

WORLD'S POP STARS IN COLOUR COLOUR COLOUR

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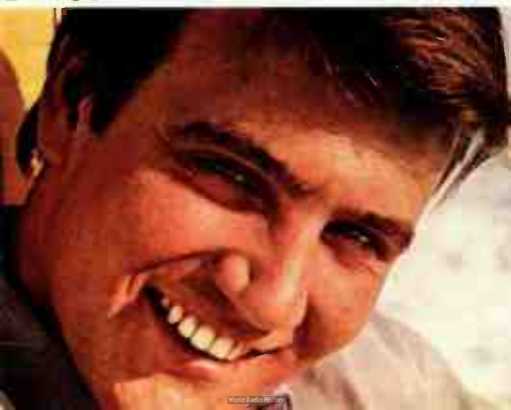
22nd AUGUST 1964

Fabulous

EDITED BY BILLY J.

11 KING SIZE FULL COLOUR PIN-UPS

DAKS BEATLES CILLA GENE PITNEY



IT'S FAB

HERE'S WHERE TO FIND WHAT YOU WANT

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HEY THERE!

I am sitting here at my typewriter with Billy J. Kramer standing behind me and breathing down my neck. He is keeping an eye on me to see that I explain properly that HE is Editor of FAB for this week. Which means that any minute now he is going to turf me out of my seat and take over. . . .

(Nottrue. I'd never pinch a lady's chair. And anyway, I'm not breathing down her neck. She's not tall enough. BJK.)

Okay. Okay. It's the top of my head he's breathing on. Who's complaining? Not me. I kinda like it. Anyway, as I was saying before the new Editor interrupted me, Billy J. is editing FAB just for this week. And having had another look at what he's written on my letter, all I can say is that it's just as well Editors don't often need to do any typing.

(Can you sing? BJK.)
 Point taken. And full marks for that hit of typing. Mind you, it took him nearly five minutes! So he can sing, but he ain't no kitten on the typewriter keys.

Now. Back to business. The first thing I have to do is explain to Billy J. that when you're editing a magazine you have to put in pictures of very popular people if you want to sell the darn thing, that is!

(Point taken. We'll have the Beatles on the back page. BJK.)
 He learns fast, doesn't he.

(But we'll have a feature on Lance Comfort, too. So he's not so well known over here, but I just happen to think he's great. Editors have privileges, don't they? BJK.)

Sure. Anyone else?
 (Yes. Let's write about Mary Wells aswell . . . in one feature. Theyboth have something in common. They'RE both terrific. They can go onpage 25 with the disc column. BJK.)

Anything you say, sir.
 Oh, heavens. The Daks have arrived. All four of them; looking wildly enthusiastic and sorting through the colour pictures. Seems Billy's appointed them all assistant Editors. It's all very well, but 7/8th of the FAB gang have piled into the room, too, and I can hear nasty whispers about it being fab having a male Editor for a change. There is silence from the eighth-eighth-FAB's Keith. As you know he's the only bloke on the paper and has an "I-can't-win-either-way" look on his face.

(Oh, can't he. Keith is herebyappointed 5th assistant Editor in Chief—levelpegging with the Daks. And now I think IT'S time we had a man-to-manchat about the dollar we'll write shoutin the paper this week. Well, I reckon Cilla ought to be in. And DUSTy. AND the Vernon's Girls. AND . . . BJK.)

Hey, hang on a minute. Don't forget that FAB has girl readers, too, and they like pictures of boys.

(Really? Pity. Okaythen. How about our mate Gene Pitney? BJK.)
 Zooney!
 (And Gerry. BJK.)
 Great.
 (And the Searchers. BJK.)
 Billy—what good taste you have!
 (Andthen, ofcourse, we must have SOUNDS INC & The Fourmost. BJK.)

Great! We'll fix the features and decide on which pictures to use. They're all ready for your inspection, sir . . . but shall we make our decisions over lunch? That'll give us a couple of hours or so. There's smoked trout. A steak. Strawberries and cream. Cheese. Coffee and a glass of wine to wash it all down.

I knew he'd finish up by turfing me out of my chair. Think I'll go home. There's nothing for me to do around here—until next week. See you then, huh?

Love-your dispossessed Editor
 P.S. I got my own hack. I made the works copy his typing just as he did it. Billy doesn't have any printer fans any more!

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STARGAZING WITH JOHN LEYTON

Virgoans with birthdays this week have a rare honesty and reliability. These personal qualities make them expect a high standard from others

CAPRICORN (Dec. 21—Jan. 19). An opportunity will be lost unless you use your initiative.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20—Feb. 18). You would be well advised to act with discretion in a family dispute.

PISCES (Feb. 19—Mar. 20). Weekend will be delightful if you try to quell a private feud.

ARIES (Mar. 21—April 20). You will be well rewarded by making some personal sacrifice just now.

TAURUS (April 21—May 20). Nothing worth while is easy—do not expect quick results in a new venture.

GEMINI (May 21—June 20). Don't be in such a hurry to get things done. Vital that you use patience.

CANCER (June 21—July 20). Work will give you a special sense of achievement this week.

LEO (July 21—Aug. 21). Indications are favourable and the time is ripe for enterprise.

VIRGO (Aug. 22—Sept. 22). Personal side of your life has an extra zest. Surprise in the post.

LIBRA (Sept. 23—Oct. 22). A barrier will be broken if you act far more decisively.

SCORPIO (Oct. 23—Nov. 22). Close your ears to gossip and concentrate on the job in hand.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23—Dec. 20). Make your own decisions—someone is leaning heavily on you.



BILLY J. KRAMER SPEAKING. Meanwhile, I'm sitting here, back in the nut hutch NEMS office and the gang is back to its ruttiest (not the FAB gang. Honest!).

I walked into the office last week and found Cilla crawling around on her hands and knees mumbung something about a "lost car". Just as I was about to call for two men in white to take her away who should appear from the far side of the desk but her road manager, Bobby Willis, also on hands and knees.

"I've got it," he announced triumphantly, arising from the floor with a model racing car in his hands.

This I discovered as Cilla's latest fad. She has a whole fleet of model racing cars, complete with tiny engines, which she races in the dressing room of the London Palladium. She had brought two into the office for NEMS to appreciate. What next?

And what next but Sounds Incorporated who had dropped in for tea and were demanding "fairly cakes" with their char, imagine their surprise when the girls held out a selection of pastries, cakes and biscuits. (They had stocked up after The Sounds had completed about the lack of goodies.) Saxophonist Griff West and drummer Tony Newman were so overcome they went straight out and bought roses all round for the female staff.

