

WORLD'S POP STARS IN COLOUR COLOUR COLOUR

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4th SEPTEMBER 1968

Fabulous

BUSY DOING nothing

**KING SIZE FULL COLOUR PIN-UPS OF
GERRY · MOODY BLUES · STU JAMES · IN CROWD
FAIRIES · ROCKIN' BERRIES · THE WHO · FREDDIE**



hi fab!

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MICHAEL ALDRED takes over the gossip this week...

I ALWAYS look forward to the summer months. Much good it does! Last week, I was so confident that we were going to have a summer at last, that I rushed out to Connelly Street and bought some fab mod gear. Everything light-weight.

Only trouble is I will now have to go abroad somewhere to get full use of things like cotton jackets and linen trousers. Not warm enough here.

I checked around with a few of my pop star friends to see what they had been doing to try and follow the sun. Their outlook was almost as gloomy as the weather's. For most of the time they had all been too busy to take holidays. They don't all have an 'ard life those pop stars...



Lulu

● Lulu, who I think is just great, seems to spend most of her time shopping for new outfits to wear on—and off—stage. In fact, she says, every shopping day's a holiday.

I went down to "Gadzooks!" the other week. She came charging up like an urban-hard thunderball and yelled out a welcome "hello." "Don't move. Don't go away!" she commanded. "I want to ask your advice about some new dresses I've bought. There's no one better than a man to tell a woman what suits her!" (How about that! She's not even seventeen yet!)

So for about twenty minutes Lulu held an impromptu fashion parade for my benefit. Any time, Lulu. Any time.

MADLINE BELL has the most fantastic voice I have ever heard in my life. She can blast the back row of the stalls in any theatre quite comfortably without the aid of those new-fangled microphones. She just opens her mouth and lets rip. She is also a very groovy dancer—just returned from New York after a "working holiday." Madeline tells me that the latest dance craze there is a routine called "pooes." All the kids have gone crazy about those blarney, tortuous

poes that models strike up to illustrate some point in the latest Paris fashions. So much so that they have been worked into a new dance.

Madeline demonstrated it to me. It looked very odd. But I'm not too sure that it will catch on here. I don't really see all our manly mods striking up weird poes as they dance. Unless, of course, it's to illustrate some point in the latest fashions.

LIKE I said, pop stars don't really get much chance for holidays. The most they can expect are a few days between long engagements. The Moody Blues, for instance, reckon on about three or four days clear per month if they are lucky. And what do they do when they get time off? They act as being Robin Hood in the daytime and like to throw parties in the evenings.

I popped over to Rushmore to lend Donny Lane an LP he particularly wanted to hear, and found them all in the garden when I arrived playing at William Tell (not the overture!).

Having declined the very generous offer of a



Moody Blues

hi there. And a happy Bank to you, too. What will you do, I wonder? I'm devoting my entire time to my dog Fred. He's getting a longer walk than he usually does. Incidentally, again Fred says thanks for all the nice letters you have written about him.

Billy Hatton, of The Fourmost, has a date with a Shark for his Bank Holiday. (I'll stick to Fred, thanks!) He plans to go hunting man-eaters off the Rock of Gibraltar with the other boys from the group. Do hope we don't lose him! And we'll report on what happens in the next few weeks.

Have a nice holiday all of you and we'll see you next week—when FAB goes romantic.

Luv,
The Ed.

five apple—they wanted to balance it on my head for some curious reason—I did say I would steady the target for the lads. I felt a bit of a hero, but I wouldn't have worried at all that, not much anyway.

I stood angrily with my fingers barely touching the target at the end of a very straight, tall arm. They felt twang their shafts and all but one hit the bull's-eye area.

The one that didn't whizzed between me and the target. But that, I was heavily minded was quite deliberate. Just to add that little touch of excitement to the proceedings.

You could have fooled me!

Now their parties are something else! Everything is so well organised, with tons of food for every taste.

Mike Pinder stations himself by the door to keep gate-crashers at bay while the other boys rush around being model hosts. The last party they had started at about nine and it was still all happening at twenty-past five the next morning when I limped out into the cold morning air.

