

WORLD'S POP STARS IN COLOUR COLOUR COLOUR

Australia 1/6 - New Zealand 1/3 - East Africa 1/6 each  
Middle East 1/6 - East Africa 1/6 each - West Africa 1/6  
Europe 2/1 - 2/2 each unit - Europe 4/2 each  
South America 2/1 each - West Africa 1/6 each



21st NOVEMBER 1964

# Fabulous

## on the small screen

8 KING SIZE FULL COLOUR PIN-UPS

BEATLES STONES MIKE LANDON WAYNE GIBSON







*The Rolling Stones*

The Rolling Stones are always welcome visitors to the *Ready, Steady, Go!* programme, so it was natural that we should send one of our Fab photographers along to record the event. The one problem seemed to be, how to get The Stones to smile. Having tried the usual 'say cheese and watch the birds' or 'rice big smile, pur-lease' our photoman found he was getting nowhere fast. Then he had a brainwave. He fell off a trolley. Well, he didn't actually fall off as much as our June pulled the trolley rather sharpish in the wrong direction with the result that the photoman lost his balance.

The Stones rolled up with laughter, tears running down their faces practically, but the sad bit is that our poor photographer didn't get the picture after all! He was still flat on the floor.

The Stones were marvellous. They waited till he'd picked himself up and sorted out his shattered equipment and then treated him to some lovely glum expressions!

This same photographer told us he was always a little wary of television studios after that, specially since he picked up a gun which was being used as a prop and absently pulled the trigger. The resulting explosion could have been heard fifty miles away. Never mind—he really is an excellent photographer.

Gerry and The Pacemakers were raving about an old Bob Hope—Jane Russell film they'd seen revved on the tele recently. Freddy Marsden loved the end when Jane got dragged off by some horses and Bob turned to the cameras with, "Well, what did you expect? A happy ending?" Gerry has solved the whole problem of watching the tele in comfort. He watches it in bed. No wonder he's getting podgy—ooch, sorry Gerry. I didn't know you were in the office. Yes, you have a lovely slim figure. . . .



*The Newbeats*

When I first heard *Bread and Butter* by that new-to-us American group The Newbeats I thought I was hearing things. It must be a girl singing the high bits I thought, but I've met him and girls, he's really some dish. Fact is all three are charming Southern gentlemen.

I talked to Mark, 'cos he immediately reminded me of one of my favourite recording artists—Don Everly. When he spoke the accent was almost the same.

Mark and Dean are brothers and have had a record under their name in the U.S. charts. Larry is also a solo recording artist. They did a short trip over here to do television and radio to help promote their Hickory label record into our top ten, the first Hickory disc to do so.

I saw them on *R.S.G.* and heard them on *Saturday Club* and I for one can hardly wait for them to come back and do a tour of one nighters. I'd really go out of my way to see a fab group like The Newbeats.

New group The Sneakers had fun when they did a programme for Scottish television. They were to mime to one of their records, latest one is called *I Just Can't Go To Sleep* backed with *Bird-Headed Woman*, but when the record first was it was *Onward Christian Soldiers*. You should have seen the lads' faces. What made it worse was the fact that the show was going out live! The lads, Brian Howard, Johnny Pette, Barry Cliford and Clive Howe, did their best. They sang *Onward Christian Soldiers* of course. What else! Bye now.

## Next Week US in U.S.A.

Brings you a star-spangled issue with a stateside slant on the British pop scene that will knock you out . . . special FAB writers tell how and why they travelled with THE BEATLES . . . THE ROLLING STONES and THE ANIMALS in America . . . PETER AND GORDON give with the inside angle, too, and CHAD STUART and JEREMY CLYDE get geared up with their U.S. KNOCKOUT news stories . . . L'ILL OLD NEW YORK gets the treatment from dishy DUSTY SPRINGFIELD . . . JACKIE DE SHANNON tells just what it was like to be part of THE BEATLES bombshell tour . . . there's also a LOVE LETTER TO THE BEATLES from an American fan AND the winner of our great TRIP TO HOLLYWOOD competition, JACKIE WOOD from Cardiff is featured meeting heart-throb RICHARD CHAMBERLAIN and other stars in the film capital . . . so make for this CAPITAL issue of FAB, the world's greatest pop magazine . . . it'll pop up on your bookstalls next Monday. . . . Price 1 Shilling. . . . HURRY 'cos FAB sells out—fast.



NEXT WEEK



NEXT WEEK



NEXT WEEK



# BEAT OPEN HOUSE AT THE ROOM

**THEY** call it The Beat Room, but it isn't really a room at all. It's a sprawling tangle of lights and cameras, glare and blare, and a notice outside reads Studio 3.

Like the BBC-TV centre which houses it, the room that isn't a room is a monument to pop-art desire. It's wrapped up in blues and greens, which is fine if you don't suffer from sea-sickness. It has a juke and sandwich bar, tables and chairs with shaded lights to give off a club atmosphere, plus two stages where beat groups thump out hit parade noises any time from ten onwards every Thursday, when the show is recorded for transmission on BBC2-TV a few days later.

I can tell you it's a very switched-on scene from A to Z. A begins about ten in the morning with the arrival of a weary-eyed Peter and The Headlines, the resident group who come early to work out backlogs with any artiste who may need one. Z arrives when the whole thing is over for another week and the door to The Beat Room closes behind everyone. From A to Z anything can—and does—happen.

**THE** first thing that hit me when I went to rehearsals for the show was the half-a-dozen bare-tudriffs of The Beat Girls, the resident dance team. They wear blue hipster pants and hatched-up red sweaters, shout out their names—Lyn, Ann, Jenny, Babs, Ruth and Jo.

Ordinary names, extraordinary girls. Their dances defy description, but "wild," "savage" and "uninhibited" will do for now. They have about the same effect that the Can-Can had on French society when that was let loose.

"You get used to them," Wayne Gibson told me





confidentially. "We didn't know where to look the first time we met them. But they're great girls." And with that, he went off with one of them to prove it.

The Animals' plane had been diverted, and the show was without its top-of-the-bill for most of the afternoon. Eventually The Animals arrived. Unfortunately, half their equipment did not. When Alan's electric organ disappeared under a cloud of smoke it began to look as if they might have problems.

It didn't show. Eric and Chas, wearing vivid yellow shirts with WNOR Good Guys written all over them (whatever that may mean), flopped into chairs and drowned their sorrows in a Coke. Hilton went looking for a teapot. Alan and John danced enthusiastically in front of a monitor screen showing American blues singer Ronnie Jones, who makes sensational appearances on the London club scene with his group The Night-Timers.

Little Eva, who's a big girl now, and pert with it, dropped into a chair beside me. I asked her how her feet were feeling. (She'd spent the previous day demonstrating her new dance The Magilla to the Press.) "Oh, fine," she said, smiling—and kicked off her shoes.

Some dancers drifted in and the studio manager asked for applause. "Make it sound like 200," he said.

Eva gave out with a yell that sounded like 400 and danced off for a closer look at Herman's Hermits, who were ready for a run-through. She remembered her shoes later. Meeting Eva is something like standing under an avalanche at the moment of impact.

JOHN MAYALL drifted over. He was just telling me in a shaky voice that this was to be his first-ever TV appearance when Alexis Korner's Blues Inc. took the stand and killed conversation stone dead with an onslaught of rhythm 'n' blues. Korner, the Daddy of British r'n'b, was as way out as his sound, wearing tartan trews and a Red Indian head-band.

At the Beat Room, the stars don't just sit in their dressing-rooms until they're called to the set. Most of them are happy to stay in the studio, chatting up the dancers and watching the action. By the time the final run-through was organised about seven, there were hundreds of people in the studio.

Beat Room is just about the most ambitious dance and disc show of them all and it begins as it means to go on—slick and fast and exciting. A camera swings onto the dancers who cram into the studio from their offices every week, and the first group belts out its message. There's no miming on the show, and no phony atmosphere—it just happens, usually from about eight onwards.

IT'S a show where anything goes—soldiers in khaki, typists in low-cut dresses, dolly birds, bright blouses, tight slacks, mohair suits with nine-inch vents. Exhibitionists like the West Indian gent in a blue chel's hat. And everyone on the show having a red-hot rave, not just jiggling around with a worn-out version of The Shake. The dancers are 100 per cent "up" on the new steps.

