

WORLD'S POP STARS IN COLOUR COLOUR COLOUR



Published by World Radio History, 10000 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 1000, Beverly Hills, CA 90210, USA. Telephone: +1 310 341 0000. Fax: +1 310 341 0001. E-mail: info@worldradiohistory.com

27th FEBRUARY 1965

Fabulous

IN A WINTER WONDERLAND

9 KING SIZE COLOUR PIN-UPS

SWINGING BLUE JEANS • RICK AND SANDY • FOUR PENNIES • DRUIDS
MARIANNE FAITHFULL • BEATLES • BILLY J KRAMER • YARDBIRDS



Hi there,

Nice new gang member to introduce this week. His name - Fred Wehner, age twenty-two, ambition "to be the best pop writer going." Well, folks - see what you think.

It's nice to have another bloke around the office. The girls were complaining about the lack of males around the place and Fred is doing very well, having his tea and coffee made with sweet smiles from Mo, Sheena, June, Sylvia and all. Sometimes I think I'm the wrong sex - the battle I have to get a cup of tea doesn't bear thinking about.

Hope you like this week's issue. Betty, our Assistant Ed is mad about it on account of the fact that she rowed herself in on a trip to snowy Switzerland, looking after FAB guests Simon Scott and Marianne Faithfull. She thinks that "Fab in a Winter Wonderland" was a super idea. And you can read on to find out what a switched on time they had (including FABtographer Fiona) sloshing about in the snow.

See you next week when FAB Flips Its Lid. And how!

Love and stuff,

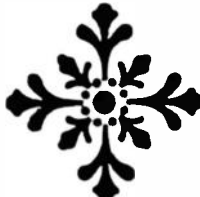
The Ed.

COLOUR ADVERTISERS

- SIMON SCOTT
photographer FIONA ADAMS
- SWINGING BLUE JEANS
photographer FIONA ADAMS
- RICK AND SANDY
photographer PETER BRILLIANT
- FOUR PENNIES
photographer DENIS BIRWAN
- MARIANNE FAITHFULL
photographer FIONA ADAMS
- THE BEATLES
photographer FIONA ADAMS
- BILLY J. KRAMER
photographer BILL FRANCIS
- THE YARDBIRDS
photographer JULIAN HARR
- THE DRUIDS
photographer BILL FRANCIS



Here at the red and silver B.S.A. Trident that took FAB to Switzerland



Hi-Fab!



Fred Wehner takes over the Cozyp this week



Simon Scott and Marianne Faithfull

THE Druids, of whom we've got a fab picture on page twenty-eight aren't mad about winter. The English snow and slush meant a season of hard work for them . . . and a couple of near escapes from nasty accidents.

Base guitarist Gearie Kenworthy explained at his Seven Kings, Essex, home, how The Druids almost became The Angels.

"It was like this," began Gearie, who, at eighteen spent a neat yarn. "One of the dates we were playing was at the Mersey View Pleasure Gardens in Liverpool, where the snow was more than two feet deep.

"The pleasure gardens were situated on top of a cliff, overlooking Frodsham. We drove for an hour through thick, blinding snow to get to the summit, only to find that our show had been cancelled. So we decided to find our way back down again through the wintry night."

Gearie coughed and continued. "While we were reversing the van blindly we hit something behind us, which we thought was a wall. Lead guitarist Brian Mixer jumped out of the van and froze with fright.

"He was standing on the edge of a precipice, with little specks of light showing miles beneath him. The object we had hit was a six-inch kerb, placed along the edge of the cliff. Luckily we hadn't gone over it.

"For the next half hour we all just sat in the van with white faces, as the truth gradually came to us, and we realised how near we had come to death."

To crown it all, said Gearie, on the M.1 going home, a huge sheet of snow covered the van's windscreen, and no-one could see where they were going.

The windows were hastily wound down, and Gearie saw they were heading straight for a grass bank. He wiped the windscreen just in time. And they got home in one piece. Eventually.



SCREAMING Lord Sutch, that howling success, found himself tangled up in yards and yards of red tape when he visited Berlin with his group, the Savages.

Safe and sound at his North London home, twenty-three year old Dave (his real name) told how he almost became a prisoner on the other side of THAT curtain.

Dave's group trundled along the Autobahns with all the equipment,

FAB girls Betty and Fiona arrived back in our offices looking as fresh and radiant as they felt after a fab flying visit to sunny Switzerland with Marianne Faithfull and Simon Scott.

Into our offices they ekopped, breathing pure mountain air all over us, and telling us of the beauty and romance of the Alps, until they wore hives in the face (although not with cold). The rest of us, were by this time, of course, green in the face.

Apart from having been to foreign parts with Simon and Marianne, the girls have an extra boast. They claim to be two of the first people to fly B.S.A. Trident. Apparently it's the fastest (600 m.p.h.), quietest (engine at the back where no-one sits), smoothest plane you can fly around in. (Comes from the same stable as the Comet.) Fiona fell for the red arrowhead wings, silver body and white top. Non-smoker Betty went overboard (almost) for the air conditioning.

The Ed. says she sent them on the Trident because it's the first plane to be fitted with automatic take off and landing gear. So come fog, come snow-storm, there could be no excuse at all for Fiona and Betty not arriving back in the office on time on their day of return. We want to know when it's our turn to fly in this miracle machine.



Dave (Screaming Lord Sutch)

after getting their passports in order, and arrived safely in Berlin, where they played to packed audiences.

The Screaming Lord, complete with buffalo horns and stick-on-warts, arrived by air and landed them.

Then the whole group tried to cross the East German border and get to Kiel, West Germany, where they were playing next. But that's as far as it went... for Dave at least.

Huffy Russian guards, armed to the teeth, let the Savages through, but stopped in front of the Screaming Lord and told him "Sawvry. Yur Passparrt ist not in order."

Dave had to wait two days for a passport in the not so jolly atmosphere of East Germany.

"At the time," he said, "I thought I'd be there for ever. Perhaps it was my Dracula mask that made them suspicious of me."



WHEN winter arrives, some people, like Cilla Black, like to jump on to a plane and find the sun. Others prefer to find snow.

The Honeycombs do both. Or at least they did this year.

And that's the start of their problem. Clothes. After a three-week tour of Denmark, Sweden and Finland, in which they found themselves struggling along snowbound roads, Honey Lantree and her boys arrived back in London only to be told "You're off to Australia."

Of course, everyone knows its summer down there, so the Honeycombs chased frantically around London buying up summer clothes in the sales. The only trouble was, their fingers and toes were still blue with Scandinavian cold.



Georgie Fame

DON'T be surprised if that famous name, Georgie Fame breaks out into yodels during his future performances.

For twenty-one year old Georgie and manager Rik Gennell had plenty of tonal-twanging practice during their recent seven-day stay in the Alps.

While his Blue Flames spent a lazy week mostly asleep in bed, our Georgie was trying his ski-boots on for size in picturesque Seefeld, Austria. Rik, who has been going ski-ing for the last six winters, went along to give Georgie an Alpin' hand.

But, he said, he needn't have bothered. Our lad took to skis like a Blue Flame to the Hit Parade. After only a couple of days he became quite prolific, clowning and piroquetting about, and whizzing down those white slopes from morning till night.

Which is all a bit disconcerting really. Because the real object of Georgie's visit to the snow was in order to give the Fame vocal cords a well-earned rest. And yodelling takes effort...

FAB FLIPS NEXT WEEK IT'S LID



with a wacky issue that will knock you out
take BBC TV's *Dr Who*, well you'll take just as easily to Fab's
DR WHAT with a stary cast of popsters as well as The
Daleks, playing in his flying machine hear how some real live haunting
in his flying machine hear how some real live haunting
hits the MOODY BLUES in them good ol' Viking days
TREMEOLES in a dog called believe it or not Arthur
QUICKLY and a dog sounding off and THE ZOMBIES flippin'
SOUNDS INC sounding off and THE ZOMBIES flippin'
just about higher than anyone else so take to the hills BUT
order the fab fab FABULOUS first and that includes Fab colour
price 1 Shilling and that includes Fab colour

PAUL MCCARTNEY
AND RINGO STARR
BRIAN POOLE
AND THE TREMEOLES
THE ZOMBIES
GERRY MARSDEN
FREDDIE GARRITY
SOUNDS INCORPORATED
CILLA BLACK
THE BARRON KNIGHTS
AND
THE ROLLING STONES &...



FAB'S SYLVIA REPORTS THAT ANYONE CAN LEARN TO SKI, AND SHE SHOULD KNOW AFTER A WEEKEND IN SNOWY SCOTLAND... WITH

THE SKIING



BLUE JEANS

"I THREATENED Ralph Ellis of The Swinging Blue Jeans, 'will never buy FAB again.'"