And the guests? They would have made a Pop programme producer tumble with anticipation. Like George and Paul Besse, Frank Searcher, Golsa and The Gingerbread, Michael Crawford, Lulu, Twinkie and others too numerous to mention.

NEXT WEEK FABULOUS IS IN

(as always) with the dreamiest, disbiest pop-stars. We lift the veil on their romances with loving pictures of Mick Jagger and his steady, lovely Chrissie Shrimpton. Tell you about The bee-on-tiful Byrds. We've dropped in on the bachelor flats of boys any girl would love to catch. A Dave Berry fan tells you just what he means to her. Then, as a bonus, there's a great centre double picture of the MANFREDs, plus all the facts on the group with "the one in the middle."

Fall in love with FAB IN LOVE next week for these romantic stories and pictures.

I'll never miss a 'Moodies' party if I can possibly help it and judging by all the other people who were there, neither would most of the pop crowd.

● Jimmy Page is one of this country's top session guitarists and also one of the youngest—he's just twenty.

Like a lot of musicians, Jimmy has a slight tendency to be a wee bit forgetful. The latest thing is leaving his guitar behind after a session.

"I just can't understand how I managed to do it," he said. "I've carried that guitar case with me practically every day of my life. Even so, after a session the other day I went home to Epson as usual, carrying my guitar case. When I got in, my mother told me I had to call the Studios immediately. They asked me if I had left anything behind, like one twelve-string guitar for instance. I said no, 'cos I had brought it home with me. When I looked inside the case just to make sure it was empty!"

Paul Samwell-Smith (it's easier to call him just plain "Sam" like everyone else does) of The Yardbirds has just bought himself a new car. It's a Lotus Elan and looks very elegant. Just the sort of sports model for ripping down to the coast time permitting.

I bumped into him with the afore-mentioned roadster the other day, gaped somewhat, and made some crack about not knowing he was in the millionaire bracket.

His reply, I'm afraid, is unprintable.

Having parked, he started messing around with something under the bonnet. Being slightly of a nosy disposition, I enquired just what he was doing. Apparently, he was just switching on a super new gadget he'd had fitted—an anti-theft device.

"Once I switch it on," he told me proudly, "it makes a terrible racket if anyone tampers with the car. In fact, you only have to rock her gently and a horrid great noise starts up."

Of course, I had to have a go and gave the Lotus a very gentle rock. And waited. No horrid great noise. Sam swiftly checked that he had in fact switched the gadget on.

"Try again," he ordered.

I did. Much harder this time. Still nothing happened. I pushed the car violently, tried opening the door and was even tempted to kick it.

Still nothing happened for the third time of trying. I don't know who was more disappointed, Sam or myself.

The last I saw of him, he was peering suspiciously into the murky depths of garbled

wireage, tugging furiously this way and that. I heard the other day, however, that he'd burned the bonnet lid in a final gesture of disdain and disgust when—surprise, surprise! It all started happening.

Horrid great noises everywhere!



Dave Davies

● I admit to being a bit on the vague side but compared with one Dave Davies I'm a paragon of remembrance. Dave Kink is so forgetful it's just not true. Recently, as a slight dig in the ribs admittedly, I gave him one of those books on how to train a super memory!

At first he was insulted, but later changed his mind and said he would read it.

In fact, Pete, Mick and Dave Kink pored religiously through it in a determined effort to improve their memories. Then Dave rang me to ask where I had bought the book. "You see, I've got to buy another," he said. "I'm very sorry, but I eh, well, that is, I can't remember where I left it!"

So much for books on how to obtain a memory!

I WENT down to the pop scene's new "in" club, the Scotch of St. James (very posh, don't you think?), a few nights ago. Lulu, Georgie Fame, Harrison Beattie, The Moodies and The Animals were all there. I noticed Mr. Fame cutting a very nifty caper on the dance floor. He was looking extremely well. I thought that he had been at the sun-ray lamp and said so.

"I'm on a health jag at the moment," he admitted, "but I prefer natural sunshine. So whenever I get the chance I rush out to soak up the sun."

