

WORLD'S POP STARS IN COLOUR COLOUR COLOUR

Australia 1/6 - New Zealand 1/3 - South Africa 2/6 - Europe 1/6 - East Africa 1/6 - West Africa 1/6

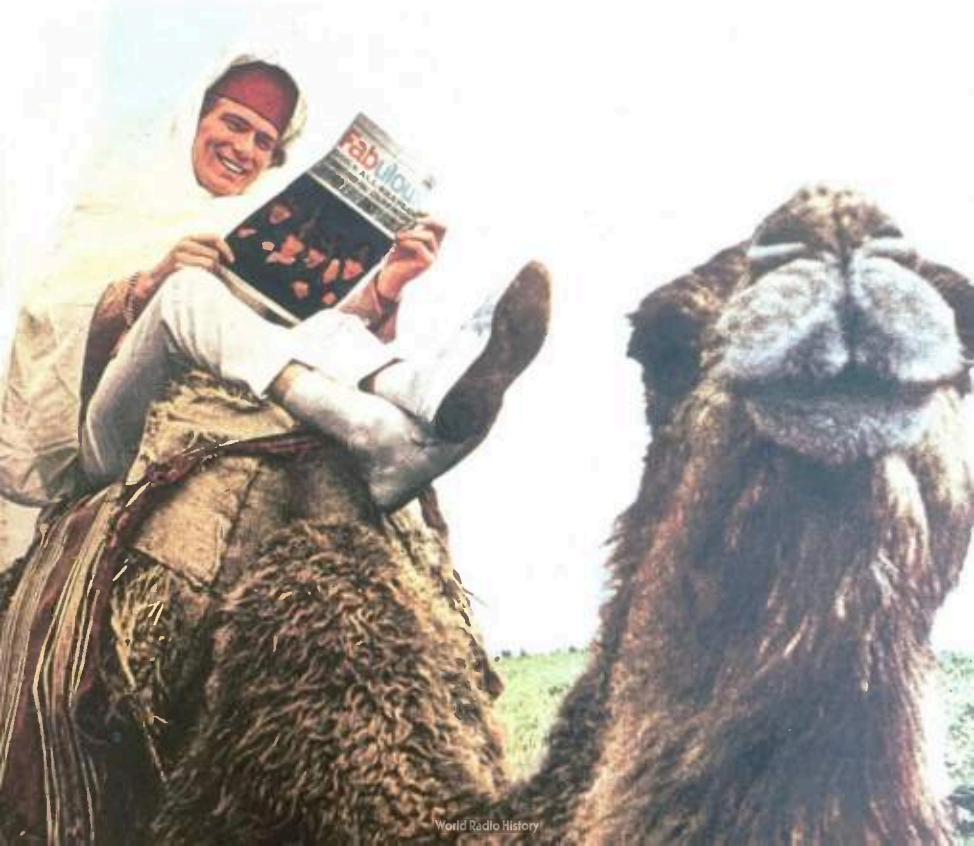
16th MAY 1964

Fabulous

ON LOCATION

11 KING SIZE FULL COLOUR PIN-UPS

ADAM BEATLES VEE STONES ETC



IT'S FAB

HERE'S WHERE TO FIND WHAT YOU WANT

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STARGAZING WITH JOHN LEYTON



Taurus has the week end suitable and hard-working. Fun to have, get ahead and dreaming. They are good judges of other people's characters.



CAPRICORN (Dec. 21—Jan. 19)
Progressive week in which your ambitions increase fast.



AQUARIUS (Jan. 20—Feb. 18)
A shattered hope will remain if you don't take some good advice.



PISCES (Feb. 19—Mar. 20)
You will be able to forget about last year's case of your ex-lover.



ARIES (Mar. 21—April 20)
Calm will be needed for your next step to unfold and succeed.



Taurus (Apr. 21—May 20)
Something is weighing heavily on your mind but you are not anxious to blame.



GEMINI (May 21—June 20)
Financial problem is solved with more budgeting and more on your side.



CANCER (June 21—July 20)
You will have to deal with a situation but the weekend is sunny.



LEO (July 21—Aug. 21)
Romance is worth set your mind. Take care you don't get the wrong.



VIRGO (Aug. 22—Sept. 22)
Take advantage of a state of luck and you will be happy.



LIBRA (Sept. 23—Oct. 22)
Something forgotten could come back to watch your love.



SCORPIO (Oct. 23—Nov. 22)
News from afar is possible and an old memory could be revived.



SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23—Dec. 20)
Take every notice of an old friend. You are being missed.

FAB'S SYLVIA TAKES OVER THE GOSSIP THIS WEEK



Hi-Fab!

Don't pop stars ever relax and forget showbiz? I sometimes wonder.

Take Adam Faith, for instance. No, on second thoughts, leave him for me. He recently went to Tangier for a brief holiday, and you'll be reading more about that in FAB in a couple of weeks. But even out there, he couldn't really get away from it all.

Seems that everywhere he goes, Adam takes a small, red, record player with him, plus a supply of discs. These aren't ordinary, succinctly top of the pop type discs however. They have four songs on each side, and the songs are sung by Chris Andrews, Adam's songwriter. The numbers are all brand new Andrews' compositions, and Adam plays them over and over whenever he has a spare minute—on the beach, in his hotel room, in a car. This is how he learns the songs he'll record—straight from the horse's mouth, as it were.

But it's a shame he can't forget singing for a while, especially in Tangier.

Had a chat with Adam's Mo Mo A Partner to star Celia Ann (and a couple of other kites. Celia Ann's currently starring on B.B.C. TV in *Dr. Who*, and she sat with Adam on the July month—July 30 to July 31 date.

Celia Ann's first love is the theatre, and she hopes to do another stage play soon. However, her contract for *Dr. Who* doesn't run out until October, so she won't be a little difficult to plan that far ahead when you're in show business. It's such an uncertain profession.

She loved working with Adam, found him very hard working and rather quiet.

"I'd never met a pop singer before and I expected him to be rather noisy, a bit arrogant, but he wasn't at all. In fact, I think he's a little shy."

There was one moment during location work on the film that Celia Ann will never forget. "She was filming a



Adam Faith

love scene with Adam in an open Continental Bentley car, parked in a London street. The location was supposed to be secret, but the fans got to hear of it and turned up in hundreds.

"Every time Adam kissed me—and we had to shoot the scene several times—the fans started yelling and shouting and trying to break through the police lines. Eventually, they did break through and swarmed over the car. I've never been so frightened."

Celia Ann says that next time she has to shoot a love scene with a big star in public, she's going to demand danger money.



HEY THERE!

The silence in the office this week has been positively deafening. The gang have been off again - round and about, here and there, all over the blooming place - chasing shooting stars.

My lot have been nosing around TV studios, and getting to know the workings of "Dr. Who" and sneaking that super picture of Carol Ann Ford looking so grown-up - it's hardly believable. Gill combed Dr. Pinkey himself (known now around the office as Blisful Bill!) into the patient's eye view of a hospital ward. June talked me into agreeing we should have another look at what gives in Liverpool - and disappeared in the direction of Euston Station.

While they were gone, Betty, Brenda, Margaret and I - the poor old backroom girls who always get left behind - put our feet up, made ourselves a cup of coffee and agreed that the peace and quiet was just great.

See you next week when you're going to love us (we hope!) The whole of Fab next week is packed with YOUR SPECIAL REQUESTS.

Bye for now,

THE EDITOR

Dave Clark has joined the band of men who tell funny (they think) stories about women drivers.

His favourite concerns the man who was cleaning his car outside his home when another car cruised along the street and crashed straight into the side of the stationary vehicle. Out jumped the driver—female, of course.

"You—you—did it!" she yelled. "You went straight into me!"

There are only three things that stop me from clobbering Dave for telling a story like that.

One, he's bigger than I am.
Two, I like him too much.
And three, the story made me laugh.



Dave Clark

Dave isn't the only person to whom funny things happen. How about the experience of Peter Jay's father during a recent trip to the States? Peter told me about it.

He and the Jaywalkers went to a dance at which Brian Hyland was appearing, and Peter's dad went along with them. When they reached the door of the dance hall, however, the commissionaire refused to let Mr. Jay go through—because he's over twenty-one.