The other Blue Jeans and FAB's camera girl, Fiona, doubled up with laughter. Poor old Ralph. It was no wonder he was a bit put out. It was cold. It was dark. It was beginning to rain. And Ralph's skis kept slipping, probably because he insisted on carrying them, for most of the way, in a very unorthodox manner—crossed in front of him instead of slung casually over his shoulder. And skis are heavy!

A grin from Ralph assured us that he didn't really mean what he'd said about never buying FAB again, and we plodded on up to the spot where we intended to turn The Swinging Blue Jeans into The Skiing Blue Jeans.

It had all started a day earlier, when FAB had met up with the Blue Jeans in Kirkcaldy, Fife, Scotland, where they were doing a one night stand.

"We thought that as you're in Scotland, where skiing is a popular pastime, you'd like to come skiing with us," we said.

"You thought what?" the Blue Jeans exclaimed in one voice.

It turned out that they'd never tried skiing before. However, they decided they'd have a go and agreed to come to Glen Shee.

We started out early next morning, to find Derek Brakeman waiting for us at The Glen Shee Hotel. He's a Number One Ski Instructor, holding Norway's highest award for skiing. The boys began to feel a bit more confident after meeting him.

"You can pick up the gear—skis, boots, poles and so on—here," Derek told us. "Then we'll get straight on up to Devil's Elbow."

"To where?" the boys gasped. Well you've got to agree, the name is a bit off-putting, isn't it? But the boys decided to push on regardless.

It didn't take long to get rigged out in thick sweaters, ski pants, warm woolly caps and we set off. Boy, what a climb! That was when Ralph threatened never to buy FAB again. Seems mountaineering is not one of his favourite sports.

But the fun didn't really start until we reached the top. Derek started showing the boys how to stand on skis, how to bend, how to turn. Turning's particularly dodgy as you have to stick the end of your ski into the ground and, of course, the darn thing tends to get stuck in the snow. That means you're stuck in the snow too, until some nice instructor comes and unsticks you.

To say the boys were amazed to find themselves really skiing only half-an-hour after starting instruction is an understatement.



Looking handy... Ralph Ellis after a few minutes on the snow. (And he was, too. After all, it's the longest ski trip...)



"YIPPEE!" Las yelled exultantly, whooshing snow over everyone as he skidded downhill, "this is FAB!"

It doesn't really take that long to learn to ski. Three weeks to a month should see you—well, not expert maybe, but good enough to be able to get down a slope without going flat on your face. If you're already fairly athletic, the Ski Club of Great Britain tells me, it won't even take you that long to learn.

The Blue Jeans found the whole thing very easy—until they decided to try whipping up some real speed. Suddenly, the snow was dotted with knotted tangles of arms and legs, surmounted by rueful faces.

The trouble with a wonderful day out like that is that it passes far too quickly. It seemed no time at all before we had to trudge back down to the hotel for tea (served in front of a lovely roaring log fire, incidentally), change and stay. Reluctantly, we climbed into the boys' dark green station wagon and set out for Glasgow, where the boys were due to appear that night.

"At first, we drove in silence. Then 'I know what I'm going to do on my holiday this year,' said Norman.

"What?" we asked.

"Go skiing," he said.

"Would you like to go skiing in Scotland? Right, here's how to set about it."

Fly via B.E.A. from London to Edinburgh. Most days there are six flights. Fare Monday to Friday, £12.2s; tourist return. Saturday and Sunday, £9.4s; tourist return. Off peak hour flight (leaves 11.40 p.m., arrives Edinburgh 1 a.m.) £6.14s. 10d; tourist return. British Railways will take you from Edinburgh to two of the most popular ski resorts—Avenmore (£2.10s; return) or Grantown-on-Spey (£2.14s; return).

WHERE TO STAY Youth hostels are jolly good. It'll cost you from £8 a week to stay at one, and that includes instruction in skiing, meals, accommodation, and transport to the ski slopes. Write to Mr Arthur Cromar, Scottish Youth Hostels' Association, 7 Bruntsfield Crescent, Edinburgh 10.

HOW TO LEARN If you think you'd like to take a couple of lessons before leaving for Scotland, three famous stores have set up schools in different parts of London. They are: Lillywhites, Pindrops, and Simpson (Piccadilly) Ltd. Write to FAB for details.

WHERE TO GET THE GEAR The Ski Club of Great Britain (you'll find them at 118 Eaton Square, London, S.W.1) advise you not to buy skiing equipment until you've tried skiing and decided that you really like it. Best thing to do is to hire it when you get there. At the Scottish Youth Hostels, you can rent skis for a guinea a week and boots for 25s a week. Sticks are included.

So—on your way. Have fun.



Fab | The Swinging Blue Jeans



❁ SNOW ❁ BUSINESS

"Snow" and "magic" are two words with great appeal—pop appeal—for this winter. Before you could say Jack Frost, popsters went off in search of the magic white stuff. For those who couldn't make it to the Swiss Alps we had the British variety, but even that wasn't available to one hard-working young man and his four mates . . .

FOR Cliff Richard and his Shadows it is a busy winter season. While playmate Arthur Askey tickles the audience's ribs, Cliff and the boys win over the hearts of young and old with their dashing heroism and sweet, sweet music.

But, pointed out Cliff in the dressing room of the London Palladium, he and The Shades didn't miss the Great Outdoors one little bit.

"In fact it's great fun playing panto," Cliff enthused. "We have had so many laughs our sides haven't stopped aching."

Strapping his radio microphone—"it's far less bulky"—to his torso, Cliff added "The lads had hysterics pushing each other in the Princess's pool while we were rehearsing for the scene in which we are chased by police."

In the pantomime—*Aladdin and his Wonderful Lamp*—The Shadows remain as dry as a bone, while everyone else is thrown in the pool.

But acting in panto isn't all baby stuff, said Cliff, nursing one of his six bruises and grazes.

"I get chased by bats—very shapely ones at that, 'cos they're really girls all dressed up—in one scene, and have to do a knee slide," he explained.

"Which is all very well if you've remembered to put on your pads beforehand. I generally don't."

" . . . which is where I got these . . . and these . . . and these . . ." he said, exposing areas of his legs, covered in sticking plaster.

Cliff, perforated, yet high in spirits, then took a last quick glance at his handsome profile in the mirror, took a deep breath, and, with a wave of the hand, bounded on to the stage.

Being *Aladdin* is just as much fun as sloshing about in the snow. Cliff says so, anyway.

FRED WEHNER



The Shadows

RICK 'N' SANDY HAVE A SNOW BALL

Fab's Fred Wehner takes Rick 'n' Sandy to the Snowiest Peaks of Darkest Surrey (England) . . . read on if you dare!

IT was from our office in the heart of London that the expedition began.

"Go out into the snow," were the Ed's orders, "bring me back beautiful pictures of those dishy boys, Rick and Sandy, in a winter wonderland."

Huh! Fine for her, sitting in her warm office.

Anyway, photographer Peter Mullett and I, set off to take the two young Kenyans into darkest Leatherhead in search of elusive vapour flakes.

Off we went in a little green Mini-Cooper, with twenty year old Rick easing his 8 ft 5½ in frame into the passenger seat. Sandy—6 ft 2 in., also twenty, and owner of the chestiest grin you ever saw—curled himself into the back seat, struggling with a huge guitar case which kept hitting him on the nose.

Sandy and Rick explained en route that they'd just made a disc. Their first.

It was an old Hank Williams number entitled *Half As Much* which, they pointed out, they had given a Tamla-Motown treatment. Tinkling the ivories on their disc is Tom Springfield, brother of Dusty, who has taken a keen interest in the boys.

Sandy Robertson and Rick Tyekoff went to the same boarding school in Kenya, although they hardly knew each other then.

In 1960 they came to Britain and met up in London. They've been singing together ever since. Sean Flynn, son of the late Enol "discovered" them at a private party in St Tropez, France.

"We specialise in up-tempo beat and country music," explained Rick, just as Peter did a neat racing change and dragged the car round a hairpin bend.

And there, in all its glory, stretching way up before us, stood Mount Boxhill, on which no Sheep's guide dared set foot.

Before we attempted to scale the snow-capped giant we took welcome refreshment in a place of refuge.

Afterwards we would begin the long

trek to the summit, where Peter could take winter wonderland type colour pix of the lads.

It was an hour later when we began our penous assault on the mountain.

If it was snow we wanted, we had a long way to climb. The slopes were coated with layers of ice.

With each step there came a wild thrashing of arms. Progress was slow. "This puts Kismantira to shame wheezed Rick. And slid back another ten feet.

Eventually, covered in ice and mud, we could go no farther. We were half way up, and the bitter Surrey winds were slicing through our coats.

"Smile, please," grimaced Peter, indicating to take pictures there and there. Only then he slid back and vanished in a clump of snowy bushes.

After the session, Sandy said "What's that?" and his foot gave way.

We watched as he slid to the bottom of the hill, gaining speed ever fast down a sled track.

Crowds stood transfixed as the thrashing, yelling Sandy hurtled towards them. But he made it, guitar case and all, and stood impatiently as we made a fainting way back down the slope.

