

WORLD'S POP STARS IN COLOUR COLOUR COLOUR

Available in 12 issues (Volume 1) - 12 issues (Volume 2) - 12 issues (Volume 3)
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12th SEPTEMBER 1964

Fabulous

WITH INSIDE INFORMATION

11 KING SIZE FULL COLOUR PIN-UPS

CHARLIE WATT SHADOWS VINCE EDWARDS P.J. PROBY ETC



IT'S FAB

HERE'S WHERE TO FIND WHAT YOU WANT

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Hey there,
I'm bursting with news this week on account of the fact that next week we've planned a FAB surprise present for all of you. Something we think you'll really like.

It all started when the boss gentlemen here at Fleetway rang down and said we could give away THREE free gifts over three week issues of FAB and what would we like them to be?

Putting down the telephone and getting up off my knees, I called in the FAB gang - and we started to throw around suggestions.

Gill, our fashion dolly, came up with the answer. And next week you'll find in your bumper size issue of FAB a marvellous transfer of a really swinging design to iron on a white Tee shirt. For a pre-view look - see page 27.

But I'm keeping the other promises under my hat until next week! Love

THE ED

Hi-fab!



June takes over the gang gossip this week



Brian Jones and Mick Jagger.

STARGAZING WITH JOHN LEYTON



In most situations, Virgoans with birthdays this week, do the sensible thing, and this makes them among the most reliable and trustworthy of friends.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 21—Jan. 19). Unusual opportunity could enable you to show your initiative.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20—Feb. 18). Leisure plans are to the fore and a new friend is included.

PISCES (Feb. 19—Mar. 20). A week when you can take small chances and break new ground.

ARIES (Mar. 21—April 20). A family commitment proves pleasant—take special care of your appearance.

TAURUS (April 21—May 20). You have more vitality this week and can overcome a fear.

GEMINI (May 21—June 20). Your popularity gets a boost just now and the week has an optimistic air.

CANCER (June 21—July 20). A change in your routine will provide excitement and keep you alert.

LEO (July 21—Aug. 21). Commonsense should warn you against tackling something beyond your powers.

VIRGO (Aug. 22—Sept. 22). A disappointment early in the week is compensated by a happy date.

LIBRA (Sept. 23—Oct. 22). Go-ahead week in which a friendship flourishes because you are at your best.

SCORPIO (Oct. 23—Nov. 22). Increased ambition enables a cherished hope to succeed in a big way.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23—Dec. 20). Try to be more tolerant of older people. You will be well rewarded.

THIS is your chance to tell all, the Ed said. So I was just dipping my typewriter in the acid when the FAB Gang promised me all their Rolling Stones pin-ups in exchange for my silence. Therefore, I won't tell on them—yet...

I've had Mick Jagger on the phone pretending to be a very 'thick' reader asking for information on Mick Jagger. I've had Brian Jones talking in two voices pretending to be holding a conversation with

himself. And now I've telephoned The Pretty Things at their Belgravia flat.

"Hello, this is The Belgravia Embassy" a voice answered, followed by The Belgravia National Anthem played with great spirit on an untuned guitar. This was followed by the sound of a train thundering down a track, of gales blowing across deserts, of much sighing, sobbing and screaming, and a lot of awful singing. This might have gone on for about two hours if I hadn't rung off. I won't give you their

sssh

Don't disturb us, we're rehearsing for the POP PROM... that's the MANFRED MANN excuse (below: Mike Vickers, Tom McGuinness, Manfred Mann, Paul Jones and Mike Hugg). But it's not only Manfred Mann who are geared for action.





Dave Berry.

Francoise Hardy.

number. Believe me it's *really* the exhausting.

Dave Berry has become very involved in Zen Buddhism. His room at home is full of books on the subject, and his greatest ambition is to go to the Far East and discover the mysteries of The Orient. He wants to go on a pilgrimage and spend much time meditating. The original Buddha spent half his life meditating under a tree. That would be a terrible waste of Dave Berry. Depending on how you look at it.

He was born in India. He's six foot tall. He sings rock and he wants to act and dance in films. But if you think that adds up to a carbon of Cliff, you're wrong. It adds up to an eighteen-year-old charmer called Simon Scott, who has something new in the way of looks and talent.

He has Scottish ancestry and a very, very English accent. His hair is a thick black curly mane; his eyes are as dark as night; and his flashing smile is a winner. I know, because I drank half-a-dozen cups of coffee without tearing my eyes from him. He plans to start a rock revolution. Whatever he does, he'll be a riot with looks like those. And to think he's crazy about horror films. . . .

Brian Poole and The Tremeloes have gone into films. But it wouldn't be starring

them if it were a film to be taken seriously. As an example of how *unserious* it is, I report that in one nutty scene in this very nutty film, Tremeloe Dave Munden is playing drums happily with his kit nailed down to a surfboard, skimming the waves.

The Irish are very good at doing nutty things, and the film, on release this month, is being shot in various parts of The Emerald Isle.

It's called *A Touch of the Blarney*. Naturally.

A velly funny thing happened to Francoise Hardy on her way back to Paris after a recent appearance on British TV. Sitting in a London Airport restaurant at four in the morning eating, believe it or not, Yorkshire pudding and roast beef, she was besieged by autograph hunters who had just flown in. What made it so surprising was that all the fans were Chinese and had only just arrived from Tokio. To the best of her knowledge she has never had a disc release in China or Japan.

Francoise's favourite British artist is Cliff Richard and she hopes to record some of his past hits in the French.

Incidentally, Brian Jones has a gorgeous little white poodle pup with a name the length of Long John Baldry (who is very long). He calls it Pip for short.

THE BACHELORS, BRIAN POOLE AND THE TREMELOES, THE MIGIL FIVE, LULU AND THE LUVVERS, THE FOURMOST, GEORGIE FAME, KENNY BALL, THE BARRON-KNIGHTS and DEEJAY ALAN FREEMAN and all at London's Royal Albert Hall on Sunday, 20th September, for FAB's great BEAT BALL. Tickets are £1, 15s., 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d. and 3s. 6d., obtainable from The Royal Albert Hall, London, S.W.7, and the usual ticket agencies.



● Apart from a GEAR IRON-ON TRANSFER (see Page 27), we have features on:

● A BIKINI-BUYING BOMBSHELL called MILLIE who really shakes up Nice and Cannes on a flying visit that will leave you gasping.

● THE MERSEYBEATS give FAB an exclusive on their own invention — a HOLIDAY CAMP BED!

● A truly FAB feature on CILLA BLACK and her road manager Bobby Willis . . . rare readin'.

● FAB'S Sylvia has a terrific TELEDATE with DEC CLUSKEY of THE BACHELORS.

● THE HOLLIES have their own one-girl advice bureau, and she gives them advice that makes fascinatin' reading!

● AND there's a FAB POP GAME devised 'specially for FABULOUS. It's a HIT every time and you play it with FOUR PENNIES!



Cilla Black



The Rolling Stones



The Hollies



The Merseybeats

AND THESE FOUR SUPER FAB PIN-UPS

PLUS

PIN-UPS OF

MILLIE THE SWINGING BLUE JEANS
THE DAVE CLARK FIVE RINGO STARR
CLIFF and the SHADOWS & P J PROBY

so make for the bookstalls NOW . . . FAB sells out fast and it's on sale next Monday

. . . price **1** shilling.

