

WORLD'S POP STARS IN COLOUR COLOUR COLOUR

1/-

Fabulous

GIGGING AROUND



EXCLUSIVE COLOUR BEATLES SHEA STADIUM

KING SIZE FULL COLOUR PIN-UPS OF

WALKERS ● STONES ● ACTION ● 1st GIANT POSTER PIN-UP SMALL FACES—KENNY JONES

GREAT NEW SERIES STARTS INSIDE—MY FRIENDS THE BEATLES BY THEIR ROAD MANAGER



hi there. We're all singing our heads off this week because we've got this super scoop—Neil Aspinall's story of travelling around with The Beatles. We'll be running it over several weeks. This whole FAB is about travelling 'round. It's what the pop boys and girls are doing all the time—into a band coach, driving out to a theatre, playing a date and then on to the next place. June went on the Gene Pitney, Len Barry tour for a couple of nights to get the taste. Even the fashion girls hopped into mini-mokes to be on the move: And Chris of The Zombies tells us a travel tale. Very enlightening. Luw and stuff,
The Ed.

III

FAB

ACCORD- ing to my compact, pocket-sized, easy-to-operate, instant guide to pop group phraseology, the term "gigging around" may be defined as "the motivation to or from that professional engagement to which the artiste-ates has have been engaged to render such services of public entertainment as may be required of them. (Eh? Ed's note.)

It also means that a lot of leaping about for all concerned is involved. A new town, a new place; living at a fast pace—this is gigging around.

Just what it can mean to groups is at times quite entertaining.
So, gentle people, read on.



Librarian
Like Yale University in Connecticut for instance.

That was where The Searcher Davis group went to play one night stand the other day.

"We didn't make anything out of it," Steve Winwood told me. "But it was an opportunity we just couldn't afford to miss."

"We spent some time in New York, sort of holidaying and sightseeing. Yeah, gigging around. We went to the Apollo Theatre in Harlem. That was a gem. The audiences there sing along with whoever is appearing on stage. And you should hear it. It really was a thrilling experience. I can tell you."

"Some of the singers in the audience were nearly as good as the people they had come to see. Fabulous."

"Actually, we hope to be going back there soon for a tour. Really looking forward to that."

AND it means that when Spence and Co. go gigging around, more than likely they'll be doing it in mini-planes instead of minibuses.

Good flying chaps.



Gigs can have their happier and brighter moments too. Like when you have just finished a show and you're unwinding. The Searchers recently found themselves in a mad mood.

They were doing daft things like hiding sausage rolls in each other's pockets, or "accidentally" misplacing each other's boots so that no two pairs were exactly the same.

And then there was the shaving cream fight.



DUSTY SPRINGFIELD

must be one of the few people who actually enjoys gigging around.

"If you've got a nice crowd of people around you, it can be a lot of fun. Especially if it's the end of a tour or something. That's when the real fun generally starts happening."

And with Miss Springfield around, anything can happen—and usually does. Like on the last night of one tour, the second house turned into a general party. While Missam was singing, someone started rolling coke bottles on stage. "It blended in with the percussion effects very nicely!" she said. And of course the audience loved all the clomping around.

To get her own back, Dust started throwing paper streamers from the wings and blowing one of those toy trumpets and raspberry things with feathers on the end, plus adding a commentary of her own in that ridiculous goon voice of hers.

It really was a wild scene.

I think there should be a best night atmosphere every night, it might help brighten up some package shows.

But there again, some people would rather see their favourites performing properly. It's all part of gigging around.

That, insists Frank, started off by accident. But it got out of hand a bit. Those serious shaving cream things have quite a powerful lather on them. If you keep your finger on the button you can get miles and miles of lather come squirting out. Which, I gather, is just what happened with The Searchers.

The dressing room resembled a soap powder demonstration run riot. They reached it back there nearly half an hour to clean up all the mess.

The management must have been amazed at the sight of four Searchers down on their hands and knees scrubbing the floors.

You can get five bob an hour charring your knees, led!



But I did once hear of someone using a reverse to get to a gig on time, but I'm not too sure whether or not they were in the pop business.

However, I did actually see an ambulance—did, grey and red—converted for its purpose—being used as a gig getter too. It belongs to the former Dray James, who—how is and before he has refurbished his limo to emerge as David Bowie. And he quite enjoys zipping around in his old grey ambulance.

David has had it equipped with beds, for when they are travelling long distances, which he assures me will be quite comfortable. There is even a table and a few chairs, but he doesn't know what happened to them.

"They were a bit in the way, so maybe it's just as well that they're gone."

His chimney curtains "they were a present from my drummer's Mum" are still hanging up so everything is reasonably homely. There's nothing like travelling in style, is there?



JELLY PLATE

next week
Fab has a

and we'll be putting our pin-up colour camera on LEE MAJORS, READY STEADY GO, CLIFF RICHARD, LULU, ALEXIS KANNER, THE BEATLES, DICK VAN DYKE AND MICHAEL LANDON

So far I've only talked about groups gigging around on the land, but how about this for a change. One of Gibraltar's top groups, The Wanderers (a very suitable name for our subject, don't you think?) spend all their Sundays in the summer entertaining on the ferryboats that connect the Gibraltar and Tangier, and out of these earnings they've bought a new minibus.

Incidentally, the boys hope to come over to England some time this year, meanwhile they are more than busy back home with a full date book, but don't be too surprised if you see a boat going up and down the Thames with best music coming from it—it'll just be those Wanderers on their travels again.

Line up of The Wanderers is Joey Chipolina (organ), Jaymy Chipolina (harmonica and accordion), Ernest "Liddy" Slade (guitar), Richy Chipol (vocals), Joseph Benson (drums) and Gerry Martinez (guitar).

Gerry is the character of the group. He's a very lively sort of boy and hates doing anything that just involves sitting around. At the moment Gerry is a little sad, cause he has a craze on car racing but unfortunately they don't hold race meetings in Gibraltar, so he has to make do with photographs. There's another good reason for coming here.



Since parting company with Mr. Fontana, The Mindbenders seem to be busier than ever.

"It's got to the stage where we have to actually eat for a day off now!" Ric Rothwell told me. "At first we were a bit wary about what public reaction was going to be like, but honestly it has been great. It was Wayne who used to get all the screams when we were working with him. So now, you can imagine it's all a bit strange to us when we hear the girls shouting out our names. But a great feeling.