In the car Rick told me about childhood.

"We lived only a few doors away from Armand and Michaela Denis," he said. And they took me around the garage. "I have seen plenty of African wild life—even lions at a kill."

What was it like having giraffes, zebras as neighbours?

"They're O.K. A bit noisy. But at they don't gossip about you. And"

Sandy peeped round his th scarf and cast a bitter glance Mount Boxhill, looming in the distance.

"At least we don't have that bad home," he muttered.

Rick (left) and Sandy's home and after their English Snowfall.





Fab Music and More



Explorer Simon Scott, first jumper to climb the *Wendhorn*, over 6,000 feet.

“come FLY with me”

says dishy SIMON SCOTT, and FAB'S BETTY did just that, plus MARIANNE FAITHFULL too.

BY a stroke of magic I found myself on a grey Monday morning speeding down the runway at London Airport aboard a magnificent silver B.E.A. Trident. Beside me was Simon Scott, the handsome, crisper-than-I've met date. Fiona (Fab's photographer) was with us, too, looking as if she'd just climbed on to cloud nine.

By luck we were in Zurich, with forty minutes to wait for our train to Chur, in the mountains.

At Chur, four large bars of chocolate and one smooth train ride later, it was very slippery underfoot. Simon, manfully helping us across the road, fell flat on the ice.

We settled into our hotel and next morning took the red mountain railway up to Arosa, the famous skiing resort. The views from the train were marvellous. Except for the snow, Simon said it

reminded him of the mountains around Darjeeling, India.

At one stop, he leaned out and got a handful of snow specially to put down the back of my neck. The temperature was 24 deg. F. Very cold snow.

It was snowing hard when, at 11 a.m., we arrived at Arosa. Lined up in the station yard were twenty or so horse-drawn sleighs. Somehow Fiona and I squeezed into a two-seome sleigh with Simon balanced between us.

First thing we found was that normal boots, as worn in Britain, are no protection against the Swiss winter. So we made for a sports shop where we could hire ski boots. Already we had trogged ourselves in tights, ski pants, layers of jerseys, anoraks, plus short top coats and ski gloves.

ONCE in thick socks and leered into ski boots we felt completely at home and set about exploring, this time in a two-horse sleigh, with single bells added.

Outside a pretty chalet, Fiona asked the driver to stop and got Simon to stand by the side of the road for a picture. Almost at once he went thigh deep into a drift, then managed to lurch himself out and lean on the snow covered fence.

"I'll count three," said Fiona, "and then you knock the pile of snow at the post as I take the shot."

One, two, three—and with tremendous enthusiasm Simon took a snipe at the snow. But surprise, surprise, it wasn't all snow but a sharply pointed pole. Chalk. That was the picture that didn't happen. Just an amazed look on Simon's face and shrieks of laughter from us.

Simon, when it came to walking, he couldn't move in his boots and pants except with stiff legs. As the day went on, we found our mittens being pulled off by the elastic stirrups of our pants. Our hips were being pulled down by the tight waistband and our ankles were being slowly chocked and by the time our knees also were being pressed in, by our tight pants. It felt rather nice at first and we all started about testing various professions.

At the end of our trip, we had a big boot problem. Fiona and I had to go to our tall boxes in Arosa, in which we had our hired ski boots to the shop to get had something to wear. But somehow we had a bad piece of organization. Simon's ski boots were down at their Club Hotel, an hour and a half away on the mountain railway. So we had to put down the train, take the ski boots and get back to



At the reins of a two-horse sleigh, Fiona kept pull up outside the Tourist Office at Arosa.

With her Betty, enjoying the Swiss winter.



A FAB NIGHT OUT

And here's SHEENA MACKAY with up-to-the-minute news . . .

Well, this is it! FAB NIGHTS OUT at Preston and Doncaster. Last week we were at Cardiff with our mates THE FOUR PENNIES (see their gorgeous pic opposite), THE ROCKING BERRIES, GERRY AND THE PACE-MAKERS and MAUREEN EVANS, amongst others. That was on the 15th and on the 16th we were at Brighton with MANFRED MANN, SANDIE SHAW, SIMON SCOTT, BILLY J. KRAMER AND THE DAKOTAS, T. BONES, MIGIL 5 AND PEPE. Then we went to Hanley with JULIE GRANT, THE DENNISOONS, and TONY HALL. Did we have a ball? You'll read all about it in a future issue. What's more important is that you come along this week AND next and enjoy YOURSELF.

STARS

We go to press long before all the stars have fixed their dates but they'll all be there if they can possibly make it.

Monday the 22nd February we'll be at Preston (Top Rank Dancing), and Friday the 26th February we'll be at Doncaster (Top Rank Suite). Next week, Wednesday, March 3rd, is our final most Fabulous Night Out at the Astoria, Charing Cross Road, W.C.2.

PRESTON will be visited by THE MERSEY-BEATS, THE APPLEJACKS, TOMMY QUICKLY, THE REMO FOUR, SOUNDS INCORPORATED, RORY STORM AND THE HURRICANES, BOB WOOLER, THE EXCELLES, ELKIE BROOKS, SHANE FENTON AND THE PEDDLERS.

DONCASTER isn't quite fixed but we do know that THE SHEFFIELDS from Sheffield and MICHAEL HASLEM and THE MOODY BLUES will definitely be there.

Watch the posters and announcements in the Ballrooms for latest details.

LONDON is the date to meet THE SEARCHERS, JOHNNY GUS SET, SPENCER DAVIS GROUP, SKIP ALAN, GUY DARRELL, JAN PANTER and probably CILLA BLACK, DUSTY SPRINGFIELD, even the fabulous KENKS and THE ROLLING STONES.

Dancing will be to the Top Rank Bands and that Fabulous group from Liverpool—THE TAKERS. At Hanley GEORGE E. WASHINGTON AND THE CONGRESSMEN played for us as an extra treat and at London we'll have the lovely BARBARA RUSKIN (Pye Recording Artists) singing her first smash disc for us.

WHY

It's all for charity. Tickets are only 5s. for the area regional dates and 12s. 6d. for the London one. The Variety Club of Great Britain will spend the money on a lovely bus to take underprivileged children to the seaside for holidays. You can win some lovely spot prizes and raffles, including wonderful Russian cine cameras, wrist watches and cosmetics, also you can purchase your favourite star's autograph on the spot for as little as 6d. It's really worthwhile your coming along so let's see you there. The Fab Gang will be out in force so come and say hello to us won't you?

Cheers,

Sheena.



The upside-down world of Georgie Fame. A hit record put him with the stars . . . and the snow.

was not, people said, the most usual time for a top pop to go slithering over the Alps.

But then Georgie Fame is not a usual kind of person. He'd knocked himself out working himself into the big time and he needed the rest. So off he went, with manager Rik Gunnell.

Rik usually takes a month off every year to go ski-ing in Austria so there was nothing very new in the idea for him. But for Georgie it opened up a sparkling white world that he'd thought only belonged to picture books.

Georgie had only ever had one holiday before. It was at Butlins when he was sixteen, and even then he ended up playing piano with the resident band. Despite his simple tastes, Georgie found Austria very exciting.

There were so many things to do that he had never done before. As soon as he booked in at his hotel in Seefeld, near Innsbruck, in quite the prettiest part of Austria, Georgie shot off to find some ski-ing gear. One red-and-black anorak, green ski-ing pants and snazzy boots later he appeared on the slopes.

To the amazement of all, not least Georgie himself, the Lancashire lad—the most beginning of beginners—proved a whizz at the whole biz. Not a tumble! "Fabulous sense of balance," said envious spectators. Then he went off to the local swimming pool—an ultra-smart indoor job—and showed them he could swim too.

In the evenings he found some English fans and danced into the early hours. And when Georgie dances he dances!

A professional yodeller entertained at the hotel in the cellar, and while it was a far cry from Yeh Yeh Georgie was persuaded to "sit in" with the backing band on piano. One evening he played after the place shut down until four in the morning!

If that's a busman's holiday, who wouldn't be a busman? And who wouldn't be Georgie now that he's found Fame? JUNE SOUTHWORTH

yeh! yeh! it's FAME abroad

It was a surprising thing to do. There was Georgie Fame, with his first hit record sitting on top of the charts, turning down all the TV "plugs" and publicity that went with a No. 1 to go off on holiday for a week to Austria. It

"Wonder how they'd make out at The Flamings", Georgie asks, at the local "squars" dance party.





1993

DRY CLEAN YOUR HAIR

IN 5 MINUTES
WITHOUT DISTURBING YOUR SET!

Water and grease won't mix! That's why—if you've got greasy hair ordinary shampoos really aren't much help. Two days later back comes the grease and the "lank, floppy" look. All that money for an expensive set and it's spoiled!