"The people out there are so

friendly," Peter told me. "They like the British very much and they're really going overboard about English groups right now. Every time we turned on the radio we heard The Beatles, The Searchers, The Dave Clark Five and so on. Funny thing is, though, Americans can't buy the kind of Cuban heeled boots that the boys and I wear, and boys kept coming up to us and offering to buy ours."

Highlight of Peter's trip was an all night jam session with Jerry Lee Lewis. Peter and the boys and Brian Hyland visited a club at which Jerry was appearing, and after the show, they all got together and started making music. Jerry played guitar, and Peter was surprised to find that he's a fantastically good guitarist. Peter, of course, played drums, and they didn't turn it in until 5 a.m.

Talking about Americans going overboard for things British reminds me that Bobby Vee's now having nearly all his clothes made by an English tailor called Tony Bone. Bobby was introduced to Tony's work during his last tour here, and was so impressed that he immediately ordered several jackets for on-stage wear, two or three suits for off-stage and about half a dozen pairs of slacks.

Pretty soon we'll probably see the Union Jack waving over the White House.

Veteran actress Doris Hare had some very nice things to say about one of my favourite raves recently. I was spending a rather giggly half hour with her, actor Bernard Lee and the rave in question, Mike Sarne, after a private showing of their film *A Place To Go* when Miss Hare took time off from laughing at Mike's jokes to tell me: "This boy's a great screen 'find.' He's got everything, looks, talent, and a marvellous personality. He's really going to make it big in films, you see if he doesn't."

AS YOU LIKE IT!

And among the things you've asked for—and been granted—are:

PETER AND GORDON... MANFRED MANN... DUSTY SPRINGFIELD... GEORGE CHAKIRIS... THE MERSEBEATS and last but by no means least a BIRTHDAY GIG FOR CILLA BLACK'S 21st. Even the PIN UP PIX below are YOUR choice so make for the issue fast... FAB sells out real quick! On sale Saturday one shilling



NEXT WEEK'S FABULOUS IS BY READERS REQUEST . . . NEXT WEEK'S FABULOUS IS BY READERS REQUEST . . . NEXT WEEK'S FABULOUS IS BY READERS REQUEST . . .

SILENCE!!!
LIGHTS!!!
ACTION!!!



IT'S THOSE BEATLES!

Ringo was well choked when he met Wilfred Brambell in the film (but it's just good clean fun).

BEATLES here. Beatles there. Beatles tearing about everywhere, down at Twickenham film studios. I didn't expect any of them to have time for a chat, but after ten minutes of charging up and down the corridor of a theatre set Paul and Ringo collapsed into their chairs by my side.

"How's it going?" I asked Paul.

"Great," he replied, wiping the perspiration from his forehead with an immaculate white handkerchief. "I don't think we'll take any Academy Awards, but we're having a ball. You should have been here yesterday. I was doing a scene with Wilfred Brambell (Steptoe Senior). We didn't stop laughing all day."

Ringo looked dejected and was slumped back in his chair. But then he always looks saddest when he is most happy. He had a small camera slung around his neck and I asked if he was taking shots for his own album.

"The camera is producer Dick Lester's idea," was the explanation. "I always had a camera around my neck when he met us in Paris. He decided to make it a part of my character in the film."

"Can we have just a few smiling shots?" pleaded the photographer. Ringo told him to take a few more and he'd work up to the "smilers". The photographer looked exasperated and Ringo's natural good humour burst through making him grin like a Cheshire cat. You never know when this guy is taking you for a ride with that dead-pan expression.

I mentioned to Paul that I was surprised to see them so little changed, now they were almost millionaires.

"Money doesn't change you if you don't see it," said Paul. "All our money goes straight to an accountant and we only draw enough for our weekly needs."

Ringo pulled up a chair and put in his bit.

"Do you know how much I spent on that American tour? About ten dollars!"

Amazing but it's true, for all the hotels and clubs are only too pleased to have the boys as their guests.

The Beatles had to leave for a lunch appointment and I joined producer Dick Lester over a doughnut and a cup of tea on the set. He has that zany sense of humour, which makes you realise why the boys wanted the guy who produced *The Goons*' film to make their own.

On hearing that I was from the Press, he shot up and in a magnificent selection of Harry Secombe's voices called for, "Police, security and ambulance." "Get this man off the set," he ordered. "Bring out the army. Set the dogs on him."

He then proceeded to go into his famous dog imitations.

Julian Lennon had stayed behind for some extra scenes.

"That's why we like him," he grinned. "He's a real like us."



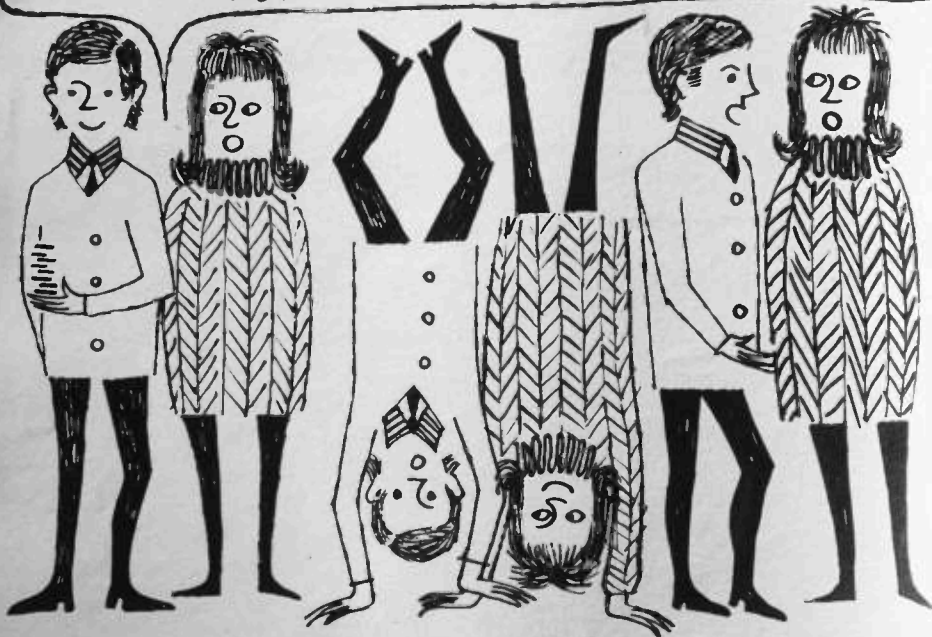
(Continued on page 6)



Watcher doin', Sid?

I'm countin' like. Countin' what? Countin' me lolly

like! What for? Well, haven't yer heard? Heard what? Heard about the FABULOUS Beatle Book, the best of all the colour pictures of the Beatles like from F.A.B. OH, GREAT! Yeah, it's the absolute gear like, only 2/6. Only 2/6? Yeah, all 24 pages in Full colour. GREAT. You coming to get yours? YEAH!



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IT'S THOSE BEATLES!

(Continued from page 4)

Dick looked hurt by the comparison but didn't deny it. Don't be fooled though. Once behind the cameras, Dick is strictly a no nonsense director.

It's just as well he has a sense of humour however. John was completing a particular shot where he had to run up a flight of stairs. On the final run through he carried straight on up into the roof and with the camera panning around trying to find him he suddenly appeared on the balcony and treated everyone to a stirring rendition of *Oh For The Wings Of A Dove*.

George returned from lunch without the other two and looked somewhat ruffled. I thought the fans had been at the famous hair but learned differently.

"There are some college students out to get me," gapped George. "They're trying to kidnap me for a



The boys on the film set between takes

rag week stunt. They had the flat staked out and I had to sprint madly to beat them to my car."

"Where's Ringo?" I enquired.

"-Out sloshing about in puddles," replied George. After a further investigation I discovered he was in

fact putting coats over the puddles for girls to tread on. It's all part of a Sir Walter Raleigh skit in the film. I won't tell you what happens when Ringo finally puts a cape over an open manhole cover but you can see the result in the picture.

The studio red light flicked on and John prepared to go through his scene again.

"All quiet on the set," yelled our studio manager. Silence was golden. Everyone froze to the still and you could have heard a pin drop. The cameras were about to turn when, from one side of the stage, came the clumping of heavy footsteps. Someone had blundered onto the set. A voice broke the silence in an undeniable imitation of the studio manager's Oxford accent.

"Hold it," it yelled. "Everybody quiet."

I thought the manager was going to burst a blood vessel as he turned a shade of purple. Then around the corner came the mickey-taker, a famous figure and an anguic smile. Paul had returned.

