

WORLD'S POP STARS IN COLOUR COLOUR COLOUR

1-

Fabulous

ON A SUMMER SPREE

11 KING SIZE FULL COLOUR PIN-UPS

HOLLIES STONES MOJO SHAYLEY ETC



IT'S FAB

HERE'S WHERE TO FIND WHAT YOU WANT

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HEY THERE!

It's all right for you lot. I reckon most of you reading this are on holiday right now. Be at the Fab office are still slinking away.

But you can trust us gang to come up with some splendid excuses for occupying the office. They come in to see us in a body last week.

"Let's," they said, "go on a summer spree. Find out what everyone is up to now August is here."
"I," said Keith, "could go camping with the Blue Jeans. They're mad about camping. And I could pop down and see how hard Gerry's working on his film. And let's do a Jesse James with Jess Conrad..."

"I'm sure everyone is dying to know what Mike Smith is up to," said Sylvia. "And I'd love to write about the last time I met The Beatles..."

Well, they all went on that way in turn, until suddenly there was only the backroom girls and me left, looking...

But fair is it? But maybe it was worth it. I like this issue of Fab. Hope you do, too.

Sylvia For now-THE ED.



Here the fab Rolling Stones hit Broadway

OVER TO SHEENA THIS WEEK FOR FAB'S GOSSIP OF A SUMMER SPREE



Summer Spree it certainly has been! The gang have been flitting round—here, there and everywhere. The Ed did her best—in the nicest possible way of course—and kept roaring "Who'd's go-and-on!" or "Futch Easton, Spitch, just anyone!"

But to be oval—I don't think the Ed's worked so hard for a long time! (Gossip I don't know you were looking over my shoulder, Ed. Of course I don't mean it. You do work very hard all the time. You, Ed! In an any to Liberts, right now.)

What on the subject of summer sprees, wouldn't it be fair to go to the seaside and find one or more of The Rolling Stones on the beach? It would just happen. Rolling Stones have been seen gathering no matter on the sandy beaches of Folkestone. Last night Charlie had a push for Singsbury Castle which is also in Kent—no sea! "We wouldn't find it on our way but perhaps he's blowing it happen on purpose."

Last year while Charlie was King of the Castle, Mick Jagger went off to Paris for a holiday. Last week went down to Penzance. Bill went to a cottage in the country and poor Brian didn't go anywhere, because he got so many letters that he couldn't make up his mind where to go.

All The Stones are owners of Bill's cottage and are determined to follow out when they can, probably when they retire at 66 age!

During their American trip Texas only this year they had to do all their best-selling in the hotel's pool. This thoroughly delighted the other residents—must be a wonderful sight to see a map of Texas for tanning the surface.

They do not mind one of their beds made by washing their hair three times a week and there are always volunteer barbers around to clip it when necessary.

STARGAZING WITH

JOHN LEYTON



Leo people can be energetic and highly strung. Their nature has a poetic side and they have a keen sense of beauty.



CAPRICORN
12th-21st-Jan 191

Mid-winter may especially appeal to you with some green. Ignore it!



AQUARIUS
20th-Feb-191

Uncertain about love, you're wondering about your future. Interesting quest.



PISCES (Feb 19-
Mar 20)

Passion supports in stars for you are desirable—to do with a certain fun.



ARIES (Mar 21-
Apr 20)

Don't leave so much to chance and your worldly wisdom will be essential.



Taurus (Apr 21-
May 20)

Only love will help you to know a new friend well so don't expect too much, too soon.



GEMINI (May 21-
June 20)

Verily implies you are concerned of your appearance. Be your natural self.



CANCER (June 21-
July 20)



What the stars say of your life and stars well in advance.



LEO (July 21-
Aug 21)



You are not above criticism so be prepared to give advice as an outsider.



SCORPIO (Aug 22-
Sept 21)



Essential that you do with a decision only you can make.



LIBRA (Sept 22-
Oct 22)



Envyings are fun but you must give higher priority to domestic matters.



SCORPIO (Oct 23-
Nov 22)



Be direct, your relationship may be followed by a unity friend.



SAGITTARIUS
(Nov 23-
Dec 21)

Most friendship will be made if you are willing to take an other person's advice.



Keith always has to get in on the act but here he's bitten off more than he can chew in the form of a bar of soap held by Billy J. Kramer. Our Sylvia collapsed into fits of giggles and swore that Billy was trying to extract some of Keith's gold fillings. Looks as though he's designed a new hat, too.

More British pop paraders who had a fine time in the States recently were The Dakotas with their vocalist—what's his name... oh, yeah, Billy J. Kramer. Billy and the boys stayed at the same hotel as The Stones in San Antonio.

Whilst in Texas they visited the site of the famous Alamo, the fort where Dave Crockett and Indian fighter, Jim Bowie lost their lives fighting Mexican General Santa Anna. The boys loved the fort, though only a few walls remain.

Drummer Tony got quite carried away telling us about his visits to Greenwich Village, the Bohemian sector of New York, where you find the most marvellous folk singers like Joan Baez and Bob Dylan. He was thrilled with Yankee Stadium, where he saw his first American Baseball game.

Derek, Dakota's road manager, was most impressed with U.S. petrol pumps. Unlike this country where you have different pumps for each type of petrol, Americans have just one pump with a selector dial. The attendant simply dials for the required petrol.



Summer Spree for The Four Pennies down by the sea.

The Four Pennies had a fabulous time on the beach at Torquay, when our Sylvia met them recently. They all love swimming and Alan especially loves water skiing. The boys had their fourpennorth of fun at the seaside. They went scrambling across the beach looking for crabs in the rock pools. Fitz found a lovely one and chased Alan with it.