CHARLIE WATTS DRAWS LOTS

... And so do some of
Charlie's mates ...
EAB's June finds out
the missing link be-
tween the world of Art
and the world of Beat.

THERE'S a lot of art in rhythm 'n' blues. And it isn't all in the sun! It seems to me that a lot of would-be artists go to art school to avoid being tied down in a routine job.

Then they find themselves looking around desperately for something else. So they pick up a guitar and join a r'n'b group.

Of course, they make a good name. And some of them really can produce works of art.

Take Charlie Watts, for instance. Charlie Boy has written a book about his favourite jazzman Charlie Parker, who is fondly called "The Bird." Being a Charlie Boy product, it's full of off-beat whimsy. To a child it would be a book about birds; to an adult a book about Charlie Parker. It's illustrated throughout in full colour.

He produced it two years ago, and would like to see it in print. But he is afraid that people will accuse him of doing a John Lennon, or judge it as a book by "one of those Rolling Stones." He keeps taking it out and looking at it.

Charlie and art and music are one big happy family. The advertising agency where he worked his way up to being a graphic designer is only a few minutes walk from his co-manager's Regent's Park office. He used to play with r'n'b man Alexis Korner in the evenings and his working hours became so irregular that hints were dropped that it would have to be advertising or r'n'b. It became r'n'b and, soon after he left, two years ago, he joined a group of unknowns called The Rolling Stones.

Recently, he went back to the advertising agency to look up his old mates. At first they were very conscious that he was a Rolling Stone. But Charlie turned the tide of comments over to art, because that's the way he wanted it.

People who have worked with him have told me repeatedly that Charlie was an exceptionally promising designer.

Charlie tells me there are two ways of getting on in art.

"You either go to art school then on to The Royal College of Art where you leave at twenty-four knowing a lot about art and assured of a future in art, or you do it the way I tried.

"I left school at sixteen with a G.C.E. "O" level in art. I went to Harrow Art College, but I didn't go on it much, so I joined an advertis-

ing agency, Hobson's (you might call it Hobson's choice) as a tea boy. Between buying everyone's buns and sandwiches, I learned basic things like lettering. Eventually I became a visualiser and designed posters.

Stone Keith Richard tried another way. He went to Sidcup Art School and was in the same set as Dick Taylor, lead guitarist of The Pretty Things and a former Rolling Stone.



seemed to be guitars around the school (and there still are). Everyone used to sit in the cloakroom where there was a great bench full of guitars. They'd play until someone walked in and told them to stop. Persistent culprits were given the most cruel punishment available. They were banned from guitars except during breaks for a week!

Keith even had an electric guitar ... with amp.

Ph! May, the singing Thing, was at the school, too. They were all there for about three years and were quite serious about it. Occasionally they studied graphic design and spent some time designing record sleeves. Funnily enough, they all chose jazz for the subject.

But they talked rock 'n' roll. Well, they thought it was rhythm 'n' blues. But everyone was calling it rock 'n' roll then. There always

Dick went on to the Central School of Art and only turned to his current career after much persuasion. Phil still "doodles a bit" and would like to give more time to drawing.

"You need more than half-an-hour to create anything of importance. Sometimes you need to carry on through the day and into the night with a painting."

Keith's sketches are all over the flat he shares with Mick Jagger, and he can't pass an eye-catching poster without giving it a few minutes of his undivided attention.

None of them got as far as The Royal College of Art... the college receives six thousand applications a year for twenty vacancies. And there are so many art schools and so few openings in the art field, that students have to turn to other things. Like rhythm 'n' blues for instance.

Other r'n'b or pop stars who had their beginnings with a graph instead of a guitar include Eric Clapton (Yardbirds), Mike Wilsh (Four Pennies), Gordon Waller, Chris Huston (Undertakers), Bernie Dwyer (Dreamers), John Hutchinson (Big Three), Eric Burdon (Animals) and John Banks (Merseybeat). Pretty Thing John Stax went to art school for a fortnight.

The last word on the art of rhythm 'n' blues goes to Charlie Watts: "The most rebellious people in the world are the young people, the students. They have something to say and the best way they can say it is through art and music. The two things go together like rhythm and blues."

P.S. Charlie showed me a sketch of his. In it the world looked as if it was heading towards its own destruction. But it wasn't anything as morbid as that.

Charlie says that so many people are talking about going to the moon that they might as well take the whole world with them. ...

It's a point of view!

JUNE SOUTHWORTH



Fab | Charles
Watts

Keith Altham says

C'EST FAB

for Francoise Hardy

Amidst the screaming of new Marseilles-sounds and he-tortured-the-trigrid-the blues singers, a record slips onto the turntables and a sh... almost apologetic voice whispers a soft French ballad. It's a sad voice that sings of times when love was young. It's the voice of a nineteen year old French girl—Francoise Hardy.

Down at the Ready, Steady, Go studios, Francoise was sitting alone listening to The Marseilles rehearsal. She has a shy sensitive face and is embarrassed by her limited English. I questioned her about her long natural hair-style and she replied softly: "Non—not styled. Just combed." It was.

I discovered that she likes reading "slow" and is very forgetful. She has a bad habit of arranging to see a number of people all at the same time.

"I have a very poor memory," she smiled sadly. I could imagine anyone forgiving Francoise for anything.

At sixteen she was given her first guitar for passing her school examinations. She went to University in Paris to study German. She spent much of her time composing songs about girls who lost their boyfriends because they were not pretty enough.

Francoise considers herself unattractive.

"My nose is too long, my mouth too large and I look like a horse when I smile." She has a studio flat near the Gare St. Lazare, but is rarely there. Most of her time is spent wandering around with the five musicians who back her and who ride in a Citroën she bought for them.

"It is a lovely life," she sighed resignedly. "I have no time to stop and make friends."

Francoise recently sang at the famous Olympia in Paris and picked the price to her capacity. She earns somewhere in the region of £100 a night for these appearances but admits to no money on credit.

"I look best in a sweater and slacks or a man's shirt," she said.

Francoise believes that much of her success is due to the fact that she is too plain for French girls to feel jealous of her.

"They buy my records because they know I could never steal the heart of their boy friends," she said.

I did a quick appraisal of her long wavy hair, the cascade of fair hair falling onto her shoulders, those large beautiful blue eyes and soft generous mouth.

Well, beauty, as they say, is in the eye of the beholder. But to me, and countless other fans, she's a knock-out gal.



casebook history on Vince



Name of Patient Vincenzo Zoino

Born Brooklyn, New York, 1931

Description Height 6 ft 2 ins. Eyes Hazel-green. Hair Black.

Characteristics Likes athletics and spends long hours in the gymnasium. Enjoys weight lifting and surfing.

Quick to anger and just as quick to calm down. Admits to being temperamental and impatient especially when the way he wishes to play a scene on film.

Food A vegetarian and will eat no food that has been grown by the aid of artificial means. Enjoys salads and nuts and never eats any kind of meat. Never touches alcoholic drinks and has never smoked.

Personal Interests Motor cycles and cars. Loves tinkering with the engine and was once a keen rider in motor cycle races. Enjoys good singing and has a large record collection including artists like Frank Sinatra and Peggy Lee. Main hobby was a personal interest of his.

