

WORLD'S POP STARS IN COLOUR COLOUR COLOUR

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17th APRIL 1966

# Fabulous

## PUTS IT ON RECORD

### KING SIZE FULL COLOUR PIN-UPS OF

### MERSEYBEATS • KINKS • JOHNNY GUS SET • BEACH BOYS BACHELORS • SANDIE SHAW • KEITH RICHARD • BEATLES



## COLOUR CONTENTS

SHADOWS...  
photographer DAVID STEEN  
MERSEYBEATS...  
photographer FIONA ADAMS  
THE JOHNNY GUS SET  
photographer FIONA ADAMS  
THE KINKS...  
photographer FIONA ADAMS  
THE BEATLES...  
photographer MICHAEL DARLING  
SANDIE SHAW  
photographer RONALD FALLOON  
THE BEACH BOYS  
photographer BILL FRANCIS  
THE BACHELORS...  
photographer JIM WILLIAMS  
KEITH RICHARD  
photographer MICHAEL FRESCO  
© Fleetway Publications Limited, 1965

*hi there, Well, I've only got myself to blame. I told the gang to put this issue on record, and ever since then the record-player has been going non-stop. They say it helps them work. Just for the record it stops me from working. But they don't mind that... they say I'm too busy listening to nag them.*

*Seriously, I will be having a rest next week 'cos dishy Gene Pitney's editing*

*FAB. Anyone would have known that something was up. The local hairdressers did a roaring trade on the morning he arrived—looking all editorish of course. The girls around this office have never looked so smart before!... so look in on us, huh? It's going to be a peach of an issue.*

*Love,*

*The Ed*

# hi fab!



*FAB's Sheena gives you some record-breaking gossip...*

**F**AB puts it on record this week by looking at the stars. And seeing how THEY put it on record. Let's start the disc spinning with the strange story of P. J. Proby and his mop.

One of the tracks on P. J.'s EP "P. J. Proby" is entitled *Zing Went The Strings Of My Heart*.

If you think the words are a trifle slushy, you might also find the backing somewhat sweet. For all the way through you'll hear a thumping-plopping-phutting sound (sorry, can't describe it any better than that!) and wonder what it is.

Well, it's P. J. himself!

The story goes that, dissatisfied with

*P. J. Proby*



the song done "straight" he rushed over to a corner and returned to the mike carrying a mop and pail full of water which the cleaners had left behind. In time with the music he phut-phumped the mop into the bucket!



*The Cherokees*

**T**HE Cherokees—latest disc *Wondrous Place*—were going flat out when they cut their previous hit *Seven Golden Daffodils* a while back.

Forgive them if they sound a trifle breathless on the record. But they had to make it... in less than an hour.

The group were flying to Germany and their train to Gatwick Airport left Victoria at 5.30 p.m.

At 4.30 they still hadn't collected their passports, and had to make the record, too.

Usual time for cutting a disc, so E.M.I. tells me, is four or five hours.

**R**OLLING STONE Bill Wyman who is A/R manager of The Cherokees, was the "B" side of their current release. Name of topside... *Down And Out*. Name of Stone-side... *Stop Running Around*.

The Cherokees were, at one time, think-

ing of cheynging their name... to bring them more luck. It appears they've had quite an adventure with their instruments, which disappeared, then reappeared... only to be stolen again.

Inspired by these events, perhaps, pianist Peter Bardens wrote *Down And Out*. Although they really aren't.

Peter also wrote a new number for Sounds Orchestral.

Incidentally, Bill Wyman's new hobby is recording OTHER people. And finding new talent.

Latest acquisition of Bill's is a young lady by the name of Bobbi Miller, who revives on Decca the US Raindrops' hit of several years back *What A Guy*.

**D**RUMS aren't always the best thing to bash when you want a heavy offbeat says hit record producer Joe Meek... who runs the famous R.G.M. Sound Studios in North London.

"I always look round for something to beat, he said. "And we use screens doors and the like

*Dorred John and The Mood*



David John and The Moody, who recorded at the studio recently, needed a steely sound on the off-beat. Joe obliged with a piece of tin ... and a lump of chain.

Incidentally, Screaming Lord Sutch, who records at R.G.M., has such a loud voice, says Joe, that a special non-sensitive microphone—normally used for the bass drum—is allotted to him. And he still wins through.



Crispian St. Peters

**N**EW boy Crispian St. Peters is a writer of songs. A very lonely lad, Crispian shuts himself away from the world and sits down to an evening's composing. The result? Another four or five songs. To date he has written more than SEVENTY.

On the "B" side of his current release *At This Moment*, you can hear no less than FOUR Crispian St. Peters. He sings both lead and harmony voices, and plays lead and rhythm guitar. Not all at the same time, of course. He dubs on top of himself. Gene Pitney got his first success the same way.

**C**ATCH Us If You Can is the title of the new Dave Clark film. Reason is simple—Dave plays a stunt man who persuades a young girl (Barbara Fentis) to leave the advertising world where she is being used in a mammoth Eat Meat campaign. In the great chase that follows "kidnapper" Steve (played by Dave

and Dinah) have loads of exciting adventures.

Dave has written eight new numbers for the film but the group won't be seen singing or playing on the screen. All the new numbers will be played by the group as background music. This isn't just another pop film 'cos Dave and lads have not to really prove themselves as actors.

One of the sets in the film is a disused chapel which is transformed by Dave, Mike, Lenny, Rick and Denis into their film "home" and gymnasium.



Dave Clark with Tony his film dog. Bet his own dog, Butch, is jealous.

**H**EARED a lovely story about two mates of mine, Peter Jay and Cliff Bennett. Seems that Pete and The Jaywalkers were driving up the M1 in their brand new van when they stopped at the Blue Boar Roadhouse and there met Cliff and The Rebel Rousers.

It turned out that Pete and The Jaywalkers were off to Birmingham to play and Cliff and The Rebel Rousers were playing in Manchester. Eventually the bet was made that The Jaywalkers would beat The Rebel Rousers back to the Blue Boar.

