined to start controversy all over the U.S.A. and more than 3,000 miles away in Britain.

Dean of Drummers – veteran **George Wettling** lays down a torrid Chicago beat with the Condon mob.

The legendary **Bix Beiderbecke** – a rare picture of the trumpet genius of jazz's Golden Age.

Among them were Frank Teschmacher, Jimmy McPartland, Bud Freeman, Dave Tough, Eddie Condon, George Wettling, Benny Goodman, Muggsy Spanier and Mezz Mezzrow. They invented "Chicago jazz" – an extension of New Orleans style by the use of long solo passages. The end product was a sort of blending of the Negro idiom with the white man's temperamental outlook.

It had, too, the savagery of youth experimenting in a background of big city barbarity – reflecting something of the gangsters' empire in which it was born. Its big significance lay in the fact that it was a "white" style instead of a pale echo of coloured jazzmanship.

Belting out the blues is **Ottilie Patterson**, famed wife of famed bandleader Chris Barber.

Muggsy Spanier caught by the questing camera with Britain's Dinah Kaye in old Chicago.

But it wasn't the first "white" jazz. That came several years earlier from the Original Dixieland Jazz Band – which, on a January night in 1917, became the world's first jazz group to make a gramophone record.

This five-piece outfit consisted of Nick La Rocca (cornet), Henry Ragas (piano), Larry Shields (clarinet), Eddie Edwards (trombone) and Tony Sbarbaro (drums). It gave the first jazz sounds to posterity in a recording of *Tiger Rag,* a number said to be based on an old French quadrille.

Two years later the ODJB – with its personnel slightly changed – came to London. They played at the Hammersmith Palais de Danse . . . and caused a sensation. By next morning scores of young men were rushing about London buying second-hand musical instruments as the first step to playing "the new jazz".

It is doubtful if more than a handful really got anywhere with it – but the effects of that long-gone night of jazz were to be both vast and permanent.

For jazz was now spanning two hemispheres. It was destined to be played in its pure form, in commercialized dance music forms, in the Great Jazz Revival of the 1940's and '50's, in far-out "progressive" and "modern" forms. But, no matter what the changes were, it was to stay. Without it there would be no beat music, no rhythm and blues.

Jazz went from New Orleans to Chicago, from Chicago to New York, from New York to London – and the world at large. But along the line something else happened. . . .

On 2 November, 1920, the Westinghouse Company opened radio station KDKA in East Pittsburg to announce the returns in a Presidential election. Exactly eighteen days later the station put out the world's first commercially-sponsored programme, in short-wave tests intended for reception at the Savoy Hotel 3,000 miles distant in London.

Hardly anybody gave more than a passing thought to this "experiment in wireless telephony". No one, outside a bunch of technical eggheads, had even the smallest idea that something had begun which was to change the whole face of entertainment and one of whose effects was to be an unheard-of flood of jazz and pop music. Yet inside four years jazz – using the word in its widest and most tolerant sense – was sweeping both America and Britain.

Around this time a 27-year-old fiddle player from the Denver Symphony Orchestra had started an eight-piece dance band in San Francisco. He was Paul Whiteman, and he saw a box-office future for jazz if it was "toned down" for hotel and ballroom patrons who were likely to have trouble grasping any kind of music which departed from the most simple melodic line.

Another musician named Ferdé Grofé wrote for Whiteman the first large-scale arrangements ever used by a dance band. The orchestra attracted attention and Whiteman got a contract to star on Broadway. His success was immediate and enormous. In a single gigantic bound he was in the Big Time and able to hire nearly every top white jazz musician in America – among them such all-time "greats" as Bix Beiderbecke, Eddie Lang, Joe Venuti, Jack Teagarden, Red Norvo, Frankie Trumbauer and Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey.

Three years after his New York debut Whiteman brought his entire orchestra to England to be featured in a revue at the London Hippodrome. Throughout the 'twenties the Whiteman band was the biggest single name in commercialized dance music. They added film fame to their other achievements with *King of Jazz.* Actually, Whiteman's influence on true jazz was small. But in the world of dance music it is hardly possible to over-state the importance of the portly and genial maestro.

It was in his band, too, that the fashion for harmonized rhythmic vocalizing got under way. The group contained three young fellows named Bing Crosby, Al Rinker and Harry Barris.

Soon, Crosby was to win solo fame on a scale undreamed of. Even today, in the great epoch of The Beatles, Crosby has outsold all rivals in all sectors of the musical scene.

But if Paul Whiteman was less than a jazz king, the men who shaped the next jazz stage were Whiteman men almost to a man. But they had to do the shaping outside the Whiteman banner – in specially formed groups for countless historic recording sessions. Between them they created the so-called Golden Age which ran from around 1927 to 1933. The music was exciting if just a little too slick, and when Bix died the epoch began to die, too.

And the Kingdom of Swing was at hand. . . .

Its high priest was Benny Goodman who first emerged from the Chicago ghetto as a 12-year-old wearing knee pants and carrying a clarinet under his arm. He took the clarinet on excursion steamers plying the Great Lakes. When grown jazzmen heard him play they made room for him.

From the ghetto of Chicago to the sidewalks of New York. From lakeside steamers and South Side dives to Manhattan recording studios. But Goodman wasn't content to be a member of someone else's band. Like Louis Armstrong, Jack Teagarden, Glenn Miller, Duke Ellington and Count Basie, he was an individualist and an innovator.

In 1934 he launched swing. He didn't invent the word, but he gave it a new meaning. Until then musicians who wanted to urge each other on called out "Swing it there, man!" They hadn't got around to changing the verb "to swing" into a noun. Benny made the change and started a revolution.

What he actually did was to form his own band and take a big risk by deliberately playing in a "hot" style before a ballroom public whose ears were not at all used to this kind of thing.

Benny the Good gave them brilliantly arranged music shot through with the salty tang of jazz. He merely hoped the idea would take, but it did much more than that. His rise was as meteoric as Paul Whiteman's had been a decade before him.

Now the copyists moved in, the way they always do. Swing became more and more sensationalized. It even invaded the solemn precincts of New York's Carnegie Hall where the jiving jitterbugs literally tore up the seats as they screamed for louder and ever louder solos . . . nearly thirty years before another generation was to scream for Bill Haley, Cliff Richard, Tommy Steele, Elvis Presley and The Beatles.

Benny also established small swinging groups within the larger orchestra, notably the trio – Goodman on clarinet, Teddy Wilson on piano and Gene Krupa on drums. Their influence anticipated the rise of small modernistic groups nearly ten years later.

Meanwhile, Bob Crosby was taking a tremendously exciting band into recording studios in New York. Out in San Francisco there arose the Dixieland din of Lu Watters and Bob Scobey – three orchestras which anticipated the Great Jazz Revival movement of the middle 1940's.

Almost as World War II was breaking out a cornet player with a face like a sad spaniel was cutting historic discs under the style of Muggsy Spanier and his Ragtime Band. Woody Herman was already a new and massive name in big band jazz and blues.

Louis Armstrong had soared to international fame with his Hot Five and Hot Seven. His genius was influencing practically every jazz trumpet player on earth – and players of every other instrument as well. He had toured Britain, playing before King George V – in the middle of the concert Satchmo the Great looked up at the royal box and announced a number by saying: "This is for you, Rex."

But though jazz was now world wide, the biggest public was still for its pop music variants. Then Lu Watters formed his Yerba Buena Jazz Band, taking the name from an island in San Francisco Bay where it first played. It was the first white band since the late 'twenties to play in the closely-knit style of the original coloured groups from New Orleans.