If that doesn't take the cake—this will. Our very good mates The Four-most bowled in before going on to the Palladium and began to talk Chinese. At least that's what I thought it was, until I learnt they were calling one another by their new nicknames. For Brian O'Hare please read "Ho Ho" and for Mike Millward say "Mille". Billy Hatton rejoices in the title of "Gaylord" and Dave Lovelady has become "Lovely". For the whole bunch please read "Four mts".

Mike Millward has just bought a new American car which he can't drive because a, he has no licence and b, while appearing at the Palladium he never goes out of town. It figures somehow!

Outside our own showboat, people seem to be getting just as much kick out of life. Dusty Springfield is on to a mad fad. She invites all her friends around to brother Tom's flat on Saturday afternoon to have tea and watch the Telegoons.

Recently she decided to bake a cake.

"I must have baked it backwards," says Dusty sadly. "The whole thing subsided in the middle and when I took the wrapping off it collapsed in a pile of crumbs."

Frost (burnt both sides) is now served at The Springfield Place with The Telegoons. What a wonderfully whacky gal she is.

It was nice of ex-Dakota Ray Jones to take time out from his new job as a full time husband to be at my party. Ray appears by courtesy of Mrs Jones. Just kidding Wendy! The best to you both.

I hope you've enjoyed the brief introduction to my own edition of FABULOUS. You'll find lots more inside about the friends I've mentioned here.

The Daks and I think it's a swinging issue of FAB. We hope you do as well.

When I say I want Bugs Bunny on the cover—I mean Bugs Bunny—you can consider yourself fired.

Below, the Editor's lunch. Those present include FAB'S staff and The Dakotas. Head of the table is—me.



Hi-Fab!



After lunch task for Dakota Tony Mansfield as he ploughs through the autograph books watched by FAB'S Shena.



You might think The Dakotas smoking an after-dinner banana rather strange. Not so. They only smoke the filter up variety. They're not silly—much.



FABULOUS goes to the SEASIDE—not to eat the sandwiches there, but to catch up with **THE FOURMOST . . . CLIFF** on the beach . . . **P. J. PROBY** talkin' about the seaside **STATESIDE** style . . . **BILLY FURY** in holiday mood at Yarmouth . . . **THE PRETTY THINGS, THE HOLLIES** and **THE MOJOS** build (sand) castles in the air on the beach so if you **DO** like to be beside the seaside, and you **DO** like to know what pop stars do **AT** the seaside then read the fab **FABULOUS . . . out next Monday . . .**

PRICE ONE SHILLING



NEXT WEEK

NEXT WEEK

NEXT WEEK

NEXT WEEK

NEXT WEEK

NEXT WEEK

OUR GREAT MATE GENE PITNEY

I leaned back in my chair and regarded my empty lunch plate with a satisfied smile. Clad in his well-tailored camel haired coat our Editor for the day, Billy J. Kramer, rose to his feet and addressed The Dakotas and Fabulous staff with what he called: "A few off-the-cuff remarks."

"Sort of a sleeve note for the meal," I purred.

An expression akin to acute indigestion flickered across Billy's face at the crack and he hastily proposed our Editor's health and my immediate dismissal. I quickly proposed an article for Billy's Edition on his good friend Gene Pitney and found myself speedily reinstated.

"Great idea," enthused Billy. "Join us while we go outside for a few photos and I'll tell you all there is to know about Gene."

I prised myself loose from the lunch table and wedged between a photographer, The Dakotas and Billy J., descended in a lift to the street below.

"A very shrewd nut," commented Billy as we passed the fifth floor.

"What did you say," I replied.

"Gene Pitney is a very good operator," Billy explained.

We moved out of the lift and strode off into the street in pursuit of our photographer. Billy continued chatting on how he was obviously very impressed by Gene's show business know how.

"He handles all his own business affairs and bookings. Apart from writing tremendous hits like *Rubber Ball*, for Bobby Vee, and *Hello Mary Lou*, for Rick Nelson, he has a natural nose for talent. He recognized the hit potential behind The Stones' composition of *The Girl Belongs to Yesterday*—you know what happened...."

"He's the kind of person who after meeting for the first time you feel you have known him all your life," said Billy. "We visited some patients together in a Wigan hospital and Gene was chatting and laughing with everyone, almost as soon as he got through the door."

We rounded a street corner and found we had lost our photographer. I assured Billy we turned left and he pointed an accusing finger in the opposite direction where our man was waving us to come on.

Billy sighed, "You know what this means."

"I'm sacked again?" I enquired.

Our Hon. Ed nodded.

While Billy was being photographed on a bomb site, which was now a converted car park, I chatted to The Dakotas to find out what they remembered of Gene.

Drummer Tony Mansfield has vivid memories of a joke Gene played on the Remo Four, who were backing him on stage. During the opening number Gene feigned an illness and staggered off stage telling The Four to fill in. Cilla was standing in the wings and knew he intended to go straight back on, but she grabbed hold of his arm and wouldn't let go.

"The best moment was when he broke free," laughed Tony. "He dashed on and grabbed hold of the wrong mike. It was dead. There was Gene dashing about the stage, singing his heart out and only the first two rows could hear him."

I cornered Mike Mansfield as Billy tossed him his coat to hold while he had a shot taken. Taking Mike's attention away he missed the coat and dropped it on the ground. Guess who got fired again?

Mike remembers Gene because of the fabulous sessions they used to have backstage. Gene can play piano, guitar and drums and he and Mike used to sing over all the old Drifters numbers.

Dakotas' bass player, Ray Jones, remembers Gene because of the fight they had on the band coach.

"Not a real bundle," smiled Ray. "Just a friendly wrestle. But it ended up with everyone involved. Gene puts his knees through his trousers and litora the seat out of my pants. It was quite a rough and tumble."

That was typical of how Gene would fool about with the group. He was just one of the boys and although a rich and established star he was never stoof or superior.

Robin MacDonald, rhythm guitarist with The

Daks, was taught a rather unusual trick by Gene. Robin explained how Gene would place a sixpence on his wrist and by turning and stretching a tendon he could turn the coin completely over without touching it with his fingers.

"I can do it now," said Robin proudly. "Of course," he added, "I also have a dislocated wrist."