Pete and the lads were racing back from the ballroom when they got a puncture! The van was so new that nobody knew where the spare wheel was. After looking all round, Pete left the van, walked two miles up the motorway for a phone and asked the nearest police station if they could tell him where the spare wheels were kept in vans like his!

Eventually they got the wheel changed and tore off to the Blue Boar only to find Cliff and the boys already there laughing all over the place!

If you think you're hearing bells on the current Unit Four Plus Two record, you are! Lead singer Peter Moules decided a tinkling bell might add to the charm of their song *Concrete And Clay*. So he used one.

And by popular demand he was also given a cow-bell to clang at the same chime!



Unit Four Plus Two



**NEXT WEEK**

WHAT new Ed. Gene says goes ... who's quibbling with that, anyway, when the mates in his very own issue are knock-out people like THE ROLLING STONES recording ... GEORGIE FAME ... JACKIE DE SHANNON ... MARIANNE FAITHFULL ... BILLY J. KRAMER ... GENE himself ... and the king size colour pin-ups will be of MICK JAGGER ...

MARIANNE FAITHFULL ... LONG JOHN BALDRY ... GERRY MARSDEN ... BILLY J. KRAMER ... SHIRLEY BASSEY ... BOBBY SHARPTON and the dashy GENE himself ... and don't forget your next FAB is on sale THIS Saturday 'cos of Easter ... so hurry, hurry before it's too late for you to get Gene Pitney's own FAB. Price 1 shilling.

**GENE PITNEY EDITS FAB**



# RECO FAME

**T**HERE was a time when young Clive Powell dreamed of appearing just once on television or radio.

In those days, back in bleak, coal-and-cotton crazy Lancashire, Clive was a pianist who imitated the frenzied rock-'n'-roll and boogie-woogie rhythms of Fats Domino, Little Richard and Jerry Lee Lewis.

That was eight years ago. Clive, aged thirteen, hadn't a clue that he would one day become George Fame.

Nowadays things are so hectic for George that there is little time left in which he can sleep, relax even. When he's not toting with that hot lot, The Blue Flames, George is in and out of studios recording radio and television venues.

We caught George on the set recording several of his jazz-inspired numbers for the B.B.C. *Easy Beat* Series. It was lucky we did! George is so elusive many pop photographers have just given up hope of ever getting him to stand still in one place for more than five minutes.

But of course it wasn't always like that.

Back home in Leigh, Lancashire, George's father, a cotton-spinner, first influenced him music-wise. Five-year-old George enjoyed and sometimes suffered dancing lessons via his aunt, and piano lessons from which he escaped when he was seven.

For the next five years George played it by ear. Piano that is. When he was thirteen, he joined two guitarists, a drummer and washboard man to form The Dominoes.

George's stepmother—his real mum died when he was still an infant—didn't altogether approve of George staying out too late with his group, because he was then only in his last year at secondary school.

The Dominoes made headway for the next year or so. They played dates in Leigh at first, and then, as their name caught on, played in the surrounding districts. George was picking the rories... or rather pounding them to bits. All the time George was thumping out Fats D. and Jerry Lee numbers.

At fifteen he left school to work in a cotton mill like his father. His other choice—working in the coal mine—didn't really tickle his fancy.

Young Clive needed a holiday after all that. He went to Budlin's. There he played piano at one of the camp's pubs and entered a talent contest, where he was spotted by bandleader Rory Blackwell. Rory wanted him to join the group.

Said George: "I enjoyed playing with the band more than the cotton gig. The only way you could get promoted in the cotton mill was to wait for one of the older guys with better jobs to die off."

"I went in my notice on the Tuesday of that week," he came on, "and left the factory on Friday. My dad was waiting for me when I came out and wanted to know what it was all about. I told him I was joining Rory Blackwell."

George featured on the joanna with the Blackwell band for some time. Until the lads decided to go to a party outside the camp. George didn't go.

It was just as well. The car carrying the group to the party crashed, injuring all inside.

Rory and George came to London in 1959. But the streets were not paved with gold for them. From then on it was life in the tight network of young struggling musicians.

"If you were working," said George, "you bought someone else—who wasn't—a meal, and gave him a place on the floor for the night. If you were not, someone did the same for you."

George and Rory played an Islington ballroom for a percentage of the takings. They did it for two months. Two months during which time only a handful of takers would wander into the ballroom. The small group our two lads formed were on the verge of destitution.



It was then that Lady Luck began to smile on George. And a radiant smile it was.

Her smile came in the form of songwriter Lionel Bart, who came to see about hitting Rory in for a part in his *Fings Ain't What They Used To Be*.

Lionel was the first ten to go overboard for young George's playing. When he was fished out, he resolved to see rock-'n'-roll impresario Larry Parnes. Larry Parnes, the famous manager of Billy Fury, Marty Wilde, Duffy Power and a host of others. Soon George was working for him.

"There were two of us new boys," said George. "Larry had chosen our names... George Fame and Lance Fortuna, but he kept getting them mixed up. And I and I settled for the Fame name, and Lance got Fortune."

It was plain sailing from then on. George became a member of Billy Fury's backing group, The Blue Flames, until the Flames left the Parnes stable.

George found himself once again sleeping on the floor of a friend's flat. And playing his records Modern Jazz records. Cannonball Adderley, Charlie Parker, Lionel Hampton...

The piano was hastily swapped for an organ, the style changed, and George found himself playing jazz inspired blues to American G.I.s at London's Flamingo Club. The Yanks loved his 'Rockhouse' style music. Of course we all know what happened from then on. Two LPs, two singles and an EP later, George—the fair-haired lad from Lancashire, hit the top with *Yeh Yeh*.

It's a long way from those cotton mill days when all he could do was dream. It's a fairy tale with a happy ending.