Down at Twickenham studios they are working hard and really enjoying it. The Beatles are coming to that.

KEITH ALTHAM



DEENA ARLIN an American friend of FAB'S had

An evening out With

...this is how she described it to our New York correspondent Bess Coleman

It's 8.15 p.m.—and I'm late. Late for the most exciting date of my life. Tonight I'm taking out The Dave Clark Five for a night in New York. They got into town yesterday and when I called them and suggested that they might like to go out and "do the town", they jumped at the idea!

When I drive up to the hotel Rick and Mike are waiting in the foyer.

"Hello Deena," says Rick. "Pleased to meet you. Man, this is a big car, do you think we can all get in?"

Lenny and Denis walk out.
"Where's Dave," asks Denis. "He's always getting lost. I'll go and find him."

Two minutes later Dave rushes out of the hotel.
"Gee, I'm sorry I'm late," he says. "It's very kind of you to take us out like this, Deena. I'm really looking forward to it."

"Come on, let's go," yells Mike, flinging his arms in the air. "I'm dying to go. Get me a plane somewhere. I wanna play!"

Lenny, Denis and Mike pile into the back seat. Rick and Dave get into the front with me in the middle.

"What do you want to see first?" I ask the boys.
"I want to see Chinatown," says Denis. "—and the Bowery, and Greenwich Village, and Broadway, and Times Square."

First stop is Rockefeller Place in the heart of the city. In the centre of the place is an ice-skating rink. Says Mike: "I wish I'd brought my skates. I'd love to try it."

But we haven't time.

"Is Broadway near here?" asks Dave as we walk back to the car. "I've heard so much about it and I'm dying to see it for myself."

And that's where I take them.
We drive down Broadway towards Times Square. The boys wind down the car windows to get a better view.

"It's fabulous," says Dave. "Just like I expected. All those flashing lights and neon signs are really something."

"Oh," says Mike. "The traffic goes a bit fast here doesn't it. We've nearly been hit a hundred times already. Don't the driver's use their brakes?"

"Incredible, everyone in the States drives on the wrong side of the road," says Denis.
We stop at a set of lights.

"What is everyone looking their car horns?" asks Rick. "Can't they see there's a red light and we can't move?"

"Yeah, it's a bit noisy isn't it," comments Lenny.

We leave Broadway and head for Greenwich Village. This is the Chelsea of New York. The buildings are so smaller than anywhere else in Manhattan and the streets are narrow. We park the car and get out.

"We walk down Bleecker Street, one of the best known streets in the village. There are coffee bars,



Deena's Glad All Over... and wouldn't you be at the thought of a date with Dave?

restaurants, nightclubs, shops and studios where you can have your portrait done.

"I'd like to have my portrait done," says Denis. "I'd like to take it home and frame it!"

We find a studio and Denis sits down with a very serious expression on his face.

"I think I look best in profile," he tells the artist. Mike and Rick look on, then decide to have theirs done. Soon there's a large crowd of people standing outside the studio intrigued by what's going on.

"Come on Dave," say the others. "Why don't you have one done?"

But Dave just smiles and looks on.
"Full on four later we leave and head for the 'Cafe Wha?' It's a dinky little nightclub, where you can listen to great music.

We go to Uncle Sam's.
"The atmosphere is terrific here," says Dave, "and I love this wild music."

Soon all eyes are looking in our direction. The boys have been spotted. The owner of the club gets onto the stage, welcomes them to America and wishes them luck on the Ed Sullivan Show.

He also invites us out to another nightclub in Greenwich Village. So we go.

It's called the 'Purple Onion'. We sit down to watch the cabaret and as we drink coffee, Dave begins to date!

"You, winks up," I tell him. "We haven't started yet."

"Gee, I'm sorry, Deena. But I still haven't caught up on this sleep I lost coming over on the plane."

We finish our coffee and move on. This time we walk to a jazz club in the village called 'The Five Spot'. Some of the greatest jazz musicians in the world play here. Tonight it's Charles Mingus.

The place is crowded. But we find a place, sit down and order drinks.

The music really swings and the boys tap their feet and clap their hands along with it.

"I want some cigarettes," says Denis. "There's a machine over there but I haven't a clue what coin to put in." He takes a handful of American coins and I take out 35 cents.

"How do you like it here," I ask Dave.
"It's great," he says. "I've really woken up now. In fact I just feel like taking a run round the block."

So when we leave the 'Five Spot' I take him up to that!

When we get back to the car, I'm out of breath. But Dave's in great shape.

"I think I could swing all night now," he says laughing.

We sit in the car and wait for the others to join us.

Mike comes running back looking very excited.
"There's a New York policeman over there," he says. "I've always wanted to meet one. Will you take me over and introduce me?"

For ten minutes Mike stands talking to him.
"Gee," says Mike, when he comes back, "he was nice. But I thought American policemen were always hurling their truncheons around!"

"You've been watching the many American movies," says Dave.

"But they do have truncheons—and guns," I tell him. "They must have been hidden under his coat."

"In that case I'd better make sure I don't get on the wrong side of the law here," says Mike.

Lenny, Denis and Rick wander back to the car and we drive off again.

This time we drive down town to Chinatown. All the way there the boys are giving out the scenery. "It's frightening how tall the buildings are," says Dave. "What happens to people in them that haven't got a head for heights?"

We drive through Chinatown.

Dave..



Greenwich villagers—(l to r) Our Boss, Dennis, Dave, Mike, Lenny and Rick.



Denis the Sax. Through the eyes of the camera and the artist.

"The streets are a bit narrow here," says Lenny. "And look at all those Chinese restaurants," says Rick, "which reminds me—I feel hungry!"

"Doesn't anyone ever go to bed here?" says Mike. "It's 1.30 in the morning and it's like Piccadilly Circus in the rush hour..."

"We have a place like this in London," says Dave. "It's called Limehouse and a lot of Chinese people live there."

"Dig those crazy telephone boxes," says Denis. "They've got pagoda tops. I haven't seen anything like that before. Are the telephone operators Chinese as well? ..."

Time is moving on—and so are we. I take them for a tour round the city pointing out The Empire State Building, Central Park and the United Nations Building.

Then it's back to Broadway. We make for The Metropole, where drummer Gene Krupa is playing.

"I've always admired Krupa," says Dave excitedly.

"I never thought I'd be seeing him tonight."

We watch Krupa do his act. "He's marvellous," says Dave.

But it's now past 3 a.m. And the boys are beginning to look a little tired. They've had a busy day today and they're going to have a busy day tomorrow.

I drive them back to the hotel.

"Well, I've really enjoyed myself," Dave tells me.

"I don't think I've ever done so much in one night."

"I'll tell you what, when you come to London I'll take you out for a night on the town. I'll show you Buckingham Palace, Piccadilly Circus, Leicester Square and all the other interesting places. You'll love it."