"They seem to go mad when we do *Groovy Kind Of Love*. We were so relieved when that became a hit I can tell you. We all had our fingers crossed. I only hope that the next one does as well."

I hope so too, Messrs. Mindbenders. You deserve it.

Life is not always smooth sailing or rather easy motoring when you are a pop star. Ask The Shavees. They would soon put you in the picture. A picture that I think would resemble an oil patch. Or something.

The boys were on their way to a gig recently when their means of transport I am loathe to call it a bandwagon or even a van—conked out.

Now there is nothing unusual about this, let me hasten to add. It must have happened to every group in the business at least six or seven times for every year they have been gigging around.

Ray 'Shovel' rang up their agent and explained what had happened. He arranged, with the aid of the miracle telephone system of communication, to get

another van to the boys. Which arrived soon after.

So they all leapt inside and set off once more for their destination. They had motored about twenty miles when cough, cough oh dear me! the engine died on them.

This time they jumped out and started to push it, hoping that it would soon rev into life again. They didn't notice the oil slick leaking out from whatever part of the chassis that oil does trickle from. Not until Trevor the Organ (he's from Wales you understand) fell flat on his face and arose looking "something like the creature from the black lagoon." And very annoyed.

By the time they pushed it to the nearest phone box, it was pretty evident that they had breakdown number two on their hands. And oil on their clothes.

Singer Mick managed to locate a garage and talked them into letting them hire out yet another wagon without the slightest sign of any Welsh blarney.

All went well after that. They arrived on time, which is more than they hoped for; went down a proverbial bomb and were all set to return home. Need I say more? They spent the wee small hours wielding spanners and things not so much inside the engine as against it. And it still wouldn't start. And then drummer Ray happened to look at the fuel gauge. . . .

Like I said, if you want to know all about motoring. . .

Incidentally, The Shavees came round to my flat the other night and went through my record collection and rifled half of them, whilst looking for new numbers. Please, can I have them back, boys?

WHO'S WHO AND COLOUR CONTENTS



THE BEATLES by Kevin.



KENNY JONES by Derek.



THE ROLLING STONES by Gerald.



THE WALKER BROTHERS by John.



REGGIE KING by John.



THE WALKER BROTHERS by John.

as well as giving you the second part of the giant SMALL FACES poster pin-up: STEVE MARRIOTT. We'll be capturing the intimacy of being a fan of one and only David McCallum. Interviewing Diana Rigg on the men she admires. Following Alexis Kanner to work

on location for Softly, Softly: Giving our ideas on I, ULU'S OWN SHOW and . . . the High Spots of ROBERT VAUGHN'S LIFE plus a special piece on Hoss Cartwright. The fashion will be shot in the offices of READY STEADY GO.



Watch Telly with us next Monday. Curling up in an armchair with FAB costs 1s.



WNO-TTES

The Beatles, the day after the fantastic Shea Stadium show, were their usual cool selves, awaiting a plane for Toronto.

Yippee! We've got a scoop. Our exclusive inside story on 'The Beatles starts this week with facts that you never dreamed of knowing about those four 'luvverly' lads. Told by their closest friend—road manager Neil Aspinall.

John looks as if he's joined those famous Wells Fargo bandit busters. That's one of their badges he's wearing in his cap.

HELLO there! I've been looking forward to writing this special series for FALL. Ever since I became The Beatles' road manager five years ago my life has been, to say the least, exciting. Each week in FABULOUS I'd like you to share some of that excitement—and fun—with me.

I don't plan to start at the beginning and work through the years. My mind isn't as tidy as that. I'm sure you won't mind if I just tell you different stories and different memories as they cross my mind.

One of the most vivid memories of all takes me back to last August and the beginning of The Beatles' 1965 tour of America. The first show was the biggest the boys have ever done. We were in New York and the date was Sunday, 15th August. The concert was scheduled to begin at 8 p.m. in the enormous Shea Stadium at Flushing, just outside New York.

Shea was built a few years ago to accommodate 55,000 baseball fans. On Sunday, 15th August, 1963, it accommodated almost 60,000 U.S. Beatle People. And here at home, we'd always thought the ten-thousand-seater Empire Pool at Wembley was about the largest concert venue going!

Mal Evans, my second-in-chief, spent most of that day out at Shea, helping to set up our equipment and watching more than a thousand labourers, technicians and security men preparing the place. Dozens of very tall loud-speaker columns were set up all round the field. Hundreds of crush barriers went into place in

Ringo looks thoughtful. Maybe he's dazed by the biggest ever Beatle crowd, 60,000 of 'em, packed into Shea Stadium.

front of the best seats which were the field level boxes that cost about \$8 per ticket.

We didn't leave The Warwick Hotel in central Manhattan until after seven. By then the Shea Stadium was filling up fast and the other acts—headed by Sound Incorporated—were getting ready to go on.

The limousine drive from The Warwick was unforgettable. Imagine West End rush-hour traffic in London and multiply it by ten to get some idea of how the main streets of New York look on any evening around seven. For our conveyance of cars the New York cops opened up the way right across the busiest part of the city, holding back long lines of traffic at every crossroads.

Even the group of Americans with us were surprised at this ultra-special treatment.

Apparently such extreme courtesies are usually reserved for official visits by the President.

If you saw "The Beatles At Shea Stadium" on BBC television on 1st March you will know how we completed the next stage of our journey out to Shea. We went by helicopter, hovering above the fantastic New York skyscrapers for a few breath-taking moments.

In fact, the helicopter took us to The Top Of The Fair, the heliport at the New York World's Fair. For safety reasons, the authorities had refused permission for our helicopter to land on the actual field of Shea Stadium.

Our party ran down flights of stairs and through the Top Of The Fair restaurant to reach ground level and the Wells Fargo

armoured truck which was to take us to the dressing-rooms area beneath the stands at Shea.

Inside the van we sat in almost total darkness and The Beatles were given souvenir Wells Fargo Agent badges which they wore when we got to Shea.

The show itself just defies description. All I can say is that it was certainly the most thrilling performance I've ever seen The Beatles give. Nor have I ever seen them work with greater enthusiasm. After ten numbers the sweat was pouring down their faces and saturating their fawn stage uniforms.

I'm glad they made that film *The Beatles At Shea Stadium*. It would have been a pity if such a great occasion had not been preserved so excitingly.

What a fantastic night it was! By now the boys were getting pretty used to The States. They were old hands at the game of staying in American hotels and knew all the routine.

I remember the Saturday evening before they did the Shea show. . . .

