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27th JUNE 1964

Fabulous

STAKIN' ROUND THE CLUBS

11 KING SIZE FULL COLOUR PIN-UPS

BEATLES STONES CILLA YARDBIRDS ETC



IT'S FAB

HERE'S WHERE TO FIND WHAT YOU WANT . . .

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STARGAZING WITH

JOHN LEYTON



Cancer subjects with birthdays this week have a strong sense of duty and loyalty to their dear ones. Their shrewdness should help them to overcome most difficulties.



CAPRICORN (Dec. 21-Jan. 19). Better keep your opinions to yourself just now.



AQUARIUS (Jan. 20-Feb. 18). Stop feeling so discontented. Try to look up more friends.



PISCES (Feb. 19-Mar. 20). A complication can be easily solved if you use your common sense.



ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20). You have certain obligations to other people so don't get too dreamy about someone.



TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 20). Too easy-going an attitude may spoil your work so use more concentration.



GEMINI (May 21-June 20). Things go your way if you seize an opportunity and keep alert.



CANCER (June 21-July 20). A surprise invitation may cause a change in your plans, but for the best.



LEO (July 21-Aug. 21). An ambition will be realised if you make better progress than of late.



VIRGO (Aug. 22-Sept. 22). Your week is made happy by the understanding shown by a friend.



LIBRA (Sept. 23-Oct. 22). Future plans mustn't be decided too hastily. Avoid risks at all costs.



SCORPIO (Oct. 23-Nov. 22). Don't get your own way at the expense of someone who loves you.



SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 20). A routine appointment may have an unexpected twist.

HEY THERE!

My gang are growing. No, no, no, not putting on weight! There's just more of 'em. Thanks to all of you who seem to like Fab we're expanding a bit (in the nicest possible way.)

We've had a super office shakeup, with promotions, new jobs, etc., so meet the fresh line-up.

Sylvia, Keith and June you know already. They're still rushing off to meet the stars and pounding away at the old typewriter. June's become a great mate of The Rolling Stones; everyone still loves our good tempered Sylvia, and Keith seems to be chief Beatie correspondent these days. To those of you who keep writing to ask me to put his picture in bigger because you think he looks like a pop-star! I've news for you. He can't sing and he can't act! Thank heavens!

Carol has a brand new job. She's nuts about clothes and is always dishing dressed even on her smallest budget so she's going to help our Gill with the fashion pages. "Super!" she said. "But I'll miss reading all the readers' letters."

The lucky girl who now has this Herculean task is Maureen. She's a walking mine of information on pop-stars and just seventeen years old. You'll be hearing more of Maureen. Isn't she pretty?

Sheena's been nagging me to do more writing-wish granted. She's confined to the typewriter until further notice. Jillie, another brand new member of the staff takes over from helping our picture Ed. She's arranging all our super exclusive pictures. Jillie's seventeen and a sweetie. Think I'll let Maureen and Jillie introduce themselves. . . .

Bye for now—THE ED.



Hi, FAB readers. My name's Maureen and I have been promoted from tea-stirrer's mate, to writing the Letter Box. What a GAS! Of course, there is never a dull moment. You never know who you might meet next (oops, sorry Ringo). Anyway all you sager letter writers (BIG HINT) hope to be hearing from you soon. Sheena, you're supposed to be confined to your typewriter not mine. OFF. . .



Hello, my name's Jillie and I've just joined the gang here on Fab. It's a great job and lots of fun. From now on I'll be looking after the fab pix you'll be seeing each week, so watch out and make sure you don't miss any, 'cos we've got some really super ones coming your way. 'Course the gang like to help me with the filling—especially Keith. He keeps asking "How you doing love?"

KEITH TAKES OVER THIS WEEK'S GOSSIP



Phoned NEMS Press Office hoping to get in touch with Cilla for a story about her old Cavern Club days. A familiar voice answered the phone. "Hello, World War III Operations Room here." Garry the joker was back in town. I explained about needing a chat with Cilla.

"Don't worry my old mate," replied Mr. Marsden. "Cilla is up North but I will confess all for her sake."

Garry told me how Cilla used to be a hat-check girl in The Cavern Club. "When we appeared down there she would come up and sing a guest spot. She never knew what key her song was in and would start off leaving us to catch up. We used to fool around and I would start playing notes higher until poor old 'Cyn' would finish searching for the lost chord. Those Cavern Clubbing days were a real ball."



Cilla Black and Garry Marsden

Hi-fab!

Phoned Chris Curtis of The Searchers for his funny: "What happened when you were working the clubs back in the old days that would make a good story?" I asked him.

Chris thought a bit then said: "What about the days when we had to travel by public transport to work. I remember one night we had three engagements. One at the Iron Door Club another at The Cavern and finally at Lowlands, all in Liverpool. Tony helped me heave my kit on a double decker for the third time that night when an old lady sat down by him and poked her umbrella through his amplifier. Tony was gibbering with rage. 'Look at that,' he shouted. With that the old dear turned straight round and deliberately shoved her beasty broil through my drum. We were jolly pleased when we could finally afford a van!"



Peter and Gordon

Peter and Gordon owe a lot of their success to an appearance at The Pielwick Club formed by Harry Secombe and Wolf Mankowitz, in Great Newport Street, London. E.M.I. arranger, Norman Newell, walked in one evening and got them a recording contract on the spot.