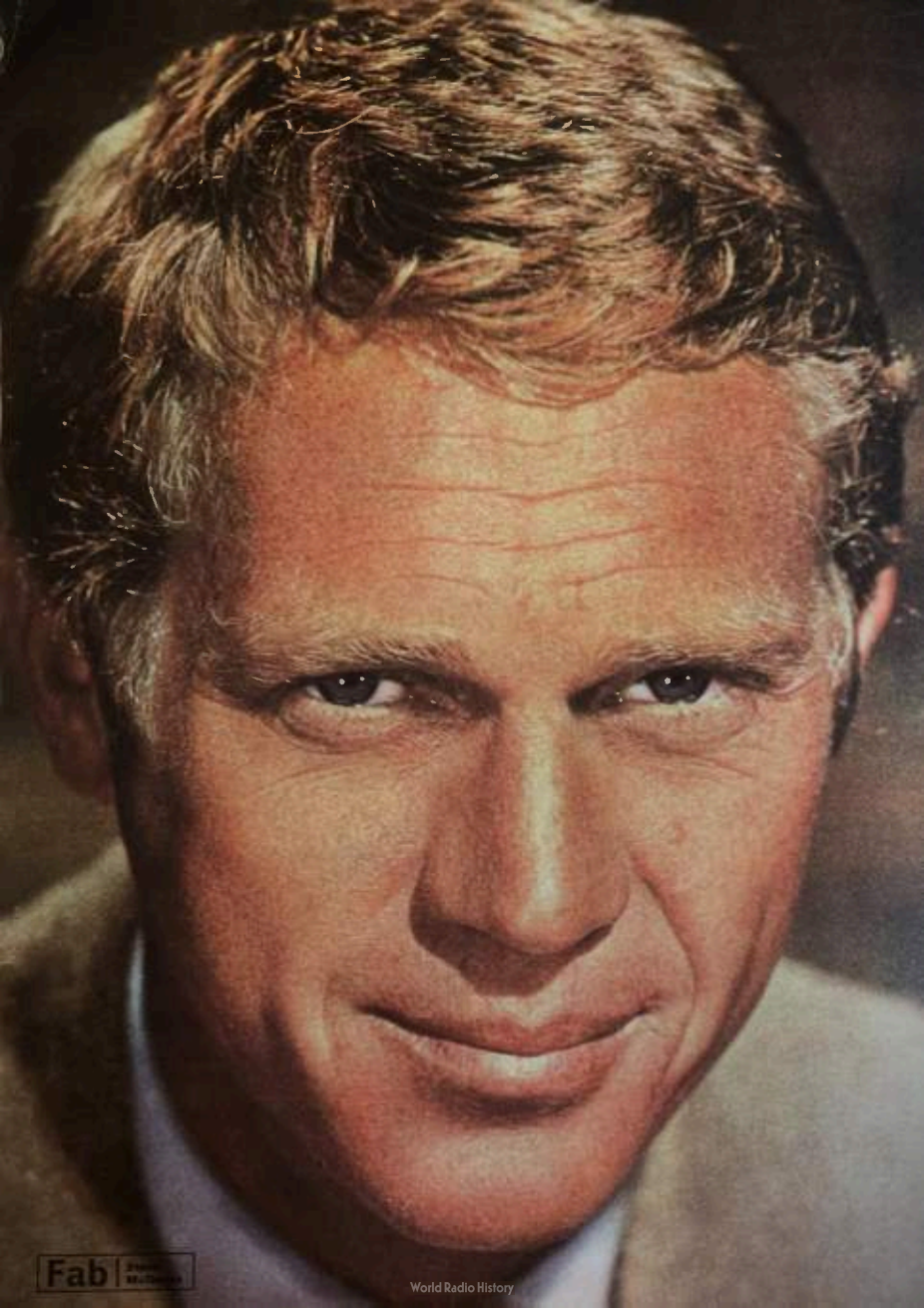
I say goodnight to the boys and Dave thanks me again for the night out.

"Hope I'll see you again soon," he says.

I hope so, too. He's a real nice guy.

The Dave Clark Five kicks over the traces on Broadway. A bit of light relief?





Fab | FRANCESCO MONTANARI

World Radio History



Steve McQueen's *the Men* fans say he's the most handsome man in the film world for his hair, racing line of sight. He even said once that acting was just a hobby to him and as soon as he'd saved enough money, he intended to quit drama for racing. *Stirling Moss* says Steve could do it, too.



the masculine mr MCQUEEN

I'd fly anywhere to meet Steve McQueen so when the Ed asked me to meet him in Germany for FAB on Location I zoomed off to the airport—pronto! But I found the dishy Steve brooding.

"It was no good," he said quietly. "I just didn't like that flat. In fact, I hated it."

He lapsed into silence, obviously thinking again about the horrors of living in the middle of London. We'd been talking about the flat he'd occupied while filming here once. It had been a huge place in a very swish area of the West End. It had all mod cons, as they say in property advertisements, even a butler. Yet Steve had hated it.

"I can't stand cities, you see," he explained. "I really loathe 'em. Too noisy. I like the peace of the country."

STEVE proves his love of the country by living there. His home is way outside Hollywood, surrounded by pine-infested woods. And the danger living here, McQueen spends quite a bit of his time hunting those bears. Bear hunting vies with car and motor-bike racing as his favorite hobby.

I suggested to him that those pictures were, perhaps, a little overdone. He shrugged.

"I guess so," he said casually.

But this matter, what, quicksilver streak of man finds driving slowly down a broad American thoroughfare more frightening than taking on Stirling Moss on a race track. He did that once, just

for laughs. Stirling's a close friend of Steve's. Who won? Stirling—by half a nose.

Steve's collection of cars and motor-bikes rivals Elvis's. He has a 'D' Type Jag, a mini car, a Cooper racing car, a Cadillac, a Ford, a Mercedes, a racing motor-bike, two ordinary motor-bikes and a Vespa. And he not only knows how to drive them. He knows what makes them tick, too.

"A good driver knows his machine from tyres to crankshaft before he ever attempts to go fast," he said. "I like to think that I'm a good driver."

He's had his fair share of bumps and bruises of course. But he doesn't let it bother him.

"If I really thought that racing is as dangerous as everyone keeps telling me it is, I'd give it up."

BROUGHT up on a farm in Missouri, Steve spent most of his earlier life surrounded by guns and horses. Result—he's a natural for Westerns. He can draw and fire a pistol twice in 2.7 seconds.

Sammy Davis Junior is one of the few people who can outdraw him, and Steve and Sammy have been known to have competitions to see who really is faster. Steve sportingly gives the honour to Sammy, but adds, "I have outdrawn him a couple of times, though."

Softly spoken, Steve rarely smiles, but when he does, it's worth the wait. He finds it hard to sit still for five seconds at a time, and he's surprisingly good at dancing the Twist. Hardly the thing you'd expect such an obviously outdoor type to be good at, but Steve enjoys a party and can Twist away with the best of 'em.

In his next film, he's going to serenade us with a couple of specially written Elmer Bernstein songs. Perhaps he'll enjoy singing so much that he'll add music to his list of hobbies. It would be a bit of a come-down from racing against Stirling Moss, though, wouldn't it? Unless, of course, he could form some kind of a double act with Elvis.

Now that I really would love to see!



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24 HOURS

FROM



Where? Well, Gene Pitney's been here there and everywhere. He never really knows just where he'll be the day after tomorrow. But to hear just why AND get a lowdown on the lad himself here's Gene talking. . . .

At the moment you are reading this I should be in the exotic land of Peru—at least I think so. Last me look at my date book. . . . Yes, that's right, I am. But since I was with you last March I have been to Australia, the Far East, Hawaii and Italy. So it's no wonder I often wake up in the morning and think "Where am I today?" Some people say I must get very tired of all this travelling. But I don't. Otherwise I wouldn't do it.

I particularly love England and always have since my first visit in '62. The audience—and I mean this—are the greatest I've ever played to. I got a little homesick, sure—who wouldn't? I came from a wonderful little town in Connecticut called Rockville and have a lovely family. Mom, Dad, two sisters and two brothers, none of whom have been to England with me as yet. But we're getting round to that!

I always bring a personal friend from the town with me as this gives me much more of a kick than just seeing things on my own. My friend from my home town acts as companion cum manager. My friend Francis came to England on my last trip and I took a local policeman buddy to Australia. On my next trip to England, which should be late in September, I'm hoping one of my brothers will come with me. I know he'll dig it as much as I do.

Since I started touring so much, I've had to stop collecting pets. I've had practically every kind you can think of, from parrots to mice, to hamsters. I still have a green monkey, whom we call "No Name"—I suppose I've never had time to think of one for him. He is very independent and doesn't miss me at all when I'm away. Sometimes, though, before Mom even says "Hello," she starts telling me what "No Name" has been up to.

I love writing songs and have written a lot of my own. But this I don't get time for when travelling. Most of the time on the coach I am writing my personal and business letters, everyone of which finishes up with a big P.S. "Excuse the handwriting, but I'm on a jogy coach!" Luckily I have had some great songs written for me, most of them recently by some of the best English composers. So I don't worry too much about that. Another thing that doesn't worry me is where I record—I'm just crazy about recording. I guess.

Apart from cutting in the U.S.A., I have now recorded several times in England, as well as Germany and Italy, and always find the musicians and engineers very helpful.

Two of my favourite shows I enjoy doing so much in England are the TV show *Thank Your Lucky Stars* (I think this is great, and the sets—wow!) and *Saturday Club* on radio. I've often heard *Saturday Club* while I've been in Europe and it always knocks me out.