Yet the boom development didn't happen in America – but in England. Nobody seems to know exactly why, except maybe that people were tired of the polite smoothness of pre-war commercial dance music and wearying of the high-note swing craze. I have the theory that the time was at hand for jazz to refresh itself by a return to the vital influences which brought it into being.

Yet the Revival – which boomed all through the 'forties and 'fifties to climax in the Great Trad Fad – did not come from professional musicians. It began to grow in Britain when George Webb, an engineer who played the piano for kicks, got his Dixielanders together in the Red Barn pub at Barnehurst, London.

This was the group which Humphrey Lyttelton joined and which, later on, was to provide the first stalwarts in Humph's own band.

The George Webb Dixielanders went into action in 1942. In a few years the movement had spread like a forest fire. Names from nowhere became names everybody knew – the Christie Brothers, Mick Mulligan and George Melly, Mike Daniels, the Crane River and Yorkshire jazz bands, Chris Barber, Acker Bilk, Terry Lightfoot, Kenny Ball, Bob Wallis, Freddy Randall.

The music migrated from obscure upstairs rooms in obscure pubs into organized clubs and then into vast concert halls. Finally, it caught on with the vast pop audience. It was the latest fashion. Traditional jazz bands which a few years before had been playing for a handful of pounds a week were now selling records by the many thousands, making continental and American tours, even starring at the London Palladium.

Now the amateur jazz makers were themselves professionals, moving in the same world as longtime pros of the calibre of Ted Heath.

Then the change began. Slowly at first, then suddenly. The Great Trad Fad was over and the Big Beat was in.

But jazz was not and is not dead. Barber, Bilk, Lyttelton,

Jazzman with cockeyed-looking trumpet is America's **Dizzy Gillespie.** But what comes out isn't cockeyed-sounding. . . .

British trad trumpeter **Kenny Ball**. Global tours and best-selling disc fame have been his.

Lightfoot, Ball, Dankworth, Scott . . . all remain and flourish. But the bands are now playing for their real audiences, the jazz enthusiasts who were there before trad became a fad and always will be there.

In the meantime the new voice of jazz modernism had arisen – the free-thinking experimentalists of the bop movement, the progressive school of Stan Kenton, the "cool" modernism of Gillespie, Brubeck, John Lewis, Coltrane, Mingus and Monk.

Ronnie Scott, whose London club is the Mecca of modernism in Britain, once summed up the whole scene in a long letter to me. This is how he sees it all –

Traditional jazz was the result of Southern United States environment on Negro immigrants. Chicago style was the result of this new Negro art form on white Americans. A direct line may be traced, via Armstrong, Teagarden and Goodman, right down to so-called modernism, which is only the latest link in a chain of musical evolution.

Modern jazz contrasts with the traditional school much as life today contrasts with life in the 'twenties. For musicians to attempt, as many do, to play like untutored American Negroes of two generations ago, is illogical and unscientific.

Modernism, with its technical virtuosity and comparatively academic approach to harmony in jazz, is the result of better instruments, cheaper musical education – and a revolt against the exceedingly narrow limitations of traditional jazz harmonies.

Coolest of cats is **Kai Winding**, modernism's monarch of the far-out trombone.

But there is also timeless jazz, jazz which lasts down all the years and is utterly unaffected by changes and fashions.

When I asked Ronnie if he thought the music of men like Armstrong, Teagarden and Bechet was finished, he answered: "No. Great jazz playing is that which is still enjoyable after the style has ceased to be modern. Armstrong especially of those you mention will always be great, no matter how many changes of style may come and go. He is an innovator of genius – it is apparent in every note he plays."

Yes.

For jazz is not exclusively New Orleans or Chicago or West Coast modernism. It is what an artist creates as he plays. It is the different jazz of Armstrong and Goodman and Bechet and Basie and Ellington. It is both ancient and modern and mainstream. It is all these things. It is what comes out when the right man blows it in.

But you can't explain it in words, though millions of words have been written about it. You hear it and feel it and you know it is jazz. Or you don't.

It was Louis himself who once said in his gravelled, rumbling voice: "If you got to ask what jazz is all about . . . man, you'll never know."

What I do know is that jazz has survived two world wars, endless shifts of fashion and every attempt to make it conform to the rules of Tin Pan Alley.

After more than half a century of ups and downs I guess it must be here to stay . . .

PAUL DENVER

A mouth full of the blues, property of singer Doreen Beatty. Picture shows her in action with the band of Mike Daniels – whom she married.

Johnny Dankworth . . . progressive brain on the British jazz scene.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

NOBODY WANTED THE BEATLES

Talk about being without honour in your own country or among some sections of it . . . but it's true just the same that the first attempts to get The Beatles on disc met with no success at all!

See what happened. Up in Liverpool in December, 1960, the famous four appeared for the first time as The Beatles in a suburban dance hall.

How did the audience react? Rapturously. Next the group (this was two years before Ringo came in) made four appearances in Hamburg and became as big a success there as they were in Britain's north-west.

Now it was during one of these German trips that the boys were asked to accompany British singer Tony Sheridan on a recording date. They did – and that's how Brian Epstein, now their personal manager, first came to hear about them.

Brian, a 30-year-old former RADA student, was the director of his family's record retailing business in Liverpool. Assistants in the store were being asked for records by The Beatles. In fact, so many were the requests that Brian decided to investigate.

He found The Beatles playing in The Cavern – only a few hundred yards from his store!

Well, they impressed Brian so much that he offered to manage them. It was around this time that the snags appeared. At first nobody seemed to want The Beatles.

"I was told that there was already too much of that type of material," says Brian. "Then I went into the HMV record shop in Oxford Street, London, to have some Beatles tapes transferred to disc.

"As soon as the people there heard them they advised me to get in touch with George Martin, the recording manager for the Parlophone label."

George showed the same shrewd perception as Brian. He instantly realized that the boys had the capacity to produce highly original material – and, on top of that, he was charmed by their offbeat humour and friendly personalities.

In the autumn of 1962 came their recording of *Love Me Do,* a modest success with 100,000 copies sold – still mainly in the north.

Then everything happened . . .

In ten months The Beatles were at the top.

They sold more than 4 million records.

They won a gold disc for 1 million sales of *She Loves You.*

They got an unprecedented advance order of 1 million copies for their fifth single *I Just Want to Hold Your Hand,* thus qualifying for gold disc No. 2.

They saw their second LP *With The Beatles* register advance sales of a quarter of a million three weeks before it even appeared in the shops.

They won silver discs for chart-topping sales of *Please, Please Me* and *From Me to You.*

They won a silver LP for passing the quarter million mark with their first album of fourteen items, including eight originals.

The Beatles in pensive pose.

They were each awarded a special miniature EP, only two inches in diameter, which plays *Twist and Shout*, the title tack of their extended player which sold more than 350,000 copies.

They took America by storm, riding high, wide and handsome on the U.S.A. Hit Parade.

They conquered a Royal Variety Show.

They starred in one of the greatest musical films ever.

They . . .

But we could go on and on and on!

That film, though. We ought to say something about that because it did more than show the boys as the nation's major vocal group. It also showed them as engagingly humorous actors.

It was in the autumn of 1963 that Alun Owen started to write the screenplay. By Christmastide producer Walter Shenson and director Richard Lester watched their newest movie stars at work on the stage of the Finsbury Park Astoria in London.

John and Paul began assembling new compositions for the film's soundtrack while The Beatles were appearing at the Paris Olympia. That was in January of 1964. Two months later a specially-chartered train glided out of London's Paddington Station and the first day's shooting of The Beatles' first motion picture swung into action.