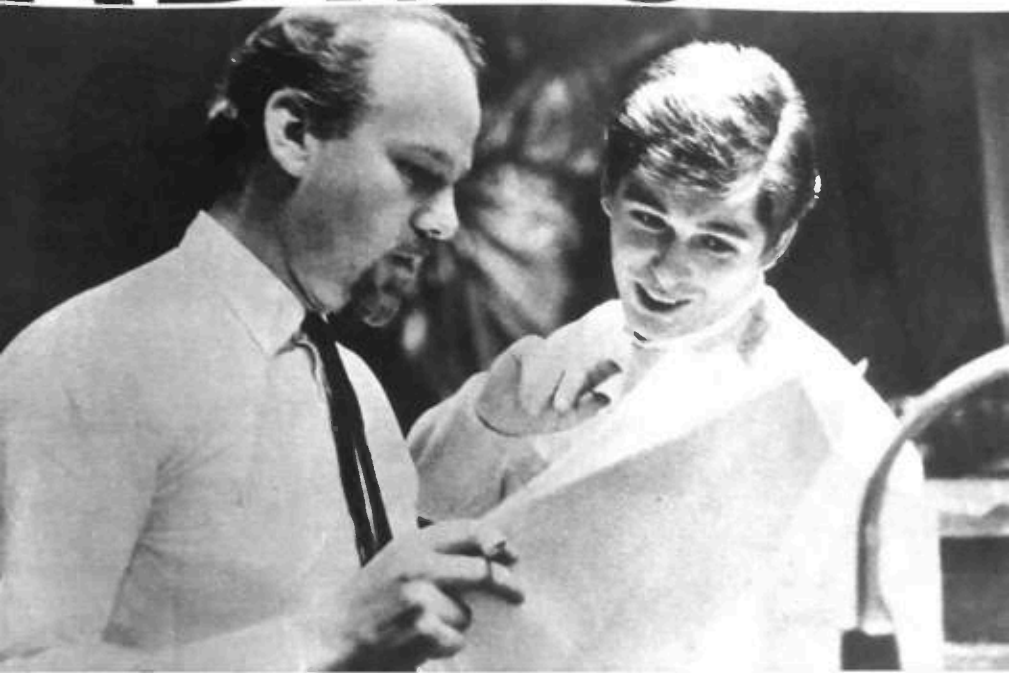
And it's radio and TV, and radio from daybreak till dawn for George, the lad who loves sweaters and nonconformist gear.

George's line-up is Colin Green (guitar), Peter Coe (alto, tenor saxes), Tony Masters (bass guitar), Bill Eyden (drums), Speedy Acquaye (conga drum) and Glen Hughes (barrone sax).

Apart from playing and singing with the above mentioned, George has modelled clothes for leading West End clothes. And whenever he buys clothes George always buys TWO of everything.

He can afford to now.

# RDING



*Yeh, Yeh! It's Georgie at a recording session at the BBC's "Easy Beat" Studio. Above, he is rehearsing with Ron Belcher, producer of the show. On the far left he's well and truly in action and below left, he's studying the words—the music comes with the pic on the right!*





# the BEST of

The Merseybeats are great mates of mine but what a shock when they suddenly split with Johnny Gustafson (on the right) and took back Billy Kinsley. Still we'd like to put it on record that they're still the best of friends.



# FRIENDS

●When a group with several hits behind them, a good future ahead of them and loads of fans just hanging on their every move, it comes as a great shock when one of them leaves.

Everyone imagines that they've had a great row and that nobody's speaking to anybody else.

With the Merseys and Johnny Gus this just isn't true. Honest!

It all happened one night at Morecambe. The Merseys came off stage and got together in the dressing room. All of a sudden John Banks said to Johnny Gus: "What did you think of tonight's performance? Not very good was it?"

Johnny Gus said he thought it was all right and told John to come right out and say what was on his mind and John then said that he and Tony Crane and Aaron Williams didn't think the sound they were getting was right. They preferred the more mellow sounds they'd achieved on their earlier records with Billy Kinsley.

Then they asked Johnny if he'd like to leave the group and form his own unit to play the type of beater music he preferred.

Johnny left The Merseys that night. We didn't loose sight of Gus for long, for he joined up with his old mate Brian "Griff" Griffiths (ex-Big Three) and Ron Parry to form The Johnny Gus. Set. And the three of them "jelled." Things look really good for the trio right now. We at FAB are keeping our fingers crossed they'll be really big.

The Merseybeats asked Billy Kinsley to leave his group The Kinsleys and rejoin them. Which he did. Originally keen to make it on his own, Billy



Left to Right: Aaron Williams, Billy Kinsley, Tony Crane and John Banks.

decided he missed the companionship of the other Merseys and he felt the sound they achieved together was better than that he got with the Kinsleys.

Everyone wondered what would happen when the two groups met. Would they just ignore each other, or come to blows? Nothing could have been further from the truth.

The Merseys were in Philips' Studios one day when Johnny and Griff popped in to see their old mates in the Press Office.

Tony came up from the studios and

as soon as he saw Johnny there were great handshakings and hellos and asking how they each were.

They were still the best of friends. Tony asked where Johnny and Griff were staying and found that they were all in the same hotel so the inevitable happened... both groups got together and had a slap up party. There were plenty of old times to be yakked about and ideas compared.

They yattered about the time they first met. Johnny was in Germany playing at a Club with a group called

(continued on page 8)



# the BEST of FRIENDS



The Seniors when he got a phone call from, he thought, the newspaper *Mersey-Beat* now called the *Music Echo* saying that they were coming out to Frankfurt to see him.

Johnny fully expected to see a reporter come into the club instead of which he was confronted by two Merseybeats who he didn't know and had never met before.

It took two weeks for Tony and Aaron to persuade him to join the group and return to England with them.

The first performance with The Merseybeats was quite an achievement for Johnny for he flew from Germany to London for picture sessions then up to Newcastle and on to the stage without any practice or rehearsal whatever.

Johnny and Tony are really very opposite in character though both are good musicians and capable of leading their own groups. Johnny

is very much the dreamer. Tony is the practical one who gets things done and chivvies the others into action.

In a way it's a very good thing that they did split and give each other the chance to develop their separate talents to the full extreme.