Billy J. rejoined me while The Dakotas were being photographed and said:

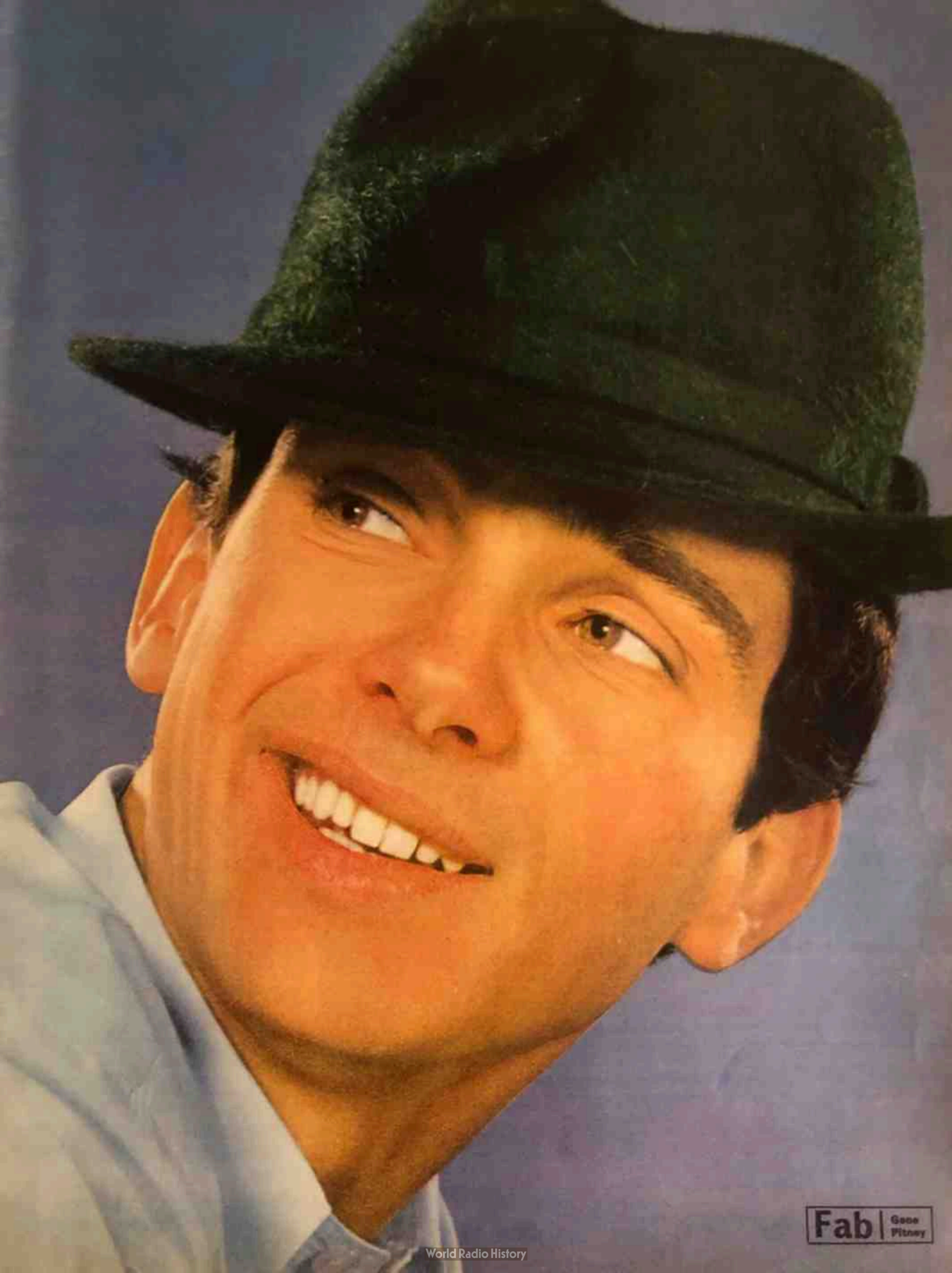
"When Gene went to Australia he took the trouble to write to me enclosing a feature that had appeared in an Australian paper. That might seem a small thing, but when you're a busy star it's the kind of thought that makes life very pleasant. Gene is one of our greatest mates."

Billy walked back to join in the photos and I looked around for somewhere to sit. I hadn't moved more than five feet before our photographer informed me that if I put my "blankety blank head" in his viewfinder once more, he would spear me on his tripod.

The Daks and our Hon. Ed turned on me as one man. "Don't tell me," I shouted, "I know. I'm fired."

Three times in one day. It must be a record—wonder if it'll be a hit?

KEITH ALTHAM



Fab | Gene Pitney

Cilla was once Liverpool's coffee bar queen.

CILLA was born Priscilla Maria Veronica White on 27 May, 1943. The Whites lived in the red brick jungle of Liverpool... over a grocer's shop in Scotland Road... and Cilla went to St. Anthony's Junior and Secondary schools.

Growing up with three brothers, George, John and Alan, the blue-eyed redhead whose glamorous gowns have half Britain's girls turning muted shades of green was a bit on the tomboyish side. She was always out with the boys. But she was a home-loving girl, and she never grew "away" from her parents, John and Priscilla White. Her mother encouraged her to take a shorthand-typing course at The Anfield Commercial College when she left school, and Cilla became a typist. By day The evenings were something else.

Cilla was madly involved in the booming beat scene. She worked in a coffee bar called The Zodiac in the evenings. All the beat boys dropped in to meet their mates there, and they couldn't help but notice the beautiful bird behind the counter. Brian Epstein went there with Gerry and Billy J. and The Beatles and before she knew what was happening, Cilla, the girl who would get up and sing with anyone was a singer herself. She signed



Remember FAB'S photobiog on Billy J. a while back? Billy J. hasn't forgotten. He put his feet on the desk, adjusted his Editor-type expression, and said: "That wasn't bad. Let's have one on Cilla now. 'Cos Cilla's a mate of mine." So here, for you and the Ed. . . .

Billy Presents

CILLA

Above, Mum—she's helped every inch of the way—daughter, and dog, Lassie.

with Brian on 6 September, 1963, and joined her mates at Nems Enterprises. The coffee bars and the clubs of Liverpool where she had once made "pin money" as a hat check girl lost one of their most popular personalities and Cilla became a star.

For a star, Cilla is quite unaffected. Home is still the same red-brick dockland home. She has all her friends around her from "the old days," and they're all stars, too. — Billy J., The Beatles, Gerry. All day, every day, her office handles queries like How Tall? (5 ft. 5 in.), What Weight? (8 st. 13 lb.), Biggest Like? (dancing), Biggest Hate? (slingback shoes). Cilla's favourite movie stars are Warren Beatty and Paul Newman. And her big ambition? She says simply: "To make more records."

For a record breaker like Cilla that should be dead easy. She's had a number one hit and everyone thinks she's rather special.

But she still likes fish and chips and all that. That's Cilla all over.

A powerful partnership—Brian Epstein and Cilla with Cilla's mates Tommy Quickly and Billy J. (The Ed, you know.)





