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29th AUGUST 1964

# Fabulous

11 KING SIZE FULL COLOUR PIN-UPS

PROBY MOJOS 4 PENNIES B.FURY P.THINGS



# IT'S FAB

## HERE'S WHERE TO FIND WHAT YOU WANT

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### STARGAZING WITH

## JOHN LEYTON



Vego subjects with birthdays this week are thoughtful and capable. They make good hands but must not be over-critical.



**CAPRICORN** (Dec 21—Jan 19)  
Good time for cultivating among friends you tend to overlook.



**AQUARIUS** (Jan 20—Feb 18)  
Water to stick to familiar diversions—don't venture afar.



**PISCES** (Feb 19—Mar. 20). There will be an interesting contribution to your week from someone special.



**ARIES** (Mar. 21—April 20) Be less reticent to take others into your confidence—especially at present.



**TAURUS** (April 21—May 20) A feeling of uncertainty mustn't deter you from a cherished ambition.



**GEMINI** (May 21—June 20) An unusual encounter likely—don't let this disturb your usual routine.



**CANCER** (June 21—July 20) Some disappointment dogging a current hope will be nothing to brood about.



**LEO** (July 21—Aug. 21). Before dealing with other matters settle an emotional problem first.



**VIRGO** (Aug. 22—Sept. 22) Fresh incentive will be gained if you aren't guided so much by others.



**LIBRA** (Sept. 23—Oct. 22) Plenty to be done this week—expect the weekend to be particularly lively.



**SCORPIO** (Oct. 23—Nov. 22) A friend may need coaxing into a good humour but you must persevere.



**SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 23—Dec 20) Peaceful visits gives you the chance to relax after recent stress.

## HEY THERE!

You have no idea how QUIET it is around here this last few weeks. What with all our pop-star mates on summer seasons or taking our kind of beat abroad, we've been feeling kind of neglected here at FAB.

Only one thing to do, said I—go where the boys are!

So, off went the gang—in all directions to find out the seaside sagas of a pop-star's summer. Hope you like the results.

I popped off for a day out, too—I went along to Dunkirk with our mates those dishy Fourmost.

They've been teasing me ever since. In the restaurant where we had lunch we met up with a marvellous Frenchman aged EIGHTY! He insisted on dancing around the floor with me and giving me three great big kisses.

"Keep her in the office in future, girls," Billy Hatton said. "She gets up to mischief when she's let out!"

So it's back to the typewriter for me!  
Love, THE ED.



"Let's all go to the seaside," said the Ed last week. And go we did.

Except for poor old Maureen. Well, someone's got to hold the fort—and she's our latest arrival in the office.

She was elected to stay behind.

SAYS SHEENA WHO TAKES OVER THE GOSSIP THIS WEEK

# Hi-



I had a great time going to Dunkirk with the Fourmost. You can read all about it in June's feature on pages 8 & 9. We got to The Fourmost's flat early, but we were all too sleepy to care. I wasn't too keen on the boat as you can see from the expression on my face in the picture on the left. Even with Dave Lovelady on one side and Bobo Biboard on t'other, I couldn't relax a grin.

Then, the group's drummer, surprised us all by proving that he was an absolute virtuoso on the bag. He gave the most marvellous rendition of Come To The Cockshute Door, The Last Post, Abide With Me, and The National Anthem to name but a few. Brian O'Hara burst several blood vessels trying to blow an enormous saxophone-type instrument. The band had hysterics and who can blame them.



Ken Dodd

That funny, funny man Ken Dodd has been delighting audiences of all ages in his Summer Show this year. The show's called *The Big Show Of 1968* and it'll be at the Queen's House in Blackpool until the end of September. This is the largest theatre in Europe and two years ago Ken broke all existing box office records. Must be mostly due to those famous teeth! Did you know that they are insured for £10,000 and the company insists that Ken must not eat seaside rock and the teeth must be cleaned at least three times a day! I'm surprised he hasn't retained his hair, too! As a result of his running his hand through it, it stands on end and to order. See our Fiona-type picture alongside



# Fab!

Five freezing Stones! I bet you'll never guess where this was taken. Actually it's at Malibu Beach, famous sun drenched beach at Los Angeles, U.S.A. The boys went down for a dip but got no further than the edge.

Keeping Ken Dodd company at Blackpool during the summer are that top north of England group, The Animals from Newcastle. They are not doing a summer season but are doing Sunday concerts in Blackpool throughout the season. When they went to get away from it all at home they slip along to Whitley Bay where they can swim and sun themselves at their leisure without getting mobbed.