George said: "I'm sick of this room." He got inside the pile of fan mail he'd been reading, climbed over the black patent-leather arm of his chair and crossed to a window.

The others were watching telly.

"This looks good," Ringo began.

George glanced over at the screen.

"Is it coming on now or is it just a trailer?" he asked.

"Neither," replied John, "it's just another blooming commercial!"

"So it is," said Ringo, as the product came into close-up.

"Could have fooled me. I thought it was a Western beginning!"

We were on the 33rd floor of New York's Warwick Hotel. We'd flown from London the previous afternoon and all day Saturday the boys had rehearsed and finally taped their act members for *The Ed Sullivan Show*. They'd been at the CBS Broadway Studios for the best part of eleven hours, having arrived there at least four hours earlier than the average Beatle-day gets under way.

Tired or not, all four boys would have loved to break loose that night and hit the town. After a tense session in front of the Sullivan cameras they could have used the wind-down atmosphere of a New York discotheque.

It's at times like this that I feel sorry for The Beatles. If they'd defied all the security laid on about the hotel and would have turned into a publicity thing and there'd have been cameras flashing all over the place.

To get any kind of privacy and peace they had to stay tight in the hotel suite. There the telephone rang constantly but fan calls have never bothered the boys. They don't mind having a chat with any bird who has been ambitious enough to find out their private phone number. What they do object to is having their off-duty spells broken up by photographers and reporters.

Therefore they were settling down to watch the live show. All except George.

"Shall we go to that discotheque then Neil?" he said, turning to face me.

"If you want to," I replied. "I'll organise the limousine."

"Forget it," said George. "Can't we just use a taxi?"

By-passing the mighty security

system evolved by the hotel, an army of private guards and the City of New York Police Department, George and I slipped quietly out of The Warwick and grabbed a taxi.

"They'll just never believe this back at the base," muttered the driver. "George autographed a log sheet for him."

We drove to Arthur, a spot which had been recommended by various folk as a retreat where a Beatle might enjoy himself even if he was recognized. George was recognized at once but the autograph hunters (at the persuasion of one or two helpful waiters) left him to enjoy his well earned drink in peace and privacy.

Apart from one occasion in L.A., when George and Paul slipped away from our rented Beverly Hills house to Benedict Canyon to watch The Byrds recording *The Times They Are A-Changin'*, this visit to Arthur's was the only time any of the boys managed to break free from their hotel rooms for a brief after-hours spree during the three-week August tour of Canada and the U.S.

There were the official functions, of course, but the boys don't like social parties on a highly organized scale. They prefer informal get-togethers.

They never feel truly relaxed when everything is too formal.

In fact, the more easy-going life is, the better they like it.

Next Week I'll be telling you about a very relaxed TV film they made by accident. It was the day that they ate piles of fish and chips out of newspaper—and loved it.



George, Ringo, John and Paul filing onto the stage at the gigantic Shea Stadium in New York. Was there ever such a fantastic show as this!



success. You should see him at The Apollo.

It's an ambition all agree to stop the ball game.

Philadelphia-born Len lives in New York. He has a no-nonsense diet, which has all the guidelines, but not the green beans. He is a fact-finder.

"I have a girl in New York. She is in Philadelphia. When I get back to London and somebody has a position I began there, I will have a girl in London.

"I was engaged once, but it didn't work out. My fault, I guess. I was with The Divvitt at that time, and she had a few hats. But there were mistakes within the group, and I wanted my marriage with the security of regular money, so I would have felt bound to stop with the group. I wouldn't be here to show, or I have five cigarettes. But she was very nice, very sweet. She married someone else right months later. Some times when I find myself I wish I still had her with me. But then, someone gets lovely now and then."

The look on his face isn't non-voluntarily. For a moment, he looks out of the window while he collects his feelings. Then his face changes.

The song through Strauss' and a church notice runs a chuckle. It announces that next week's sermon will be given by The Rev. Dave Clark.

"And next week folks, the Rev. Len Barry," says Rian King the Tour Manager.

Pin-up magazines and Barman comics are being passed around the couch. Eric Lee of The Mike Cotton Sound is counting a squeaky sound out of a battered guitar. Sue is asleep on a Just Five man's shoulder. A card school develops.

Inevitably, we stop at a motoway café for something, egg and chips.

"I've lost my first ever row," says Sue. "It's all very exciting for Sunny and I. I get sick with nerves before I go on stage, but once I'm up there, I enjoy it so much I could go on all night."

An hour or so later, we're back in the theatre.

Gene has safely arrived from Birmingham, and is looking for letters to read out. One invites him to holiday with some gals at a place on Gramercy that he is haunted by one of Newsworth's mistresses. He likes this one. The letters interlude in the part of his act that he enjoys the most.

Tragically, he strikes Dave Dee and his merry men. It's a Sunist, and he's been told to cut out the jokes and the fancy dress. Dave doesn't consider his gear to be fancy dress, but there you are! Len Barry offers to go on twice.

"I can see I'm going to be opening a lot of letters tonight," says Gene. "Either that or it will be a very short show."

Minutes later, Dave and Co. can be heard doing their bit on stage. Soon Gene is up there.

"Oh, what's that? You say a card missed the stage? Well, don't think I'm going to come down there and get it."

In the wings, the escape plan is organized. Gene's coat is at the ready, the door is open, a car stands by with its engine running. The last note of I'm Gene is Strong dies away, and Gene is off the stage, into his coat, and out of the door. It takes about five seconds, but even so, he's caught in a crush at the stage door. Eventually, everyone disperses in various directions around town, and another day dawn.

The sunshiners off in a flurry of waving arms. Then it turns the corner and is gone. For a while, I sit in the lounge drinking tea with Gene, then he, too, moves on. Another day, another show.

For a while I had been a part of it all... And I'm surprised to find that I'll miss it.

BACK STAGE WITH GENE

...AND LEN BARRY
DAVE DEE, DOZY
BEAKY, MICK & TICH
THE MIKE COTTON
SOUND, SUE & SUNNY
JUST FIVE AND
BILLY BOYLE...

Coach driver John Sparks helps Gene into his coat for a lightning getaway.



CLEVER GIRLS!



● Top left, Angela Cash, 22, designer of super gear that sells all round the world, started out on her own to prove to her parents that she could do it. She now tours The States five times a year.

● Top right, trendsetter and friend of all the popstars, Cathy McGowan. She was just "the girl next door" until she was plucked for stardom by the producers of RSG.

