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1st MAY 1965

Fabulous

ON A FAB NIGHT OUT

KING SIZE FULL COLOUR PIN-UPS OF
MANFREDS • GEORGE E WASHINGTON • MOODY BLUES • STONES
HERMAN'S HERMITS • UNDERTAKERS • MERSEYBEATS • LULU



COLOUR CONTENTS:

FOUR PENNIES
 photographer MICHAEL DARLING
 MANFRED MANN
 photographer TERRY O'NEIL
 GEORGE L. WASHINGTON
 photographer FIONA ADAMS
 ROLLING STONES
 photographer BILL FRANCIS
 HERMAN'S HERMITS
 photographer MAX STEINER
 THE UNDERTAKERS
 photographer PETER BULLETT
 LULU
 photographer FIONA ADAMS
 THE MERSEBEATS
 photographer FIONA ADAMS
 MOODY BLUES
 photographer MAX STEINER

hi there. The only character around here who didn't enjoy our FAB Nights Out was my dog Fred.

Fred was livid on account of the fact that with me trotting around all points North, South, East and West, I wasn't about to trot around the park with him. And he *sulked*. Still, that's the nice thing about dogs. I suffered only about three minutes of disdainful Fred when I arrived home all weary, then he was prancing around, planting great wet doggy kisses around my ear and nearly knocking me flying.

Then—he went to the cupboard—and fetched his lead. What can you do! We went to the park. And my feet were killing me! Incidentally, Fred wants to thank all readers who have written to him. Sends them a lick and a promise . . . that he'll appear *personally* in Fab one day.

See you next week, huh. Love, The Ed.

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hi fab!

Sheena with FAB night out gossip . . .

I'm so glad it's all over at last! All the tearing around from place to place, meeting so many people and getting no sleep. You should just see the bags under my eyes. Still, as long as you all enjoyed it that's what counts.

Newcastle was the first Fabulous Night Out and I travelled up on the train with Cliff Bennett and Marianne Faithfull. The journey lasted five hours or more and to pass the time we played cards. Cliff emerged champ over June, Margaret and myself. Then went to play with two photographers in place of Marianne who wanted a rest. Two minutes later Cliff had lost the enormous pile of matches that Marianne had won. Exit one ex-champ!



CLIFF BENNETT SIGNING AUTOGRAPHS AT FAB'S NEWCASTLE NIGHT OUT.



Stu James and The Mojos went down so well at Newcastle when they played for us as a special treat that I went down to Brighton one Saturday to see them play.

The new line up is Ansley Dunbar on drums, Lew Collins on bass and vocals and the two original Mojos, Stu James vocals and Nicky Crouch on lead guitar and vocals. Stu and Nicky have written a lot of new material and the numbers I've heard are terrific.

The boys invited me back to their new house in North London for coffee but there was one little snag. They had a key to the back door but it was bolted at the bottom! In the end Stu and Nicky broke the door open!

The house is fabulous and just what all groups should have. The boys have a room each and in addition they share a kitchen, a practice room and a sort of get-together room.

When it came to driving home, there was an embarrassing moment when I had to ask Nicky and Lew to push "Haggis" (my car) for about a mile before she'd start. Was my face red!

Above: NEWCASTLE AGAIN WITH STU JAMES AND THE MOJOS ON STAGE BELOW THE WINNER OF THE RAFFLE GETS HER PRIZE: A FAB RUSSIAN CAMERA, FROM GERRY MARSDEN



I met Kris Ryan and The Questions at Hanley. They're managed by Miss Marie Reidy who discovered the Four Pennies in their early days. Reidy's of Blackburn is famous up North. It's the biggest record and musical instrument shop for hundreds of miles around.

The Questions are great friends of The Zombies and they'd all been at Trientham Gardens where The Zombies were playing that night. In the break all five Zombies dashed over to the Rank Hanley Suite to sign some autographs for us, and Kris and The Questions stayed with The Pennies at the Night Out.

The next week The Questions came down to Philips to record some new numbers. One number was terribly emotional and Kris had to actually cry in the middle of it. He came down to London again to do some more songs with an orchestral backing and The Breakaways.



KRIS RYAN AND THE QUESTIONS

Three Naturals came into the office the other day to see us all and tell us what they'd been doing recently. They'd just finished recording a new ballad which is going to be a real change from the busy numbers they've released up to now. It's called *Blue Roses* and Mike Wakelin, Bob O'Neale and Duggie Ellis were very pleased with the way it'd turned out.

The other three Naturals, Curt Crosswell, Roy Hoather and Ricky Potter, were at home. Mike told us how much they liked the Spencer Davis Group. Then Bob surprised me by saying that his favourite singer was Pat Boone—I'm a fan of Pat's, too. Duggie thought that Tommy Quickly was a great showman, remembering the time someone had bet Tommy that he wouldn't ride across the stage on a toy tricycle... and he did! Incidentally, The Naturals turned up to say "hello" at our London Night Out.

The greatest thing about the Cardiff Night Out was that I got a ride in Gerry Marsden's

smashing car. It's a lovely dark grey Swedish one. Inside, it looks like a plane with all the dials and doodads on the instrument panel. I'm not going to tell you the number, 'cos Gerry wouldlobber me if he found his gorgeous car covered in lipstick and scratches.

I will tell you that the upholstery is red and very plush. It has a wooden dashboard and you have to be very careful when getting into the car that you don't bump your head, 'cos it's so low.

Gerry must be unique among pop stars in that he, not his road manager, does the driving. It was so luxurious it was rather easy to imagine that I was being driven by dashing 007 himself. Umvnmnm.

John Dominic of The Six Street Runners got a special present from Fab. One of our readers, Sabs Johnson, from Benfleet, Essex, sent me a four-leaf clover which I showed to John when he came into the office to play his newest release on Columbia Tell Me What You're Gonna Do and he asked if he could have it for luck.

The London Night Out had the biggest array of talent you could imagine, with that great desjay Alan Freeman as compere, and we all had a fab time. I saw several of our most loyal readers including Wendy from Leicester, Therese from Streatham and Janice from East London.