That's all very well, Georgie, but the sun must shine a bit more in Mill Hill, London, N.W.7, where you live, that it does in Streatham, London, S.W.18, where I live. Ah, well, you can't have everything, can you?

COLOUR CONTENTS

WALKER BROTHERS. L-R: John Walker, Gary Leach, Scott Engel and Jimmy O'Neill. Photographer: BILL FRANCIS

Small sweet cover pic: DEREK BERWIN

THE WHI! L-R: John Entwistle, Roger Daltry, Pete Townshend, Keith Moon. Photographer: DEREK BERWIN

STU JAMES. Photographer: DEREK BERWIN

THE FAIRIES. Back: John Acott, John Gandy, Nicky Warner. Front: Mick Warner, John Alder. Photographer: FIONA ADAMS

IN CROWD. L-R: Ken Lawrence, John Wood, Simon Jeter, Les Jones. Kesh West. Photographer: LAURENCE RUSHELL

MOODY BLUES. L-R: Cliv Friswell, Denny Laine, Ray Thomas, Mike Pinder, Graham Edge. Photographer: NICHOLAS WRIGHT

ROCKIN' BERRIES. L-R: Bobby Thomson, Chuck Belfrage, Clive Leno, Geoff Furby, Terry Bond. Photographer: FIONA ADAMS

PACEMAKERS. L-R: Gerry Marsden, Les Maturin, Freddy Marsden, Les Chadwick. Photographer: BILL FRANCIS

● If ever you should want to write a letter to Milne, don't send it to her home address! I suggest one of the top European or American hotels might be more appropriate. In the past five months, she rackets that she has only spent about a week at home in Earls Court, London. "I am so busy travelling round the world," she grinned, "that whenever I come back to London I feel a bit like a tourist myself!"



Milne

LOVE

plus KINGSIZE COLOUR PIN-UPS OF:

- GEORGE HARRISON MANFRED MANN
 HERMAN DONOVAN GENE PITNEY
 P. J. PROBY DAVE BERRY LULU and
 DAVID WESTON (Dick Turpin.)

fab, fab, FABULOUS... on sale next MONDAY, price 1s.



Fab
The
1960s



Who's happy doing nothing?



John doesn't think much of belting down the sheltov. Too hard on the trousers. Roger didn't mind—he didn't sit down.



The Who caused a few raised eyebrows in Brighton. Did someone say "Bighead?"



What the butler didn't see, but The Who did! Roger went back for another go. He still wouldn't tell us what he saw!



Pete, Keith and Roger beach-combing. That's all they found . . . a comb.

Look who's at the candy floss, then! It's our top pop artistes The Who going Any-way, Anyhow, Any-where they please, to have a busy time doing nothing much at Brighton. With a whole day to themselves before a one-night stand on the south coast, The Who did what any other live-wires would do on a summer day and caught the first train to Brighton for a shot of sea air and sun. They managed the sea air bit, but the sun was acting very coy!



The best way to keep the flag flying—make it into a jacket and wear it.



A casual shot of Keith. What a lovely sweater for target practice.

(One of the pleasures of watching is to watch David McCullum in the BBC UNCLE Norton-Silver Septon reports for FAB...



SOME UNCLE!

KHAVA'S the name of the new BBC night Sunday. The name is taken from the Greek word for 'Sunday'—KHAVALI.

Very different from other night shows, the programme is aimed at a younger, more sophisticated, more sophisticated, more sophisticated, more sophisticated audience. It's the sort of thing that you'd expect to see on TV when you're in the States.

David's introduction is a little different from the other shows. He's got a bit of a special message for the audience. He's got a bit of a special message for the audience. He's got a bit of a special message for the audience.

The programme is a bit different from the other shows. It's got a bit of a special message for the audience. It's got a bit of a special message for the audience.

It would seem as if a programme that David and I had had very much to do with in the past. I don't know what you are thinking of. I don't know what you are thinking of.

David's introduction is a bit different from the other shows. He's got a bit of a special message for the audience. He's got a bit of a special message for the audience.