As they're not having a set holiday this year, The Four Pennies made up for it by setting out to enjoy themselves—even threatened to take Sylvia to Stonehenge and sacrifice her. The silly girl declined the invitation. If I'd been there, I'd have accepted for her!

Back at the hotel it was a case of lock up your daughters practically. Seriously, the two little daughters of the hotel manager were playing sling ball in the lobby and the Fab Four just had to join in. Sylvia gave up and went to lunch. So did the little girls. Me too.

The fab Miglit Five will play cabaret on the 30,000 ton liner Orsova, during its thirteen day Mediterranean cruise from 6th September to 19th. Two of The Miglit, bassist Lanny Blanche and rhythm guitarist Rod Lambert, were formerly merchant seamen so the cruise won't be so novel for them as for thrill us landlubbers at Fab—Villefranche, Naples, Rossa (on the Spanish Costa Brava) and Casablanca. But the boys will be sorry to come back to dear Old Blyth.

Incidentally, a smashing treat in store for you, or should I say "foaming on the horizon," is the FAB FAB FABULOUS FLEETWAY POP PROM. 70th September is the V.I.P. (Very Important Pop) Day and in the weeks to come we'll give you full details of the star-studded bill and where you can get your tickets. Watch out for all the gon in FAB.

NEXT WEEK

FAB is on

A HOBBY HORSE



'Cos we've got the EXCLUSIVE lowdown on the hobbies of CLIFF who's kookie over cars... BILLY J. KRAMER on his travels round the world... MARK WYNTER on hats... THE FOUR PENNIES on fishing... THE ROLLING STONES and other toplineers get snappy about photography and THE BEATLES? sssh! We'll keep their hobby a top pop secret so get the fab fab FABULOUS. The price is 1 SHILLING and DON'T FORGET, it's on sale early this coming Saturday so HURRY—FAB sells out fast



"beatle talk by sylvia..."

"Actually," Paul McCartney said solemnly.

"I've been secretly married for three years."

My eyebrows shot straight up through my McCartney type fringe.

"Yes," he continued, still perfectly serious,

"for the last three years I've been secretly

married to—Ringo"



PAUL and I were sitting in the bar of a West End theatre. Donated round the room were the other three Beatles. John was sitting on top of a piano talking to FAB's photographer Fiona. Ringo and George were propping up a pillar, obviously discussing music. Their hands were beating imaginary drums, anyway, so they must have been discussing music. I think. But of course, they could just as easily have been discussing the weather.

Paul nodded at me.

"I bet you thought you'd get a scoop there, didn't you? When I said I'd been married to Ringo."

"Poor Sylvia," he laughed. "Let me get you a coke to make up for it."

I thought he'd just go to the bar and ask for a coke. But oh no. Not Paul. After asking if it would be all right, he marched behind the bar and started studying the bottles. John, George and Ringo looked round and grinned. Fiona exclaimed "That would make a great picture. Would you all get behind there, please?"

As they filed behind the counter, I rapped on it loudly and called "Barman!"

Paul grabbed a cloth draped it over his arm like a waiter and bowed politely.

"Yes, madam? What can I get you, madam?"

"Er—I'll have one of those please," I said, pointing to several bottles of ginger beer.

"Certainly, madam."

"Get him," Ringo muttered as, with a flourish,

Paul took down a bottle and started looking round for an opener. No opener. Slightly less than the perfect barman now, Paul politely asked the lady who normally serves how he could open the drink. Smiling broadly, she took it from him and opened it herself.

"Thank you," Paul said gravely and promptly returned to the act.

"Funny weather for the time of year, isn't it, madam?" he commented brightly, carefully

selecting a glass and pouring out the drink. Do you know, I'm sure that ginger beer tasted better than ginger beer usually does.

George picked up a soda siphon and studied it. Somehow his finger pressed the wrong lever and Ringo suddenly found himself on the wrong end of a sprain of soda water.

"May!" he exclaimed jumping out of the way. Paul wiped soda water from Ringo's smart black

suit. George replaced the siphon and turned to me. "What do you think of the film?" he asked.

"Your film? FAB! Really FAB! What did you think of it?"

He considered for a couple of minutes then said "Not bad, for a first effort."

"Sylvia, have you had your holiday yet?" Ringo now dry asked.

"Not yet."

"Then go to the Virgin Islands. Marvellous beaches there. Just mile upon mile of white sand. It's really great."

"Did you go skin diving while you were there?" Fiona a ston diving fan asked.

"Well I wouldn't take my skin off before I dived, would I?" he grinned.

He was kidding with a lighter while he talked to us and I asked if I could take a closer look at it.

"Sure," he agreed handing it over. I examined the black, topless cylinder closely while he explained "I bought it in Paris. Cost me three francs fifty." (About 5s 3d)

"It's very nice. But where's the top?"

"It doesn't have a top. You flick this thing here, you see, and that bit comes up and this bit goes down."

He pressed, frowning at the lighter.

"I think," he added, and that quick Starr grin lit his face again. Ringo has a beautiful smile. Funny I'd never noticed before how nice his eyes are. They're the darkest blue I've ever seen with long lashes.

"Would you like another one of those—what are you're drinking?" John asked me leaning over the bar. "Cos if you would, we'll get the perfect barman here—" jutting his head towards Paul—"to pour it for you."

While Paul and I went through the perfect barman routine again, Fiona asked George if he'd pose for a couple of shots and gave him the whole room saying "Choose where you'd like to be photographed."

He picked a counter that wasn't in use, waded over to it, jumped up on to it and sat cross legged.

