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12th JUNE 1965

Fabulous

GOES FILMING

**KING SIZE FULL COLOUR PIN-UPS OF
ZOMBIES • FREDDIE • DAVE CLARK FIVE • HERMAN
PATTIE BOYD • PAUL MCCARTNEY • HANK MARVIN**



PLUS 2ND HALF OF KINKS GIANT POSTER



COLOUR CONTENTS

BEATLES... photographer MICHAEL DARLING
DAVE CLARK FIVE (small pic)... photographer FIONA ADAMS
THE ZOMBIES... photographer FIONA ADAMS
FREDDIE... photographer BILL FRANCIS
DAVE CLARK FIVE... photographer MAX STEINER
DAVE DAVIES & MICK AVORY... photographer BILL FRANCIS
PATTIE BOYD... photographer MICHAEL DARLING
PAUL MCCARTNEY... photographer MICHAEL DARLING
HERMAN... photographer DEREK BERWIN
HANK MARVIN... photographer DAVID STEEN

hi there. The office feels all hollow and empty this week. I'm feeling all lonesome and neglected; there's not even anyone much about to nag.

Fact is, half the gang are rushing around film-sets while Betty, Sylvia and Fiona have all piled into Betty's little Mini and pointed Liverpool-wards. They're off to find out what's going on in the City that started Britain's Beat Boom.

They've telephoned a couple of times to say that they're having a great time and meeting some fascinating people—including Paul McCartney's brother.

So to find out how they got on—don't miss your next week's FAB when we Revisit Liddy-pool.

Luve and stuff,
THE ED

hi fab!



Sheena with the gang film gossip

This has been a smashing issue for the Gang. We've all been dashing round the film sets, going to special previews and seeing all the latest pop-filmwise. Lucky old Sylvia got to see The Beatles working on their film 'Help' and so we were all dead jealous for the rest of the week.

THE Rolling Stones' fans should be up in arms. I mean it seriously, too! All Stones' fans should demand to be able to see the Ectonovision film called "Teenage Command Performance" which is headlined by Mick, Brian, Keith, Bill and Charlie.

The film was made in the States and also features Gerry and The Pacemakers, Billy J. Kramer and The Dakotas, The Supremes, James Brown, The Beach Boys, Jan and Dean, and loads more. The film was released at about a dozen specially selected cinemas throughout the country so some of you will no doubt have seen it. But what about the rest of us?

The Stones are due to start a film of their own this month. Can't wait to see it, can you?

Rolling Stones



BRAND new group with a Fabulous fan club. That's The Richard Kent Style

The boys used to be called Richard Kent and The XLs till they discovered the Cavern group with same sounding name of Excalibur.

When the group came down to one of our readers' parties they met two Fab readers Maureen, and Pat, of 5 School Close, Ashridge, Chesham, Buckinghamshire, who thought the boys so great that they started a fan club for them.

Now the present line-up is: Richard Kent, vocals and trumpet; Harvey Rose, bass guitar; Neil Levine, lead guitar; Ronnie Smith, trumpet; Desmond Whitehead, drums; Ian McGregor, tenor sax; and Austin Verner, alto/baritone sax. Austin is an ex-Olympic swimmer. He swam for Great Britain in the 1960 Olympics in Australia.

All the lads come from Manchester or thereabouts and they specially enjoy playing for the underprivileged children at the Wood Street Mission in the Deansgate area of Manchester.



Adam Faith

ADAM FAITH has starred in several films already, like "Mix Me A Person" and "What a Whopper". Now Adam is busy writing his own film script. He's been doing it over the last couple of years and it's going to be a James Bond 007 type film. Adam says it will be shot all over the world.

Nice work if you can get it, eh? Adam should be used to globe trotting for he's been to practically every country you can think of. But this year marked a first for him when he made his first trip to Canada.

With Sandie Shaw, he flew to Montreal on a promotional visit and got a tremendous welcome from the fans. Adam said the first thing he wanted to do was buy an Eskimo coat!

TONY BLACKBURN would be just great on the movie screens. He's that handsome, Latin-looking deejay from Radio Caroline who has his first record. Don't Get Off That Train, released on the Fontana label.

Tony was born in Guildford, Surrey, on 29th January, 1943. He's five feet nine inches tall, with raven coloured hair and blue, blue eyes.

The deejays on Caroline South spend one week on the boat and one week off but Tony had to get special permission to spend a whole month on shore for promotional work.

Tony's fan mail has doubled since he made the

record and when his fans see him in real life they all say he looks even more handsome than in his pic. So keep your eyes open for newcomer Tony Blackburn. You should be seeing quite a lot of him in the near future

Tony Blackburn



THE Moody Blues believe in travelling in style these days, so they've bought themselves a ten-seater Ford Galaxie Estate car. It's pure white with pale blue upholstery. Usually their road manager, Phil, drives it but occasionally Denny Laine uses it to go to the nearest shop for some ciggies.

The Moodies don't put on the dog with their car. It has no bar, no television, no private phone, no ejector seats, but it does boast a radio and a record player.

The car only does fourteen miles to the gallon but, if they should run out of petrol on the way to a gig, there are always five pairs of hands to push it to the nearest garage. I usually have to depend on Fab's Mo and she's not one to push! Oh no!

Moody Blues



JESS CONRAD is the film favourite we haven't seen around for a bit, but this is put right with his latest "Celluloid" offering called *The Golden Head*. The top side of his new single is from the film. *Things I'd Like To Say* is the title and the musical backing is directed by Les Reed who did Tom Jones' hit *It's Not Unusual*. The flipside is a number called *Don't Turn Around*. No, it's not The Merseybeats big hit. It's an entirely new number. Hope Jess gets into the charts with this one. He's so-o-o good-lookin'.

Jess Conrad



HAD a pleasant surprise the other day when the phone rang and I answered it to find one of those super Rockin' Berries at the other end.

"Hello Sheena. It's Chuck here," said a lovely Birmingham accent.

Chuck Botfield, apart from other things, is the lead canoeist of the group so I asked him what he'd be doing this summer.

"We've got a summer season in Great Yarmouth," he said. "So I can spend all my lazy afternoons spread out on the beach sun-bathing."

The Beachers are in the summer show so there'll be plenty of pop fan enjoyment to be had. Just head for the A.B.C. at Great Yarmouth.