FABRY TAIL

THE BEAST OF THE BARRACKS. THE BEAST OF THE BARRACKS. THE BEAST OF THE BARRACKS.

THE BEAST OF THE BARRACKS. THE BEAST OF THE BARRACKS. THE BEAST OF THE BARRACKS.

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THE BEAST OF THE BARRACKS. THE BEAST OF THE BARRACKS. THE BEAST OF THE BARRACKS.

IT WON'T be the Humber... I don't know what you are thinking of. I don't know what you are thinking of.

THE BEAST OF THE BARRACKS. THE BEAST OF THE BARRACKS. THE BEAST OF THE BARRACKS.

THE BEAST OF THE BARRACKS. THE BEAST OF THE BARRACKS. THE BEAST OF THE BARRACKS.





Southend goes Stateside—The Walker Brothers are stepping out to see the whole of this British seaside town.

Walkers on the...



It's an all-out battle here to see if Scott or Gary can stay up the longest. Even with those heavy loads on their shoulders, John and Jimmy are having quite a laugh.



...Shore

Southend is very British and the Walker Bros. very American. We decided to mix the two together and see what happened.



"Pretty Girls Everywhere!"

THERE we were, in the pouring British rain, splashing merrily down to very English Southend-on-Sea . . . me and the more or less American Walker Brothers.

At Stratford we stopped off for John to buy comics. He's a Superman and Spiderman fan. A real expert. But he only likes the coloured American ones.

"They're terrible in black and white," he says.

Scott curled up in a corner at the back. He's scared of British drivers.

"The roads are all right, it's the drivers. They're terrible—crazy. It's like the big dipper at the fun fair. They go much too fast—it's just suicide. In the States we have speed limits."

"So do we," I said.

"Do you? Well, in the States people keep to them. The cops patrol all the time, so you have to."

John is a hot rod fan and he didn't seem scared of the crazy drivers. His own car back home is a Thunderbird.

We didn't talk much on the way down till John suddenly yelled out in his super Californian drawl: "What are all those boats doing there?"

Lying on the sandy mud were dinghies, cruisers and boats of all kinds. This was the front at Southend. But the sea was way out of sight. I explained about being able to go to Southend-on-Sea and never seeing the briny. The boys looked disbelieving.

"Look at that old hotel," pointed Scott, who had woken up now. "It has to be a joke."

It looked perfectly normal to me. Just a timbered place perched up on a small cliff. I suppose it was slightly olde worlde but the boys thought it was really quaint.

As soon as we'd parked the car, the boys said they were hungry. So we filed into a restaurant and had a sort of lunch.

Gary had two banana Melbas and no first course. Jimmy had a coke and nothing to eat. John asked for steak and a salad with Thousand Island Sauce (he's a bit particular about food). The waitress brought him French Dressing which he accepted. But he carefully took the egg, tomato, cucumber and beetroot out of his salad before he ate it.

After our sort of lunch it had stopped raining.

"I've lost four pounds," said Scott as he stood on the scales in the main street. He was gorgeously skinny and tall in his kinky continental looking hat and dark glasses.

Then they progressed to a shell-fish stall and began tasting the winkles and cockles, with plenty of salt and vinegar.

"We are meant to eat them, aren't we?" This was Scott. "They're all gritty but I've eaten a lot."

The other boys weren't so brave—they just sniffed at theirs. We all trooped down to the little stalls by the pier and the boys bought pineapple and peppermint rock.

Gary was missing for a few seconds and came back with a pocketful of do-it-yourself gliders which the boys pounced on and began to assemble.

They flew beautifully. I became a glider retriever till John's went off the edge of the pier and crash-landed in the sea.

Eventually the gliding became more sophisticated, with those without them stoning the others as they flew. In the end, all were grounded.

On the shore, the gum chewing Walker Brothers climbed on to a trolley-type gang plank that was just lying around. It was about ten feet



All that fresh air makes a boy hungry. So our Walker brothers decided to try out some good old British winkles and cockles. Jimmy had to assure the others that they were edible, though!

high and the boys jumped off and crashed on to the stones.