● Right, Lulu, lively lass from Glasgow, has the personality and voice and drive which put her at the top of her class at a very early age. She'll stay there. Already she's played in Poland, France, Belgium, Holland and The U.K.

● Left, Julie Chenaité made her name in *A for Androids* on TV. She followed with a part in Billy Liar and then two more films that led to her role opposite Omar Sharif in *Dr. Zhivago*. Born in India, she's filmed in six different countries.



ABSOLUTELY The Hippi-Hipster

cut out and ready to sew
from only 12/6 post free

It's the very up-to-the-minutest!

In a beautiful "linen" textured spun rayon, in six fabulous shades.

Just 2 seams to run up.

Make it today — wear it tonight.

This is your sort of fashion — make yours as short as you dare!

Just check your measurements and select your colours; mark these details on the coupon and send to Monte Verdi, 80 Greenfield Road, London, E.1.

PICK FROM THESE POP COLOURS



BLACK



NAVY



STONE



TURQ



GERANIUM

These colours are as close to the original as colour printing allows.

FANTASTIC VALUE



POST THIS COUPON TO MONTE VERDI, TODAY!

Send the price indicated on the chart and you will receive, post free, your cut-out skirt, complete with zip, belt-loops and simple instructions.

MARK FIRST AND SECOND COLOUR CHOICES 1" & 2" IN APPROPRIATE BOXES

Black White Navy Stone Turq Geranium

TICK THE SIZE YOU REQUIRE. The brass fastener belt is optional — has length of 40" and another 2 1/2" extra.

Size 12 1/2

Waist 12"	Price 12 1/6
Waist 14"	

Waist 16"	Price 12 1/6
Waist 18"	

Waist 20"	Price 12 1/6
Waist 22"	

Waist 24"	Price 13 1/6
Waist 26"	

(Minimum fabric is provided for making up to 20" hipster length.)
STATE NUMBER OF SKIRTS REQUIRED

(Returns after 14 days are not accepted. Please enclose a self-addressed envelope for return postage.)

FILL IN BOTH SECTIONS WITH YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK CAPITALS

NAME
ADDRESS

NAME
ADDRESS

ENCLOSE THIS COUPON AND CHEQUE OR P.O. IN AN ENVELOPE AND SEND TO
MONTE VERDI, 80 GREENFIELD ROAD LONDON E 1

ERIC'S BURDON



Eric Burdon has covered a whole lot of road since he became an Animal. Last year alone the group played about 350 one-nighters up and down the country. Almost a gig a night.

The fans loved them—but what about the stars? Sally Bromington tried to discover the scene behind the scenes.

ANOTHER TOWN, another sleep door. Another dressing-room. And, like The Animals, another one who has begun to the fans who bought the tickets it's a night out. To the group it's all part of the night work. A day which goes on late into the night, and which may include travelling a couple of hundred miles. At least.

Luckily, Eric Burdon likes travelling. He also likes the uncertainty of gigs. "You never know what's going to happen," he explained. "What the audience will be like, what sort of reactions you get—even when the dressing-room looks like."

Of the three it's usually the dressing room which is most disappointing, sometimes, even when it's not just the crummiest old man. "And it's not just the crummiest old man," he added, "there's always a few successful cruddies, too." said Bromington. "I'm getting

crabbed. "Other than the big new guitars, most are just as bad. They're easy to forget about the smaller ones or behind a pile of coats on a chair, or in a closet. When there's no music, no survivors."

To The Animals survivors aren't the important. They don't need them just as they don't need them. They don't need them just as they don't need them. They don't need them just as they don't need them.

One thing gaging has caught them—and that's to travel light. Eric takes just one small case with him. It contains a couple of changes of shaving gear, tooth and a couple of changes of underwear and socks. "I don't know if you wash your socks and underwear in the evening and give them a chance to dry," he explained. "I always carry some pre-washed underwear. I always carry some pre-washed underwear. I always carry some pre-washed underwear."

The boys' stage sets are taken care of by their road manager who takes them away from the van after every performance and keeps them until it's time to change for the next show. Because the boys have dressing rooms at most they usually look up to a local hotel and change there. They arrive in the middle of the afternoon, take a few hours and get to

around 10:30. They're not as if it's been too long since they've been to a gig. They're not as if it's been too long since they've been to a gig. They're not as if it's been too long since they've been to a gig.

The boys spend the afternoon sleeping. They're not as if it's been too long since they've been to a gig. They're not as if it's been too long since they've been to a gig. They're not as if it's been too long since they've been to a gig.

After a show Eric always tries to get home. "I'm not as if it's been too long since they've been to a gig. They're not as if it's been too long since they've been to a gig. They're not as if it's been too long since they've been to a gig."

And, with a wave, he turned off his light and went to bed. "I'm not as if it's been too long since they've been to a gig. They're not as if it's been too long since they've been to a gig. They're not as if it's been too long since they've been to a gig."

READERS WRITE

ROLLING WITH THE STONES

MI remember the first seeing The Stones, however, was "Good heavens—these can't be the people I've been mad about for months." They looked terrific—hair all over the place, clothes flung on anyhow, and they seemed so much warmer than I'd imagined. This was my impression as they ran into the theatre.

Once inside, however, I really had time to get a good look at them and even to talk to them. Mick merely frightened me, so much so that I kept up all his way whenever possible. I assumed that I had the same effect on Keith, because every time I went near him he rushed off in the opposite direction. Charlie, as always, said very little but did manage a smile. Bill and Brian, however, were both charming and somehow managed to make me feel that they thought I was important. Brian in particular had his laughing

to his ownly infames some unfortunate journalist (who I'm sorry to say I don't know his name) will be with me during his own time, for the simple reason that his real name was "Sally Bromington," and at court, with a name like that, I began to get all sorts of compliments. The recipient of this kind of information did not laugh: I still don't know whether or not he believed it.

The Stones had a bewildering time at this Press Conference, having several reporters who didn't even know which Stone was which. One Stone, who shall remain anonymous, when asked which one he was, replied "Terrible." Keith and Brian improvised a word duct within a second to pose for photographers round a grand push. This was not well received by terms, who asked if this was the best of times they made on stage. I think Andrew Oldham took them quickly aside and apologized them.