Many reels were "in the can" and still nobody had come up with a title. Then, after a particularly hard session in the studio Ringo casually remarked: "It's been a hard day's night that was!"

The search was over. There just couldn't be any other title than *A Hard Day's Night*.

There had been a lot of particular hard day's nights for John and Paul, who had to compose the entire collection of new numbers not only during the season of concerts in Paris but even while the group was taking America by storm.

They even had a grand piano moved into their suite at the George V Hotel in Paris. Finally, almost a dozen new songs were ready on time. Only six were used on the soundtrack, but all were recorded and released in the group's Parlophone album *A Hard Day's Night.*

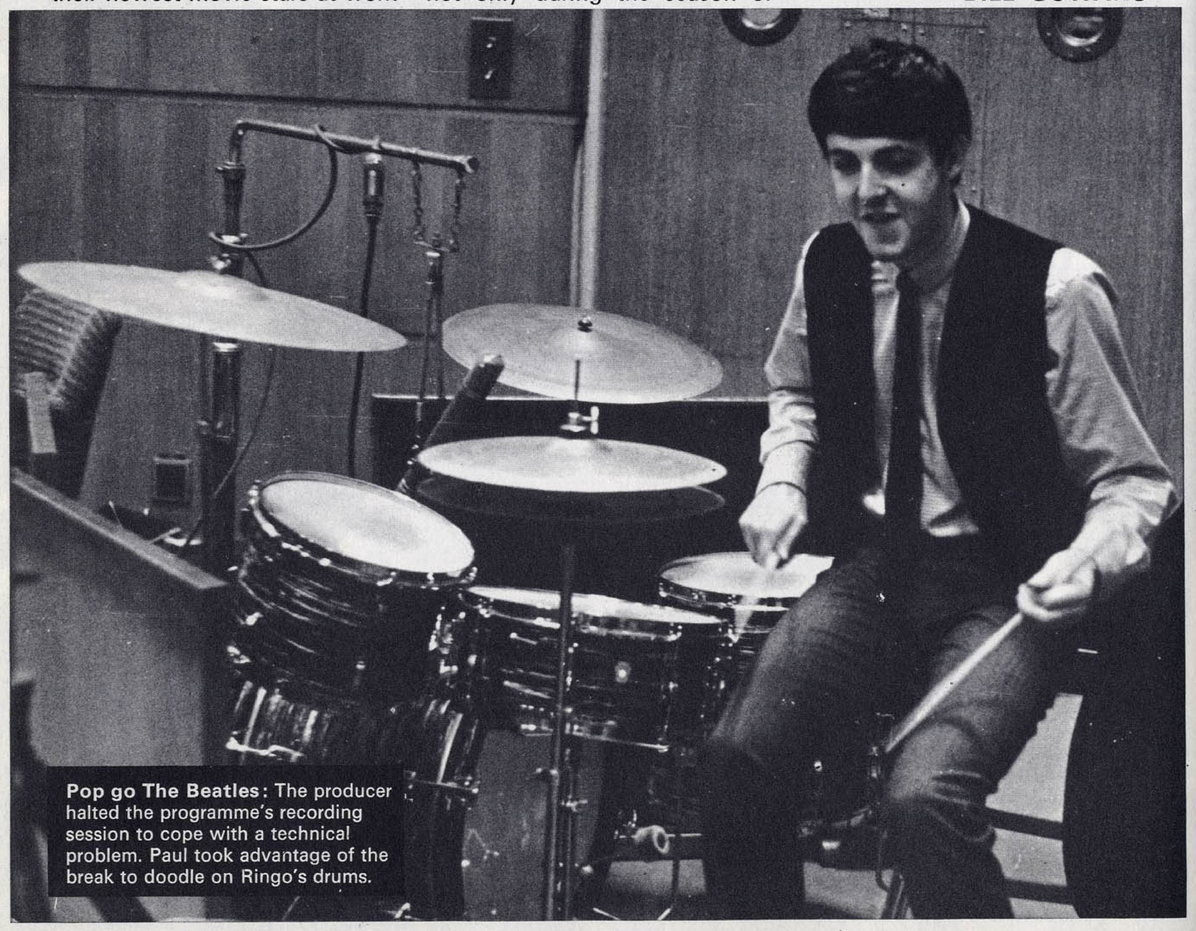
By now The Beatles had become a national institution. The Press lavished space on them, cartoonists caricatured them, satirists guyed them, parsons praised them, girls swooned for them and even lost jobs for them.

In an industry in which the unusual is accepted as the normal there has never been anything quite like The Beatles.

For once the favourite and much-overworked word of show business fits perfectly.

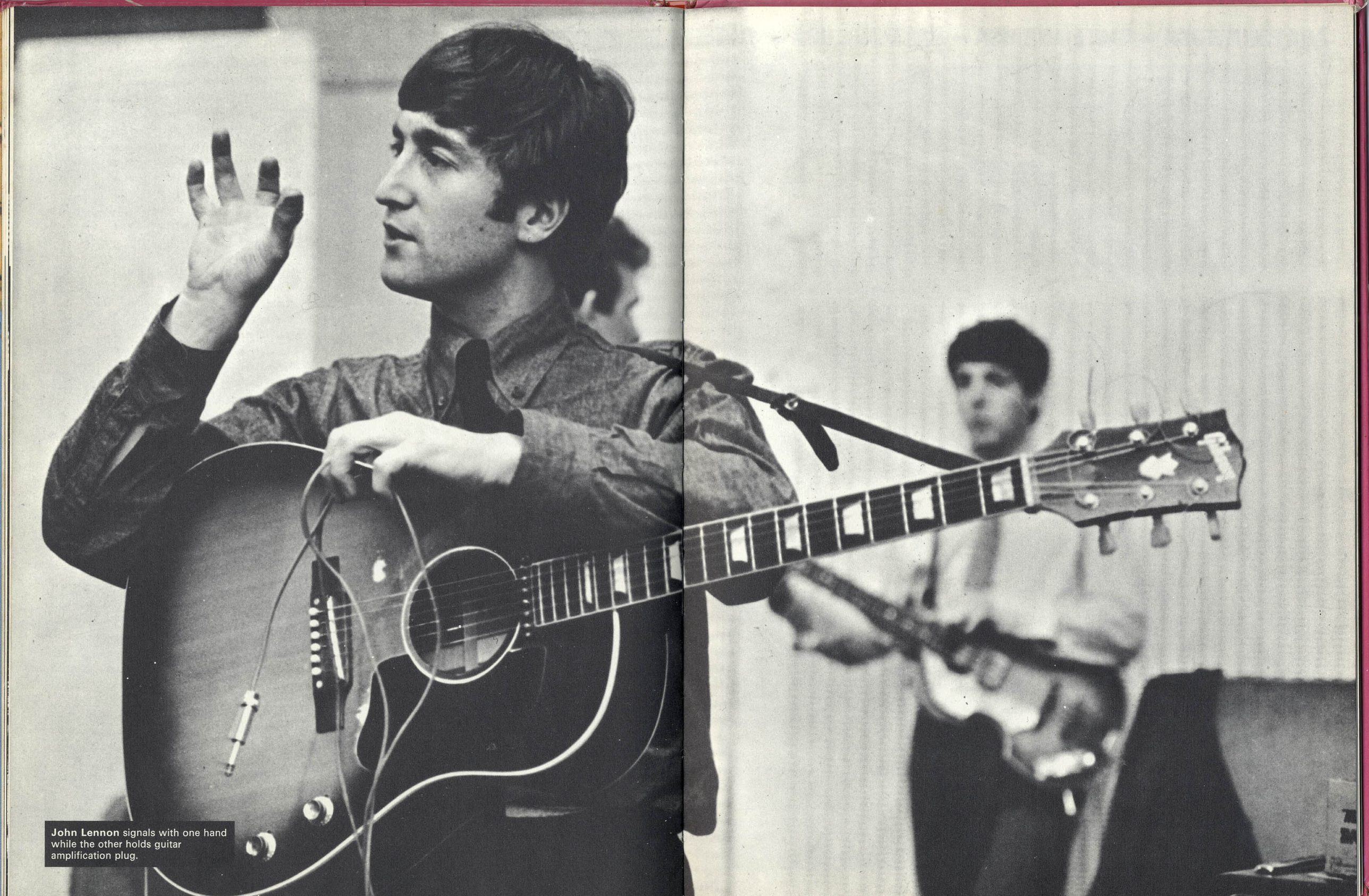
Fabulous . . .