"We were singing the kind of material that Peter, Paul and Mary did," recalls Peter. "We'd written some folksy numbers which we suggested to Norman but it wasn't until I got Paul McCartney to finish that *World Without Love* number that we really hit the jackpot."



The Merseybeats

After a heavy night besieged in The Oasis Club in Manchester by hundreds of fans The Merseybeats were looking forward to seeing Lena Horne at The London Palladium the next day.

With a big theatre crowd there they thought there would be no trouble. Going off for a coke during the interval they were recognised by one elderly lady who started a snowball for autographs. They got back just in time to see Lena's act but by the time they were ready to leave, word had gone round outside. It took almost an hour to get out of the theatre and during the exodus they completely lost Aaron, who joined them at a restaurant much later.

Last word from leader Tony Crane: "It's fatal for all four of us to go out together, but it was worth it to see Lena—she is sensational!"



The Rolling Stones

If you've a big club and you have The Rolling Stones down to appear you can expect an extra big beat. Responsible for the increase in volume is bass guitarist Bill Wyman, who has just treated himself to two 50-watt amplifiers. Believe me a 100 watts worth of sound is a big noise but Bill doesn't expect to use them at full power except on the largest hall.

You might have noticed that Bill has looped a few inches of his curly locks since a visit to Switzerland with Ready, Steady, Go, a few weeks back. Reason for this dramatic step was that he was called Mudmashelle no less than five times by waiters.

"It got a bit embarrassing when they began pulling out chairs for me," said Bill with a good-natured grin.

THEY HAVEN'T GOT THE KEY OF THE DOOR
FAB MEETS THE UNDER 21's
NEVER BEEN 21 BEFORE!
NEXT WEEK BUT



You'll go OVERboard about A KOOKIE DAY with THE KINKS... MICK Jagger and MIKE Smith... THE ESCORTS, on who'd they'd like to escort... LULU on what it's really like to be an in-between... A TELEDATE with CHICK GRAHAM... and the under 21 of the year BEATLE BABY JOHN JUNIOR! So hurry HURRY... FAB sells out fast EVERY Monday... Price 1 shilling



The Merseybeat moves on for Tony Crane.



THE Liver Clock at Liverpool Pierhead was striking 9 a.m. when the Baron of Beat emerged from beneath the candy-striped sheets at his basement flat nudging dockland.

It was the start of another day for the Baron. Another fifteen or sixteen hours geared up for the Mersey Sound, acclaimed the world over.

A year or so ago the Baron was never on nodding terms with such an unearthly hour. He never liked to get up before the streets had been well aired.

Now, however, Beat is big business and he sees many a dawn breaking.

And once he's on the Beat as compère-dookey at Liverpool's famous Mecca, The Cavern, it's whambo-zambo all the time.

Bob Wooler, the ex-British Transport Commission clerk, has helped to make more Beat stars than he cares to remember. Take just a few: The Beatles. The Merseybeats. The Fourmost.

And he was the shrewd man who booked John, Paul, George and Ringo when they returned after sheepishly from Hamburg in December 1960. It was a one-night stand at Litherland Town Hall. Fee £6. But they were glad of it then.

It was Bob who not so long ago loaned The Swinging Blue Jeans one of his most treasured possessions, a record then unobtainable which had been cut by an American group in 1957.

The Blue Jeans took that number, the Hippy Hippy Shake to No. 2 in the hit parade.

Now he is getting a little of the sunshine and fame himself with a regular Sunday night Radio Luxembourg show recorded in The Cavern.

The Baron is everyone's friend in the Beat World. To the thousands of kids from all over Britain who migrate each year to The Cavern he is "Our Bob."

But to the big recording companies, all well aware that he deejays 25 hours of "needle-time" each week at the club, and can make or break a disc, the Baron is a V.J.P.

Bob says: "Above all, I try to be fair. I wouldn't



Focus on the **CAVERN KING**

Bob/Baron of Beat/Wooler

plug a bad record for anything. The kids know when a disc has what it takes to make it a success."

Bob's day starts at 9.45 a.m. in the new suite of offices The Cavern has opened above the club in a narrow street.

For the first hour he is busy writing the newspaper which sings the praises of the club. It is a real labour of love.

In fact he denies there is a typist at the local newspaper office whose only job is to tap out two words... modest and greatest!

At 10.45 a.m. the Baron retires to the corner Kardomah Restaurant for a refreshing cup of Russian tea with lemon. Then it's back to the grindstone sorting out records and requests.

Bob receives on average 150 record requests each week. Many are from youngsters who live miles from The Cavern but just want a disc played for a mate.

"This is the most interesting and human side of the Beat business," said Bob as we went down into the club for the start of the lunchtime session.

"A few days ago a lad, almost in tears, came to me and said he and his girl friend had had a row. He admitted he had been responsible and was sorry. But pride wouldn't allow him to apologise to her.

The Cavern Stomp swings in through the city lunch-hour.



"He suggested I play a lullaby disc which would express his regret and remorse (it was from Bill to Sue). I did."

Two hours later he came back all smiles to thank me. The girl had heard it and they had gone rushing back into each other's arms.

"On another occasion a seventeen-year-old girl came rushing into my room looking so worried."

