Cilla Black: 'Why I still sing for Mum'

Colour special - page 6

John Gielgud at 67-and looking to the future

Talking frankly – page 13



What makes Francis Lee run and run and run

England v Switzerland previewed – page 15

Every week: win a Holiday 72

Competition – page 20



'And just forget Women's Lib. Cattlemarket or no



'It's for the fun of competing—it doesn't matter a damn who wins,' says Mrs Morley of Mecca. It's more fun to win than lose, but 13 of the finalists, with judges (left to right) Jimmy Tarbuck, Dora Bryan, Eric Morley, Hylda Baker and Joe Loss, keep right on smiling through the long hours of suspense.

Miss World: Wednesday 9.20 BBC1 Colour

knew she would do something think this sounds funny, but fully represented.

World. Yes, I have a feeling.' We one, 'not the money.' And having highly favoured and it seemed we have to.' shall see this week if the vibes watched from the touchlines, as as if a wave of principal boys



beautiful baby.' bell. For around 30 million Marilyn won to become Miss UK, the hotel. Of course. One would hardly ex- people in Britain are expected to I can only say well played that pect less of our very own Miss be watching Miss World crowned girl. It was a stunning sight to Morley, wife of the chairman of UK, Marilyn Ward. 'As soon as on television on Wednesday.

And even if one's private fancy is for something more exotic than special.' Her mother recalls the our English rose, it's nice to know birth of Britain's Venus. 'You'll that the country will be beauti-

I had this feeling of contentment of sportsmanship the beauty liant complexions, extravagant And let's be sportswomen when ... my premonition fulfilled. Or queens play for the fun of it all, lashes and a positively old-time it's all over and shake hands. They they are playing as hard as they abundance of bosoms, hips and say women can't get along to-Partly? You mean...? 'Miss know how. 'It's the glory,' said thighs. Hot pants and boots were gether. But we can . . . because

see all 43 Miss UK contestants Mecca, who of course organises gathered together in Blackpool.

heir beauty was bigger than when she won the Miss UK title Though in the best traditions anyone usually grows, bril- I'm proud to be working with you.

turn in front of the judges. Cover story 'SHE WAS a were right, writes Jenny Camp- it were, the tournament that had swept from pantomime into They were welcomed by Mrs

'It's a great game-

you can't treat it any

other way,' says Phil

Lewis, who directs Wednes-

day's Miss World film. But any

competition has its tensions,

right, Miss Glasgow (Una

Watt), Miss England (Marilyn

Ward), Miss Edinburgh (Pat-

(Margaret Stewart) and Miss

both the Miss UK and Miss World contests. 'You are competing,' she told them, 'for the fun of it. And just forget Women's Lib. life, twice as much hair as Cattlemarket or no cattlemarket,

There she was wrong. The girls

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cattlemarket, I'm proud to be working with you'



UK a girl comes out the better for it,' says Mr Morley. 'It equates, you might say, with having been to the very best public school...' So Miss UK, Marilyn Ward, may be drinking champagne in Rolls Royces for years to come. Meanwhile, at home in Hampshire, her mother says: "I hope she'll never change."

are forced into it, but because they are a nice bunch of cheerful girls, fairly determined to enjoy out the contest their wardrobes a couple of days off made all the sweeter by the fact that Mecca shells out for them. Back in the bedrooms they shared, all was 'member,' Mr Eric Morley, cent. The Miss UK is a sponsored giggles and gossip. They helped each other with their hair and their zips. Some know each other from other competitions, because though they can't compete in the Mecca contest more than twice, there are many others around.

At nine o'clock the next morning the girls all earned full-marks

all in dazzling costumes. Throughwere a wonder to behold.

the chairman, told them, contest, but profits from Miss 'the higher the prize money the more chance there is Great Britain's charities. of bribery.' The cool thousand that Miss UK would win was not tunities to think about, the girls worth the trouble, it seemed. went off to the open-air swimming Miss World herself only wins baths to rehearse for the first part £2,000 but, as Mr Morley ex- of the contest. Mr Morley stayed

Miss UK up to £15,000 from public appearances, endorsements, advertising, tours and opening supermarkets. Mecca become their managers for the usual 25 per World go to the Variety Club of

With these encouraging opporplained, if she can play the Mecca to explain the/continued over

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'I've been asking myself... what's wrong with me?'



continued/rulings. 'Married women aren't allowed - contrary to semi-detached house and a sealearned to mix, learned to dress over them. And when it came on they attended the formal dinner. and she's been to the best to rain and the judges scurried restaurants. It equates, you might to shelter pretty sharpish, the

best public school. 'The single girl can marry into room. this world. But a married one may not be content to go back to out and radiance was resumed all there were very few men around scrutineer, a / continued over

a husband who's a carpenter, a

say, with having been to the very girls bravely stood their ground until dismissed to the dressing-

comes out the better for it. She's past a fountain spraying icy drops of white chiffon and spangles, pretty thinly to go round.