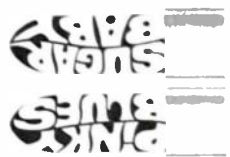
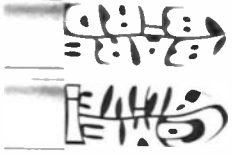
I managed to see their show later on that evening. It was a fantastic experience. They lit up the arena in an almost electric atmosphere, where Mick's every move produced screams. I suppose that is the magic of The Stones. I feel completely entranced by the end of that show—however dense it may be. I don't know how they can go on as they do, with one night at a time, and hours of travelling in between each performance. Still, I'm very glad they do. I hope to be able to see them again sometime.



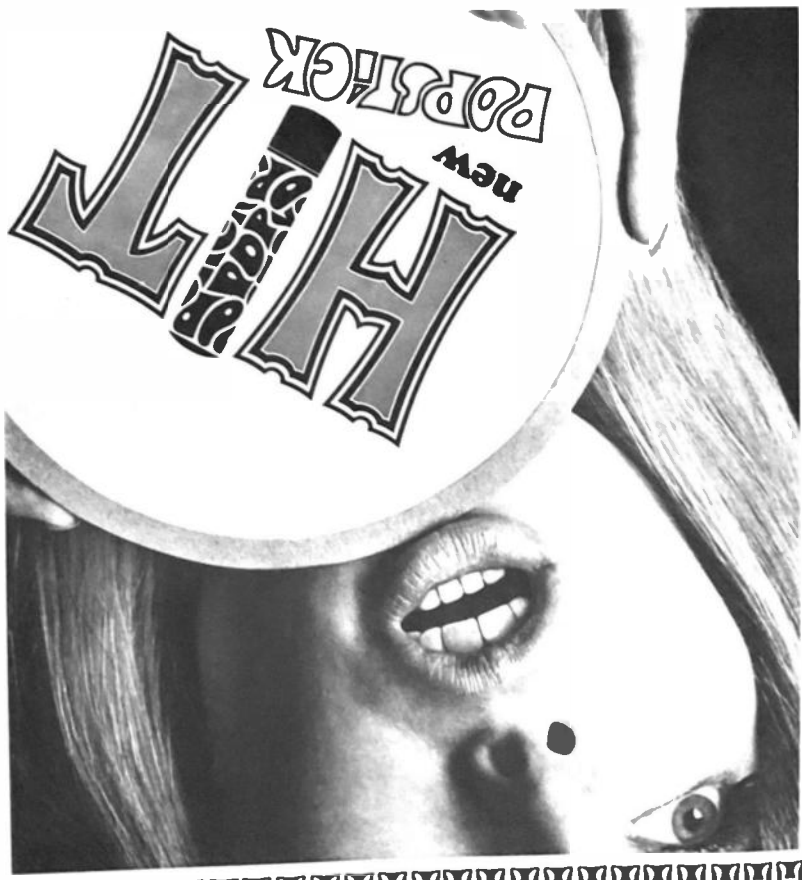
This photo about The Rolling Stones was sent in by Carole Mason, of Nether Common, Sherborne, in Dorset. Her story was written in Guinness. That is Carole (above) with Brian Jones. She thought he was charming.

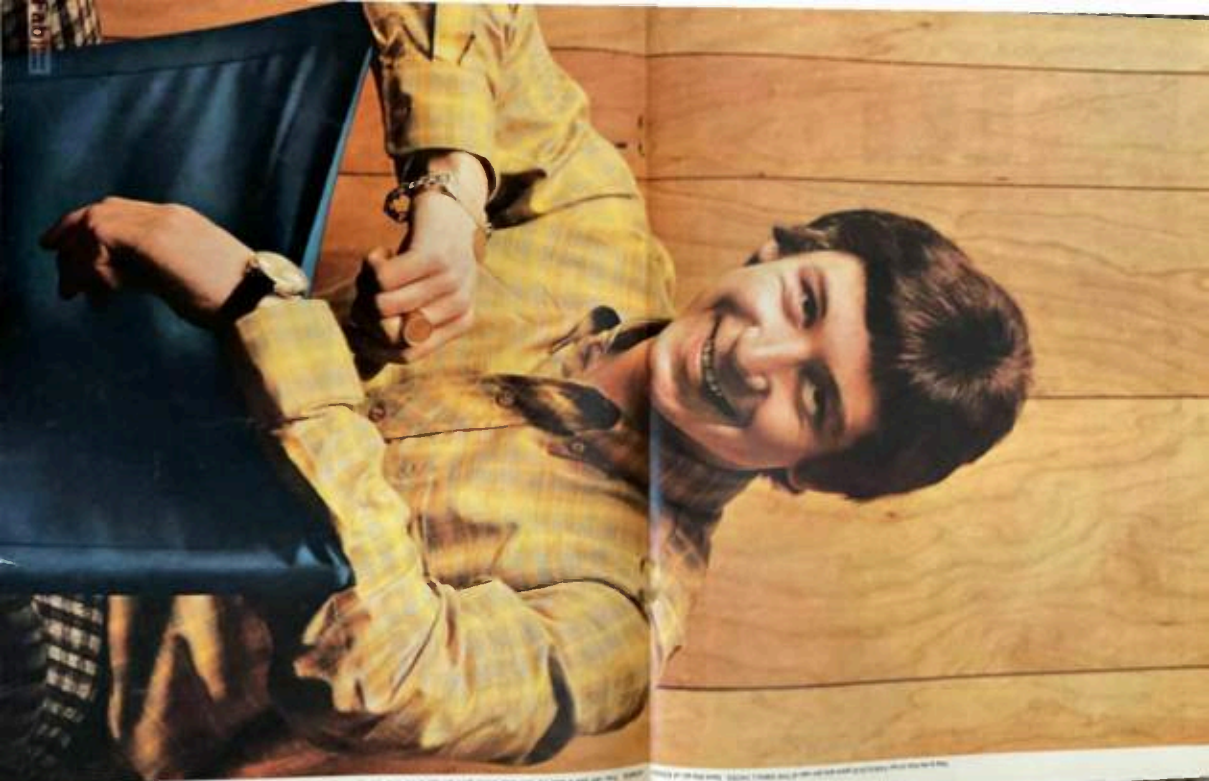
2/9 swivel

HIT make-up



sottlysheny lipsensation!





100



ring·o·ding

What's her secret? Simply Pacquins!
 Just a dab—smooth it in—and look alive! Hands
 Soft, ex-so-easy. Pacquins hand-care takes
 only 10 seconds out of your day.
 Boys love girls with soft, smooth hands.
 Just twist one round, turning finger and see.