"I've taken up Yoga," he cracked while Fiona peered through her lens.

"That's a marvellous pose, George," she said enthusiastically.

"Is it?" he exclaimed delightedly. "And I picked it myself, too."

Paul by now had discovered the piano on which John had been sitting earlier and he proceeded to treat us to a private performance. He plays very well, too. George put down the camera and started playing a sword fight with Ringo. Their weapons were a used match and Ringo's lighter. I started to say something to John but discovered that he'd vanished. It was time I decided reluctantly that Fiona and I did the same.

We trilled from one Beatle to another saying "Goodbye." On the way out we bumped into John on the way in.

"Fiona and Sylvia say 'Goodbye,'" Paul yelled at him just as Fiona and I were about to go. John that ourselves.

"I say 'Goodbye' to them, too," John hollered back to Paul.

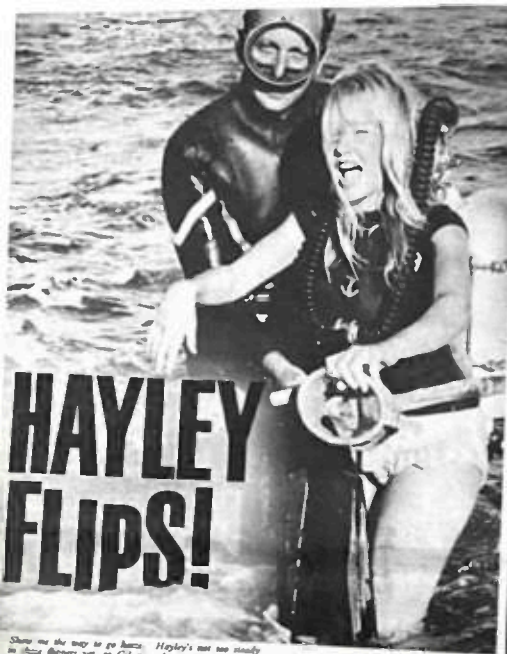
"And a Merry Christmas to both of them." Ringo chirped in.

"Hear, hear," George agreed.

I looked at Fiona. Fiona looked at me and grinned. And left.



Fal The Beatles



HAYLEY FLIPS!

Show me the way to go home. Hayley's not too steady in these flippers yet, so Gil gives her some nippers. Hayley had a red face after a few minutes of this. ❖



Of course, they told her it was dead easy. Nothing to it, they said. And Hayley Mills, now a very grown up 18 year old, believed them.

Anyway, aqua-lung diving seemed a very good way to spend the time between set-ups on *The Moon-Spinners*, which Hayley was filming in beautiful Crete. Handsome co-star Peter McEnery was there to keep her company and expert Gil Wozholt went along too, just to keep an expert eye on things!

But oh, that gear. Those flippers. Hardly what the fashionable young lady wears to go stomping and shaking. How do you even stand up in them?

That problem solved itself quite quickly, but then came the goggles. No wonder Hayley wandered around in the sea looking completely lost.

However, pretty soon she was expert enough to help Peter fix his aqua-lung, even though only minutes earlier, she'd needed Gil's assistance to fix her own.

And do you know something? What they told her was right. Skin diving is easy—and fun.

LIKE to try skin diving? It's a FAB sport, and doesn't matter if you can't swim, as long as you know how to hold your breath. The best way to start out is with a snorkel tube and fins. This basic equipment will cost you only a few guineas. But on no account try anything until you've had some instruction. Any branch of the British Sub-Aqua Club will give you instruction. The headquarters is at 23 Orchard Road, Kingston-on-Thames, Surrey. The Club will take you to swimming pools to teach you the basic facts, and later you'll go on outings to the coast and to inland waterways.

You can't be a full member of the club unless you've swum at over, but under sleeves can join the others in lessons.

With a snorkel, you can dive to only 10, 12 or 15 feet, but when you graduate to a lung, like Hayley, you can dive to 120 feet. Have Fun!



It looks a bit like Peter's trying to help Hayley, but actually he's just having her aqua-lung!



TENT

For "Mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the mid-day sun" read "Mad dogs and Englishmen and The Swinging Blue Jeans and Keith Altham go out in the mid-day rain." However, nothing can dampen the Jeans' spirit and due to their good humour and a comedy interlude from a guy called "Rob" whom you will meet in the article, a good day's camping was enjoyed by all.

I HAVE been rained on in such sun-scorched spots as Tangier, Spain and Italy, and if I went on holiday in a remote part of The Gobi desert there would no doubt be an immediate cloudburst. When The Swinging Blue Jeans invited us on a day's camping holiday I promptly packed the broody and WeZington boots.

Then I drove over to pick up the other member of our expedition, our photographer, Fiona.

"What on earth is that?" she yelled pointing at my old bus as I backfired majestically into her driveway.

"The finest collection of spare parts and loose parts this side of Brands Hatch," I said proudly.

Fiona viewed the mountainous collection of camping equipment piled inside.

"We'll be lucky if it moves with that lot inside and where am I going to sit?" was her only comment.

Female exaggeration of course. There was plenty of room. She fitted quite snugly into the back with one leg poking out the window. And there were only four chairs; a table; the tent, a propane stove and a dozen assorted street tent poles to keep her company.

Once at the camping ground outside Wembley I left "FI" to erect the tent (someone had to go) and drove back to the town hall where we had arranged to meet The Jeans.

They sat on car swung into the park about fifteen minutes after I had arrived. Ray Ennis who was driving stuck his head out the window and said "Sorry we're late. I've been driving around Wembley for an hour—no one knows where the town hall is.