The Searchers are one of my favourite groups and being on my best behaviour I took their coats and hung them up well out of the

way. Trouble was when they wanted to go the only one I got right was Chris Curtis. I brought a great selection for Mike John and Frank to try on but in the end I had to get Billy Booker their road manager, to help me find the right ones.

Michael Aldred started to introduce me to John Stax of The Pretty Things but John said he'd already met me. Who could have missed John? All six foot of him with that shock of black curly hair and he was wearing a violent red jacket. Viv Prince, The Prettes' drummer wore a red jerkin with a black bowler!

Oh well it's back to normal. Hope you enjoyed our Fab Nights Out and let's hope we can do it again soon—around YOUR way if we missed your town this time.



CHRIS CURTIS

NEXT WEEK FAB GOES NORTH

to find some North Stars who light up the pop sky like rockets... all about WAYNE FONTANA... HERMAN around his native Manchester... ERIC BURDON'S background in Newcastle... new Northern rave—THE DENIMS... ROCKIN' BERRIES... SPENCER DAVIS GROUP and a rave report on Club life in the very "with it" North... And read about the fantastic Northern reaction to that marvellous P. J. PROBY.

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presenting...

our hearts

ON behalf of YOU, the readers, the FAB gang have been out and about presenting gold cuff-links and gold brooches to the pop stars YOU voted your fave ravers for our New Year's Honours List. Some of the awards were presented at our FAB NIGHTS OUT, and all gave us the opportunity to say thanks from you. . . . to the tops in pops.



Fab's Shaving headed to Edmonton to give eye exams to the fabulous HOLLIES. "Can we wear them? Right now?" asked Alan Clarke. Without more ado the cuff-links were on and they were then for the first performance of their recent tour.

Rings gave the thumbs up approval when FAB • Mo presented him and the other Beatles with their cuff-links. The Beatles were the top Group Award winners in our poll.



The Married Mamas were a wow at our Brighton Fab Night Out. Doreen Don Warden gave them their gold cuff-links. You voted The Marrieds the third most popular group.

Gene Pitney was thrilled with the cuff-links awarded to him by Mo. "They're just great, and I want to thank all the FAB readers who voted for me. Thanks a lot!" Gene was voted the second most consistently popular American singer in Great Britain. Second only to Elvis Presley.



Alan Jones got carried away (literally!) when June presented him and Bill with our Awards to The Rolling Stones at The Apollo Ballroom, London. But when the fans let go of him, he came up smiling. "The Stones' verdict on our 'hearts'?" "....." "awesome!"



At Top Rank's Astoria Ballroom in London, Sylvia presented The Kinks—represented by Pete Quaife and Dave Davies—with their awards. A few minutes later, Dave too, got carried away. Sylvia helped cork him back again. Poor Dave must have felt like a 10-10!



The Marston girl nearly fell in her excitement when Garry received his Fabulous Award from Mr. Terry. He is smiling & looking at everyone & saying "I hope that Garry's popularity lasts for years to come!"



Margaret presented Cilla with her FAB award. So Cilla shot off to London Airport to catch the Magpie before she left for Australia. "It's really FABULOUS," said Cilla.



At Preston, FAB gold staff took award surprised Herman. He slipped them safely into his pocket "in case they get ripped off." The ceremony ended with a big wave of congratulations from FAB's photographers.

Simon Scott was at the Brighton Fab Night. On the right you see him wearing his gold cuff-links from Dan. It was a golden night for Simon AND the fans. Many fab photographs taken with him.



Great occasion at Newcastle for Marianne—and our Betty. Marianne was thrilled by her FAB ruby and bested gold brooch. She held it to her heart and said "Oh, isn't it marvellous." The crowd of FAB Night Quaters yelled their approval.





Fab

Brighton



Mandy keeping an eye on us while Mike Hvez just enjoys himself.

WHEN the long hot days of summer throw a heat haze over London, most people pile into cars and trains and head for the South Coast sea and sun. Well, it was a cold gray day when we took some of the biggest names in the pop world down to Brighton for our FAB Night Out. But we found that, whatever the season, it's all happening down south.

There is only one word to describe what happened when FABulous borrowed Brighton for the night: Pandemonium.

There was Peppi dancing around in a full six inches of floor space. A girl fan was kindly giving Paul Jones a haircut without the benefit of a pair of scissors. Mike Felix, of The Migi Five, was keeping out of sight in a corner. Sandie Shaw was hiding behind her dark glasses, hoping no one would recognise her. The Undertakers were undertaking to provide some music over the crescendo of noise.

Along came Lulu and The Luvvers, fighting through masses of people to relieve Billy J. Kramer and The Dakotas on the autograph stand. The Honeycombs smiled gallantly as they posed for photographs among the jostling crowds. Rick and Sandy, Anne Nightingale, the rest of Manfred's men and a local group called The Web were pushed from pillar to post and back.

Screams of delight shattered the glass of coke Simon Scott was holding when the fans spotted him. It was, as they say, a little bit hectic.

"Am they always like this down here?" I asked Gary Fan of The T. Bones. He smiled a likely smile to me, since he was born, bred and currently based in Brighton.

"Usually," he said, smiling contentedly. He had every reason to smile, since The T. Bones have a huge and highly-enthusiastic North crowd whom they play at Brighton.

"Mind you, when I joined the group about a year ago, the fans didn't take to me at all. Most the other singers had gone off to Germany, and the fans kept asking the others where he was all the time. It was a bit embarrassing! Once they realised they were stuck with me, they were great."

Since The T. Bones became stuck with Gary, they've become about the biggest South Coast group since Manfred Mann went north to find the streets of London paved with gold discs.

Gary says the worst hip place in Brighton is The Starlight Club, where The T. Bones last retired to an r'n'b beat early last year. He's sad to report that The Florida Rovers have gone over to Barga for three nights a week. The gigs he really digs are further down the coast.