Watches the fights (boxing) a great deal and carries on heavyweight champion Rocky Marciano, among his close friends. They often spar in a gym together.

Dislikes Physical violence and having to play any type of character which involves two of the tough vicious gangsters who lived in Brooklyn during his childhood.

Never wishes to ask him for medical advice as he has no professional experience. Thinks he can't cure his own ailments.

Vocal Ability Has a deep voice and good range. Around ten years ago he made several talent appearances as a singer. He cut a number of rock 'n' roll records for the American market and one for this country called "Lollipop." It made no impression on the charts. Years later he recorded an L.P. to coincide with the Ben Casey TV series. It reached the top three in the American L.P. charts. He now keeps his vocal chords in good condition by recording regularly for a major disc company.

Sleep Sleeps at least four hours a night. He usually tries to put in an hour's weight-lifting or other physical exercise before going home.

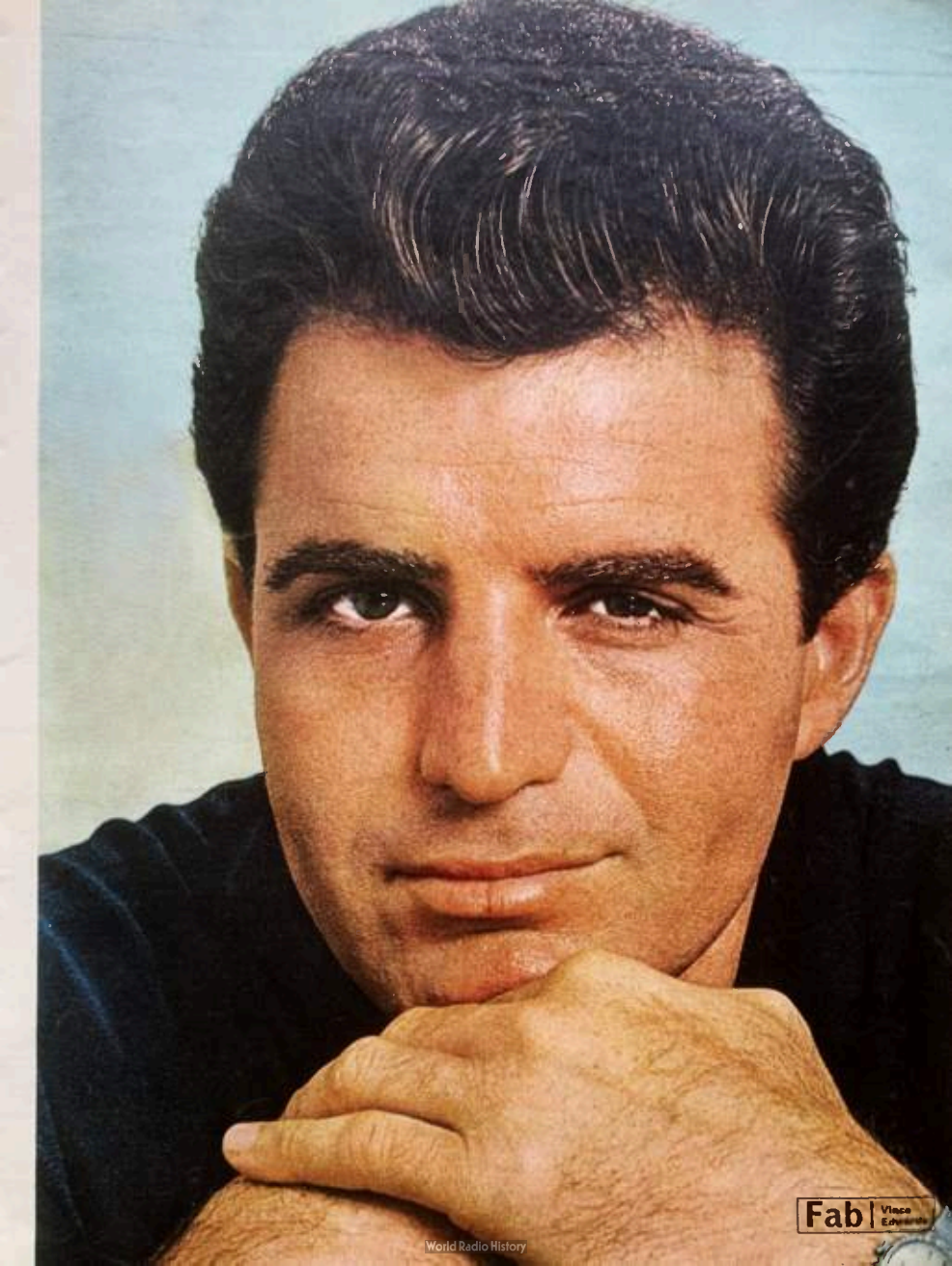
Previous Accidents Had his nose severely broken by a baseball bat during a game he was playing in 1942. His producer asked him what had happened to the nose, when he auditioned for the Ben Casey role. Edwards replied that he could get it fixed. The producer replied that if he did that he would probably break it again. It has a perfect curve.

At Phoenix, Arizona, he had to make a personal appearance and was tempted underfoot by 25,000 women. He escaped with minor injuries.

Final Diagnosis Fibrosis—100 per cent. Phytosis—100 per cent. Acid ability—500 per cent.

Remarks What's this guy doing in hospital anyway?





Fab | Vice
Equipment

SEE YOU IN MY DREAMS

'cos FAB'S Sylvia finds out that pop stars have wishes, too.

Everyone dreams, even pop stars. Although they lead exciting lives that they wouldn't swop for anything, they still sometimes day-dream about being something else. The FAB gang, being kind, charitable and all that gear, decided to find out what are the secret dreams of seven of our top stars and make them come true. Now we're waiting for a fairy god-mother!



FREDDIE: "I wish I were Tony Leama, who won the golf championship at St. Andrews this year. I'm wacky about golf, and if I weren't a pop star, I'd really love to be a golfer. Anyway (with a gleam in his eye) if I were permanently armed with golf clubs, I could use them to smash everyone's discs except my own."

And with that he disappeared, "Yaahooing" and "Yippeeing" over the horizon.



MIKE SARNE: "My secret dream? Well, my lovely (Mike has a habit of calling girls 'My lovely'), it's funny you should ask that because I was watching *Fireball XL5* on TV a little while ago—you know the programme about puppets in space and so on—and it started me daydreaming. I thought 'I'd love to be a spaceman.' Then I thought 'No I wouldn't, space is a bit much, but piloting a plane would be marvellous.' And the more I thought about it, the more I wanted to try it. Yes I think I'd like to be a pilot. And I'd love to make a parachute jump, too."



◀ **DAVE CLARK:** "Ever since the days when I was a film extra I've dreamed of being a film director. So why don't we make an epic called *Fab Gang Meets The Monsters*? The rest of the Five can be the Monsters and I'll direct."





WAYNE FONTANA: "My secret dream is to be a doctor. There's only one snag. I can't stand the sight of blood. Still, this is a dream, so I'll dream that I'm a doctor who just wanders around looking impressive and thuds off when the blood starts flowing."

LULU: "Oh, that's easy. My biggest passion is hair. I spend hours doing my own, so I wish I were a hairdresser. At least, if I weren't a singer I'd wish I were a hairdresser. Music is the only thing I love more than trying out new styles."