With a bit of luck you might meet Chuck paddling down the middle of the High Street in his canoe! They didn't record *Peer Mar's Sea* for nothing you know! Only kidding—really they put Chuck and his canoe on a barrow and wheel him down to the sea front.

Rockin' Berries



TALE-ENDERS... Parlophone recording stars The In Crowd were formerly known as Four Plus One... I really rate The Persuasions' Columbia recording of *I'll Go Crazy*... Manchester nitierie, Mister Smith's owned by Merseybeats' agency, McKiernans, and usually frequented by The Hollies, Wayne and The Mindbenders and others... Spencer Davis Group nice enough to send us a postcard when they were unable to attend a recent readers' party... Nashville Teens' film appearances include *Pop Gear* and *Be My Guest*... Fritz Fryer ex-Four Penny penned *I've Had Enough Of You Baby* released on Mercury by Kris Ryan... Lesley Duncan penned flip of her latest single *Just For The Boy*... West Indian Jackie Edwards makes a lovely job of *Hush* on the Aladdin label... The Fourmost are off to Gibraltar to sing in a cave in the Rock. It's true!... Doesn't Tony Crane of The Merseybeats look really gorgeous these days says Fab's Ed and the Gang all agree... Was Fab's Sports Day the only time the Ed fell flat on her face? (Ed's note—No!)

NEXT WEEK *Liverpool Revisited*

Briefing To FAB Investigation Team: See what's going on in Liverpool now. **Team Report:** Liverpool '65 is sizzlin'. The hummin' home of The Beatles, birthplace of all the original greats, Mecca of a million fans—that's LIVERPOOL. FAB team buzzed around, feeling the tempo of the best scene, getting the temperature of the New Mersey sound, knocking on some famous doors, talking to teen people in the streets, meeting the posters who keep the place jumpin'. Chatted up Marilyn, sister of STU JAMES; called on MIKE MCGEAR, Paul McCartney's brother, and the other members of The Scaffold; went to see MRS. HARRISON, mother of George. Gleaned new info on *Cynthia Lennon*, The Beatles, Cilla. Discovered new names. Persuaded Gerry Marsden to write for us. **IT'S ALL IN FAB NEXT WEEK—plus** King size colour pin-ups of THE SEARCHERS... BEATLES... MERSEYBEATS... STU JAMES... GERRY... CILLA... SPINNERS... BILLY FURY and TOMMY QUICKLY, so order your copy NOW before they're all sold out.

FABULOUS—on sale Monday, price One Shilling



Ringo and the drums again?

Will he be reunited with his machine?

Will he get back to his electric organ?

Will he ever sleep once more in his pit?

What's the answer? The answers, as provided by the new film, are even funnier.

George makes blues a verb
in a way of getting around.
Are there mysterious
Easterners after him
again? Go li, Ringo.

George found the top hat
in America, and kept it on
even for the shirtless bit,
quite a feat, considering

FILM FUN

Paul "out" McCartney goes
in for a bit of rough stuff
in the new film. So do the
others—often under water.

very



The Beatles' new film will be out in about eight weeks' time, but FAB had a preview of all the fun when Mo, Fiona and Sylvia went down to the set to watch the boys at work

IT's raining. We (Fiona, Mo and I) splash across the grounds of Twickenham Film Studios and burst open the heavy door of Stage Two. Quietly, we creep through the shadows that lap the blazing circle of light of the set.

A tall figure in a black suit and blue shirt detaches itself from a table in the muted, pink and gold, Indian restaurant and crosses to us, smiling. Strong, long-fingered hands squeeze my shoulders.

"Hullo, love," says Paul McCartney, greeting me.

SYLVIA: Paul. Nice to see you.

PAUL (treating Mo and Fiona to the same shoulder-shattering welcome): How've you been? Fine? Great. We've been okay, too, thanks. Love working on the film, y'know. Sorry I'm not wearing the cuff-links FAB gave us but this shirt has buttoned cuffs!

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR (from somewhere in the pool of light): Paul!

PAUL (to A.D.): Coming. (To us): Got to go and be an actor now.

An expressive glance upwards indicates his own opinion of his ability as an actor. A brief wave, a "Shan't be long," and he's back under the hot arc lamps with three other boys whose haircuts closely resemble his own.

The Fab gang watch a bit of action until...

DICK LESTER, the Director, (amiably): Cut. Dick says everything amiably. Paul returns to us.

FAMILIAR VOICE FROM BEHIND US: Don't you talk to me any more than?

We turn.

FAB GANG: Hullo George.

GEORGE: Keepin' well? Good. Sorry I'm not wearing the cuff links FAB gave us but —

FAB GANG (laughing): Your shirt has buttoned cuffs!

GEORGE (looking surprised): That's right. How did you know?

SYLVIA: A little Beetle told us.

MAN PUSHING ARC LIGHT TO NEW POSITION: Mind your backs, please.

FIONA (to Paul and George): What was it like in the Bahamas?

BOYS (together): Great.

GEORGE: Then we went to Austria, and the snow was up to the second floor of the hotel. We had to do some skiing scenes and the only one of us who'd been skiing was John.

MO: How'd you get on?

GEORGE (grinning): Fine—I think. They just put us on the skis and gave us a push. Trouble was, I didn't know how to stop. I had to head for the softest looking snowdrift and crash into that.

He smiles straight at Mo, who goes noticeably weak at the knees.

FIONA: What's the film about, anyway?

GEORGE (with that grin again): It all starts with this ring that Ringo wears, and these people out East —

(**SORRY, FOLKS: I PROMISED I WOULDN'T TELL THE REST.**)

GEORGE (five minutes later): And that's about it. Should be fun.

PAUL: It might be lousy.

FAB GANG: Oh, no! Never.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR George. Paul. John. Ring—oh no, sorry, Ringo. We don't need you yet.

BOYS (together): See you later.

SYLVIA: Where is Ringo?

GEORGE (as he walks away, pointing to a chair in the middle of a gang of technicians): Over there.

Ringo hears his name, looks up, spots FAB, waves and Sylvia joins him.

SYLVIA: You look a bit tired.

RINGO: I didn't go to bed until four this morning—and we have to be on the set here

at a quarter past eight—on the dot. **NEL ASPINALL** (Beatles' road manager, who's sitting next to Ringo): But you weren't here till nine.