Fab!

fab says

HAPPY BIRTH- DAY BILLY J

*It's Billy J's. 21st.
What better excuse for
a party? So we had one
—and it was FAB.*



It's okay for Tommy and Sounds to grin, but cutting birthday cake is a serious business.



Look out, B.J. Seems like Tommy's got ideas about your cake. Daks and Sounds prefer bubbly.



Told you Tommy had ideas about that cake. He nabbed a chunk as soon as B.J. turned his back.

HAPPY birthday to you. Happy birthday to you.

The singing was, to put it mildly, more enthusiastic than tuneless. Especially when you consider that the singers included Tommy Quickly, The Dakotas and Sounds Incorporated. With a line-up like that, you'd expect the music to be musical. But I'm sorry, it wasn't.

Billy J. Kramer, who was on the receiving end of this car-bursting greeting, smiled briefly through three choruses. The FAB gang doubled up with laughter, and FAB's party to celebrate Billy J.'s twenty-first birthday was well and truly under way.

The chorus line finally ran out of words or breath or both and stopped singing.

"Speech!" the FAB gang yelled.

Billy J. looked a bit horrified but rose to the occasion.

"Thank you, very much."

The Editor then handed over a long, thin knife.

"Cut the cake, Billy."

One of the nicest things about Billy J. (and there are many nice things about Billy J.) is the way he cuts cake. Huge slabs of it were handed round. The Editor passed three plates to me—I'd hidden myself in a corner with Robin and Mike of The Daks—and the boys and I waved our thanks to Billy.

I soon discovered that I'd chosen exactly the right boys with whom to eat birthday cake. Robin isn't keen on icing and marzipan, which I love, and Mike couldn't manage to tuck away all of the slice Billy J. had given him, so I borrowed the knife from Billy and with a couple of quick strokes provided myself with extra helpings of both cake and decorations. **FAB.**

"Billy J. and I are going to Hawaii for ten days holiday before we start our Australian trip, Sylvia," Robin told me, making short work of his un-iced un-marzipaned cake. "Wanna come?"

"You bet!" I exclaimed. "Hawan—wow!"

We started eagerly discussing possibilities for holidays in Hawaii. In fact only one thing stopped me rushing off to pack right then and there. I couldn't raise the fare.

"It would be great," I sighed. "If only I could."

"If only you could what?" a familiar voice asked. I looked up to see Billy J. standing beside me. I told him my problem, but he couldn't suggest a solution either, other than stowing away on the 'plane. I didn't fancy that.

The Editor wandered over.

"Why aren't you four dancing?" she asked.

"I've got two left feet," I told her gravely.

Actually, of course, I just didn't want to leave my nice quiet corner and my three very nice companions.

Maureen decided to take over the record player. But she soon got bored with that and took over Dak Tony Mansfield instead. Tony had come armed with a camera and I gathered that Maureen had suddenly discovered an interest in photography.

But June pulled off the best take-over bid I've ever seen. She whipped Billy J. away from the Ed. and managed to keep him to herself for a whole half-hour. We eventually got him away from her. But it took some doing, believe me.

Jillie drifted round with a wine glass full of coke in one hand and a slightly dazed look in her eye. Sheena joined my little group and walked off ten minutes later with both my Daks. I always knew she was greedy. And Keith? With what I can only describe as a stroke of genius, the Ed. had sent him off somewhere on a story.

Keith says he only agreed to go and miss the party for one reason. He thought if he stayed, Billy J. might find the competition a bit tough.

Who does he think he's kidding?



Billy J. did get a piece of cake—eventually. But he prefers his in small doses, plus bubbly.



Mike Mansfield, Robin Macdonald, Ray Jones and FAB's Sylvia in a huddle.



Fabrizio

Billy J. Kramer talking about his mates The Searchers: "I like 'em, they're FAB. But it's a pity about Tony leaving. He's a great guy. Still, Frank Allen is a good guitarist and a nice feller too, so the new Searchers should be just as FAB as the old ones, and Tony's sure to be successful in his new career as a soloist. Good luck, Tony."



THE SECRET OF THE SEARCHERS' BREAKUP

OF course, Billy is right. All Editors are right! But the departure of Tony brought headaches thick and fast for a lot of people.

The Searchers are a Limited company, you see, and Tony, with Chris, formed twenty-five per cent of that Company. The legal tangle brought about by Tony's decision to go solo had their manager, recording company and lawyers reaching for black coffee. Eventually, it was decided that Tony would keep his position as one of the directors of The Searchers Ltd.

Now what about Frank, the new Searcher? Says Chris Curtis comedian (and drummer) of the group, "We've known Frankie for years, going back to our Star Club days in Hamburg. He's always been a good friend, brought records round for us to hear, and we reckon he'll fit in very well. In fact, we think we're darn lucky to get him."

Chris reckons that by the time the boys with their ex-Rebel Rouser bass guitarist get back from their tour of the States and Australia, Frank should really be in the swing of life with The Searchers.

"He'll know how we like to do things and so on. He'll really be one of us."

Frank Allen is twenty, lives in Hayes, Middlesex. And his invitation to join The Searchers gave Cliff Bennett a problem—finding a new bass guitarist for his group The Rebel Rousers. But he generously wished Frank the best of luck.

And Tony Jackson? He's got his first solo disc coming out at the beginning of next month, and a couple of weeks later, he goes on tour for three

weeks. It will all be happening with a bang for the boy who once stood up there with one of our top groups and did his share towards zooming them to the top of the Hit Parade.

But what made The Searchers such a success? Not just a success on the stage, but a success off it with the people they met, people who loved them for what they are, and not just because they are famous. So let's dig deep and try to find out the secret of The Searchers.

Fun and laughter has always been part of it, and no doubt still will be with Frank joining in the laughs. For The Searchers philosophy is summed up by Chris like this: "Life's a ball, isn't it? So enjoy it. I used to be a clerk, and an assistant to a butcher. But if you're enjoying things, it doesn't matter about money or so called star status.

"I used to save my pennies for clothes, blouses and records. Fair enough—I still like those things. But you can't really take out more than one blonde, or wear more than one suit at a time."

Mike Pender is the one who never seems worried. Nothing ever depresses him. Not so it shows anyway. He, like John McNally, grew up in Liverpool, and they'd both rather live there than anywhere. They have a flat in London, but don't go in for the high life.

John's married, too. He only took the plunge recently. He's The Searcher who sometimes gives the impression of being detached, but his mates know that he doesn't miss a thing.

"I'm different now that we've done well, because

before we made the grade I don't have to fly any where. Now we take thirteen plane trips a year and I hate even momentary. You get me into a plane only under sufferance mate and I'm the one who suffers.