GORDON WALLER: "I want to be a layabout, but there's one condition. I must have a million pounds to lay about on. Why is that my secret dream? Well, isn't it everybody's?"



P. J. PROBY: "I'd like to be an oyster sheller. What d'you mean, what's that? It's a guy who sits around beaches shelling oysters, of course. I'd like to do that because it doesn't need much effort and I'm basically a lazy guy. So I'd like to just sit around in the sun doin' something that demands practically no effort. Yep, I'd like to be able to be an oyster sheller."

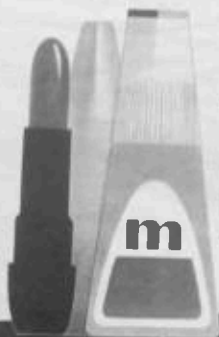
So now you know. That's what the stars dream about when they sit in coaches whizzing them from one date to another. Freddie wishes he were on a golf course; to Mike Sarne, the coach is a plane and he's the pilot.

So next time the boss raps you over the knuckles for day dreaming when you should be working, remember, the famous day dream, too.



Fab | Karl King and
The Vintettes

Join a real glossy group.
Minera fab match makers. Eleven
gear lip colours matched with lush
lacquers and fab frosted for nails.
Backed by all Mods in the know---
and spun only by Minera.
LIPSTICK 1/6; NAIL LACQUER 1/6;
FROSTED NAIL LACQUER 2/6.



minera **m**

m
LP*

Pop Shade Parade

YOUR LIGHTEST LINE-UP

HONEY KICK, COFFEE BAR,
YA-YA YELLOW, YUM-YUM PINK,
THE PALEST, YELLOW KICK,
GO LIGHT, SIZZLIN' ORANGE,
REAL COOL PINK, WAY OUT PINK,
APRICOT TWIST.

* LUXEMBOURG PROGRAMME 
'WORLD TOP POPS' WITH BRIAN MATTHEW
TUNE IN EVERY THURSDAY 9.30 TO 9.45 P.M.

GET ON THE
Lovable
 WAVELENGTH



TUNE IN TO THE
COLOUR PARADE

Will it be 'Blueberry'...or will it be 'Lemon Sherbet'? Or any one of the other fabulous Lovable bra colours. Here is the only Hit Parade where every bra is top of the pops. Contour 'backing' by Lovable designers...melody group-in colours that sing right out.

'MILANO' Style 42¹ A sensational shirred antihel underwire for a firm uplift. Flatters waistline for free movement. In Shimmer (Lilac), Heavenly Blue, Lemon Sherbet, Turquoise, White, Black. Sizes: A32-B 832-38, C34-40 **8711**
 Matching suspender belt - Style 1421 **8711**

'VALENCIA' Style 864 All-over nylon lace with light foam contour cups. Shocked and charmed for modern women. In Candy (Lilac), Lemon Sherbet, Heavenly Blue, Shimmer, White, Black. Sizes: 322-36, 332-38 **12711**

'LOVETTE' Style 888 Contemporary multi-texture stretchy scalloped edging. Impassioned choice combining an antihel and shock-resistant cups. Lemon Sherbet, Lilac, Heavenly Blue, Shimmer, White, Shabby and Black. Sizes: 322-36, 332-40, C34-42 **7711**

'JUANITA' Style 414 Contour pleated with stretchy multi-texture shock resistant straps. Long and soft multi-ribbed matching Shocked to Pink-Maxi-Glam! Black (Lilac), Heavenly and White. Sizes: A42B 34, A32 B 832-38, 144-46 (see style) **876**

LOVABLE BRASSIERE CO. LTD. FARINGDON AVENUE, GUROLD HILL, ROMFORD, Essex



It takes work
to get to
the top and more
work to
stay there. Ask
Susan Hampshire.
She knows. After
years of try-
ing, she's made
it—big. After
all, what could be
bigger than a co-
starring role with
Cliff? In this
FAB special, Susan
tells what it takes
to get there.



HERE'S A STAR

GIRLS GIRLS GIRLS GIRLS



A LADDIN had his genie. Cinderella the Kind Fairy. But The Swinging Blue Jeans have nothing less than a Beauty Queen to carry the torch for them twenty-four hours a day.

Tall, shapely Gaynor Schofield, a nineteen-year-old blonde is Girl Friday to these four lads "natives."

Gaynor, recently in the finals of the Miss England beauty competition, draws her weekly pay packet for being a walking encyclopedia on Messrs Ray Ennis, Norman Kuhlise, Les Braid and Ralph Ellis.

She buys shirts, ties and socks for them, fixes up air passages and contracts, reminds them of friends' and parents' birthdays and even arranges visits to the barber.

Gaynor used to be a medical secretary in a hospital at Whiston, Lancashire.

But nine months ago The Swinging Blue Jeans manager, impresario Jim Ireland, in search of someone to be their Big Sister, spotted Gaynor and offered her the job.

She reigns supreme in an office next to Jim's sumptuous suite at Liverpool's Mardi-Grass club.

Normally it is neat and tidy. But when The S.B.J.'s are in Liverpool it resembles something between a battlefield and a jumble sale.

Littered across her desk are shirts, slacks, ties, shoes, cakes, biscuits, cigarettes and autograph books.

"They haven't a clue where they put things. But heaven help me if I lose anything," Gaynor told me.

"Once I bought one of them the wrong size shirt and never heard the end of it."

At the risk of starting a revolution when they read this, Gaynor took me into her office, and spilled the beans on how she handles these four eligible bachelors.

In addition to running their errands, being at their beck and call and fussing over them generally, she has studied their personal likes and dislikes from A to Z.

"It's been an education. I can now tell what they are thinking by just looking at their faces."

This is the Schofield Report on The Swinging Blue Jeans.



SUSAN HAMPSHIRE this summer is on view in three major films. *Wonderful Life* with Cliff Richard; *Night Must Fall* with Albert Finney; *The Nine Lives of Thomasina* with Patrick McGovern and a Cat; plus a star role in a West End stage comedy, *Past Imperfect*. That's success, if you like.

Any girl can be a star today. There is a chance for all in showbiz now, not just for the pretty, or those with mums and dads who have influence.

But you must have talent... for acting, singing and dancing. Just look at the girls who have come from nowhere to the top and you will notice how the star system has changed. It doesn't matter so much who you are, but whether you can do the job.

Susan Hampshire is a girl who has had to fight the old ideas but not for the usual reasons. Not so long ago it could be said that the Social Ladder was also useful in climbing the West End Theatre Ladder. Sue Hampshire was on the Social Ladder.

"I was a debutante. I had my coming out season and all that." Sue told me. "Well, that didn't make it easy for me as an actress. Nobody at first thought I was really seriously set on becoming an actress."

"My mother was a ballet dancer and ran a dancing school, so I naturally followed her footsteps and landed in the Festival Ballet at fifteen. But I grew too

tall quickly, so ballet was out. But I had always had a yen to be an actress, so here was my chance. After my debutante season I set out to be an actress. I started by making tea literally. You see I managed to get a job in a seaside repertory theatre at Bognor Regis, where I swept the stage marks—sure that all the props were at hand, and played tiny bit parts. I was called Assistant Stage Manager. From Bognor I went to do similar jobs at Oxford and then The London Arts Theatre Club.