Between Southampton and Portsmouth is the must hip place of all," he says. "It's like the old Crawdaddy when The Stones started out there. Remember how the audiences raved? Stomping, digging, whistling, and all that? Well, this biggest group in that part of the coast is The J. Crew Combo, and reaction is fantastic.

The old singer has a fabulous blues voice, and the line-up has sax and electric organ. They had that sax-organ sound three months before it caught on everywhere else. We played with them one night at The Savoy in Southsea, and at one in the morning you should have seen this place. Forty or fifty people were on stage with us. Raving, dancing, shaking their tambourines—they all bring their own-looking like something out of *West Side Story*. In the end we jumped off and left them raving on stage while we played on the floor."

From where I stood at Brighton, I could see just what he meant about South Coast audiences. The Battle of Brighton was well under way. As Gary would say, it was a right old rave-up. **JUNE SOUTHWORTH**



Sandie Shaw, Honey Lamree and Lulu share a joke.



WHAT'S he like off stage?

That's the question people are always asking about the 19 year old, fair haired Londoner, known to the pop world as George E. Washington.

Well, as an ex-member of George E.'s backing group, The Congressmen, I suppose I'm qualified to answer as I see a side to his happy-go-lucky guy that many of his fans never even glimpse.

George is very rarely moody, and he has to be pushed to the extreme before he gets really annoyed. He sees the funny side of everything—even disasters. I think the best way to show his sense of humour is to tell you about something that happened a few weeks back.

We were traveling in our van, in terrible weather conditions, when suddenly we had a puncture. George happened to be sitting by the door at the time, and he jumped out of the van to see what was wrong—only to land knee deep in c-o-l-d icy snow.

We couldn't help laughing, but George saw the funny side, too, and joined in the joke, even though he realised that travelling about fifty miles in a pair of sodden trousers was going to be very uncomfortable indeed.

BESIDES having a great sense of humour.

George also has a great sense of pride in that he always keeps his clothes immaculate. If everyone else's gear is cluttered all over the dressing room you will still find George E.'s suit neatly pressed and hanging tidily in a corner ready for when he goes on stage.

The Congressmen, with the exception of lead guitarist Gerry Grant (a Londoner) all originate from Cannock, Staffs. The line up also includes Brian Turner who is 21 and plays bass guitar, his brother Barry, 19, on the organ, vocalist Geoff Summers, and finally the "other" Doug, as he is called, our drummer, 20 year old Doug Bottom and of course, their greatest supporter, me!

Geoff is the comedian of the group. He is always making witty remarks about people. In fact he has a terrific sense of humour, which baffles us all at times, and he often gets some very strange looks, especially when he bursts out laughing at something which no one else in the room thought funny! He is a complete contrast to Doug, who is the thoughtful member of the clan. Gerry is a maniac for telephone calls, spends a small fortune phoning friends just to have a chat. He has a terrible habit of ringing his mates just when they're ready to go out!



He's 19 years old. His hair is fair and curly. His talent—terrific. And Fab thinks he's FAB! He wowed you at our FAB Nights Out. Soon you'll be hearing more of . . .

George E. Washington

and his Congressmen
by Doug Perry

WHEN the group is off the road we live together in a flat near Birmingham. As you can imagine we are not the sloppiest people and consequently the place gets quite a stink.

Nobody's ever keen to clear up so we have to wash on a rota system, taking it in turn to tidy up, wash the pots, make the beds, and so on.

Even with this system we have to wash Geoff. He's always dodging his turn by saying he did it yesterday. But we're used to this now. If he argues we put him on our time. That does the trick.

We must be among the world's worst at getting up in the morning. When we finally move it's his one mad rush for the sink. If George makes it first we know we've got no chance because it takes him ages to wash and shave. And he washes his hair more often than any other person I've met. Sometimes as many as three or four times a day. So if he is up first we jump back into our warm beds.

Our off stage interests are mainly films and reading. We are all very keen on James Bond novels and also his films.

LIVING as we do, in a town, there is nothing we enjoy more than getting out into the countryside. When we get the chance to do this we usually split up into two teams and have Commando games, crawling through the undergrowth hunting each other down. This is the off-stage activity we rise best. We're also keen sportsmen and love a game of football, although we usually finish up exhausted and need two days to recover.

Turning now to George E. Washington—the artiste. I consider him to be something of a stylist. George believes that to be successful as an artiste one must be original. For this reason his material for the stage is chosen very carefully. He also maintains that every group, whether a big name or not, should have at least one act of some description, be it sketch or comedy. His own personal favourites are Ben E. King, Mary Wells and The Miracles.

His first disc *Spare A Thought For Me* will be enough to establish him, and he's hoping as we all are, for even better results with his next one.

As George himself says: "The hardest part of showbiz off stage is the travelling and we seem to be ill-fated in this sphere with punctures, etc."

So if you see George and the rest of our plodding along, pushing our van up any icy slope, give us a hand.

You'll find it's appreciated.

Fab | © 1954 RCA Victor





CARDIFF...

... was one of the places where we noticed you without doing the jive. It's a great dance that never dates. Wanna know how it's done? FAB'S Maureen tells you. All you need is a partner, lots of puff, and go, go, go! Elkie Brooks and Peppi show you how ...



1 The basic step: First dip at the knees then girl points her right foot and the boy his right, too. Hold hands loosely.

Then, holding your partner by one hand, both swing **2** twice then the girl reels up into the boy's arms catching his free hand. (Howzat?)



3 The girl unwinds and it's the boy's turn to do some work. The boy turns backwards under the girl's arm. (Getting tired?)

4 Holding your partner's hands, both swing out and together again twice. Then the boy holds the girl's right hand with his left. (Don't get too tangled.)

5 He puts her right hand behind his neck. Girl does the same with his right hand. Then they slide their hands down the arms.



6

This is how you feel when it's all finished, puffed out but full of fun. (Unless, of course, your partner has trodden all over your best shoes!)