RINGO: Yeah, but that was your fault. You overslept, didn't you?

NEL (shamed): Yes. Ringo. Sorry, Ringo.

RINGO (mugily): See, it wasn't my fault. I'm a good boy.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR: Ringo on set, please.

With murmurs of "See you later," Ringo goes on set. Sylvia reports Fiona and Mo on the edge of the set to see Paul standing on a chair taking pictures with what looks suspiciously like Fiona's camera.

FIONA (smiling): Shall we offer him a job? It would be nice to have two photographers.

MO: Especially if one of them were Paul McCartney. Paul stops taking pictures as Dick calls for action.

As soon as the scene's over, the boys, minus Paul, return to FAB.

SYLVIA: What's all this I hear about you doing a Western next?

RINGO (grinning broadly): That's right. That's gonna be marvellous. Playing cowboys, riding horses—great.

JOHN: I wonder how many stunts we'll have to do?

SYLVIA: Have you done many on this film?

JOHN: A few.

RINGO: I had to jump in the water with all my clothes on.

SYLVIA (smiling): And did you enjoy it?

RINGO: Not particularly. I can't swim.

JOHN: He had to do a fight scene in the water.

RINGO: Don't remind me. Ugh!

JOHN: We had to swim under a yacht for one scene as well.

RINGO: I didn't.

JOHN: No, you didn't. But the rest of us did. I was quite confident about it until I actually got under there. You can't imagine how terrifying it was, swimming under that boat.

SYLVIA: How much of this film have you ad libbed?

(**Laughing.**) But there's one ad-libbed bit that was real funny. It's a fight scene, see, and I'm being strangled by a thug. George dives to my rescue. But the thug gets out of the way and George finds himself strangling me. I gasp, "George, it's me. It's me."

When we had the scene, everything went fine till I said my line. Then, instead of letting me go, George said: "Sorry, John"—and went on strangling me.

RINGO: That was a laugh.

GEORGE (joining the party): D'you know, I didn't get up until a quarter to eight this morning and I was here by a quarter past.

JOHN: Did you come by jet?

GEORGE: No. I just didn't have breakfast until I got here.

SYLVIA: Did you drive here, John?

JOHN (shaking his head): No, because of the fans outside. If they jumped on the car on something, I'd panic. There might be an accident. So the chauffeur picks me up.

Anyway (grinning), I'm not awake until eleven, so I can't drive any earlier than that.

RINGO: Do you remember the time our driver ran out of petrol somewhere in Yorkshire.

GEORGE (teasingly): Do I! I! I! I!

JOHN (to FAB): We had to thumb a lift.

GEORGE: From a bloke driving a truck.

JOHN: It was loaded with carrots, or cabbages or something.

FIONA: I bet he was surprised to see you.

RINGO: He was. (He lapses into a broad Yorkshire dialect): "Ee, I never thought I'd broad see you lads in the flesh."

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR: George. John. Ringo.

BOYS (together): Coming, sir. Right away. They wait, wave, and are gone.



WRITING FOR YOU THIS WEEK

Freddie Garrity, the crazy leader of The Dreamers, tells you all about his latest film and what he thinks when he sees himself on the screen. We'll tell you that if Freddie ever gets fed-up with being a star, we'd take him on to the staff of FAB any day. Scout's honour.

FREDDIE

● You know what I had to say in my first film, *What A Crazy World?* I had to jump up and shout out: "Let's all do the 'Sally Anne'!" That's all. But after I'd done it, I thought to myself: I'M A FILM STAR!

But that's going back a bit, of course. We've just returned from our second trip to America, and now we're working on our fourth film. Yes, our fourth! Called *The Cuckoo Patrol*, it's a slapstick comedy about some Boy Scouts, and we wrote it ourselves.

It's our first big film chance—to muff it! Seriously, all this is more than I ever dared to hope for. Before coming into showbusiness I used to dream about being on the stage. But films! Never in my wildest dreams did I think I might get on the screen.

I used to argue with myself that you had to be good looking to get into films, and that cut me out right away!

Even now, with these three films behind me and this new one offering me my biggest chance yet, I want to go on and star in a really big comedy. Something like *The Pink Panther*, the Peter Sellers' film.

● I was really knocked out when they told me I might be in a film. We had just made *If You're Gonna Make A Fool Of Somebody* and Alan Klein, who wrote *What A Crazy World* and is a good friend of ours, suggested there might be a part in it for Freddie and The Dreamers. We had to go to Leyton Baths to audition and afterwards Alan pointed to the



director of the film, Michael Carreras, and said: "It's all right. I think he likes you."

He was right, too. We were in. I was proper chuffed.

The only part about making a film I don't like is the hanging around on the set. I'd rather be working all the time. You start work early in the morning, mind you. On *Every Day's A Holiday* we were on the set ready to start work by 7.30 or 8 o'clock. But getting up in the morning is no problem for me because, when I was working for the dairy in Manchester, I had to get up at 5.30 a.m. to start my milk round.

And that's early!

After each day's filming of *Every Day's A*

*Next week:
GERRY Y writes
specially for you*

Holiday we went into the studio cinema and saw on the screen what we had filmed the previous day. "Rushes" they called them. That really worried me!

● Do you know, I didn't see one of those three films at a premiere or anything like that. I left it until later and went into the cinema and paid for a seat at the box-office. I went to see *Every Day's A Holiday* with a couple of guys and a couple of girls and when I was due to come on the screen I sank down into my seat as far as I could go.

I didn't want to look. Well, I wanted to see it—but I didn't want anyone else to see it.

I'm a very critical person, and I think I'm terrible on the screen. I think I was terrible in *Every Day's A Holiday*. Me, not the boys. I hated myself in the film and as I left the cinema I thought, "I'll never make an actor!"

I think I have too much to learn to be any good. I talk too fast for one thing. And some of the camera angles show up my big nose. Most people are a bit vain, though, aren't they? Before I leave home I might look at myself in the mirror and decide, "Well, you look all right today, kid!" Then I go into the cinema and see myself on the screen. Ugh!

One thing I'm certain of—I'll never make another Errol Flynn! But I *would* like to win an Oscar. That would be marvellous.

I won't, though.