Cameras belt through the crowds, scattering dancers, but the dancing shakes on. And the stars go on. Lulu in green Bermuda shorts and shirt that she designed herself tells everyone to *Show* and they do. Little Eva says *Dance The Magilla*, and they do. Herman's Hermits say they're *Into Something Good*, and everyone agrees with them.

Cliff Bennett and The Rebel Rousers get everyone stomping and cheering with *One Way Love*. The Animals, with borrowed gear, sing *I'm Cryin'*, and a vocal that doesn't seem to have any words loudly and enthusiastically. And a string of people like The Wackers keep up the pace with tormented twittings and twangings.

Pace is the keyword. Nothing is allowed to slow up the show. No sentimental ballads. No patter from fast-talking deejays. It's all go. People come here to have a good time, and they get it.

If it didn't take place in The Beat Room, I'd say it can't be beat.



BEAT ROOM  
SPARKS  
DANCE  
WHO GIVE  
ALL THEY'  
GOT!



**Fab**

Wayne Gibson and  
The Dynamic Sounds

**WAYNE GIBSON** and The Dynamic Sounds aren't all that dynamic. And I don't say that unkindly. They're just not madly pushy to get in on trends. But they have a good all-round pop education, and that goes a long way.

They've already had a mild hit with a pretty little song about a girl called *Kelly* (who is more likely to be found in Lambeth than The Isle of Man if she expects Cockney Wayne to go looking for her). And with the resident group spot on BBC2-TV's *Beat Room* they had a big break.

They were originally signed for seven *Beat Room* shows, and they were still around doing their own spot and backing other artists months later. You could say they're "well in", with a stack of hall-room dates and personal appearances crammed into their engagement book. They have the sort of bouncy confidence that enabled them to cope when they were given a few hours notice that they would be backing Johnnie Ray and then found themselves backing The Ronettes.

The fact that red-haired Peter Cook can (hold your breath!) play electric organ, piano, trombone, trumpet, bass guitar, rhythm guitar, french horn, melodica, tuba and euphonium (www!) covers most situations.

Wayne and the boys are rarely seen in groups of more than one in their off-stage moments. This is because they don't believe in a cosy group image. They're individuals and want to stay that way.

A pleasant smile and a certain chubby charm

are Wayne's best assets. He dresses well and talks well.

"Before all this happened, I worked for a wine and spirits firm. We needed a bandwagon, so every job I took was a driving job so that I could borrow the van to take us to dates. I was a rotten driver, too.

"We have the same agent as Screaming Lord Sutch, and I remember when he was campaigning for licenses for cats and all that, he asked me the way to The Houses of Parliament. I took him there, and he wouldn't let the van go down without any 'note for Sutch' posters. He plastered them all over the sides, and just as we turned into Parliament Square I was pinched by the police for not having a license to advertise. Cost me £2. Next time, he can find his own way."

Ah, well, Sutch is life, I suppose. Apart from driving about in vans, Wayne has a passion for Dusty Springfield (a member of the group's fan club) and admires the talents of Sammy Davis Jr.

He's enthusiastic about Peter's talents, but not so keen on Peter's habit of getting up too early. Peter lives with Wayne's folks and on days off when a lie-in would come in handy he tends to wake up Wayne with a cup of tea at seven a.m. "He's like a clock," says Wayne, wearily. Peter is very quiet, and as such is accused of being moody at times, but he has a nice line in laughter-making.

He made his debut with the group about six months ago, and far from being nervous he brought the house (actually a ballroom roof) down.

Apparently Wayne counted out the usual 1-2-3-4 for a number and Peter went into Sooty, closely followed by *I Do Like To Be Beside The Sea-Side*. He still does it, occasionally. Peter used to be a local government officer and has played with five professional groups—"This is the best yet."

Larry Cole, who is the drummer and the most easy-going Dynamic Sound, is the original idiot. He has a wide mouth and a bland sort of face under a fair fringe and likes modern jazz and fishing.

Mike Todd, who is unrelated to other show business Mike Todds, is the lead guitarist. Wayne says he's a "sweet little thing." He's very quiet and likes "earthy" music.

The group was originally called The Tornadoes, and was founded by Ray Rogers who is leader and bass guitarist. He's rather vague. This becomes a nuisance when the group is halfway down the M1 before he realises that he's forgotten where they're playing. He goes to the pictures about twenty times a month and is an amiable type of person. His grandfather was a conjuror, so he knows a trick or two.

Wayne and the boys are all about twenty-one, come from various places around London, and share a common ambition to improve the group. They don't have long hair, and they don't play music that you can pin any labels to, but they're doing very nicely thank you.

"We may be reasonably individual," says Wayne, "but together we click."

JUNE SOUTHWORTH

## tv break for Wayne Gibson &

# THE DYNAMIC SOUNDS

Too many Cooks spoil the broth, so Peter absented himself from this one. "Deputising" is manager Terry King. (L to r) Larry Cole, Terry King, Ray Rogers, Mike Todd and Wayne Gibson.





# EMERGENCY WARD



1  
Beat idol Rock E. Roll comes to the end of another electrocuting performance. Suffering badly from guitar and shock he is taken to Emergency Ward B3 by a St. John Ambulance girl. In an ambulance, of course.



2  
Rock receives a great welcome. The Doc. rushes over to take him off Ava's hands... at least, that was his story. "Don't take me to the theatre," cries Rock. "I've just come from there."



3  
Placed under strict observation, Rock shows symptoms of an incurable condition. He abandons his guitar and sings Moonlight and Roses to an understanding Sister Susie.



4  
His career appears to be over. His manager, distressed at so much talent going to waste, casually asks him to pull himself together.



5  
Psychiatrists are called in to talk to Rock, to see if the shock has unbalanced him. They believe they can sort out his problem.



6  
Ah, well—better luck next time! Would anyone like to volunteer to sort out three mixed-up psychiatrists?



# 8 1/2

We thought we'd bring you all the drama of Emergency Ward 10, but we couldn't quite make it, so FAB presents its own soap opera... Emergency Ward 8 1/2!

by JUNE SOUTHWORTH

## AND HERE'S THE CAST: (?) :

### ROCK E. ROLL

**GERRY MARSDEN** (because he's a very patient lad).

### AVA BANDAGE

*the St. John Ambulance girl*  
**BARRY ST. JOHN** (because the name fits, even if the uniform doesn't!)

### DR. KILLJOY

**TONY JACKSON** (because he says he has a good bedside manner).

### SISTER SUSIE

**SANDIE SHAW** (because she's anyone's idea of a perfect sister).

### GUY N. GRAPEVINE

*Manager to Rock E. Roll*  
**FAB'S KEITH** (because he manages to be in on everything).

### FANNY STARSTRUCK

*Fan Club Secretary*  
**FAB'S MAUREEN** (because she's a fan of Gerry's).

### SEYMOUR BUMPS LTD.

*Psychiatrists*  
**THE VIBRATIONS** (because they're good at backing up the Doctor's efforts).



Susie and Dr. Killjoy try to reach a diagnosis. The patient's blood pressure has risen sharply since his admittance to EW8. He's nearly at the top of the chart.



"It's gonna be all right," waits the Doc. But Sister Susie isn't so sure. But the jealous Doc. and pretty nurse agree on one thing... Rock's ailment is a major one. He's in love.



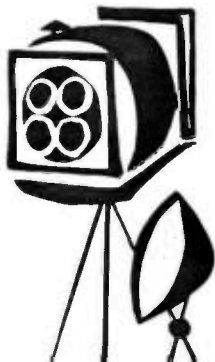
Rock's fan club secretary staggers in with fan-mail urging his return to the best scene. Rock is touched... very touched... Who will he choose? Sister Susie or Fanny Starstruck?



He bravely decides to return to the fans who love him. He gives the Doc. his violin, saying there are no strings attached. The Doc. is sorry to see him go, but Susie rallies round to comfort him.



That night, Rock abandons his guitar in case lightning strikes twice. But he's soon taken screaming from the theatre back to EW8. He's swallowed his Amba-Bistory.



**S**HE wandered into my office looking a bit vague—a tall, slender girl, with long, straight dark hair. Tinted glasses hid her lovely blue-grey eyes. She wore a census suit and carried a cream vanity case with the name "Sandie" picked out on it in gold letters. The Ed's secretary introduced us.