Back to the field we found "FI" had the tent up. "Bravo" congratulated Ralph, the self-confessed camping expert. "Just one small fault. You've got the tent frame on the

outside. It should be on the inside." With their help we re-erected the tent.

We soon had an interested onlooker in a little girl of about four wearing an enormous pair of Wellington boots several sizes too large and a plastic mac. An ill omen if ever I saw one.

"You playing cowboys and Indians?" she asked, and added scathingly, "that's for babies."

"Mind now, your wifies don't fit you," Ray shot back, trying to appear very adult and getting hopelessly entangled in the canvas. The young lady fixed him with an air of one not amused and squelched off in her "wellies."

I asked "FI" why she hadn't got the other gear out of the car.

"Because the boot is jammed," she retorted smugly.

"You obviously need a little masculine persuasion on the job," I replied.

Ray and I used a little masculine persuasion on the boot then we used a little sun crow bar. We got it open—so successfully that it hasn't shut since.

Meanwhile back at the tent things were progressing famously. Norman Kuhle had slammed his fingers in one of the collapsible chairs.

"I know how to put this up. Mum has one just like it in our kitchen at home," I quote Norman.

Meanwhile, "FI" had somehow managed to peg herself to the tent and Ralph was taking shots with his own camera of the whole chaotic scene.

After a further onslaught on the tent we settled down for a coffee and a quiet chat. The camping stories started to roll from The Jeans who used to spend all their summer holidays in a tent on the south coast.

Ralph recalled the time when Ray backed their tent into the tent and completely flattened everything. Also the cow which wandered in one morning and was with us with a friendly nudge.

Ray told me about the time down in Horsham when it rained so hard they slept in a hotel lounge with sleeping bags as there were no beds available.

Things were swinging along just fine and then "Rob" happened. At first I thought it was a large type of hairy hover-craft bearing down on us over the grass. It turned out to be the most gigantic English sheep dog I have ever seen in my entire life.

Naturally I was elected to bring him in for a few photographs. I walked gingerly toward him. Locked his head (no easy task with all that hair) and clobbered my fingers. "Here puss," I invited jokingly. He gave a short happy bark and charged at me like a furry rhino, finally jumping up and completely knocking me over with his two front paws.

"Go on, show him who's master," encouraged Ray with the others laughing fit to burst.

"I think he knows," I replied as Rob leapt in the air like some massive floor mop and collapsed a few of our collapsible chairs before careening off into the distance.

We spent an enjoyable couple of hours chatting and eating after that disaster and then the arrival of some dark clouds hastened our departure.

Packing the gear into the car we beat the first deluge by a short head and The Jeans drove off ahead weaving back from their car. I chugged down the road a few miles and stopped at the cross-roads to shake my fist at the weather.

"Beat you this time," I snarled "I'm not even wet." It was then that the rain began to drip through the roof.





Picture above:
Smallest guy in the group, Ray Ennis was unanimously elected to carry the tent, the sleeping bags, the tables and everything else. How did he come to be elected? Easy! Ralph, Norman and Les volunteered him.

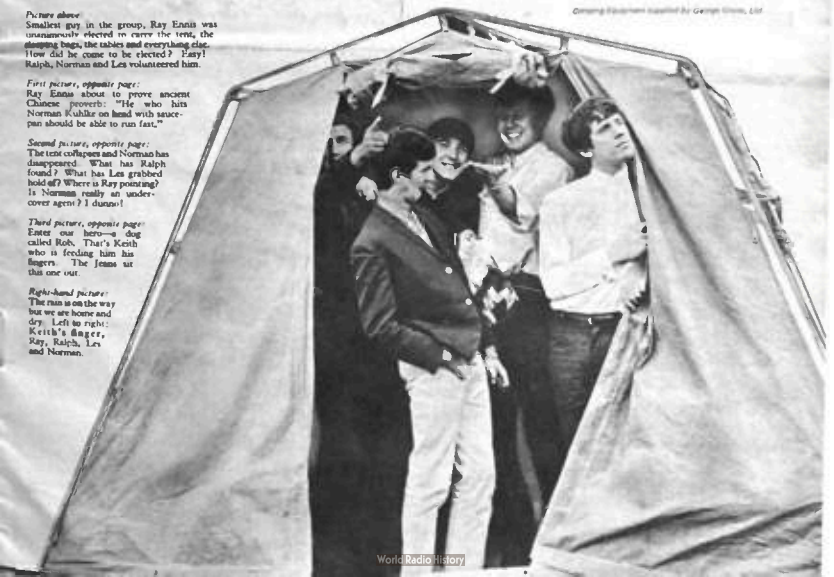
First picture, opposite page:
Ray Ennis about to prove ancient Chinese proverb: "He who hits Norman Kuhlke on head with saucepan should be able to run fast."

Second picture, opposite page:
The tent collapses and Norman has disappeared. What has Ralph found? What has Les grabbed hold of? Where is Ray pointing? Is Norman really an undercover agent? I dunno!

Third picture, opposite page:
Enter our hero—a dog called Rob. That's Keith who is feeding him his fingers. The jeans sit at this one out.

Right-hand picture:
The sun is on the way but we are here and dry. Left to right: Keith's finger, Ray, Ralph, Les and Norman.

Among Equipment supplied by George Clark, Ltd





Fab | Dave Clark
Five

WOT! YEAH! SMITH'S THE NAME

SYLVIA MEETS FABULOUS MIKE OF THE DAVE CLARK 5

MIKE SMITH tore out of the sheers. Ahead of him, Dave Clark, Rick Hazzley, Denis Payne and Lenny Davidson were already settled in the car that was to whizz them away, before they were torn to pieces by their adoring fans. Mike stood one car door. Locked. Tried another. Locked. He looked round desperately. Hundreds of fans, who'd suddenly realised that the boys were escaping through a back entrance, came stampeding round the corner. "Let me in," Mike begged the boys in the car.