Because we've got more acting to do in this new film the boys and I have had three weeks of drama and elocution lessons in London. I learned a lot. This was how I learned that I talk too fast. I... really... must... speak... more... slowly.

● *The Cuckoo Patrol* is all about some Boy Scouts. Pete the bass player and I do a wrestling scene in the film and we manage to win. We also get involved with a couple of safe breakers but everything turns out fine in the end and we help to capture the crooks.

The Scoutmaster is very absent-minded and when he wants us he goes around peering into the hedges and calling out "Cuckoo! Cuckoo!"

He gets taken away.

We were asked to submit some ideas for a film and so we wrote this story about the Scouts. I used to be in the Scouts actually, and the Boys' Brigade. I was a lazy devil, always got out of doing the work. Except on the "Bob-a-Job" Week and I pulled my weight then because I didn't want to look too much of an idiot.

Anyway, the film company, Grand National Pictures, liked the Scout idea and developed the script into a film to run an hour and ten minutes. It took us exactly a day to write the story, and I'm not absolutely certain why we picked on the Boy Scouts.

Maybe it's because we're a funny looking lot already and in short trousers we should look even funnier.



Feb 11

CATCH US

-if you can

"Pack your bag," said the Ed. "You're off to Bath. Dave Clark's on location there with his film, 'Catch Us If You Can.'" I was the happiest girl alive...

by MAUREEN HART



Mo with the Clapper board on the film set. One small problem here, they never use girls to work the clapper board. Trust Mo to be the exception.

THE sunshine made a super welcome. Fiona (Fab's photo girl) and I stepped off the train at Bath, still shivering from the chill wet of London.

Talk about sunshine all the way... As we walked into our hotel, we met Dave himself.

"Hallo, Fi. Let me take your cameras. Are you going to be in our film, Mo?" He was as handsome and heart-stopping as ever.

"What me? A real actress! No, Dave, we've come to take some pictures and write a story about you in front of the cameras."

"Great," said Dave, "but I still think you should be in the film. Come on, Mo, let's find a costume for you."

◀ The D.C.s rest after a hard day's work. This is very much the ladder of success they are on. And I should say that they are right at the top.

"What is this?" I said, trying not to sound too excited, "a fancy dress ball or something?"

"S'right," said Dave.

You can't stall Mr. Clark, so in the wardrobe room I was given a funny garment, all green and white stripes. It turned out to be a Regency bathing costume. Some giggle, I thought.

The set was crowded with lights and cameras and people. The people were extras in the film. Sort of background bods.

The Scene was a big, breathtaking ballroom with blazing chandeliers. The extras, from colleges and art schools around Bath, were all sorts and sizes; dressed in the weirdest costumes. By now I was in my Tom Jones bathing rigout, mob cap and all.

I was just wandering round having a look-see, when I was tapped on the shoulder. I turned and there stood a sort of Jean Harlow character looking faintly familiar. It was Mike Smith in disguise. I collapsed in a fit of giggles.

Just as if everything was normal, Mike asked me how I was.

"I'm fine," I said. "How are you enjoying this film lark?"

"Marvellously," said Jean (sorry, Mike), "the only thing is having all this make-up stuff on my face. Still it's only for a short scene so I'll manage."

"TURN OVER," someone in charge yelled.

"What does that mean?" I hissed to Mike.

"They are ready to start shooting," he whispered.

"ACTION," called the producer—and we were off.

The idea was that we had to dance to a record as if we were at a ball. When the music stopped we had to keep dancing because they were still shooting the film. It was dead complicated.

continued on Page 12





continued from page 10

Later on, having had a brisk shower and put on normal gear again, we sat round with The Five drinking coffee at the hotel.

"What's it like, staring in a picture, Dave?"

"Hard work, but great fun," said the star.

"Harder than being an extra?"

"It's more rewarding!"

He was an extra in thirty films, so he should know. This isn't a musical by the way. There aren't any songs, except in the ball sequence. But they're hanging an LP on it, which'll go in my collection. Incidentally, Anglo-Amalgamated are releasing the picture this summer.

I'm sure **CATCH US IF YOU CAN** will be a big success because it is really fast moving and very funny—and I'm in it, too. That'll make an enormous difference, as long as some scissor-happy editor doesn't cut me right out.

In the chorus line we have:
Left to right:
Mike as Jean Harlow, Mo as a bathing belle, Lenny as Harpo Marx, Rich as Stan Laurel, Dave as Groucho Marx, and Denis as Sabu the elephant boy.

The Ball is on!

There are six hundred students in this scene which pretty well packs the room out. It's very hot under those lights and at the end of the day everyone is very tired. Here Dave is just coming up for air.

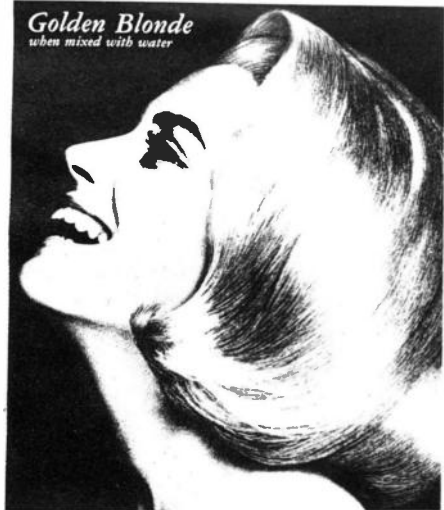


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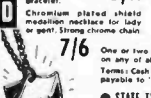
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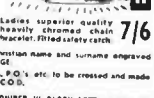
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Is this your mouth? Then you're the mystery girl—nobody's quite sure whether you're smiling or not. You watch and listen in the sort of silence that lures every susceptible male in eyeshot. You can answer silently the question that hasn't even been asked. The key to your mystery is understanding and intelligence. Add to the mystery by using Gordon-Moore's Cosmetic Toothpaste, to tint your gums petal-pink, polish your teeth eloquently bright.

BOBBY

BY BETTY HALE

A reflection of what's in, in togger—what's the rage down on the film sets—what the in crowd is wearing—now.

THE BEATLES have had all their gear for "Help" designed by elegant Julie Harris and made by their own tailor. For the scenes in Austria, against the snow, they are all in black. Paul wears a black fur jacket. George has a cape and top hat.

Ringo has suit after suit messed up—it's all part of the act—and the wardrobe is packed with spares.