"Sylvia, this is Sandie Shew."

Sandie shook hands, smiled rather shyly and sat down. Yes, she'd love a cup of tea, thank you.

While I made it, I studied her. The latest girl to make the bid for stardom.

"Have you noticed," I said, "how many girls are making it big in show business right now? Once upon a time, girls didn't stand a chance. It was all boys."

"Yes it was," she agreed. "I wonder why?"

"That's what I was hoping you'd tell me," I grinned. "Do you think TV has anything to do with it?"

"It could have. I've been seen quite a bit on TV. But there's no real way of knowing if that's helped me."

The quick smile came again.

"Shall I tell you the programme I like doing most? *Ready, Steady, Go!* We have a load of fun on that show. They're all my friends down there—Cathy, Keith, Michael. I really enjoy doing it."

Everyone, it seems, enjoys *RSG*. Cilla, The Stones. The Fourmost all pop along just to watch rehearsals when they're free. And *RSG*. regular Cathy McGowan has quite definite views on the part TV's played in making girl artistes more popular with fans.

"It's undoubtedly TV that's behind the rise of girl stars," she told me. "You make so many friends by appearing regularly on the small screen. Even in America I have had people come up to me to say 'Hello.' They feel they know me. Yes I'm sure TV's largely responsible for making girls more popular in the pop world."

Lulu, however, begged to differ. While I held a microphone wire out of her way so she could pose for pictures without tripping over it, she said: "Boy groups are the reason girls are so popular now.

It's a reaction. People get tired of seeing boys all the time. When the girls started coming along, the public were ready to listen.

She jumped in the air for yet another picture, landed safely, grinned and said, "I'm sure glad it did all happen so nicely. I came along at just the right moment."

But you won't hear Lulu running down TV, or the chances it's given her of being seen by millions of people.

"I love doing TV," she hollered down to me from approximately two feet above my head. The flash-bulb popped and the photographer said, "Could we do it just once more, please? I think I was a little late with that one."

Up she went again, this time hollering down, "I especially like being interviewed on TV. I like to give my views on things."

This time the camera man wasn't late. He got his picture, nodded to me and said, "You can go now. Thanks."

I dropped the mike lead, thanked Lulu and staggered from her dressing room feeling quite worn out.

Cathy McGowan's fan mail has a high percentage of "problem" type letters.

"Fans write to ask me if I think it would be right for them to leave home, do I think they have the wrong figure for mod. clothes. Oh, all sorts of things.

It's like I say. When people see you regularly on TV, they start to think of you as a friend."

The girls who star on TV like to watch TV too. *Ready, Steady, Go!* is obviously a top programme. So is *June Box Jury* and *Thank Your Lucky Stars*. *Tonight* turns up in the list of "Programmes we enjoy most," as well.

Cilla's another girl who loves doing TV.

"Easiest work I've ever done in my life," she lily pads cheerfully. "I did a TV show before I'd ever done a proper stage show. I'd played the clubs and things, but I'd never done a real, live show in a theatre. I was a bit nervous, but not petrified."

"Lots of people tell me they get really scared when they do TV. They think of all the millions of people out there watching them. But I never think about that. To me it's just a little box."

Does Cilla think TV's helped girls to greater popularity?

"TV's a big help to everyone, not just girls in particular. But on the other hand TV shows are accepting more girl stars now than they did. But the boys are the reason why girls are more popular. Fans are reacting against hearing boys all the time."

"Maybe boys in the audiences are thinking it's time they had something to look at." I suggested. "Maybe they're fed up with having the girl friend screaming at boys while they sit there with nothing to whistle at."

"Maybe," Cilla laughed, "although strangely enough, most of my fan mail seems to come from girls. They write to me about clothes, hairdos and things like that."

"Usually I don't have much time to watch TV," Cilla said, "but while I'm at the Palladium, I'm able to look in quite a bit. I've got a set in my dressing room."

But her number one favourite way of passing time backstage at the Palladium is by playing cards with The Fourmost. Cilla usually wins, too.

So if *Maverick* ever returns to the small screen and you see a familiar looking redhead beating the cowboys at poker—well, you never know, do you? Anything can happen.

SYLVIA STEPHEN

# screening the GIRLS



Lulu



Cilla Black



Cathy McGowan



Sandie Shew



**F** **Donna**  
**Show**

# Have fun- GO BLONDE



Does your hair ever give you the blues? Then put the best color with Hiltone. Hiltone lightens muddy hair, brightens faded middling hair. Creamy, flaming Hiltone is safe, easy to use. It won't get in your eyes. And you can control Hiltone... become a little the shade of blonde that nature meant you to be.

hiltone

5/6

IT'S FUN TO BE BLONDE WITH

hiltone





Sylvia, Leo and Moira in their 'danza routine'.

## SEARCH FOR A STAR

"Sylvia," the Ed. said, with that gleam in her eye that makes me back towards the door, "I think you might be star material."

"Huh??!" I gasped.

"There's a programme called 'Search For A Star' on Rediffusion TV. It's a mammoth-sized talent competition. Get yourself along there and have a bash."

"Unity!" I gasped. "You must be joking."

But she wasn't joking.

My friends at Rediffusion thought Unity was joking as well. It took time to convince them that she wasn't.

"Oh well," they said at last. I could hear the shrug of resignation in the voices. "Come along to one of the rehearsals and we'll find out if you've got anything." I thanked them with a heavy heart.

ON telling my friend Moira Conway (you've read her stories in FAB too) she thought it all sounded a great lark.

"If you think it's likely to be such fun, why don't you have a go as well?" I demanded.

"Okay, I will," she said to my astonishment.

So a few days later, feeling a bit better about it now I had someone to give me moral support, we took ourselves to Television House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

"I heard you were coming," the show's director said. Peter Croft is a very nice man and tried not to look horrified at the thought of attempting to turn a couple of nits like us into TV stars.

"Have you brought some tights with you for the dancing bit?" he said.

"Er—no," I replied in a small voice. His eyes said: "What—oh, well—we've got a right pair here!"

I'd no idea we were going to be asked to dance. I'd thought we'd get away with just doing our party piece—in my case, a rather off-key rendering of John and Paul's *Call Your Name*.

"Moira," I hissed, as we pecked our way over the wires and cables trailing the studio floor. "Can you dance?"

"No," she hissed back. "Can you?"

"Haven't a clue," I replied.

We sat on benches among some very self-assured young ladies, all wearing pretty dresses and nice smiles. They, we gathered, were the other competitors. Silk, numbered sashes were handed to us. We slipped into ours and waited. Waiting is always a big part of anything that's going out on TV.

Suddenly, things started to happen. Numbers were called out. Girls got up and sang. Came back and sat down again. I began looking for a way out. Only the

thought of what the FAB gang would say if I went back without seeing it through kept me there.

At last, it was my turn. I wobbled forward, did my party piece and wobbled back. Moira was next. She was beginning to look as though she'd changed her mind about the whole thing.

At the rehearsal, everything is done exactly as it will be on the actual screening. Girls are eliminated from each section. This is so that everything can be checked for exact timing. But when the show goes out, the girls who were eliminated at rehearsal are back in again. The judging then takes place all over again, this time with a couple of celebrities judging in place of the cameramen who stand in at rehearsals. Thanks to the fact that I was planning to write the whole story of our audition for FAB, I wasn't eliminated in the heats. I sang, I danced, I acted. You might describe it that way. I think I liked the dancing bit best. Moira seemed to enjoy that too. The reason could have been Leo. Leo Khanbin, that is. He's the programme's resident choreographer.

Leo, an American, came over here with the stage production of *West Side Story* and boy, can he dance. We watched in silent wonder as he worked out a routine right there and then. We gasped when we were told that we were going to have to do it. But Leo, in seven minutes, taught all of us how to do that dance.

"This is a very good step," Leo said, indulging in a bit of footwork that had us blinking. "It can lead so easily into lots of other steps."

"Oh yes," I said *awfully*. "It looks quite easy."

"Why don't you try it?"

I did. I'd rather not talk about what happened. But Moira and Leo were laughing when they picked me up from the floor.

We were finally allowed a break for tea. Everyone,

from director Peter Croft to the tiniest competitor, queued at a table set up outside the studio.

