

WORLD'S POP STARS IN COLOUR COLOUR COLOUR

1950-1999

1' -

Fabulous

WITH MORE READERS' REQUESTS

8 KING SIZE FULL COLOUR PIN-UPS

McGARTNEY McENERY PROBY NASHVILLE ETC.



Keith was in his element the day Adrienne Poster came. He monopolised her all the time she was here, although we managed to drag him away for long enough for the readers to get to talk to her.

Adrienne collects dolls, and told us all about the huge collection she has at her family's flat in London. The Ed remembered that we have some lovely colour shots of Adrienne with her dolls, and a projector and screen were set up so that we could show the pictures to all the readers at the same time.

Adrienne helped me pull the curtains and I admired her very attractive navy blue and white outfit.

The room on the eighth floor of our new building wasn't the most luxurious cinema I've ever been in, but neither Adrienne nor the readers seemed to mind sitting on the floor to watch the pictures thrown on the screen. And anyway, it's not at every cinema that you have coffee and cakes passed to you by a star.

We also dug out some shots of The Beatles and The Stones and Adrienne "Oohed" and "Aahed" along with the rest of us. She knows The Stones very well and likes them very much.

Carol, Sheena, Gill, June, Maureen and I tried not to be too envious of Adrienne's petite loveliness. But Keith didn't help much by encouraging her to eat the gooiest cakes whilst telling his ever-lovin' colleagues to lay off the creamy stuff or we'd put on weight.

But we got our own back a couple of weeks later. The Fourmost came.

Keith and Adrienne Poster help two of our readers to some cakes. From the look on his face, I'd say he was rationing them. He only wants plenty of left-overs for Keith!



Now The Fourmost, as you'll probably have realised, are great favourites with all of us on FAB. The Ed goes positively weak at the knees every time she sees them coming over the horizon.

But none of us got a look-in with the boys at the party we had for them and thirty readers, for one of the readers had brought her five-year old sister with her. Within minutes, Brian O'Hara had perched her right on Mike and Dave's shoulders, while Billy dashed forward to be in the picture. Everyone was laughing and talking to the rather puzzled five year old. But she seemed to enjoy it.

Must see to it no five-year old charmers get in on our parties in future. I mean, the competition's rough enough as it is.



The Fourmost seem quite determined to prove that anything Palladium juggler Francis Brunn can do, they can do better. As jugglers they're great singers.

Tony Crane, leader of that fab group The Mersybeats made himself at home. Tony is keeping an eye on John, Johnny and Aaron in case they get carried away by our readers!

One letter we couldn't resist came from Norma and Valerie Strong. They begged to meet The Mersybeats.

Well, what could we do? We invited Norma and Valerie, plus forty other readers who'd written asking if they could visit us, to spend a morning at the FAB offices. After they'd seen everything from my cupboard to the thoroughly confusing art room, we trekked them to the Directors' Suite. Out came the projector and screen again. Coffee and cakes were handed round and, at exactly the right moment, in walked The Mersybeats. Norma and Valerie couldn't believe their eyes.

We put Sheena in charge of the projector, and The Mersybeats teased her for ages when she put a couple of the pictures in upside down.

We love having you up here to meet us, and from what the stars have said THEY enjoy it, too.



next week FAB has a GUY FAWKES SPECIAL

WHOOSH
WHOOSH
WHOOSH

that really sends the pop sky afloat... with a FIREWORK PARTY that nearly sent the FAB gang (and their pop-star mates) crackers... two Jumping Jacks — P. J. PROBY and SIMON SCOTT

... My kind of GUY, featuring FAB fans of AL

JACKSON, JOHN BANKS, BILLY HATTON and GRAHAM NASH... GOLDEN RAIN, a riot report on all that pop lolly... ZOOM! THEY'RE ON THEIR WAY TO THE STARS a lockdown on this year's up and coming chart-toppers PLUS KING SIZE FAB COLOUR PIX.



So make for the shops fast. FAB sells out quick... on sale next Monday... price 1 Shilling

THE MOJOS made it the HARD WAY

The Mojos' many FAB fans have been panting for a newsy story on the boys. This one is certainly newsy. We also hope you find it moving . . . we did.



The Mojos make a quick stop at Nick Crouch's home for tea. Left to right: Mrs. Crouch, Keith Karlson (seated), Nick, Stu James and Terry O'Toole.

A SLIM little lad of eleven pressed his nose against a cycle store, his round brown eyes fixed on a shiny new machine. "If only I could have my own bike," he murmured—and

skivered as rain splattered down his neck in rivulets from his uncovered thatch of brown hair. But his chances of a bicycle were slim. His dad had died when he was only five. His mum went out to work at a paint factory. The youngest of five, he knew what a struggle it was to keep a family going without a dad to bring home a pay-

packet. He still had no bike that next August, on his twelfth birthday. But the next Christmas brought a surprise he's never forgotten. His mum had scraped and saved . . . and there it was. His own bicycle. A speedy machine, just right for taking his dog Jock out for a fast run round the block.

That boy was John Conrad. For him, the struggle is over, for he is the drummer of the famous Mojos—the one the others called "Bob". Leaving school at sixteen, having a spell as an apprentice welder, he found fame through music. But he's never far in his thoughts from his mum, as he travels the world. He sends home money to her all the time, along with presents from the places he visits.

Liverpool in those days of the early 1950's was a difficult place to live. Blasted by bombing, losing out to more prosperous cities, plagued with mass unemployment.

The wind cut bitterly across the Mersey, touching with icy fingers many youngsters who often knew

what it was to go short of money.

Terry O'Toole, Mojo pianist, remembers Only too clearly. His dad was killed in the war. Terry, was youngest of six. Two elder brothers went out to work, to support mum and the others. The war, rationing, bombing. The urgency of getting a paper round as soon as he could to bring in a few more shillings. A feeling of complete insecurity.

Terry left school at fifteen and a half, had a spell at Liverpool College of Art. He didn't get on well, though he still relaxes by painting.

He took up interior decorating. "That didn't work either. We worked in a big house with big rooms . . . and no heating. I hated being cold. So I worked in a solicitor's office. Then suddenly I felt sure the streets of London were paved with gold . . . so I left home, hoping to study piano there. And work in factories to keep myself going."