The Merseybeats are happy and settled with Billy Kinsley back on bass and I just can't wait to hear some of the songs that Johnny has written with Griff. They're hoping to get some recorded by other groups and then form their own music publishing company.

Johnny tells me that the new sound is going to be eighty organists in one group!!

I hope he was only joking!  
**It would be great to see both groups side by side in the Top 10 and maybe we shall before very long.**

I hope so.  
**SHEENA MACKAY**

## we've got him TAPED

Everybody's crazy about tape recorders. Popsters use 'em all the time, for both business and pleasure. Take Alan Freeman, one of our most famous Disc Jockeys. He's always experimenting with tape. In fact, he likes it so much, he's gone in for a tape recording contest. So FAB's Sylvia decided she'd better tape Alan Freeman. . . .



● The two famous voices beamed round the room. The corner of one of them stood in the centre of the dark green, fringed carpet, hands stuck in the pockets of his grey slacks, leaning up at the ceiling high above him, listening hard. After a few minutes, he moved, pushed a button and the voices stopped.

"You see how easy it is to get the effect you want?" Alan Freeman asked, pushing another button that set the tape on the recorder whirling. "Marvonne and I did that interview on the roof of this flat, yet it really does sound as though I was interviewing her in the street, doesn't it?" I said it did, and meant it.

Alan and I were in the lounge of his Maids Vale flat and he was playing over the tape of an interview with Marvonne Faithful.

"Although I use tape a lot in my work, I consider it a hobby too," Alan commented. "That's why I've entered this contest."

"Which contest?" I asked, trying not to look ignorant.

"The British Tape Recording Contest," he explained. "There's one every year and I was approached to be a judge of the year's. But I said that if they didn't mind, I'd rather enter. As an amateur."

"What sort of thing are you going to do?" "Ash," he laughed. "That would be telling. But

you can make any kind of entry you like—bottle tops rolling down a staircase, an excerpt from a play, an interview with someone—anything Trouble is, editing the darn thing!" A frown creased the brown eyes. "I get in a terrible muddle with that. I've cut out good pieces out of tapes than you've interviewed pop stars."

"Well, you can't be an expert right away," I pointed out.

"No. No. I suppose not. More coffee?"

"Please." He wandered out to the little kitchen, calling over his shoulder as he went, "Tape recorders have been my hobby for about a year now. They're marvellous fun."

He returned, carefully carrying two gold and white cups.

"Having that portable recorder—" he nodded to a black case machine lying on the couch—"is a great help. I can take it anywhere and switch it on."

"Do you think you might win the contest?"

"I doubt it. Anyway, winning doesn't matter. It's the fun of entering that counts."

But when he escorted me to the lift as I left later, he said, "Wouldn't it be marvellous if I did win? Now that really would be fun. Perhaps then I could go on to the International Recording Contest."

And he closed the lift doors and hurried back to his tape recorders.





**Fab** Album of the Year

SO YOU  
WANT TO MAKE A

# RECORD



...well **TONY HALL**, star deejay and pop expert is just the person to tell you how, so over to Tony...



**S**o you've been "spotted." Signed up. And your first record's "in the can." Have your problems or really gonna start.

Sounds like I'm trying to put you off? Well, I'm not really, but you must realize that things aren't going to be honey all the way just because you've found yourself a manager and got yourself on disc.

You don't believe me? Then just listen to what happened to The Kinks. Larry Page, an artist's manager, heard that they were creating quite a stir at a pub in Murrell Hill. With their music, of course (he adds hesitantly). So he went to see them, was impressed, signed them up. They made a demo disc, *I Don't Need You Any More* backed with *Revenge*, and offered it around. He takes it to a studio audition, they tried a round. He takes number, *You Really Got Me*. The company man shook his head.

"Not for us," he said.

Then Pys put out *Long Tall Sally*. Then *You Still Want Me*. Nothing happened with either.

"They said, 'You'll have to change the group's name.'" Larry said. "'We can't sell them as The Kinks. No deejay will touch it.'"

As a third attempt, they made (under the supervision of ace American producer Shel Talmy) *Ray's* song. *You Really Got Me*. But Larry blocked it. "It's wrong," he said. "Remake it."

They did twice. Pys put out the final version. Larry laughs as he looks back on those days. "Someone at Pys told me, 'After this dreadful dis-

count, you'll never have another record with us.' Then, suddenly, it took off. The disc man pronounced it like mad. Next thing that happened was I received a telegram from Pys boss Louis Benjamin saying, "Congratulations, you're number one!"

So you see, it doesn't all start happening nice and smoothly as soon as you've found a manager and landed a recording session. And how do you land a recording session anyway? Just how do you go about getting a recording company interested in you?

The best way is to make an acetate demo disc. You're sure to find a little, private recording studio in your town. The cost will depend on many things—how long you're likely to be monopolizing their space, how many acts cater to you. For instance, if you decide to really go overboard and have the whole bit—double tracking, echo chambers and so on—the cost will zoom immediately. One of London's biggest private recording studios reckons the cost generally comes out at anything from 10 guineas to £25.

And, of course, you're not going to spend your hour or so in the studio warbling *She Loves You* or some other fab number that's already had a big success, are you? Because if you do, you're wasting your money. A copy of a current hit gives no indication of your personality, so for heaven's sake, be original. Record something you've written yourself, or a new version of a good song that hasn't made it.

If you have a manager, get him to send it to one of the major record companies, or send it yourself. Don't

be disappointed if it comes back. Send it to someone else.

If you prefer, you can send your demo to an independent record producer, like Larry, or Shel Talmy, or Andrew Oldham, who found The Stones, or Mickie Most, who records The Animals and Herman's Hermits. You can contact them through the disc companies who release their records.

Whoever you go to let them guide you. Don't try to tell them what to do. They've been through it umpteen times before, and they can tell you what you do best, ballad or beat, what sort of songs you'll stand a chance of selling.