Keith Fordyce grinned at me and asked: "Giving up journalism for the bright lights then?"

"You must be joking," I retorted. "Journalism's a pushover compared to this."

"Of course you're sticking around to go into the actual show, aren't you?" he asked.

"Not likely," I exclaimed. It's bad enough making an idiot of myself in front of you and the rest of the Rediffusion gang. I'm certainly not planning to do it in front of the viewers."

Peter Croft joined us. He said that he was leaving in a couple of days to start a trip round the country. He would be auditioning girls who'd written in from the provinces, asking to enter the competition.

"The prize, as you know, is a starring appearance in a TV spectacular," Peter told me. The kind of spectacular it will be will depend on the girl who wins. If her special talent is playing the piano the show will be built around her musical talent. If she's a singer, it will be designed to show off her voice. If she's an actress, then the show will give her plenty of chances to act."

A little man came trotting out of the studio calling

"Five minutes, everyone, five minutes"

"Fatal run through," Keith explained.

"Do you mean to say we've got to do all that again?" Moira asked.

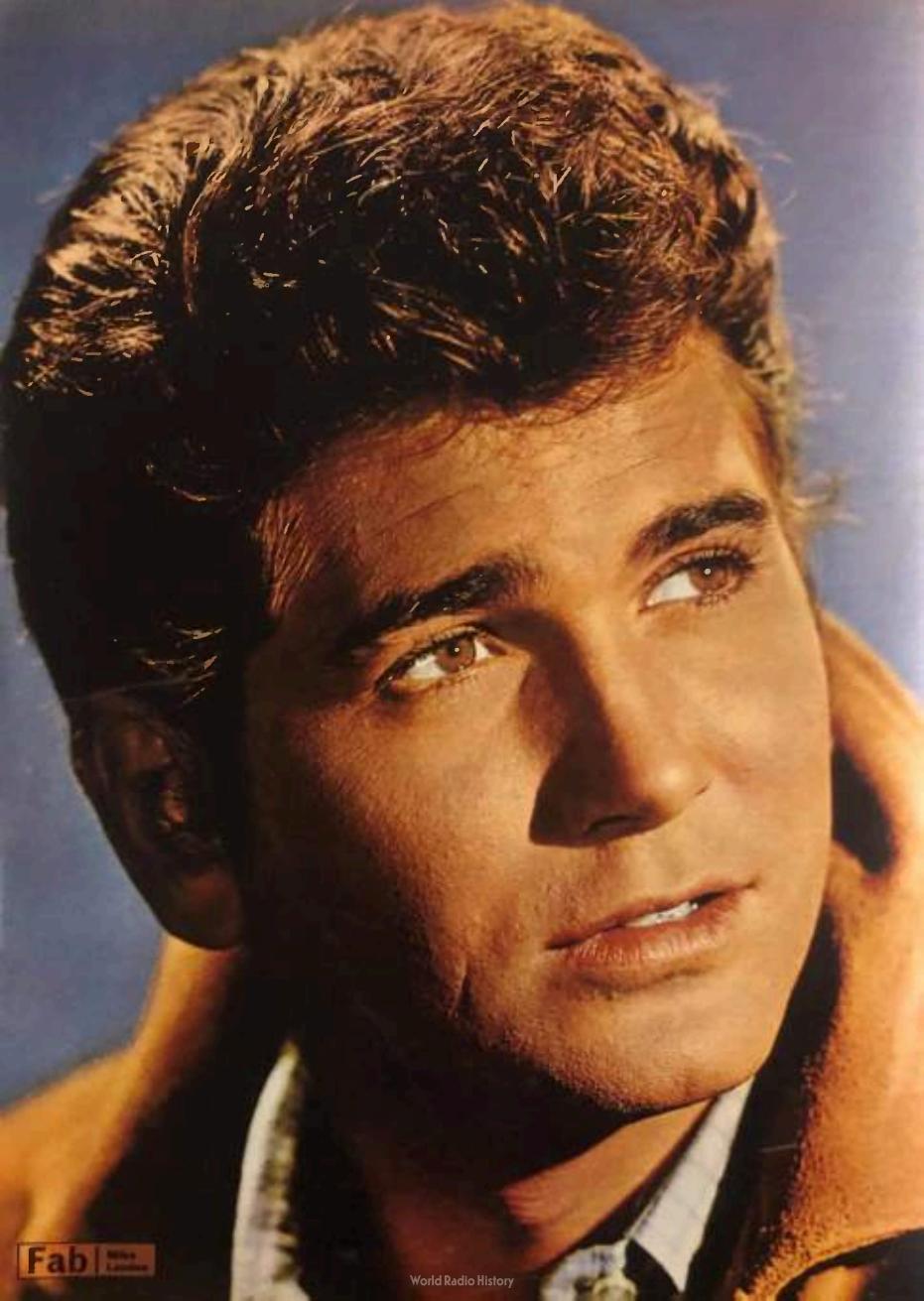
"That's right," Keith grinned.

"Go through that again?" I jipped. "Oh no. Let's go, Moira."

"But don't you want to be on TV?" Peter called after us.

"No thanks," I yelled back over my shoulder. "I'd rather stick to writing if you don't mind."

SYLVIA STEPHEN



**Fab** Style & Inspiration

**I**t all began when Eugene Crowitz turned into a Teenage Werewolf. Eugene alias Little Joe Cartwright alias actor Mike Landon found he had landed his first big film role as a " hairy horror" in *I Was A Teenage Werewolf*.

"After being told by Warner Brothers that they had signed me on because I looked like the hero type that role came as quite a shock," says Mike "I think if it had type cast me I would have died. However the part did prove a paw inside the stage door of Hollywood for me."

Fortunately, Mike's "monster movie" did not mean that his obvious good looks had been ignored by the TV producers. His role as Little Joe in the Bonanza TV series has made him the uncrowned king of TV cowboys.

"Sometimes I feel the biggest influence on me was that first animal-human role," admits Joe. "Not that I go around eating people or anything, but I do seem to have caught a passion for keeping weird animals."

Mike is the happy owner of seven cats, a hamster, a bowl of fish, some turtles, a frog, a gibbon ape, a pond full of crayfish, a guinea pig and a boa constrictor. His latest addition to the happy home is a dog—a Great Dane.

As a skilled amateur carpenter Mike knocked up the largest dog kennel in the world for his pet measuring 9 feet long, 5 feet wide and 8 feet high. He has just completed his second kennel for Dan "Hoss" Blocker.

"For his dog not for him," stresses Mike.

Apart from his own private zoo, Mike is the reporters' dream of heaven when it comes to churning out that old familiar: "Have you any hobbies" question.

To begin with he is a very fine athlete and believes in keeping fit at the nearby Hollywood Gym. At high school he was the national high school javelin champion of America.

"I throw left-handed," says Mike. "Due to an accident when I was a kid my right arm is practically useless—except for signing cheques, that is."

The mishap doesn't seem to have affected Mike's fitness for he was recently challenged by a local Marine unit to take part in their combat course. Mike finished 1st out of 200 men and was made an honorary sergeant on the spot.

His only difficulty in the athletic field came when he accepted the post of swimming instructor but omitted to mention that he could not swim.

Mike managed to bluff his way through by staying in the shallow and while instructing his pupils. Everything went swimmingly until one of the little ones strayed out of his depth and began to sink. Mike knew it was do or die. He decided to "die" and jumped in next to his pupil—promptly sinking with him. By holding his breath and standing on the bottom he was able to hold the child's head above the water and walk back to the shallow end until his head eventually surfaced. He lost the job!

"Another dodge I had was to always appear at the swimming pool with my socks and sneakers on," says Mike. "No one but a lunatic would expect a man to go in the water clad in socks and sneakers."

Unfortunately the drowning pupil put paid to Mike's ruse and he got another job working in a warehouse, humping cases around. It was here that a Warner Brothers talent scout spotted him and he got his first film roles playing bit parts in small films.

Mike Landon has come a long way since his odd job days. He now has an Alfa Romeo sports car, a ranch styled house in Hollywood complete with a super swimming pool, a long term contract with NBC for Bonanza and a string of personal appearances to his credit all over America. Not forgetting the private zoo, of course.