But Terry was soon back in Liverpool, working as a wholesale gown salesman. Terry remains an

incurable pessimist. He remembers too well those days when so many of his friends in Liverpool had it rough. He doesn't talk of his own early struggles, of the sadness he saw as a boy. But he makes sure a percentage of all his earnings go home to his mum . . . because he can't forget what she gave up for him in years gone by.

Stuart James, Mojo lead singer, wasn't personally touched by hardship—a scholar with eight "O" level G.C.E. passes, plus three Advanced. He went to "Beattie School," Liverpool Institute High, where Paul and George studied.

"Bombed sites," he said. "Flattened places with weeds growing. That's what I remember. They built new houses. We'd run in and swipe wood-blocks—for no reason at all, really. Some cocky watchman would chase us. But I could run. I spent hours in little running shorts, training on the Mersey shorelands for my school cross-country team.



Mojo Terry O'Toole waking up after a Hard Day's Night.

"I was lucky. I had regular pocket money. If I wanted something, I simply had to save up. So if I wanted a bicycle, I knew how many weeks it would take. My mum's a school-teacher, dad is a representative.

"But there was always sadness near at hand. Like a school for blind children near our home. When The Mojos started doing well, those kids came into our house to meet me.

"It was the most strange experience. They couldn't see me so they touched me. Just think. Those wonderful kids had all heard about Beatlemania, but they'd never, ever, seen any

of the boys. I've moaned about things in the past... but those kids, with so much against them, just don't moan.

"Nowadays, with Liverpool all built up and businesslike again, I like to just walk around and think about when I was a kid. One place I like to visit is the Cathedral... I sang in the choir for eight years."

Mojo Nicky Crouch's dad works in a railway office and his mum is a nurse. Nick did well at school. But he, too, remembers bombed buildings, derelict shells. "They were our playgrounds," he says now. "We'd get a kick out of clambering

through holes in the walls, falling in and out of water-tanks."

Nicky, with no family worries, was a good swimmer, good cyclist. He added to his pocket money by going on a paper round and working for a butcher at Crosby in his spare time. "I'd often get a couple of quid a week, but it went straight into the bank. I'd seen mates of mine who'd never had even a couple of shillings. So there was this built-in fear of poverty. And it also gave me a fear of hire-purchase because so many families got into trouble over it.

"My Mum gave me my first guitar. Later, I bought a really good model. We had to fool my dad to get him to sign the I.P. forms—he hit the roof when he found out it would take two years for me to pay it off..."

Nicky's face clouded momentarily. "Even if I was luckier than most, I still want to repay my mum. I want to buy her a new little car to help her in her work as a district nurse. She's worked hard all her life... now she deserves some reward."

Another lad tells how he bullied his mum into buying him his first bicycle. "She wasn't keen. Said it would cost too much—but eventually, she agreed.

"No sooner had I got it, after months of waiting, than Italian suits came on the market. I wanted one. My mum said definitely NO. So I sold the bicycle—and bought a suit."

That lad grew up to be Keith Karlson, Mojos bass-guitarist.

The Mojos reflect much of the early-life struggles so many of today's pop stars endured. Liverpool was a specially tough, rough town. The Mersey-side Sound grew out of a City hammered by the war, split by hardship, clouded by unhappiness.

Today, many of Liverpool's sons are leaders of the highly-paid pop scene. But they never forget the early days when life was far from being fun-all-the-way.

PAUL FRY



You sleep when you can in the big beat game like The Mojos.



Pop idols become like anyone else at the sea edge and burl stones into the water.

Below, The carriage awaits outside Nicky's home.



Below, An early start for Birmingham and Thank Your Lucky Stars TV show. The Mojos are off again.



brian poole

Requests for Brian Poole and The Tremoloes pour in every week so we had to have a very "meaty" story about them in YOUR issue . . . and here it is. Don't say we didn't warn you!



BRIAN POOLE had just been to see his tailor.

His new suit was designed with extra-skin weisting, no lapels, black edges to the pockets . . . and is a startling shade of blue. But Brian said: "Brian you'll be seeing me in pin-stripe trousers, with a shimmer black jacket—and I'll be carrying *The Financial Times*."

How come the change? Because last boy Brian without Tremoloes first put the London Scout in the pop map, is going into the world of big business. His holdings are being piecemealed into stock market investments, including a tidy little £500 in Bullfinch holiday camps.

Brian laughed a snick laugh. "Honestly, I'm not kidding. All of us are mad keen about big business. The Cutler bar gave me a special kick—because we got one of our earliest breaks doing a season at one of Sir Billy's holiday resorts. Now I'm a shareholder!"

The Tremoloes are based in Barking, Essex. They dig the area, so they've invested nearly £5,000 in Barking by buying public shares. Said Brian: "The boys parted with their loot with quite a flourish. The Mayor laid on a civic reception at the town hall for the boys and the cheque was paid over then."

Brian himself wasn't in on that deal. But he's checking on other councils in the London area, watching to see which are the most go-ahead—and he'll put some of his best earnings into them. He said: "People are always asking how much we earn O.K., we could go all shy about it and pretend it's not much."

"But it would be silly to do that. Everyone knows we are doing pretty well. Pop music is a dizzy sort of business and that's why we want to invest for the future."

"But because we're Southerners, we like to invest in southern companies and places. Liverpool shouldn't be short of musicians who want to invest in their own city."

Brian eyed a City gent, passing by in the regulation dark suit, bowler hat with tightly-furled umbrella and he nodded approvingly. "That'll be *ME* one day soon—just you wait and see," he said.

"But I think I ought to let you into a little secret. Know how people always write about us as a Cockney kid—a real product of London and all that? Well, there's a lot of difference between Barking in Essex and London itself. Whenever I get in among the crowds in the West End I just get hopelessly lost. I lost a night Charlie when I'm with someone from the north and I can't even tell me the way to the London Palladium."

"It's worse now that I've got a real big status-

BARKING'S BARON of BEAT

needed car. It has wets up petrol and it often takes me about eight miles to get somewhere a few miles could find in about a minute and a half!"

"Even so, we're glad people like us up with London. After all, it's the greatest city in the world, isn't it?"

Brian's certainly going his best to give the City of London more companies for its *Business Week*. There is Tremoloes Ltd., Tremoloes Music—also Nottingham Music, which covers his songs he writes himself. Not bad progress for the blue-eyed boy who won't be twenty three until November.

He also has interests in his dad's, Bullfinch resorts. Arthur Poole combines his meat-chopping with some book-making and if Brian happens to be in the area he pops into the East End of London and always takes the big best on a side of beef.