Elsewhere in the picture, the boys wear jeans, shorts, stage suits and black leather.



ELEANOR BRON plays an Eastern Priestess and has fourteen exotic and complicated costumes which are madly unrealistic. Everyone, including *The Beatles*, was stunned by them when she first appeared on set in full regalia. It takes her ages to get into each creation.



THE ZOMBIES are going for leather these days.



DAVE CLARK is on a skin diving kick, among other things, in his new film.

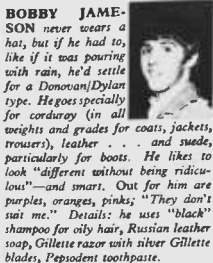
AYSHEA, an 18-year-old, Anglo Indian/Jewish newcomer, may be the first popstar to wear a sari on stage. She's very switched on, loves saris but says they're rather chilly. She has exciting black eyes and long, black hair.

HAYLEY MILLS has had her hair cut very short and is slimmer for her new image in her latest picture, *That Darn Cat*. In this part we'll see her much more mature than before. She wears heavy sweaters, skirts and wool dresses.

CLIFF AND THE SHADOWS have not bought any dramatic new suits lately but have been busy in Portugal getting a sun tan . . . and writing music for their next film.

JULIE GRANT bought a gorgeous length of *cerise* nylon the other week for a new, full length dress for cabaret dates. She also went on a spending spree and came back with "something of everything." Julie is wearing her hair up (done by a hairdresser in Golders Green, London) for night club spots.

STONES, MICK AND KEITH, have bought three or four new pairs of trousers each and a "whole load of shirts" to go with them. Keith has also bought a suede jacket—same style as his usual denim ones. Bill bought a super brown suede jacket when they were in Paris.



BOBBY JAMESON never wears a hat, but if he had to, like if it was pouring with rain, he'd settle for a Donovan/Dylan type. He goes specially for corduroy (in all weights and grades for coats, jackets, trousers), leather . . . and suede, particularly for boots. He likes to look "different without being ridiculous"—and smart. Out for him are purples, oranges, pinks; "They don't suit me." Details: he uses "black" shampoo for oily hair, Russian leather soap, Gillette razor with silver Gillette blades, Pepodent toothpaste.

THE ANIMALS don't trust barbers on their hair and cut their own and each others. And Chas Chandler emphasised, as a general point, that they "do use soap." Chas shampoos his hair every day when he goes under the shower. (He has one fitted over the bath at his own place.) Feels grotty if he ever misses this routine. He has only one pair of shoes—his stage ones. All other footwear owned by Chas is boots. "Trousers hang better over them." (P.S. Eric Burdon's TR4 is British Racing Green.)



THE BARRON KNIGHTS have now bought hound tooth check, Sherlock Holmes type jackets with belted backs. Barron wears a deerstalker.

SPENCER DAVIS is mad about denim. It's the great thing with him at the moment—dark blue trousers, light blue denim jacket, shirt and black tie. He buys a lot of his gear at His Clothes in London's Earls Court Road, which is close to the hotel where The Spencer Davis Group stay when they're in town. Spencer, by the way, is saving for a Jag.

Steve Winwood goes for corduroy shirts in bright reds and blues. Steve and elder brother Muff both like wide-rib corduroy trousers.

Normally the Group don't have any use for head gear, but they were recently seen cying some French sailor hats with pompons on them.





Fail
Photographer
Fiona Adams.

● I poked my head into Sylvia's office.
"Come and have your picture taken," I said.
A look of horror crossed her face.
"Oh no! Must I? Can I go to the dentist instead?"
And that is pretty typical. Most people hate having their pictures taken. I don't know why. It's quite easy when you know how. But that, of course, is the secret. Knowing how.

● You'd think, wouldn't you, that popsters would know how. But they don't always. Billy J. Kramer, for instance, has a habit of putting his head back when you photograph him. That's not a good angle at all, not even for someone as attractive as Billy J., because it means the camera's aimed up from under the chin.
However, Billy knows that he does it and tries hard to correct it.

A lot of stars hate posing. Peter and Gordon, for instance. They prefer you to just snap away unobtrusively while they're talking or practising or something. They think that makes for a more natural picture.

And they're right, of course.
But even a formal portrait can look nice and alive and natural if you just remember one or two tricks. Look down and away from the camera until the photographer tells you he's about to shoot. Then look up quickly. Lock your lips just before the shot is taken. Don't use a dark red lipstick. It'll come out black on the picture and it's so hard.

● When you go to have a picture taken, do you always wear your best clothes? Well don't. You'll be worried about getting them creased or something, then you won't be able to relax while the picture's taken. If you're not relaxed and happy in front of the camera, the picture won't be a very good one.

The first time I photographed The Beatles, I sent them a message beforehand asking them to wear their oldest clothes for the session. They turned up wearing black polo necked sweaters. They looked grumpy and the pictures came out well because they were comfortable.

Of course, I love photographing The Beatles. They have such interesting faces, and their personalities are so fantastic that this comes over even in pictures.

If you're more interested in being on my side of the camera—rather than the "saying cheese" side—don't know where to start, I suggest you get hold of a box camera and bang away with that. Get yourself thoroughly acquainted with it, experiment with it. When you feel pretty confident that you understand something about photography, buy yourself a better camera. Thirty-five millimetre cameras are very good.

● Anyone who turns camera bug is in good company. Most pop stars are very enthusiastic photographers. They're photographed so often themselves that they decide they might as well learn something about it, and quicker than you can say "Smile, please," they're suddenly taking cameras and flash guns wherever they wish them.

That happened to John Konrad, who was with the original Mojos. He brought some of his colour shots to the office for me to see and I was very impressed. He's really good. Cliff Bennett's another one. Get him on a session and he never stops asking questions. Mike Sarne, of course, has turned it into a serious profession.

Personally, I prefer taking pictures out of doors and most pop stars seem to prefer going on a location job, too. But if they're recognised—oh, boy!

I wasn't on the famous session when FAB took Ringo Starr to Westminster, but the staff who were will probably never be the same again.

● The wonderful thing now, of course, is that photography's progressed so much that you don't have to worry about the rules like you used to. I was taught never to shoot into the light and always to have the sun at an angle of 45 degrees behind me. Yet when I photographed The Pretty Things, I took one shot of Dick with the sun directly behind him.