Then he backed up a few paces, took a running, head first dive, went straight through the open door and landed on the driver's lap.

"You've never seen anything so funny in all your life," Mike laughed, telling me about it. "Arms and legs everywhere. My legs were sticking up in the air, the driver was yelling 'Get off, you idiot!'"

Even Mike, the tangle of arms and legs was sorted out and the car studded away. Mike was safe! And that's what it's like to be a member of The Dave Clark Five. Fun and laughs—afterwards. It was a couple of days before Mike got around to laughing at that particular escape.

But there's another side to the fun. There are the people who look down on pop music and grab any opportunity of saying so, like the American abroad a "plena talking the boys to a date. He buttonholed Mike and said, "My boy studies classical piano and he's very good. I wouldn't let him touch this rubbish you play."

"I told him as politely as I could that I'd studied classical piano, too, for ten years. The only thing that stopped me continuing with my studies was an injury to my thumb."

Mike looked thoughtfully at his right thumb, then looked at me and said: "I can still play classical music, and I like it too." His blue eyes sparkled with laughter as he added, "I wonder what would happen if I suddenly leapt into some classics on stage one night?"

"Or how about an LP of classics?" I suggested. "That should make people sit up and listen."

"Why not?" he grinned. "Rick can play classical guitar, you know, and we all read music."

The thought of an LP titled *Classical Sessions With The Dave Clark Five* was too much for Mike, however, and he broke up, laughing.

The Five, naturally, are very good friends.

"But I like to be alone," Mike pointed out, "and when we're on tour, I usually have a room to myself. The other four like to sleep up into two double rooms. But when Dave was in hospital, it was awful."

He shrugged.

"At first I thought it was going to be marvellous—two weeks off while Dave recovered. But it wasn't. I didn't know any clubs I could go to and didn't have anyone to go with anyway. Because my one friend now are the boys. Rick and Denis went off to Jersey, or somewhere. I fell as though I'd lost an arm."

He wound up, spending most of his holiday visiting Dave.

"Did you know we've got a rule in the Five?" Mike went on. "No-one's allowed to talk too much in the morning. We all wander around half asleep anyway. Not one of us really wakes up until the middle of the afternoon. I don't wake up until about four-o'clock. Until then, I have to be laid around!"

This is a distinct disadvantage when the boys are in the States, because American journalists have a habit of interviewing people over breakfast.

"That early, we don't even know what day it is!" Mike exclaimed. "But there are these journalists two or three of them, shooting questions at us. I usually can't manage more than 'Yes.' 'No.' 'Well,' and the occasional smile."

But visiting America. But doing anything else when you're in the Five, is a load of laughs.

Laughs when you go into your suite on the twenty-ninth floor of a big hotel, open the wardrobe and five girls fall out. Laughs when you come out of the hotel, see a dozen fans stare at you, you smile and say "Hello," and they seem to be amazed that you can actually speak! Laughs when you stop the traffic on Broadway, cause a jam and have to phone the police from inside the car to come and get you out. Laughs when you're cruising along between appearances and a nurse on the roof of the car reveals the presence of yet more fans.

Laughs when Mike went out alone on the raft, he was about to slide down into the clear blue sea.

Laughs when he suddenly realised that the long, slim, yellow thing he could see beneath him was an eel. What's more, it was a very big eel. And it looked like he could see very strong eel. Mike headed the raft back to shore—fast—and told the boys about what he had seen. They roared with laughter. Mike? He grinned.

A very small grin.

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Fab | The
Holl...



Have
fun-
GO
BLONDE



Does your life stand in low gear? Then start the scene blazing with Hiltone. Hiltone enlightens movies, radio... laughter, fun, and merriment. Fun. Cheerful. Making Hiltone in radio, movies, space, fun, and... Hiltone fun is what. And you can't get it from... Hiltone, explicitly the standard of fun that nature intended you to be.

hiltone

5/6



IT'S FUN TO BE BLONDE WITH

hiltone





Gerry's most 'err in the film, Jerry Monte Julie Samuel watches the master at work.



You've Gotta have Art says Gerry

Seeing me at his press reception in The Savoy Hotel, London, one hot (believe it or not) summer evening, Gerry greeted me with a cheery shout from the far corner of the room.

"Hey, it's FAB's Keith," and added for good measure, "and wearing a new pair of shoes."

Naturally the whole assembly revolved to see who was being addressed and I choked myself in my glass of "for medicinal purposes only."

Conciling remarks from fellow colleague like "That's shoebusiness," did not help. I made a mental note to watch out for tricks when I visited Gerry next day on the set of *Ferry Across The Mersey*, being filmed at Twickenham studios.

Down at the Twickenham film studios I found our "art"ful friend pottering around with paint-brush and palette and occasionally dabbing at a canvas in front of him. Puzzled, I viewed the impressive display of colour. It looked rather like something Picasso might have done had he been working with his eyes shut.

"Did you do that?" I asked, suspiciously.

"Certainly," said Gerry, sagely. "It's symbolic. The yellow and vermilion areas are symbolic of passionate love and the darker areas represent the hostile forces around us."

It took me a moment or two to recover from that Marston burst of eloquence. I was about to ask Gerry some questions about his artistic soul, when the producer told me to clear off the set while Gerry and Julie, his leading lady, shot a scene.

"Come and see with Julie and me at lunch-time," invited Gerry.