BILL GOWANS



Pop go The Beatles: The producer halted the programme's recording session to cope with a technical problem. Paul took advantage of the break to doodle on Ringo's drums.

Meanwhile Beatle Paul McCartney settles for – milk.



John Lennon signals with one hand while the other holds guitar amplification plug.

WHEN THE SCREAMING HAD TO STOP!

Not only the beat singers are favourites on Radio Caroline programmes. The ever-growing army of listeners to the two broadcasting ships includes many who go for the Big Five in American pop music.

Forward, then, those tried and trusted fellows – Messrs Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra, Perry Como, Dean Martin and Nat "King" Cole. Except that Nat can no longer step forward in person – though the late and great assuredly can on record.

The Old Groaner started it all way back in the mid-'twenties when he quit the Paul Whiteman Rhythm Boys to start recording solo against the brilliant guitar backing of the immortal Eddie Lang (who was born as Salvatore Massano but understandably changed the name to something easier to say).

Soon Bing was the unchallenged Top of the Pops with millions of youthful fans who were later to become the parents of another lot of youthful fans.

From records and radio Bing moved in on Hollywood with a string of movies perhaps the most famous of which were made with Bob Hope and the glamorous Dorothy Lamour.

Two marriages (his first wife Dixie Lee Crosby died) and seven children later Harry Lillis Crosby still rates as the all-time best seller in the world of popular music.

But around 1936 a skinny kid from Hoboken in New Jersey suddenly erupted on The Scene.

For Francis Albert Sinatra everything came the hard way. Brought up on the wrong side of the tracks, life was tough – and, to survive, he soon found out that the best defensive is a walloping offensive. He learned this lesson so well that by the time he was 10 he was regarded as the juvenile terror of Hoboken.

With school behind him Frank Sinatra decided to become a newspaper reporter – but changed his mind after taking note of the staggering success of Bing Crosby. Instead, he organized, booked and sang in a quartet called the Hoboken Four.

The group got on the then famed Major Bowes Amateur Radio Hour. They didn't score heavily as a team – but Sinatra did with a solo version of *Night and Day.*

Then he turned himself into a singing master of ceremonies and a head waiter, of all things. But success was only just around the corner.

Bandleaders Harry James and Tommy Dorsey hired him. First he sang with The Pied Pipers, then as a soloist.

This took him back to radio – and then, dramatically and suddenly, it happened! Exactly five years after being a head waiter Frank Sinatra was the biggest single phenomenon in pop music – "The Voice" for whom bobby-sox girls screamed and swooned in their thousands. Meanwhile, his income had shot from $15 to $25,000 a week.

In view of the sharp things he has had to say about the frantic fan fever of the rock and beat epochs, it is an ironic thought that it all really got started with Frank Sinatra. For his teenage audiences were the first of the screamers.

Then came what some Johnny Know-alls professed to regard as the Decline and Fall of Frank Sinatra. They couldn't have been more wrong. Indeed, it is difficult to understand how they ever held this view of a singer whose style, phrasing and total mastery of the idiom stick out a mile even on an off-day – and he has had them.

He went to the peaks of filmdom by winning an Academy Award as the Best Supporting Actor of the Year for his never-to-be-forgotten performance in *From Here to Eternity.*

Nor was his singing any less successful. Today he is still attending the Summit Meeting of Stardom, his name constantly turning up in popularity polls and on what often seems like an endless flow of LP albums.

He's still tough and determined, but no longer the skinny kid from Hoboken. And, of course, as he grew older and consolidated his reputation something else happened.

The screaming had to stop . . .

well, it'd be out of place for a guy in his forties, wouldn't it?

But even as Crosby and Sinatra flourished, other famous names emerged – also destined to stay on top of the heap.

Perry Como, for instance. The one-time barber from New Jersey who may well be the most relaxed singer of the lot.

It was Bob Hope who wisecracked that Perry is so relaxed he makes Crosby look like a busybody.

Could be. But what is beyond dispute is Perry's immense talent which is joined to one of the most likeable personalities anywhere.

Not that Dean Martin is far behind Perry when it comes to taking it easy – singing as if the whole thing is just an off-the-cuff throwaway. It isn't, of course – that's merely the illusion created by the acute professionalism of these two brilliant performers.

Born as Dino Crocetti, Dean is, like his friend Sinatra, an actor of distinction. He also happens to be, by my yardstick, one of the greatest of all singers.

Finally, to Nat "King" Cole whose thoughtful view was that having a wife and children he was anxious for them not merely to eat but to eat well.

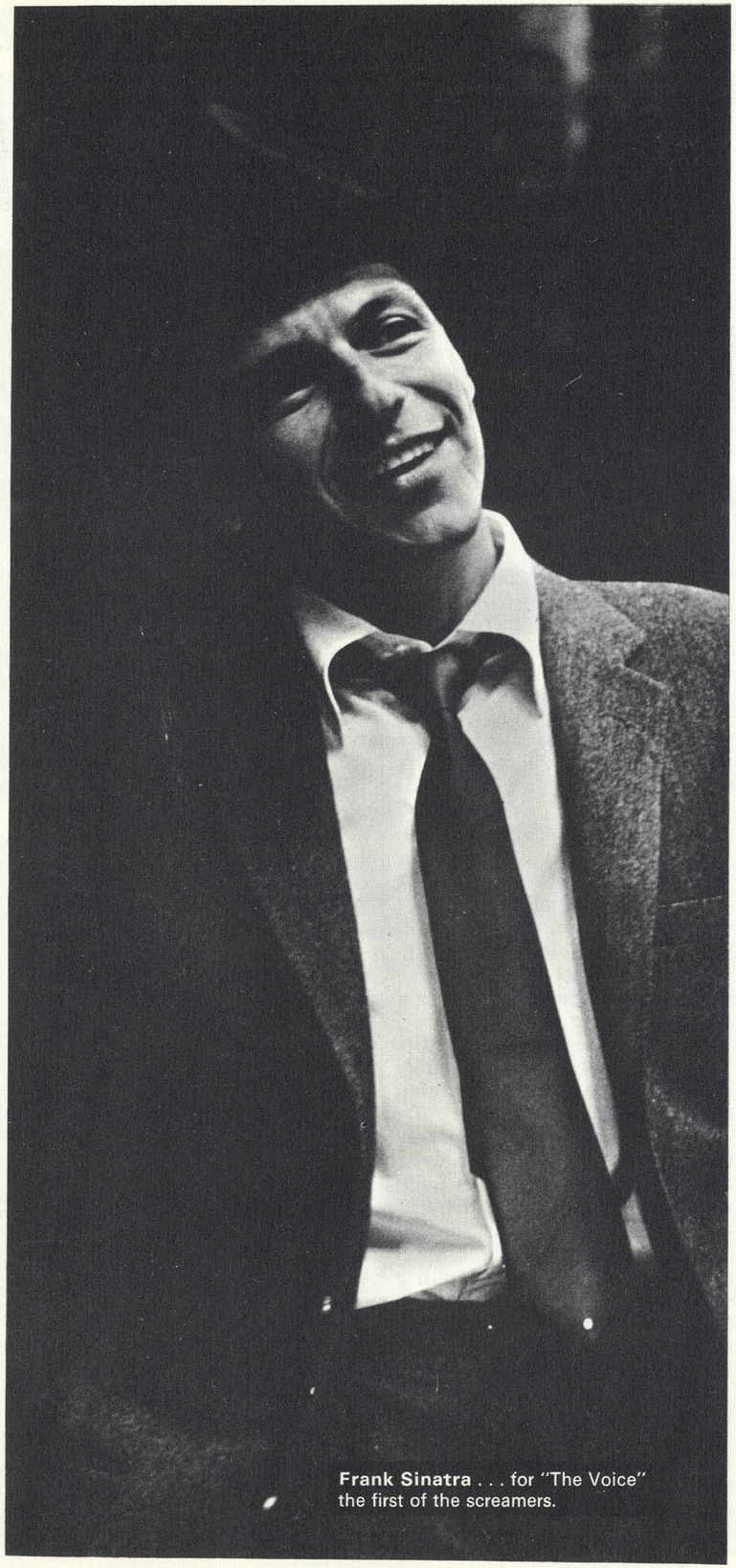
To realize this splendid ambition he concentrated on his career as a superior pop singer rather than his previous career as a jazz pianist-cum-singer.