In handy size unbreakable easy to use tubes—
 1.9 and 2.9. Also lotion 2.8.

Pacquins
 HAND CREAM

The 10-second beauty care for pretty hands.



GREASY
 HAIR
 PROBLEM?


DON'T JUST
 SHAMPOO IT.

DEEP

TREAT IT!



DEEP
 Treatment Soap
 contains G-11
 the new germi-
 cide which cor-
 rects shiny skin
 all-day fresh-
 ness



DEEP
 CLEAR SHINY SKIN SOAP

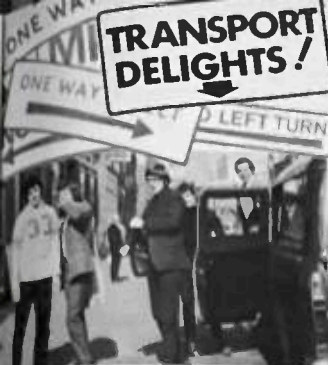
**DEEP TREAT SHINY
 SKIN & ACNE TOO!**

DEEP Treatment Soap con-
 tains G-11 the new germi-
 cide which corrects acne
 corrects shiny skin ensures
 all-day freshness

from a good chemist and stores

PRODUCTS OF THE CHARLES BEDEMAN RESEARCH ORGANISATION

TRANSPORT DELIGHTS!



Chris White of The Zombies is always popping into Fab offices, so we thought it was about time he did some work. So here is a piece Chris wrote about The Zombies and their travels.

The van rubs to a halt outside the Blue Hour on the M.1.

"What time?" asks a waking throaty flu-ridden woman. "It's Rod—must have given his watch away again. He doesn't mean to give it away, it's just that he's got to try it on and they don't give it back—well they've got a memory like a sieve."

The time is, in actuality, about 1.30 a.m. and we have been travelling home southwards for a couple of hours now—motorway mostly.

With all the motorway driving we do, our new van will, I'm sure, develop rusted-up steering columns and rusted brake pedal, because we never seem to use them at all. Also, I'm sure our road manager, Terry, has a quiet kip now and then when he's driving—pretends that he is concentrating. (My Terry—only joking.)

"Wake Colin up!"
"Lock your doors after you," yells Terry over his shoulder in full sprint for the grease counter. Hugh and Paul jump out of the front seat.
"Hal, Bombhead!" someone shouts at Paul.
"Open this back door will you!"

WE permanent back-seat travellers (Colin, Rod and myself) haven't got a handle on the inside of our door, so it has to be opened from the outside and at this time of the morning we're often forgoing.

"Tel—wake Colin up again!"
AD at the counter now. Six empty trays gliding

"Sausage, eggs, nachos, please."

Holding our soggy cardboard plates, we move down the counter to pay for the food.

"You a group?" asks the lady sweeping the floor.

She's asked us that fourteen times this month.

"Yes, love."
"Who are you then?"
"The Zombies."
"Oh, say something about... What group are you?"
We tell her we're the "Mormon Tabernacle"

Chris, pay for our food and sit down somewhere.
"Hey," says Rod, out of the corner of his mouth, "that fellow over there just said 'Hello, Rod,' to me. Do you know him?"
"Don't ask me."

We notice The Small Faces sitting at a couple of tables. You can always spot Steve. He stands up and shakes hands with you when you meet him—makes a nice change that.

"Hello. Here come The Ronettes," says Hugh.
"Where?" everyone swivels round.
"The Ronettes, you twit!"
"Oh yeh!" laughs Hugh. "I always get those names mixed!"

COLIN'S chatting to somebody now and Rod's still trying to make out who said hello to him. Hugh drove between the motorways tonight and he cut out standing record down to an all-time great of 61 minutes—good job we was asleep.

Each time we make that trip between the M.1 and M.6 either Hugh or Terry always tries to break the rule—Hugh did it tonight. There's only one rule—no braking speed limits and no dangerous driving.

Half an hour goes by. Everybody is still talking or breaking their polystyrene cups into little pieces.

"Let's go!" someone says.

Everyone jumps up so quickly that movement is impossible to detect—well, either that, or nobody moved an inch.

"Wake Colin up."

We say goodbye to the other groups and wander out to the van. Paul starts rubbing off Rod's name from wherever it's written in the grime on the sides of the van. Rod then proceeds to write it back on again. Funny people!

"All in now?"

We're off on the last stretch home now. Should be in by four o'clock—and some people think we are lazy not getting up before eleven o'clock!!!!

CHRIS WHITE

Michael Crawford is on about money this week and what he says is interesting if you have any cash—or not!



YOU KNOW, I was reading this week that John Lennon has to have £20,000 to get £30,000. It's back that is, after the tax man has had a go at it. And get the old credit going—have read-up this money-thing business is.

I asked you how anything like what the government do with you is really going to do with your bank account. Well, money goes to account, money goes to bank, and after a few months both before and after a financial election. And it makes you wonder whether it's worth the effort.

I asked you how anything like what the government do with you is really going to do with your bank account. Well, money goes to account, money goes to bank, and after a few months both before and after a financial election. And it makes you wonder whether it's worth the effort.

I'd a rubbish set-up really, if you don't happen to be born very money-wise, in fact, but you can't do it. You spend your life dreaming about what you would do with it if you had it.

You know, the odd thing is you're here and watching out your assets and it's not your fault because you're not. But you just imagine how hard you would get after you had bought of the rubbish, jewelry and things that had featured in your dreams. After you've been married and divorced and living in the world and you will be sorry—four hours a day to merely prevent there'd be nothing to want for.

The intention has just about GOT to be an approximation for anything at all, and that's knowing the meaning of the word luxury.

It's about the same for the person who's always fast money. They've been married or had to wait for anything, but they can't imagine life without it.

The person who I think would benefit money best is the well made man—no second. You know, the sort who has spent his life, because little of it, really better the midnight oil. Well, because persistence, has achieved. What is he has made a pile of those little green bits of paper with the Queen's head on them, standing in the middle of what looks like a deep depression coming to form the South East and signed Bob Spangola Post.

You won't let him thinking a moment, but he's known life without it. He is very sure that money can really lead to happiness if it's used in the wrong way.

So, if you haven't got any money, just keep working and if you get depressed, just remember that there are millions of folk in the world who live less than you.

Even if you don't look as if you're ever going to have a fortune, just keep it. Even if you only get a pension at the end—that's better than doing nothing here and having to stare away when you're eighty.