One funny thing about me. When I leave home I never take more than two cases and three zip bags, which I suppose is considerably light, when you are leaving for two or three months. But boy! You should see me when I arrive back! Mom and Dad think I've bought the last place I played. I always say "Never again," but . . . I do like to buy my clothes either in England or Italy. I think they are tops in men's fashions. Although I'm not a fancy dresser, I do like nice things.

One complaint . . . may I? I don't like your weather too much. It changes so. When I first started touring, the change in climates used to affect my throat. But I'm used to it now. It doesn't bother me, so I'm lucky there. On one of my future trips I would love to come by boat. I hear from fellow artists that it's a great trip, lots of rest and fun. So far I've always flown, owing to the time factor.

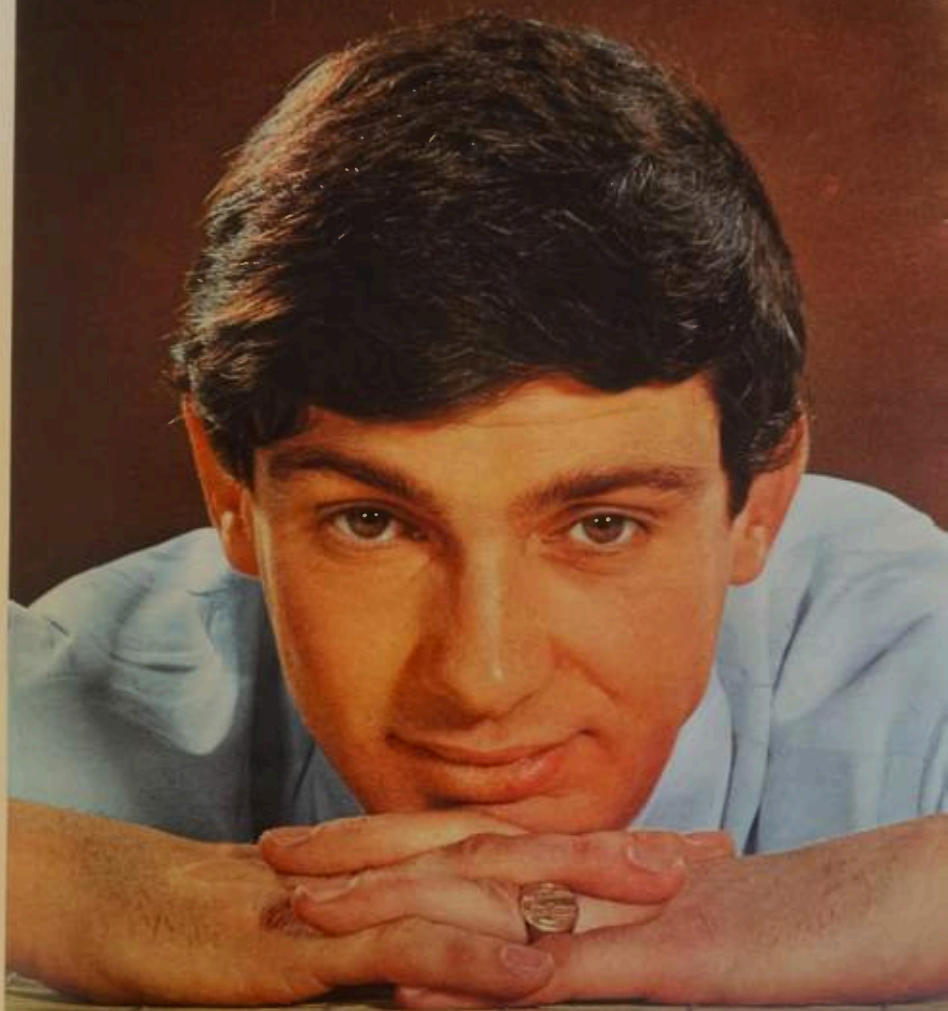
Talking of flying, people wonder why I always travel as near the back of the plane as possible . . . superstition? NO. Safety? NO. I'll tell you all . . . because I'm nearest to those lovely stewardesses.

Do you blame me?

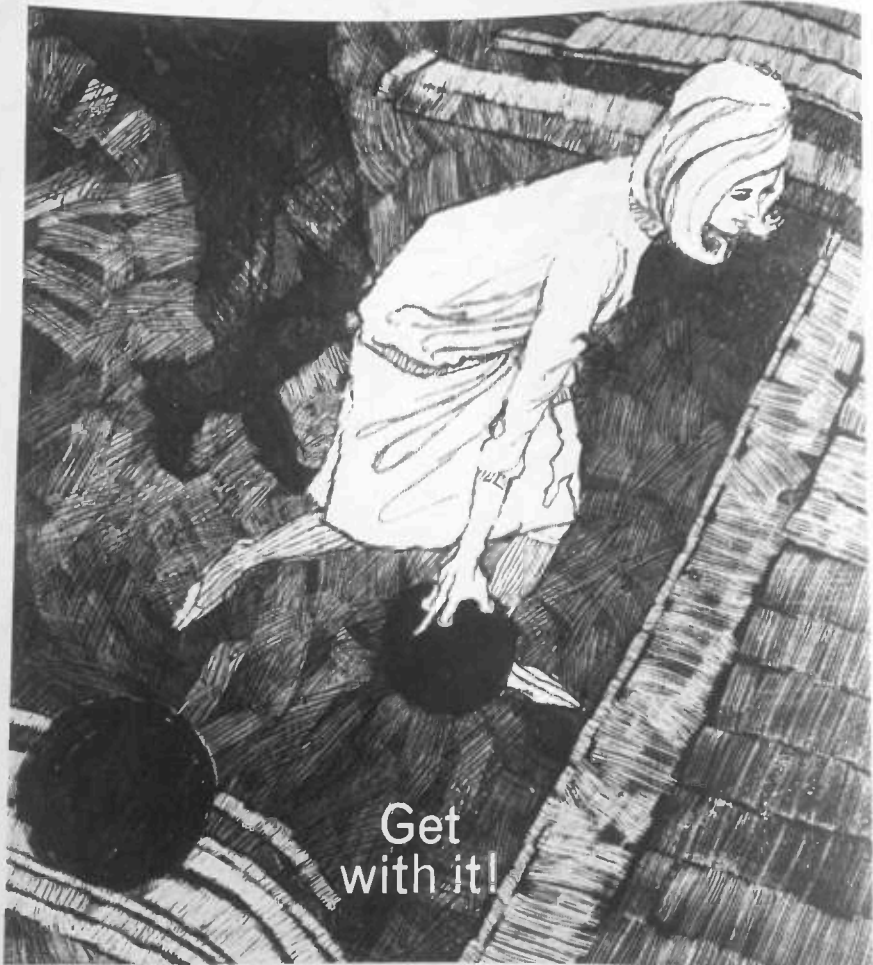
On my last trip to London I got a big kick out of travelling on your underground which I might say, is so much cleaner and nicer than ours in New York. I still haven't managed to ride on the top of a red London bus yet, but sure will do so at some time. During the present trip I have been learning the songs for my next album, which I record when I return to the States. Luckily not so many this time, as four of the songs to be included will be the titles I have already recorded in England.

Apart from two days in the Studio cutting the album, after I finish here in Peru, I will manage to get a week or so at home before I start the longest tour I've ever done in the States. Starting in June I will be playing dates which will take me from Mexico through to New York, stopping at almost every major city. This finishes on 10th September. Then I'm not sure what, until I see you in Britain again later that month. This I look forward to—very much. Do you know something? I love my work. See you.

Gene Pitney



Fab | Don't
Panic



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with it!

Start fresh and stay fresh
strike after spare after strike

Going bowling? Put on a little new-formula Amplex. It's the with-it way to check perspiration moisture and safeguard yourself against embarrassing body odour. With Amplex you start fresh, stay fresh—first frame to last!



Amplex new-formula deodorants -

Roll-on or Spray-on,

2/8. Available everyu here.

AMPLEX

SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS, TOO
Amplex Roll-on or Spray-on with Cologne



you must be sick!

*if you don't like Gill's
sleepytime fashion . . .*

**BUT ALL YOU WOULD-BE SWEET-SLEEPERS—STAND BY.
YOU'RE ON A LATE NIGHT BEAUTY CALL.**

Firstly, never **BUT** never—go to sleep with your make-up still on. It's a wise dolly who makes with the cleansing treatment **before** she cuddles down for the night. No matter how late the hour is, get your cleansing over first—it's for sure you'll notice the difference later on! Stale make-up will only clog your pores and stop your skin breathing freely whilst you're asleep. Nightly cleansing is most important for clear, bright looks.