"It was only because I stuck at it that people began to realise that I was being deadly serious about it. Finally I lived down that ar-deb bit."

Sue thinks that if she hadn't had to live that down, it might have been easier for her.

Susan added: "You've got to be prepared to work really hard. Longer hours than in any office or shop. There will be times when you will be so tired out that you want to drop and you think it ain't worth while."

"You'd better forget romance for a time. You won't be able to have nice regular dates with boyfriends. Even now I am beginning to get established I don't go out at nights very often. Especially when working on a picture. There's nothing like late nights for making you look awful in front of a camera. And when you are not actually in front of the camera or on stage, there are arts to learn, books to read, songs to learn, other singers to

listen to. You are always working in some way.

"You must be prepared for tons of disappointments. I remember the times I could have cried when I saw other girls playing parts I thought I was going to get and which I was sure, deep down in my heart, I could play better!

"And in films, much of your early acting ends on the cutting room floor. No good taking it personally. But, it does hurt."

"I think the important thing is to be sincere and stay yourself. An audience or a camera quickly spots a phoney."

"And don't believe everything people try to tell you. Showbiz is full of flatterers who will say you are great, great, fab! Well, maybe you are. But remember that however long you are in the entertainment world you can always learn something new."

"Money... don't be misled by the big money you may earn. It may not last. And anyway you will have to spend so much on your job that it will worry you. It does me!"

Well, there are the snags of stardom for any girl. Compensations? Susan says: "You'll meet lots of new interesting people. You will be able to dress well. You will probably travel to romantic faraway places. And you will have the thrill of doing something that you really want to do and a chance to prove yourself good at it."

GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS

AND A TAR SECRETARY



Some girls get all the luck. Like Gaynor

Schofield, for instance. Not only is she blonde and

beautiful, but she's also Girl Friday to

the send-rational Swinging Blue Jeans. And they

are the first to admit that she is the perfect

secretary, so make notes as you read this—in

shorthand, if possible

starting with leader Ray Ennis:

"He loves films and would secretly like to be a suave, polished Cary Grant type in movies later on.

"Also has a passionate interest in football. Follows Everton and thought it was the end of the world when neighbouring Liverpool won the League Championship."

Then, with a careful glance under the desk to make sure no one was eavesdropping, Gaynor whispered: "His favourite food is chip butties."

On Ralph Ellis: "Next to the group, thinks only of fast cars and talking about them. You should hear us discussing the pros and cons of carburetors!"

"There's a Walter Mitty hiding in every lad and sometimes I think Ralph sees himself speeding round the race tracks like another Jim Clark."

Gaynor's voice dropped again. "He'll do anything for chocolate biscuits. Will slavishly follow anyone with a packet of them and not leave until they're all polished off."

Norman Kuhlis: "Norm is mad about swimming and will take a dip at the least excuse. Sometimes I think it's a pity Mr Ireland hasn't installed a portable pool in the office."

"It would be fun to see Norman in his fancy trunks diving off the desk."

"He considers drumming the most arduous task in any beat group. But that's only an excuse for ordering steak and chips at every meal, including breakfast."

Les Brad: "Collects old musical instruments and other junk. I had to put my foot down in case he became another Steptoe."

"He always asking me if I have spotted anything for his museum and would dearly have loved that trumpet which sounded the Charge of the Light Brigade."

Suddenly Gaynor ran to the door, flung it open. But no one was listening at the keyhole. In a tiny whisper she added:

"It's been a dose secret until now, but Les's favourite dish is ice cream and peanuts mixed together. Ugh..."

Gaynor, who loves the job, entered a beauty contest a few months ago for a bet. She was astounded when she won.

"I had several more successes and finished in the final of the Miss England competition.

"Unfortunately I didn't rate a place, but I'm not downhearted. I learned a thing or two from that appearance."

"This summer while *The Blue Jeans* are on tour I hope to enter more competitions. My sights are on the Miss United Kingdom and the Miss Great Britain titles."

It must be really something to be beautiful, brainy and the SBJ's One-girl Advice Bureau.





Pink and pretty for any occasion, Marianne's dress is an all-wool Dollyrocker by Sambo, £4.14.6. The nicest thing about it is its wide collar with small scalloped edging.



Dreamy and delightful for that special date is this floating pink chiffon two-piece, which is tied at the waist with a bow and has sleeves frilled with lace. By Miss Polly £7.19.6.



Daisy sweet—again in pink chiffon, this is a dress he loves with its high bust and three-quarter length flounced sleeves. A Sambo Dollyrocker—it costs 5 gns.

Sugar Sweets — Fashion by Gill

This week we have gone all romantic and sentimental, for the clothes we have chosen are really something to dream about with all the soft, feminine trappings to win HIS heart. Clothes with frills and flounces for a sugar and spice girl just like YOU, and our delightful sugar baby shown here

SHE'S floating on air, and she's the girl boys' dream about. Who is she? Sugar sweet Marianne Faithfull, a beautiful 17 year old blonde singer.

Marianne's very first record, *As Tears Go By*, was specially written for her by Rolling Stones, Mick Jagger and Keith Richard.

Playing Marianne's Mr. Wonderful is Dougie Gibbons, 19 year old rhythm and blues singer.

Dougie will tell you the girl he loves will look enchantingly romantic in every

shade of pink, from cloudy pastel to frankly shocking—just enough to turn his head.

Crazy clothes are fun—and you've loved every minute of moving with the latest gimmicky gear.

First the shy young schoolgirl in panama and knee-high socks, then the demure miss in your Tom Jones blouse with leg o' mutton sleeves and black-velvet bow tied in your hair.

But now it is time to ring the changes, for the mood of the moment is the

soft, dreamy look, and it's so feminine. The dewy, gentle look in make-up is Dougie's ideal. Marianne's fragile grey/blue eyes are high-lighted with Lenthalic's Gris Francais, 6s. 6d.

This is an eye shadow cream in a pretty pale, dove grey to give them that porcelain look.

To wear with all pretty shades of pinks, Marianne's lipstick is Nearly Pink by Cutex, 4s.

Marianne's perfume is Gardenia, by Goya in the new Spray Cologne, 12s. 9d.



Be soft and cuddly as a kitten in this long, long skirt by Reldan £5. 15. 6. The blouse is also by Reldan and costs £3.



Be the girl on his mind in this suit by Reldan. Comes in soft heathery tweeds, price £8. 18. 6.





Fab | P. J. Proby

MEET THE



VENDETTAS

Karl King and The Vandettas were scattered round me in the pleasant lounge of a house in South East London.

"What's your favourite hobby?" I asked Karl himself.

"Dusty Springfield." The Vandettas chorused.

"Hello." I thought. "This is going to be one of those interviews."

And I was right. It was. But I managed to find out something about this FAB group for you; despite the efforts of one Mr. Karl King, plus four Vandettas. Here's the low-down on them.

Karl himself was born on 1st October, 1949, which makes him fifteen this year. He's still at school, Alexandria Secondary Modern, Sydenham, and his headmaster has no objection to his out-jagging Mick teat hairstyle. The headmaster at Karl's last school, however, wasn't so understanding. "So," says Karl. "I—er—left." He has dark brown hair and brown eyes and his best subject at school was English. He hates crowds and dust. His taste in music is what he describes as "Real rhythm and blues, Sonny Boy Williamson, Jimmy Reed." He also likes folk music but only rarely enjoys pop discs. "Mainly The Stones."