World Radio History



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HANLEY

CARDIFF is a lovely city, although the Fab Gang didn't get much chance to go sightseeing. We arrived in drabs and drabs and made straight for the hotel. From the hotel we went to the super Top Rank Cardiff Suite where our FAB Night was being held.

Our star guest for the evening was the award winning Liverpoolian with the grin trade mark—Gerry Marsden. He turned up with his three Pacc-makers—Les, Freddy and Chas—and really enjoyed himself. And he loved the FABULOUS Award duff-links that Maureen presented him with on your behalf.

Our other guests included The Riot Squad, Wales's own top pop star Maureen Evans and . . . The Pourpence. Whatever happened to The Rockin' Berries we'll never know! Our apologies to those of you who came hoping to see them.

Lionel Morton and Alan Buck were in great demand (along with Gerry) at the Photo Booth and everyone was kept busy at the autograph table. The boys had a ball and we were tickled pink by the popularity of The Pourpence, because they're one of our favourite groups. We thought you might like to know a little more about them.

Lionel Morton is the undisputed leader of the group. He has a lovely soft accent, which is so Blackburn you could cut it with a knife, fairly short Auburn flecked hair with the most usually curls and is definitely a top favourite with the girls.

Lionel loves singing, eating, driving and girls—not necessarily in that order, either. Whenever you go for a meal with the Pence it's always Li who helps out with the ordering of complicated Chinese dishes like after the FAB Night Out at Hanley when they took Fiona and me for a meal. Always eager to be on the move, Lionel tends to get very impatient if things start being a drag.

Baby Mike is really adorable. His cherubic face and blond curls would melt the snowiest heart. He always tells me what a lovely dress I'm wearing no matter how grotty I look. He always forgets things. Anything! Even his head at times!

Mike's biggest problem is his eyes. They don't show up in photographs. For a FAB cover session he allowed me to do some mascara on his eyelashes just because it was a special occasion. The other Threepeace teased him for ages about it.

Mike's the only non-driver in the



It's The Pennies! We want the Pennies! Pennies, we love you! . . . That's all we heard from the crowd at our Hanley FAB Night Out as soon as the Fabulous Four Pennies were announced.

group, which is perhaps a good thing, 'cos I'm sure he'd forget where he left his car. He has to depend on the others for transport and usually goes with Lionel.

He's always keen to go to a party no matter how late, but he never gets him in bed, sound asleep. And when the boys came to our Night Out at Hanley he didn't get up till half past one although one pun-stard (fan stayed outside for hours waiting in vain for a glimpse of him.

He felt terribly guilty when he realised how long she had been waiting in the cold.

The Pennies enjoyed the Cardiff Night Out so much that we weren't surprised when they turned up at Hanley 'cos that's what The Pennies are like. Once they've made friends they're friends for life and they always try to pop in and see the Fab Gang. Fritz and Alan were the first to arrive at Hanley along with Julie Grant, Rob Lang and Ric Rothwell of The Mindbenders. The Dennisos

(who've now separated from their lead singer Eddie Parry), George E. Washington and The Congressmen, The Zombes (who dabbled over during the interval of their show at Trentham Park) and Kris Ryan and The Questions.

Fritz and Alan had driven down from Blackburn with Mike Degan who writes a lot of The Pennies' songs with Fritz. Fritz is almost my favourite—though it's difficult to have a favourite with such a nice group as this.

Fritz is a mechanical genius—or at least I think so—'cos when my car wouldn't start in Hanley it was Fritz who put some new spark plugs in for I could get home. Fritz is the kind-hearted one in the group.

Alan is the smallest in the group and the one who photographs the best of the four.

He's very, very neat and tidy and he's always combing his hair trying to control one little bit that flops down over his forehead.

The Ed found Alan the easiest to talk to when she first met them on Scottish Television. He didn't know who she was but he went over and talked to her and asked her if she'd like to go for a coffee. Now, every time he comes up to the office, he asks her when he's going to get the cover to himself!

As you can see, it's worked—up to a point—'cos all Four Pennies are on the cover this week.

SHEENA MACKAY



(Left) The Four Pennies are having a ball signing thousands of autographs for charity at Cardiff. They have stopped for breath for a moment. (Above) Mike and Alan having very hard, while Fritz pines for a ciggy.

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— AT BOOTS, WOOLWORTHS AND CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE

For the final **FAB NIGHT** fling we came right back to London, and here's the report on what happened from **NANCY LEWIS**—our U.S.A. visitor to **FAB**.

(Below) Alan Freeman was our star deejay for the evening. (Right) Among the stars Alan introduced were (left to right) Donovan, Twink of The Fairies and John Stan of The Pretty Things.



NANCY LEWIS

WHAT a scene! There was certainly never anything like this back home in the U.S.A. It was the start of evening every pop fan dreams of—but this was no dream—it was all really happening! It was **FAB's** London Night Out at the Astoria Ballroom in Charing Cross Road.

Although this was the last of the series, this was the first Night Out that I had attended. ('cos I haven't been around here very long). I had been listening to glowing reports about the others from the rest of our gang, but I couldn't imagine they were all that great. But now I'm speaking about this one the same way!

Of course, we all arrived at the ballroom early to make sure everything was in order. And in no time at all some of our star guests started appearing. Every time I turned around, there was another artist or group coming in the door—it was wild! That delightful gal Julie Grant was the first I greeted. George E. Washington and The Congressmen (what a name for a British group, I say!) were also among the early arrivals. George had played at one of our other evenings, but this time he had just dropped in to relax and enjoy himself. Or, as **FAB's** Shosha asked him, "Are you performing or 'celebrating' this evening?" George replied, "I can't say it, but that's what I'm doing!"

My particular post was on the balcony overlooking the dance floor. That's where we had two corners set up for picture-taking. For a five shilling donation, one of our photographers would take your picture with your favourite star, and you could have the print right away! Those charming Searchers were the first to sit for us, and didn't the fans love them!

One less was so excited that she had tears running down her cheeks as Chris Curtis sat with his arm around her—but at least they were happy tears! The Searchers had to leave quite early, but they stayed as long as possible.