Like Ella Fitzgerald, he made the interesting discovery that this deviation from strict purism pays . . . and pays and pays.

As of now Nat is known to a legion of newer Caroline listeners solely as a sort of Sultan of Sweet Music. It is the older Cole addicts who tend to sigh nostalgically for the bygone hey-day of the King Cole Trio.

Nat himself felt that too many jazz enthusiasts pay lip service to their music but don't buy it, or enough of it, in recorded form. On the other hand thousands have always been waiting for his next pop LP to be released so that they can step right out and buy it.

As he succinctly summed-up not long before his lamented death: "The only rule in making records is that they sell."



Frank Sinatra . . . for "The Voice" the first of the screamers.

Nat "King" Cole found the switch from jazz trio to solo singing made him a big money star.

THE GREAT R&B RUMPUS

2,000 GROUPS, BUT HOW MANY WILL LAST

ROLLING STONES GATHER . . .
We ditched the rest of the old saying because **The Rolling Stones** have done plenty of gathering – lolly not moss, though. But why those strained looks? "We build up to a terrific climax and when the show ends we just seem to snap," says leader Mick Jagger.

Right at the start we took note of Ray McFall's prediction about changes in the Beat Scene, particularly his shrewd appraisal of the boom in rhythm and blues.

The odd thing is that this high-powered up-tempo variant of the true blues has been around not for months or even a few years. It was being pounded out on American Negro "race" records long before The Rolling Stones rolled out of their cradles!

Count Basie, who leads what many feel to be the most staggering swing band on earth, once told this writer: "We were belting out the beat thirty years back and nobody outside the specialist record buyers wanted to know."

Then, in the mid-'forties, America's Louis Jordan and his Tympany Five came through with a series of sophisticated rhythm and blues which excited some critics but didn't turn the charts inside out.

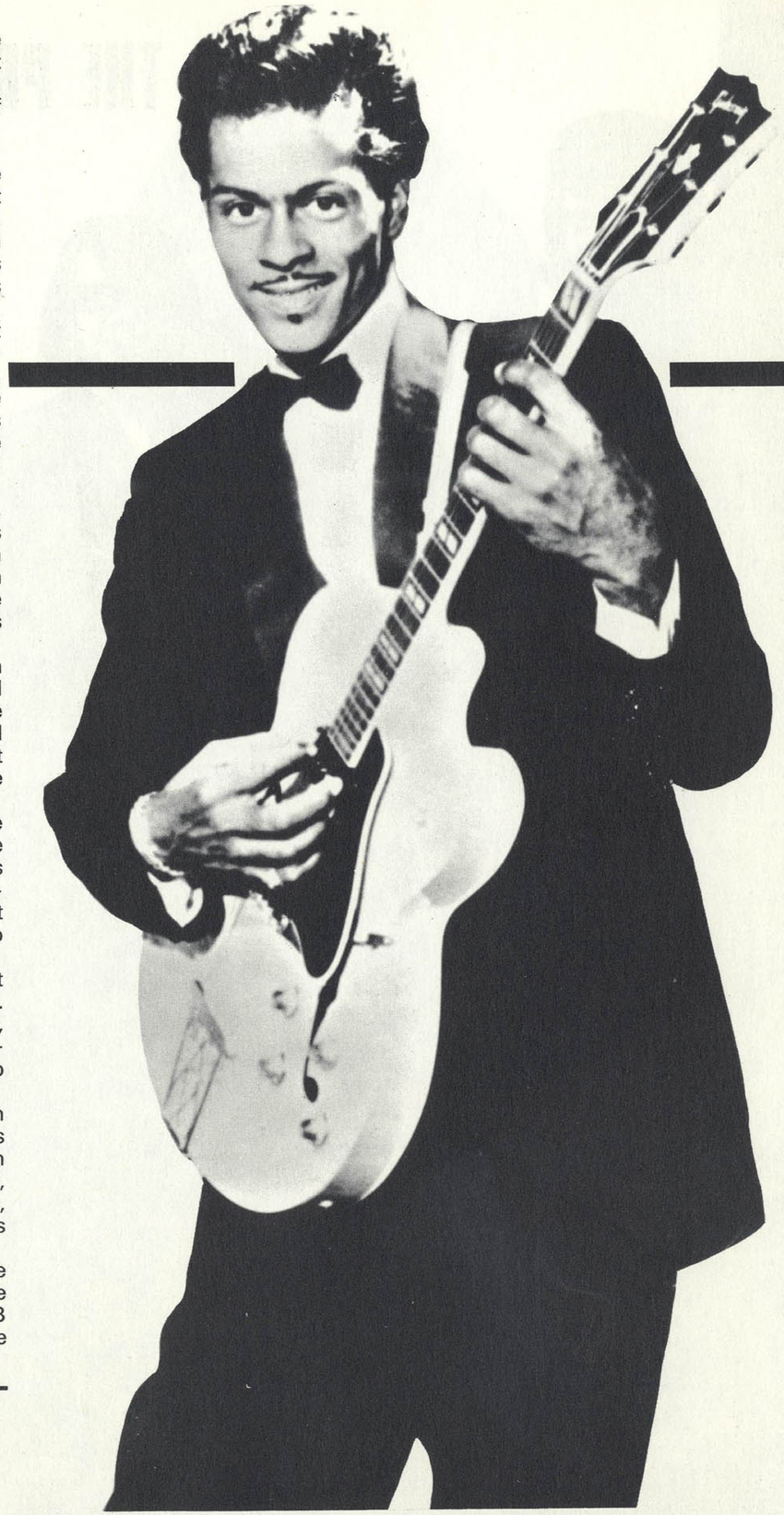
The seeds of the R and B boom were sown in the rock 'n roll craze. Rock 'n roll is a white variant of coloured rhythm and blues. From it came the Big Beat and from the Big Beat came R and B.