Now let's assume you've made the demo, a company has liked it and they've signed you up. What happens next? In a word, promotion. You have to sell yourself. This'll be about fifty per cent up to you, and fifty per cent up to your manager. If you don't already have a manager, your recording company will probably be able to put you in touch with someone who'll be able to handle the business side of things for you.

If you don't set the world on fire straight away, be patient. Learn from your mistakes. Keep trying. If you have that certain something, you'll win through.

So, if YOU want to be a disc star, start rehearsing hard—now. Get going with that demo disc. And give of your very best.

If you want to, send the demo to me. I'll see that it's given a fair hearing. And good luck to you all.





Dear Problems Page,  
I'm mad about the drummer  
in our local R&B group. But  
every time I smile at him he  
just *glowers*. Please what  
can I do? **FRANTIC**

Dear Frantic,  
Perhaps your smile is a little  
lacking in sparkle. Try chewing  
**Dentyne Chewing Gum**.  
It's delicious and *keeps your  
breath fresh, keeps your teeth  
clean* because, as you chew,  
it cleans food particles out  
of the crevices in your teeth.  
Next time you smile at him,  
you'll be dazzling!

A few minutes chew with delicious Dentyne  
**KEEPS YOUR BREATH FRESH  
KEEPS YOUR TEETH CLEAN**

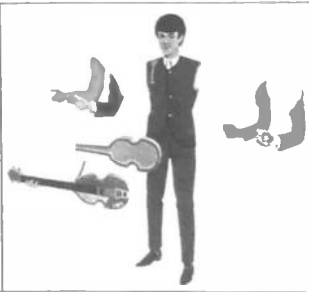
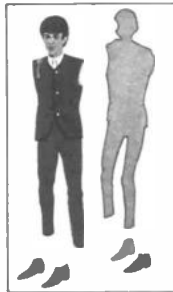


3 FAB FLAVOURS: SPEARMINT (single green pack), LICORICE (NA) (red pack)



Dear Problems Page,  
Dentyne Chewing Gum is  
marvellous! The drummer  
is still glowering at me. But  
that's because I'm now go-  
ing with the lead guitarist.  
And wowie! is *he* dreamy!

# MAKE YOURSELF A BEATLE..!



A few, simple parts to put together and paint, for your own marvellously lifelike miniature of your own special favourite!

Ringo has his drums; John, Paul and George their guitars. 9" high, beautifully moulded in white polystyrene. Price 8/6d. each, including special cement. From model, toy and hobby shops, stores, record shops, etc., everywhere.

**8/6**

**Revell**  
**BEATLE KITS**

Revell (Gt Britain) Ltd., Potters Bar, Herts



**AFTER** two successive Zombie invasions to my office, I thought for once I would set foot over the threshold of their kingdom (i.e. their dressing room) and find out what Zombieland was all about.

It was just as I'd expected—Zombie guitars lay on the floor, Zombie clothing covered every available chair and Zombie music (from their LP) blared forth from a record player, really setting the atmosphere for a visit into Zombieland.

"Take a seat," quoth Chris, gallantly rising to his feet from a precarious position atop a guitar case. "And to what do we owe the honour of your presence?"

Once I'd picked myself up from the floor and returned some guitar case to its rightful position, I told him:

"Everything about you."

"Ah ha. You won't get much from us." They chorused. "We're a pretty untalkative lot. (?!!!) Why do you know, Hugh and Chris didn't speak to each other for a whole month after Chris joined us?"

"It's true!" Chris said. "Really! I joined them about two years ago when we were still at school or college. I was taking over gradually from their old bass player, just practising once a week on Sundays with them. I knew all of them except the drummer. (The old bass player by the way, is their present road manager's brother.)"

"Well, everytime we met to practice, this bloke would walk in without saying a word to anyone, sit down at the drums and then afterwards just get up and mopey out again!"

Said Paul. "His girl friend lived twenty-five yards down the road, you see, and as soon as we'd finished practising he was off to meet her. Honestly, he even went to see her in the five minute breaks!"

Back to Chris. "Anyway he never spoke to me more than occasionally—"Nice day, isn't it?" "Mm." "Windy though." "Yes..." Amidst laughter from the others, Hugh protested. "I was shy, that's all. I didn't speak to anyone."

Colin got in quickly for his turn. "But the really funny bit came after we'd been practising together for a whole month. We had our first date—a barn in Upper Wotting for half a crown—or something like that. And on that date Hugh said the longest sentence of his life up to then. He looked across at Chris—who'd been playing with us a whole month as we said—and asked 'What's his name?'"

While the others hooted, Hugh looked coy. "Well, I WAS shy," he muttered, and humbly changed the subject—to records. The reason for which, we soon found out. "We were disappointed our second record didn't make it, of course, but not too surprised. Chris wrote it, you see. Chris writes all our flops." He smiled enigmatically.

For someone who is "shy and never says a word" Hugh was remarkably chatty that afternoon. "In the old days, we didn't have a van," he told me. "I used to carry my drums everywhere on the back of my scooter. Dodgy that, sharing your seat with an enormous great drum, I mean Still you know what they say. 'If you drum, don't drive.' Or something like that.

"I would love," he said, looking across at Paul strumming in a corner, "to be able to play a musical instrument. The guitar, I think. To accompany myself when I burst forth into song" (More hoots.) "Oh yds. I do sing, too, you know—preferably in the bath. You get a better echo there."

Not wanting to dampen anything by mentioning that plugging in an electric guitar while sitting in the bath is the best way I know to get oneself electrocuted, I let Hugh continue.

"My father did want me to learn the violin once," he told me earnestly. "I picked it up, played a few squealing notes and he said, 'My son. Forget it' I can't think why. Still I did."

"The best advice anyone's ever given him," grinned Rod. "Shame they didn't tell him that when he started learning the drums!"

Joking apart, these lads get along pretty well, though it's difficult to believe when you happen to be around during one of their mock slanging matches.

For instance, after a rather exhausting half-hour, I made for the door.

I gave a cheerful "Bye Chris. See you" Only to have that gentleman bend gallantly over my hand in a manner that would have put Sir Walter to shame.