And if the weather lingers Brian rounds a bit of an all-rounder well. He's dead right. Apart from playing guitar and singing, he also does just about every sort of sport imaginable.

He played good cricket, soccer and rugby. He was a first class sprint, excellent boxer, high jumper and is very good at table tennis. He did even basketball with a local team at Barking whenever he gets the chance.

But he admits being scared of one morning "engagement." For just last 4. *Factor Of The Game*, which'll be out late autumn, we had to do some water skiing over in Dublin Bay. I was swimming but I also like to know when I'm going swimming. The first time that high-powered speed boat lapped me along I just stopped over and said like a big V.O.P.P. announcement. But I whined up to 3. The Tremoloes finished it faster than I did.

Brian shouldered, looked nervous. Brian: "I don't mind a giggle at dinner and his problems."

He suddenly got on the most elegant silent and dived. "Now, give them some medals in the Bank Exchange will that of the when I'm out on a big bike over too?" He means it'll be absolutely top-hole ringing up his stockbroker and giving round to see how his investments are getting on, won't it, dear fellow?"

Suddenly it didn't seem in the slightest bit odd to think of Barking's Baron of Beat becoming a Big-time of Big Business.

After all, he's made a success of everything else he's tackled.

He admitted, though: "I'll never be able actually to WEAR a bowler hat. I'll carry it everywhere. I'm not talking about with a black pimple on top of my head."

MARK DAY



Brian often pops in to give mum, Frances, and dad, Arthur, a helping hand.



Fab

World Radio History

World Radio History

“Come along and see my magic shop”, said Ray of The Dynamic Sounds. “Actually, it’s not mine, but it belongs to my aunt. It’s been in our family for four generations. Tell you what, why not send Fabulous Fiona, your photographer, along! The boys and I will meet you there and show you round.” Sounded great to us, so off we went to meet Wayne Gibson and The Dynamic Sounds in . . . a magic shop!



Once inside the shop Ray Rogers (left) and Larry Cole (right) put on their version of a nursery rhyme — Little Miss Muffet and the Spider. At the sight of that furry monster, photographer Fiona nearly dropped her camera in horror and ran. The boys foiled her escape by locking the door!



"They all call Mike Todd 'Twinkletoes' at home. It runs in our family to have small, delicate feet!" This boy's got to be joking!



Wayne with a fried plastic egg.

You too can have beautiful hands like Peter Cook if you visit Aunty's shop.



"Heeelp!! The Martians have landed," I screamed as I turned round to see who was moaning behind me. "It's my own fault it won't come off—the glue was too strong." said a not too dynamic sound. "Now I feel like the Man In The Iron Mask."



And now it's time to leave and wend our wayry way back to the Fabulous offices. Oh, no! They're going home dressed like Franksteins. Look out, Madam—there's a monster following you!

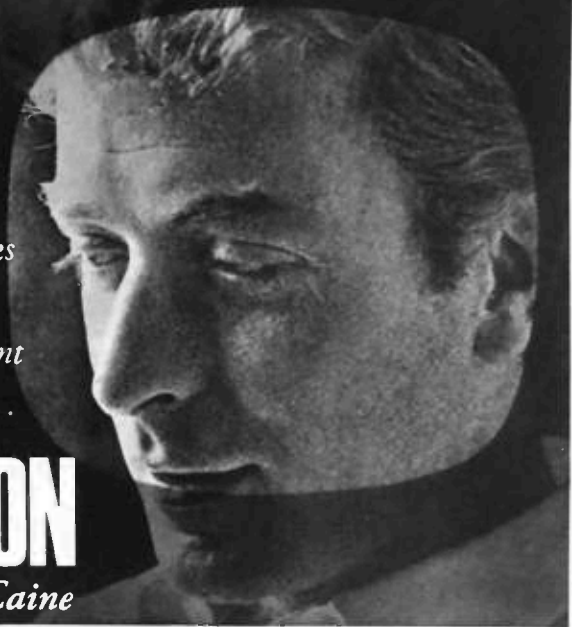


Christine Bury of Rutland is only one of many readers requesting Michael Caine. Like them, she first noticed Michael in TV plays then really fell for him in the film *Zulu*. So for Christine and Michael's countless other fans Sylvia Stephen went to see Michael in his flat.

You can't ignore a personality like his.
You can't ignore looks like his.
You can't ignore talent like his. So—pay . . .

ATTENTION

it's Mr Michael Caine



HE flung himself on to the brown leather armchair, hooked one leg over the arm, indicated the rest of the furniture with a wave of his hand.

"The furniture comes from all over — Sweden, Holland, Japan, Italy, and England, of course. I bought it all in three weeks, but there's still a lot to get. And I drive the people in the shops crazy, I'm so fussy."

He grinned the grin that started the sighs among us girls in audiences watching the film *Zulu* and added, "Usually the assistants who know me push forward some poor little new bloke when they see me coming and tell him to be nice to me, because I'm Michael Caine and I'm a good customer."

Michael shares the mews flat near Hyde Park with fellow actor Terence Stamp, but Terry was out on the afternoon that FAB called.

The Nelson Riddle LP that had been washing music over the room from a hi-fi set, clicked off. Michael turned the disc over and the volume up. He likes music. Among the LPs piled up near the hi-fi were albums by Stan Getz, George Shearing and, of course, The Beatles.

He likes to read, too. The huge bookcase ("It's from Israel") was crammed with books — Hemingway, John Braine, the thick paper-back of *Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* ("I'm about a third of the way through") another paper-back of the American political novel *Advise and Consent*. More books were scattered around the blue bedroom with its curtainless windows. ("I haven't got around to buying curtains for in here

yet"). Until he does get around to buying curtains, he covers the windows with blankets drawing pinned.

Having admired the painting he'd wanted to show us in the bedroom, Fiona, FAB's camera girl, and I trailed him back to the lounge. Janet, the treasure who keeps the flat clean for him ("She marvellous — I share her with Vidal Sassoon, the hairdresser") brought in tea on a wood and wicker tray. I poured Michael's tea for him. He takes just one spoonful of sugar — brown sugar. He prefers brown bread too, since reading in a British Medical Association magazine that white sugar and white bread are bad for you.

"I'm not a health faddist, but when people who know what they're on about tell you a certain thing's bad for you, then you should avoid it."