The oddest thing of all is the emergence of something like 2,000 rhythm and blues groups all over Britain – all young Englishmen knocking out what is, at its roots, an American Negro music.

And some of the groups at least make a spirited job of it. Not least The Rolling Stones, whose socked-out and unrelenting beat gets close enough to the real thing.

But others have come up with some fairly torrid stuff. Groups like The Yardbirds, Long John Baldry's Hoochie Coochie Men, Georgie Fame, Manfred Mann, The Pretty Things, John Mayall's Blues Breakers.

Then there's Sheffield's Dave Berry. He's had more than a little to do with the great R and B rumpus. His first recording, a little



Veteran rhythm and blues star **Chuck Berry** says his wife and daughters are his biggest boosters and his biggest critics!

THE PRETTY THINGS

Behind the hair, the beard, the dark glasses and under the bowler hat . . . **The Pretty Things.**
The name comes from a rhythm and blues number, *Pretty Things.* The boys say they meant it as a joke.
The quintet of Pretty Things is made up of Dick Taylor (lead-guitarist), Phil May (vocalist), John Stax (bass-guitarist), Brian Pendleton (rhythm-guitarist) and Viv Prince ("Prince of the Drums").
The Pretty Things say they're smart – ragged while the Stones "appear just scruffy".

thing called *Memphis Tennessee* led many fans to compare him with his American namesake Chuck Berry.

Incidentally, Chuck himself is something of a veteran in the rhythm and blues territory. He was born thirty-four years ago in St Louis as Charles Edward Berry and had his own small group as far back as 1952 at the Moonlight Bar and the Cosmopolitan Club in East St Louis.

He says his biggest boosters – and his biggest critics – are his wife and two young daughters.

Back on the British scene still more groups have shot up over the last year or so – the tremendously exciting Alexis Korner's Blues Incorporated, the Graham Bond Organization and Zoot Money's Big Roll Band among them. Certain it is that all these we have named, and the Mike Cotton Sound which followed young Mike's trad band, have made a big impact.

Manfred Mann is the name which belongs to Manfred Mann himself and the five-man R and B team he leads. Back in the bleak winter of early 1963 all five were so hard-up that they had to sleep in one room – the only one they could afford to heat – in their South London flat.

Starting out as a modern jazz group they gradually drifted into rhythm and blues and found that now the audiences were really participating. Their third record for HMV, an item called *Hippy Hippy Shake,* settled in the Top Ten and by early 1964 had won the group a silver disc for sales running out at 250,000-plus.

How many of the estimated 2,000 groups are likely to last may be doubtful. In the end it will be those with something highly original to say.

That is, of course, if the R and B boom itself lasts.

In passing nobody ought to overlook the name of Chris Barber – for it was the trombone-playing jazzman who may well have triggered off the R and B rumpus in Britain when, as long ago as 1958, he brought Muddy Waters over from the U.S.A. to belt out the beat with the Barber band.

Chris Barber brought Muddy Waters over from the U.S.A. – and not long afterwards the Big R and B boom burst on the scene.

Final nod in this Radio Caroline book goes to Ray Charles Robinson, the blind singer who became Ray Charles and one of the most talked-of figures anywhere in the world of popular music.

Blind since boyhood, Ray learned to play the piano and read music by the Braille system, was a rhythm and blues piano man in his early days, went on to become a topmost solo star.

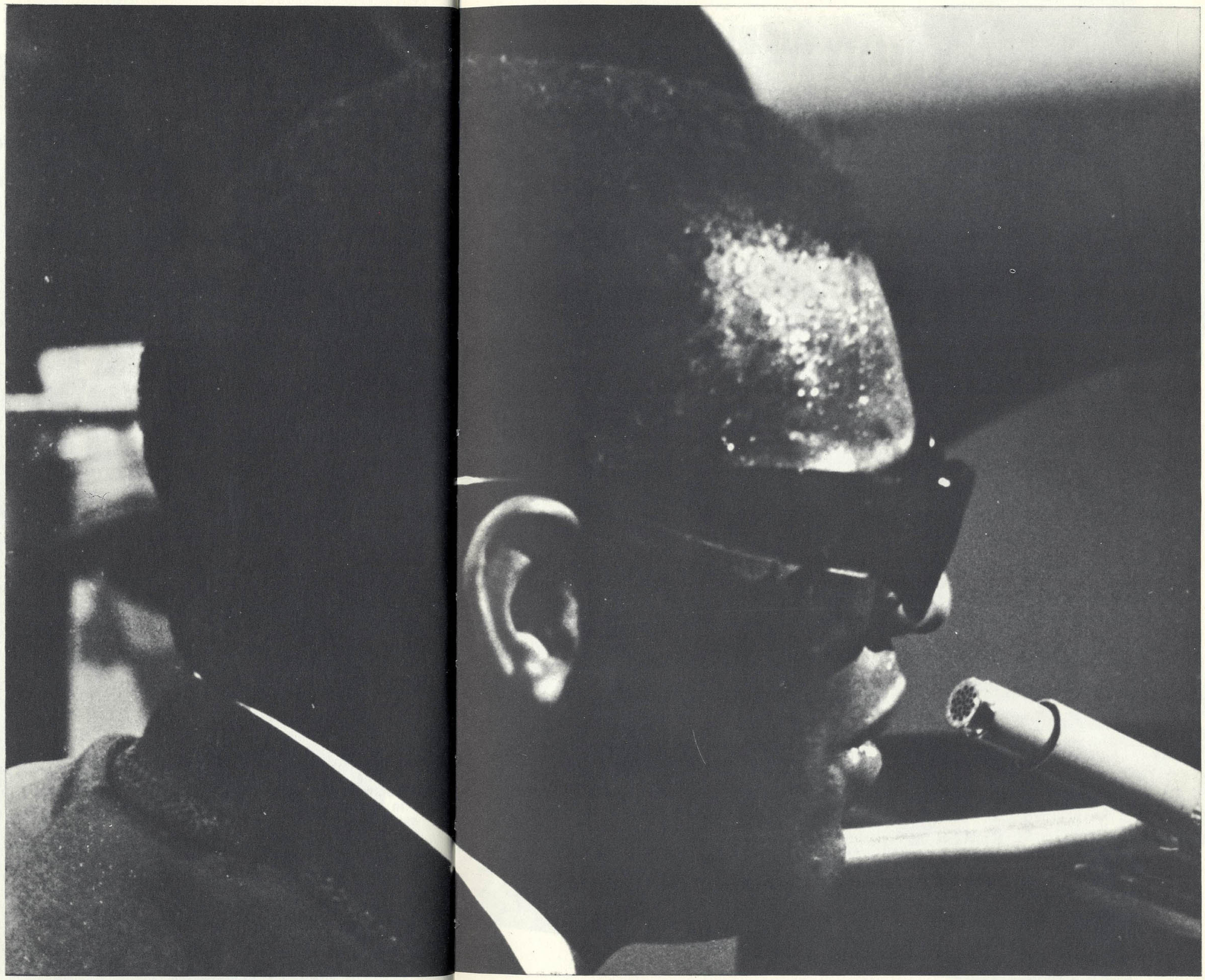
If having something personal and original to say means you're here to stay then Ray Charles – who has been tagged "The Genius" – surely has all the durability of the longest runner.

As ace drummer Chico Hamilton puts it: "Ray Charles is the earth, the thing that everybody has contact with – he's really saying something."

Yes, indeed.

RAW JAGGED EMOTIONAL THATS RAY CHARLES

- and it's no bluff when the blind genius takes off



MANN.....IT'S REALLY THE BLUES

Line up of the five men who are **Manfred Mann.** For them the musical leap was from modern jazz to rhythm and blues.