Soon, however, the sun came all the girls were dressed to kill, eliminated. Mr Morley and his

round. Thirteen finalists were at any time waiting to be slain. chosen, but the suspense was still That evening there were about my nature, because I believe in side resort holiday with the kids. killing because two more were to five girls to every Blackpool counequality of opportunity. The There can be tragic consequences.' be chosen that evening, when all cillor and though Michael Aspel ruling comes from experience. When it came to the actual the girls would put on evening was there in his capacity as com-We found dangers in the change swimsuit contest, the girls dis- dresses and attend a mayoral re- père, doubly charming and of personality in the winner. played both stamina and fortitude. ception. Accordingly, with re- astringently humorous in the After a year as Miss UK a girl No one flinched as they walked fashioned hairdos and a plethora flesh, he had to spread himself

The girls compensated by eating a hearty five-course dinner and in the relaxed atmosphere It seems in the nature of beauty they became lively and a great contests that men are kept well deal prettier. It seemed absurd clear of the competitors. Though that any one of them should be

'Surely it can't be my legs! Could it be my hair?'

'Keep your chin up,'

urges Mrs Morley.

'Walk forward with a

smile.' But the girls flag a

little during the long hours of

rehearsal. Most were glad to

be taking the weight off their

winklepickers, which were

came to the actual swimsuit

contest the girls displayed

both stamina and fortitude.

just killing them. When it



'We keep mums and premises,' says Mr Morley, 'It puts managers off.' But somehow they keep creeping in. Here sympathisers console Miss Purley (Sorralyn Groston) for failing to make the final. 'The worst part,' says Sorralyn, who was featured in Radio Times in August, 'is telling your mum.'

chatted to the girls and later an- head in this game,' said one. nounced the extra two who would make up the 15 finalists.

**

was telephoning to their mums three years of engagement, the way to Miss World.

to say that they hadn't made the middle parting and a huge cigar, finals. 'You can't get a swelled

> It was quite a surprise to find one girl who was frankly dis- photographers, then went off to appointed. Perhaps previous suc- the hotel to get her beauty sleep. cesses had conditioned her to win

prospect of a wedding didn't seem to compensate her.

The next morning the final 15 really got down to making themselves beautiful. In the afternoon there was more rehearsal time and for the first time some of them appeared in rollers and without make-up. They worked extremely hard without tears or temperaments at their positions and camera angles. They tried the crown on for size over their rollers and practised kissing each other in the event of victory.

In the evening, more gorgeously gowned than ever, they piled into a coach to take them to the ballroom. And into the Locarno had come the holidaymakers from the Golden Mile, to see the beauties who never seemed to reach the beach. While the film of the swimsuit judging was being screened, the girls talked to the second panel of judges. Because of course it's not just beauty that wins the contest. It's personality that counts too.

The girls then appeared in evening dress, and then back into swimsuits for a chat to Michael Aspel. Finally seven were chosen and, radiant as ever, they did their thing all over again.

The results were announced backwards. Third, Miss Basildon - her ambition: to be happy. Second, Miss Blackpool, who came from Manchester and whose hobby was weight training. First, and fulfilling her mother's premonitions: Miss England - Marilyn Ward, a model from New Milton in Hampshire.

As she stepped up to the managing director of the sponsors to receive a cheque for £1,000 her hand went delicately to her eyes. Tears of joy? No, indeed. She was just fixing her lashes.

The traditional winner's anthem was played. Written by Mrs Morley's invalid father, it is a tune both stirring and reverent, whose opening bars had people on their feet mistaking it for 'God Save the Queen.' Marilyn recalls that magic moment: 'Walking down the catwalk, it's marvellous. As soon as I hear that music . . . you'll think I'm soft, but I'm all stirred up even if it's not me that's won. It's wonderful.'

After that she was mobbed by

As she reclined regally in the and indeed she had made a profit- back of a limousine, two nice very well by those not able career out of being a beauty Blackpool ladies popped their chosen and even next day, queen. 'I've been asking myself,' heads inside the car. 'Congratuwhen they had been told to she said, puzzled, 'what's wrong lations, dear, we think you're vacate their hotel rooms by 12 with me? Surely it can't be my lovely,' they said beaming. And o'clock like daylight Cinderellas, legs! Could it be my hair? I told fortified by their good wishes cheerfulness prevailed. They'd my boyfriend that if I won we'd Miss UK went off to open some enjoyed the contest, they said, have to wait another year before supermarkets, which is what she's had fun, and the worst of it getting married.' Even after been doing ever since, all the