He doesn't like wearing suits or new clothes, prefers to wear leather, suede and corduroy. Has one brother.

Al J. Butten (no kidding) is the fair haired, bespectacled joker of the group. At is eighteen, an ex-grammar school boy who likes mohair suits, loves tea and hates buses. His taste in music runs to Bo Diddley, The Rolling Stones, early Shadows and—guess who—Dusty Springfield. He enjoys archery, says he's six feet tall, to which Nick retorts: "If you're six feet I'm twelve feet seven." Actually, Nick, 6ft. 3 1/2in. is the tallest Vandetta of 'em all. He's also, at 19, the eldest. His full name is Nick Weston. He, too, is an ex-grammar school boy and when I met them, he was mourning the fact that he'd blown up his Jag 3.4 on a motorway. "And before I've finished paying for it too." Nick has one sister and lives in Brockley. He has gorgeous, brown eyes, likes the Everly Brothers, Roy Orbison, early Shadows and of course—Dusty Springfield. Told me the boys picked the name for their group from a dictionary. Says his taste in clothes is: "Suits more than anything."

Tony Day is the quietest Vandetta. Fair haired, brown eyed and 17, he has four sisters and two brothers and his age brings him approximately into the middle of that little lot. His taste in music is "Anything good." and compared to the rest of the group, he's pretty serious. But he has a lovely smile. Likes to wear casual clothes and told me with one of the quick flashes of humour that characterises him that "Karl's hobby is growing hair." Tony's own hobby? Sleeping. Oh, and he's learning to drive. At 5ft. 10in., he's the smallest Vandetta.

Tony's only just the smallest, though, Chris Plumb just about tops him at 5ft. 10 1/2in. "In my tie," as he puts it. What's his tie got to do with it? Don't ask me. Chris likes going for long walks, listening to Mary Wells, and Buddy Holly.

When I asked him what his taste in clothes is, he wailed, "I can't afford to wear clothes. But I sometimes wear the suit when my brother will loan it to me."

On being hit over the head with three copies of FAB, he admitted that he likes casual clothes. Agrees with Tony that sleeping is the favourite hobby. Drives a green Singer saloon like there was going to be no tomorrow.

One thing's for sure, though. There are going to be lots of interviews for Karl King and The Vandettas. SYLVIA STEPHEN

A VERY odd thing has happened to the very normal and pleasant Ray Brooks. Two years ago he made a film called *Some People*, which was all about teen rebels and the Duke of Edinburgh's award scheme. The film was released to a flood of rave reviews and return bookings and it should have made a big star of Ray, but it didn't—*not* quite.

Now the film has been issued in Denmark and suddenly Ray has been swamped with fan mail.

"It's a very strange feeling. Almost as if I've been given back two years of my life," Ray told me. "They write thinking that the film has only just been made and I'm a teen-up type in a black leather jacket." He paused and smiled widely.

"And so much has happened in those two years..."

"And so much has happened over from newly teenage rebels to the micky. For a kick-off, Ray has missed out from newly teenage rebels to the micky. He's taken and remained of TV's long-running *Taxi* series. His fan-mail from the programme comes every age group. Older penmen and tiny tots date in him as well as the without age group. They're convinced that Terry Mills (the name of the taxi driver he plays) really exists.

In fact, Ray Brooks isn't the lively innkeeper of the series. He comes from Brighton and speaks in a gentle, pleasant voice without a trace of accent. He's well-briefed in the courtesy department. He also thinks a lot.

One thing to which he's given much thought is why people who have been actors for six months can make a hit record and get a star name, while he's been acting his heart out in rep., films and TV for eight years and is still *not* at the top of his profession. (Or so he says.)

SINCE he's all for the "if you can't beat 'em..." bit, he's cut his first record, *Runaround*, which is slightly Beatish and commercial. The song was written by Johnny Worth, who turned out all the Adam Faith "baby" songs.

The record was made privately on a sunny afternoon in a studio near Regent's Park. Most of the musicians would probably have preferred the park to a steamy studio and Ray was shaking in his Chelsea boots. But it all clicked and the record was pronounced a hit and everyone went home happy.

It all started when Ray's agent asked music publisher Freddie Poser if he had any likely songs for Ray.

"Can you sing?" asked Freddie.

"No," said Ray.

It seemed a fair enough start, so they called up Johnny Worth and asked him for a couple of songs and he finished writing *Runaround* and *Everybody's Got A Secret* on his way over to them.

Everyone liked the singer who said he couldn't sing, so they hired the studio and added another chapter to the Ray Brooks story.

It isn't the first time an actor has cut a record. Mike Sarne, John Leyton, Oliver Reed, Ian McShane, Chris Sandford, Richard Chamberlain, Vince Edwards, George Chakiris... it's a long and successful list. But Ray isn't doing it for money, fans or glory. He's doing it in the hope that people will remember his name. Especially "acting people"... who forget how good he was in films like *Some People*.

JUNE SOUTHWORTH



Ray gets the Runaround





Fab 72

"WE were wondering where you'd got to!" exclaimed Brian O'Hara, better known as Owie! (Why, Owie?)

Your guess is as good as mine.)

I was ushered into the lift, and whizzed up to the flat where the other 3 of the group were waiting for me. As I went into the large living-dining room, Dave (Lovely) Lovelady flashed me one of his nicest smiles. Mike Millward did a mock faint at my feet. Billy Hatton just slumped in his chair.

I've never been so popular before! I tried to kid myself it was my charming personality, or even my new mod dress. But as the boys showed me eagerly into the kitchen, I had to be honest with myself. The truth was I was carrying a large brown carrier bearing the morning's shopping. In a rash moment I had offered to cook lunch for the boys. The day of reckoning had come!

Covered from chin to shin in their outsized plastic pinafore, I took the goodies out of the bag, and began to grill the steak. "That's enough for me," said Mike. "But what about the others?"

Looking up and down at Mike's 6 ft. 3 in., I decided he wasn't joking. Perhaps it does take 2 lb. of steak to fill him up!

"I'm starving, love!" He went on. "We didn't have any breakfast!" I began to feel guilty about arriving half an hour late, and stuffed a piece of lettuce in his mouth to shut him up.

Dave hovered in the doorway asking if he could do anything to help. "Just William" Hatton poked a fork into the potatoes to see if they were ready, and informed me that he didn't like cucumber. Mike started to eat the tomatoes.

I sent Dave to set the table, and told Mike and Billy if they sat at the table I'd serve them first. It worked! They all left, and I got cracking.

I tick in the plates and sat next to Owie and Mike. The boys were in a mad mood. I tried to start a serious conversation with the least scatty member of the group, Dave Lovelady.

It had always puzzled me what had happened to the super bus which they had fitted out for themselves.

Moira Conway says they're

FOUR WITH



THE MOST (APPETITE)

"We had a great time in that bus," said Billy. "It was fitted with beds. Brian's dad made a special sink to fit over it."

"It had its disadvantages though," chimed in Mike. "The roof leaked above my bed. Every time it rained I had to sleep in my ridding traps!"

"It was a bit embarrassing going through towns before we had the windows blacked out," said Billy, taking up the story, "sitting up in bed in our nighties with the bedclothes up to our necks staring back at the people in the street as we went by!"