"That jump was great," they said and ran back for more.

This sent Scott really into action. "Let's fight," he said.

He got on John's shoulders and Gary climbed on to Jimmy's and started a duel. The idea was to unseat the other. But Gary collapsed into gales of laughter. Just couldn't stop.

"It's your face," he told Scott.

The steeds were getting a bit giggly, too, and everyone was wobbling about uncertainly. In the end both riders were thrown on to a pile of deckchairs.

Then it was "ta-ta" time (a Walker Bros. pet expression) and we piled back into the car and headed for home.

Everyone was wide awake and very talkative on the way back. The Walker Brothers are mates of P. J. Proby, so we went on about what a great guy he is. And they wanted to know what Sandie Shaw would be like on a date and did I know Cilla? And how expensive London is for living and had I been to The Cromwellian lately?

After I dropped them back at their flat, I felt a bit lonely. But when I got home I found all John's comics piled on the back seat. I'm keeping them as a souvenir.

BETTY HALE



Oops—there they go!



John decided that Scott had been riding just about long enough—so he got dumped! Lucky for him, there just happened to be a landing surface closer than the ground.



Fab The Beach
Boys



Five Moody Blues at a loose end after playing at a Manchester Club, bombed down to Marineland out on the sea front at Morecambe, Lancs. and found . . .

flip flop



From left to right: The trainer Ray Denny, Graeme Edge and Chris Farlowe feed the dolphins. If Graeme Edge leans any farther out he will end up as fish food! Seriously though they're quite tame. The dolphins I mean!

Five of us, during a half day, like the Moody Blues, one hot sunny afternoon, went to do a moody, and pop along to Marineland and have a look round.

Marineland's open all year round from 10 in the morning until 6 at night. Big fish have to pay 3s entrance fee. Kiddies only 2s. Like the Moody Blues, you could end up feeding the dolphins.

The battle raged dolphins like the one in our picture come from the Marine Aquarium, California same as Flipper in the TV series of the same name.

Animals can go along and feed them. The Moodies loved it, and the trainer (the young man in the striped jumper) has trained them to jump up and catch fish and do lots of other things.

Ray Thomas was particularly interested in the cases with alligators and other savage Amazonian fish, and had to be positively dragged away when they came round.

That's why they were feeding themselves and the flip flop dolphins didn't get a look in.

But with those gorgeous scenes stealing Moody Blues around the dolphins were lucky to get their supper, eh?

THE FACT IS—The Rockin' Berries have very quietly slipped into a prominent position on the pop scene. They're a unique and talented group, and we're wild about them!

THE FACT IS—Lots of you have been asking for more info on The Berries—so here are the facts . . .

Rockin' Berries facts

First got together to form a skiffle group in 1959, although Chuck, Terry, Clive and Geoff had practically grown up together in Birmingham.

originally featured mostly Chuck Berry numbers in their act—thus their name—at a time when Mr Berry was relatively unknown in Britain and nobody was performing his songs.

met Chuck Berry on a visit to this country, and he agreed to become honorary president of their fan club.

only include one of Chuck's numbers regularly in their act now. Too many other groups jumped on the Berry bandwagon, so The Rockin' Berries hopped off.

signed with Pye Piccadilly record label in 1961 and released an early disc, *I Don't Mean To Hurt You*, which entered the lower regions of the charts.

went to a party at P. J. Proby's flat shortly after this record was out. There a mate of Proby's, Kim Lowles, suggested they record a number called *It's In Your Hand*. This became their first major hit.

claim their biggest break was when Maurice King, who's now their manager, came to Birmingham to watch their act.

are connected with the success story of The Ivy League as a performing group. The Ivy League boys had written a number—*Jump, How Low, Can Be*—and offered it to The Berries. They decided to use it as an LP track rather than a

single. So The Ivy League released it as a single themselves and it was their first big chart success.

. . . are a very versatile group. Using the talents of both Geoff and Clive as lead singers, and including impersonations and comedy spots by Clive, their stage act is a real knockout!

