

WORLD'S POP STARS IN COLOUR COLOUR COLOUR 

20th FEBRUARY 1964

# Fabulous

## MEETS THE GROUPS

### 11 KING SIZE FULL COLOUR PIN-UPS

BEATLES SHADOWS DAVE CLARK STONES GERRY



# IT'S FAB-

HERE'S WHERE TO FIND WHAT YOU WANT

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**HEY THERE!** The gang is growing. We've signed up a new member this week. We had to! You've written us so many absolutely fab letters asking such dozens and dozens of questions that someone's got to be in charge.

So we've chosen Carol. Her Letter Box is on Page 26 and she's just eighteen, has long red hair and is a mad pop fan. At the moment she's sitting snuggled under with letters with a telephone handy to ring up your favourites when she doesn't know the answers offhand to your questions.

"Purloined," she says, "be patient if you have to wait a little while for an answer. I'm doing my best. Honest!"

At the same time, don't stop writing. We love hearing from you—especially when you tell us that FABULOUS is fabulous. Our heads are getting so big we've had to tone down our bouffant hairdos!

See you next week when Fab goes on film. And it's fun!

Cheers,  
THE EDITOR

# Hi-fab!

## June takes over this week



Brian Poole

I realised just how popular Brian Poole is when I went home last Christmas and found people referring to my home town as Brianpoole instead of Blackpool! And that isn't all. When the President of Portugal recently visited Ireland, he found the streets thronged with cheering people. He would have been less flattered had he known they were all waiting for Brian, who was recording in Dublin!

Billy J Kramer plus that smooth foursome The Dakotas travelled down to Bournemouth one afternoon for a one night stand. Arriving at the theatre BJK glanced at the billboards and did a double take. Staring down at him from the placard in place of his own handsome mug was the picture of a seventeen-stone wrestler. BJK hastily phoned his agent to find it was not Bournemouth but Portsmouth that he and the boys were to appear that night. This was very shortly before the show and no transport laid on. You'll never guess how the boys got there. In a greengrocer's lorry nursing a pile of cabbages natch! They made it though.



Peter Jay

Peter Jay was visiting The Searchers the other day in their London flat. I hear he almost collapsed after the meal—he didn't dig their cooking much! Going to the bathroom Pete suddenly spotted that one of the panels on the wall was blank. With a shriek of delight he offered to fill it with a "Jay" type painting. The Searchers agreed, that is until they discovered that he was an action painter who threw his paint from a distance! The boys now live in fear of Pete who is still determined to start his painting and all the looks have been changed to prevent his getting in.

Went off to Brussels a couple of weeks back and had a great time. I did some TV work and everyone was very kind to me

out there. I'm only sorry I didn't have more time to loiter around the city. This week, but last, belongs to the President, who are going to read lots more self-confidence in the coming year.

**CANCER (June 21 - July 20)** Post insurance should tell you how to deal with your greatest problem.

**LEO (July 21 - Aug 20)** Be more independent. Don't follow the crowd so much.

**VIRGO (Aug 21 - Sept 20)** You'll gain more from the west sticking to the fanfare.

**LIBRA (Sept 21 - Oct 20)** Move responsibility off your own shoulders.

**SCORPIO (Oct 21 - Nov 20)** Try to relax—essential you don't divide things.

**SAGITTARIUS (Nov 21 - Dec 20)** Important you keep spending within reasonable bounds.

## STARGAZING WITH JOHN LEYTON



**LAPRICORN (Dec 21 - Jan 19)** Old friend, bring up with the sentimental memories.

**AQUARIUS (Jan 20 - Feb 18)** Domestic trouble is soon wiped out—wash it.

**PISCES (Feb 19 - Mar 20)** When brought up because of a surprise journey.

**ARIES (Mar 21 - April 19)** Personal problems give you a new adviser.

**TAURUS (Apr 20 - May 20)** Must of romance. MULEN I make you expect too much too soon.

**GEMINI (May 21 - June 20)** Choose your words with care and a dispute won't affect you.

NEXT WEEK ONLY

# FABULOUS ON FILM PRESENTS

*In Glorious Fabcolour...*

About a year ago, I fell in love with a picture. Since falling in love with a picture has its limitations, I went to have a look at the people in the picture... and promptly fell in love with an offbeat-looking lot called The Rolling Stones.

They were playing their hearts out for a few pounds a night at an overcrowded rhythm 'n' blues club in Richmond, Surrey—dressed in the clothes they happened to be wearing that day, their long, fine hair shaking wildly to the hypnotic beat they were putting down.