Above all, Mike is happily married to Marjorie Lynn. They met when Marjorie, a beautiful blonde, was playing a bit part in a Bonanza episode.

"Not bad for a Werewolf who these javeelin left handed," smiles Mike. Not bad at all!

# BONANZA

## *It's Mike Landon*



ROY POCKETT





They were filming in the depths of the country and had been driven direct to the studios to do *Ready, Steady, Go!* The entire staff and premises of Television House had been reorganised. Kingsway had the air of a forthcoming siege.

Barricades and policemen suddenly appeared around the building, the security men inside were pacing up and down, snatching frequent glances at their watches (but with bulges of photograph booths beneath their official uniforms giving them away) and crowds of teenagers had mysteriously set up camp along the pavement.

Huge precautions against gate-crashers had gone into operation and all tickets were carefully scrutinised to detect the "black market" ones circulating at up to £5 each in a local club. It was Beatle-day and how!

Cathy (McGowan) had been walking around in a flat spin all day. She'd already eaten her script and read her sandwiches at lunch-time and was now working out and re-arranging the questions she had lined-up to ask Ringo and Paul.

But now they'd arrived and everyone was talking non-stop. "How's the film going? Where's John? Have our instruments arrived? Do you want tea or coffee? Cilla's here. Oh, yes, we read about George's new car—it's an XK Jaguar—great. Did you hear the story about Fred?" Until the Director arrived on the scene and firmly reminded us that there were rehearsals for a Television Show and we could natter later.

The Beatles emerged from under a stack of fan-mail, a pile of half-eaten sandwiches and empty coffee cups, put their cigarettes out and rehearsal started.

The studio was packed. It always is, but today instead of "everyone being there," there was "just nobody who wasn't." Photographers bobbed up and down, journalists wrote down every word everybody said and the Director and The Beatles tolerantly ploughed through the camera rehearsals.

John, peering out through tinted glasses, was asking if he could smoke. Paul said he couldn't remember the words of their second record. Yes, he had written them, but that was a long time ago. Ringo was chatting up our secretary and George was immersed in strumming on his new twelve-string guitar of which he was immensely proud. And immensely expert. They all wore neat, tailored suits with open-neck shirts—except Paul, who wore a tie. They were immaculate.

Rehearsals finished and they were whacked away to change and then taken upstairs for a drink and a few minutes relaxation before the show.

Pandemonium was raging outside. A huge crowd was milling with the odd privileged few proudly reaching the door,

"Hello, whack. What a rush, but we're here. Is there possibly anything to eat—we're starving?" It could only be The Beatles.



waving their entry ticket. Tickets had been given out in the normal way but a competition for the best painting or drawing of The Beatles had been held, and the winners had their work put up in the studio and a ticket for the show. Everyone had a glow about them and however heroic things were getting, the permanent grin never faded.

Last minute panics. "Where's Cathy? We must just have one more picture of the boys being presented with this Chart award. Paul said he wanted a coke. Ringo was sitting leaning over the back of a chair, staring into the dressing-room mirror. George carefully combed his hair, then violently shook his head so that it fell over his forehead. John was humming a tune, which he kept saying would be number one in Afghanistan and nobody disagreed! Paul was sitting in the hall telling Cathy how to make Apple Pie—he's an expert.

The studio was packed and in frenzied excitement. The red light saying "On Air" started flashing, music burst out and we were on the air. The four of them stood in the passage doorway unobserved, watching the show.

Bobby Vee did his number and had to rush straight off to Kilburn to do a stage-show.

Dusty was doing two numbers and stood chatting with Paul and John. Her accent was rapidly getting more Liverpudlian than theirs! Manfred Mann were knocking themselves out and the show was swinging.

The floor-manager called for The Beatles. They came in and took up their places on the rostrum as Keith Fordyce was introducing them. Suddenly the audience saw them. First a reverent hush and then the screaming that went up completely drowned Keith's words.

Music started and The Beatles were on *Ready, Steady, Go!*

The studio cheered, clapped, screamed and cheered for more. Paul and John drew moustaches and glasses on their pictures on the walls. George gave away his guitar plectrum and signed autographs and Ringo was energetically dancing the Mousley with a Gink and Daisy.

Then, five minutes later, it was all over. The Beatles went upstairs for a quick Press Conference before joining all the other artists and us lot for a supper which had been laid on. The audience had cleared and all that remained in an empty, half-lit studio was their road-manager, Neil, quietly and methodically packing their gear ready for the next performance. VICKI WICKHAM

# BIG FOUR

on T.V.



# Don't hibernate

**W**ARM UP YOURSELF with Vedonis underwear. It's so pretty and snug it keeps you that way too. Vedonis Fancy Knit in fine wool or cotton is lace-trimmed, shapely. Perfect

**Make like the wise birds...** carry on hunting through the nastiest weather! They keep warm by fluffing up their feathers to trap warm air next to their bodies. Vedonis underwear keeps you warm the same way. And under your curviest dresses sleek Vedonis is twice as chick as feathers!

### What to do when your nose turns blue

Look for a male blue-nosed whale OR a shop that sells Vedonis. It's so pretty and snug it keeps you that way too. Vedonis Fancy Knit in fine wool or cotton is lace-trimmed, shapely. Perfect

### Hot couture (The French spell it haute)

The main thing about the dresses you make is that they fit you perfectly. Bulges underneath would spoil your silhouette. You'd rather freeze! Hot fashion tip! Wear a Vedonis vest. They're shaped to be sleek as a second skin. You'll bask.

**Like to feel bikini now?** Remember last year, flat on the beach soaking up sun? You felt relaxed, poised, confident. You looked pretty good too. That's what warmth did for you then. What Vedonis can do for you now. Go see it soon, buy it, wear it. You'll glow through winter in wonderful shape!

from all good shops and stores, or write to:

Vedonis Limited, Dept. X3, Basford, Nottingham



Plus Two from 5/11  
Stretch Briefs from 5/11

Vests from 6/6  
Panties from 5/6



# IF YOU HAVE PROBLEM HAIR



## DON'T JUST SHAMPOO IT— TREAT IT!

*deep* does what no ordinary shampoo will do: it clears and controls greasy hair. Free your hair's natural loveliness. Start now with a regular Deep Shampoo treatment.



SHAMPOO  
TREATMENT

Tried... Trusted...

Proven...

Prescribed and used by hair care specialists and salons everywhere, and readily available from all good class chemists and stores, you'll be so glad you paid extra pence for beautiful hair.

DEEP SOAP DEALS WITH THE PROBLEM OF SHINY  
SKIN AND ACNE



*deep* TREATMENT SOAP contains G 11, the new germicide which clears shiny skin and acne; ensures all-day freshness.

From your chemist or local store.

PRODUCTS OF THE CHARLES BEDEMAN RESEARCH ORGANISATION



**Fab** Roger Moore

World Radio History



**HEY! SWING IT**  
in this pretty leg gear

It's just what the cool chick ordres!  
From left to right: Young Londoner shoes in black and tan, price 69s 11d. Lace design stockings by Bear Brand, 8s 11d. Dolci's black leather shoes, 69s 11d. Leaf patterned stockings 8s 11d., by Bear Brand.  
Brown leather shoes by Dolci's, 59s 11d. Pretty Polly brown and black diamond patterned stockings, 9s 11d.  
Dolci's T-strap shoes in wine coloured leather, 69s 11d.  
Thick brown stockings from Bentalls, Kingston, Surrey, 21s 6d.

# BIRD'S EYE VIEW

... so open those peepers and take one big look at what all the way out chicks are wearing... they've gone country girl with their simple smocks and saucy leg gear.

Come on little girl—if you want to be a Basher One hit, just take a look at the cool price-savers on Rediffusion's *Ready, Steady, Go!*... and get in the swing like our dottie here, kicking it up with Heinz and The Wild Boys.

## THE MILKMAID LOOK

The country. Fresh air. Lots of exercise, straight from the farm eggs and milk—all these things go towards a fresh pink complexion. The Milkmaid Look.

There are just a few simple rules to keep skin daisy fresh. Basically cleansing is the key word.

Cleanse off make-up. Turtle Oil Cleansing Milk is ideal (price 5s). Now pat face with a cotton pad impregnated in astringent, by Yardley's Skin Freshener (price 6s). If you have dry skin use Turtle Oil Skin Fluid (price 8s 6d). Oily skin also needs a nourisher, but only leave on skin for about ten minutes.