"We don't buy many records," says John. "You hear of characters with stacks of LP's. We don't bother. That's because we're so forgetful. We usually leave them behind somewhere.

"We buy clothes, of course. But most of them are for our act on stage. It's a matter of trying to look smart for the public.

"None of us owns a motor car. There's a dead simple reason for that. None of us can drive."

Let the most serious journalist ask a Searcher what he used to do. Chances are he'll be told I was Sportsman of the Year in Liverpool in 1944, and the most serious journalist will believe it, making enthusiastic notes until the other Searchers put him right at the end of the interview.

Says Chris, "We don't take fame seriously. That's because fame has happened to us, but in thing has happened to change US.

The old days are still in our minds days when a couple of quid for a job meant a few hamburgers and cokes.

That's what made The Searchers so great, so well liked, when Tony was still with them.

We're willing to bet a million copies of FAB that things aren't going to change now, either.

MARK DAY

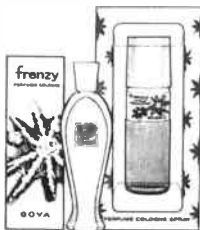


Fab | ver



a cologne with spirit!

At last a cologne that can keep up with that wild life you lead. Perfumed with fabulous new Frenzy. Stays with you all day because, like all Goya Cologne, it's blended with the same costly oils and precious spirit as Goya perfume . . . to last . . . and last . . . and last. Frenzy Cologne 6/6 & 8/9. Cologne Spray 1 1/3. Stick Cologne 4/6.



New!

Elegant glass spray for Goya Cologne! Gives a gossamer fine mist of your favourite Goya fragrance!

Also Goya Cologne in the great Goya fragrances: Entice, Love Affair, Gardenia, Black Rose, No. 5.

frenzy cologne . . . won't fade away . . . lasts all day!

GOYA PARIS LONDON NEW YORK



Fab Photo by [unreadable]

EX-FAB Ed Gerry didn't believe what FAB's Shanna had written. Neither could Sylvia, Carol and Keith!



ex-Fab editor Gerry Marsden

tells Billy to have a ball!

HITHERE!—This is that well-known magazine editor Gerry Marsden offering a few words of advice to that Newcomer to the journalistic business, William J. Kramer, Ready Bill? Listen carefully, otherwise you'll only go and make a hash of the job of editing FAB!

You see, when I was invited to become editor for a week a few months ago, I was a bit worried about it all. I was much more used to twanging a guitar, not picking out the right letters on a typewriter.

But I did buy a typewriter... a little portable job which I carried around with me everywhere. I kept trying to write great punchy stories—you know, the hard-hitting stuff you get in FAB. I hardly got past the first paragraph... mainly because I found myself being sidetracked by thinking up words for new songs.



Now then, Billy, this editor-for-a-week business is a bit different to you. But you must be firm with the FAB staff. I used to suggest ideas for pictures and stories. And they'd go 'Tch tch' and then shake their heads.

Don't stand for it, Billy. Just look 'em straight in the eye and say: "That's the way I want it." They'll try to baffle you with science. They'll use words like "ems" and "double columns" and "reverse blocks." Ignore it! Or pretend you understand."

I think it's fab being an editor. I got this power feeling when I strolled in and started giving advice and suggestions to everybody. 'Specially 'cos I'm a mad reader. I'll read any sort of paper and then prattle on about what I've "discovered".

I had only one week at the job. But I certainly got the taste for it. I saw myself as being a Press lord, lord it over everybody. Started looking at other newspapers and actually daring to criticise them.

That's the way this newspaper business gets you. My Mum and Dad couldn't believe it when I rang them and said that I was editor. They said "Rubbish. You don't know anything about it!" That brought me down a bit. But I told them I was asked to do it... and that I was the one in charge.

Billy, you want to watch out for the way they rush you. They'll be shouting for copy and for pictures and for ideas. That's the worst part. You think you're busy when you're out of town, galloping from one theatre to another. But in a magazine office, it's chaos all the time. All that clicking of typewriters shouting around, orders being rapped out all the time.

Sometimes I just wished I was back in a mob of fans, being shoved around. But you'll be O.K. just as long as you tell 'em you're the gov'nor. When they bring in funny looking pages, with all sort of squiggles on them, just try and look intelligent and look closely. You don't really have to say anything at all.

Just keep on looking as if you really DO know what's going on. When I was a kid, a little nipper running round Liverpool with a hole in my trousers, I used to sometimes think I was a crime reporter—you know, solving all the crimes before the police got on the scene. All that ran through my mind when I first got into that editor's seat... incidentally isn't it marvellous how editors always have such comfortable chairs?

Being an editor is great fun, like I said earlier. If you know, they're all kidding when they bow to you and call you "Sir". Well, it's still fun.

It's a gas, in fact. You'll have a ball, Billy Boy. I don't think there's any other advice I can give you, matey. Just to keep things swingin' and to try and look all nonchalant when the technical matters drop up. Being Editor of FABULOUS is... well, FAB!

The Daks and FAB's Keith let Billy get a Ed!



Fab Gerry Marsden
and Billy J. Kramer

Jealousy will get you nowhere...



**YOU KNOW HER TYPE—AND
YOU WISH SHE'D GET LOST!
BUT WHY? SHE'S JUST A TEENAGER
LIKE YOU. NO PRETTIER THAN YOU—
NO BRIGHTER THAN YOU. BUT
SOMEHOW, SHE'S GOT IT ALL TAPED.
AND YOU HAVEN'T!**

WELL, HOW COME she's so sure of herself. Relaxed. Having fun. When you go around feeling so awkward and self-conscious...worried by the problems that go with changing from child to woman.

Your first "womanly" problem

The fact is, now you're growing up, you've got a new problem on your hands. You see, every month, on those "difficult" days a woman's body perspires much more heavily than usual. Now over much of your body this perspiration can evaporate harmlessly away. And, of course, you will be particularly thorough about washing and bathing at this time—which helps!

But no matter how hard you try, there is one difficult area where the heaviest perspiration builds up and is trapped... under the arms. And within an hour, that unpleasant smell known as B.O. begins to form.

And during those days, this B.O. can be particularly strong and offensive... so be warned! Because you may not be aware of this B.O. yourself!

And an extra "teenage" problem

Now, as if this wasn't all bad enough, teenagers have an extra perspiration problem. Namely—

they perspire far more than adults. Not only during "those days" but at all times of the month. Partly because they are more active, of course, and partly the teens are a time of strong emotions—and emotions can get you perspiring faster than twisting!

There's only one answer...



Stop underarm perspiration altogether. That means every day, after washing, you have to stroke on what's called an "anti-perspirant." And you're safe.