As always, the autograph table was a very popular spot. It was set up right across from our photographic stations. All our pop star friends kept moving in and out of the chairs, and the fans kept coming over to collect their autographs. I even spotted a couple of singer girls leaning over and planting kisses on a few famous faces—humm, I don't think that privilege was included in the 1 shilling-for-charity fee... but I noticed that the guys didn't seem to have any objections!

The dance floor was well-occupied all evening. Who could sit still with a group like The Undertakers



Searchers' fans were out in force. (Above) Cherie Curtis signs an autograph and (below) John McNally gets a kiss. (Right) Dave Kink enjoying himself.



playing on stage! There was also a swinging South African group known as "Teenie and Toni and The Bush Babes", providing music for us. Among the dancers I caught sight of Viv Prince and Brian Fendleton of The Pretty Things, Twink of The Fairies, and even our friend Donovan, dancing up a storm!

One of the highlights of the evening was the presentation of some more of our **FAB** awards. Everyone went wild when two of the **Unkz**, Pete Davis and Dave Davies, came on stage. But poor Dave—he was almost dragged off stage by one determined gal! And then, when two **Rolling Stones**—Bill Wyman and Brian Jones—stepped on stage, well—you can just imagine the reaction!

(continued on page 18)





World Radio History

Fab 



DOWN

(continued from page 15)

Gosh, I really don't go for all this name-dropping but how else can I tell you about everyone who was there? It was unbelievable! There were at least four top deejays—Colin Hamilton, Don Wardell, Tony Hall, and Alan Freeman.

And there was certainly no shortage of pop groups on the scene! Stu James and The Mojos, The Ivy League, Unit 4 + 2, The Mark Leeman Five, The Original Checkmates, Universal Showband, The Downliner Sect, The Pixies, The Who, and The Naturals were some of the groups—or in some cases, parts of groups—that I managed to pick out of the crowd. Also wandering around were Michael Aldred, Barbara Ruskin, Craig Douglas, Ernie Ford, Jan Panter, Guy Darrell, Clem Cattini and Carol Keyes. And I'm sure there were even more there that I missed!

Of course our pop star friends are busy people, so a lot of others were kept away because of previous engagements. The Nashville Teens, however, even managed to catch a plane from Manchester in time to put in a late appearance! Spencer Davis and his group also stopped in after their evening's work was over.

What a hectic night it was! All the FAB gang were running around in what must have appeared to be circles. But we loved every minute of it! So did everyone else, it seemed.

It was rather sad when the time came for everyone to go home. This meant the first series of these FAB Nights Out was drawing to its end. They've been so successful, and we have really enjoyed getting the chance to meet so many of you. The main talk around FAB offices these days is when we're going to start planning some more events like these! I, for one, can hardly wait!

As I mentioned, there was never anything like this back home in the States. Imagine how my friends felt when I wrote and described everything to them. Couldn't resist mentioning the fact that at one time there were four Searchers, two Kinks and a Rolling Stone standing within a few feet of me! I tell you—my Stateside gang is positively green—wouldn't be surprised if they are tempted to try and come over themselves if this sort of thing happens again! But when FAB goes to work—the best things do happen.



Stu James and The Mojos.



(Above) Viv Prince of The Pretty Things chats to a fan while Donovan signs in the background and Twink pulls a grumpy face for some reason! (Above left) Oriole recording artists Jan Panter and Guy Darrell at our Fab Night Out. (Left) Brian Jones doing his Napoleon act specially for our benefit. (Below) Peter Kink presenting a Russian camera to the lucky winner of the raffle.



Sunday

Monday

Tuesday

All day

Wednesday

Thursday

Everyday

Friday

Saturday

Sunday

Pan-Stik by MAX FACTOR

Monday

gives you the
flawless look

Tuesday



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6 SMART GIRLS.....GET SHIP SHAPE

The Winners of the Model for FAB Contest Get All Aboard with The Four Pennies.



Shower my timbers and Wendy Robertson wears the nicest navy blue bathingsuit. (By Savin Sports, 32s. 6d.) She tops them with a navy and white striped material sweater with inset vest. (Dorothy Perkins, 15s. 11d.) Her yellow canvas shoes are braided with black. (Lawards, 16s. 11d.)

It's a long way to the crew's mess, but Ann Saul is going. Specially if it means going there with Alan Dark. Her pull-on white stretch shorts just have to be a good fit—because they stretch to fit a dolly's figure. (19s. 11d.) The 1962 short sleeved top shirt is braided with white on navy. (25s. 11d. Both by Dorothy Perkins.) Canvas shoes by Lawards, (16s. 11d.)

Linda Martin stands firm while Creana Phillips looks rounder than ever in a shifty hem dress with a nautical air. I stand in two shades of blue, deep and pale. It has a cute round collar and an anchor embroidered on the inside. (Jas Gawr, 13s. 10d.) The black bangle is by Caracraft, 19s. 6d.

Every man has a girl in a sailor dress. Fritz Feyer is no exception. He watches Linda McMahon bawling the masts of the navy in a navy blue cotton sailor dress. (A Dollymaker from Savin, 6s. 19s. 6d.) The daisy brooch in Linda's hair is from Caracraft, 15s. 6d. The straw hat is by Savin, 39s.

Photographs specially taken for FAB by Campbell MacCallum



Kathy Harrison in her navy rig—a rinky rummy striped, white and blue with a rinky pleated skirt which is cut waist-deep at the back for a super naut. (Tarka, 48s.) Her lace-up canvas shoes are by Lawards, 16s. 11d.

Jean Clayton hits the deck in her brass buttoned, double-breasted navy blazer. (Eton, 63s.) It's worn over a swinging pleated "Terylene" skirt, striped in blue and white. (Dorothy Perkins, 19s. 11d.) There's also a grey and white version. The Four Pennies are wearing white cotton lewis (52s. 6d.) and navy and white striped material canvas in jersey (6s. 9s.). (From Sportique, Old Compton St., London W.1)

If you want to know where to buy any of the FAB clothes, write to: Fashion Desk, Fabulous, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope for our reply.