Never, but never use a face cloth. Always use either your fingers to apply soap or fresh cotton pads. Flannels harbour germs, and are the worst offenders for staying spots and blemishes. Rinse off soap with warm or cold water. Pat face dry.

Now—go to it baby face you're all set to hit the Town!

\* Our Milk Maid here is wearing a lovely towed dress by Lew's (price 42s) in a Fab Centre. Price 88s 11d.



3



1

Hey! Just got this super face smock dress. Pattie Boyd is wearing—it's just about the most in dress in Town.

Pattie's dress is by Simon Ellis, and comes in soft beige, startling black or ice white. The price is 53 gns., and well worth it if you want to look a real party pretty. Here Pattie swings the scene with handsome Heinz.

2

Another with it chick who's taken to a smock for doing the dance rounds is pretty Angie, with the Alice in Wonderland hair.

Angie's dress is from a wide range by Fenwick's, of Bond Street, London, W.1.

The price is approx. 5 gns., and the dress is obtainable in mouth watering apricot or a cool blue brown.

Super for snuggling up, the dress is made in heavy needle-cord.

3

Boys—this is where the girls take over! In fact the girls make a sharp scene in their country-style smocks, so it's no wonder they've got the boys in a flip!

*Left:* Pattie's pink smocking dress is by Lee Cecil, and is also available in Old Gold or French Navy. The price is 7 gns.

*Right:* Jennie's cream coloured smock is by Simon Ellis, and also comes in coffee or red. Made from Flannel and Rayon, the dress is 5 gns.

4

Hey fellows—don't look now, but Jennie's out for the kill! And this is just the dress to cause a sensation.

Jennie's smock is from a wide range by Simon Ellis.

Made in Flannel and Rayon, lush colours include coffee brown and flannel red, and the price is 53 gns.

Jennie preferred winter white, and as you can see, it caused quite a stir!

4



# SWING LIKE A STAR

Bring a song of stardom and make with that sparkling star appeal.

Our pretty make-up expert who makes the stars look super-plus is attractive, red-haired Lorna Cradish, ABC's television make-up expert, at Teddington Studios, in Surrey.

Lorna spends most of her time personally supervising the make-up of many of our favourite showbiz stars like those swinging hookies, The Supremes, Honey Lastrée of The Honeycombs, Dusty Springfield, delish Sandie Shaw—even Pussy Galore herself, Honor Blackman!

At the moment, Lorna is kept on her toes making up the stars who appear each week in Pop Spoo. It's really quite an exhausting job, which demands a great deal of concentration

—but it's also great fun—and never boring. "How could it be dull?" said Lorna, "especially with stars like Gerry and The Pacemakers or The Dave Clark Five around!"

When make-up would Gerry use for make-up? Perhaps he would only need his beard: and a moustache line cleaned up, in which case a touch of Cosme Puff would do the trick.

But for a fair-haired boy, like Heinz, say, Lorna would use unsexes and make-up to make his eyebrows to make them noticeable on the screen.

How did Lorna get her super job? Well, she was trained by the television company for years, she works, but she also needed to have some previous experience in either make-up or beauty: Lorna's training is ideal and hairdressing.

This is the type of job that demands a lot of personality, too.

Being able to cope with people is a MUST: a great deal depends on personally getting on well, and helping them when they are feeling really down or depressed through stress or wear.

On average, Lorna spends about one and a half hours on make-up, and an hour doing hair. It isn't always necessary to do a star's hair, sometimes when Lorna might re-style, shampoo and set it.

Sometimes a style demands false pieces of hair, either for the part or simply to make the hair look more attractive. This is all part of Lorna's job, too, so as you can imagine, she is very busy!

GILL OLIVER



Girl with the milkmaid look is dreamy Sandie Shaw. (See below for details on how to get the milkmaid look.)

**NOW** you can make up just like the stars with these super beauty hints. Here's how to look pretty and make the most of yourself with clever use of make-up.

For fab that's most IN with the stars is the Milkmaid Look. This means a really pale face, which is just fine for facing the sensitive TV cameras, which demand very little make-up, very delicately used.

Our girl with the Milkmaid Look is fab Sandie Shaw. Here is how Lorna would make-up Sandie with the newest country-girl face.

Firstly, she would use Max Factor's Sheer Genius, applied sparingly over face and neck. Super shade is Tempting Touch, which is a creamy ivory (price is 6t. 6d.).

Any shadows under the eyes Lorna disguises with either Max Factor's Erace (price 6s.) or a white lipstick.

Now comes the shaping of your face, which can help enormously to fine down your features. A broad nose, for instance, can be helped by shading down the sides, with a light foundation used down the centre. If too long, just shade off the tip. If your nose is not straight, it can be corrected by shading down one side and using a lighter foundation down the other side.

A natural softness is all part of the Milkmaid Look, so it isn't necessary to use powder, particularly over Sheer Genius, a foundation which will give your face a slight sheen.

Like Sandie, you can let those pretty freckles show, but if you want to powder over them, choose a shade like Dresden Ivory, made in cream powder and obtainable from the British Home Stores, price 3s. 9d. Dust in lightly, moving from the chin upwards.

A milkmaid's eyebrows are naturally shaped. Play it fair with a soft brown or grey eyeshadow, and feather into the actual eyebrow, curving very slightly downwards for the NEW round eye.

Eyes are saucer-luge and sooty black. Make-up girl Lorna makes them large and exciting by outlining the eye in grey or brown. She starts just above the corner of the eye, close to the lashes, keeping the line very thin.

The line should never be extended, if anything, it should be dropped slightly so it's almost not visible.

That super wide-eyed appeal can be got by using a white pencil, just above the lower lashes and extended beyond the outer corner of the eye.

A fab eyeshadow that's really subtle, and which gives a soft, golden glow for that healthy look is Amber Golden Secret, price 1s. 6d. from the British Home Stores.

Pringe your eyes with deep flutter eyelashes, using Miner's Lash-On, price 4s. 6d. Lightly touch in your lower lashes with plain mascara, but ONLY after experimenting.

Give your lips a full-blown dewy look with a soft English rose pink lipstick, like Inwax's Lollipop and Ross (3s. 6d.).

Take your lipstick right to the outer edges and slightly over-emphasize the natural line.

Get the idea? Then milkmaid, you're a natural!



This is one of the girls who helps Lorna—Honor Blackman gets the full treatment before going on air. Time for complete make-up could be anything up to an hour!

# LOOK FAB IN LACE!



**A 'Fab' cut-out dress** FROM ONLY  
 Here's a dress that'll turn all eyes  
 your way when you hit the scene. **32/6**  
 It comes in either white lace with  
 black bow, or black lace with red bow, both  
 fully lined. This sizzling number with the latest  
 high line look, 'mod' frill cuffs and of course  
 the 'Tom Jones' bow will make you the tops  
 at any party this winter.

This wonderful offer at such a low price comes to you completely cut-out and ready to sew and includes, zip, all necessary trimmings, interfacings and fully illustrated sewing instructions. Plus free postage and packing. Closing date for this offer is 18th December 1964. This offer is only available in the UK and N. Ireland.

SIZES & PRIZES	BUST	32	34	36	38	40
	HIP	34	36	38	40	42
PRICE	32/6	35/-	35/-	37/6	37/6	

**'TOM JONES' OFFER** Simply fill in the coupon in ink and BLOCK CAPITALS and send a crossed postal order or cheque for the correct amount to, De Trevi, 'Tom Jones' Offer, 80 Hanway St., London W.1. Cheques and P.O.'s must be crossed and made payable to De Trevi. Remember the closing date is 18th December, 1964. So hurry.

*If you do not wish to cut out this coupon from the magazine, simply make an exact copy, fill it in and then post it to De Trevi, 'Tom Jones' Offer, 80 Hanway Street, London W.1*

**DE Trevi** THE TRENDSETTERS

## YOUR PRIVILEGE ORDER FORM

Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ cut out packs. Bust size \_\_\_\_\_

I enclose P.O. / Cheque value \_\_\_\_\_

Colour BLACK or WHITE (Delete which is not applicable)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

FAB 6







# Everyone wants to know HOW TO BE A TV PERSONALITY-PLUS

**MICHAEL  
ALDRED**  
gives you the  
lowdown-plus



**L**IKE any other job, working on television has its good and bad sides. It's a great feeling to be stopped and asked for your autograph. There isn't a person in showbusiness who doesn't like being recognised.