Here's the answer! Fabulous AERO Dry Shampoo! Five minutes each day and you'd never know your hair was greasy! AERO gets all the grease out (and dirt and dandruff too) and—because you're brushing your hair instead of wetting it—you're preserving your set instead of ruining it!

AERO—the only luxury dry shampoo in the handy size puffer pack—really is the answer to every greasy haired maiden's prayer! Use it between shampoos or hairdresser's visits or—if your hair's really greasy—use AERO instead of ordinary shampoos! From Chemists only 2/10 a pack—enough for at least five shampoos.



Loneliness in a busy world.

How to meet more people and make more friends—that's what's worrying Margaret, whose home is in a big seaside town in the south of England. 'Everyday I work alongside hundreds of girls and men, but I never get to know them' she says. 'How can you be busy like me and still be lonely? There must be some sure way of making friends, but I don't like clubs and things like that. I want to meet people naturally and get to like them in the ordinary way. What's the answer?'

One answer is to join the Women's Royal Army Corps. Right from the start you're part of a team, and you learn to rely on each other as girls seldom do in a 9 to 5 job. Many girls who first met during their initial training in the W.R.A.C. are still close friends today, although often they have been separated by postings and promotion. Also the fact that the W.R.A.C. spends so much time abroad promotes friendliness. When the sun's shining and there's plenty of space to relax in, everyone's in a better mood. If Margaret wants to make friends, the W.R.A.C. is ready to give her the chance.

Just Drifting.

'Sometimes I say to myself you can't go on drifting much longer. What seemed a temporary solution at 17 seems depressingly permanent now I'm 26.' That's how Brenda describes her problem. She works in a big store, and though at one time it looked as though she'd be made head sales girl in her department, someone else has been promoted over her head. She thinks it's time she made a clean break but she expects to have difficulty in finding a job that offers something better.

It's obvious Brenda is worried about employers' reactions to her age and education. Some employers, of course, are pretty unimaginative and hide-bound. With her experience, she could make her mark at any of a dozen different jobs in the W.R.A.C. In cases like hers a complete change of atmosphere is often a good idea. Girls in the W.R.A.C. move around a lot and visit many different parts of Britain—they also spend a lot of time abroad. There are new faces and plenty of challenges to accept. The W.R.A.C. is more than just another job—it's a complete way of life.

Nothing ever happens here.

Beryl's stuck up. 'Nothing ever happens here', she says of her home town. 'I want to go somewhere and do something exciting. I want to stop vegetating. Any ideas?'

Things happen to people not places, so Beryl may have herself to blame. But if she wants a job that's got variety, purpose and action and requires real initiative, she should join the W.R.A.C. There's a security, too—you're well looked after in the W.R.A.C. Anyone interested in seeing the world in the company of friends, and earning good money while doing it, should join the W.R.A.C. That's a suggestion Beryl might think about.

What About You?

Do you feel like these girls about your work or your day-to-day life? Are you wondering how to be more than just a cog in a machine? If so the W.R.A.C. could be the right answer for you. The W.R.A.C. respects individual characters and temperaments. Find out more about it: write today for further information.

DIRECTOR OF WRAC • DEPARTMENT MP 6 (A)
LANSDOWN HOUSE • BERKELEY SQUARE • LONDON • W1

Please send me the illustrated booklet about the W.R.A.C.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

DATE OF BIRTH _____

WOMEN'S ROYAL ARMY CORPS

Applicants must be resident in the U.K.

(F85, W48D)

Clearasil ends embarrassment



'Starves' Pimples

Skin Specialists point out that pimple trouble begins below the surface. What you see is only the top of the pimple. Specialists agree that you need a medication which opens, cleans out and starves pimples.

SKIN TINTED:

to cover up pimples while it works



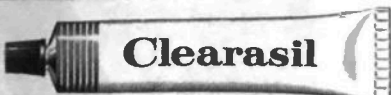
1. **Opens Pimples**
Clearasil's 'keratolytic' action gently opens up and penetrates pimples.



2. **Cleans out Pimples**
Clearasil fights germs. Prevents infection from spreading.



3. **Starves Pimples**
Dries up excess cells. Helps prevent further spot outbreaks.



Britain's three-way skin medication—it really works



It was a steely cold night in London. I shivered my way into the Marquee Club and propped myself into a corner to watch off. Stone Brian Jones, spotting me through the dimly lit gloom, came over and smiled "Hi!" My teeth chattered a response that he translated into "Hi, yourself!"

When my teeth stopped holding a conversation with themselves, I moaned at a still smiling Brian.

"If I had my way, I'd leave London every October and wouldn't come back until May," I said.

"Where would you go?" he asked.

"Dunno. Somewhere warm. Where would you go, if you could take a winter holiday?"

"As a matter of fact, I'm on holiday now, and I planned to go to California. Plenty of sunshine there. Trouble is"—and a frown peeped through Brian's fringe—"it's such a long way. If I were needed here in a great hurry, it might be a job to get back. So I've been to Paris."

"But it's no warmer there than it is here," I objected.

"But they have some great clubs. I was there for five days and didn't sleep the whole time." He sounded very proud of himself.

"Congratulations," I said. "What would you have done if you'd been able to get to California as you planned?"

"Gone round the clubs," he said. And grinned.

Well, spending a fortnight in smoky old clubs may be Mr. Jones' idea of the way to spend a winter holiday, but much as I love him (and I do—he's so courteous) it isn't mine. I soon discovered it isn't everybody else's either.

"Brazil for me," chorled Ray Ennis of The Swinging Blue Jeans, eyes lighting up at the thought. "I love football, you see."

I didn't see, and said so.

"In England you only have football in winter, right?" he explained patiently. "So that means standing around in the cold to watch the game. In Brazil, it's really hot and they have some great teams. In Brazil you watch football without getting cold."

Men! Do they ever think of anything but football? I found they do, when I spoke to Blue Jean Les Laird. What does he think of? Water ski-ing.

"I love it," he grinned, "so if I could take a winter holiday, I'd go to the West Indies. I've heard that the water ski-ing there is really terrific."

Les injured his jaw in a water ski-ing accident last August, but that hasn't put him off. In fact, he's keener than ever to get back to it.

Third Blue Jean Norman Kuhlka chose Venezuela for his imaginary winter holiday.

"Dad worked out there when I was small, and I spent about five years there myself. I want to go back, relive childhood memories and find out if it really is as great as I remember it."

Ralph Elms chose Australia. "Three of my closest friends emigrated out there recently and I'd like to drop in on them. I'd love to get a skinful of that wonderful sunshine, too."

For Cilla Black, a winter holiday wasn't just something to dream about. She actually took one, flying out to the Canary Islands for three weeks, soon after her long London Palladium season ended. Les Palmas was the Canary town she chose, and she stayed at the hotel that Cliff made his headquarters when he filmed *Wonderful Life* out there.

"All I'm going to do," she told me before leaving. "is laze on the sand and splash in the sea."

That—in the middle of December. I don't find it hard to imagine it because I spent five days out there myself last winter when FAB sent me to Las Palmas with Mika Sarma. In England it was snowing and in the Canaries, Mika and I went swimming and sun-bathing. We came back with tans that sent the FAB gang green with envy.

"What do you remember most about the Canaries?" I asked Mika over the phone, suddenly longing to talk to someone about that marvellous place, after Cilla had told me she was going there.

"The sun," he said promptly. "Pity we can't import it here. We should have brought some back with us, my lovely." Thoughtfully, he added, "The wine was pretty good as well. We should have brought some of that back, too."

He's got something there. Winter sun was no dream for Petar and Gordon either. They spent seven days on safari in the South African jungles.

"We're going to take guns, cameras and jeeps and do the whole bit," they told me gleefully, before leaving.

They're welcome. A nice tame tabby is the wildest animal I ever want to see.

SYLVA STEPHEN

SNOW BLISS for BJK



SKI-ING is something Billy J. Kramer has always wanted to do. Mention snow to him and Billy heaves a sigh, shuts his eyes and dreams of the land of snow and sunshine.

Billy J., the infant used to lean out of his pram and catch the glistening snowflakes one by one as they fell around him in the Liverpool suburb of Bootle.

And ever since then he wanted to go where there were lots and lots of snowflakes, all piled on top of each other, and people dressed in long, pointed shoes and bobble-hats, whizzing along on top of the white blanket.

Last summer FAB took Bill along to his Swiss dreamland just for kicks. And Bill fell in love with the place. Of course, FAB's Betty went along too: just to make sure he wasn't buried under an avalanche of Swiss mascans.

Now Mr. Ashton—Bill's real surname—plans to go back to the Alps for a holiday. And, he says, his Dakotas will have to come too, although they're all kept pretty busy making records and personal appearances.

"I almost went this Christmas," said Billy "But for the first time in more than two years I couldn't pass by the opportunity of seeing my mum and dad for a few days."

"Although I'm a bit of a wandering minstrel, the home always comes first with me."