"We eventually had to sell the bus because it was always breaking down," said Brian. "And then the back axle broke!"

The Fourmost seem to have been unlucky with their transport. Brian told me they'd had the same trouble with a van they used to have in Liverpool.

"We used to dash out of a dance hall signing autographs and chatting up the birds, and jump into the van for a quick get-away. Then the van wouldn't start, and we all had to get out and push, feeling right Charles!"

Those days are over now, and so are the times when they turned up at clubs and dance halls to find that their place had been taken by another group.

"That happened to us a couple of times," said Dave. "Another group telephoned the places we were playing, and said we couldn't make it and they would fill in!"

But that didn't stop The Fourmost coming through their apprenticeship in Liverpool as one of the top groups. Another problem came when their singer and guitarist, Mike, went into hospital for an operation on his neck.

"We didn't know what to do," said Dave. "We tried to go through the numbers without Mike before the show that night, but it was terrible! Then this bloke Bill Parkinson walked in and said 'I heard you were looking for a guitarist—would you give me a try?' We did. He was brilliant!"

That also seemed to do them more good than harm because when Mike returned to the fold they made *A Little Loving*, and took up their season at the London Palladium.

It seemed to me that they had just about reached the top of the tree in their profession, so I asked them what ambitions they had left to achieve.

Dave, an ex-architectural student said he had some ideas for a house he and Brian would like to build. Brian said he would like to live near or on a sunny sugar-white beach. (Who wouldn't?)

Mike agreed with Brian. Billy said his ambition was something I could help him to achieve. He fancied the taste of coffee in his mouth!

That's what I like about The Fourmost—they're subtle!

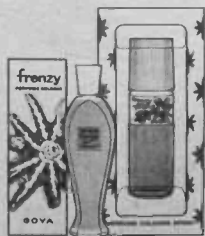
Don't forget the Fab Fourmost are in our FAB Pop Prom (see pages 2 and 3). They and it are a MUST!

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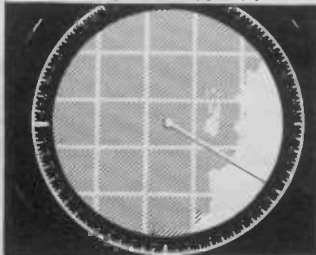
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in record time

● Eric Burdon this week for a concert tour with singer Brenda Lee comes Bill Haley, the man who triggered off the first big boom in beat music five years ago.

Why back in 1953 Bill and his group, The Comets, made a disc called *Rock Around The Clock*—and it became the best-selling best record of all time with world-wide sales of fifteen million! Just recently there has been something of a revival in Bill Haley's music. For some months there has been a steady demand for copies of Bill's "Rock" disc and a new version of the number has been a minor hit. It looks as though thirty-six year old Bill could fit the jigsaw all over again.

While he is here Bill will be appearing in a string of radio and TV shows including *Ready, Steady, Go!*, "Thank You Lucky Stars," "Top Of The Pops," "Beat Room," "Juke Box Jury" and "Saturday Club." In the meantime you can hear his particular brand of beat music in *Rock The Joint*, containing a dozen swinging tracks on Pye's bargain price Golden Guinea label.

Bits of the rest

● The Shadows are on a wild beat kick with their latest *Rhythm 'n' Green* (Columbia). The number comes from a soon-to-be seen film documentary of the same title, starting the group and telling the story of life on British beaches throughout the ages. They tell me it's hilarious!

● Mike Rabin, an old handliner, Gene makes a promising disc debut with a catchy song called *Head Over Heels* (Columbia). His backing group are The Demons.

● American Gene Pitney who is one of the most interesting—and also the most talented—singers I have ever met brings up some of his best recordings on Gene Pitney's Big 18 (United Artists, LP). Included are such winners as *24 Hours From Tulsa*, *The Man Who Shot Liberty Bells* and *Town Without Pity*.

● New group The Messengers, three boys and a girl from High Wycombe, are getting the big break-up treatment in an effort to take over from where The Springfields left off. And indeed they sound like that late-moment group with their first disc, *I'm Swain's Back* (Columbia).

● Former Vamp's girl Margaret Strader and ex-Ciff Adams singer Glona George met while appearing in the "Stars and Garters" TV show, decided to team up as The Ladybirds and come up with a very catchy *Memento* (Columbia).

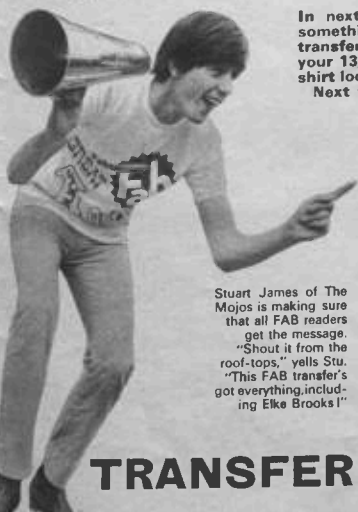
KEN BOW



IT'S HERE!! IT'S GEAR and IT'S FREE!

In next week's FABULOUS we really have something to shout about... this iron-on transfer for your T shirt... you just transfer your 13 1/2 in. by 9 1/2 in. transfer to make your T shirt look terrific—

Next week, we'll tell you how easy it is!



Stuart James of The Mojos is making sure that all FAB readers get the message. "Shout it from the roof-tops," yells Stu. "This FAB transfer's got everything, including Elke Brooks!"



Something's got a hold on me, sings Elke. Could be the transfer. Her reply to Stu: "I hear you loud and clear, Yeah, Stu. It's a great, great give-away. Now get down off that roof!"

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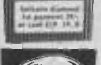
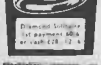
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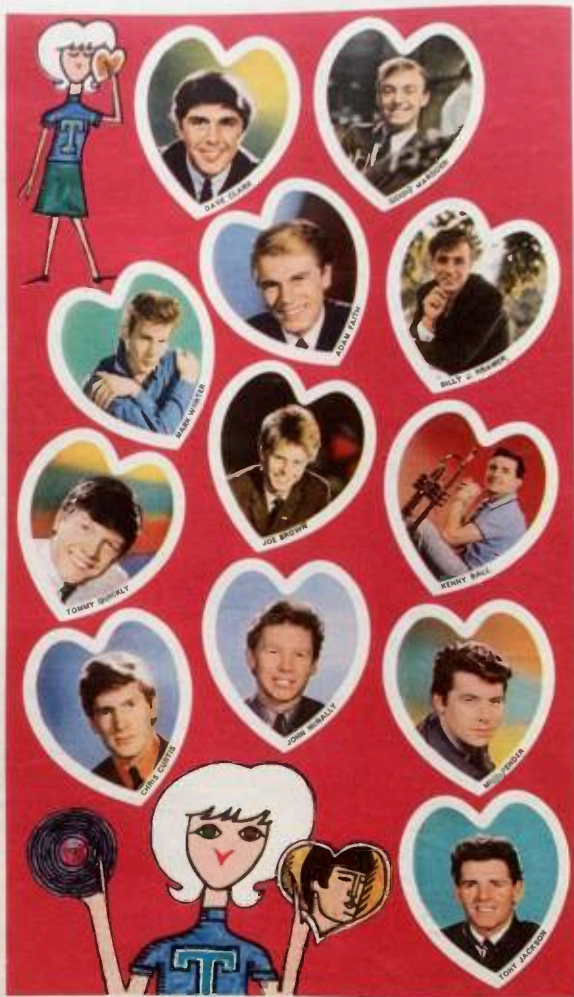
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maureen's letter box



BACHELOR BRED

Robin Hall of Scotland writes: Can you settle an argument for me, please? Where were the Bachelors born? Con and Dec Cluskey (twenty-two and twenty years respectively) and John Stokes (aged twenty-three) were all born in Dublin.