A product that is just a deodorant will not do. That merely helps to prevent the odour, but does not stop the perspiration from forming. And for teenagers, who perspire so heavily and so readily, that simply is not protection enough.

Specially for teenagers—CHECK

CHECK is a range of deodorants specially made for the teenagers.

Because every product in the range is not only a deodorant, but an anti-perspirant as well. That's to say, it actually prevents the perspiration from forming. So you have a double guarantee of personal freshness.

So go ahead—choose the right CHECK for you

Fragrant CHECK comes in several forms... a spray, a stick and a roll-on. So whatever kind of perspiration problem you have, there's sure to be a CHECK that suits you and your skin perfectly. And the prices, too, are specially tailored to suit teenagers. The stick comes at 2/6, the spray at 3/6 and the long-lasting roll-on at 4/6.

And remember—every CHECK product is an effective anti-perspirant as well as a deodorant. Only the CHECK range can give you this double promise of confidence.

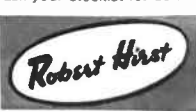


YOUR NEW SENIOR COAT

Fab Gear You Can Wear To School

A man needs a coat to fit his moods. If it happens to be a legit coat he can wear to school—Headmaster approval—then so much the better. Such is your Senior in navy, grey, and tan gaberdine and in the fabulous "Teensheen" cotton fabric—also in navy, bronze and grey. Go for Robert Hirst style coat that gives you credit for the last one of your years—and a few more. SHOPS GABERDINE, MAXI, TEENSHEEN from about 12/6.

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Fab Beauty
Essentials



A touch of the B.J.K.'s—that's what we've got this week. And know something? We've got those crazy Dennisons to help us out on our fashion spread. Yes, all five of them—Steven, Ray, Eddie, Clive and Terry! Why? Because Bill, says their mates. Check? And we're sold on 'em too.

It's a dizzy pace for the gal on the go, and she's got to be right on the mark. That's why we've gone to town on our gear. And be sure you'll love it, too.

So what gives for the geared up dolly? She's out to vamp in a cool thirty number. And the colour she's mad wild about is Autumn's new Purple or Cerise—now definitely IN. But here's one dolly (right) who won't make stalemate—not in her Hershelle dress only 79s. 60c. It's bold giant Dogtooth Check. It's geared to move. In fact—it's

CHECK MATE

As a hot reminder of the 30's, her dress will sport either a high neckline with demure Peter Pan collar, or, like our sugar dolly here, a low-down ruffle. Other pointers she'll look out for are slick white collar and cuffs, and super long sleeves. And she'll be mad about those dreamy soft flouncy sleeves, drawn in with a velvet ribbon, or short and flared. Because the 30's look is soft, materials are wispy chiffons and gorgeous crepes. Way out dollies are also wild about the Victorian Line. High cover up ruffles and pin-tucked bodices make the scene. In fact, it's ruffles galore, and the shape stays the same—shifty and high waisted.

Face up to the fashionable New Wave with Gala's light textured Liquid Velvet Foundation, (6s. 6d.) in a delicate beige. This can be used as a matt base and needs no powder because it is moisturised. It'll give your face a Fab translucent look.

And flirt with him with your super thick flutter eyelashes, by Steiner, 8s. 6d. You'll soon find you just can't live without them. Play the deep fake and leave them Mama Doll length, or cut them short just to add extra thickness to your own. Keep your lips shimmer pale with one of the new Rouge Baiser colours, both pearlised—Strawberry Cream or Peach Cream, 6s. 6d.

Gill's Fashion page

She's the dolly bird who spent all her time day dreaming of those daisy Dennysons and how she could dazzle them to a standstill. And then she hit on it by wearing her quilted woollen cloth suit in deep purple—fully lined by John Travers, 8 gns. It couldn't miss. Other bright colours are Chartreuse—a lime green, turquoise and black. (below)



This is Miss Prim who one day let her hair down and went on a mad spending spree. She blued her cash on this charcoal pinafore dress, with its super white blouse. From Hershel's Pinga Dinga Collection, 34s. 6d. (below) And HE thinks it's worth every penny.



So you MAY have caught a cat napping . . . but not this little puss. She's too wise. Her Cat Suit is by Shore-Line, in one hundred per cent two-way stretch Bri-Nylon. You'll dig! Colours are black, brown and French Navy.—Floral blouse by John Craig in nylon Chiffon, 63s.

C'mon then—get with the music and put some more shake in it. Don't worry about checks before the eyes—it's her pepped up Acrilan dress by McCaul's, chequered for luck in red fox/caramel/white, 79s 11d. So if you want to nab yourself a Dennyson—come on jump to it.

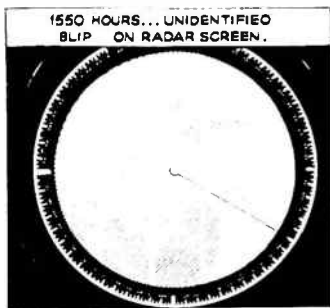


Fab | The Beatles

WENDY GIVES THE ALERT



I'M WENDY. I WAS JUST AN OFFICE GIRL BEFORE I JOINED THE W.R.A.C. NOW I HELP TO MAN RADAR SCANNING EQUIPMENT ON THE COAST OF BRITAIN.



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8. Makes your hands look more glamorous!
9. Strong—Cannot break or tear! Do housework, wash, type, play piano!
10. Lasts and lasts indefinitely!

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"It is a really marvellous product... I do not wish to be without it... It really is a must on your dressing table."—Mrs. R. T., Lancashire.

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SKIN TIPPED:

to cover up pimples while it works



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3. Starves Pimples
Dries up excess oils. Helps prevent further spot outbreaks.

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Jerry Ashlay
of Salt Hill

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wear sharp clothes
are up on the '20'
get depressed
recover
shake and wriggle
are glad they're girls*

should know a secret

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Are you the girl with the turned-up nose and the curl with an upward curve? The cool girl with the flick-curls, who's full of zip and verve? Then match your coiffure with a smile of allure—from Gordon-Moore's... the cosmetic toothpaste that makes your teeth flash bright as your wit and tints your gums a this-season pink.

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Cuticura TALCUM POWDER

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delicately different*

Singing the Blues
makes Major real
happy!



BILLY J. KRAMER luffed in the Ed's chair and put on his best "I'm in charge" voice. He said: "Two American stars I really dig are Mary Wells and Major Lance. People don't know enough about them. Nip out and get all the facts on them."

I nipped. And got the low-down.

Major Lance, a small, bouncy twenty-three year old, coloured and with terrific energy punched *Um, Um, Um, Um, Um* into the British charts. He's used to punching. He was once an amateur boxing champ back home in Chicago.