For a mad moment I thought it might be fun if they were let loose on an unsuspecting public. Well, they were. Now that they've cut a couple of hit discs and joined the pop world they're still cute and I still love them. They don't try to be commercial, wear their hair long because they like it that way, and wear casual clothes because when you're having a rave you don't have to dress like Little Lord Fauntleroy. Don't try to give them a label—you can't! They're the most offbeat, the most wildly exciting group of the lot. And that's me with them right underneath.



The Swinging Blue Jeans were faint with hunger... and there it stood in their dressing-room, like an oasis in the desert, a huge, beautiful cake. They all ran off madly in all directions for a knife, and Norman was just taking the first plunge when he noticed a note and what turned out to be a forcing bag of icing sugar. The note was from a thoughtful Mum who said it would make her daughter's birthday if they would only sign the cake in icing. Sounds easy? Well, being the nice boys that they are, the Blue Jeans had a go. Result? A bare, bare cake, and four beautifully iced Blue Jeans.



Swinging Blue Jeans



Brian O'Hara

"Being a bachelor is no problem man!" Brian O'Hara, lead guitarist of The Fourmost, told me "We invite a few of our girl fans into the dressing-room and then start sighing about how dirty our shirts are and how many buttons we've lost. Our girl fans are the greatest and quickly offer to put things right for us. We protest weakly, but as they twist our arms so much, we eventually give in!"



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**TELEDATE WITH GORGEOUS RICHARD CHAMBERLAIN**

*plus*  
**HAYLEY MILLS ON HER LATEST FILM**

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Fab



# MY BROTHER GERRY



by **FREDDY MARSDEN** AS TOLD TO **PAUL FRY**

**As Captain of the school—Our Lady of Mount Carmel in Liverpool—I thought I had a lot of responsibility! And when a little lad came up to me in the playground and said he'd been walloped on the ear by an older boy, I thought I ought to settle it.**

So I batted the other boy. "Course there was trouble. The boy told his mum. His mum told the Headmaster—and I was hauled up on the carpet.

"I was protecting the younger boy," said I. Didn't bother to mention that it was my brother, Gerry. Talk about getting a telling-off!

And there, outside, was Gerry laughing up his sleeve!

Really, he's been a little devil, has Gerry. That wide grin looks pretty innocent, but I know different. I SHOULD know... I'm six years older than him.

Looking back, the first thing I can remember about him was when I was about five. We'd climb under the table, wait for our grand-dad to come in... then leap out and grab him by the legs. We terrified him!

When Gerry was old enough to go to school, I'd lead him by the hand. Well, grass has really—to stop him getting into trouble. Even though the school was only 100 yards away from our home in Marston Street, Dingle, Liverpool.

We had a gang of cousins. Played cricket and football in the street. We'd put Gerry in goal at one end of the street, mainly to keep an eye open for the coppers. He was so small you could hardly see him.

There was a loft over a disused stable. Gerry'd swing around on the ropes and beams. Seemed to think he was Tarzan. And he liked jumping on the back bumpers of the tams and getting a free ride. But Gerry never hurt him-

self. It was me who took the battering... like when I fell off a coal wagon and cut my head.

He had a good voice and sang things like 'Ave Maria' with the school choir. Once a lady came up to him afterwards with tears in her eyes and said: "You were wonderful..." She gave him half-a-crown, a lot of money in those days.

Though he was always up to little pranks and getting away with them, he was a favourite with all the teachers. He won a couple of medals with the school soccer team. That helped.

Once we went out collecting acorns. Some bigger lads were throwing bricks up in the tree—and Gerry and I weren't much good at throwing. So we offered to find the bricks if the others would share the acorns.

Of course, one of the bricks landed on my head. Blood pouring all over the place and I just passed out. Next thing I remember was Gerry shaking me and saying, all unconcerned: "Wake up, wake up. I've got our acorns..."

Gerry failed his 11-plus. He was a bit thick when it came to lessons. Quite often he'd leave ME at home to do HIS homework—and he'd just clear off with the gang. And I had trouble enough with my own English.

Though he was so small, Gerry could always look after himself. I don't want to say that Dingle was a great punch-up area, but there were fights. The boys would kick as well as use their fists. Somehow, Gerry always came out all right.

We were in the Boy Scouts together—the 7th Toxteth Church Troop. They started a band and Gerry and I became drummers. I wasn't much good. In fact, Gerry's always been more musical. So he had to teach me the beats.