Billy's diary in 1964 was crammed with trips abroad—to the States, Australia, Scandinavia and Hawaii. This year's agenda has not yet been sorted out, although another US trip is fairly definite.

So it seems Bill and his mates might be spending a short holiday in the Alps after all. If they do, someone will be there to photograph the lads as they slip and slide through the snow, going through their first paces on skis.

And who will be there to capture the Dakotas all of a tumble?

Well, it doesn't take a master mind to work that one out.

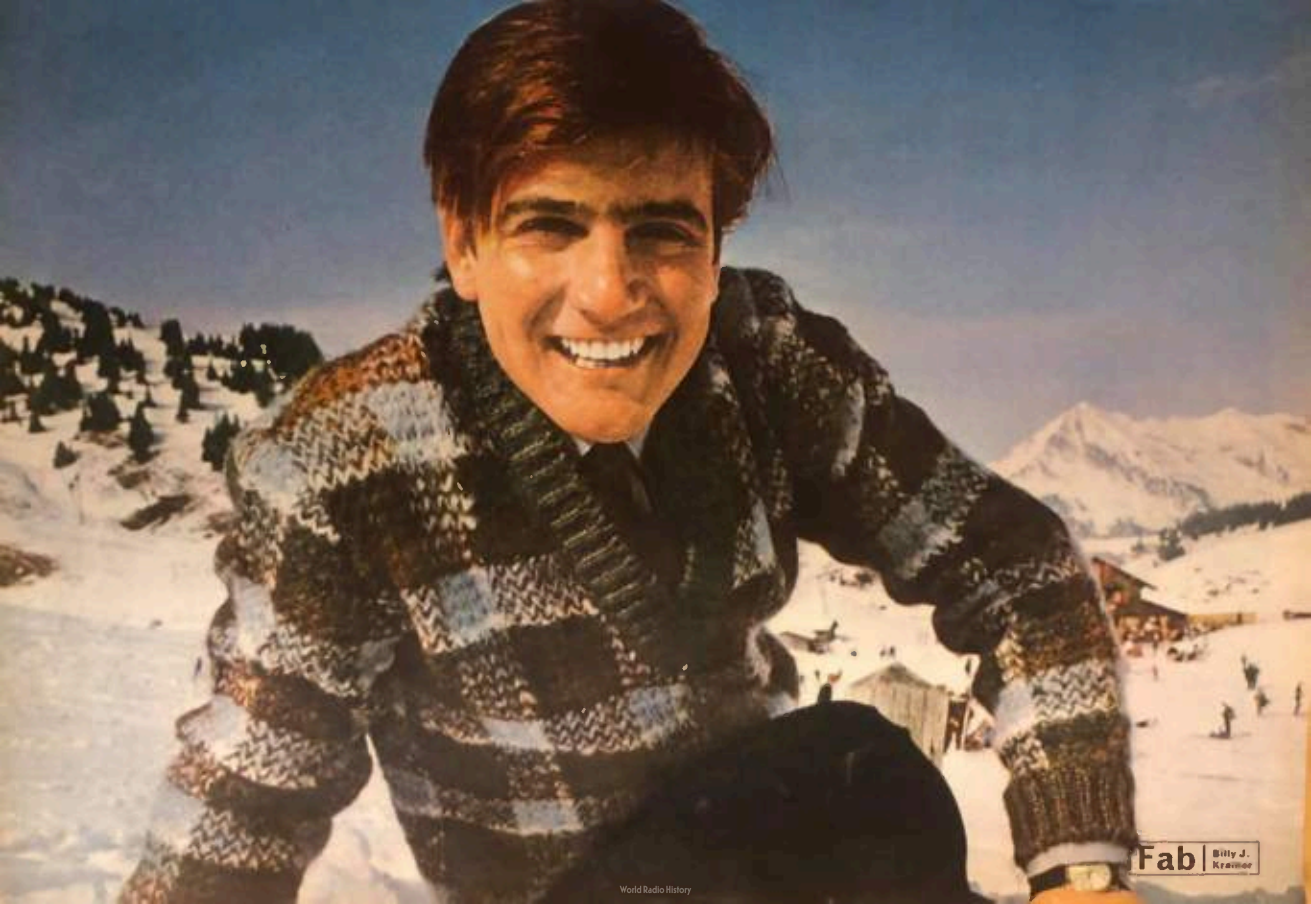
Whp, FAB, Natch.

FRED WEHNER

WHERE THE SUN SHINES



A sun-baked Mika Sarma takes a breather in the Canary Isles



Fab | Billy J. Kramer



TWINKLE'S SNOW MAIDEN LOOK

TWINKLE, lovely snow maiden, has fair, fair hair (which she washes every other day) and uses white lipstick which she gets from a chain store, she loves her white fur coat and her fur hood. But she doesn't like snow.

Like a snow maiden she washes her face in cold water with no soap. "I just dip my face in the sink."

She uses Pan-stik make-up, summer and winter, the palest, and presses powder, again pale, on top.

She puts on no eye shadow but plenty of black-cake eye-liner. She paints it, from a large compact of a special theatrical cosmetic, on to her upper lids and on the lower ones, too, sometimes.

She uses tube mascara, brushed on carefully. She has long lashes and doesn't like false ones.

For perfumes she always goes for light ones: "But somehow I never seem to get them." Her favourites are Tweed, Passport and anything by Dior.

Nails for Twinkle must be white so she likes silvery pearl nail polish to go with the snow maiden theme.

She's not an experimenter with make-up. She knows what she likes and doesn't need to fuss and fiddle with trying out alternatives.

This snow maiden is full of personality. She's marvellously human and has a few small faults—like being untidy in her bedroom. (Who isn't!) She's punctual, thoughtful, kind. Like when she sent a telegram of congratulations to Sir Alec Douglas Home at election time. Also she once struck up a friendship with an owl who lived in her garden.

But this same snow maiden, when I last saw her, was looking lovingly at a super presentation box of expensive cosmetics someone had given her.

Unlike the snow maid in the fairy story, she was not born when snow was on the ground. (Who ever heard of snow lying around on July 15?) Nor does she melt if she dances in front of the fire.

Despite her cool looks, she's a girl with the warmest heart. Right from childhood she's always looked after sick and unwarmed animals. Even today she still manages to find time for twelve cats. Rinky is favourite (Rin-rin-rin) and she found him wandering lost and lonely in London.

That was eight years ago.

She likes caring for animals and she enjoys a little spoiling herself. One of the treats she's always had is a bar of chocolate night and morning. But when she fell in love and began to look at herself more critically, she decided she was too plump. (No one else had noticed this.) So, while her busy friend was away for three months, she decided to go without her two bars of chocolate a day, as well as all other sweets and chocs she so much enjoyed.

The weeks went by and she suffered. But no matter how great the temptation, she stuck to her guns. As she lost inches she couldn't wait for the day when HE would return. When that great day arrived he was delighted to see her. Then looking at her carefully he said, "You know, you've put in weight while I've been away."

That, for Twinkle, was the end of slimming. She still enjoys her twice daily choc bars.

Twinkle never puts her appearance first. This is one of her great attractions. She doesn't worry about her white fur coat as she picks up Rinky, even if he has muddy paws.

She doesn't think twice about sitting on the floor. She doesn't care who's listening when she sings around the house at the top of her voice. It's part of the snow maiden charm.

All the same she loves clothes—especially winter ones—and buys quite a few. She falls for them, gets them and goes off them in a very short time. She's changeable as a snowflake, in fact.

None of this stops her taking great care with her hair, face and fashion. She's beautifully groomed.

But truthfully this snow maiden prefers backing on the beaches in the south of France to shivering in Ireland. And who can blame her?

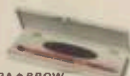
BETTY HALE

Now! discover America's
secret for beautiful eyes

Maybelline

OF AMERICA

the name that means everything in eye-beauty



ULTRA BROW

New formula on three warm-up looks so soft, so natural! Four shades

9/6



ULTRA LASH

Longer, more luscious lashes—yet without sticky fluff or fibers. Three shades.

9/6



CREAM EYE SHADOW

Turquoise, Blue, Brown, Skin-Tone and Shimm. Cream-finish palette

2/3



EYEBROW PENCIL

Tough-marking, Natural Blue, Light Brown, Dark Brown, Charcoal Gray

1/9



Self-Sharpener EYEBROW PENCIL

Always a perfect point for marking tiny hairlines. Four shades

8/6



FLUID EYE-LINER

Waterproof and smudge-proof. Daily brush in L2. Almond tones

8/6



MAGIC MASCARA

Special Super-Brush formula for maximum volume. Three shades

8/6



MASCARA REMOVER

Special formula gently removes mascara. All eye make-up

4/6

Share the beauty-secret of millions of American women—MAYBELLINE. Just one word—but it means beautiful eyes can be yours! Because only MAYBELLINE is so easy to use, so convenient...so specially designed to look natural, never hard or artificial. Discover the precious jewel colors, the excitingly different mascaras and lash-lengtheners, the gentler, softer look of new brush-on brow make-up. For the very finest in eye-cosmetics—and at sensible prices—remember this name...