I retreated behind the huge battery of cameras and recording equipment to watch the stars at work.

The only hitch of the morning came about when Julie had to slap Gerry and say: "I'm mad with you."

It required six takes, because Gerry burst out laughing every time she clouted him.

Over his lawn sated at lunch, Gerry told me the trouble. Only five minutes previously they had both been joking over a game of cards back in the dressing rooms.

"It was blooming difficult to keep a straight

face while she acted the eggry girl friend. Only a short while before we'd been laughing our heads off together."

Both Julie and Gerry share the same sense of humour and get on like a house on fire.

"She's a great girl. Full of fun," enthused Gerry. Then loud enough for her to hear down the table: "We've got an invitation to appear at a ball given by Princess Alexandra. We would have taken Julie, but she doesn't really fit in with us high society types."

Julie took the whole thing with a smile. She had obviously got used to the Marston muckey-taking by now.

Following lunch we returned to the studio, where I got involved in Julie and Gerry's Card School. They'd been playing on and off for days. As it was I gave Gerry a valuable lesson on cards, that cost him five and eightpence. It was the most he'd ever lost in one sitting. He congratulated me scathingly. But I got the most beautiful smile from Julie, which made it all worth while.

Just before we left Gerry invited me to see the final editing (these are the full scenes from which the film is made) of some of these takes which you will never see are funnier than the film itself. I'm not the only one who thought so. Gerry grinned when the camera caught him chewing his tongue after mulling one line. The Clapper Boy appeared by mistake in another shot. Gerry wanted to keep him in. The Director thought otherwise.

The final scene was where Gerry had to explain to his Art Master (he plays an art student in the film) what the subject was he was painting. Words from the script came those immortal direct: "The yellow and vermilion areas are symbolic of passionate love and the darker areas represent the hostile forces around us."

Ever got the feeling you've been had I looked for Gerald Marston but he had left to catch a late plane.

One of these days, Gerry... One of these days... KEITH ALTHAM

HOT ON THE TRAIL

A new FAB Western starring JESSE JAMES alias JESS CONRAD.



Howdy Just rided the bank and rode down a few few men. Thirsty work so I moseyed on down to the saloon, pardners



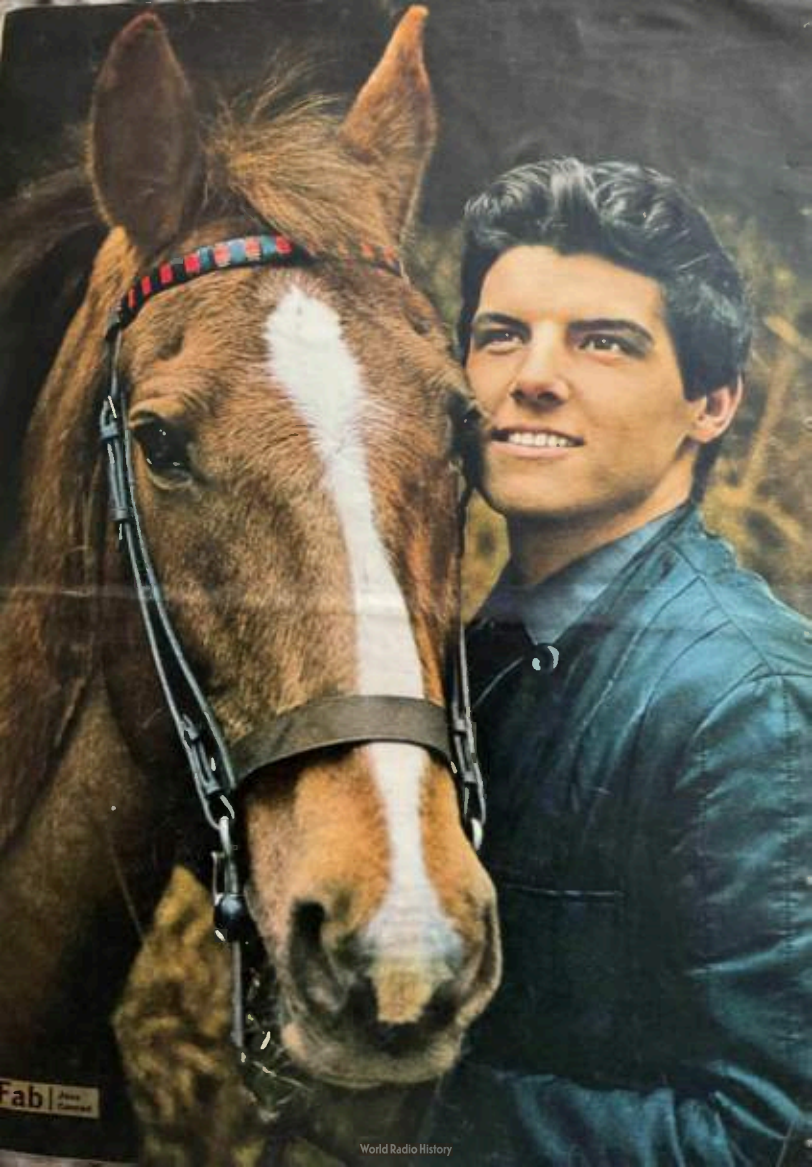
Hi! Had to break open ma bud brother's piggy bank to get a dollar or two. Dun forgot 'arm broke. Set 'em up barman!



When James calls for a beer you dun jump to it, hick. Could be I might jus' put a few party little holes in yuh.



We lose more barman this way. Just reckon at how I'll have to serve meself doggone it! See ya.