At home, he was always getting knocks

from our mum. Mostly for not running errands, or being cheeky about it. But he'd forget about it when his ear stopped ringing!

Looked like he'd be a bit of a boxing camp at one time. He went to a youth club near our home and used to do a lot of shadow boxing, breathing through his nose like a real boxer. Said they thought he'd be a good boxer.

Eventually he actually got into the ring. He got a bit of a battering and that was it. No more boxing for Gerry.

Then we formed a skiffle group. Around this time, Gerry really thought he WAS Lonnie Donegan. Our Uncle Peter, who's since passed away, had an old, broken Spanish guitar. Gerry asked if he could have it—and fitted it out with new strings. Trouble was, he used ordinary household string, so it didn't sound too good!

Our dad used to play banjo in the local pub every Saturday night and taught Gerry some of the chords. Eventually he gave him a £9 guitar to help him with the skiffle group.

When Gerry was 14, we got a week's booking at the Liverpool Pavilion. We were the Gerry Marsden Quartet then—drums, bass, washboard and guitar. Gerry was under age, so he had to get permission from the local school authorities.

But now, of course, we don't fight. We're too busy arguing about how things are going for Gerry and The Pacemakers.

Still there are times when I wish we were younger again and I could give him a bit of a clout!

But they're the only times, believe me! All the same us Marsden's think a lot of our Gerry.

FREDDY MARSDEN

# YES! NOW!



# the face..

## ...BUT OH BOY, HOW YOU'VE CHANGED

Yes, you do know the face. You may not think you do, but just take a closer look.

These pictures of boys who have now zoomed to the top on a rocket of hit discs were taken way back before they became known throughout England. Hidden here, you'll find The Beatles, Billy J., Gerry and The Pacemakers, The Searchers, The Swinging Blue Jeans. We had a wonderful time ourselves trying to spot them.

Why don't you see how many you can recognise without looking at the captions? Our score wasn't too bad, but we bet you can do just as well.



Okay, so this one's easy. Although he's trying to imitate the entrance to the Mersey Tunnel, you'll recognise Paul on the left of the picture above. Ringo's lurking behind the beard. But doesn't George, on the right, look different? John wasn't around when this shot was taken.

Now how about the boys in the photos on the right? Recognise them? It's the Swinging Blue Jeans, known in the days when this pic was taken as The Blue Jeans. ▶

*Continued on page 8*









First of all, do you recognise the face on the left of this group, the one trying hard to suppress a grin at the "young man" antics of his two young companions?

When this photograph was taken, they were unknown and he was famous all over England. His picture would have been sported straight away in those days. His records for the top of the charts with Monoceros regularly. His biggest hit was a thing called 'What Do You Want to Make Those Eyes of Mine For?' He's Ennio Ford, innit, rarely heard on discs. What are the tough guys? Can't you guess? Over on the right of the pic it's Paul McCartney again, and behind Ennio, Pete Best. Don't you really dig Paul's. What a frightful love-type expression? Planning on taking over from James Bond, Paul?



They're suffering from pins and needles—we mean needles and pins. Thanks to them, the whole country's suffering from it too, and enjoying it. When this picture was taken, though, the only thing from which they were suffering was acute lack of money, a complaint that isn't likely to bother them in future. They now live in a London penthouse, are recognised wherever they go, have a terrific habit of making records that go straight into the charts, are from Liverpool, have appeared at The Cavern, know The Beatles, and they're high on our list of personal favourites. Did you guess that they're The Searchers?



All right, all right, so you recognised them straight off. So did we. Again, it's Pete Best on drums in this early picture of The Beatles at The Cavern Club.

◀ This picture will probably have Gerry roaring with laughter that'll be heard back in Liverpool. We think it's a lovely shot, but you've got to admit—he's changed some in these years.



This is what Ringo was doing while Pete Best was drummer with The Beatles. He was drummer with Rory Storm and the Hurricanes at a Budai Holiday Camp, which was where this picture was taken. What's that? You don't see Ringo in this pic? That's him, behind the girl and the beard.







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# MEET THE... stones

EVER WONDERED WHICH ONE'S WHICH?  
FAB'S JUNE TELLS YOU HERE...



## MICK JAGGER

Lead singer Mick Jagger has the longest hair, biggest blue eyes and wildest approach. His brand of The Shaka is like nothing I've seen in ballrooms! Yet he comes off stage as full of GO as when he went on. Mick was a student at The London School of Economics before he found himself in the money. He's surprisingly friendly, and inclined to be impulsive... like the time he gaily arranged a photo-session (with F&E) last thing in the morning after travelling all night, then had a car breakdown and stayed two hours late... The other Stones who had no qualms to be punctual gave him a very cool reception.