Maybelline...

DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO EYE BEAUTY

Sole U.S. Distributors: Richards & Ampley Ltd., London

SUPER, smashing, sensational —that's what we think of these new snow clothes, specially photographed on Marianne Faithfull in Arosa, Switzerland. They are snow clothes to shout about



sleigh k

Super quilted ski jacket, lightweight but warm, costs \$51 from Martha and Spencer. Marianne shows dark brown, but it also comes in navy and green. Straight, trim ski pants in Helanora are 5 guineas from Neostone. The brown and gold jersey is also by Neostone (61 guineas). There's a matching sun-jun hat (featured on the right)



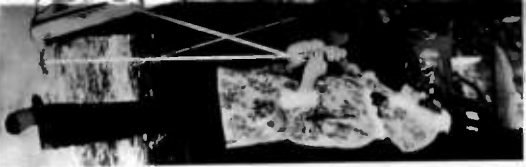
Stunning wide-lapels, full with a straight skirt, high neck and long tight sleeves. It's in Tricot printed with a big, playful leaf design and there are masses of jewel bright colours in shades from. Roll it up in a ball, slip it into your luggage and it will emerge as good as new. It matches, too. 6 guineas from Martha Hill.



Sensational look for a sleigh bell. Use it in colour on page 12. The wool tunic, printed with overblown roses is edged with fringed white marabou. The silky matching hood has long streamers to sit under the chin. Cost of the tunic is 79s 11d, and of the hood, 99s. By Martha Hill. Simon wears patterned sweater, 92s.6d from Pindiparis.

MADISON, JEFFREY, and **MAISON** (from left) are the most popular items in the new line. The brand's new "Sister" sweater is a must-have for anyone who loves a good sweater. They are all designed to be worn in a variety of ways. The "Sister" sweater is a must-have for anyone who loves a good sweater. They are all designed to be worn in a variety of ways. The "Sister" sweater is a must-have for anyone who loves a good sweater. They are all designed to be worn in a variety of ways.

elle



of hand-drawn designs as a way to be different. The brand's new "Sister" sweater is a must-have for anyone who loves a good sweater. They are all designed to be worn in a variety of ways. The "Sister" sweater is a must-have for anyone who loves a good sweater. They are all designed to be worn in a variety of ways.

to get the best of both worlds. The brand's new "Sister" sweater is a must-have for anyone who loves a good sweater. They are all designed to be worn in a variety of ways. The "Sister" sweater is a must-have for anyone who loves a good sweater. They are all designed to be worn in a variety of ways.

the brand's new "Sister" sweater is a must-have for anyone who loves a good sweater. They are all designed to be worn in a variety of ways. The "Sister" sweater is a must-have for anyone who loves a good sweater. They are all designed to be worn in a variety of ways.

- 1. The brand's new "Sister" sweater is a must-have for anyone who loves a good sweater.
- 2. They are all designed to be worn in a variety of ways.
- 3. The "Sister" sweater is a must-have for anyone who loves a good sweater.
- 4. They are all designed to be worn in a variety of ways.
- 5. The brand's new "Sister" sweater is a must-have for anyone who loves a good sweater.
- 6. They are all designed to be worn in a variety of ways.
- 7. The "Sister" sweater is a must-have for anyone who loves a good sweater.
- 8. They are all designed to be worn in a variety of ways.
- 9. The brand's new "Sister" sweater is a must-have for anyone who loves a good sweater.
- 10. They are all designed to be worn in a variety of ways.



HEAD HUGGERS



Something baby boomers in the '60s and '70s loved to do was to look like baby boomers or strong. It's by Martin Hill.

from your favorite hat in the world. It's by Martin Hill.



from your favorite hat in the world. It's by Martin Hill.





Fab / Photo

YARDBIRDS TURN CAVEMEN!

COLD, wet and very windy. It was that kind of morning when I panted and puffed my way once round Richmond Park, Surrey, with the Yardbirds, on one of their early-morning, keep-fit sessions.

Yes, they really do trot round the park every morning regardless of the weather, in order to keep in trim. Yet, despite their enthusiasm for fresh air, they weren't too keen on the idea of winter being a wonderland.

"Not in Britain anyway," said lead singer, Keith Relf. "In fact it's the winter we would most like to get away from." He paused to skip neatly over a fallen tree branch that was rotting away on the grass and went on: "We have to do tours in the winter and that's no joke. You wouldn't believe the number of times our car has conked out in the middle of nowhere and left us stranded."

"And what about that time we spent twelve hours crouched in the back of the van?" Chris Dreja broke in. "We were on our way to Liverpool and ran into the thickest pea-souper fog imaginable. Couldn't move an inch. It was awful. Luckily



though," he added, "it cleared and we got to the Cavern where we were due to appear with ten minutes to spare."

Eric Clapton chimed in then with his account of how he had slipped on the ice outside his home one night and nose-dived into the snow. "It was on a bit as slippery as that," he said, sliding his foot over a frozen puddle. "And I've still got the bumps on my head," he added ruefully, insisting we all studied it.

But they've got a dream of an answer to their winter headaches. Their idea of a winter wonderland is to lead a Hermit's existence on some remote tropical island.

"In neighbouring caves, of course," Jim McCarty told me, turning his collar up in defiance of the wind. "It'd be marvellous!"

Keith took up the story. "We'd work our passage to somewhere miles away where it's

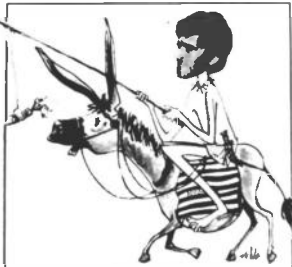


or wish they could
come winter . . .

JOHN MCGOWAN
tells you why

always hot," he said. "Not like this ice-bout. Then we'll select an island and go cave-hunting in the mountains." He lapsed into one of his rare serious moments which, the others told me, occur only when he's concentrating on something.

"I've got it all worked out what mine's going to be like. Spacious, with lots of echo for when I'm singing folk songs. It should sound great." "Well, that settles it," burst in Chris, who rises sleeping as one of his favourite hobbies "If you're going to be singing half the night, I'm going to live on a different island altogether."



Undaunted by this and other comments on his vocal ability from the others, Keith went on: "I'm going to decorate all five caves with suitable paintings—animals and things, you know—then we'll stick candles in the rocks to provide the lighting."

Jim, protecting his carefully combed hair from the wind, continued the dream.

"We'll need donkeys, of course. Fives. One for each of us. They'll be useful for transport, and for sight-seeing tours. We've given them names as well."

"Oh, really?" I said.

"Well," Jim said, beginning to count on his fingers. "There's 'Heironius Bosh II,' Keith says there's already a first, 'Leonardo,' 'Art Sherp,' 'Homer,' and I shall call mine 'Elephant' just to annoy it."

Well, that all seemed fairly straightforward, but what, I wondered, would fives, energetic, pop stars do about the little things in his life, food, drink and clothing?

"Easy," said Eric with his customary brightness, which even the damp weather couldn't quell. "We'll live on tropical foods, like melons and barnes. Keith is a good fisherman. He's always going off on his own to the river for the day. He can catch all the fish we want. Then," he said, warming to his theme, "we shall gather a great heap of grapes together and all jump on them to make wine."

"Oh, yes, very easy," I agreed.

The only fussy one about clothes is Keith. The others will drap themselves in snakeskin lion cloths, and crocodile skin shorts. Chris just couldn't care less. He intends to sleep twenty-five hours a day in his cave anyway.

Keith is a different story. He intends to be immaculately dressed all day long—just as he is in London.

"I'm going to have all his clothes sent from London's Carnaby Street. All the latest gear, of course."

Suddenly, "Sam" the tallest and zaniest Yardbird, started to tell of the important Robinson Crusoe part he was going to play in all this 'dream.'



"I know a bit about electricity," he said with a shiver. "So, I shall take some things with me to make my cave into a sort of recording studio and I'll erect a neon sign outside, to show that I am up there, and," he added, "I will take my cine camera with me to film the whole thing. It will probably be shown later as an epic."

"If you bring your cine camera," threatened Keith, "I'll bring a shot-gun to keep you away. I want peace and quiet."

The recording studio, should have some very on-Yardbird-like noises issuing from it, because they're not taking their own instruments with them. Apparently they are going to make them out of shells or anything else they might find on the island.

Anyone know of a tropical island going cheap?

You do?

Then write to the Yardbirds, c/o FAB





Beach Boys



Mary Wells



Brenda Lee



Gene Pitney

CRUB'S UP USA STYLE

And here with FAB tips on Winter Party Giving for Very In People (meaning YOU!)
arr. . . .