Fab | John
Cassidy

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WHILE THE SUN SHINES

Hey you!—be a beach dazzler. It's too easy. Just get up and go in your zany fun fitters. Think it's easy? Too right. Just keep cool and stir up the biggest sensation of all time. Like now! Send your guy like our models sent the FAB Tourmost.

Top left: It's the sweetest thing since sugar. This sun catcher by Six at 39s. 11d. Colours include red, black, green and orange. Looks cute with Six Bri nylon harlequin shorts (Six), 39s. 11d. Say, our glamour dolly is real gone over Billy Halton's manly muscles!

Top right: Brian O'Hara is tickled pink! No wonder, this smaller than small bikini by Dorothy Perkins is the biggest sensation tripper of all time. Colours include royal blue, brown, red and orange all trimmed with white. Just 23s. 11d.



Hey, what's all this tomfoolery? You too can go junk in this cute-slack suit. Slacks, 29s. 11d., denim shirt 45s. by Sportavella. Mike Millward says: I'll carry this dolly any where!

Prettify your knees and get with it in this ultra-short tropical shirt in screen printed material. Colours: cerise, lime green, orange or blue, price 39s. 11d. By linear Casuals.



HOW BEACH BEAUTIES CATCH THE EYE

Be as fresh as a daisy with Cool Mist Dew-dan Antiperspirant by Coty. Keeps you really fresh and sweet. To partner it use Coty Sun-Bronzing Oil for that golden glow look. Both products 3s. from all chemists.

Stunning, sun bathing, oh, that dry hair! Salt water dries hair terribly, so after each dip in the deep blue sea rinse with clear water. Quick tip for h-h-day hair is Royal Rose spray mist. On hair in usual style, spray with Royal Rose, leave until dry, comb out and spray again. Holds for hours. 11s. 3d.

When you have succeeded in getting that marvellous tan, look like a little piece of heaven with Bait Number Seven Brown Sugar lipstick. Tones in with that "outdoor" look, great! Only 3s.



Fab | Adam Faith



softy!



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WHAT IS NIKINI? Nikini is a tiny hip-fitting, featherweight garment of fine waterproof film... braver than anything you've worn before... and designed to give you absolute protection.

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Write for free sample Nikini Pad and descriptive folder... or better still Change now to



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There are many ways of passing the summer but this is the story of a summer with a difference... LUCY BARTLETT tells you in her own words what it was like working at the BBC in the good old summer-time on a show strictly for young people TEEN SCENE...

AS SCENE BY YOU!



BY LUCY BARTLETT

What's happening on the Teen Scene? Well you can find out by listening to the Hit Hit Programme at 9.30 p.m. every Thursday. The programme is so lively enough to be chosen as the one of the team who help Teen Scene to get the air for its weekly thirty minutes.

My big chance came out of the blue. A national newspaper printed a story about my chance for solo—yes, solo—solo results in my getting a team from Wilfred Da Ah. The BBC Producer, outlining the show and asking me if I'd like to be auditioned for the job of teen co-ordinator.

I thought the idea of young people producing a show for people of their own age was marvellous. Nobody on the show is over twenty five. Wilfred asked me to write something and then read it over the microphone. I also had to practice introducing with another girl. The girl turned out to be Caroline Charles, she shows a brilliant talent, who also interviews people in the fashion world, to let everyone know all the latest fash.

At the interview I saw another girl who looked calm and collected that I thought she was a secretary or something. But she was our book reviewer, Wendy Adler, daughter of Larry Adler, the jazzpiano virtuoso.

One person I didn't meet until later was Chris Hutton, who handles the pop section of the programme. Chris writes for one of the music papers and is on the ball with the latest happenings. He gives the Top Five records of the week taken from an averaging out of all the charts lists. He also interviews top popstars like Mr. Jagger, Cliff Richard, etc. Chris tells me that the sound mix record Teen Scene uses at its signature tune is by The Surfers and comes from one of their

LPs. I love records that have a thumping beat like The Hollies and I'm determined to interview them one day. I also like The Rolling Stones. The most important person on the show (apart from myself of course!) is Gordon Watts. He's the link man on Teen Scene, that is, the company who introduces each team. At the moment Gordon, who used to compare The Sunday Street is the most experienced of the team but Caroline, Wendy, Chris and myself are really getting into the swing of things now and we're really enjoying doing the programme. We hope that soon instead of just reporting the Teen Scene we will make news ourselves!

in record time



Richard Anthony

THE BIRTH OF THE BEAT sound was a surprise to a Johnny Ray who had been singing public with a westerly swing. He became a sensation at world wide hit and made a record for Ray, to one time great producer, but he a singer who had a good voice but his John's shaped gradually into a very considerable vocal talent indeed.

Now a slightly more subtle "beat" sound he recorded on Columbia by Richard Anthony the idol of the French teenagers who had been in the air.

I asked Richard at his home a conventional seventeenth century party just outside Paris to ask him about his apparently strange "beat" sound. "I don't really see strange," he told me. "I'm just using beat one of my favourite. Only difficulty was persuading Normi Paramount my recording manager to let me record it. He was dubious about it at first but he was very persuasive at times. He was right when he talked me into recording 'I Loved You' I hope I'm right this time.

My verdict—Chris should provide a well deserved breakthrough for the Frenchman in that year.

Problem for David Nelson when he wanted to get an record was his name. He was christened David Clarke and the similarity with that lad from Tottenham made a change imperative. So Dave decided to use Nelson, his mother's maiden name. Stephen born David had already made his name in America before returning to Britain for a crack at the business here. Nelson's touch on Heart (Philly) a throbbing beat ballad should set a few pulses racing.