The effect was fantastic. It softens out all the edges in the picture, and, as Dick has red hair and the sun was shining straight through it—well, you can imagine the result.

I was very pleased with that picture. But don't try a trick like that until you're fairly experienced, will you?

Remember, too, that half the success of taking pictures depends on there being a warm relationship between the sitter and the photographer. I don't mean you should



Billy J. Kramer.

Ringo Starr.



Fab photo-girl, Fiona, has taken pix of all the stars—here's how she does it

only photograph your mum, dad and boy friend. But try to establish a friendly relationship with whoever's posing for you before you start snapping.

That's why I like to talk to a star for as long as possible before I photograph him. Groups are a great help here. Somehow, you seem to get on a friendly footing with four or five people far more quickly than you do with just one person.

● If you want to take pictures indoors, you really must use a flash; especially for colour shots. The flash gives a softer, brighter effect, especially, if you aim it at a white surface, like a ceiling or a white washed wall. But never, never bounce your flash off a coloured surface or the colour will reflect back on to the face of your sitter.

Ringo wanted to do that once when he was helping me to take some colour pictures of John Lennon. Being a gentleman, Ringo was holding the flash gun for me, and he looked at the ceiling. It was red.

I shook my head.
"If you aim the flash at that, Ringo, John will come out in the picture with a red face."

Ringo looked deadpan the way only Ringo can look deadpan.

"So?" he asked.
I collapsed.

A couple of days later, I was looking at the pictures I'd taken on that session when I suddenly came across one of a beautifully bathed-in-red John and collapsed all over again.

I knew I should have kept an eye on Ringo.



Top: Peter Asher.
Above: Gordon Waller.

Sunday
Monday
Tuesday
All day
Wednesday
Thursday
Everyday
Friday
Saturday
Sunday
Pan-Stik by MAX FACTOR
Monday
gives you the
flawless look
Tuesday

You've dreamed about a make-up that discreetly veils tiny flaws and keeps your skin looking lovely hour after hour. Here is your dream come true with Pan-Stik. Beautifully creamy Pan-Stik keeps your skin soft and supple and goes on as simply as lipstick. Just stroke it on, blend it in and you have a feather-light make-up that stays matt no matter how long you wear it . . . will never clog or cake. In the unique swivel action case, 5/3.

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* TRAIL * BLAZERS



RUSS SAINTY, of the Nu-Notes, strolls off the field with Geraldine who sports a swinging, belted shirtwaister, blazer-striped in emerald, royal blue and white Tricel (Highlight Sports, £5 19s. 6d.). Russ's blazer is in blue and white striped cotton (£10 10s.). His slacks are cream poplin. (£3 12s. 6d.). Both from Vince Man's Shop, 15 Newburgh Street, Regent Street, London, W.1. Jenny's cotton blazer is striped in red, white and navy. (Saville Sports, £3 3s.). Beige bessian cap, by Edward Mann (25s. 11d.). Geraldine's shoes (left) are sling-backs with lace-up fronts. (By Mansfield, 59s. 11d.).



Once blazers were strictly for the boys—now birds have gotten on the blazer trail, too. This summer blazer stripes have been caught in a takeover bid by sharp dollies.



OUR model dollies blaze a trail in blazer-striped cotton shifts. (All by John Bate at Jean Varon, £6 16s. 6d. each.) Left to right, Brighton is Vicki's choice, in beige, navy and red. Southend: Geraldine's dress is striped in off-white, navy and red. Hastings comes in maroon, yellow and navy stripes. Caps by Edward Mann 25s. 11d. Barry West and Garry James—wear striped navy cotton levis (£4 4s.) teamed with navy sports shirts (£2 19s. 6d.). Both from Vince Man's Shop.

If you want the names of stockists of these Fab fashions, write to Fashion Desk, Fabulous, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope for our reply.

NEAT 'n' narrow, bold and beautiful, horizontal, vertical—just about anything goes, so long as it is striped... Talking over the score, Jenny wears a cool 'n' summery dress. The sleeveless top is striped in red and blue on a beige background. The skirt is in beige. Flaps mark a lowered waistline. (By John Marks, £5 19s. 6d.) The boys are wearing their navy cotton levis, striped in blue and white, with navy sports shirts, as above.



Super new lipstick—Essentially Bare. (Cutez, 4s. 6d.)
Misadventured sun tanning cream—Tropicsana. (2s. 6d.)
Delicately perfumed roll-on deodorant. (Odorona, 3s. 9d.)
Soothing pads specially for eye make-up removal. (Quickies, 1s. 11d.)
Miss Americans, exciting roll-on cream perfume.
Three new muted tones of creamy eye shadow. (Mink Factor, 3s. 6d.)

Photos specially taken by Fiona Adams.



Fab
Photo
Book



The Fourth of Six Reports on The Beatles' Girls.

Dolly Pattie Boyd switches on when George Harrison is around. For a long time now, people have been saying they are inseparable.

PATTIE was tailor-made for the role of "Beatle girl" because she is very much a person of the moment and is slim with long hair. And if you study George's "ideal girl" requirements from way back, you will find that Pattie fits. Statistically, incidentally, she is 5 ft. 6 in. tall, 34-23-35.

They met, of course, on the set of *A Hard Day's Night* and, for Pattie, it wasn't a case of love at first sight. But they soon became firm friends.

Tina Williams, who was with Pattie in the pic., says: "She is very nice to work with—quiet, but nice. George is different from the other three Beatles in that he's quieter and he doesn't lark around and joke about as much as they do. I found that he likes to sit and have a long conversation and he prefers to talk about you rather than himself.

"I think this may be what attracted Pattie particularly, as she is so reserved herself. But I noticed they always seemed to have plenty to say to one another. I've seen them together in clubs

since and whenever you see them they're invariably deep in conversation."

Pattie washes her hair daily and, like the rest of The Beatles' girls, always wears it long. She uses little make-up and likes simple, loose-fitting dresses. She is the typical mod.

For her evenings out with George, she prefers a meal and a visit to a club. Their favourite club is Annabel's, in London's Berkeley Square. Their companion has often been their friend John Junkin, who played "Shake" in *Hard Day's Night*.