If you have only been using light make-up, then you'll find warm water and a mild soap will remove the lot. (Super soap for keeping skin clear and spot free is Pond's new Flawless Medicated Soap 1s. 3d.) If, however, your skin is on the dry side, it's best to keep to a cleansing cream. (Atkinson's Cleansing Cream, 4s. 9d.)

Get yourself off to a refreshing sleep by first toning your skin. You can do this by either splashing your

face with cold water, as this will close the pores or, by using a skin tonic or toning lotion, which will work equally as well. (Pond's Skin Fresh, a mild astringent lotion 3s. 9d., which will also help to stimulate the circulation.)

Next comes nourishing the skin with a good skin food. Try using Atkinson's Nourishing Cream, 3s. 9d. a tube.

Smooth it on to your face and throat, and massage lightly in with upwards and outwards movements. Leave the cream to soak in for about ten minutes, and remove with tissues, leaving the delicate skin around your eyes moist with cream.

Get a really good night's sleep by winding your hair on cotton wool instead of rollers—you'll find it's much softer! Look your prettiest when asleep, with one of those frankly frilly boudoir caps—they're the dreamiest! (From Boots The Chemists, in nylon, from 5s. 11d.)

Interest? Who mentioned those fair, FAB, Interns? Or—our
A definite case of the shakies. That's what we're
got. Suddenly come on. YEA temperature and all that
Help! Urgent medical treatment, that's what we need!



Super slippers for dreamy dolls below. From left to right: White Tread Amusement-nightie, is finished with large mirror trim. From Richard Shops, 83c. Matching nightie and nightie in double-layered nylon. Available in peony blue, pink or yellow from Neustetter. Nightie, 99c. 11d.; nightie, 47c. 9d. Crisp cotton pyjamas trimmed with Broderie Anglaise in a variety of hush blues, from Neustetter, 25c. 11d.

A bunch of the screaming mimics? Well, it's not everyday Dr. Finley (alias Bill Simpson) is surrounded by such screaming dolls as these. It's a serious setback for any patient!





Fab

100 FREE TICKETS TO SEE THE BEATLES

enter this fabulous SPAR WOMAN'S CHRONICLE AND TULIP MEAT COMPETITION

win two free tickets to see the Beatles at the

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE, LONDON, SUNDAY, 31st MAY, 1964

HERE'S ALL YOU HAVE TO DO:

Go to your Spar Grocer's shop and purchase a can of TULIP CHOPPED HAM. At the same time collect a free copy of the "Spar Woman's Chronicle" containing entry form or fill in entry form below.

We wish to select the most fab name for the little cartoon character who appears in the Tulip advertising (see illustration)

Study carefully the eight names on the coupon and place them in the order you consider most appropriate having due regard to the type of character he is shown to be.

In the first attempt column of your entry form, put a figure 1 against the name you place first, a 2 against your second choice, a 3 against the third—and so on, until you have numbered all eight names 1 to 8. Complete your entry by adding your own suggestion for a name (not included amongst the 8), fill in your name and address, and the address of the SPAR grocer where you bought your TULIP CHOPPED HAM. Entry forms, or whole page, wrapped around key, must be sent in a sealed envelope.

You can attempt all three columns but each attempt must be accompanied by the key (without metal strip, please) from a Tulip Chopped Ham can. If you make 3 attempts you may have a further attempt without a fourth key. (If due to heavy sales your grocer is temporarily out of stock of Tulip Chopped Ham, a key from any Tulip Canned Meat will be accepted.)

- A. DANISH FRED
- B. VIKING VICTOR
- C. JOHNNY FAB
- D. KINKY SAM
- E. HAMOROUS HAROLD
- F. HERBERT HAM
- G. DANISH DAN
- H. FREDDY TULIP



CLOSING DATE: 19th MAY 1964
 post to:
 SPAR/TULIP, BEATLE CONTEST,
 18-20 St. Andrew Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.)

RULES

1. All entries will be judged by an expert panel of judges. The 50 prizes of two tickets will be awarded to the competitors who, in the judge's opinion, have listed the eight names in the most apt order.
2. Any number of completed entries may be submitted providing that each is accompanied by the required key from a can of Tulip Canned Meat. (Each completed column counts as one entry). You are entitled to one Free Entry after completing 3 columns.
3. All entries become the property and copyright of Spar Woman's Chronicle and Tulip Meat Co. Limited. Entries cannot be returned and no correspondence will be entered into.
4. The decision of the judges in all matters relating to the contest is final and legally binding. Any competitor not observing the rules will be disqualified.
5. All prize winners will be notified by

- post in ample time. Winners names will be published in the July 1964 issue of the Spar Woman's Chronicle.
6. Any resident of the U.K. may enter, except employees, and their relatives, of Spar Woman's Chronicle, Tulip Meat Co. Ltd., and their advertising agents.
7. In the event of a tie, or ties, for any prize, the judges will give preference to entrants who submit the most apt additional name for the Tulip cartoon character.
8. Entries must be received not later than first post Tuesday, 19th May, and should be addressed to: Spar/Tulip Beatle Contest, 18-20 St. Andrew Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.).
9. No responsibility can be accepted for entries damaged, delayed, lost or mislaid. Proof of posting cannot be accepted as proof of delivery. U.S. entries accompanied by a TULIP key (without metal strip) will be accepted.

My own suggestion for naming the Tulip cartoon character is

The address of the SPAR grocer where I bought my TULIP CHOPPED HAM is

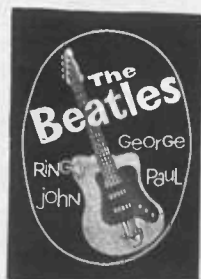
I agree to abide by the rules of this contest and accept the published result as final and legally binding.

NAME

ADDRESS

TOWN COUNTY

	1st	2nd	3rd	Free
A				
B				
C				
D				
E				
F				
G				
H				



YEAH! YEAH! YEAH!

An official Beatle Badge for you, you, YOU! Sew it on your sweater, chick. Sew it on your jacket, man. It goes anywhere!

Send for yours today. Only 3/6

From Dept. AC,
WELDON'S OF PECKHAM LTD.,
144 Rye Lane, Peckham, S.E.15

Please rush me my official Beatle Badge by return. I enclose P.O. for 3/6 and S.A.E.

Name _____
Address _____



Reach for romance with
Waltz italiana
exciting new nail enamels!

38 enticing Italian colours from whispering pink to golden bronze - wicked by moonlight, dangerous by sunlight, more sharp than sweet, throbbing with Mediterranean excitement. Be a 'Top Ten' girl with Waltz Italiana at your fingertips.

3/6 5/6
REGULAR PEARL



Distributors: CONTINENTAL COSMETICS LTD

BEATLES FANS!

First time ever
LIFE SIZE PICTURES

Life size (6 ft. x 2 ft.) pictures of THE BEATLES:

Actual life size, super deluxe, pictures to cover your wall of JOHN LENNON, PAUL McCARTNEY, GEORGE HARRISON & RINGO STARR for only 8s. 6d. each including postage and packing

SPECIAL OFFER—
ALL FOUR PHOTOS FOR ONLY 25s.

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4 Weighhouse Street, London, W.1

Please send me _____ (value number required) 6 ft. x 2 ft. photos of:

JOHN LENNON
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(Please tick in box behind names of the ones you wish to order.)

I enclose crossed Postal Order/Cheque for made payable to FAN FOTOS.

Name _____
Address _____

(Stick letters please.) (F)

LATE FOR HER DATE

HAIR NOT WASHED AND LATE AGAIN! I WAS GETTING QUITE A REPUTATION.....!

THANK HEAVENS BEFORE MY NEXT DATE WITH ALAN, MANDY TOLD ME ABOUT FABULOUS SHAMPOO-IN-A-MINUTE 'AERO' DRY SHAMPOO.

WITH NEW 'AERO' TO LOOK RADIANTLY LOVELY—JUST PUFF ON, BRUSH OUT, AND YOUR HAIRS BEAUTIFULLY CLEAN, FREE FROM DIRT, DUST AND DAMDRUFF!

THAT WAS A NIGHT I'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER FOR ONCE NO QUARRELS, BUT PLENTY OF COMPLIMENTS!