IT'S been swinging—at each FAB night out (except London) we held a contest to pick the girl most likely to be a super model for FAB. The winners: Wendy Robertson (who won at Preston), Ann Saul (Newcastle), Creana Phillips (Cardiff), Linda McMahon (Brighton), Kathy Harrison (Doncaster) and Jean Clayton (Hanley), all came to London one Friday with their hair all freshly done and wearing their smartest smiles. We met them and brought them back to meet the FAB gang. Then it was lunch in our swanky Directors' Suite with The Four Pennies. This was the big thaw out. Everyone forgot to be shy and the scat chat went on and on—till we dragged

all ten of them down to the Studio to work. We decided to push the boat out and get everyone lined up on deck, including The Pennies. We took the boys to Sportique, in Soho, to get their yachting gear. Then the girls began trying on their nautical rig. We had some dolly hats, too, but the girls passed them from head to head and back into the boxes. So, sorry, no sailor hats. The girls' make-up all came from the Goya Golden Girl range. They used Fluid Foundation (6s.), Peach Topaz and Play It Pink lipsticks (5s. each), Eye Shadowmatic (6s. 6d.), and Brush and Glow—the new blusher you put on with a big brush (12s. 9d.)

AYE! EYE!

Here's how to make-up some of the most gorgeous and best known eyes on the scene.



These are Twinkle's
Green-eyed Twinkle, with the intent pussy cat look, never uses eye shadow. She paints black liner, from an outsized cake, on to her upper lids and flicks a little on the lower ones as well. She has long lashes and brushes them with mascara from a tube. She doesn't like false ones.



The Marianne Faithfull look
Marianne Faithfull is very subtle with her eye make-up. She smooths on a very pale silvery blue shadow. For TV and stage work and for photographs she has false eyelashes. She brushes on black mascara and uses black eyeliner. The full effect is as gentle as Marianne herself.



Dusty's Dramatic Eyes
Personality plus girl, Dusty Springfield, takes ages doing her eyes! And the result is dramatic. For special occasions, she starts with lots of eye shadow. Then she outlines her lids (upper and lower) with black liner. She fills it in boldly and generously and completes with black mascara.



Brown Eyed Sandie
Sandie Shaw has soft brown eyes and she likes wearing dark glasses. She loves eye make-up and uses brownish black eye liner and mascara—applied with great care. She doesn't like shadow and never uses it. Nor does she like false eyelashes. She has tried them, but finds they sometimes hurt her.



Fab. 1955

the unluckiest group in Britain

THE UNDERTAKERS



Geoff Rugger
Above right: Brian Jones



Right: Clive Houston



Below right: Brian Jones
Below: Jackie Lomax



man approached them and asked if he could manage them.

"We were very young at the time," Brian remembers, "and we didn't really know much about it. This was long before things started happening in Liverpool Before The Beatles and that. Anyway, after talking a over, we turned this guy down."

"That guy's name was Brian Epstein," he concluded, sheepishly.

Anyway, bad luck or no bad luck, FAB dogs The Undertakers. So we invited them to play at every one of our FAB NIGHTS OUT. Well, how were we to know this was going to lead them into more bad luck? First there was Jackie's motor bike. He had to return to Preston next day and saw off the lock because even a locksmith couldn't get it undone for Doncaster venue.

Then the boys were less arriving at our

"Bony," blind lead guitarist Chris Houston gasped, when the boys did eventually dash in. "Just outside Manchester our patrol feed pipe broke in the van we were stranded."

LESS than a week later, they played our London Night Out on the coldest night of the year. On the way back to Liverpool they ran into a blizzard and had to drive for miles on the wrong side of the road because of the lumps that had been detached, three and four deep on the right side. The climax came manager Ralph Webster had to come to their rescue with a mechanic and a car. He drove them to his own home.

They staggered in tired, frozen and hungry. Mrs Webster told me: "So tired in fact that they just fell asleep in chairs in my living room. Even the noise of my children early in the morning couldn't wake them." They'd been stranded for hours.

And Company—well it just ran! The Undertakers's country. During one stop there they spent a night in jail after a raid on the club where they were playing. When we arrived at the police station with all the

other groups who'd been rounded up." Bugs Pemberton the drumming Undertaker and, with Jackie at 20 the youngest in the group, said, "we discovered that our work permits had expired the day before. We were leaving the next day anyway, but it made no difference. We were kept inside for the night and had to get new work permits, for just one day the next day."

MORE frightening than that was the day they decided to take a look at East Berlin. On the border, they were asked to fill in forms declaring everything they had that was valuable. Chris and Brian obviously declared, among other things, that they had some East German marks, which had been sold to them the night before in a club.

"We didn't know it was illegal to have East German money in West Germany," Chris explained. "When the man in the club offered to sell us the marks, we thought it would be sensible to buy some, as we were going over there. Instead, we ended up being kept in custody for four hours as suspected smugglers."

Then there was the muddle about which side of (the side that gets the plugs) First it was decided to plug the other number, then it was decided to plug Mashed Potato and by the time a final decision had been made, it was too late. The record had been out for ages and days had lost interest.

But most tragic of all was the birth of Geoff's baby. He and his wife Vera were thought when little in the heart. They were then they had a hole in the heart.

"We're told that one day, he may be able to have an operation to put things right," Geoff told me quietly. "Well, at least he knows he that it will be possible" alone at that.

And the FAB gang knew they're not alone in hope that the unlucky breakers are at an end for The Undertakers.

SYLVIA STEPHEN

JACKIE LOMAX, 20-year-old bass guitarist with The Undertakers, looked at the photo of dashed out children and how in front of him, pushed a fork, and it down again and pushed the photo away.

"Please not something, Jackie." FAB's Editor Unity pleaded.

Jackie smiled briefly and shook his head.

"No, thank you."