When they eat out at expensive, exclusive restaurants, Pattie impresses George with her knowledge of menus. She's not an expert cook but tries desperately hard to produce something nice for him if she's over at his place. A typical meal might be: tomato soup followed by well-done steak, potatoes and peas.

Pattie shares George's enthusiasm for driving. She loves the cinema, too, and likes seeing private film shows with the boys.

She is a natural model for the best cameramen in London. Mick Curtis, who is closely connected with the Smith's Crisps advertising film, says:

"Pattie is very quick, professional and punctual. She's very quiet, never says what her aims or ambitions are. I tried to talk to her about this once but didn't get very far. She doesn't talk about George either.

"I've noticed that she's lost a lot of weight lately. It doesn't show in her face but it does in her figure. She keeps to a fairly heavy diet."

She is easily amused, alert and seems devoted to George.

When there is a risk that they may be spotted when they are out, she wears a dark wig. This appears to change her personality completely. In it, she is not recognisable as Pattie Boyd, Beatle girl.

Next week: *FAB* tells you more about the first Beatle wife, thy, artistic Cynthia Lennon.



paul & paul = wow

*A name to dream by, a name to scream
by... what are your thoughts
on PAUL? These are ours...*

PAUL . . . old name; short name; fly away Peter, come back Paul name; used to be Saul name; walking tall name; sitting on the garden wall name; boy-next-door name; never a bore name; true to the core name; hero of the war name; highest score name; glad you came name; picked for fame name; always game name; never a tame name; Shirley Ellis and all that jazz name. . . .

PAUL . . . The most human saint of all. The most Revered rider of all. The private eye Temple Paul. The Cezanne landscapes Paul. John Paul Jones that they made into a film Paul. Rhymes with De Gaulle Paul. Throughout history, heroes all Paul.

PAUL . . . The Beatle who has an answer for everything. The Manfred Mann who is never at a loss for words. The Beatle who is boyish, who is cute, who is real. The Manfred who is young, who is appealing, who is human.

The little boys lost, who find themselves smothered and mothered from all sides. The easy to know, easy to like, easy to adore boys.

The Pauls who always come up smiling and never go down without a fight. The Pauls who love the glow and the glitter. The tall dark Paul with the angel face. The tall fair Paul with the innocent eyes. The idols-of-millions Pauls. Jones and McCartney.

JUNE SOUTHWORTH



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

TORMENTED



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

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



2 FAB FLAVOR: NEW SPEARMINT. To get the green pack: ICINNAMON (see p. 5)

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





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Minor skin blemishes are best dealt with by Savlon. Antiseptic and cleansing, it quickly puts a barrier of protection around a spot and stops it spreading. So powerful and yet so gentle, Savlon destroys the source of infection and helps nature heal. Keep a tube of Savlon in the kitchen as well as in the bathroom. It is the ideal first aid, not just for wounds and burns, but for the occasional spots that bother everyone.



2/6 STANDARD SIZE 1/6 POCKET SIZE 4/6 FAMILY SIZE



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Fabrizio

1970



Thursday was *THE* day this week. Every other day just paled into insignificance. I went to Radio London—with adorable Stu James. WOW!

Let me tell you all about it...

My week by Mo

THURSDAY

1 Up at the crack of dawn, start to catch the train to catch the boat—to get to Radio London—still with me? Well, let's just say it was so early when Stu and I arrived at Liverpool Street Station that I just flaked out—went to sleep leaning against him. Stu hadn't slept because he had driven overnight from Scotland.

He's O.K. though, and just catching up on the day's news.



5 Once on board ship we went down to the studio to meet Duncan Johnson, who was deejay for the day.

Unfortunately, Duncan didn't have Stu's new record to hand so he asked Stu to pick out a track from an LP.

Stu was like an awed little boy as he watched Duncan broadcasting.

Seems this Radio Business isn't all salt water and fresh air! It's very complicated, in fact.



2 If Stu will go off to buy a packet of Smarties he can't expect to catch the train on time. Still, I just managed to pull him aboard before it went.

It took us about 3 hours to get to Harwich, starting point for the 10.30 a.m. journey out to pirate ship Radio London.

Stu nattered the whole time. He didn't seem to want to catch up with his lost sleep. His chatting kept me awake, too, darn it!



4 After the broadcast Stu thought he'd better make himself useful by swabbing down the decks—I thought this very sweet of him—until he suggested I should help!

It was fun though. Anyway, the deejays seated in the lifeboat thought so. Frankly, I would have preferred to keep a look-out from the crow's nest—until Stu pointed out that it was a long way up—and man, was he right! Still, swabbing the decks is good for the figure. I hope so, anyway.

3 When we arrived at Harwich we boarded the small boat that was taking us out to Radio London.

Stu, still nattering happily, kept telling me to drink a pint of milk a day. When I said I wasn't thirsty he practically forced me to drink it. Didn't mind really. Who could, with those baby blue eyes of his so close—I couldn't refuse him anything.

I drank the milk!

It was nice milk, though.



7 After that exercise on the decks, we all settled down to listen to Stu giving a rendering of *The Good Ship Galaxy* and *A Life On The Radio Wave Length*.

Then Stu charted to the deejays and thanked them for having us for the day—they said we could go out and see them any time.

Stu said he thought the swim would probably do him good. That was very brave of him because he can't swim.



4 Stu says this picture reminds him of day trippers off Southend Pier.

Radio London is the ship in the background. Its real name is *The Galaxy* and it's a converted American minesweeper.

Stu was madly keen to get on board—until he saw the rickety rope ladder we had to climb to reach the deck.

Stu suggested that "ladies go first." Very gallant!

Or was it!



8 That overnight drive down from Scotland finally caught up with Stu. Before we knew where we were he had dozed off.

He looked so sweet asleep—about twelve years old! I think he enjoyed himself though, because he phoned me up next day to thank me for taking him.

He also apologised for falling asleep on the way home. I forgave him at once—couldn't get those gorgeous blue eyes out of my mind. Well, could you?

Next week I'll be telling you about my afternoon with The Hollies and The Four Pennies. See ya.

Where's the action?

... at
Silver Blades
of course!