If you get into depression, just remember what you haven't got, the two million can't get!!!

What I must get this into the post, or I won't get paid!!!
To be sure you hear again.

If, meantime, you want to write to me, the address is: Michael Crawford, Fabulous, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4 and I'd be grateful if you'd put in a stamped addressed envelope if you want a reply from me. To.

MICHAEL CRAWFORD'S COLUMN



The Zombies eat at a motorway cafe and eat a cup of tea. Travelling around all day press a man a little, not to mention a Zombie!





Giggling around on their slabbies ●
 host our three chicks (above, left)
 show wraps for outfits.
 Carol Frisley (left) chose a
 dress in the Paris favourite,
 white. In her pink and
 turquoise blue, it's £3 18s. 11d.
 by Eton.
 Valerie Mitchell (centre) wears a
 hat in her checked
 white Crumple for £6 6s., also
 by Eton. And Tammy St John
 mingles up in a pink wrap-around
 coat in soft pile fabric. Unbranded,
 this does double duty as an
 evening coat or dressing gown—
 by Martha Hill at £7.



Empress Josephine could have ●
 dug Tammy's Empire line dress
 with a black top and black and
 white striped slash skirt. In Truel
 by Simon Ellis, Approx. 7 gu.
 Carol looks great in that heavy
 P.V.C. quilted jacket.
 By Martha Hill, 64 gu.,
 who also made the heavy
 nylon bellbottoms, £3 10s. 0d.
 Valerie's mini-dress is in
 drip-dry Truel, £5 15s. 6d.
 The matching hat is £2.
 Best by Martha Hill.



With our songbirds meet
 handsome pop trio, Adam,
 Mike and Tim. And no
 wonder the boys thought the
 girls were a run-up—they
 outfits never got created.
 That's Tim at the wheel,
 earn' to go in a downie
 checked shirt in black and
 white, by Wentlow, approx.
 £2 15s. Tim is the shortest
 of the trio at 6 feet!

And it's Adam in a bold black
 and white Op-Art shirt with
 a white collar. By Wentlow,
 approx. £2 15s. Adam is
 the youngest of the three
 —he's 18 and stands a
 gorgeous 6 feet 2 inches tall
 and loves French food. The
 boys write a lot of their
 own material and hope that
 soon other groups will be
 recording their compositions.

Mini-making Mike looks
 super in his sharply striped
 shirt in black and white with
 a white collar. By
 Wentlow, approx. £2 15s.
 Mike, elder brother of Tim,
 is the tallest of the trio.
 He's 6 feet 21 inches and
 he's 21. Mike has his own
 transport—a very ancient
 and battered Austin. It has no
 heater and no side windows.



Girls who gig around can still look great these days, smooth, unruffled and serene . . .

Much of the cutest gear around has a special built-in escape clause. It's made from wrinkle free fabrics like Tricel, Courtelle, Crimplene, cotton jersey, and heavy nylon. All of these can be dipped and drip-dried as easily as a hankie. Squash these fabrics into a case or a hold-all and they come out looking neatly pressed!

Even deep pile coats in pastels, can be washed and dried overnight!



These dresses from Tammy (above) in the jersey that shed those wrinkles—
Tammy tries out a heavy little dress with a floral checkered top, small sleeves and a collar, at 5 gu. For Carol a dress with a shiny, faux-trunk top in blue and white, with a polo neck and a collar. It costs £4 10s. 6d. A heavy dress in deep blue has a collar and a top striped in yellow, red, and blue. It costs £5 10s. 6d.
The young 'Tom of the school buses' is wearing a checked shirt in black and white with a white collar. It costs £2 15s.



TRAVELLIN' LIGHT

Tammy takes the wheel in a lightweight free Tricel shift. The small flowered top is in muted past colouring and has a scappy neckline, while the flick of a skirt is in white ribby wool. By Martha Hill, £4 10s. 6d. Tammy is a girl who loves hats. This pretty loret to match the dress, tops off the job. (21s.) Tammy's most of picking a wardrobe!

Valerie loves things that match. She's wearing a dress with flowers all over the top. It has white cuffs and a collar to match the white stretchy nylon skirt. The dress is £6 6s. The stockings to match are £1 10s. and the flowered headband is 9s. 6d. By Martha Hill. And that girl, is what you call team-work!

Carol's on the team-work back, too, in a dress with a white top and a flummy pale blue Courtelle jersey skirt. There's a case hat to match and socks with the top, edged in the same flowered fabric. By Martha Hill you can buy everything for just £5 5s. No wonder Carol has such a happy smile!

AJO 12C

For details of where to buy these articles in clothes, write to Fashion Desk FABULOUS, Flattery House, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4, enclosing a 10s. for our reply. Miss-Missies sent by the British Mirror Corporation. Photos graciously taken for F&A by Bob Richards.

**START
WEARING
THE PANTS
ABOUT
LIPSTICK
COLOURS...**





and leave the rest to **MAX FACTOR**

They've your lips after all! So, why let anyone tell you what lipstick colours you should wear. Max Factor gives you every lovely colour you could possibly demand - lets you pick and choose! It depends on your mood. What you're wearing. Where you're going. Then you decide which of your Max Factor lipstick colours deserves a special airing. Right?

Every colour
in its own
golden case
5/6 each

**AND NEW
COLOURS
ALL THE
TIME...**



new shade 3/6



new shade 4/6

and for your fingers
all the lovely
colours you demand

**MAX FACTOR
NAIL POLISH**

BLONDES! BRUNETTES*

Choose a shampoo made
specially for you!



Choose—and be astonished! when you discover the one shampoo meant truly for you. For every shade of darker hair, the one and only shampoo is Brunitex. For every fairer shade, the one and only is Sta-Blond. So choose. And be astonished—tonight!

Stā-blond for blondes

Sta-Blond is the special shampoo formula which restores rich golden tones to all shades of fair hair. Prevents hair from darkening!

Brunitex for brunettes

Brunitex is the special shampoo formula which deepens richness of tone, brings out the full colour of all shades of darker hair.



At BOOTS, WOOLWORTHS and CHEMISTS everywhere

ASK The Rolling Stones which memories stand out in their global giggles, and they dementedly shake their heads and say, "Man, what a question!" There have been so many, you see.

Memories are made of sneaking through hotel kitchens and squeezing into service lifts in order to foul a thousand over-excited fans; of escaping death by a miracle when a car roof collapsed under the weight of a hundred more; or being knocked out (literally in Mick Jagger's case) by bouquets of roses.