MICHAEL comes from London's Elephant and Castle and was educated at Wilson's Grammar School, Peckham. He has a younger brother and his birthday's in March.

"I'm a Pisces subject. That's the sign of the two fish swimming in different directions so I'm probably schizophrenic or something."

A wry grin, and he adjusted the thick rimmed glasses he frequently wears off screen. He only needs them for watching films or TV, but will probably wear them all the way through his new film, *The Ipcress File*.

"It's about a spy, but not a James Bond type of spy. This spy is the kind of guy who, when he gets beaten up — which he does, frequently — he puts

in an expensive chi for having his suit cleaned."

Michael will handle most of his own fights in the film.

"I've done a bit of stunt work before," he said. "He's usually called Mike by friends, except for Peter O'Toole and Terry Stamp, who call him Mick. He understudied O'Toole in the stage production of *The Long, The Short and The Tall*."

"The fairy story is that all understudies hope the star will break his leg so that they can be discovered. But the opposite was the case with me. I used to help Peter up the stairs every evening to make sure he didn't break his leg. If I'd had to go on in his place, I'd have been petrified. But I never did have to go on. Peter never missed a show. Thank goodness. After all, who wants to look at Michael Caine when they've paid fifteen bob in good money to see Peter O'Toole?"

Michael's six feet two, weighs thirteen stone seven pounds, has blond hair, blue grey eyes and takes size 9½ shoes. A bachelor, his idea of a good way to spend a date is to take a girl for a long, long meal and then go dancing somewhere, probably The Ad Lib. He has big, square hands and a smile that takes a long while coming but is worth the wait when it does arrive. But definitely.

"Let me know when the story's going into FAB," he told me, putting Fiona and I into a cab. "I'd like very much to see it."

He stood in the middle of the road and waved us out of sight. Unfortunately,

SYLVIA STEPHEN



for all the slick cuts, medium or short
NEW SOFTLY-FIRM AEROSOL 4/6
 for longer hair that's hard to hold
NEW EXTRA-FIRM AEROSOL 4/6

LET IT GO!

MINERS LACQUER REMOVER SHAMPOO
 Really lathers away every trace of left on lacquer 9d and 13



WITH NEW MINERS HAIR SPRAYS

I think I've heard that song before

Almost everybody has at least one song that sings in their memory because of some funny, sad or romantic reason. FAB readers have often written to us asking whether their favourites feel the same way about some oldies so DICK RICHARDS did some research on the subject 'specially for you . . .



I asked Dave Clark and he chose *Love Me Do* by The Beatles.

"I like most of The Beatles numbers. *Twist and Shout* is another favourite of mine," he told me. "But I plump for *Love Me Do* because I believe it was the song that did most to start the craze for beat music. You can't blame me—and other pop singers for appreciating that."

Alan Buck of The Four Pennies really goes for that fab country, Australia.

"I've always wanted to go there," said Alan. "Most people have an urge to visit America, but for me it would be heaven to do a nice slow tour of Australia. So if you see me with a day-dreamy look in my eyes, it is a safe bet that I have just heard *Waltzing Matilda!*"



I dropped in on Cilla Black at The Palladium and "*Cill!*" was in no doubt about her choice.

"I was thirteen at the time," she smiled. "and I remember buying my first record and playing it until it was almost worn out."

"It was," admits Cilla, "*Why Do Fools Fall in Love*. The singer? Frankie Lyman, natch."

"I shall always have a soft spot in my heart for *Apache*," confessed Bruce Welch. "It was my first number with The Shadows and I was knocked out when it hit the No. 1 spot. Besides, from the proceeds I was able to buy my very first car!"

So you can't blame Bruce for making that song his pet memory, can you?



Lulu loves singing R'n'B and one song is particularly precious to her. It is *What'd I Say*.

"When I first heard Ray Charles sing it my heart leaped," she told me. "I knew that R'n'B was my kind of music, what I most wanted to sing."

"There are many songs that stick in my memory but *What'd I Say* is my personal No. 1," insists the peppy, petite Lulu.

Pretty Susan Maughan chose a song that reminds her of a wonderful holiday in Barbados.

"I was having breakfast on the patio outside my hotel," she said, "when I heard this calypso *I Love You So Much, My Dear*, sung by Joan and Millie. I found myself singing it at odd times. And it always reminds me of Barbados, with its golden beaches."





Fab



it figures

BY FASHION ED. GILL



Left: Ideal for slenderising a too-full waistline, is this dress worn by Susan, from Surrey, who is photographed here with two of The Wackers. The dress trickery emphasizing the top half of your figure, to draw attention from your waist.

In black and white houndtooth check, with black jersey bodice and sleeves, by Jansse Club, price 4 gns. In sizes 34-38 length. Black leather shoes by Mansfield are 59s. 11d.



Too much hip line? Then this dress (right) worn by Susan's 18-year-old sister, Michele is just right for the slim look. Keeping to the shifty shape, the dress has a dark scalloped midriff to create the illusion of a narrow line. Made in rayon, by Shubette, the dress is available in black, cerise, ivory and turquoise. Price £8 19s. 11d. Lotus black suede patent shoes, 69s. 11d. Lending a helping hand is one of those wild Wackers again!

Any smart girl longs to look slim and willowy. So here—by special request—is how to dress to look your best

It's no use sitting around moaning about your shape. Get up and start exercising those muscles! You just can't beat the daily dozen for a trim figure and all round good health.

Practice your exercises first thing in the morning and last thing at night. Don't go mad on your first week—your muscles will only get tired.

For the first few days, exercise for about five minutes night and morning, gradually allowing more time each day.

If you're happy with your figure the way it is, try exercises for all round muscle toning instead.

Not only does exercise help to keep a trim figure, it also improves a sluggish circulation and helps skin and hair to look good as well as imparting a general healthy glow.

EXERCISES illustrated on right

1. This is especially good for heavy hips.

Stand with feet 12 inches apart, hands on waist. Bend forward as far as you can, stretching at the waist, but keep legs straight. Now make a big circle with the top half of your body, stretching all the time. Do this two or three times at first, then try to step it up to 6.

2. These two exercises are for general toning, and

greatly improving the bustline. So pay attention!

Swing one arm in a circle as your side, then swing other arm. Now swing both together. Now kick one leg as high as you can without bending at the knee. Now kick other leg. You'll soon find you can kick them really high—just persevere!