It's the 'he and she' meeting place for 'with it' teenagers—cutting up the ice or stomping out the beat of a 'pop group'

or disc session there's no livelier place for trend kids than

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SILVER BLADES

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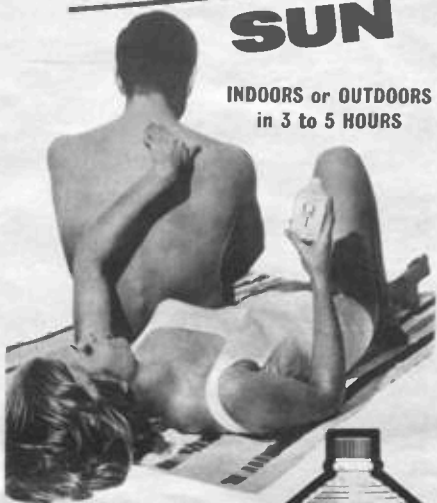
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Q.T. LOTION — THE QUICK-TANNING MIRACLE developed by the Coppertone Corporation of Miami, Florida, U.S.A. — produces a natural looking tan that won't wash off and yet contains no dyes, no alcohol and will not streak. Q.T. has Solban to filter out burning rays and special moisturisers to keep your skin soft and smooth. If you want a tan that everyone envies — whatever the weather — get Q.T. today and start your tan tonight! Saves on stockings too!



Only Lil-lets offer you what you need most in a tampon —widthways expansion

"Convenience is all very well, and Lil-lets are simple to use. But I changed to them when I learned how they expand gently but fully, widthways, to fit you perfectly. Obviously, this is what is important. This is complete protection. This you can be confident about."



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widthways expansion gives perfect internal protection



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specially for you!*

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Stā·blond for blondes

Brunitex for brunettes

Sta-blond protects and improves the natural highlights of all shades of fair hair. Restores rich golden tones. Prevents fair hair from darkening.

Brunitex protects and improves the natural highlights of all shades of dark hair. Deepens the richness of tone, and brings out the full colour.



In sachets 8d. (bottle 2/-) — AT BOOTS, WOOLWORTHS AND CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE

Maureen's LETTER BOX

After seeing the Fab Four on the film set I'm suffering from an acute case of Beatle-itus. Must come down to earth 'cos I love my Letter Box. Anyway, it's the main reason my Mum reads FABI! So here goes...



BEATLE MIDDLE NAMES

Do The Beatles have middle names? Janet Mellinger (Rednal), George and Ringo don't have middle names. John's is Winston (very distinguished). Paul's is Paul. Foxed? Well, the reason is that Paul's first name is James. Paul is just an afterthought.



The Beatles

DONOVAN, WRONG ADDRESS

I am afraid I printed the wrong address for Donovan's fan club the other week. The correct address is: The Donovan Club, Pantown House, 25 Haymarket, London, S.W.1. I am sorry if any of you have been disappointed. The FAB gang were so cross with me, that I have been bunged in a corner with a large placard saying: "Take No Notice Of This Person—Just Waste Material." Please forgive me.



Donovan

WHO'S WHO THIS WEEK



L. to R. Dave Davies and Mick Jagger.

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in RECORD time

THE big boom in folk music reaches a new peak this week with a deluge of discs, some of which are authentic folk but most are nothing more than fully-flavoured pops.

The one I reckon most likely to succeed is by 21 year-old, bearded, guitar-plucking and baritone-voiced Roger Whittaker who left his home in Kenya four years ago to try his luck in Britain.

He has since built up a tremendous reputation in clubs throughout the country, has had one near-hit disc with *Steel Man*.

Now Roger comes up on the Columbia label with a catchy ditty called *What Happened?* (Candid click)

BEST OF THE BEST

★ Most impressive female disc debut of the week is by a 23 year-old former band vocalist from Leeds called Sheila Scott with an up-dated version of *I'm Old Fashioned* (Fontana).

★ Keith Richard and Mick Jagger wrote *Some Things Just Stick In Your Mind* for new British folk singer Vashti who, claims manager Andrew Oldham, is our answer to America's Bob Dylan (Decca).

★ The Spencer Davis Group from Birmingham, who Ringo, Dusty, Herman, Manfred, Mick Jagger and Cliff Bennett and a whole lot of others simply rave about, come up with a pulsating *Strong Love* (Fontana).

★ They say that r-and-b is on the way out but I don't believe it when people like Bo Diddley come up with discs like *Someday Beat Me* (Pye).

★ Lookin' Thru' *The Eyes Of Love* is bound to be another hit for Gene Pitney—especially as he has come over here to promote the disc (Stateside).

★ And the honour for the most exciting vocal group disc goes once again to The Supremes with *Back In My Arms Again* (Tamla Motown).

KEN BOW

ELVIS FILM

I would like to know what film Elvis is making at the moment. Larry Johns (Cheam).

The film is called *Harem Holiday* and it should be a WOW! His co-star is Mary Ann Mobley who was in *Girl Happy* with El. Mary was the girl who didn't get him—perhaps she will this time.

MINDBENDER FOOD

What food do The Mindbenders like best, please? Susan Mayhew (Greenwich).

The Mindbenders have mixed tastes. Bob Lang likes fried chicken, Ric Rothwell likes egg and chips. Last but not least, Eric Stuart likes steak. That's only as a snack, too!

ALAIN DELON

The other week in FAB you told us that Alain Delon was married, and that he had a little baby boy. Well, I still adore him, so could you give me some personal details about him? Toni (Cardigan).

Alain Delon was born in Sceaux, France. He has dark brown hair and gorgeous blue eyes. He is just over six feet tall. Alain weighs eleven stone one pound.

He first made an impression in England in a film called *Rocco And His Brothers*. Later came his big hit *The Yellow Rolls-Royce*.

WONDER BOY

Please can you give me some info on Stevie Wonder? Janie Summers (New Zealand).

Stevie's real name is Stephen Judkins. He was born in Saginaw, Michigan, on the 13th May, 1950.

Stevie can play the piano, organ, harmonica, drums and bongos. He is a very accomplished musician.

His favourite singer is Ray Charles—much isn't surprising as Stevie sings very much like Ray Charles.

His favourite food is steak and doughnuts. He also likes tea and milk.

And don't forget if you have any pop questions, write to me, MAUREEN, at FABULOUS, FLEETWAY HOUSE, FARRINGTON STREET, LONDON, E.C.4, and please enclose a S.A.E. for my reply.

MO



"Since I've been taking those slimming biscuits I've put on weight—and I only had two before lunch!"



Fab | **How**
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