The FAB staff looked worried. He and the rest of the Undertakers had been working, making our FAB NIGHT OUT in Preston really rattle with life, all evening, and this was the first food he'd seen since lunchtime. But we knew what was worrying him. His new Honda motor bike. He and the rest of the boys had travelled by motor bike from Liverpool to Preston and locked their bikes securely before joining FAB's staff and readers in Preston's Top Rank Ballroom for a wove of an evening. When the fun was over, Jackie returned to his bike ready to set off on the journey home only to find that the special theft proof lock was so thief-proof that even he couldn't undo it.

Fortunately, Betty, Fena and myself were going on to Liverpool ourselves that night, and there was a spare seat in our car, which we immediately offered to Jackie. So he wasn't stranded. But he'd only had the bike a short time and he didn't fancy leaving it in Preston all night.

RECORD. Brian Jones, who plays sax with the group, told me, "that we've had more than our share of bad luck."

The first, and probably the most crushing bit of misfortune occurred at the beginning of show career. They were playing around Liverpool when a young



Fab | Labels

World Radio History

Dear Problems Page,
Every day at the bus stop I see a beautiful girl who is just my type. I smile at her but she never smiles back. How can I attract her interest?

TORMENTED



Dear Tormented,
Maybe your smile just hasn't got what some other smiles have. Try chewing Dentyne Chewing Gum. It's delicious, and keeps your breath fresh, keeps your teeth clean, for, as you chew, it cleans food particles out of the crevices in your teeth. Next time your smile will be brilliant, magnetic, irresistible...

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



REGISTRATION: TRADE MARKS: PATENTED: MADE IN U.S.A.

Dear Problems Page,
Dentyne Chewing Gum is just great. I never did get to talk to that girl. But next day... boy! You should see the other girl I got!



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Fine Poynts



The shoes with the toe-shape that tapers smoothly to a tip

The ankle hugging boot shown here features side buckles and comes in Black leather, Black suede or Brown suede. Lace-ups are another great feature, and you can choose from elastic sides, too. From 49/11 to 63/11. For the name of your nearest Denson Fashion Shoe Centre, send a postcard to: D. Senker & Son Ltd., Dept. F.2, Kingsland Road, London E.2.



THE NEW
DENSON
Classics



The shoes with the smooth, round toe shape. With elastic sides, concealed elastic sides, zip sides and lace ups too. This shoe is in Black, or Beechwood Brown shaded leather with matching plated tops. New Classics are available in a choice of leathers and suedes. Some styles have ripple soles. 49/11 to 59/11.

THE NEW
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 elastic sides. Some styles have stripe soles. 55/11 to 59/11.

See the exciting new Shoe styles at your **DENSON Fashion Shoe Centre**

PRESTON

YOU name 'em! WE got 'em! ... at our Fabulous Night Out in Preston, I mean. We had groups spilling out of our ears. It was Fabulous

● All I can say is: "You should have been there." You don't know what fun you missed. Wait 'til I tell you just who was there. You'll be green with envy if you weren't along.

Autographs were a shilling for a group or sixpence for a single and the most popular groups seemed to be The Merseybeats, Herman's Hermits and The Escorts. But everyone got such a welcome it was hard to say. All the stars sat at the long trestle tables in turn and signed autographs for our guests till their pens ran dry.

Masses of FAB night-outers wanted their photo taken with the stars. Most seemed to think that it was well worth five shillings and it was all for charity.

Just in case anyone missed the announcements, the profits on the evening will go to the Variety Club of Great Britain towards a Sunshine Bus to take underprivileged children to the seaside for hols. Isn't that great?

The Fab Gang didn't sit down all night as they were playing host to all the group members from groups like The Apollojets, The Peddlers, The Fourmost, two of The Mindbenders: Bob Lang and Ric Rothwell, Kris Ryan and The Questions and one of The Remo Four. Tommy Quickly came—every time he got himself a cup of coffee he was dragged away to have his picture

taken with one of FAB's readers. Bob Wooler, the deejay from Liverpool's famous Cavern Club, was there. Irma Ogden of Coronation Street spent ages chatting to Herman who used to be in the series.

The Undertakers, who played for us at each of the seven Nights Out, got a fantastic reception from the crowd and had to do an encore. Bob Wooler brought along a group from the Cavern—The Excellents—and they played for us a special treat. It was the fabbiest Night Out!

High spots in the evening were the raffles and the beauty contest. Herman presented a lovely Quartz Russian cine camera to the lucky winner. Tommy Quickly and Herman judged the "Frettiest Girl in the Balroom" competition and presented the winner, Wendy Robertson, as in every other Night Out, with a complete range of Miners' Make Up and a dress chosen by Miners from that way-out designer Angels of London Town.

There was so much going on and so much to see and do that we could run these Fab Nights Out forever.

If you didn't come to any this year you've missed out on lots of fun so make up for it by coming along next year.

See you then, huh?

◆ SHEENA MACKAY



(Above) Tommy Quickly gets mobbed. (Left) Merseys signing autographs. (Below) Tommy and Herman with prize-winning Wendy.



in RECORD time

IT looks as though folk music has finally made it in the popularity stakes. American singer Bob Dylan, whose first British single, *The Times They Are A-Changin'*, shot straight into the charts, is here... British singer Donovan recently had a hit with his debut disc, the folk-favoured *Catch The Wind*... and Brian Epstein has signed up The Silos, the first folk group to join his stable.

But my favourites are still The Seekers, those four young singers from Australia, the first folk group to have a Number One hit in Britain with *I'll Never Find Another You* a few weeks ago.

Their new single, another Tom Springfield composition called *A World Of Our Own* (Columbia), has just been released—and I reckon it will also be a hit.

BEST OF THE REST

★ Herman's Hermits, riding high on the crest of their *Silhouettes* hit, could do it again with *Wonderful World* which five years ago was a smash hit in America for Sam Cooke (Columbia).

★ Cilla Black turns to America for her latest offering, a catchy ballad called *Some Things You Never Get*

Used To. It's just great (Columbia).