"She said: 'Bob, my boy friend is two-timing me. I've just seen him kissing another girl. Will you help me get my own back?'"

Bob laughed: "I did. I played Eden Kane's record *Get Lost*, mentioning the name of the lad for whom it had been requested!"

It is during the lunchtime sessions that Bob does most of his future bookings. Almost every few seconds he is besieged by group managers.

Out comes his little red diary. In go the dates, as far ahead as eight and nine months.

"We never confirm these bookings by letter later," Bob said. "It is all a case of mutual trust and we've never been let down."

"If I think an unknown group has talent I will not hesitate to give them a chance. I usually give them the spot before the night's main attraction."

From 3 p.m. until 6 p.m. Bob, who is now running The Cavern's own agency of groups, is busy at his crowded desk.

Most of the time he is on the telephone fixing outside dates for The Kirkbys, The Clayton Squares, The Hideaways and The Notions and charming just the right fee out of the bookers.

A quick meal and then it's on to the evening session... records... wisecracks... big hellos for everyone. This goes on until 11.15 p.m. except on all night Beaterama sessions when as many as 20 groups take part.

What of the Baron's future? Will he always remain at The Cavern?

"I've had many offers to leave, including one from Brian Epstein The Beatles' manager," he said.

"I feel, however, that my place is here at The Cavern. Ray McFall the owner is a great guy and I've a grand bunch of colleagues. Anyway, if I left I'd miss the kids."

Bob's secret ambition is to be a song-writer. One is to be published very soon.

Said Mr. Rick Gregory who manages one of The Cavern's most popular groups, The Riot Squad: "If Bob Wooler left, The Cavern would never be the same."

"He has helped make the Mersey Sound famous. He is the dynamo who really sets the beatball rolling."

Yes, he truly is the Baron of Beat.

EWAN REGAN



Fab The Monkees

LONDON GETS BLUES IN THE NIGHT



Keith Relf sings out for The Yardbirds

Go into any Liverpool club, and you'll hear the sound of Today crashing out from a web of dimly-lit cellars. But who are the personalities on the London scene?... the scene that belts out the sound of Tomorrow...

THE ROLLING STONES, who are a pretty unselfish lot, told me to go and listen to The Yardbirds. I went, of course, and found them at London's *Marquee Club*, once a favourite haunt of The Stones.

Brian Jones should have warned me that the lead singer Keith Relf, especially when eating harmonica, looks uncannily like Brian Jones. The floppy pale yellow hair drooping over the collar of a crumpled white shirt, the same tight black trousers. From the back, the difference is practically nil. From the front, he's not actually like Brian, but he has the same kind of pale sensitive face.



Like The Stones. The Yardbirds—

"Birds" to their mates—feature American blues, mainly Muddy Waters, Jimmy Reed, John Lee Hooker originals. They look most like The Stones when Keith plays harmonica between vocals and Chris Dreya puts aside his guitar to do a Mick Jagger on maracas. They come off best when they look more like The Yardbirds, with Keith's foot stamping out a tempo that leaves both group and audience limp with the effort of being part of it.

The sound they make is indescribably exciting... Keith's foot taps faster, faster, faster until the guitarists' hands are just blur over the strings. The drummer takes up the rhythm from Keith and spurs them all on until the whole scene is a hundred miles "away."

I stood and looked along the rows of flushed, excited faces crowding up to the stand, and there wasn't one clubber who wasn't shouting with the group; who wasn't stamping and clapping them on. Great!

Who are The Yardbirds? Well, there's Keith, who used to be a housecoat bestrut but is reformed and living at home in Surrey; there's a quiet Chris Dreya on rhythm guitar, the youngest Yardbird (their ages range from eighteen to twenty-one); there's Paul Samwell-Smith who is called Sam, plays bass guitar, and thinks he sometimes looks like

Bill Wyman; there's Eric Clapton who fools around a lot, went to art school, plays lead guitar; and there's Jim McCarty, who plays drums and actually likes to get away from r'n'b occasionally.

The Yardbirds aren't the only group stirring up the London scene. Every Tuesday at the 100 Club in Oxford Street, their big rivals The Pretty Things give out with authentic-sounding rhythm 'n' blues. Lead singer Phil May looks and sings like a tongue-in-cheek Mick Jagger, and his lead guitarist Dick Taylor played bass in Brian Jones' original group. The Things' music isn't pretty. It's raw, exciting and earthy. They make The Shadows sound like a string quartet.

But then, if it's r'n'b you want, you can't go wrong in London. A few years ago the clubs were full of trumpets and trombones, and you can still hear good trad jazz at jazz shows and Ken Colyer's or top modern jazzmen at Ronnie Scott's. But today the main scene is r'n'b, and the clubs echo to harmonicas, maracas and a vitality that blasts you out of your stomping shoes.

Only two years ago, *The Flamingo*, in Wardour Street, was a Mecca for modern jazz addicts; today the jazz murals on the walls shake to American-styled blues, and r'n'b punts converge on the club from every street in the south. George Fame has his own guest night on Wednesdays, and usually alternates with John Mayall's Blues Breakers on all night sessions on Fridays.