3. This is a good exercise for small people because it makes them stand and walk tall.

Stand at arm's length from a wall, with palms of hands firmly pressing it at shoulder level. Now press forwards onto hands. Press out and stretch tall.

4. Trying to reduce your waist? Then scatter a box of matches on the floor and bend to pick them up, but from your waist—don't bend your knees.

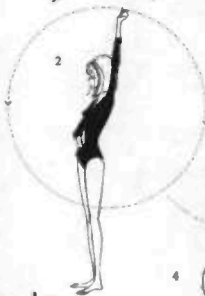
5. An exercise for improving your bustline:

Stand upright and swing your arms backward and forward—alternatively, hold your arms out at the sides at shoulder level, swing to the front and then as far back as possible.

6. This is a good exercise for improving your leg-line, and also strengthening those tummy muscles.

Lie flat on your back with your feet tucked under the bar of a chair. Now sit up—without the help of your hands.

Do this exercise only three times to start with, and increase as you feel able.



TOO small? Then look tall in this little girl dress with the long, slim look (above left). Shown here on Ruth, who comes from Hertfordshire, it looks a cracker! It's enough to make a Wacker look twice! By Shubette, this all rayon dress is available in green, red or black, and has three lines of saddle stitching down the front to give a longer line. Price 5 gns. Shoes by Manfield, in black calf are 59s. 11d.

TALL? Then play up to your height like Jennifer (above), shown here with Rick—20-year old up tempo beat singer. Jenny loves being tall—after all a small girl could never wear this lush sawn-off dazzler dress. By Shubette, the dress is in black and white dogtooth check, price 6 gns.

But if you do want to disguise your height, here are some pointers: a dress broken up by frills, the Empire line, or simply take to a belt—they're back with a swing.

IF you're small busted, then take to wearing a dress with a fancy bustline, such as frills or an over piece to balance off a small bust with the rest of your figure.

The ideal dress is the one Audrey is wearing (left) by Junior Club, made in wool, it is fully lined. Colours include royal or fawn with red trimmings. Available in 34-38 in. length, the price is £4 15s. 6d.

Manfield green suede shoes, 69s. 11d.
Boy in admiration is Rick's swinging partner, Sandy.

"How did The Nashville Teens get started?" asked Pat Ward of Scarborough, Yorks. For Pat and all the other Nashville Teen fans, Sylvia has the answer to that query and many more, so read on.

"ART and I dreamed up the name a long time ago."

It was Ray Phillips talking, explaining to me how The Nashville Teens came to be called The Nashville Teens, when only two of them are teenagers and none of them are from Nashville.

"In those days," he continued, "there was no such thing as 'The Liverpool Sound'. Nearly all pop music came from Nashville in Tennessee. At least, that was where all the big American stars recorded. We were teenagers then and—well, that's why we picked the name."

Determined to make it big in show business, the boys took the name with them wherever they went, whichever group they joined.

"There have been lots of Nashville Teens," Ray laughed. "Some of them are playing with other groups now. There are a couple in The Innocents, Mike Berry's backing group."

Ray and Art—Arthur Sharp that is, the group's vocalist—have known one another since school days. They both attended St. Paul's School, Aldershot, Surrey, although Ray was born in Cardiff. The other members of the group are John Hawken, John Allen, Pete Shannon and Barry Jenkins.

"Isn't it a bit confusing having two boys called John?" I asked.

"Not really," John (Allen) laughed. "You see, we call him Jaffa," the other John grinned.

"It started out as Jalla," Jaffa added, "a sort of combination of John and Allen, my Christian and surnames. Then one night, someone called me 'Jaffa' by mistake and it stuck."

Jaffa's middle Christian name is Samuel and he's from St. Albans in Hertfordshire. Besides playing the guitar he can also play banjo and piano.

Barry Ernest Jenkins is the drummer. And he's the one who, when I asked him for a list of his likes, said briefly, "Money." He also reckons that his best friend is "My Money," his favourite song is *Money*, his personal ambition is

to make money, his professional ambition is to make more money and his pet hate is spending money. Well, that's what he says, anyway. He's also one of the group's two teenagers. He'll be twenty on 22nd December. He'll be the other teen. He'll be twenty on 21st April, 1965.

John Hawken's the one with a taste for music by Bach.

"I like Beethoven too. His *Moonlight Sonata* is my favourite piece of music."

On the lighter side, John likes, are good beer and Swedish girls. But he dislikes girls who smoke.

Art's the wag. He says, "I like girls," and when I asked "What kind a girls?" his blue eyes sparkled and he answered, "Just girls."

He was born on 26th May, 1941, in Woking, Surrey.

Ray's the one with the rose tattoo on his right arm, and the names "Mum, Dad, Carol" imprinted on it. Carol is his sister. Ray—Ramon John Phillips to give him his full name—used to be a photographer, and reckons that the biggest change fame has made to the boys is that: "Now we don't have to dash home from work and tear off to play somewhere, without having time to have a meal first. And now we eat in nice restaurants and we have steak instead of egg and chips."

"I'd love to go abroad," he enthused. "Especially to Switzerland, to the winter sports. I'd love to learn to ski. I'd like to try surfing, too."

Pete Shannon's the Irish one, born in Antrim, Northern Ireland. He's really called Peter Shannon Harris and he's another lover of classical music.

"Ravel!" he exclaimed enthusiastically. "Now there's a composer for you. His *Bolero*—marvellous!"

Peter has rather an unusual taste in food, courting skewered octopus as his favourite snack. The boys suggested they should take me out to dinner one evening, so I will excuse me, I'll pop off now and start developing a taste for skewered octopus.

THIS IS FAB FABULOUS PETER



There was really no need for *Mary Wills of Deal* (and the rest!) to request Peter McEnery... FAB'S Sylvia met a No. 1 *McEnery* fan and was only too glad to be captivated into meeting him. It was a *fab* experience, just read on...

ONE of the girls in the youth organization I belong to was speaking. "You mean you didn't see *The Moonspanners*? Oh, Sylvia, you're nuts. It was a *FAB* film—and so was *HE*. If you meet *HIM* you will get me *HIS* autograph, won't you?" I said I would, and went into the office next morning musing, "Mmm Peter McEnery I must find out about *HIM*."

Fortunately, the *Ed* agreed with me. So here's the gen on *FABULOUS Peter*. He's six feet, one inch tall and a completely dedicated actor.