★ The Mojo's, who have chalked up three best-sellers in a row, have another winner with *Come! On To Cry* (Decca) and Sounds Incorporated, one of the most musically groups in the country, should score with *Time For You* (Columbia).

★ Another mammoth release on the Tandu-Motown label includes *The Mustang Revue*, fourteen intriguing tracks by The Temptations, Kim Weston, Mary Wells, Marvin Gaye, Martha and The Vandellas, Stevie Wonder and The Maracles and *The Supremes' Hits*, an EP containing *Who Did Our Love Go?*, *Baby Love*, *Come See About Me* and *When The Lovelight Starts Shining Through My Eyes*.

★ The latest Cliff Richard album has tracks recorded by Cliff in New York, Nashville, Barcelona and London—almost bound to top the charts (Columbia).

★ Also worth a spin are *After A While* by Brian Poole and The Tremeloes (Decca), *Get Life You* by The Ivy League (Pye) and *Just Not Ready* by The Exciters (Columbia). KEN BOW

SNAP CRACKLE & POP

ONE of the biggest successes of our FAB NIGHTS OUT was the stand where fans had their pix taken with the stars—INSTANT PIX, too. The magic box that made every click a hit is a Polaroid camera...

Two fans, in their excitement, knocked it over but it made no difference. It still went on taking pictures in ten seconds flat. Gerry tried it out at Cardiff, so did Billy J. at Brighton, and the verdict was: "It's a knockout!"

And many of you have asked us if it is possible to get extra copies of the pix: YOU had taken at our Fab Nights Out. Yes, you can—Polaroid (U.K.) Limited have a "copy service".

All you need to do is go to a camera shop or chemist who stocks Polaroid cameras. There, you can get an order envelope and buy stamps to cover the cost of the pix. Three same size copies for 5s., two 6 in. x 4 in. enlargements for 7s., two 8 in. x 6 in. enlargements for 9s. Simply fill out the order form, enclosing the picture that you want copied, and pop it in the post. Pix come back to you in about a week.

You can buy this new wonder camera from mid-May onwards. The Polaroid camera we used cost a bomb but the Polaroid Model 104 costs only £29 19s. 6d. A film costs 19s. 11d. for a pack of eight pix.



Polarographer Flomo shows Gerry how it works. Brother Freddy doesn't look convinced.



Stu James and The Mojos went down a bomb at our

INWOCAS TLE

● After having a hit with *Everything's Alright*, followed by *Why Not Tonight*, something seemed to go wrong with The Mojos. Their next release, *Seven Golden Daffodils*, lingered in the bottom of the top fifty and then faded. Things didn't look very bright.

Within the group things started to go wrong, and feelings rose to breaking pitch.

Eventually the inevitable happened and The Mojos split in two. Stu James took Nicky Crouch, the lead guitarist, with him to form a new group Terry O'Toole, the pianist, took the drummer, John Keadar, and the bassist, Keith Earlson, with him.

Stu and Nicky started to work a new group right away. They wanted to be sure and pick people they knew to be as keen as themselves, and they settled on Aynsley Dunbar and Lew Collins. They couldn't have made a better choice. All the lads get on like a house on fire.

Lew is the son of the new Mojos road manager, Bill Collins. With his dad, Lew used to play drums and they had their own four-piece group. Dad played piano and still helps out in group practices. It was Stu who suggested that Lew might like to join the group, not Bill. When his father started driving The Mojos round, Lew took up hairdressing, but soon started to learn the bass when The Mojos suggested he join up with them.

Ainsley just likes to play the drums. Back at the house in Golders Green, London, which The Mojos share, he sits up all night sometimes, driving the other lads mad by pounding away on a practice pad.

Fans would be quite happy to play drums all day and all of the night too.

Life in The Mojos house is utter bliss or else. Equipment is strewn all over the place for the unsuspecting to trip over.

The kitchen is the real battle ground. Each boy

Fab Night Out. The audience went wild when they took the stage and nearly hugged them to bits. And as lots of you didn't know the group had a new line-up—Sheena Mackay gives with the gen on the new Mojos—a group all set to go places again. To the very top!

cooks for himself and there's always a struggle over saucapans.

They haven't a set each and it usually ends up with one of them trying to boil potatoes in a shallow frying pan.

Stu usually comes off worse because he's a little vague and easy going. The boys say that if Stu was let loose in an enormous hall, empty of everything but one small tree in the middle, he would still manage to trip over it.

So when he does a "booboo" they just shrug and say "It's that tree again!"

Nicky is the master chef in the household. He experiments with all sorts of tinned delicacies which usually, being only half cooked, give him tummy ache. The others rib him but Nicky takes it all in good part. All the boys kid Nicky about his room in the house which, they say, is so full of junk he could start a shop if he wanted to.

His proudest possessions are two original Burns guitars which, when they're old enough should be quite valuable.

He's got his own guitar, amplifier, tape recorder, radio, souveners and mementoes from all over the world, pictures sent in by fans which cover the walls, and two beds. One came with the house but Nicky didn't find it comfortable enough, so he went right out and bought one to suit himself.

In one corner of the room is his fan mail department—a huge envelope of letters—lots of them from the States. Nicky often phones fans in America for a chat—says it's easier than writing letters.

Nicky is very kindhearted. He's been saving for ages to buy his Mum a car to help with her job as district nurse. After he heard about her struggling through the snow to get to her patients, he proudly delivered it to her. A brand new Mopac Minor. Needless to say, Mum was thrilled to bits.

Apart from singing, playing the guitar, piano and bass, Stuart Leslie James Slater writes songs. Good ones, too. The Mojos record independently but their records are issued on the Decca label. Stu and Nicky have penned several songs which they've recorded and taken to Decca for consideration. I've heard some of them and, believe me, they're good. Like their newie "Comin' On To Cry" penned by Stu & Nicky.

Let's hope we soon see them back in the charts where they belong.



(Above) Marianne Faithfull also at Newcastle Night Out presents Quartz camera.

(Right and left) The Mojos' frenzied fans.





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