Let's face it, we all like to be admired and complimented. It doesn't matter whether it's for something we've done, something we're wearing or simply for earning a living which has a certain glamour attached to it.

It's not so nice when the fans don't know when to stop. I've seen artists like The Stones and The Animals outside TV House in London's Kingsway having buttons torn off their jackets and their clothing ripped to pieces. None of us are so well off that we can afford a new stage suit for every stage or TV appearance!

The fact that you are a celebrity can be the key to unlock previously closed doors. I remember going to see The Stones on their recent tour at Edmonton. Brian Jones is one of the best friends I have in showbusiness and I wanted to drop in for a chat.

I managed to get through the police cordon outside and reach the stage door. There I knocked hard and was promptly admitted but only because the doorman had seen my face on "Tele."

Once inside showbusiness I found myself attached to one of the inner circles which included The Ready Steady Go crowd and stars like Dusty and Tom Springfield.

Before I ever took the job as compere on TV I had interviewed The Springfields for my school magazine. They were nice people then and they proved even better when I came to know them more intimately later.

I can still remember that first interview for the mag at school. The Springfields invited me back to their dressing room and invited me to have a beer. I was so overwhelmed I left the dressing room, completely forgetting the interview!

An unfortunate aspect from my point of view is that I tend to speak my mind and hurt people's feelings. I remember on being asked by Frank Allen of *The Searchers* whether I liked their *When You Walk In The Room* disc I replied truthfully that I preferred Jackie De Shannon's version. You have to be tactful in this business if you don't want to upset people.

In showbusiness circles the people keep odd hours and naturally if you are a part of the scene you try to keep up. I remember quite frequently getting home at four in the morning to start work at ten for *Ready Steady*.

It's an exciting life where your friends might have a disc that's top of the hit parade or perhaps it's their first to be released and you share their excitement as it mounts the charts.

I might pop in to see Kathy Kirby for a cup of tea in her Mayfair home or eat with Millie before we go to see a show. The phone will ring and Dusty Springfield, Mick Jagger, Cilla Black or Sandie Shaw might be on the other end. See what I mean?

I bet you're all wondering how you can become a TV personality of some kind. Of course, it all depends on what you want to do. If you want to sing, then the best thing is to make a demo disc and send it to one of the record companies.

If dancing is your strong point, enrol in a dancing school and see if you can get an introduction from these Talent Competitions are always being held. Try entering one of these you might win.

If you do get a break in showbusiness be prepared for lots of hard work. Be suspicious of anyone who tries to convince you there is a short cut to the top. There is no industry more cruel or harsh in its judgment nor one so rich and exciting in its rewards.

If you want to be just a personality, I'm afraid I can't help you there. I'm still wondering how I became one myself.

# GUESS WHO?

You've seen them on TV but do you *really* know them—the stars of the small screen, the ones who've really made the grade on the magic box. . . . Here they are, as you've never seen them before! See just how good you are at recognising, the eyes, the mouth, the profile, the features of these famous TV topsters. When you've made your choice you can see just how right (or wrong) you are by looking at the answers on page 31.



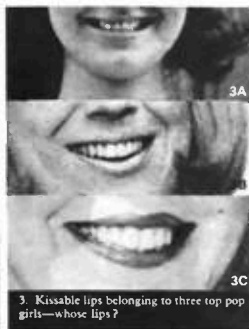
1. He's got his eyes on you! But who?

1A

1B



2. There's something new about this face. Who is it and what's new?



3A

3C

3. Kissable lips belonging to three top pop girls—whose lips?



4A

4B

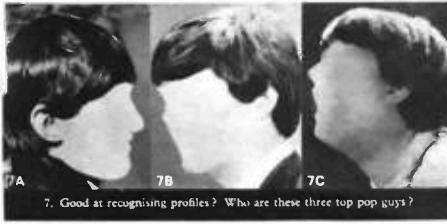
4. Three topknots, belonging to three DJ's. Who are they?



5. Back to you—who are they?



6. Three laughing mouths, three dazzling pair of eyes. Link together a mouth and pair of eyes and who do they belong to?



7. Good at recognising profiles? Who are these three top pop guys?



8. Four lads with four fab hairstyles—they all belong to one group! Who are they?



9. Three VIP doctors each with their own TV serial. Who are they?



Fab | The Rolling Stones

Me  
and my  
Disc  
Jockey



## LOOK WHAT I'VE GOT!

It's a Philips Disc Jockey Record Player. Dad gave it to me for getting my "O" levels. It's *fantabulous!* It's quite little but it's got bags of volume—too much, Dad says but you know what Dads are. Disc Jockey plays all sorts of records—fab for pops or LPs. And it has a super carrying case you can pop it into (costs a bit extra—Mum gave me that), with room for records, so you can take your Disc Jockey simply *everywhere*, like parties for instance. The rest of the gang are *green!* There'll be lots of heavy hinting in lots of homes between now and Christmas, I bet!



Philips Disc Jockey Battery Portable Record Player Model AG4000. Only 115 guineas, Carrying Case extra.

If you buy a Philips Disc Jockey and Carrying Case (£119.95 extra) you can have the case stamped with the signature of Dusty Springfield, Eden Kane or The Merseybeats —in GOLD!

### READ THIS—CUT IT OUT—SEND IT IN

Philips Electrical Ltd, Dept. F1, Guttery Lane, Shelton Ave, London, W12  
Please send me the FREE leaflet describing the Philips Disc Jockey AG4000, and free voucher for gold over-stamping on the carrying case.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_



**PHILIPS** — the friend of the family

# In RECORD time

In Britain singers Chad Stuart and Jeremy Clyde have meant very little. But in America,

where the pop scene is in the grip of a British beat mania, it's a different story.

There, Chad and Jeremy's last two discs, which figured nowhere at all in the British charts, have been smash hits, and when the boys recently visited the States, they received the kind of adulation usually reserved for The Beatles.

22-year-old Chad and 23-year-old Jeremy (he's the grandson of the Duke of Wellington) met while studying at London's Central School of Speech and Drama, later sang folk songs together in a coffee bar for a fiver a week and free lunches.

When they decided to try for better things the manager of the coffee bar was very upset, so the boys suggested he hire two boys with a style similar to their own. The job was handed over to Peter and Gordon who shortly afterwards hit the top with their recording of *World Without Love*.

Naturally Chad and Jeremy are a bit envious of their successors' success in the British charts, but I believe they might finally make it in this country with their latest disc, a very appealing number called *If She Was Mine* (United Artists).

When *Um Um Um Um Um Um* by American Major Lance was released in Britain a little while ago nobody paid much attention.

Then, a few weeks ago, came a version by British beat group Wayne Fontana and The Mindbenders which suddenly shot into the charts.

So now Major Lance is having another go. His version has been re-issued on the Columbia label and he may still steal the glory from Wayne and The Mindbenders. For, let's be honest, Major's version is the best of the two.

### THE BEST OF THE REST—

The Isley Brothers, who recorded the original versions of *Twist and Shout* and *Shout*, but lost out to the versions by The Beatles and Lulu respectively, could make it on their own with the pulsating *The Last Girl* (Atlantic).

Jim Reeves, tragically killed in a plane crash three months ago, could have another posthumous hit with the charming *There's A Heartache Following Me* (RCA Victor).

*That's What Love Is Made Of* by The Miracles is another winner from the Tamla-Motown stable (Stateside).

For two more superior ballads try Nat King Cole's *Love*, a subtle swinger (Capitol), and Frank Sinatra's *Softly As I Leave You*, already climbing the American charts (Reprise). **KEN BOW**

## FABWORD

SEASON									COLLECTOR
WALKING									JAW
BEAUTY									WALKER
OLD									THROWER
SOFT									SUDS
PEARL									MASTER
CUPBOARD									LETTER
SCOTLAND									ARM
PICK									MONEY
SAINT									WARM

To solve the puzzle, simply complete the diagram with words such that each word can be added to the word printed on the left to form another word, well-known phrase or name. In the same way, if your word is placed in front of the word on its right, this will also make a well-known word, phrase or name.