John Mayall is the wild man of the West End. A year ago he came from Manchester, where most of his twenty-three years had been spent living in a tree at the bottom of his garden. He now lives in a flat in Soho on a diet that consists of one daily meal (supper) comprising two pints of jersey milk, corn flakes, wheat germ, six digestive biscuits, a half-pint of Ovaltine, milk and orange, milk and Ribena, washed down with a half-pint of water. It keeps him very much alive.

John is fresh-complexioned, has clear blue eyes, and a yellow beard. He also has a group called The Blues Breakers which is sensational! Not only does John write most of his own material; and sing like a youthful Muddy Waters; but he manages to play an amplified harmonica, an electric piano (with the left hand) and an electric organ (with the right) at the same time.

His first record, *Crawling Up A Hill*, was produced by Link Records, the company owned by Kenny Lynch, his manager Jean Lincoln and ex-Shadow Ian Samwell. In case they run short of ideas for his next one, John also plays guitar and a fine modern jazz trumpet...



The all-iter (as they call it) has become a familiar way of letting off steam over the London week-end. The Club Horek features groups like The Stones, Manfred Mann, The Yardbirds on its Saturday night out. The Flamingo struts open all Friday and Saturday night. The Scene has the occasional all-night session, and Studio '51 makes Saturday night r'n'b night.

Many of the Ready, Steady, Go! mods go to *The Discotheque* in Soho. It has pop art decor and blue beat on Fridays. Blue beat is big at *The Scene* on Wednesdays. The Flamingo on Thursdays (Mallie plays there). But *The Scene* specialises in playing obscure r'n'b records, and featuring rather less obscure r'n'b groups, like The Animals, tipped by many as the group - most - likely.

The dances that the mods (members are mostly mods) rate most in London are a highly-developed reading of *The Shaks*, *The Hitchhiker* and *The Monkey*... but if you want to sit it out and listen to the sound there are usually seats around the clubs, if you can find them in the dim half-light.

But people don't sit any more in London. The scene is so exciting that you have to get up and go with it. Anyway, it's easier to stamp your feet when you're standing up.

JUNE SOUTHWORTH



WITH A MEMBERSHIP OF TEN MILLION

SATURDAY CLUB

IS JUST ABOUT THE GREATEST says Shirley Long



IT'S very simple. All you have to do is switch on and bingo! You're admitted to the Top Pop Club. The B.B.C. programme with the biggest audience anywhere. The latest discs, info and interviews *plus* the know-how and personality of deejay Brian Matthew.

And the mazy atmosphere that comes over those sound waves is real, too. It hit me the moment I went to the B.B.C. studios. There, I met Jimmy Grant, senior producer; Bernie Andrews, producer, a bearded sound expert named Bev Phillips and the other technical wizards who knit hundreds of feet of tape into a slick two-hour disc dream.

The stars look upon the Show as a Club, too. For many it's proved their passport to success. Take The Beatles, for example, and what better example could you have? Their appearance on *Saturday Club* way back in January, 1963, was their B.B.C. radio debut. Producer Bernie Andrews remembers that day well. He told me: "The boys were new to me then, but I had heard their first two discs and thought they had something. They were going to do *Please Please Me* for us. I knew they also wrote their own songs but I was quite unprepared for the Liverpool Sound that lit up the studio!"

"I can see the boys now, coming into the little Playhouse Studio... the Hair, the Merseyside accent and the Beetle brand of fooling around. Though they were a little uncertain then, they soon had the studio in stitches. But they were also strictly professional. Just as quickly they'd switch off the gags and get to work. Nowadays they are more confident, perhaps more polished, but they're just the same friendly boys."



Producer Bernie Andrews at the control panel with that "Here we go again" look.

Basix Ron Prentice and drummer Hayden Jackson of Arnie Greenblatt and The Gee Men, get with it at rehearsals.



◀ **Compère Brian** Matthew concentrating real hard. This compère jazz is hard work.

▶ **Allison Taylor**, recording engineer has it well "taped."



PHOTOGRAPHS BY FIONA ADAMS



The Breakaways building up for that big climax at the mike

Brian Poole and The Tremeloes admit they owe their start in showbiz to *Saturday Club*. Unknown to them a girl fan in Southend had written to Jimmy Grant asking why he didn't plug the fab new local group. The Tremeloes, on her favourite programme, *Saturday Club*. Jimmy tacked the boys down and offered them an audition.

So it was that a very nervous Essex group turned up at B.B.C. Aeolian Hall Studios for their *Club* audition.

Brian Poole recalls: "Jimmy Grant was terrific. So relaxed and very reassuring! We did our stuff and were given broadcast time on the *Club*, then another, and another . . . now we've been on *Saturday Club* fourteen times in four years!"

Jimmy Grant and Bernie Andrews remember Cliff Richard, Dusty Springfield, Dave Clark Five and The Searchers as other top popsters who made their radio debut on the *Club*. All these stars will tell you that they were greatly helped by the cool, relaxed *Club* crew.

Putting the *Club* on the air is a giant jigsaw puzzle. The sort of daily problem tackled by Bernie Andrews and his secretary, Pam Ashby, goes something like this:

Artist's Manager on phone: "My boys get into London at 11 a.m. They've got two hours to spare then they're off again in the evening for a tour."

Bernie (to Pam): Is that okay?

Pam (to Bernie): You've got two other groups at the same time!