I escaped from Zombieland to go back to sanity (by which you will know, I was not going back to the FAB offices) leaving behind me noise enough to drown even the Zombie music the record player was still churning out full blast.

What was that they'd said when I arrived? Oh yes, "We're a pretty untalkative lot..."

Just for the record  
CHRISTINE OSBOURNE takes a look into

# ZOMBIELAND



Monday  
Tuesday  
Wednesday  
Thursday  
Friday  
Saturday  
Sunday  
Monday  
Tuesday

All day

Wednesday

Thursday

Friday

Saturday

Sunday

Monday

Pan-Stik by MAX FACTOR

Monday

gives you the  
flawless look

Tuesday



You've dreamed about a make-up that discreetly veils tiny flaws and keeps your skin looking lovely hour after hour. Here is your dream come true with Pan-Stik.

Beautifully creamy Pan-Stik keeps your skin soft and supple and goes on as simply as lipstick. Just stroke it on, blend it in and you have a feather-light make-up that stays matt no matter how long you wear it... will never clog or cake. In the unique novel action case, 5/3.

1 DEAN 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 MADE IN 9 ENGLAND

17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31

# SIZING UP TOM JONES FOR FAB

## HEIGHT:

The whole 11 st. 11 lb. of Tom Jones measures 6 ft.

## HAIR:

Tom's thick, curly black mop is kept in trim by his wife.

## EYES:

Soft brown eyes that smile before the rest of his face catches up with them.

## COLLAR:

Size 15. Tom's shirts are made by P. J. Proby's shirtmaker, Philip Stevens, of Wardour Street, London.

## CHEST:

39 in. Nice and manly!

## WAIST:

30 in. His suits are made by Duggie Millings, usually single-breasted, but Tom "rather fancies a double-breasted job."

## HIPS:

38 in. He uses them on stage to help put over his songs.

## TROUSERS:

32 in. inside leg. Worn "quite tight."

## BELT:

On his belt, Tom wears a rabbit's foot (for luck) given to him by a Welsh fan. He's just been given another one, so he's buying another belt!

## HANDS:

Tom loves collecting rings. On the little finger of one hand he wears a silver one with a black stone inlaid with a gold cross which was handmade in Jerusalem. He was travelling in the van from London back to Wales, when he stopped in a town he can't remember and spotted the ring in a shop whose

proceeds go to the blind. On his other little finger, Tom wears a gold ring with a black stone inlaid with a T. (For Tom!)

## WRISTS:

He says both his watches are broken at the moment, but he usually wears one on his left wrist. On his other wrist, he wears a silver identity bracelet.

## SHOES:

Size 7½ or 8, bought anywhere, costing about £4. He's never paid more than £6 for shoes, and likes elastic-sided boots.

**T**OM Jones's real name is . . . Tom Jones! Son of Freda and Thomas . . . also Jones . . . Tom was born 7th June, 1940, in Pontypridd (say Pontyprith), South Wales . . . educated at the Treforest Secondary Modern School . . . sang in the chapel choir . . . plays guitar and drums . . . drinks rum and coke . . . eats lava bread . . . likes Jerry Lee Lewis, Brook Benton and Jack Jones (naturally!) . . . uncle and father were singing miners . . . he wants to buy his father his own coalmine . . . left school to join the building trade . . . played drums in working men's clubs and with Welsh groups, Peter Small and The DeAvalons and Tommy Scott and The Senators . . . formed his own group The Playboys . . . his big break came with B.B.C.'s Welsh "Donald Peers Presents" when Donald Peers presented Tom Jones . . . signed up by Gordon Mills, songwriter who penned *Three Little Words* (Applejacks), *I'm The Lonely One* (Cliff Richard) and *I'll Never Get Over You* (Johnny Kidd and The Pirates hit) . . . Tom's first professional date was in Swansea . . . he is backed by The Squires, a Welsh team of lead and rhythm guitars, bass and drums . . . fans call him "The Tiger" . . . carries a tiger mascot everywhere with him . . . once gave a 2½-hour non-stop singing performance . . . married at sixteen, he has a seven-year-old son called Mark . . . Tom has a liting Welsh accent . . . his first No. 1 hit was *It's Not Unusual*, but Tom is just that . . . he's unusually talented.









## Who says women are all alike?

**NOT SUNSILK, THE SHAMPOO FOR AN INDIVIDUALIST**

Sunny hair, silky hair, good tempered hair that obeys you so beautifully . . . this can be your hair, when you treat it kindly and shampoo with the Sunsilk it needs. There's a special Sunsilk for every kind of hair . . . for normal hair, dry hair, greasy hair, dull hair. Choose your own Sunsilk and see how your hair can blossom into beauty.


**THERE ARE FOUR KINDS OF SUNSILK — ONE IS FOR YOU**  
*P.S. Have you tried new Sunsilk Hairspray—it lets your hair sing!*






# be a SWINGING chick

says Twinkle



Two styles that from our  
1950s Log. Above, a  
crisp double-breasted in pink  
or blue and ruffled lapel  
shirt, with a dress of two  
tulle, one plain, one floral.  
The shirt on the right is a  
Victorian wallpaper flower  
print of pink, blue or yellow,  
and has a button lapel  
shirt with plain or flowered  
belt. Both shirts "must"  
optional. (Both outfits  
from *Vogue*, 1950, 116.)



We asked Twinkle to pick  
FAB'S wardrobe for the coming  
Easter Parade because she is a fashion  
dolly who latches on to anything new...