## BRIAN JONES

Brian Jones is sometimes acknowledged leader of the group. He's frail, fair and innocently likable. As a guitarist he says he's "nothing special," but his great work on "I Wanna Be Your Man" did much to shoot the group into the top ten... He gets a marvelous hitting sound on harmonica and gives lead singer Mick some fantastic vocal support. As a person he's warm, sensitive, intelligent. He once played in a jazz band, and later "BBC music" ("the light orchestral work"). His journal is on the up and up and he reads every word of it. He wears leather jackets, jackets "some of that fantastic suede gear." Brian likes stinks and long-hair music...!

## BILL WYMAN

It's impossible not to like Bill Wyman. He has a warm warm warm face, kind brown eyes and the only curls in the group. Comfortable as an old sofa... and not so old at that (the average age of The Stones is twenty!) Bill handles bass guitar and gives Mick vocal support, but he buys classical records for his disc collection. He's a dreamer who loves poetry and books. His gentle sense of fun and quiet manner make him a great favourite with the girls, and he cuts off great handfuls of his hair and gives them away happily to his fans. He has more than enough to spare. I must admit... and then some.

## KEITH RICHARD

Keith Richard handles lead guitar as though he's in love with the instrument... and he is one of the best guitarists on the beat scene. With Mick (who comes from his home town, Darford, in Kent) he's beginning to make his mark as a songwriter—they write "That Girl Belongs To Yesterday" for America's Gene Finley. He doesn't say a lot, but Keith isn't my idea of a shy, retiring type. He has a flip sense of humor (mainly for his own amusement) and he "kicks everything in." The youngest Stone, and the funniest one. He can't pull them down over that riot of hair, as they sit on top, looking interesting.

## CHARLIE WATTS

Drumming up a storm for the boys is Charlie Watts. "Charlie Boy" to his ever-increasing circle of friends. He's a great big lassy modern jazz fan and an inspired modern jazz drummer. His smile kills me... it comes slowly, like a car changing gear to mount a hill, and when it finally arrives it gives his face a pixie look that is most appealing. Usually he looks rather melancholy (like that Basile Drummer!) He's very clothes-conscious, thinks that collarless shirts are here to stay, hopes very much that suede topcoats come in. He occasionally has haircuts, which makes him the odd man out in the group!



"There Are But Five Rolling Stones" (according to that tribute disc recently dedicated to them). For my part I wish there were more.



# IN RECORD TIME



Keith with Billy J.

NICE compliment from Billy J. Kramer who dropped in to see us last week. He's completely hooked out with the big colour pics we have published of him in Feb.

"They were some of the best I've ever seen" Billy told me. "It's a pleasure to pose for the photo for you and know they are going to turn out like these."

News from Billy is a new EP *It's Real You Satisfied* (Parlophone) which besides the title track includes *I Know*, *Dance With Me and It's Up To You*. His new single is called *Love Children* (Parlophone). Another knockout bust called

LP of the year from **Dusty Springfield**. Title is *A Girl Called Dusty* (Philips). Top tracks are *24 Hours From Tulsa*, *My Colouring Book* and *Will You Still Love Me Tomorrow*.

Most interesting incident of the year for Dusty is a recent Ready, Steady, Go programme. She had to wear straps off the peg garments and during the run through of one show she noticed a girl in the audience wearing exactly the same dress. Sounds to the like it just shows what good taste the girl had, but Dusty went a beautiful shade of pink.

If you're new dance you must go for King of Kings by **Ezz Rico and The Launchers** (Columbia). I've said *The Mink* have been doing this for some time in the clubs but this conventional version of *The Shake* will be a new rave. The best has a happy influence.

Country and Western fans should be very interested in *Long Gone* (A&O) from by **Hank Williams Jr.** (M. G. M.). Hank was King of C. and W. and now after his death comes the first shot by his fourteen year old son. It's his great deal of his father's magic.

Three great new discs on the London label. **The Drifters** provide a rhythmic version of *Way Cool Doo*. **Rity Orleans** is back in *Blue Suede* mood with *Some On The Way* and **Sam Cooke** provides a mouth as rhythmic and blues with *Good News*.

Great **Civil Richard EP** title, *Don't Talk To Him* (Columbia). Other tracks are *See You're Mine*, *Spanish Harlem*, *Who Am We To Say* and *Falling In Love With Love*.

All from me to you for this week.