The Beach Boys

"Our favourite indoor sport at anytime of the year is a casual get-together dice party—and in California that means calling up the gang—ten or twelve—and having each one bring his or her newest hit pop record. We get enough hamburgers, potato chips, olives, tomatoes, pickles, buns—serve with Brian's hot chocolate . . . secret formula: use half cream, half milk—add cinnamon stick to each cup before serving. Our men-in-the-kitchen also adds blue cheese to his hamburgers just before broiling.

P.S. Be sure everybody doesn't show up with the same pop hit. That happened to us last year, and it was by the Beatles!!!"



Gene Pitney

"I'm strictly a sandwich man—no matter what the season it's all I can cook! I usually fry grilled cheese sandwiches with bacon slices (don't forget the pickles) and hot lemonade (Hot lemonade—GP version—is spiked with cinnamon with a maraschino cherry and dry mint leaves on top for colour.) This is a great snack to serve after you've danced yourself giddy.



Brenda Lee

"Parties mean open house time for my family and friends. I like inviting people in on Sunday afternoons and serving what has been a tradition with my family for years: cinnamon toast and hot chocolate. I mix toast with the toast is to add finely chopped nuts (preferably walnuts) to a soft butter and cinnamon mixture which I blend thoroughly before spreading on toast. Keep toast in the oven to be sure it's served hot. This year I'm adding a new tradition: to my parties . . . I'm taking home boxes of your Christmas crackers—we don't have these in America and I think they're terrific for any time of year!"



P. J. Proby

"I can see it's a big year for cinnamon which is fine with me but I'm serving hot dogs—Texas style when the gang gets together. All you do is split the dogs down the middle—fill with cheese, beans and chili sauce—then broil—great with green salad and apple cider (come to think of it—I always add a stick of you know what to the cider!)"



Mary Wells

"My favourite party is a pre-birthday one. All masses bring over wrappings and ribbons for the presents of the lucky birthday girl and we create (usually a m-s-s-s-l). Whoever wraps with the most originality gets a prize (the boys are always the funniest). My speciality for snack time is scrambled eggs. Using two eggs per person, I beat egg yolks separately from whites—add two tablespoons of milk or cream. Beat egg whites—fold in and add salt, pepper and a fourth teaspoon of dry ill flabax. Sometimes I add green onion slices too. I serve eggs with little sausages, toast and jam."



in RECORD time

TOP pop songwriter Jerry Lordan used to have a burning ambition: to be a top pop singer!

Five years ago Jerry, a former London bus conductor, was just beginning to make a name for himself writing songs for Cliff Richard, Adam Faith and others. Then a recording manager heard him singing on a demonstration disc, persuaded him to record one of his own songs and the number, *I'll Stay Single*, was an immediate hit.

His second disc also did well but the next three were flops. So Jerry went back to songwriting and turned out a string of hits including "Apache," the number that earned The Shadows their first Golden Disc.

He hasn't been very active recently but this week he provides The Shadows with a number for their latest disc: a haunting, folksy melody called "Mary Ann" which, incidentally, is the first "A" side vocal by The Shadows for several years (Columbia). My verdict: It could be as big a hit as *Apache*.

"If you didn't know differently, you'd swear that you were listening to one of America's top negro rhythm 'n' blues singers. But, in fact, the voice belongs to twenty-three year old, 6 ft. 7½ in. tall long John Baldry, the most versatile-sounding r-and-b artist that Britain has yet produced.

On the United Artists label he sings *On To You, Baby*, a bluesy ballad in which he is aided and abetted by a choir. Could shoot up the charts.

BEST OF THE REST

"The Poets, that long-haired group from Glasgow who made the charts with their first disc, could make an even bigger impact with the second, a driving *That's The Way It's Got To Be*, written by three of the boys in the group (Decca).

"Most impressive disc debuts of the week come from Miki Dallon, a songwriter and record producer turned singer with *Do You Call That Love?* (Decca) and Size 7, a very musically-sounding group with *Where Do We Go From Here?* (Mercury).

"Other group discs worth a spin are *Shaz Wazh* by The SheriffBids (Pye), *Silhouettes*, a bouncy number by Heriman's Hermites (Columbia) and *Are You Missing Me?* by The Cadets Irish Show Band, one of the top groups in the Emerald Isle (Pye).

"American girl group The Exciters, who have seen British versions of their last two discs—become hits (*Tell Him*, by Billie Davis and *Do Wah Diddy Do*, by Manfred Mann) could finally make it with *I Want You To Be My Boy* (Columbia).

"Also recommended are Chubby Checker's catchy *Louiey, Louiey* (Cameo-Parkas), *Digging My Potatoes*, by Helax (Columbia) and *This Is The Moment*, a vocal version of *La Cucaracha*, by a new boy called Scott Forest (Columbia).

KEN BOW



a Wynter's tale

Mark Wynter's boyhood has a cold, wintry sadness, but the sun shone brightly one day... as JUNE SOUTHWORTH reports

MARK WYNTER smiled at the sad clown faces on the walls of his manager's luxury flat. Life was good on a sunny afternoon with a new record in the can that looked like a winner and the promise of a busy year ahead.

Yet how different it could have been for this boy who was born in the same Elephant and Castle area that produced Charlie Chaplin. The greatest, the saddest, clown of all.

The Second World War was tearing London apart when Mark was born in Woking, Surrey. His mother had been evacuated to have the baby, and after a couple of months they moved back to The Elephant. Back to the air raids, the blackout, the tensions. Mark was eighteen months old when his parents divorced. Then there was just Mark and his mother. The war dragged on.

Mark remembers nothing of it. "But I remember one later incident," he told me. "I was five and the war was over. I found a gas mask in the wardrobe. It was shaped like Mickey Mouse and Mickey Mouse was fun to me. So I put it on and went to show my mother. I can still hear her screams."

Mark's mother re-married and for a while a little money came in. When Mark was seven or eight they moved to a flat near Bromley, in Kent. Then more children came, and times were difficult again. Mark started a paper round when he was nine to raise a bit of pocket money.

At thirteen he was promoted to chief paper boy. He got up at four-thirty every morning to open up the shop and sort out the papers. Then he went off to school. It was a good grammar school with strict rules about uniform.

"This was when I started to feel the pinch," said Mark. "We needed such a lot of clothes. My raincoats, new blazers every two terms. My mother did her best but with a young family to provide for, she and my step father couldn't afford to buy me all that. My clothes got tatty, and I was

always being sent home because I wore my own things instead of school uniform. You can imagine I liked that. I'd take the whole day off."

"I was a keen cyclist. I would go off with a friend and we'd sleep on benches for days. I was supposed to stay at school until I was seventeen, but I could only do sport and music. I didn't like anything else. I was hopeless at other subjects."

So when Mark was fifteen and the Easter holidays came round, he joined The Solicitor's Law Stationery Society as a junior clerk. But it was still like being at school. There were still rules. He was bored with the constant tea-making. But at least he had money. He gave his mother half of it.

MARK went through a stack of jobs. In the end he went to work for a friend who owned a "Do this, son. Do that, son," wasn't for him. He made railings—"a filthy job, but it paid real money." He bluffed his way into a job as a fitter's mate, installing heating in the Kensington Public Library in London.

"When I go past there now," says Mark "I say to myself 'It's thanks to me that you're warm in there.'"

At sixteen he made eleven pounds a week. He remembers all the wages he's ever earned because money is a very important thing in life when you don't have it.

He thought of potato-poking in Jersey, but his mother became ill and he couldn't go. The flat—it was always a flat wherever they were—was full of children. Mark has four brothers and a sister. The diet didn't vary much. His step father, a Scot, used to make a concoction of potatoes, onions, salt and pepper called stovos. They managed on that three days a week. It was the most economical meal you could make.

Mark's summer holidays were spent at Bellingham's Open Air Baths.

When Mark was sixteen he bought his first real

suit. He had always worn jeans and windcheaters. The suit was a double-breasted navy-blue serge. It cost twenty guineas and represented nine months hard savings. The purchase of the suit was one of the milestones in Mark's life. The days when his mother spent her last thirty bob on a pair of trousers for him were over.

Mark still has the suit.

HE was nearly seventeen when fate threw a new career into his lap. A friend, on the building site where he worked ran a rock group. He was an Elvis type with sideburns and a wiggle. Mark used to go along to the dance-hall with him because you had a better chance with the girls if they knew you had some connection with the group. One Saturday, his mate said an agent bloke was coming to see them. Ray Something-or-other.

Ray Something-or-other was Ray Maskender, who wasn't an agent, but had financial backing and was looking for a group to invest in. The mate had to work that day—on a building site—and the plaster got into his throat. His voice went completely. The group struggled along playing instrumentals, but the dancers were walking out on them. When the proprietress told them to find a singer, they picked on Mark because they knew he'd been in a church choir. Ray Maskender signed him up. In six months he had moulded him into a star material.

"All because I'd been in a church choir," said Mark. "And incidentally, I had walked out on that when I was thirteen. Had a row with the choirmaster. The congregation sent round petitions to have me back. It sounds like something out of a Peter Sellers film, doesn't it?"