Bernie to agent: No can do this week. Let me have them after the tour.

And that's how it goes most of the time . . . an

American star due at London Airport on Thursday has to get to the studios that evening or else . . .

Tommy Quickly has lost his voice. Can't risk him this week, but next week . . . maybe! Garry and the Pacemakers are back from their American trip—get them in the *Club* . . . Chuck Berry has one day free . . . grab him quick and tape him! And so it goes on.

All week bits of the jigsaw are fitted in and Bernie spends a whole evening listening to the fifty new discs sent him plus keeping tabs on the current chart-stoppers. He spends yet another evening going through the THOUSAND request cards sent every week.

With a rough idea of the discs and stars to use he then writes a script with spaces left between each item for Brian Matthew's linking commentary. Brian gets a copy of this and gets to work on his all-important part in the show.

All this time Bernie's been in the studios recording his guest stars. On Saturday morning at 8.30 a.m. the *Saturday Club* gang meet at Broadcasting House and take the lift down three floors to the underworld of the giant radio centre at Studio S One.

Then at 9.55 a.m. and 40 seconds it's count-down . . . everyone in position at the mikes and the control panel. . . Bev Phillips says: "Okay, stand by everybody, here we go." A red light flashes, a green light glows and the famous signature tune *Saturday Jump* swings over the air.

At five past twelve Bernie and the rest can pop across the road to the B.B.C. Club for a well-deserved drink.

And ten million satisfied devotees silently toast them, too.



Brian Matthew introducing Manfred Mann. Take Five, boy!

◀ *And they do! Manfred Mann group geared to go.*



teledate

WITH SYLVIA



They have four of the most unpronounceable names I've ever come across—Joachim Reichelt, Herbert Hildebrandt, Hans Joachim Kreutzfeldt, Reinhardt Tarrach. To friends, Hans Joachim is Hajo, Reinhardt is Dicky, and Joachim is Achim. Fans know them as the Rattles, Germany's top group.



ACHIM: Seelvia? Das ist Achim.

SYLVIA: Oh, ist das?

ACHIM: Your German accent is terrible.

SYLVIA: So you told me last time you were over here. Haven't I improved?

ACHIM: No.

SYLVIA: Oh, well I shan't air my German with you any more then.

ACHIM (gravely): Thank you. (I could never spell it the way he says it.) How are you?

SYLVIA: I'm very well, thank—hey, what's all that racket I can hear in the background?

ACHIM: What racket? I cannot hear no racket.

SYLVIA: I can distinctly hear someone yelling *Twist and Shout* in German.

ACHIM (realisation dawning): Oh zat racket. It is a group. I'm calling you from the Star Club, and you can hear the music.

SYLVIA: You can say that again. How are the boys?

ACHIM: I cannot hear what you say. Can you shout, please?

SYLVIA (yelling): I said, how are the boys?

ACHIM: They are very well, thank you. Would you like to speak to them? They are here.

SYLVIA: I'd love to.

DICKY (after a noisy pause): Hello, Sylvia. It's Dicky.

SYLVIA (indignant): Hey, what was that crash? The club hasn't fallen in, has it?

DICKY: I don't know. I'll ask Hajo. (To Hajo.) What was all that noise?

HAJO (in background): A waiter has dropped a tray. I think we no longer have any glasses.

DICKY: Then we'll have to drink our Coke straight from the bottle, won't we?

SYLVIA (laughing): Dicky, you nut! How did you manage to get all that gear back to Germany, by the way?

DICKY (puzzled): Which gear?

SYLVIA: The gear you bought last time you were in England—you know, the suede boots, the bottles of hair tonic, the discs, and that little tiny item, the record player?

DICKY: Oh, that gear. We managed okay, but we had to pay excess baggage charges.

SYLVIA: That doesn't surprise me. What on earth made you buy a record player, anyway?

DICKY: Well, we bought some records you see, and we had nothing to play them on. So we bought a record player, too. That is logical, yes?

SYLVIA (doubtfully): Er—yes.

DICKY: If you will hold on, please, Hajo wishes to speak with you. Goodbye for now.

SYLVIA: 'Bye Dicky.

HAJO: Hullo, Sylvia. Das is Hajo.

SYLVIA: Why do you wear three rings on one finger?

HAJO: Because I think I am Ringo

Starr. We think he's great.

SYLVIA (laughing): You and the boys like all The Beatles, don't you?

HAJO: Very much indeed. I wish my rings were as nice as Ringo's. But we like The Beatles because they are very good musicians. We like, too, The Rolling Stones, the sound they make is very good.

SYLVIA: How do you like—

HAJO: Just a moment, please. Herbert is banging on the door of the 'phone booth. I will open and see what he wants.

HERBERT: Hello, Sylvia!

SYLVIA: Hi! With all that noise in the background it sounds as if the club is crowded tonight.

HERBERT: The Star Club is crowded every night until four the next morning.

SYLVIA: You played The Cavern while you were over here, didn't you?

HERBERT: We did, and it was very wonderful. British audiences are marvellous. They scream and clap. That is very great. We like that. German audiences are quieter.

SYLVIA: Do you like England, Herbert?

HERBERT: I like very much London, but in Liverpool and the North, the audiences are better than in London. They go madder.

SYLVIA: When are you coming back again?