"I don't get around much. I'm not sociable. But I like to keep myself busy and I prefer reading to night clubbing anyway."

The Moonspanners was the film that had my friend sighing, and this was the film that softened a disappointment for Peter. He found the script waiting for him when he returned from a Spanish holiday in July, 1963.

In the same post was a letter telling me that plans to take a play to New York which was in the starring role had fallen through. I opened that letter first, and I was really disappointed when I read it. Then I opened the big packet containing the script of *The Moonspanners* and cheered up considerably.

The Moonspanners is only Peter's third film. The other two were *Tunes of Glory* with Sir Alec Guinness and John Mills, and *Victim* with Dirk Bogarde and Dennis Price. It was Dirk himself who suggested Peter for a leading role in his film.

"Apparently he saw me in a TV play and recommended to the Powers that be that I should be given the role," Peter remembers. "It was a great part for me."

"Ever since I was at school, it's been my ambition to be an actor," he grins. "But there have been times when I've been forced to do other work."

"The other work?" Selling Christmas cards at his father's shop in Brighton.

"The first time I did that was after my first spell at the Brighton Theatre Royal where I worked for the summer season as assistant stage manager. I also played small parts. I was paid 30s a week and the season only lasted from May until September. But it was the real thing. The seats tipped up and it was live theatre. I loved it. Unfortunately, no more stage work was forthcoming when September ended. So into dad's shop I went."

Although the family now lives in Brighton, Peter was actually born at Walsall in Staf. fordshire. His birthday is on the 21st February and he's twenty-four. And unmarried.

Sincerity is the word that best fits Peter. He's sincere in his personal relationships, sincere when he talks to you, and sincere in his desire to be a really good actor.

"I like making films," he admits, "but I prefer stage work."

He has two brothers, John, who's twenty and studying to be—naturally an actor and David, who's twenty six and a Press photographer. He enjoys music. Both classical and jazz and he recently finished reading "Moby Dick."

Despite the play that was supposed to go to New York and didn't, Peter's biggest disappointment came with another play, *Look Homeward Angel*. We opened in Croydon, with me in the part Anthony Perkins played on Broadway. We got good notices and we made plans to bring it to the West End. However when we did bring it to town, it only ran for two months.

Disappointments, though, as Peter says, are all part of an actor's job, and here's one actor who's never let them get him down. He never will, either.

And do you know something? My friend was right. He is *FAB*.

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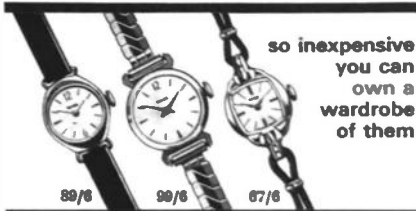
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● **Mokey Bebeben**, one-time drummer in a London night club was discovered when he did an impromptu singing spot, and whisked off to America where he became a big hit, with a couple of best-selling discs to his credit. But after a couple of years there, he decided to try his luck back home.

This week he comes up on disc with a swinging and superior ballad called *You'd Better Love Me* and backed by a rocking Nelson Riddle-type backing (Columbia). It may not ever reach the Top Ten but it's my top pop vocal of the week.

● London schoolgirl **Andee Silver** had just turned thirteen when she made her disc debut five months ago with a teen-beat ballad called *Too Young To Go Steady*—and I predict that she was likely to follow in the footsteps of Helma Singspiel.

For, like Helma, she is impregnated with talent with a voice that sounds as though it belongs to a girl twice her age.

Alas, the disc didn't move—but this week Andee has a second go at the charts with the appealing *Boy I Used To Know* (HMV). This time she should make more impact.

BEST OF THE REST

● **Manfred Mann**, currently riding high in the American charts with *Do Wah Diddy Diddy* is sure to have another hit here with the best packed *She La La* (HMV). And two more best group discs bound for the Top Ten are Dave Clark's *Any Way You Want It* (Columbia) and Goggin *Fire* by *The Nashville Tams* (Decca).

● Most exciting newcomers of the week is twenty-year old **Kris Ryan**, who used to hang around with *The Four Pennies* in Blackburn. On the Mercury label he sings a powerful slow best called *Dan I Play That Song*.

● **The Four Pennies** themselves have a new one called *Black Girl* (Philips) that could rocket up the charts.

● Sarah Vaughan revises a good old good 'un, *I Can't Give You Anything But Love*—and makes it sound like a brand new song (Columbia).

● **Richard Anthony**, the number one heart-throb of France, could have his first big British success with the lovely ballad, *A World of My Own* (Columbia).

● And from the bumper crop of other best discs I recommend *Hound Dog* by **Chris Farlowe** and *The Thunderbirds* (Columbia) *Sea Blood* by *The Paramounts* (Parlophone) and three debut discs by new groups: *How We're This*, by *The Poets* (Decca), *This is My Baby* by *The Four Jacks Men* (Parlophone) and *Alphas* by *The Originelle* (Columbia).

KEN BOW

COUNTRY



BOY

For Jane Grey of Kew and everyone else we include **JERRY LEE LEWIS** in your request issue. . . .

YEAH, Faraday, Louisiana, Jerry Lee Lewis drawled. "That's quite a town. Blink as you drive through and you'd miss it. But it sure is pretty round there. And it's home."

He pushed one long fingered hand back through his blond hair and the dark red stone in his ring glistened in the late afternoon sunshine. He wears another ring on the other hand, a square one set with thirteen diamonds. Jerry isn't superstitious. "I was born in Faraday. But we live in Memphis now. Got a nice home there. Four bedrooms, swimming pool, large den, large dining room—I've sunk a lot of money into that house. Trouble is, I don't get to see much of it, tounin' an' all. I've hardly seen my home at all in the last year.

"I don't carry many clothes when I'm on tour. There's not much point. I just pack my stage gear and a few shirts and pairs of slacks for off stage.

"Once I went in for bright clothes, red silk suits, orange shirts. But now I wear mostly white shirts and quiet suits."

He was wearing a white shirt that afternoon, with beige corduroy trousers.

"English people sure are generous, you know," he told me. "Fans here send me presents, and they really appreciate the shows we put on for them. Show their appreciation, too. Rushed the stage last night. Sometimes that happens in America. It depends where you're playing. But over here, audiences really are great. Mobb'd me after the show in York. It doesn't scare me. I know no-one'll get hurt. They just wanna touch you."