SHAMPOO WITHOUT GETTING YOUR HAIR WET!
Just "Puff On"

AND BRUSH OUT!

'AERO' shampoos castles only 2/10d from all chemists, with enough in the special size puffor pack for at least five glamorous shampoos.
Made by
INTERNATIONAL LABORATORIES, CHESSINGTON, SURREY

Has the Beat City lost the beat? That's the big question mark against Liverpool at the moment. Well, there's only one way to find out—so I went up to the Pool.

After a week of the Liverpool sound, I'm happy to report that I developed a permanent shake; fell over amplifiers in my sleep; had nightmares about drowning in the Mersey beat. Liverpool is a village as far as the groups are concerned—everybody knows everybody. Life revolves around cramped band-rooms and dimly-lit clubs—The Cavern, The Iron Door, The Blue Angel, The Downbeat, The Mardi Gras are the highspots. They all started out as jazz clubs in the trad boom (The Cavern started back in '57 with the skiffle craze) and they all had their own star performers before the hit parade claimed them. The Cavern had Billy J. Gerry, and The Beatles; The Searchers found a home at The Iron Door; The Mardi Gras is still The Swinging Blue Jeans' favourite venue; and Pete Best is in great demand at The Downbeat.

In a week, I didn't hear one record request for The Beatles at The Cavern (The Cave-Dwellers are sold on The Stones sound. John Lee Hooker's shouted blues, and Sonny Boy Williamson's wailing harmonica). But almost every group I met showed me pre-Beatlemania snapshots of Liverpool's liveliest exports.

Rory Storm and The Hurricanes even tag themselves "the group Ringo left behind". Nice boys, these. Apart from organising the Mersey Beat XI, which plays football for charity, Rory makes a point of leaving a tambourine at the edge of the stage to collect contributions when the group plays *Money*—any cash collected buys toys for kiddies at the local hospital.

Speaking of gear, the narrowest ties in town are worn by The Chants. They're less than an inch wide (the ties... The Chants are considerably wider). "We have them made specially. We just like them that way." Their leading Chanter, Joe Ankrak, told me about his m.e.m.o. ("most embarrassing memory, 'onest"). "We were leaving the stage to a marvellous send-off one night. Full of our own importance, we vaulted off the stage, and I accidentally landed on two chairs. My feet went clean through both of them. It took me five minutes to get free."

The Chants were discovered by wait for it—The Beatles. They were singing gently in a corner of The Cavern during the lunch-time session when the Beatles heard them. The same evening when the Beatles were performing, they dragged The Chants on stage, and backed them.

The Undertakers are the maddest group in town. They don't travel in a hearse any more (just a yellow van), but "we're sick, sick, sick," they say. And if you're not sick, sick, sick, you're Mickey Mouse. Get it? No? Well, then, you're Mickey Mouse. Most frenzied performer in town is

BEAT CITY

Four Escorts take themselves to The Cavern. Mike Gregory, Terry Sylvester, John Kinrade, Pete Clarke.



(Above) The Crusters (l. to r.) John Cason, Malcolm Clarke, John Harding and Richard Harding. Their record I Just Don't Understand was a very near-hit.



Yet another pop idol bites the dust, as Ian of The Zodiacs lose a leader, Ian got quite carried away, but he didn't stop singing. Or smiling.

Ian (of The Zodiacs). His performance at The Iron Door included knocking back a full bottle of coke in one gulp; and getting carried away by the girls. In fact, they dragged him off four times and buried him. Between these goings-on, I saw the leader of The Delmont Four wandering around giving out green stamps to his fans. Quite a place, The Iron Door. Even the walls shake.

Over at The Mardi Gras (where, by way of a change the floor jumps) I met Cy Tucker, who waded that marvellous mood version of *My Prayer* a while back. Apparently Cy is creating a problem. It seems everyone is pleading with him to turn fully professional. But Cy isn't all sure that he wants to give up his job. What does he do? He's a postman. (If you think this is a problem, spare a thought for the leader of The Four Just Men. It takes him five minutes to sign an autograph book. He's called Demetrius Christopholos.)

The Cavern has dark corners and orange lights. The Downbeat has an intimate look with purple lights and murals by local artist Bob Percival (Bob is deaf, but he "hears" the music through the vibrations of the floor. He's a Swinging Blue Jeans fan). The purple lights are evident again at the huge Iron Door (three dance-floors and soft drink bars) and the barn-like Mardi Gras. They give the clubs "atmosphere".

The Mardi is for me. Life's a swingin' thing there whether The Swinging Blue Jeans are in town or not. As a matter of fact, Rank's "Look at Life" team were filming The SBJs when I looked in and found everyone jumping to "old-fashioned" rock 'n' roll. The first numbers to meet my ears were *Long Tall Sally* and *Peggy Sue*, with The Blue Jeans backing local singer Nick (of The Connaughts).

Nick is a great favourite with the Mardi Gras crowd—he's so tiny that he has to stand on a beer-crate to reach the mike, but the voice is a big one. Apparently the SBJs always get him up on the stand for a couple of numbers when they're around.

I think the quote of the week—my week—came from Jim Ireland, owner of The Mardi Gras and manager of The Swinging Blue Jeans. He was telling a promoter: "Well, frankly, Ray (leader Ray Ennis) isn't too happy about tonight. When the boys agreed to do two shows for you they didn't realise they'd be in different towns." End of quote.

Make no mistake about it, Liverpool is as beat-happy as it ever was. The hotel bell-boys, the men who is "something in the city", the secretaries, the hair-dressers—they still talk about the Liverpool sound. The beatniks are crazy about London's Rolling Stones and they rave over Hamburg's Rattles, but their own scene is as wild as it ever was. If the Beat City is dying then this is the way to go out.

JUNE SOUTHWORTH



Carol's Letter Box

HEY THERE! Many of you have written to ask me how I select letters for my page. It's simple. I answer the questions that I have the most requests for. That way I can please more than one reader at a time. After all that, I hope you find something you wanted to know from this week's batch.

Jan: Can you give me some life lines on Big Dee Irwin, please?

His real name is **Di Fazio Irwin** (you can see why he picked Dee as his stage name: carl, you-?); **Big Dee** is twenty-five years old and was born in New York. He has black hair and brown eyes, stands 5 ft. tall. Dee likes to eat steak and collect record albums. His favourite actors are Susan Hayward and Martin Scorsese.

Terry Hilditch of Manchester writes: Can you tell me how old Ronnie and Estelle are sister, Terry. Nadia is their cousin Ronnie was born 10th August, 1945, Nadia 27th January, 1948 and Estelle 22nd July, 1944.

Peter Ling of Hertfordshire asks: Can I have all the general information you have on Dolly Springfield, please? Dolly's real name is **Mary O'Brien**, and she was born on 6th April, 1939 in Hampstead. She is 5 ft. 4 in. tall and weighs 8 stone. She has green eyes and blonde hair. Dolly's favourite colour is pink, and her favourite is **Tom Ford** (Norman Springfield). The origin of her stage name is that she and the boys were rehearsing in a field on a beautiful sunny day in the Spring... hence Springfield.

Julie Garvin of Wiltshire asks: Can you please tell me Billy J. Kramer's birthplace and when was he born? Billy was born on 18th August, 1942 in Bootle, Liverpool. His name that was **William Howard Ashton**.

Mary Corbett of Essex writes: Please can you tell me the ages, height and likes of The Searchers? We'd like them one at a time. Mary, starting with Chris: Chris Curts was born in Dallas, Louisiana on 28th August, 1947. He is 5 ft. 10 1/2 in., weighs around 10 stone 6 lb., has fair hair and blue eyes. Chris likes leather clothes, the colour black and olive grey. He dislikes rain and the winter. Tony Jackson was born in (was for 4?) Liverpool on 26th July, 1940. He is 5 ft. 8 in., weighs 11 stone. He likes black and blue suits. Tony likes football, films and dark suits. He doesn't like people who laugh at other people's misfortune. John McMillan was also born in the beer city, Liverpool, on 26th August, 1947. His other interests are: height 5 ft. 8 in., weighs 9 stone 10 lb., has fair hair and blue eyes. John enjoys films and driving. He dislikes travelling 5 ft. 8 in., weighs 9 stone 10 lb., has fair hair and blue eyes. Mike Penber was born in Liverpool, 21st March, 1942. He stands 5 ft. 9 in. and weighs 11 stone. Mike has black hair and green eyes. He likes the colour blue, steel, and Everton Football Club. He dislikes sharing and alcohol, noise.