KEITH ALTHAM

# Freddie STEADY-go!

BY SYLVIA STEPHEN

LONDON. I said simply, "Is definitely the place."

"Manchester." Freddie Gavily disagreed decisively. "Is definitely the place."

"London?" I said.

"Manchester?" The Dreamers said.

"I'm a Londoner and proud of it, but as I was not numbered five to one, I decided to let the boys have their say and tell me what's so special about Manchester, apart from the fact that they all happen to come from the place."

"For a start," Freddie said, "the audience on these are much warmer than London audiences. London audiences are fine, but in Manchester, they really are fabulous. They always present an atmosphere of excitement and they last for about five minutes at the end of every number, really make you feel they appreciate you."

"But, of course, Londoners are pretty cold and reserved anyway, aren't they?" Derek Quinn asked. Freddie agreed with him. No would!

"Londoners are always clapping around. They never seem to have time to stop and say, 'Good morning.' You could see the same men on the sign every morning for years and never get around to saying anything to him. It's not a bit like that in Manchester."

Just then the notes above our heads pointed us down. Freddie and The Dreamers stepped into *Two and Three*. Freddie, the boys and I were under the stage at a provincial theatre, where they were giving a one-night stand, and before me, if you want to give a really good headache, there's nowhere better to develop it than under the stage of a theatre that's playing host to a lot of people of the top stars. I wasn't trying to get a headache. I was just trying to get some pictures of Freddie and his group for free. Unfortunately, the poor old photographer had been rather forgetful while the boys and I argued about Manchester. I decided that putting them in front of the camera would shut them up for a while and give me a chance to line up a few more

great arguments in favour of London.

Well, it was a great idea but unfortunately it didn't quite work out the way I'd intended.

"Another thing about Manchester," Pete Birrell started to say, but he had to break off to smile at the Backstage. When it looked as though he was going to have to continue smiling for some considerable time, he just started talking through the grin. "Another thing about Manchester is that it's so clean. London's a bit dirty, you know."

Freddie nodded while the photographer set his hat on.

"That's right, Take Passability, the romance. Passability in Manchester. I mean, not Passability in London. It's lovely and clean and—well, a brew nice. It's got big lawns, as big as Trafalgar Square, and gardens and statues and things. It's really nice."

"But," I said loudly, "London and Liverpool are really the centres for show business. You don't have much showbiz in Manchester."

"The Beatles made their name in Manchester. The Hollies are from Manchester. Dave Berry's based in Manchester, although he comes from Sheffield. And we are from Manchester."

I abandoned it and wished I could disappear quietly under the floorboards.

Footsteps pounded down the stairs, and the boys' road manager burst into the basement that we'd made light with all night.

"You're on in about five minutes," he yelled, his words proving it was no good getting him to back me up. "I was absolutely from Manchester, too."

I followed the boys upstairs, washed them back and slipped round to the stalls to watch their performance. Twenty minutes later, I sat back in my seat, my hands now, from applauding, turned to my photographer and grinned.

"After watching that," I said, "I'm convinced of one thing."

"What's that?" he asked.

"Manchester." I said, doing, "Is definitely the place."



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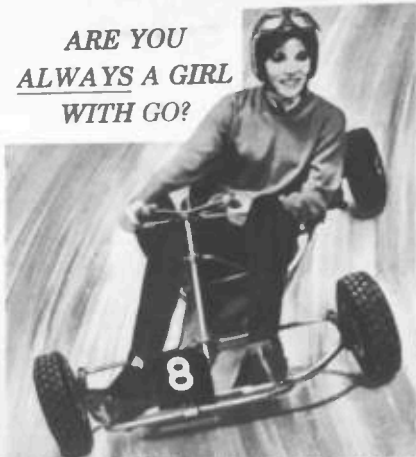


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like helen like helen  
like helen like helen

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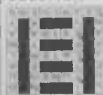
ACROSS

1. A postcard but who sends it as if they were 12 words 2 letters, 4 letters
2. Fears quite enough for ——— to per-secution
3. See you ———, allegory
4. Every Beatles song has that state but ———
5. A great group—smooth as if they're looking for something