PHOTOGRAPHED in collaboration with the London Fashion Centre  
from models by "Miss Fashion" by 1963

PHOTOGRAPHED in collaboration with the London Fashion Centre  
from models by "Miss Fashion" by 1963

PHOTOGRAPHED in collaboration with the London Fashion Centre  
from models by "Miss Fashion" by 1963

*It's happening! Tinseltown's  
new look from all angles in  
sleek, casual lines with  
funky line pieces and coll's.  
The look is in easy-to-handle  
styles. Inspired by Tinseltown's  
entertainment, Fine Ruffles  
It costs you 11d,  
including postage and  
packing from Pop  
Style Postcard Boutique,  
11, Alder Street,  
Newcastle,  
County*

*Have a Spring fling in a  
pretty pink party dress  
with the new "blossom"  
look. It's in course  
Victorian lace-trimmed  
and pink satin finds the  
collarless neckline and  
ruffles. (From Etam,  
79p-11d.)*

*Stripy shirt for a slick  
clock. A strappy gear,  
cool dress in  
non-crash Tinsel  
jersey with a high  
turtle neck and no  
sleeves. (From Etam,  
63p)*

*If you want to know where to  
buy any of the FAB clothes,  
write to:*

*Fashion Dept.  
Fabulous, Fleetway House,  
Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4*



*enclosing a stamped, addressed  
envelope for our reply*



**Fab** Beauty Showcase



# Sweet SANDIE

by BETTY HALE

**S**HE'S natural, unaffected, gay, considerate, modest. You might think she was the girl next door... then she sings and the magic is switched on and you know that Sandie Shaw is a star.

I was nearly an hour late when I first went to call on Sandie. Someone had given me the wrong flat number and I'd been knocking on every door in the block.

Sandie, having given me up for lost, had made a date, washed her hair and was watching telly while it dried.

She wasn't in the least worried when she saw me. She just phoned to cancel her date, then put on her coat, gathered up her "Gladstone" handbag and stepped into my Mini.

"My hair's still wet," she said. "It's so thick. I haven't a thing to wear. Eve" (that's her manager) "has taken all my clothes. She's seeing they're all cleaned and pressed for my tour. She doesn't trust me to see to it."

She was wearing a super black crocheted dress with short sleeves edged with pearls. There were pearls sewn round the neck, too.

I was to drive her fifty miles to a reception. She'd refused a chauffeur driven limousine as being too lonely. Sandie doesn't seem to think of herself as a big star.

She finds tours exciting and doesn't want to know which towns she'll be playing. Her transport arrives and she has a mystery ride to the next place.

As we drove along I asked if she'd eaten. "No, I usually forget. I don't bother much. Are you hungry?"

I was, so she fed me on treacle sweets—delicious.

Sandie is straightforward. Likes kicking off her shoes because she feels more relaxed. It's not a pose. She once said: "I couldn't care less whether I'm ugly or not." But she is mad on fashion.

When *Always Something There To Remind Me* hit the top she was completely thrown. "I can hardly talk. I'm so excited. I'm going to buy myself a new dress."

Mrs. Rose Goodrich, Sandie's mum, runs her fan club. "It's better for her not having to go out to work," Sandy says.

Sandie, at 18, is completely unspoiled by her success. Perhaps she doesn't really believe what Mike Sarne said when he took some unusual fashion pix of her: "There is pure star quality in Sandie Shaw's every movement."

But he's right, you know.



**1** First Judith covered Maureen's face with Satin Flow Cleansing Lotion (3s. 9d.), then tissue'd it off.



**2** Judith then plucked Maureen's eyebrows, across the bridge of her nose and above her eyelids.



**3** To tone Maureen's skin, close the pores and prevent spots, Judith patted Skin Freshener (6s. 9d.) on her face.

## lovelier to look at

Make-up is an art. Here, step by step, we show how it is done. For our model we chose Maureen, the prettiest girl on FAB. The expert is Judith Brown of Max Factor. (FAB readers can have a daytime make-up at Max Factor, 16 Old Bond Street, London, W.1 for 7s. 6d.)



**4** Next, make-up base. Judith smoothed Sheer Genius (6s. 6d.), with fingertips, over face and neck.



**5** Sheer Genius has a slight sheen finish, so Maureen settled for a dusting with Creme Puff (refill 4s. 6d.).



**6** Eyebrows... and Judith brushed Mo's into shape then drew the brows in with a sharp Eye Pencil (3s. 3d.).



**7** With a brush, Judith applied Blue Mist powder eye shadow (5s. 8d.) smoothing it with a fingertip.



**8** Eyeliner came next, drawn on with a damp brush from a Cake Eye Liner (6d.)—easiest to manage.



**9** For long, full lashes, Judith used Lash Full (12s. 6d.), applied to Maureen's top and lower lashes.



**10** Coffee Caramel lipstick (5s.), a warm, brownish pink, was painted carefully with a lip-brush.



**11** Lastly Judith applied a hint of Amber Coral Cake Rouge (3s. 9d.) with a giant-sized brush.



**NOW! THE MEN'S FASHION SHOES WITH THE BOLD LOOK**

THE NEW  
**DENSON**  
**Chisel '66**



Denson have stepped ahead by broadening the masculine chisel toe shape and giving it a boldness that dominates the fashion shoe scene. This is the look of the Denson Chisel '66. The ankle high boot featured has long-lasting ripple soles and is in the new Sueded Crocodile finish. There is a choice also of Black Buffalo grain leather

finish, Jungle Brown shaded leather and the latest finishes and shades of suede. In lace-ups or with elastic sides. Some styles have crepe soles. From 55/11 to 59/11.

For the name of your nearest Denson Fashion Shoe Centre, send a postcard to: D. Senker & Son Ltd., Dept. F.1, Kingsland Road, London E.2



See the exciting new styles at your DENSON Fashion Shoe Centre

THE NEW  
**DENSON**  
**Fine Poynts**



The shoes with the toe shape that tapers smoothly to a tip. The ankle hugging boot shows has side buckles but you can choose from elastic sides and lace-ups as well. In Black leather, Black suede or Brown suede. 49/11 to 63/11.

THE NEW  
**DENSON**  
**Get Arounds**



These exciting fashion shoes have supple wrap-over soles that join with the uppers in a smooth, flowing style. This ankle high boot has a cleverly concealed front gusset. Attractive lace-ups are available in other styles. Get Arounds are in Black Leather, Beechwood Brown shaded leather, Brown suede or Black suede. From 59/11.