. . . had another big chart success with *Pop Man's Son*.

. . . lost their bass guitarist, Roy Austin, in May, and replaced him with former Rebel Rouser, Bobby Thomson.

are still known as a Brum group, even though Bobby's from near Liverpool.

currently are in the midst of a very successful summer season at Great Yarmouth, where they are appearing with The Bachelors.

can usually be found at The Starlite Club or The Cromwellian when they have an evening off in London.

are always in the mood for a good party!

used to do most of their travelling by train. They were quite well known to all the ticket collectors on the route between London and Birmingham.

have a dark green Humber Super Snipe to ride around in these days.

appeal to audiences of all age ranges, and certainly seem to have real lasting power!

in case you don't know, are five in number. So, *Berry by Berry*, continue reading on page 14.



Fab

World Radio History

Bobby
berry

Geoff
berry

Chuck
berry

Clive
berry

Terry
berry

Fab | Available
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BYRD Jim McGuinn's "Pickwick" specs cost him 20 dollars and he says they are available at DeVoss on Sunset Boulevard and Fred Segal's on Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California. His have gold coloured frames but he says they are also to be had with "silver" frames. Jim says that Phil Spector has some diamond-shaped specs.

LIONEL BLAIR'S new Kick Suit, for his new dance, has a white, slightly waisted, epaulette jacket. It retails at Lord John's in London's Carnaby Street: Jacket £9 15s. and slacks £4 5s. Lionel wears a light-weight black polo sweater with his suit.

AMERICAN Ready, Go! Peppers from Duran, Conn. got, arrived in Feb. They and swapped with their hats. They were black and white checked and white checked made from a Queen. Rastrock pattern.

For Bank Holiday we've chosen rainbow dresses, designed to get a girl a second look. In brilliantly bright felt, the zingy new fashion fabric, they're a bonanza idea for the girl who believes in dressing dramatically.



FANCY FREE



HAVING a gas in her holiday gear, model girl Vicky, cuts a dash in flame red felt with bold white cut-out shamrocks. Songbird Peanuts plays it cool in a sleeveless, round-necked felt shift with yoke and hem in white and the rest of the dress in nutbrown. (Both by Simon Ellis, 79s. 11d. each.)

THE ZOMBIES bought loads of American sweat shirts and moccasins and thin white jeans when they were in Nashville, Tennessee. "otherwise we'd all have been dead with heat stroke."

JUMPING for joy, Vicky wears a dress of white and red felt. The felt hat has triangular cut-outs on it. (By Edward Mann, 29s. 11d.) Her boots are white Courreges style. (By Dolcis, 89s. 11d.) Peanuts—hand in hand with Ivy Leaguer Ken Lewis—settles for a violet felt shift with bonzo-sized flowers on the front. (Both dresses by Simon Ellis, 79s. 6d. each.)





SIMON SCOTT looks cracking in a scarlet sweater with a collar worn under a French "Crimplene" bound edged jacket. Over both he wears a dark blue corded velvet jacket which he bought at Cecil Gee's

MIKE RAMSDEN (of *The Silkie*) bought a deep green corded velvet jacket at the Ivy Shop in Richmond. It's unusual because it has a button down collar and button down pockets. Mike's rather proud of it.



TWINKLE is now wearing a super white leather dress and white boots to go with it.



CILLA BLACK has gone mad over dresses that have little flowers sewn on them. Recently she bought a pale pink shift with a slightly flared skirt. It has mesh net over it and little flowers sewn on to the net around the high neck and on the skirt. Very pretty.



KEN LEWIS, of *The Ivy League*, polishes the caravan window while Peanuts poses in a zingy purple and orange felt dress, and honey, T-strap sandals. (By Freeman, Hardy, Willis, 52s. 11d.) Vicky is swinging in a grass green and lime felt dress with a mock culotte skirt. (Both dresses are Susan Small Trendsetters, 10 gns. each.) Her hat is a beige felt pull-on. (By Edward Mann, 29s. 11d.)