DOWN

1. Dangerous ———
2. The ——— search ——— but she's great 12 words 2 letters, 3 letters

SOLUTION



1. ———
2. ———

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GILL SAYS

# twist-and shout! about FAB'S

## wow!



### m-mm

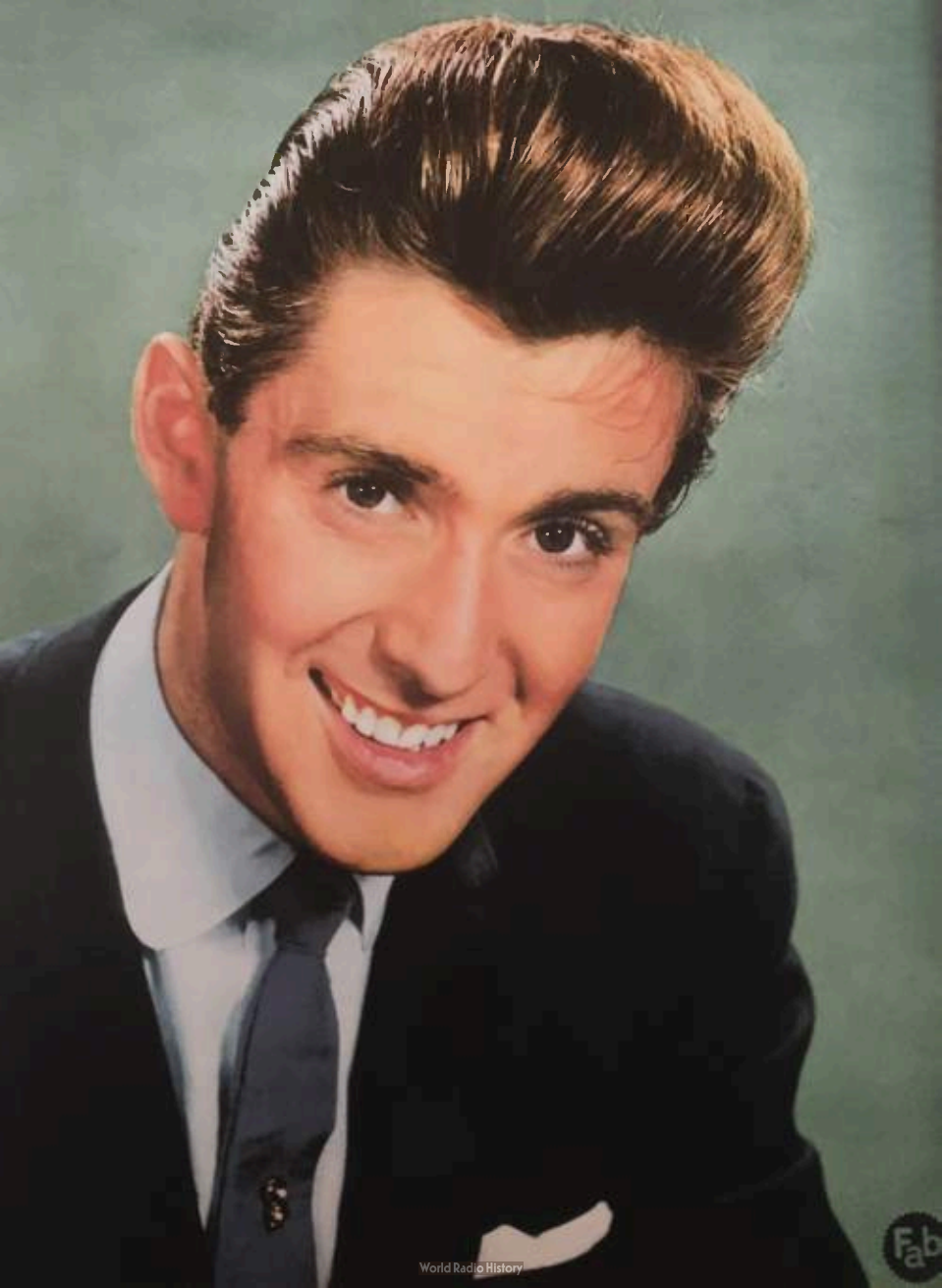
### m-mmm!

McCall's Action jacket with wool or more with contrasting red and white trim. \$39.95. (Can be worn over your favorite top or under a sweater.)  
 and apricot, or floral with white and gold. \$39.95. (Can be worn over your favorite top or under a sweater.)  
 depending on your color combination or teamed with Jagger top dress.

Two-tone women's dress with contrasting colored lower portion.  
 or small western-style Aztec Gold or Turquoise. by Jagger. \$175.  
 and Jagger jacket with skirt from either Jagger top dress, or  
 dress with McCall's Beauty











# TELEDATE



**SYLVIA STEPHEN  
TALKING TO**

# Dave Clark



I love it when my telephone rings. Almost always it's someone exciting—Gary, Adam, Bobby Rydell. Latest call was from one of the best looking boys of them all—Dave Clark. Dave, whose dark looks remind me a lot of Iain Gregory, is inclined to be on the quiet, shy side, so I can only assume that he must be used to me by now, because he certainly wasn't his usual, hesitant self when he rang me.