Says Major—that's his real name, not his rank!—with a roll of his big black eyes: "I was a cocky kid. We lived in a rough part of Chicago. Ma, Pa, eleven kids plus me. So I figured it was up to me to look after 'em all. I decided to use my fists. In the ring! And I won some fights and made money. But one guy gave me a real hammering. So I figured maybe I wasn't so hot, specially as a professional."

"Well, I'd been singing gospel music with a group as a kid and wondered if I could earn some more loot as a singer."

Major's first step was to land a job as a dancer on a television show. Then one day Major sang a song and the audience went wild for him. After that came his first real hit *Monkey Time*.

Says Major: "I got a great feeling when I sing. You can't beat it—so I plan to keep right on it!"

Now a top R and B star in the States, Major still keeps fit. Any spare time and you'll find him battering the punch-bag.

"Tell Billy J.," said the galloping Major, "how much I enjoy hearing his discs out here in the States."

I did just that and Billy was knocked out!

MAJOR MARY..



Mary gets carried away by a song—so does her audience.

Mary Wells is a pretty little lass with a face-wide grin and a sense of rhythm that has her feet constantly a-tapping. Billy J. is not the only British star to love the Wells' talent. The Beatles, Searchers... oh, all of them! I think she's one of the greats so here's some info for Billy on the magic of Mary... .

Let's go back to a Friday morning in the steam hot city of Detroit. Waiting for the regular Friday afternoon auditions is a strikingly beautiful gal. *Bye, Bye Baby* was the song she sang at the audition and inside half-an-hour Mary had made it and was under contract.

Hit followed hit—*You Beat Me To The Punch*, *Two Lovers*, *Just The Sweetest Boy*. Mary had a fan club formed in every big town.

And eventually her secret came out. As a child Mary suffered from muscular dystrophy, a crippling disease. After months of being bed-ridden she pulled through. And this now became public.

"I was lucky," she said. "So when I made big money singing songs I paid some of my earnings over to the National Muscular Dystrophy Fund. I felt better, sharing my luck with those who just didn't have any."

Mary is just twenty-one. Whenever she appears on stage she's introduced as MISS Mary Wells. She's that sort of person—the tag list! And she says "There are no plans for me to become Mrs. I'm happy as I am."

She makes an awful lot of people happy every' day that way.

PAUL FRYN

World Radio History

in record time

● Although the sound of the British groups continues to dominate the American charts, one of the strongest threats to its continued success could come from the West Coast vocal trends, led by live young men from Los Angeles who call themselves The Beach Boys.

The line-up is something of a family affair consisting of the Wilson brothers. Brian (20), bass guitar, Denny (18), drums, Carl (16), lead guitar, their cousin Mike Love (23), vocals and tenor sax, and the odd man out Al Jardine (21), rhythm guitar.

Attention was focused on them in Britain when The Rolling Stones requested their recording of *I Get Around* to be played on "Ready, Steady, Go" and now the Beach Boys are enjoying their first taste of British chart success.

I'm looking forward to October when The Beach Boys are hoping to make their first visit to Britain, especially if they are as good as on their new Capitol LP *Shut Down Vol 2*, which spotlights the exciting *Fun, Fun, Fun*, *Why do Fools Fall in Love*, *In The Parking Lot* and *This Car Ol Mine*.

Best of the best

● Ever since his knockout version of *It Ain't Necessarily So*, people have been tipping stardom for Duffy Power, but success has been slow in coming for the ex-Larry Paines boy. Now he has teamed up with Lee Stirling, who wrote the first two hits for The Merseybeats, and has produced a real winner with *Where Am I?* (Parlophone)

● It's an unenviable task to follow in the footsteps of a famous father, especially when he was Hank Williams, the greatest of the country singers. But Hank Williams, Jr., is carrying on the family tradition in a way that makes the future look very promising. There are traces of his late father's style as he sings *Guess What This is Right, She's Gone* (M-G-M)

● For consistency The Crickets take a lot of beating and I don't recall ever hearing a poor record from these four boys who have just been on a very successful visit to Britain. Certainly there is nothing but top quality work on *Come On* (Liberty EP) which includes great versions of *Spoon and Spoon*, *A Fool Never Learns* and the show-stopping *Money*.

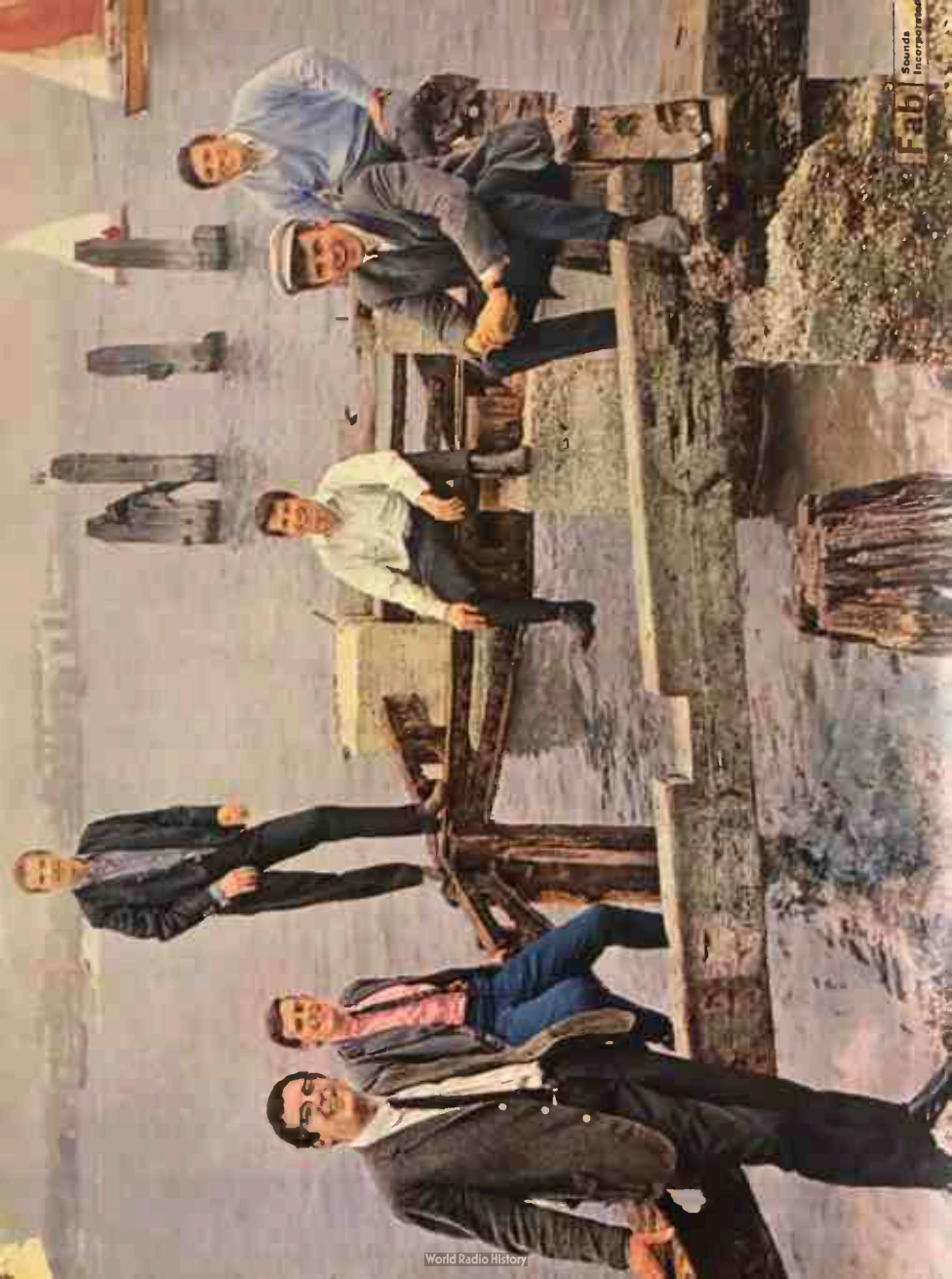
● My vote for the most improved British group over the past year goes without doubt to The Hollies. The rough edges have been smoothed away and they now produce an exciting sound with a touch of class, thanks mainly to the perfect under standing developed by Graham Nash and co-vocalist Allan Clarke.