He turned to one of his entourage, a black-haired boy with a buttermilk accent thicker than Jerry's own.

"Where are we playing tonight?" Jerry asked.

"Kingston."

"Oh." Jerry thought for a moment. "I don't think I know Kingston. Where is it?"

His friend shrugged.

"Far enough."

"We oughta leave in a little while then. I'll get my jacket."

He rose, picked a black jacket from a chair and pulled it on.

"I don't bring my own car over with me. I have a Lincoln—well, a couple of Lincolns in fact. I leave them at home, though."

Wandering across the room he peered by the window to look out on Russell Square.

"That sure is a pretty view," he murmured. "I love that little park and all those trees. I'm a country boy, you know. New York, Hollywood. . . ." An expressive gesture dismissed New York and Hollywood. Mention of the film capital however, reminded him of something else. "I'd like to make another movie. A straight, dramatic role. I'd like to try a straight part, just to see if I can do it. If it works out—fine. If it doesn't, fine. I like what I'm doing now and I get paid good for it."

He glanced at the gold watch that he wears on his right wrist.

"We should be going now. Don't wanna be late at the theatre."

He loped out of the hotel room, down the stairs, into the hired car and set out for Kingston-on-Thames. Fast.

SYLVIA STEPHEN

Frances Kirk of Brighton wrote asking about Herman of The Hermits . . . we also had identical letters from the growing legion of Herman fans.

Herman turned out to be 'every-one's friend' as you'll see from this ever so slightly cracked interview with Fab's Keith who ever since has been gibbering "I got myself into something good."

"I've found someone who doesn't want to be a Beatle. He doesn't want their money or their success. This particular nice nut is none other than Herman, of Herman's Hermits. He has some very definite reasons for not wanting to be as famous as the 'tringed four."

"To work at The Beatles' paces would kill me," said Herman. "When you become a really big star you can't lead a normal life. Although I'm no hermit, I don't want to be mobbed every time I walk down the street, or go to a show. Most important of all, I like being able to speak my mind without being afraid that every word will be picked up by the national press and quoted to the world."

Sixteen-years-old Herman and his group, The Hermits, had been together only three months before their first big hit, *I'm Into Something Good*. Herman, however, had already entered show business by appearing in bit parts in *Coronation Street* and *Knight Errant* on TV.

"I had a singing part in *Knight Errant*," smiled Herman. "I sang about three lines of *The Holly And The Ivy*."

Success has so far meant very few changes for the group.

"We do have a new band wagon," grinned Herman. "driven by The Dressed Finger!"

"The Dressed what?" I chortled.

"That's the nickname for our driver, Ray," he explained.

Herman now lives with his "Gran" in Manchester as his folks live 'worlds away' in Preatstyn, North Wales.

"Gran isn't a fan," said Herman, but added by way of explanation, "I'm her fan!"

Trying to find out Herman's taste in music proved difficult.

"What kind of music do you like?"

"Everything."

"Any particular artists?"

"Everybody."

I got cagey.

"You have a record collection?"

"Yes," replied Herman.

"Who are the artists on them?" I whipped back.

Herman took a deep breath. "Jerry Lee Lewis—The Beatles—The Rolling Stones—Little Richard—Fats Domino—Mantred Mann—Freddie and The Dreamers. . . ."

"Everyone," I sighed.

"Everyone," he agreed.

We finally established that he liked "humor films for laughs," his favourite actors being King Kong and The Beast from 50 fathoms. His favourite artist is Anthony Newley. He also likes Anthony Newley's singing and Anthony Newley's compositions. His ambition is to be an entertainer rather like—guess who?

Just before I left I decided to inquire just how their driver, Ray, became known as The Dressed Finger.

"It's simple," explained Herman.

"We have a game called 'Tacky' (Tag down South) amongst the group and if Ray points his finger at you: you get it (the dressed finger) badly."

"But," and he solemnly raised his dressed finger. "You can prevent yourself getting the dressed finger by putting your finger on your arm and saying, 'Jekky (short for injection) 1 2 3. You are then immune."

NOW WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THAT. PASS THE BLACK COFFEE.

KEITH ALTHAM



Herman

HERMAN'S NO HERMIT

Mag Roal of Koss wanted us to feature THE NATURALS first... well the fastest thing to do was to contact them by phone so here is Sylvia's interview with them by special request.

FAB'S MAUREEN or Little Mo as she's known to one and all, went out on a photo session with THE NATURALS and came back dreamy eyed. Now this is very understandable. I've met the boys and know just how dishy they are. But Maureen gave me a very good excuse for phoning lead guitarist, CURT CRESSWELL—seventeen, mid brown hair and wow-ow-ee!—and finding out what really happened.

TELEDATE with the naturals

CURT: Hello, Curt Cresswell here.
SYLVIA: Hi, Curt. It's FAB's Sylvia

CURT (brightly): It's great to hear from you, Sylvia. Thank you. But I am going to go on about something. You've had a photo session with Mo and we haven't been able to do a thing with her since.

CURT: Oh, that! It was a load of laughs.
SYLVIA: So I gather.

CURT: She sat on the floor you see.
SYLVIA: Huh?



Curt Cresswell

CURT: Well, we had all the seats.
SYLVIA: Curt, where did Mo sit on the floor?

CURT: In the back of the van. Fiona, your camera girl, claimed the front seat, next to the driver, so Mo had to come in the back with us. We have two benches in the back, just room enough for the six of us. The step up into the van is pretty steep, and by the time Little Mo had struggled up, we'd grabbed the benches.
SYLVIA (muttering): Charming!

CURT: We asked her if she'd like an ice cream, and she said 'Yes', so we each bought her one and she ended up with six cornets.
SYLVIA: I always knew she was greedy.

CURT: She didn't eat them all though.
SYLVIA: I should hope not. Curt, how long have you all been together?

CURT (thoughtfully): Let's see—it must be—oh, about eighteen months. We've been professional about four months. Hang on, please Sylvia. There's somebody at the door.
SYLVIA: Yes, sure.

CURT (after a long pause): It's Mike, our famed bass guitarist, as they say in publicity hand-outs. He wants to have a word with you.
SYLVIA: Okay, let me talk to him right now.

MIKE: Hi, Sylvia, how are you?
SYLVIA: Fine thanks, love. How are you?

MIKE (groaning): I've got arthritis in my right arm.
SYLVIA: Mike, I'm sorry.