BEST OF THE BEST

It's a good week for revivals. Also digging back into the hit archives are Del Shannon who's found the old Jimmy Jones hit Nancy Man (Stateside) very suitable for his latest single. Glenda Collins appears on MTV with a new version of Lollipop a big seller for The Madlarks six years ago. Completing a trio of retro oldies are The Zephyrs who might find themselves sliding charmers on a Little Bit Of Soap (Columbia) an American hit for The Jarmels.

Comedian Ken Dodd hides those wartsome teeth behind a stiff collar up as he beautifully tests Happiness a Leonard Bart composition on Columbia. Former members of The Beatles, backing group for Heinz, guitarists Ray Phillips, backing group for Heinz, guitarists Ray Phillips and Tom Martin have formed themselves into a duo called The Song Peddlers. They make a promising start with some attractive harmonising on their own composition Assamene (Phelps).

JAZZ SPOT

Reginald Davis is the original one man jazz band. This young American negro thinks nothing of playing three instruments at once. You can hear him blowing up a storm on a tenor saxophone while also accompanying himself on the wondrous named mandolin and so forth with occasional excursions on flute, nose flute and even as well on fire in Copenhagen (Mercury).

KEN BOW



Bookish singer Caroline Charles



Pop man, Chris Hutton



Book reviewer Wendy Adler



Fab

Moore
Lynch

BEAT

TIME FOR OXFAM

Lydia Cornell,
Oxfam's
Secretary
of our Great
Beat Contest

MEET Lydia Cornell... she's secretary of the Oxfam-Fab Beat Contest, over at the Creative HQ, at 274 Banbury Road, Oxford. Says she's never had to work so hard in her life. "All those coupons from FAB readers—help. But, seriously, the response has been terrific. Must be the thought of winning all those watches and TV additions, not to mention the really top prize of a seat next to a Beatle. Only wish everybody could win."



Lydia's job at Oxford H.Q. has been to sort out all the coupons from FAB into the eleven regions where Beat Time for Oxfam is going on in the next few weeks, and then get them sent off to the regional teams, post-haste. She says, in a message to readers: "Don't worry if you haven't heard from your regional team yet. There have been hundreds and hundreds of entries, so there might be some delay. And please don't be disappointed if you don't get a place on your regional Jury Panel. Come along and cheer and listen to the Groups, instead—and bring all your friends. That'll help raise a lot of money for Oxfam!"

Lydia's thirteen, was born in California, but the family came to England when she was six. Now they live on a converted sailing boat at Sandford-on-Thames. Family includes brothers Pete, fifteen, and John, eighteen, two cats and a dog.

They're all crazy about music—all kinds of music. Pete's a very good violinist, John plays the guitar and mouth organ, and Lydia can play the clarinet and piano. Her favourite pop: the Beatles and Billie J. But with that line-up, it sounds as though the Cornell family have got themselves a group of their own in the making!

If you missed the coupons in 11th and 16th July issues of Fabulous and would like to make this year's contest write to BEAT TIME FOR OXFAM, 274 Banbury Rd, Oxford, for a copy

maureen's letter box

Have you ever had one of THOSE days when everything you do is wrong. Well, this isn't my day! Nobody wants to have anything to do with me. Honest! B011—maybe you'll all enjoy reading my letters page. Gosh! I hope so.

KEEN ON GENE

Evelyn Cummings of Richmond writes: Could you please give me some info on Gene Page?

Maureen: Gene was born on 17th February 1951, in Knoxville, Connecticut. He is 5 ft 10 in, tall, has brown hair and hazel eyes, and is the tallest at 150 lb. His father's career of acting and tertiary Gene's first record was I Wanna Love My Life Away, and it climbed high in the American hit parade. We know him over here for records such as 24 Hours From Tulsa and The Girl Belongs to Yesterday. When he is not on tour, Gene likes to go home to Knoxville and spend as much time with his parents, two brothers and two sisters, as he can.

SWINGING JEAN

Mary Hughes of Westmorland writes to Ralph Blin of the Swinging Blue Jeans. John Lennon's twin brother? Maureen: I'd ask Ralph, for all, as he

is called by the other three, and he said that there was no link of brotherhood with John Lennon. They're just good friends.

DID BEN DRIFT?

Shirley Nolan of Huddersfield writes: Could you please tell me the birthdays and hobbies of Ben E. King. And is it true he once sang with the Drifters? Maureen: Phew! Let's begin at the beginning.

Ben's birthday is September 29th, 1938. He was born in North Carolina. His hobbies are playing and playing the drums, he also writes songs. Let's not forget, Ben did come being to the Drifters, but one day when the rest of the group did not turn up at the recording studio, due to bad weather, Ben put his feet down on his own. That's how Ben E. King started, well born.

SUSAN MAUGHAN

John Jones of West Harting asks: Could you please tell me the Susan Maughan fan club address? Maureen: The fan club is run by Simon J. C. Randall and Bryan Jackson, Red Tree House, Pine Clack, Farnborough, Kent.

Don't forget I'm supposed to be here to help with your requests. Drop me a line at MAUREEN'S LETTER BOX, Fleetway Publications, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4 and please enclose a S.A.E. for a reply.



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WHO'S WHO THIS WEEK



Left to right: Emory Dawson, Dana Page, Mike Smith, Rick Huxley, Dave Clark



Left to right: Stuart Jones, Nicky Couch, Terry O'Toole, John Kendall, Keith Karbon



Left to right: Con Chantay, John Sikes, Doc Chantay



Left to right: Bobby Elliott, Graham Nash, Eric Burdon, Tony Hicks, Alan Clarke



Fab Dave
Berry

World Radio History