For example, the first missing word is TICKET which, when added to the words on its left and right, gives SEASON TICKET and TICKET COLLECTOR.

Having found all ten missing words, study your answers... reading downwards in one column you should be able to find the name of a recording artiste or group... and in another column you should be able to find a number recorded by him, her or them.







Reach for romance with  
**Woltzitaliana**  
 exciting new nail enamels!

38 enticing Italian colours from whispering pink to golden bronze—wicked by moonlight, dangerous by sunlight, more sharp than sweet, throbbing with Mediterranean excitement. Be a 'Top Ten' girl with Woltz Italiana at your fingertips.

**3/6 5/6**  
 REGULAR PEARL

Distributors: CONTINENTAL COSMETICS LTD



girls who

*flutter false lashes  
 wear sharp clothes  
 are up on the '20'  
 get depressed  
 recover  
 shake and wriggle  
 are glad they're girls*

should know a secret

that nobody gets blue about difficult days anymore: they wear sleek sanitary briefs by Kleinerts: lots of styles—some sweet and simple, some prettified with lace, all going accident-proof protection get wise: get the briefs with a secret by Kleinert's 4/11 to 12/6

**Kleinert's**

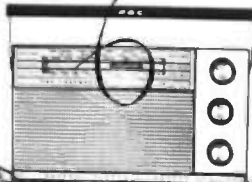
91 New Bond Street, London W.1



The set made specially for people who have trouble getting Luxembourg!

the new **S.E.C.**  
**Luxembourg**

Look! 208's not a dot but a full inch!



FAB is the word! 208 on this great new set is this big ← 13 times bigger than on ordinary sets! Now you can find Luxembourg but fast. No fuss . . . no squint . . . no frustration! That great Luxxo sound comes in loud and clear. But remember . . . the fabulous new 'Luxembourg' is exclusive to G.E.C. Nobody else has it!

Extra info for interested cats! 7 transistors . . . elegant, unbreakable case . . . foldaway handle . . . special sockets for extension speaker, earphone, and tape recorder . . . long battery life (runs for less than a ha'penny per hour!)

PRICE!  
 The nearest  
 the greatest  
**13: gns**

Cats are buyin' up these Luxembourg sets like kuli-may. So if you can't find one, write to G.E.C. They'll give you the name of your nearest stockist, plus . . . an illustrated leaflet. Address: GEC (RADIO & TELEVISION) LTD, Langley Park, Slough, Bucks.

NAME  
 ADDRESS

# TONY HALL'S LETTER BOX

Hi to you all! T. Hall here again, saying hello from me and Maureen. Well, it's been another hectic week for us, trying to find out the answers to all your questions. Actually, of course, we have a ball doing so. Because we find out all sorts of interesting things about your favourite stars.

By the way, we're not only up to our typewriters in letters from FAB fans from Britain, we also get letters from readers from . . . well, you name it and we get 'em from there, too! For instance, we had a long, long letter from The Rolling Stones Fan Club of CANADA! There's a gal out there named Lynda Johnson who's doing a fantastic job helping to make Canadians as Stones-crazy as Britain. Lynda says she'd love to have some English members. So why not drop her a line at 11 Phelps Street, St. Catherine, Ontario, Canada. Mentioning FABULOUS when you write of course!!

Anyway, on we go. And while we're on the subject of The Stones, let's answer a few of your queries about that fab fivesome.

● Philip Arbery of Bristol asks how many different cars Mick Jagger has owned. Well, Philip, I checked with Mick and the answer is two. Both Ford Zodiacs. Mick likes them 'cos they are nice and roomy and have plenty of zip



Charlie Watts



Tony Hall and Maureen

in them, too. Reader Philip's other query is about Charlie Watts's age. The Silent One—he's very deep, our Charlie—is 22. And the sharpest-dressed Stone of all.

(Maureen chips in) My favourite Stone is Brian Jones. Unfortunately Brian is Sheena's favourite, too, and she's bigger than me. . . don't stand a chance!

● Pat of Dorchester wants to know "who sings with Mick on their EP track 'Empty Heart'?" Pat, love, the answer is MICK! Their Recording Manager, the amazing Andrew Loog Oldham, double-tracked him. (By the way, lots of you seem as interested in Andrew as the boys themselves. He really is a character!)

● Finally, for Janet Whittleton of Hull (and lots of others), The Stones Fan Club address is 93-97 Regent Street, London, W.1. And, for Eva Wallin of Gothenburg, Sweden, Brian Jones DOESN'T sing any solos on the Stones LP.



Honey Lantree

● So much for The Stones, now we're calling Sandra Jones of Bristol. We'll soon settle your argument with your brother. Honey Lantree of The Honeycombs only has ONE brother. And he's with her in the group, of course.

● Next here's a letter from Elaine Perkins who lives near Loughborough, Leicestershire. She wants to know more about Cilla Black. Cilla's a very good friend of mine, Elaine. Whenever I give a party at my Mayfair flat, she's always one of the first on the invitation list. She's tremendous fun and a knockout dancer. What I particularly dig about Cilla is that she's so natural. There's no pretentious "Show-Biz" nonsense about her, she's right down to earth. She's got a terrific feel for fashion, too. Somehow she can choose a style today that will turn out to be popular tomorrow. Oh, and girls, her road manager, Bobby Willis, is pretty dandy. He's fair-haired and a very talented songwriter, too.

Cilla's 21, by the way. I was lucky enough to be invited to the special party her manager Brian Epstein gave for her at his luxury flat near Knightsbridge. It was quite a "do" and The Beatles and The Fourmost were among the guests. John and George had just got back from their holiday in Tahiti the night before and they were full of stories about the trip. I remember that night well, 'cos George gave me a preview of their "Hard Day's Night" record, which was to go to number one in almost every country in the world



Cilla Black

● Jill Whyte of Chichester, Sussex, writes: "Please, please, say you've heard of Alan David, 'cos none of my friends have and they think I'm daft the way I carry on about him!" Sure we've heard of Alan, Jill. He's a very good-looking guy with blond hair. Though he hasn't yet had a hit record, he's certainly getting a lot of fans. He's already starred in a film with Frankie Vaughan (*It's All Over Town*) and has made several TV appearances. Barry Langford, the dynamic young director of BBC-TV's "Beat Room" has given Alan lots of encouragement and he could well be a star of tomorrow. So, Jill maybe it's your friends that are daft, not you! (Maureen chips in again!) Don't let your best friends tell you, Jill, you tell them—anyway I like Alan David as well.

## Quickies

● For Janet Thompson of Ringwood, Hampshire. . . "The Swinging Blue Jeans" Fan Club address is c/o Jim Ireland, Mardi Gras Club, Mount Pleasant, Liverpool, 3

● For Janice Baker of Beauliefhead, Kent. . . The Pretty Things Fan Club address is c/o Rona, 23 Golden Square, London, W.1.

And that's all we've room for this week from yours sincerely Tony Hall (and of course Maureen) Write to LETTER BOX FABULOUS Fleetway Publications Fleetway House Farringdon Street London E.C.4 and don't forget to enclose a S.A.E. huh!

## ANSWERS TO GUESS WHO QUIZ ON PAGE 26

- 1 a and b BILL WYMAN
- 2 TONY JACKSON His nose is new
- 3 (a) LULU (b) DUSTY SPRINGFIELD (c) KATHY KIRBY
- 4 (a) ALAN FREEMAN (b) PETER MURRAY (c) DAVID JACOBS
- 5 From left to right GEORGE HARRISON RINGO STARR, PAUL McCARTNEY and JOHN LENNON
- 6 (a and e) CLIFF RICHARD (b and f) BRIAN JONES (c and d) GERRY MARSDEN
- 7 (a) DAVE BERRY (b) PAUL McCARTNEY (c) CHAS CHANDLER
- 8 THE MERSEBEATS
- 9 (a) BILL SIMPSON (b) VINCENT EDWARDS (c) RICHARD CHAMBERLAIN

# WHO'S who this week



L to R Doni Payton Dave Clark Rick Huxley Mike Smith and Lenny Davidson



L to R Mike Todd Peter Cook Ray Rogers Larry Loh Roy Wayne Gibson



**Fab** Richard Chamberlain