**SYLVIA** (looking up, pleased): Sylvia Stephen from DAVE. Hello. Sylvia Stephen there. Dave Clark here.

**SYLVIA**: How? How did you know I was trying you? I got?

**DAVE**: Ah, well, telepathy is one of my talents.

**SYLVIA**: It must be. When are you taking off for Europe again, huh?

**DAVE**: Are you trying to get rid of me?

**SYLVIA**: Oh, Dave, so if I would? It's just that you seem to spend a lot of time abroad and I was wondering if you're planning another trip soon.

**DAVE**: No, I've no plans for another trip abroad yet. But I'd like to go back to the north of France again one day. I love the north of France, especially Gascony.

**SYLVIA**: I see, nothing cheap and cheerful for you? Have you been to Monte Carlo, huh?

**DAVE**: You bet! And, gosh, it's great! Fantastic!

**SYLVIA**: I'm rather fond of Southern myself. Did you go like at the Casino when you were in Monte?

**DAVE**: You must be joking! If I had, I'd have had to walk home, and it's a long way—with me between! No, the Casino was a bit out of my income range.

**SYLVIA**: But your new contract's supposed to bring you \$100,000 a year!

**DAVE**: I didn't have a contract worth 50,000 pence when I went to France. It was S.H.P.D.

**SYLVIA**: Huh?

**DAVE**: Before Hit Parade Days.

**SYLVIA**: Someone from your record company the other day told me that not long ago you recorded a young lady in distress. What happened?

**DAVE**: That's right. It was in Hertford about two years ago.

**SYLVIA** (after long pause from Dave): Tell me what happened.

**DAVE**: Nothing very much. The group and I were at this dance hall, and a couple of guys—you know, rough—grabbed a girl. One of my boys and I asked them to leave her alone but they wouldn't. They were obviously dying to make a fight out of it. We didn't want any trouble, but we gave them their fight.

**SYLVIA**: Well, how were they to know you're good at that?

**DAVE**: That's just it. Like I said, we didn't want a fight and they could see it, so they made the mistake of thinking we wouldn't do anything.

**SYLVIA**: You do a bit of judo, too, don't you?

**DAVE**: Yes, but I haven't taken it too seriously. I haven't got any belts or anything. I like going to the gym with the boys. It's a way of relaxing.

**SYLVIA** (sincerely): Hello's ringing?

**DAVE**: Well, I think so.

**SYLVIA**: I'd just take your word for it. What else do you like to do when you're not on stage?

**DAVE**: I listen to records, partly to get ideas, partly for enjoyment. I like jazz, modern and traditional, and my favourite singers are Brook Benton, Sam Cooke and Fats Domino. It's funny about Brook Benton and Sam Cooke. In the States they're so big, yet over here they just don't seem to catch on. I can't understand it. They're really great.

**SYLVIA**: But there are many American stars like that. They just don't seem to make the same impression on English ears here. Do you think records could be record albums, Dave?

**DAVE**: Oh, yes. We divide my folks out into two sections. We go on until the early hours.

**SYLVIA**: I bet the neighbours love you, too.

**DAVE** (laughing): I've never asked them. But, of course, I have an awful job getting up in the morning after a record session. In fact, I have an awful job getting up in the morning anyway.

**SYLVIA**: I have the same problem. How do you like being famous?

**DAVE**: The idea of being very famous frightens me a bit. I'd like to be just sort of steady—you know? If you're a successful musician, you've got to stay that way and it can be very difficult. I'm quite contented as I am. Hey, did I ever tell you when I went busting?

**SYLVIA**: Busting? When was this?

**DAVE**: A while back now, but I've always wanted to try busting. I was in Claring Cross Road with the boys and a friend of mine got in a fiver we wouldn't dare walk along in the gutter singing and playing to the crowd. We'd just been to a date so we had the instruments with us. Anyway, we collected fifteen shillings as well as our fiver. It was fun. But, Miss Stephen, what I really rang to find out is when we can have coffee together.

**SYLVIA**: Whenever you're free, Mr. Clark. Why don't you come to the office and let me make it for you with my own fat fingers!