America has left them with a million memories. They remember the houses... The Four Seasons' recording manager, singer-actor-composer Bob Crewe entertained them in a house that had a stream running through every room, and three or four fountains, complete with accompanying greenery.

They remember the press conferences... they once gave one sitting on folding chairs outside the offices of *The Chicago Tribune*. They remember the insults... In Georgia they were sunning themselves by a swimming pool just off the highway when a speed cop rode up on his motor-bike and said he was investigating complaints that women had been seen indecently exposing themselves!

And what about the reporter who took Andrew Oldham seriously and quoted him as saying that there were really eleven Rolling Stones and they were all put out on different shows!

Australia will be remembered by Brian Jones especially. He landed in Sydney Harbour after a skirmish with three schoolboys. His spirits recovered somewhat when a local radio station played a request for him... The Honey-

combs Have I The Right? 78 r.p.m.

In Brisbane, over forty girls actually made it as far as the stage. They all crowded on stage and listened between making suggestions at The Stones. The Stones debilitated whether they could turn them all into a backing choir.

The Stones remember New Zealand for the fans, who were marvellous, and for the hotel in Christchurch that was so infatuated that they had to wash and iron their clothes themselves.

Playing in Paris on the same bill as a singer whose main prop was a pair of chickens on a lead is something to remember... even though you may want to forget. A peacock also mingled with the squawks of Stones' fans at the Paris Olympia. All in all, it was a good night for birds.

In Belgium, The Stones were accompanied everywhere by an armoured escort of police on motor-bikes. They were trapped in Brussels' Marini Building by thousands of fans. For half an hour they rode up and down in the lifts, unable to get out at the top or bottom!

Throughout Scandinavia they've been involved in memorable riot scenes. But the nearest they came to creating an international incident was when homeward bound Germans smashed up a train owned by someone else's government!

Ireland has enough tall stories, without tempting the fates. To send The Rolling Stones there is enough to make a leprechaun die laughing. Among many Irish incidents, a standstill is the time when Bill asked a couple of picturesque roadmen to pose with their donkey for a picture. The Irishman, unfortunately, spoke no English. Misunderstanding Bill's intentions, they pursued him down the road brandishing their shovels.

It could only happen to The Stones.

The Rolling Stones see more of London Airport than any other place they know. They're always coming and going. They've worked in nearly every country on the map, but they've never considered it work because so many memories are piling up for them. And memories are something you can keep, after it's all over.

STONES



Fab The British Invasion

THE DO'S AND DON'TS OF TEENAGE SPOTS



Do wash your face at least twice a day with Clearasil Soap. Wash your hands frequently to keep them clean.



Don't wear squarish hairheads and spots or touch them with unwashed hands.



Do not eat lots of salads, fresh fruit and green vegetables—but eat plenty of chocolate, citrus and pastries. Avoid fatty and fried foods.



Do try to have eight hours sleep most nights—and get plenty of fresh air and sunshine to tone up the skin.



Do treat spots promptly with a proper medication. Clearasil is specially formulated to deal with spots effectively.

These simple rules can help you reduce the risk of spots. But still the occasional flare-up of glandular activity may cause your skin to produce excess oils that can result in an unsightly outbreak.

When you find your skin to be extra oily, apply a thin film of Clearasil Medication all over the greasy areas of the face last thing at night. While you sleep Clearasil will absorb the excess oils—after preventing the outbreak entirely.

Follow the Clearasil Skin Health Plan carefully and see the difference it makes to the way you look—and the way you feel. Clearasil's three medical actions, open up clean out and starve spots away fast.



Send a 13 P.D. for a trial size of Clearasil Indoloy Duet F 4.33 Vicks International Limited 16 New Burlington Street, London, W.1.

PJ PROBY



I AM P. J. PROBY
Liberty LY1735 4c



Liberty LY1264 4c



P. J. PROBY IN TOWN
Liberty SLBY1291 4c LP

PJ PROBY



Liberty LEF2192 4c LP



Send 13 P.D. to
Liberty LEF2229 4c LP



POSTBAG

answering some of your beauty problems

Eye Make Up

I am an unswerving eye cosmetics and desire a thorough look at night. I find that make-up on my skin isn't morning.

If the cosmetics is waterproof, it won't wash off completely. You need a deeply cleansing cleanser to dissolve the make-up so that there is no 'leftover' to rub off on the skin. Use Anne French Cleansing Milk that way. Wipe a wad of cotton wool on the lotion close one eye and hold the skin at the temple with 3 fingers to prevent any tugging. Wipe away that wad along the lashes towards the nose, remove tamers. Open the eye and trace a few circles right round it, using the clean side of the wad. Clean the other eye the same way. I am sending you a booklet on eye beauty.

Winter Weight Problem

I always seem to put on weight in winter. How can I get rid of those unsightly bulges?

The only answer is diet plus exercise. Like the candle, you have to live off your own burning for a bit! But that isn't as tiresome or unpleasant. It's just a matter of eating the right 'beauty foods' and not eating some others. I'm sending a booklet giving details. Exercise is necessary to tone up muscles and keep the skin taut and smooth on bulging stomachs, and the most effective one for fat-busting the 'trouser' and 'bumming' the waist can be done without effort standing, sitting—no more tiring downs!

Superfluous Hair

I have something I can do about that hair growing on my face.

Superfluous hair is always embarrassing and there are a number of ways of dealing with it. A new depilatory called Immitic Cream Hair Remover (1.4 shillings) is the quickest and simplest treatment. I know—having smooth skin on my wrist for 4 to 6 minutes, they came off with warm water. Immitic is pleasantly perfumed too and has been hospital-tested for safety.

For the make-up side of your beauty problems, write to Anne French, 25, Adelphi Place, London, W.C.1.



PRETTY GIRLS TAKE OVER!

SEE what's new in the delicious May issue of HONEY! 12 fabulous, shimmering pages of glossy fashion show you how to get with the pretty-girl look!

HOW TO APPLY FOR THE GROOM
The low-down on hair-age business.

THE BEAUTY QUEEN BUSINESS
Get through the Beauty Jungle with HONEY!

DAVID McCALLUM—
WHOLE PAGE COLOUR PORTRAIT

honey

HURRY FOR THIS MARVELLOUS MAY ISSUE
OUT NOW 2 A Penny in Publicity



Fab

The Walker Brothers