HERBERT: This we do not know yet.

SYLVIA: Well, make it soon boys... 'Bye.

Dicky

Herbert

Hajo

Achim





Fab Four

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F910

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in record time

Ready to go clubbing? Then we've got a surprise for you. We've got Cathy McGowan and Michael Aldred of Rediffusion's Ready, Steady, Go to demonstrate a brand new Jive for you to do next time you go. Here are the step by step instructions.

Michael and Cathy started off solo by solo, inside feet back and stepping forward one step with the outside foot. Stepping slightly forward towards each other.



1



2

Cathy spies round under Michael's arm—turning in a counter-clockwise direction. Take one step per beat of the record as you turn and look out for your high hair-style!



3

Cathy takes Michael's right hand with her left and swings in towards him and then spins out. Vigorous arm and body movements are called for here.

Now they split, still facing each other. Two to two, bend backwards from the knees. Kicking feet alternately. Arm movements depend on you—Cathy and Mick invent their own.

4



Finish with a touch of the 'penguins'—lean way back and keep very stiff—not too far now! What makes this so gear is that you can invent as you go along—try it!

5

Hold hands again and close up, two to two. Breathe together, nearly kneeling, and stand on your heels. Stiffen heels are definitely out for this dance—you'd break your neck!



The Animals

● A couple of months ago, The Animals, five George's lads, introduced the Tyne Sound with *Baby, Let Me Take You Home*—and the disc just edged into the Top Twenty. They tell me that they hope to do better with their second record, released this week.

As the boys claim that their wildness has not yet been successfully captured on disc, I'm surprised by their choice: *House Of The Rising Sun* (Columbia), a slow, moody blues once made famous by blues singer **Josh White**. Mind you, it's very catchy and might well click.

● **Dionne Warwick**, recently in Britain for some TV and radio shows, tells me that she will be back later in the year for a concert tour. In the meantime dig her sheer artistry in a newly-issued EP called simply *Dionne Warwick* (Polygram). Titles are *It's Love That Really Counts*, *I'm Lucky*, *I Smiled Yesterday* and *Make It Easy On Yourself*. Every one's a lulu!

Best of the rest

● Former milk-roundsman **Craig Douglas** could follow contemporary **Eden Kane** on the comeback trail with the aid of *Come Closer*, coupled with *She's Smilin' At Me*, two numbers by up-and-coming song composer **Chris Andrews** (Fontana).
● Ex choirboy **Jackie Lynton** who first had a tilt at the charts with, of all things, *The Teddy Bears' Picnic*, and understandably failed, has another go with a re-styled version of *Laura*, one of the loveliest ballads ever written (Pye).

● Miss **Tina Turner** at PJ's contains four tracks from the recently issued long player and captures the electrifying atmosphere of the magnetic Trini in a 'live' performance (Reprise, EP).

● **Gena Pitney's** *I'm Gonna Find Myself A Gal* (United Artists) is reminiscent of *That Girl Belongs To Yesterday* and could be just as successful.

● **Johnny Kidd** hasn't figured much in the charts recently but might do something with the Beatles-styled *Jealous Girl* (H.M.V.).

● And whaddya know? we've got a number named after us: an up-tempo rocker by **Mike Sheridan** and **The Night Riders** called *Fabulous* (Columbia).

Jazz spot

If you like r-and-b and feel like digging into the roots, bend an ear to *Out Came The Blues*, a collection of earthy performances by such masters—and mistresses—of the art of blues singing as **Lighthouse Hopkins**, **Georgia White**, **Memphis Minnie**, **Trixie Smith**, **Big Joe Turner**, **Rosetta Crawford** and **Peele Wheatstraw**. Fourteen tracks here, recorded between 1934 and 1953, all classics of their kind (Ace of Hearts, LP).

KEN BOW



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CLUBBING

says fashion ed. Gill



Cool, cool, cool. It's a dead on cert. And so right for the Cavern Stomp. Yeah, yeah, yeah! So dig yourself in this little Victorian number. In a woollen pin-stripe mixture, it comes from Herschel's Pub Rings Dings Collection, and costs only 79s. 6d. Other prim miss colours are plain mauve, black, blue and brown or pink. Stomping sneakers are Dolcis Debutantes, 79s. 11d.

Cool, cool, cool, but so right for hot babes and straight from the Cavern cradle—dreamy pink nylon chiffon blouse with pretty petal neckline by John Craig, 69s. 6d. Other fab prints include pink, gold and blue. It's too sweet to miss. Strictly stomping gear is Etam's pink hipster shirt with eye catchin' black belt. In Rayon linen-tweave, 99s. 11d. Other colours are navy, pink and pale blue.

Cool, cool, cool, it's new! man. O'mon have yourself a gas. Let your hair down. Get in the ring. Have a crazy fling in Mary Quant's Picnic dress, shown here in black and white. Made in Cortina—the material with the linen-look, it comes in white top with various colour combinations for the skirt, such as pink, navy and jade. Price 5 gns. Shoes are from Saxe, in Moc Croc 69s. 11d., fab for high kicking.