So there was Mark, talking to me without emotion, without resentment, about the past. Independent, immaculately-dressed, happy. I could swear those clown faces were smiling.

Go great for
CHICLETS!
The chewing gum
that makes chewing fun

The chewing gum
that makes chewing fun

Think of a flavour—and chew it in Chiclets sugar coated gum! You can choose from Chiclets Fruit Flavoured, with six assorted flavours in every pack. Or Spearmint. Or Peppermint. Go on, go great for Chiclets!

12 pieces for 6d.



Now Chiclets stick gum too!

Chiclets
SPEARMINT
CHEWING GUM

It's the latest, it's the greatest: Chiclets in sticks—
with a Spearmint flavour! 5 sticks for 6d.

EASY LEARN METHOD
SUCCESS GUARANTEED

It's the simplest New Method—the easiest ever for QUICKER learning AT HOME. In just 3 weeks you gainfully advance from beginner to popular player.

Learn on her:
* GUITAR * PIANO
* PIANO ACCORDION
* TRUMPET
* DRUMS
* HARMONICA

BIG SUCCESS FOR LITTLE COST
Just 4s weekly to learn the easiest way ever, including piano you start playing almost at once. Get a superb instrument too, if required, by special arrangement on credit terms. Delivered anywhere in Great Britain.

AMAZING OFFER
With really low prices you will be amazed, taught after. Successful quickly get the rewards of playing pleasure or your money back.

FREE BOOKLET
It tells you of the many ways you can learn and how you have already got from the conventional way. Includes the VDU kit become a successful player today, ready-made if you give a complete beginner even. Don't miss it!

SEND NOW YOU'LL ALWAYS BE GLAD YOU DID

MELBOURNE SCHOOL OF MUSIC (E.A.K.)
16 LONDON ST., LONDON, S.W.1.
Please send me the amazing FREE Booklet and instrument details. (Please PRINT before and send TWO St. stamps for mailing costs.)

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
Instrument Preferred _____

be gay
the modern way!

The gayest hair is becoming doubly attractive when you use Winbloom Shampoo and Winbloom Lacquer. This perfect moisture enhances the appeal of your hair and texture and the glowing sheen of clean, healthy hair.

Winbloom
SHAMPOO & HAIR LACQUER

If your chemist carries Winbloom Shampoo and Lacquer, write for a leaflet to find them or your local Currier or Village Store.

10 DAYS IN EUROPE 12½ GNS

- 10 days Austria 12½ Gns.
- 10 days Italian Lakes 14½ Gns.
- 11 days Venetian Coast 17 Gns.
- 12 days Spanish Coast 18½ Gns.

There and back to a superb lamping site with all amenities. Tents, bedding etc. provided.

Write for full details to—
MEDITERRANEAN HOLIDAYS LTD.
Dept. F.1, 16, Curzon St., London, W.1.
Phone: 688 6735, or your local Travel Agent

GIRLS! BOYS TO BE WON

Watch the boys rush to the side of the girl who's always surrounded by an aura of femininity, always uses Lutetia Talcum Powder. It's a blend of fifteen delicately lovely fragrances which give a subtle gentle appeal. Regular dosing with Lutetia Talcum alter ex's bath exsues truly fragrant femininity. The soft men really go for You! love

Cuticura
TALCUM POWDER

lightly medicated—
delicately different

WHO'S who this week



THE SWINGING BLUE JEANS
L/R Ralph Ellis, Les Brand, Ray Ernie and Norman Kuhlke



THE FOUR PENNIES
L/R Lionel Murray, Mike Walsh, Alan Ben and Fred Fryer



THE YARBIRDS
L/R Bobbie Jim McCarty, Frank Sam Smith, Keith Hall, Chas Duggan and Captain



THE DRUIDS
Below L/R Ken Gellatly, Brian Miller, Jeff Rans, Kenneth Goode, Kenneth, Frank and King



TONY HALL'S



LETTER BOX

Over to TONY HALL, star deejay, for your own pop post.

Hi! Tony here again. Slightly out of breath after a frantic dash to the FAB office to pick up the mail—some extra this week for Brian Jones on account of his birthday on the 28th February. Happy birthday, Brian... now on with the post...

MOODY'S NOT SO BLUE

The moment a group goes to a number one, the letters pour in for more info and pix of the boys. It's happened at FAB with The Moody Blues. One of the first to write was Susan Court of Clifton, Bristol.

The Moodies are the first Birmingham area group to really "happen." Their lead singer, Denny Laine, used to lead his own local group, The Diplomats. He's 5 ft. 8 in. and nineteen years old. With dark brown hair and very "moody" eyes.

The others, of course, are Mike Pinder (the pianist whose playing was so striking on *Go Now*), Clint Warwick (bass guitar), Ray Thomas (harmonica) and Graham Edge (drums).

Graham, by the way, has a super sense of humour when he first came to my office and met my secretary, Bernice, he said as he left: "Be good, and if you can't, my phone number is..." (Sorry, girls, can't print it!)



The Moody Blues

ACCENT ON BRIAN POOLE

Caroline Dale of Hampstead, London, N.W.3, is a big fan of Brian Poole and The Tremolos. Especially of Brian's drummer. "Please tell me about him," she writes.

Caroline—his name is Dave Munden. He's just twenty one and, by the way, is a smashing singer. He can do falsetto parts especially well. He was a fishmonger before he became a Trem. He's 6 ft. tall, and likes wearing leather casual clothes best. As far as food goes he's crazy about cheese! If you want to write to Dave, Caroline, I suggest sending your letter care of Pam Rice, The Trems' Fan Club Secretary, at 41 Kingsway, W.C.2.

SUPREME HITS

A frantic letter here signed "Swinging Mum from Bradford," who wants me to settle an argument between her son and daughter. It's about whether The Supremes' "Where Did Our Love Go?" went to number 1 or 2 in the charts.

Where Did Our Love Go? went to number 2, but *Baby Love* hit the top. The Supremes current record is called *Come See About Me*. I don't think it's quite as strong as I'd other two, but it should still do well.

Anyway, let's wait and see.

GEORGIE AND FAME

From Flint in North Wales, Lynn Evans wants to know more about Georgie Fame.

Well, Lynn, since you write we've printed a lot more about Georgie in FAB. I've known him for some time. Long before Yeh, Yeh became a hit. Frankly, I don't think fame will really alter Georgie much.

Georgie is basically a very shy guy. Especially when he first meets you. He's serious about his music. This's what matters most in life. And if he doesn't always get

his records, it won't worry him too much. He knows that his real fans will never desert him, the ones who've followed him since way back.

By the way, when you get to know him, he's got a great sense of humour. This, mixed with his natural shyness, makes him pretty popular with the girls. As I have to tell you...!



Georgie Fame

Over to Maureen for some quickies:

DRUIDS

Cindy Stuart from Londonderry, N. Ireland, would like to know the Fan Club address of the Druids.

Maureen These boys have become more popular over the last few months. They have a new member as lead singer. He is Karl King, who used to be with the Vendettas. The Druids' Fan Club address is c/o Miss Judy Rea, 23 Holmeadale Road, Brixhill, Co. Sligo, Strabane.

MANFRED BIRTHPLACE

John Briggs of Dunstable, asks: Is it true that Manfred Mann of (Manfred Mann group) was born in Johannesburg, South Africa.

Maureen Quite true, John.

FAVOURITE ESCORTS

Mary Barnett of Nove, writes: "I haven't heard or seen anything about the Escorts lately, could you please give me their line up. They are my favourite group."

Maureen Anything to tell you. Pete Clarke on drums, John Kincaid is lead guitar, Terry Sylvester is rhythm guitar and vocals, and Nancy Miss Gregory plays bass guitar and vocalists.

Affraid that's all for this week. Don't forget if there's anything you'd like to know write to Letter Box, Fabulous, Fleetway House, London, E.C.4, and enclose a s.a.e.

The miracle of MANI-CURE

by Misty



Actually helps nails grow longer, stronger, lovelier.

If you long for healthy, lovely nails... if you want to guard against chipped, cracked, ridged, unsightly nails... then you need Mani-Cure. Simply apply regularly like a varnish—two coats do the trick. Beautiful on its own—and you can cover with your favourite colour if you wish. From all good chemists and stores.

ONLY 4'9



SAGA OF BOND STREET London - Paris - New York

Printed in England by Decca (World) Ltd., and published by Fantasy Publications Ltd., Fantasy House, Fitzgibbon Street, London E.C.4. Subscription rates: Single 12/6, for 12 months, £1 10s. for 6 months. In Australia and New Zealand, Fantasy Publications Ltd., South Africa Central News Agency Ltd. Australia, Canada and America: Fantasy Publications Ltd., 1000 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10019. In order to avoid postage on the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the Publisher, be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the Publisher. All rights reserved.