**DAVE**: Do you think I'm crazy?

**SYLVIA**: Do you mind? I'd have you know I've made coffee for just about every star in the business.

**DAVE**: Oh, well, if everyone's taken the risk I suppose I can too. Will this afternoon be okay?

**SYLVIA**: Great. I'll expect you about three. See you then. Bye-bye.

**DAVE**: Bye.

I certainly enjoyed our coffee date. I think Dave did too. He didn't even make one word remarks about my coffee. Come to think of it, he only drank one mouthful. I wonder why?



# Carol's Letter Box



Hi! It's Carol here and I'm going to do my best to answer your questions. Anything you'd like to know about your favourite stars? Just drop me a line and I'll see what I can do.

Our first letter comes from Jane Austin of Essex who asks: Please can you tell me if The Rolling Stones have a backdress? This is what the girls themselves have to say on the matter: "We see you the magazines we have one? Seriously, though, last time we went to a hairdresser, a hairdresser came over the barber's hair. He took up the largest pair of scissors we have ever seen, and slowly proceeded towards us - unwilling to say we didn't read around to find out what he was going to do with them!"

Janine Garland of Middlesex asks: What was Brian Epstein and The Beatles' first record, and was it a hit? Their first disc was "Please Please Me" and yes, it was a hit! At the time we go to press, it was their one and only disc, but then and the boys are hoping for a new record soon.



Rolling Stones: Top to bottom Brian Jones, Mick Jagger, Keith Richards and Charlie Watts.

Susan Quinn of Dorset asks: Please write an argument for me. My friend says Arthur Sible was born in Dorset. Is she correct? Always glad to write an argument. Sible was born in Pembrokeshire. One up to you, Susan.

John Parkland of Sussex wants to know if Susan Maughan has any special tastes. Thanks for writing. June 1963. Susan does have one particular favourite. She collects exactly two. She also has two say-possibly - and ones!

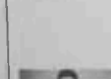
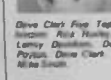
From London, Ferris Long asks: When was The Dave Clark Five's birthday? How comes Dave himself is absent this one for Penny? My birthday is December 18, 1943. -Mike Smith. My birthday is December 18, 1943. -Mike Smith. My birthday is December 18, 1943. -Mike Smith. My birthday is December 18, 1943. -Mike Smith.

From Manchester Joan Elliot wants to know: Is Chris Sandford going to give up singing to become a singer? For the latest info on this one, I go in touch with Chris himself. He said: "At the moment I'm concentrating on singing. But I hope to combine singing and acting in days to come."

Susan Page of Sturford asks: Have The Searchers any particular ambitions, please? The boys were in the office a few weeks ago, so I put your question to them. Susan: Here goes. Tony Jackson said: "I'd like to reach the very top of my profession." John McNally says: "I want plenty of money!" Mike Penning: "I want a train of my own and for preference one with a steam engine." Lesley Chris Currie: "My great ambition is to go on making good records and pleasing our fans!"

Frank a Grand of Glasgow writes: What did George Forman do before he was in the ring? When leaving left school he worked for a time in the cotton sheds in Lancashire. Then when he came to London, he joined Billy Fury's backing group - then he went on to be a singer in his own right with The Blue Flames group.

Ann Studdart of Surrey asks: Is Mike Huggs the former member of the Springfields married? If so, who is the lucky girl? Yes, Mike is married. His wife is Richard Huggins' daughter, Sarah Ludlow. Sarah hasn't inherited her father's musical proclivities!



Mike and Dotty

## WHO'S WHO THIS WEEK



L-R: Les Maguire, Les Chelmsley, Gerry and Freddy Murray.

This is the Key to this week's pin-ups



From left to right: Billy J. Kramer, Brian McFadden, Mike Winfield and Tony Minshall.



Back row: Paul Goffin, George Forman, Roger and John.



Back row: Brian Jones, Mick Jagger, Keith Richards and Charlie Watts.



L-R: Ray Stone, Leo Sayer, Norman Lubbock and Ralph Bell.



L-R top: Bob Devereaux, Bruce Thomas, Gordon Peck, Brian Tisdale, Gerry and David Gower.



Dave Clark of the Dave Clark Five.



From left to right: Rod Hensley, Larry Sanderson, Dave Clark, Steve Payne and Mike South.



This is Phil, Peter and the Associates.



L-R: Bob Chubb, John Brown and Don Cherry.



L-R: Hank B. Marvin, John Reed, Steve Barnett and Bruce Welch.

ANYTHING YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW, JUST DROP ME A LINE...



Carol's Letter Box, Fiction, Fantasy Publications, Hemlock House, Hemlock St., London, E.C.4.