IN a Romany caravan, Vicky wears an impact-making, mod length, felt dress in bright orange bound with purple felt and with big purple flowers round the hem. (From Susan Small, Trendsetters, £10. 15s. 6d.)

For stockists of these fab fashions, write to: Fashion Desk, Fabulous, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for our reply. Photos specially taken for Fab by Campbell MacCallum.



ADAM AND THE ROULETTES have been seen around in casual check jackets with a stripe running through the check.



DONOVAN was given a gold ear-ring for luck by friend, Mick Softley just before he went on his first trip to the States. Don likes wearing it and reckons it has brought him good luck.

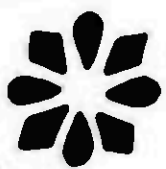
PEANUTS relaxes in her green felt dress with big yellow bullseyes on the bodice and round the hem. (By Skoots, about £3 10s.) Her hat has a scarf slotted through the crown. (By Edward Mann, 49s. 11d.) Vicky's dress is in honey beige and brown felt. (By Simon Ellis, 79s. 6d.) The pear shaped helmet is in felt, too. (By Edward Mann, 59s. 11d.) Her suede casuals have a stitched vamp. (By Freeman, Hardy, Willis, 27s. 11d.)



HOLLIES Allan, Eric and Tony have gone over to rough old denim jeans and jackets for travelling. (Strictly not the softer fashion fabric, but the tough working cloth.) Bobby and Graham usually take to the road in smart slacks and black blazers with polo neck sweaters or check shirts.



VAL McKenna sixteen year old songstress from Whitley Bay, has a flat in London and likes shopping at Her Clothes in Carnaby Street. She has a wardrobe of white levis, denim slacks and jeans and shirts, including some in yellow denim. She also has a denim trouser suit she got at Peter Robinson. For stage she's off with the tomboy togs and into lacey outfits. Her current favourite is a white lace suit, from Neatawear, with bows down the front. Her special perfume is Revlon's Intimate.



EVERYONE will be seen around next week wearing Fabulous Charm Bracelets. They're 22-carat gold plate and have a padlock, a shoe and a bell attached. It's in to wear three bracelets at once. One costs 8s. and all three are 16s. Full details in Fab next week.

THE WALKER BROTHERS make no secret of the fact that they wear their oldest togs when they play ballrooms because they get "torn apart" by the fans. And they love it. Gary (Walker Brother) Leeds has a sweat shirt sent to him from his mother in Hollywood, with "I Like The Byrds" stamped on it.





Fab One Artist



**FRENCH MEN
PREFER
HILTONE
BLONDES**

The men who created *Toujours* are mad about Hiltone blonde.
Hiltone blonde means hair
 in places just as modish hair gives a girl a head start.
Hiltone is a name from hair-photos, as it
 won't run or drip. And you can control *Hiltone*—the more you
 the shade of blonde nature wants you to be.
 Try *Hiltone* Now! See *Hiltone*—
 it's magic, pop!

hiltone



IT'S all—as they say—happening at Blackpool. The reason I know it's all happening there is that Blackpool is my home town, and I went over for a weekend recently to "the world's greatest playground". (Blackpool publicity officer's description, not mine!)

In the middle of being here, there and everywhere, I found Billy J Kramer training, Gerry boating, and nobody at all complaining.

All the stars in town seem to be on a health kick. Early to bed, early to rise, and all that. They say the fresh sea air makes them tired.

Billy J. Kramer, at The North Pier with The Dakotas for the season, is looking great after weeks of the early morning romps on the sands. He's lean and tanned and nicer than ever. The Dakotas are as nutty as usual, and spend most of their waking hours playing the pin-ball machines on the pier.

We dragged them away to do something Billy had been itching to do all season. At the end of the pier, we crossed a gypsy's palm with silver.

The gypsy was Madame Curl, who was born in a tent pitched on the sands. People wait for anything up to four hours for ten minutes with the lady. We didn't have four hours, but in four minutes, she told Billy that 1966 will be his year, he will marry at twenty-four, and will travel all over the world.

That gives Billy just over two years of freedom, girls!