Melba Mills of Walsingham writes: I'm having an argument with a friend. She says Elvis has million sale records was **Blue Suede Shoes**. I think it was **Hound Dog**. Which of us is right, please? No more arguments, girl! 57's **Blue Suede** was his first record. 50, no one else will!

Jennie Morgan of Kent wants to know: The fax club address of Tommy Quickly, please. And what do I have to do to join? Simply send a stamped, addressed envelope to **The Secretary, 258 Oxford Road, Gilly Oak, Birmingham 29**. Explain that you wish to join the club, and the secretary will help you from there on. Okay?

Patricia Anne of Walsingham writes: Can you give me the colour of hair and eyes, heights and weights of The Fourmost, please?

Brian O'Hara: Born in Liverpool, has sandy eyes and black hair. Stands 5 ft. 8 in. and weighs 10 stone 2 lb.

Mike McIlwain: Born in Birmingham, Christian has blue eyes and brown hair. Big Mike stands 5 ft. 4 in. and weighs around 13 stone 1 lb.

Billy Hutton: Born in Liverpool, height 5 ft. 11 in. and weighs 11 stone 4 lb. Billy has brown eyes and brown hair. Dave Lindaville: Born in Esherford near Liverpool. Height 5 ft. 7 in., weighs 12 stone 2 lb. Dave has blonde hair and reddish-brown hair.

ANYTHING YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW, JUST DROP ME A LINE ENCLOSING A STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE THE ADDRESS IS

Carol's Letter Box
Falsibus, Fleetway Publications,
Farnington Street, London, E.C.4.



Keith with The Marsebeats

IN RECORD TIME

You buy the discs by the stars but have you ever wondered what the stars themselves buy. I can give you a good lead from this week's new releases. I remember walking into a record shop in Oxford Street with **Tony Crane of The Marsebeats** and watching him buy up every disc by American rhythm and blues man **Bo Diddley**. It's a cert that Tony will be after his new LP **Bo Diddley In The Spotlight (Pye)**. Best tracks are **Nor Gully, Craw Dad, Bo's A Lumber Jack** and **Gimme Gimme**.

Marty Wilde is another big R & B fan and has quite a few tapes by **Sonny Boy Williamson**. He would like Sonny's new LP which is titled very aptly, **Down And Out Blues (Pye)**. Best tracks are **Don't Get Me Talkin', Fattening Frogs For Snakes, Dissatisfied** and **Down And Out Blues**. Some real earthy harmonica work here that **Paul Jones** of **The Manfred Mann** group would appreciate—he's another Williamson fan.

Last time I was with **The Searchers** they were raving about a new American singer called **Dionne Warwick**. She had the **Anyone Who Had A Heart**, hit in America. Dionne records for the same company as **The Searchers** and whomever one of her discs is available the boys arrive for their free copy. It's safe to assume they already have an advance copy of **Presenting Dionne Warwick (Pye)** her new album. Some of the best tracks are **Make The Music Play, I Cry Alone, We'll On By and Mr. Heartbreak**.

Named by the Manfred Mann group as one of the finest rhythm and blues groups in Britain are **The Yardbirds**. Their new release **I Wish You World (Columbia)** seems to confirm that.

Some trouble over the title of the new **Shadows** single. Almost twenty-four hours before the release date, arranger **Norris Parmer** only had a working title—**Hard 7**. In desperation **Norrie** went to see the boys personally and told them of the urgency.

The Shadows went into a huddle and came out with below it is **not** a seventy word title. **Norrie** explained it wouldn't fit on the disc label. **Bruce** asked the disc which he suggested **The Run And Fall Of Finger Bunt (Columbia)**. **Willis** suggested **Bunt**. No one knows—most of all **Bruce**. The number is a fast name (as with **Hank playing piano**).

Beautiful ballad from newliner **Johnny Christian (Columbia)**. Title is **Whispers In The Night**. Ballads seem to be making a strong come-back in the charts and this stands a real chance.

KEITH ALTHAM

WHO'S WHO THIS WEEK

A key to this week's groups



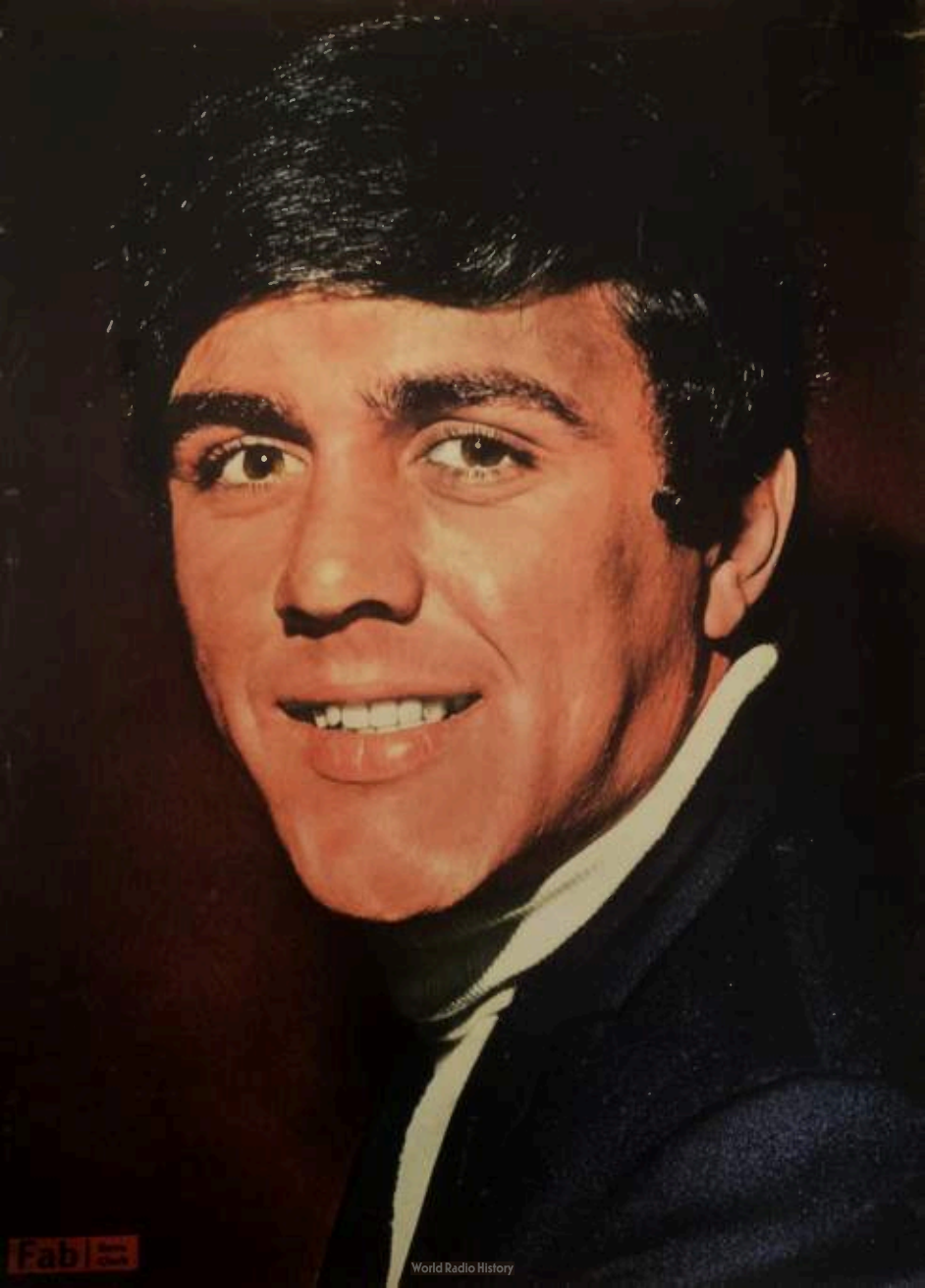
THE FOURMOST
Left to right: George Harrison, Paul McCartney, John Lennon, Ringo Starr



THE SHADOWS
Left to right: Bruce, Hank, Willie, Paul, Ronnie



THE YARDBIRDS
Left to right: Keith, Jim, Noel, Paul, Chris



FABE

World Radio History