Here *I Go Again* is the title of their latest Parlophone EP which also includes the compelling *You Better Move On*, a swinging *Memphis* and an outstanding *Baby That's All*.

KEN BOW

The Crickets left to right: Glen Dee Harding, Buzz Casorn, Jerry Allison and Sonny Curtis





maureen's



letter
box

Our new Ed. this week, Billy J., has had a whale of a time reading your letters. He kept shouting me off my chair saying that he was the Ed., so I'd have to go! Anyway, we had a Fabulous time (to coin a phrase) and gals what an Ed.

MUSIC TO RINGO

Mandy Groves of Nuneaton asks: Could you tell me Ringo's tastes in music, please?
Ringo likes Country and Western and Rhythm and Blues, Mandy.

FOURMOST BIRTHPLACES

Kim Sandford of Walton-on-the-Naze asks: Could you please tell me where each of The Fourmost were born?

Of course, Kim, Brian O'Hara (lead guitar) and Billy Hatton (bass guitar) were both born in Dingle, Liverpool. Dave Lovelady (drums) was born in Litherland, near Liverpool, and Mike Millward (rhythm guitar) was born in Bromborough, Cheshire.

ROY ORBISON FAN CLUB

Gina Lansdowne of Salford asks: Could you give me the Roy Orbison Fan Club address, please. You can write to Roy, c/o Miss Janet Martin, 3 Mopeth House, Dartfields Road, Romford, Essex. When writing don't forget that stamped addressed whatsit, will you?

COMPOSER GENE PITNEY

S. Hartley of Hull asks: Could you tell me some of the songs Gene Pitney has written and some of the singers who have recorded his numbers?

Two very famous Gene Pitney compositions are: *Hello, Mary Lou*, which Ricky Nelson made a hit, and *He's A Rebel*. The Crystals first big hit. Other artists Gene has written for are June Valli, Roy Orbison, Tommy Edwards and Clyde McPhatter. (He can compose a ditty for me any time.)

CHOIR BOY PENNY

Catherine Clarke of Hertfordshire asks: Is it true that Lionel Morton of The Four Pennies, was once a choir boy at St. Paul's Cathedral? This is quite true, Catherine. I should imagine that he looked rather sweet in his little ruff and cassock. (Though I can't imagine him in one now... can you?)

LIBRA LENNON

Susanne Ridge of Westmorland writes: Carol once told us that she was a Libren subject and so was John Lennon. What zodiac sign do you share under, and what poster does the same sign? S'matter of fact I am a Libra also, so I am with Carol and John, but we musn't forget Cliff, 'cos he's a Libra, too, you know.

Don't forget I'm supposed to be here to help with your requests. Drop me a line at MAUREEN'S LETTER BOX, FABULOUS, Fleetway Publications, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4, and PLEASE enclose S.A.E. for reply.

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WHO'S WHO THIS WEEK

A key to this week's pin ups



L-R: Frances Lea, Jean Owen, Maureen Kennedy.



L-R: Barrie Cameron, Al Holmes, Tony Newman, Griff West, John St. John, Wes Hunter.



Top: Billy, L-R: Tony Manfield, Robin MacDonald, Ray Jones, Mike Maxfield.



L-R: Billy Hutton, Mike Millward, Dave Lovelady. Front: Brian O'Hara.



L-R: Tony Jackson, Mike Pender, Chris Curtis, John McNally.

IT'S BEAT TIME FOR OXFAM!

"The Harriers" a great Oxford beat group from Winchester College.



SECRETARY LYDIA REPORTS—So even Winchester School is in the beat business these days! Seriously, it's wonderful what a tremendous variety of groups have entered our Beat Contest—regional teams report a very high standard. Some of the groups are completely amateur, others professional... all have one thing in common, they haven't commercialised. That will soon be changed for the thousands of you who come out at Top of the National Final in London.

Readers in Bristol or North London who ganged up and entered the Oxford Beat Heats earlier this month have already sampled the excitement of the playing of some of these undiscovered groups really is. Now the chance of readers who live within striking distance of BEDFORD and BIRMINGHAM Bedford Beat Heats are taking place at the Lorn Exchange on 19th, 20th and 21st August. Oxford heats, as first-time last week, are at The Forum, 17th, 21st, 24th and 28th August. Some first-rate groups have entered, including the popular Falling Leaves, who appeared on TV a few weeks back. Disc jockeys Alan Freeman and Don Moss have been invited along to finals night on 28th August. Birmingham heats at Solihull Town Hall, promise to be really great. Readers in that area are still in time to go to the last three nights—25th, 26th and 27th August. Groups are competing from all over the Midlands.

Incidentally the winning Birmingham jury panelist will definitely appear on Rediffusion's "Thank Your Lucky Stars" and the winning group will get an audition under full studio conditions.

Don't forget, if you live in these three areas—do try and make the heats, you'll have a lot of fun, and your admission money goes to a really good cause. Next week there'll be news for readers in the EDINBURGH, GLASGOW and NEWCASTLE areas. 'Bye for now.