Over at The Queens Theatre, I found that clottish clown Freddie making Coca-Cola ads for American television . . . between coping with giant dogs owned by The Dreamers and completing the group's film "The Cuckoo Patrol."

And a very painful experience it proved . . . the film, I mean.

In one scene, Freddie tangled with a huge wrestler who was supposed to fall on Freddie while Freddie rolled out of harm's way at the last minute. Unfortunately, someone distracted him, and he didn't quite manage it.

Freddie's bruises were terribly picturesque.

At the ABC Theatre, the town's newest and most luxurious showcase, I found my favourite boy-next-door, Mark Wynter. He's second top on a bill headed by Morecambe and Wise, and has all the star treatment that goes with it, including a dressing-room that is actually habitable.

Mark has taken the flat that was occupied by Frank Ifield last year, so he's having quite an elegant time of it. He's proving a great success because he's been clever enough to work out an act that can't fail with any age group. Need I mention that he's looking even more handsome now he's taken on a suntan?

The Grin has installed himself at The South Pier, and his boat a little way up the coast. The boat is a £1,000 launch, and Gerry usually keeps it at Anglesey. But he's keen to do some skin-diving, so he took the boat to Blackpool.

I hate to tell him that all he'll find at the bottom of the Blackpool sea is a few shells and jellyfish! But I'm sure even that sight won't dampen the Marsden spirit of fun.

Back on the ground level, Gerry is also

getting time for some rounds of golf. I haven't yet found out how he's doing on that score.

Gerry and The Pacemakers have rented a huge, fantastic house for the season, with a super kitchen. You should see them experimenting. Mind you, I'm not sure it works if you put a soufflé in the oven and forget to close the door. . . .

Apart from the stars who set up for the season in Blackpool, there are Sunday concerts at The Opera House and The North Pier, featuring such names as The Shadows, Donovan, Marianne, Manfred Mann and Wayne Fontana and The Mindbenders.

One of the Sunday groups I bumped into was the mod mod mod mod In-Crowd. Never saw so many gorgeous faces in one group! We went up to The Boating Pool, and their rhythm guitarist John "Junior" Wood caught a crab. And he wasn't even in a boat at the time! He was scoffing at a little boy who sat at the side of the pool with a fishing rod, then he took over the line and pulled out a crab.

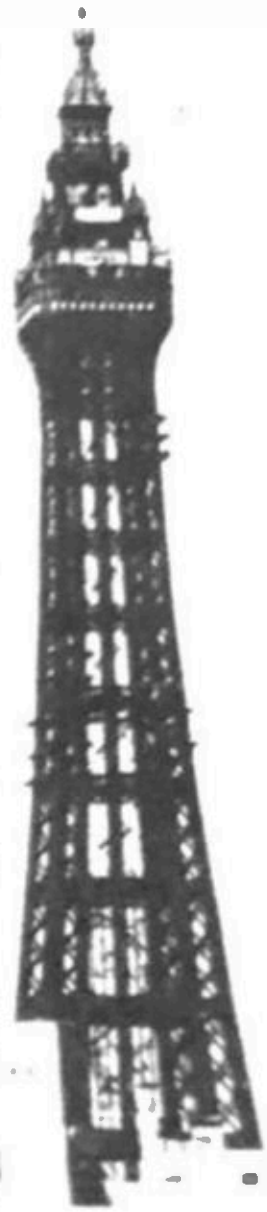
There was quite a nip in the air.

Apart from all the shows in Blackpool, they have a great new beat club, The Twisted Wheel. I found The Merseybeats twanging there in a room that has a lot of atmosphere, and a coffee bar and restaurant downstairs.

For stars and holiday folk, Blackpool is proving quite a tonic.

***T**HE migration is on, folks! If you've been wondering where so-and-so is and so-and-so happens to be a pop star, you'll probably find him cooling off by the sea-side, as per usual in the good old British summertime. And as usual, Blackpool has more than its fair share of stars, as **JUNE SOUTHWORTH** found out when she visited . . .*

A GOLDEN MILE MILE OF STARS





Fab | The In Crowd