It's stomping to-night at the Cavern, The place of places. The living end. But whether you're stomping at the Cavern or your local dive—don't simmer in steam heat. Make with that Ice Cold beat and keep yourself looking cool 'n fresh by first using an astringent (a good one is Max Factor's) to prevent shine. This will also help your make-up to keep that matt finish longer. Use just a light dusting of powder, so light, it's almost not there. Lipstick for Cavern Beats are the brownish shades—Angel Face Hot Chestnut, 3s. 3d. or Miner's Honey Kick, 1s. 6d.



Strange Object on the Radar Screen

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I'M WENDY. I WAS JUST AN OFFICE GIRL BEFORE I JOINED THE W.R.A.C. NOW I HELP TO MAN RADAR SCANNING EQUIPMENT ON THE COAST OF BRITAIN.



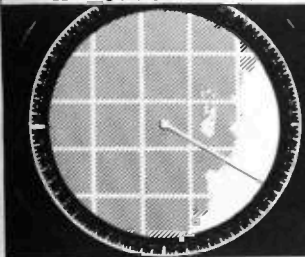
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THE BEATLES. Ann Collingham, 1st Floor, Service House, 13 Monmouth Street, London W.C.2.

Membership fee is five shillings per year. This includes a news letter, various photographs, a biography and exclusive offers. Ann is rushed off her feet most of the time, but she's always delighted to hear from new fans.



FREDDIE AND THE DREAMERS. Barbara, Kennedy House, 14 Piccadilly, Manchester 1.

If you're under twelve years old, the fee is two and sixpence. Over twelve, rates five shillings. For this members receive a monthly news letter, photos and bargain offers. The best part of belonging to a fan club is that you get first hand info on your favourites!



THE ROLLING STONES. Miss Anna-belle Smith, Rudnor House, 93, 97 Regent Street, London W.1.

Yearly rates are five shillings. News letters every three months, biographies and photographs. Anna-belle will be glad to hear from any new members, so don't be afraid to write. But try to be patient if you don't hear right away. There are so many "Stones" fans!



DUSTY SPRINGFIELD. Miss Pat Barnett, 15a Lightfoot Road, Hornsey, London N.8.

A membership card, personal notes on Dusty, glossy photographs and monthly newsletters. All this, and more, for only five shillings per year. Everyone but everyone should be a member of this swerving girl's club. She's great!



TOMMY QUICKLY. Miss Pat Simmonds, 356 Ahvald Road, Selly Oak, Birmingham 28.

Tommy's fan club secretary will be glad to hear from any new members, just write telling her you wish to join the club and she will help you. Membership is five shillings. This includes news letter, exclusive offers and news and views on your favourite boy Tommy.



SWINGING BLUE JEANS. Mr. Jim Ireland, Merd-Gra, Mount Pleasant, Liverpool 3.

Five shillings membership fee. Regular news letters, photographs and a birthday card plus of course personal replies to your questions. It's great to know that any questions you have to ask the boys will be answered by Jim personally. isn't it?



BILLY J. KRAMER AND THE DAKOTAS. Miss Bel Howarth, 45 Ashridge Street, Liverpool 8.

Bel is a keen fan of Billy's and loves hearing from other fans! Club membership is five shillings per year, and for this you receive photographs, membership card and news letters. And what could be better than news about Bill?



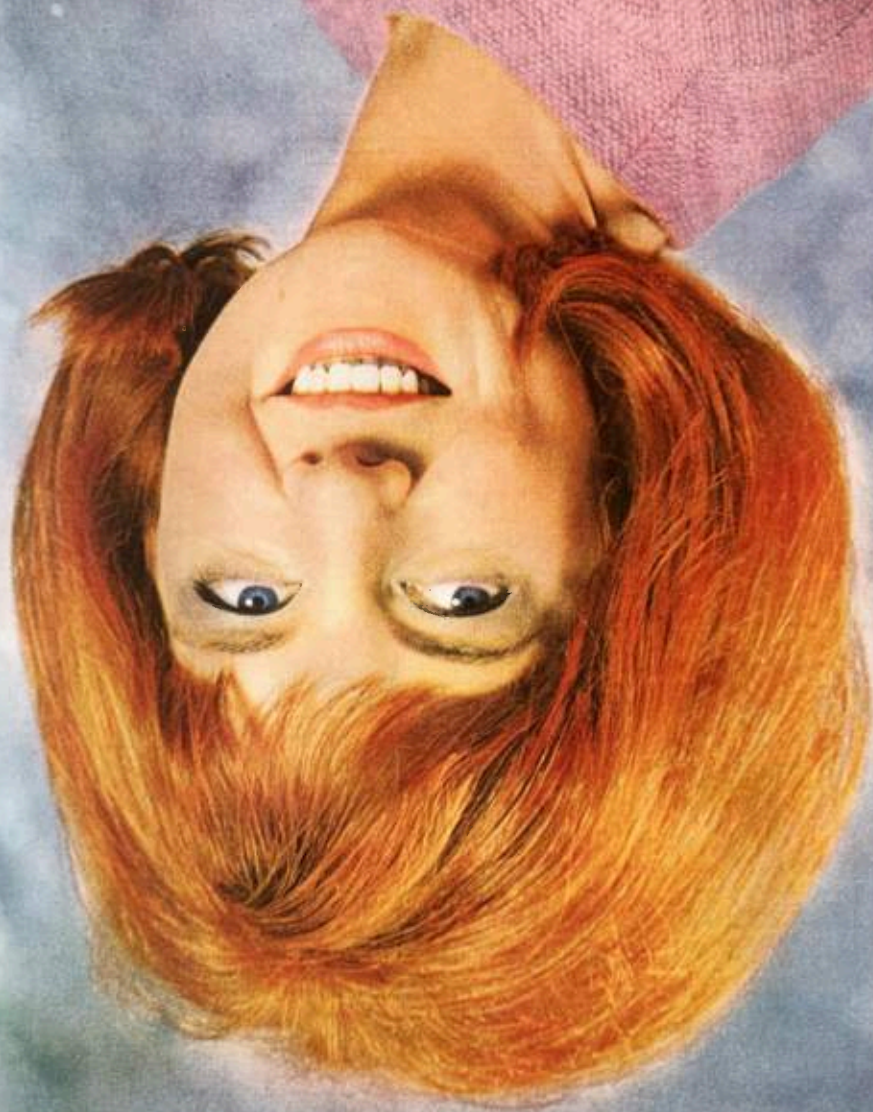
MANFRED MANN. Hugh Murphy, 35 Curzon Street, London W.1.