MIKE: More. I've got arthritis in my left arm.
SYLVIA (puzzled): You've got—(light dawning)—oh, very funny I'm sure, Mr. Watson. That's quite the worst pun I've heard this year, and I've heard some pretty awful ones believe me.

MIKE: I bet you have. Keith makes some ghastly ones for a start. Niet came in with me. Would you like to have a word with him?
SYLVIA: I'd love to.

DOUG (otherwise known as Niet): Hi, Sylvia.
SYLVIA: Hello, love. You're not going to try out some horribly corny joke on me, are you?

DOUG (scornfully): Niet! (He always says Niet instead of No, which is why he's called Niet) Hey, I met a marvelous girl yesterday.
SYLVIA: Did you? What happened?

DOUG (mournfully): Nothing. The group had a date last night and they refused to get a replacement to play rhythm guitar. So I wasn't able to take the little darling out.
SYLVIA (sympathetically): Never mind love. Better luck next time.

DOUG: I don't suppose there'll be a next time. That's the trouble with this profession. You just don't get time to date.
SYLVIA: But when you do get time, what sort of girls do you like to date?

DOUG (promptly): Lovable girls—girls who'll make a fuss of me.
SYLVIA: What about the rest of the boys? What sort of girls do they like?

DOUG: Well, Curt likes sensible girls but he can't stand lacquered hair. Roy and Ricky—they just like girls, all girls. Bob likes all types too, so long as they're older than he is.
SYLVIA: And how old is he?

DOUG: Bob? He's twenty-two. Hang on again, please Sylvia. Mike wants to tell you what sort of girls he likes.
SYLVIA: Okay, Doug. 'Bye. See you.

MIKE: Hello again. Now I like girls to be about the same age as I am, twenty-two. I prefer more homey girls. And I like sensible girls. (Thoughtfully) I think that's everything.
SYLVIA: Well, it's enough to be going on with anyway. Are the rest of the boys there?

MIKE: No, only the three of us.
SYLVIA: Shame. I'd have liked to have spoken to them all again. But I must go now. Lots of work to do. Give all the boys my love and I hope I'll see you again soon.

MIKE: You bet. 'Bye Sylvia.

So I gather Maureen had a good time on her photo session with the boys. Remind me to sabotage her next time she's going anywhere with THE NATURALS.



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PETER PAUL & MARY'S ABC

Judging from the letters we get PETER, PAUL and MARY appeal to everyone, young and old. Could be the real sincerity that comes across in their ballads. Anyway, for Jill Sanders of *Hammer-smith, London*, and many, many more we give you a new angle on them—quiz-wise! Starting with 'A' they go through the alphabet, calling out words that conjure up impressions of their career, their pet bates and loves . . .

A for *Age*. All three are the same, 26. *Art*—Mary and Peter paint when there's time, sketch in between concerts. Paul draws humorous greeting cards. *Antiques*—Mary collects early American pieces, cherishes a flowered milk jug that cost just 50 cents. Paul likes old guns. Peter seeks out antique pocket watches.

B for *Blowing In The Wind*—Bob Dylan's great hit. Peter, Paul and Mary think it expresses a youthful yearning to be understood and is more than "just another song".

C for *Chinese Food*—Peter's favourite nosh. Paul likes it sweet and shrimpified. Mary goes for a mountain of noodles. *Concerts*—Peter, Paul and Mary have played to over a million fans at some 200 concerts in the last year. The largest single audience was 18,000 at the Hollywood Bowl.

D for *Dramatic Actress*—What Mary would like to be. *Dragon*—Their affectionate name for *Puff, The Magic Dragon*, the top selling disc that won them both toddler and teen fans.

E for *Electric Guitar*—O.K. for others but amplified instruments are unsuitable for folk music.

F for *Friendship/Freedom*—Both, they think, are difficult to achieve but both are what makes life worthwhile.

G for *Greenwich Village*—In New York, and the place Mary moved to from her native Kentucky. Also where she met Peter and Paul and they sang together for the first time.

H for *Happiness*—Mary says HAPPINESS is laughing with friends. Paul says it's finding

a candy bar in the middle of the night when you're hungry. Peter is sure that it is when an audience is singing with you.

I for *Ice Cream*—our kind of flavour any month say Peter, Paul and Mary.

J for *Japanese Painting*—All three dig this. *James Bond*—Paul digs the Secret Agent bit.

K for *Kindness*—"Something I try to show" (Mary). "I try to show it without being embarrassed" (Paul). "Learning to be kind is the first step in learning to love" (Peter).

L for *Lucky*—"Us" they all shout in unison. They work hard for their success but are still astonished by it.

M for *Manners*—"Good manners are pleasant—a must," says Peter.

N for *Nervous*—Before a concert or a recording session Mary sits by herself for ten minutes, eyes closed, softly praying. "I will be calm." It works. Paul takes his mind off things by dictating into a tape recorder. Peter tunes his guitar. They never discuss their nerves with outsiders.

O for *Orange Juice*—"Our favourite nectar!" Say all three.

P for *Patience*—After rehearsing one song 23 times before recording it, the meaning of patience begins to mean something. *Parties*—Mary—"Always wear comfortable shoes." Paul—"Girls shouldn't wear too much makeup at parties." Peter—"I don't like it when girls wear hair spray . . . feel I'm

dancing with somebody wearing a speedway helmet."

Q for *Quarrels*—Yes, they quarrel sometimes, but they always make it up. Find that disagreement helps them develop new ideas about music.

R for *Records*—These two Warner Brothers LP's Peter, Paul and Mary (*Moving*) and Peter, Paul and Mary have sold over two million copies. Four 45 singles have made top ten lists. The latest *Don't Think Twice, It's All Right*. Newest LP is called *The Wind*.

S for *Swimming*—Paul says that's the art of staying alive while in water.

T for *Times*—Having spent Christmas together for the last three years they like plenty of tinsel, a tree and fun presents.

U for *Ubiquitous*—A word that made Peter lose a spelling bee. He still can't spell it!

V for *Vitamins*—"We eat vitamins like peanuts. We're vitamin happy."

W for *Willows*—Their first choice of a name for their group. But they decided to stick to their own names in the end.

X for *Xylophone*—"What else starts with X?"

Y for *Youth*—Young people today think more, talk more and have great integrity, say P, P and M.

Z for *Zoned-out*—How all three feel after a concert tour.





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