MEET THE MERSEYBEATS

From deep in the heart of Beatland came . . . The Merseybeats. And their first disc went straight into the charts. Titles were *It's Love that Really Counts* and *The Fortune Teller*. Both by American tunesmiths. Which is significant because it's a change for Americans to write for the British Market.

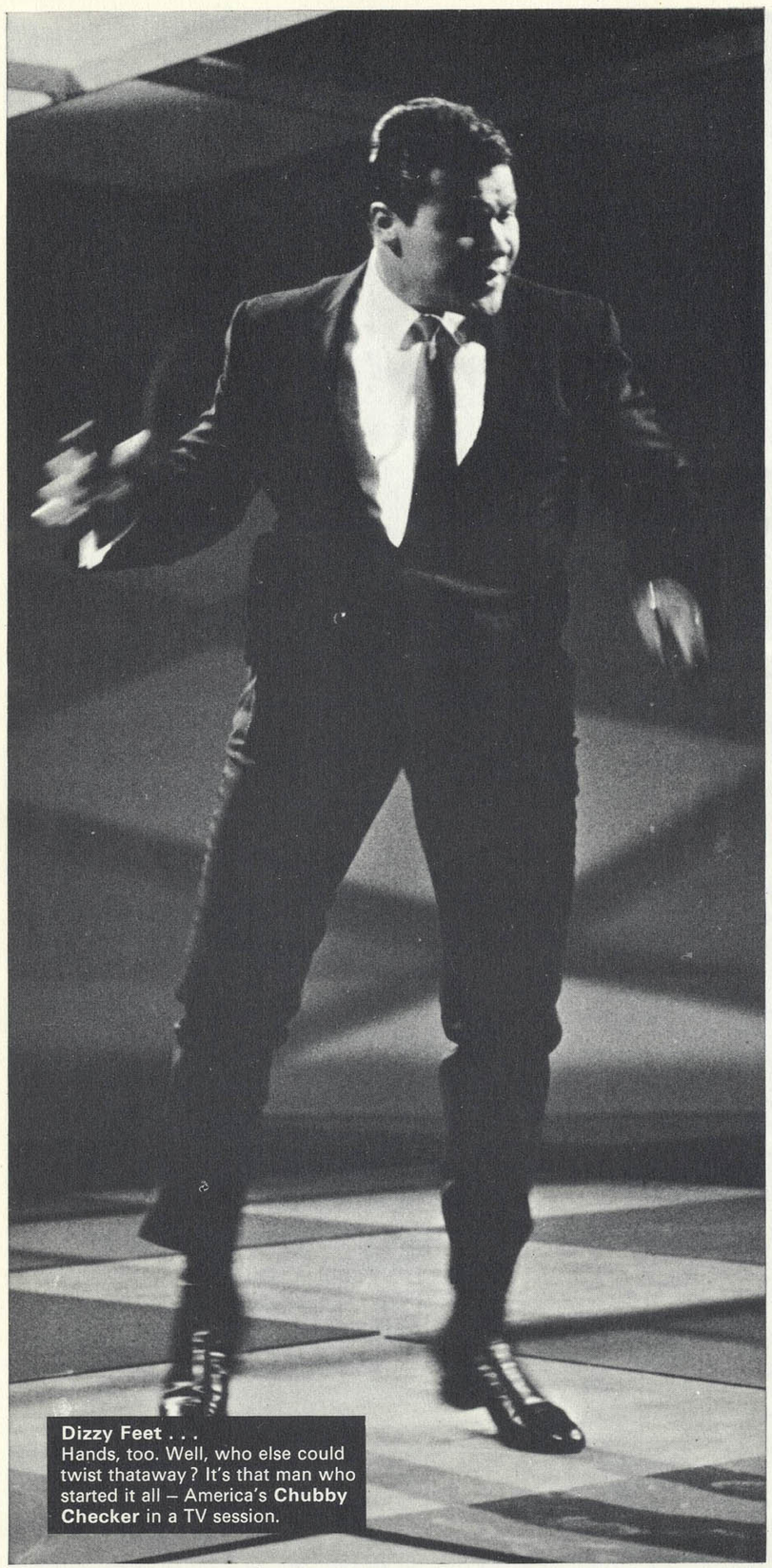
SWINGING SWEETLY

Who wouldn't have a girl in a group when the girl's as fetching as **Honey** of the Honeycombs?

LITTLE MISS MILLIE

Millie (of *My Boy Lollipop*) won a talent contest in Jamaica. The prize was a recording test. Little Miss Millicent Small was on her way. . . .

Mike Sarne taking a lesson in love. That code he's reading seems to be puzzling him, though. Must remember to borrow Mike's copy.



Dizzy Feet . . .
Hands, too. Well, who else could twist thataway? It's that man who started it all – America's **Chubby Checker** in a TV session.

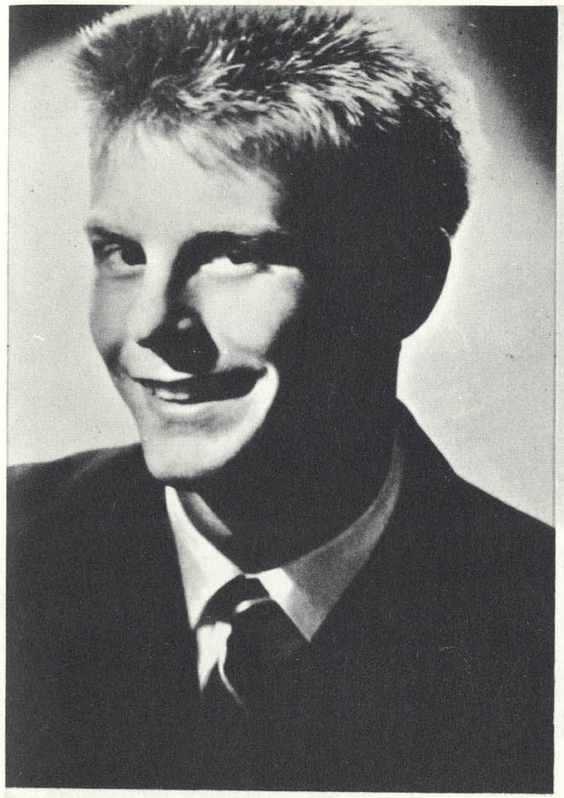
THE WILD ONE

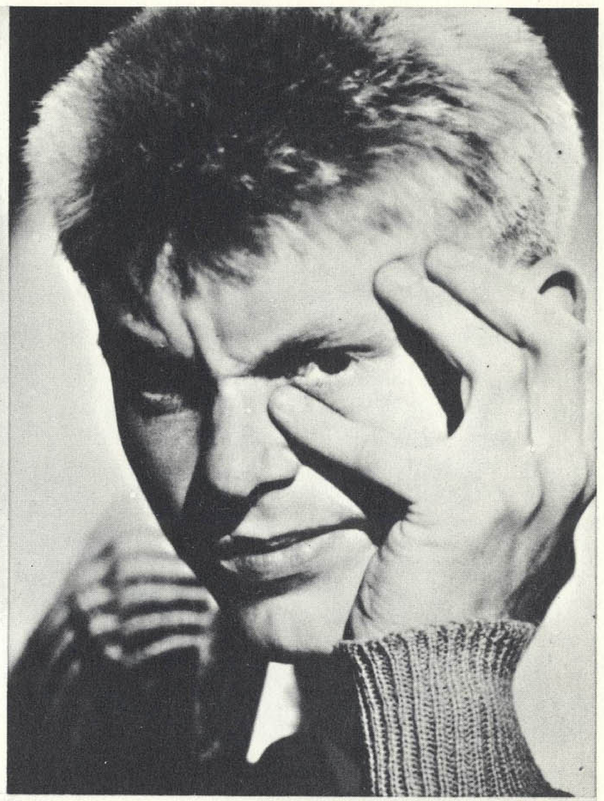
. . . Well, that's how Little Richard was when some of the current stars had not then risen. The wildest rocker of the lot was born south of the Mason-Dixon line, sang on the streets of his native Macon till rock-'n-roll rocketed him to the top. Then, at the peak of his fame Little Richard quit to take up religion. Global success of the the Big Beat coincided with his return to the swinging scene . . . looking, as our picture shows, quite a sedate guy sartorially. Gone is the zany hair, but this guy can still belt out the blues like crazy.