SILHOUETTES FAN

Caroline Sutton of Rochford, Essex, writes: Please could you give me some information on Brian Howard and the Silhouettes. Including their fan club address. Brian Howard who is the lead singer also plays the 'harmonica', or his own description the "Noonlute".

I dunno about me givin' inside information this week. I've boozed, I've goofed and I'm sorry. To those readers who give me The Animals Fan Club is: 58 Handyside Arcade, Percy Street, Newcastle upon Tyne, thanks... the info just wasn't to hand... The Ed makes sure it is now, so keep writing... Maureen will make up for all!

Brian is twenty-one years old and is said to be "Car Mad".

Johnny Paito who is the lead guitar and also sings is twenty-two years old and the rest of the group name him as the "Conehead".

Phil Charles who plays bass guitar and sings is only twenty and his speciality is keeping chickens (if I knew he was hen-patched). Carry!!!

Barry Mitchell plays the drums and marbles (not all at once, I hope). Barry is twenty-one years old.

Their fan club is run by: Miss Shirley Leonard, 32 Darley Gardens, Morden, Surrey.

Last but by no means least their latest

record is called 'I boozed, and it is released on the Fontana label.

HOLLIE HOE-DOWN

Julie Lambert of Kingston writes: Can I have some hits lines on the great Hollies, please?

You can! Here's the low-down: Graham Nash was born in Blackpool in February, 1947 but went to live in Manchester when he was two. He is five feet ten and a half inches tall and weighs ten stone. He has brown hair, blue eyes. Graham's hobby is writing music and his ambition is to reward his parents for their encouragement in his career.

Allan Clarke was born in Salford in April, 1942. He is five feet ten and a half inches tall, has black hair and brown eyes and weighs ten and a half stone. Allan's hobby is playing the guitar and escorting young ladies about town! With Graham Nash he wrote Hey, What's Wrong With Me.

Tony Hicks was born in Nelson in December, 1944, and has the broadest Lancashire accent in the group. He had his first guitar when he was eleven and appeared on television a year later in the *Carroll Lewis Show*. Tony is six feet tall, has brown hair and blue eyes.

Bobby Elliott was born in Lancashire in December, 1942. Bobby is six feet tall, has fair hair and grey eyes. He weighs around 150 pounds.

Eric Haycock was born in Stockport in February, 1943. He is the quiet member of

the group and is five feet ten inches tall, weighs nine stone ten pounds, has black hair and brown eyes.

MERSEYBEATS FAN CLUB

Susan Hiles of Glamorgan writes: Please could you give me the fan club address of the Merseybeats?

With pleasure, Sue. Miss Ann Savdars 406 Old Bedford Road, Luton, Beds

GEN ON KEN

Joan Crawford of Cheltenham asks: Can I have some gen on super Kenny Lynch, where was he born, when, what food he likes, etc. If a cinch. Kenny was born in Steyney on 18th March, 1938. He left school at fifteen and became an apprentice to a tailor, then went into a boiler insulating job. Kenny served his National Service in the Royal Army Service Corps. Kenny's spare time at the moment is divided between learning to fly a Tiger Moth, finishing his first novel and taking piano lessons. Among his likes, Kenny lists: boxing, football, steak, Frank Sinatra and Mel Tormé.

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

MEET A BEATLE!

What a show the National Beat Final is going to be! Here's all the gen. It's to be held at THE PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE, COVENTRY STREET, LONDON, W.1, on the night of SUNDAY, 27th September, from 7-10.30 p.m. The top amateur groups from all over the country will be competing for wonderful prizes. Don Moss will be competing. There'll be a star-studded panel of judges up on the stage, ranging from a Beatle to David Jacobs and including the FAB reader who has won our jury panelist's prize. There'll be fun, excitement—and plenty of laughs. Top groups like THE ROLLING STONES are presenting mystery prizes.

And, of course, there'll be television cameras writing—including shots of you, the audience. Coming?

THIS IS YOUR TICKET TO THE STARS ▶

Lydia Cornell, the contest secretary, is handing the bookings for tickets at Oxfam H.Q. in Oxford. All applications for tickets, complete with money orders or postal orders for the right amount, must reach her by 17th September. On that day ticket allocations will be made and, in the case of too many bookings, a ballot will be held. Any unsuccessful readers will have their money returned immediately. To make things simple, we've designed the booking coupon on the right. But if you don't want to cut your copy of FAB, write out your requirements in a letter to accompany your money order.

If you don't live in London, why not get up a coach party? Lydia Cornell will help you make arrangements if you write to her promptly.

THEY'LL ALL BE THERE!



DAVID JACOBS, ALAN FREEMAN, Tony A and R man of the Top Records.

NATIONAL BEAT TIME FINAL, PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE, COVENTRY ST., LONDON, W.1, T. M. SUNDAY, 27th SEPTEMBER. MY TICKET BOOKING—

I WOULD LIKE TICKETS AT
7/6 10/- 12/6 15/-

(Tick the price you would like. Remember that there are only a limited number of tickets at 7s. odd, and you stand a better chance if you select the better, more expensive seats, where possible.)

I ENCLOSE MONEY ORDER

POSTAL ORDER VALUED AT

SEND MY TICKETS TO:

NAME

ADDRESS

Return this coupon to: LYDIA CORNELL, OXFAM, 274 BANBURY RD., OXFORD

beat time for oxfam

LYDIA—the contest secretary—writes...

Well there on the right is the special announcement that FAB readers were promised last week: full details of our exciting Final at the Prince of Wales Theatre on 27th September. Please make sure that your bookings for tickets, complete with a postal order for the correct amount of money, reaches me at Oxford by the deadline day, 17th September. That's the day on which tickets will be allocated and it's very doubtful if there'll be any to spare afterwards.

Before I sign off here's some news of special interest to readers in the EXETER and LEEDS areas. These are the last two regions to run Beat Heats, and readers in those two areas are in time to go along and join in the fun. Details: EXETER: St. George's Hall, Fore Street, 7th-12th September inclusive. There'll be stars along some nights, and a fabulous collection of groups from all over the South-west taking part in the contest. LEEDS: Town Hall, Leeds 14th-18th September, inclusive. These heats are being run, with the help of a youth team, by Mr. and Mrs. Don Reed who own The Duncannon in Leeds, and are known down there as Mum and Dad. So all Duncannon addicts—it's over to the Town Hall for those great five nights.

'Bye for now... It's been great meeting you all through FAB—and I look forward to meeting some of you in person on 27th September.

WHO'S WHO THIS WEEK

A key to this week's pin-ups



Left to right: Dave Munden, Alan Howard, Brian Poole, Alan Blakely, and Ricky West



Left to right: Chris Plumb, John Rostill, Brian Bennett, Terry Day, Karl King, Nick Weston and Al. J. Butten Welch.



Fab | David
Peyton

World Radio History