After joining the club, which costs seven and sixpence, you will receive a Mann-fan-pack. This contains letters, biographies and glossy photographs. After this any literature sent to you during the year will fit into your special pack. Great, isn't it? But then, so are the Manfreds! All five of them!

Hi ya Doll, like a coke?
Yeh! Have to be real quick though. Hey what's the rush?
Gotta buy a marvellous book. No kiddin' What kind?
A BEATLE Book from FABULOUS.
Yeah! Yeah, it's a MUST. 24 pages all in colour with all the colour pix of the Beatles. All colour and ALL BEATLES?
Yeah, so drink up, You can get one too Hurry though 'cos they're selling out real fast.



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maureen's letter box

With every one of the gang ripping off to the clubs this week to do a spot of "on location." I graciously condescended to stay in the office to look after things. Just as I put the kettle on for my mid-morning cuppa who should come in but Lionel Morton of those lushy Four Pennies. Being the perfect gent he offered to help me with the pile of letters you sent in this week. I thought it was very good of him to help... until we started.

Sally Myers of Birmingham writes: What sort of shampoo do The Beatles use please?

Lionel: I'll do this one. If you don't mind, of course.

Maureen: Mind! Carry on.

Lionel: Right then. Confidentially, Sally, they use Carbolic soap. Find it gives their hair that shiny lustrous look. (Their best friends even told them.)

Maureen: Funny, isn't he!

The next letter is from John Howard of Southgate. John asks: How does Dusty Springfield like her boyfriends to look?

Lionel: Preferably with their eyes.

Maureen: Out of my way, funny man. Dusty just likes her boyfriends to look smart and well dressed, John. Dusty does not consider looks an important aspect. So there.

Mary Corby of Gravesend writes: Can Dave Clark speak any foreign languages?

Lionel: My turn kid. You're getting all keyed up. Off that typewriter!

Maureen: That's nearly as bad as your elephant jokes.

Lionel: I'll ignore that remark. Anyway, Mary, Dave did say he once learnt to speak Double Dutch. Somehow I don't think that's true, because

Anything you'd like to know, just drop me a line to MAUREEN'S LETTER BOX, FABULOUS, FLEETWAY PUBLICATIONS, FLEETWAY HOUSE, FARRINGDON STREET, LONDON, E.C.4. Don't forget, I must have a stamped addressed envelope if you want a reply

Mike Smith said Dave could only speak treble Chinese with a Spanish accent.

Maureen: Very clever, I'm sure.

Diana Mortlake of Sheffield writes: What sort of car does John Leyton drive, please?

Lionel: Well, when I saw John last week, he had a white convertible E-type Jag, with red upholstery. John had a smug grin on his face when he saw my too-timed orange-bus on three wheels. Just can't think why, because it goes like a bomb.

Maureen: Lionel please stop boasting. You know you only have a tricycle.

Christine Reynolds of Margate writes: Please can you tell me how old Elvis is, and also his birthday. I think he is FABULOUS.

Maureen: So do I Christine, he is a great artist. Elvis is 29 and was born on 8th January, 1935.

Lionel: Okay. I know I'm only second best.

Maureen: Never mind. Eh!

Thank's for writing. I know Lionel has enjoyed answering your letters as much as I have. He even took me for a meal... I always said there's lots of nourishment in a peanut butter sandwich and a cuppa.

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WHO'S WHO THIS WEEK

A key to this week's pin-ups



Left to right: Ringo, George, John and Paul.



Left to right: Aachen, Dicky, Herbert and Mayo.



Back: Brian Jones, Charlie Watts. Front: Mick Jagger, Bill Wyman, Keith Richards.



Left to right: Mike Pender, John McNally, Chris Curtis and Tony Jackson.



Left to right: John Konrad, Nicky Crouch, Keith Earlson, Stuart James and Terry O'Toole.



B: Eric Clapton, Chris Dwyer, P. Keith Hall, Jim McCarry, Paul Samwell-Smith.



Left to right: Aaron Williams, Tony Crane, John Banks and Johnny Gustafson.



Left to right: Mike Hugg, Mike Vickers, Manfred Mann, Tom McGuinness and Paul Jones.

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