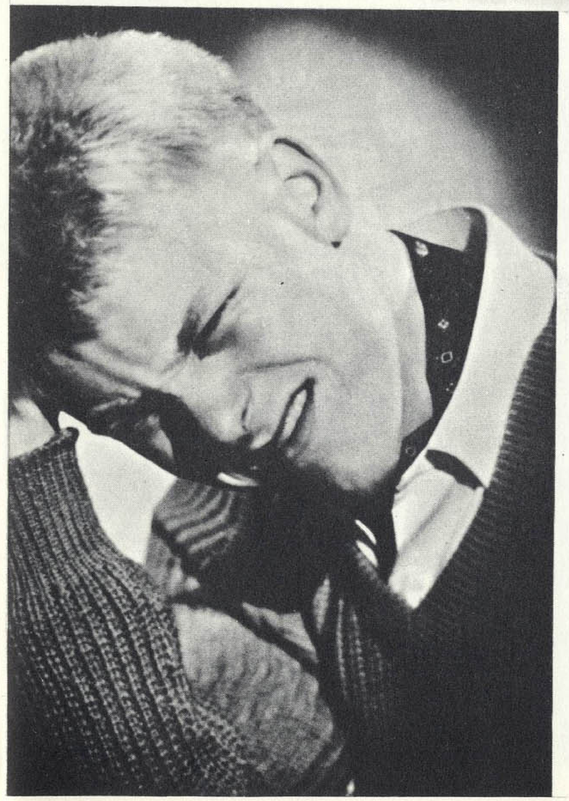
Petula Clark found new fame in France. She even sang *Hello, Dolly* in French.

THE FOUR FACES OF JOE

ME looking normal, mate
ME having doubts
ME in a tizzy
ME feeling great again, mate . . . and why not? Some say he's just a clown, some say he's just a singer. Fact is, Joe is both and doing swell.





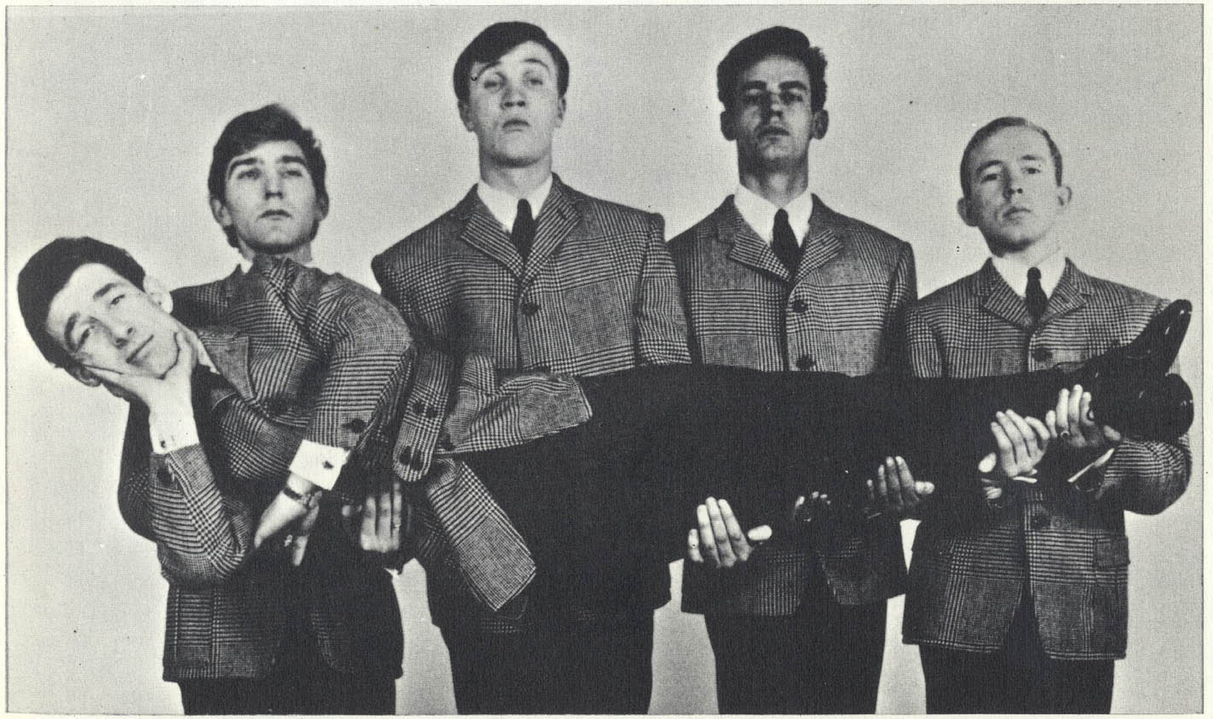


Four charmers who charmed the disc-buying public with their swinging singing . . .

Starting at the top and moving left to right you're gazing at the **Misses Julie Grant, Christine Holmes, Lorraine Gray and Julie Rogers**.

FLASHBACK to **Tommy Steele** at the peak of his career as king of the Rockers. Now he's a top singing actor with a long-run West-End hit to his name.

The Barron Knights face the camera both vertically and horizontally !



One, two, three, four . . . and it's go-man-go for **The Remo Four**. . . .

MAYBE IT'S TOUGH AT THE TOP, but THEY'RE ALL GOOD PALS!

Dionne Warwick . . . another feminine chart success.

POWER PACKED

Power-packed! Well, lots of people figure **The Fourmost** have enough built-in power to propel anything!

THE TIGRESS SHOWS HER CLAWS

"I'm sick of some of the publicity I get . . . I just want to live my own life quietly. . . ."
It was Shirley Bassey speaking. The celebrated Tigress from Tiger Bay showing her claws!
When she was scarcely known, famous impresario Jack Hylton told Paul Denver to travel 200 miles to hear her. "She'll be a great star," said Jack.
Mr Hylton was right.

Troy Dante and The Infernos
almost literally up the wall!

No Dates, said Helen
What does being a hit Miss mean? Helen Shapiro said: "Before I came into the business I used to date boys like any other girl. But I've had to sacrifice that. Anyway, it'd be hard for me to go out with the same kind of boy that I used to. Now I have to go around in taxis and cars. The boys I used to know can't afford taxis. . . ." But we hope Helen won't be dateless for ever.

The Dreamers' **Freddy** seems to be making the pace all right in this off-the-cuff shot taken at ABC Television's studios. But, look out there . . . don't drop luscious Janice Nicholls.

Signing off

From the disc jockeys, the crews and everyone at RADIO CAROLINE, and from all who helped to produce this RADIO CAROLINE book, the warmest wishes to all listeners and readers alike.

. . . And good listening to your all-day music station

The Editor

CAROLINE
CAROLINE