THE NEW  
**DENSON**  
**Classics**



The shoes with the smooth, round toe shape. With classic sides, concealed classic sides, zip sides and lace-ups too. The shoe shown is available in Black leather or Beechwood Brown shaded leather with matching plastic tops. New Classics are in a choice of leathers and suedes. From 49/11 to 59/11.



**T**he bored looking woman held out an autograph book to The Beatles. "Can I have your autographs?" she asked. "They're for my daughter. Personally, I couldn't care less."

The boys bit back their rude retorts and signed. But did that give them the needle? What a way to ask for an autograph!

Beatsters are, usually, about the most easy going people you could wish to meet. However, there are some things that really bug them.

For instance, jokes about barbers aren't likely to endear you to The Beatles. And Ringo was very annoyed once with a bunch of fans who kept trying to muscle in on a FAB photo session with him.

"FAB has taken a lot of trouble to fix up this session with me," he told the camera waving crowd, "and we don't have much time. So please put your cameras away and let the professionals get on with their jobs."

I've never seen Ringo so near to losing his temper. To him, the behaviour of the crowd on that occasion was very bad mannered—something guaranteed to upset the usually happy-go-lucky Mr. Star.

Just about all pop stars hate snobs. For The Kinks, the worst form of snobbery comes from people who must be IN—those people who go to the places everyone goes to, use the expressions everyone's using, wear the fashions everyone's wearing.

"We don't dig that," Pete Quaife told me. "We don't go to clubs because they're IN. We go if we enjoy being there."

Roy Austin of The Rockin' Bernies can't stand being told to smile. He has a very nice smile, but he doesn't show it that often, and people are always getting on at him about this.

"Do smile, Roy," they'll say, but he usually retorts "When I'm ready to smile, I'll smile."

Dusty Springfield has a long list of hates.

"Runny scrambled eggs," she said emphatically. "Can't stand 'em. And I hate hanging around airports early in the morning. And I hate pomposity. And I hate fog. And I hate racial discrimination. And long, long photo sessions are a bit of a drag. Too."

Apart from that, Dusty is a very contented person.

Terry Sylvester of The Elocors gets huffy when people seeing him carrying his guitar case, come up and say "Bit late in the year for tennis, isn't it?"

"They always think they're the first one to have made the crack," grumbled Terry. "Well, I've got news for them. They're not."

To the Swinging Blue Jeans, souvenir hunters are a constant source of worry. Not the ordinary souvenir hunter who'll ask for something small, but the other kind, who take things without a by-your-leave.

"And often," say the boys, "the things they take are valuable, and usually they're things that we need. Once, someone actually stole all the rubber from round the windows of our car. That really was a bit much."

I agree. It was. So if you want a souvenir or an autograph, ask nicely, won't you? And if you see a pop star walking around with a guitar case, save your corny cracks for another time. 'Cos if you don't, you know what you'll be doing? That's right.

Giving them the needle.

SYLVIA STEPHEN

## Popsters get

# THE NEEDLE



## SOLO PLAYERS

The Bachelors: Dr. Clusky, Con Clusky and John Stokes.

## The Bachelors

They've been appearing on stages for eleven years. And if that doesn't make The Bachelors long players, I don't know what does.

But, of course, they haven't been The Bachelors for eleven years. They haven't been non-stop successes for eleven years either. Although they've only had one really good period.

Strangely enough, the tough time didn't come until they'd made their record of *Charmaine*. They'd just completed a season in Scotland which had been a great success, and Decca had tested them and made the record. The boys came to London to promote the disc. They thought they had ample money to see them over the weeks without work—John alone had a hundred pounds—but what they hadn't realised was that living in London is a very expensive business.

"Nine of ten weeks went by," John remembers, "and we weren't working. We had a flat in North London and we pooled our money to buy food. At first we contributed thirty bob each. Gradually it went down until we were only putting in ten bob each."

For a week they lived on porridge. They contacted 'malls' out of anything they could find in the ladies. They couldn't have asked their manager for help. They could have written home to Ireland for money. But they didn't. They were determined to be completely independent.

Originally, the boys didn't sing much on stage. They played harmonicas and were known professionally as The Harmonichords. They "juggled" around Ireland, playing their harmonicas and occasionally singing a song. During the day they worked at ordinary jobs. John was an apprentice carpenter, Con a heating engineer, Dec a construction engineer. One of their earliest stage appearances was in a charity show at the National Stadium, Dublin. They did it for free.

"No one thought we were good enough

to be paid," they said.

But I'm forgetting. Con had appeared on a stage long before that—with his dad in 1945. He was all of four years old at the time.

Con's real name is Conleth and brother Dec's real name is Declan. Dec's the younger of the two. He was born on December 23rd, 1942. Con had arrived a little over a year earlier—18th November, 1941. The boys have a sister, Brenda. John's real name is Sean James Stokes, and he's the oldest Bachelor, born August 13th, 1940. He has one sister and three brothers.

The boys first met up during their school days in Dublin. Con belonged to one group, John to another and Dec stayed at home, practising. When John's group decided to try their luck in England, John opted out.

"I was too young and I didn't much fancy it anyway," he told me.

It was nine years before he did fancy it. By then, the boys had plenty of experience behind their harmonicas, and then, during their first English tour, it was suggested that they should sing more. Gradually, the harmonica part of the act became smaller, the singing part bigger. A change of name was obviously called for. It was Dick Rowe, of Decca Records, who came up with The Bachelors.

The boys look confusingly alike. I have to admit that it was ages before I got them sorted out. Now I know that Dec is the only one with green eyes, that Con, at 6 ft. 1 in., is the tallest, and that John is the one who likes Barbra Streisand, Patsy Lee and football. He was once captain of a team back home in Ireland.

If Ireland ever decides to invade Britain, I hope they don't put The Bachelors at the head of their army.

They'll just charm us into surrender. Come to think of it, they already have.

SYLVIA STEPHEN





Fabrics

World Radio History







**Fab** | Keith Richards