One person who does love the seaside is Chick Graham. He and his group, The Coasters had a fab time when they were playing in Devon and Cornwall recently. They made sure they had plenty of time to get down to the beach. Chick told me that one day he and The Coasters went to Auntyde, near Liverpool, for a swim but had to keep their boots on to cross the ground to the edge of the lake.



Chick Graham and The Coasters

Unable to decide whether to go in or not their manager Ted Knibbs decided for them and pushed Chick and one of the boys complete with boots! The Coasters' line up is: Tony Sanders on drums, Arthur Ashton on lead guitar, Tony Rayner on rhythm and Ray Dougherty on bass. Chick was actually born in Jersey, his mother's home, but the family moved to Liverpool when Chick was about two years old. He says he'd like to live down south, perhaps in Devon or Cornwall

The Rolling Stones had a narrow shave on one beach. They were doing a photo session for a magazine and were dressed in their usual way-out mod style, when a group of "rockers" came past. One thing led to another until a fight nearly broke out. Things cooled down, however, and Mick Jagger's final comment was—"Go home and play your Gene Vincent records!" No insult intended—Gene was, and is, the wildest rock singer in the business. Mick found the beaches in Spain are great and thinks we all ought to go there for our hole. Did you hear that Ed?

Jimmy Nichol had a fab time in Blackpool during his three weeks in the Summer Season when Dave Clark was in hospital! He was even persuaded to ride on a donkey for the benefit of one photographer! Jimmy's Beaste travels took in the Tivoli Gardens in Holland, and the island of Hong Kong. Clogs, musical windmill, camel seat, and kangaroo skin, are amongst his souvenirs.

# ALL NEXT WEEK FAB IS ... AT SEA



The MERSEYBEATS, who were sent down the River Mersey at an early age!



The FABULOUS YARDBIRDS, who go for a day's outing—that's way out!



JOHNNY KIDD and THE PIRATES try to track down RADIO CAROLINE



The FABULOUS BEATLES who go (double) Dutch down Holland's famous canals

And don't miss the fab FABULOUS FULL PAGE COLOUR PIN-UPS of . . .

THE DAVE CLARK FIVE THE BEATLES  
JOHNNY KIDD AND THE PIRATES  
THE YARDBIRDS THE FOURMOST  
CILLA BLACK THE Merseybeats  
THE SWINGING BLUE JEANS FREDDIE & THE DREAMERS  
THE DENNISONS & CLIFF RICHARD  
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# THE BEACH NIKS!

You've probably had your holiday this year but with a few lucky exceptions, the big beat boys have not. They snatch a few sunlit hours wherever they happen to be appearing and make the most of the coast whenever they get there. Here are a few of the lucky ones who did manage to "sea" it.



No wonder one of Ed Kelly's recent discs was called *Rain Rain Go Away*. He sang it all the time he was on a recent trip to Surfside. Ed's is very keen swimmer, but he would welcome the rain. After all, with all his problems, it would be quick to swim through lands that give no place that it is to drive. But Ed's enjoying his day off anyway. Like he said, not everybody can beat swimming. Give him a thumbs up.



Gerry got an "offer" early, while with the Beatles, and he got it in the summer of '64. He was in the States making the album *Let It Be*. The Venice...

But getting that "offer" surprised at first, and it was like to get a look at the sun. He found it a very pleasant experience that was what that was. When the sky was clear and the sun was shining, it was usually when you were in an office, behind a counter, or in a room that is divided in a tiny room of course. We believe the sun found Gerry equally interesting. It's for sure the other people on the beach did.

Of course, Mike Stone is one of the lucky ones. One of the dishy ones, too. He crammed in a few days in the Canary Islands before making for Clacton to work on *Every Day's A Holiday* with John Leyton and Grazna Frame. FAB's Sylvia went along on the trip with Mike and was also within throwing distance for the pic. We don't call her "Sandy" for nothing. Or maybe it's Mike who should be called "Sandy." Sandy Stone? Stone's good.

The Beat Names are in the way. So, that's what you had. They had a certain special way of looking at all their acts. They were the best looking. They were the best looking. They were the best looking.



The Moon were found hanging around Brighton before a recent show down. They found the sea a bit dull. So Stuart James got a beautiful of being. They say nothing makes anyone beautiful, but all it means is the boy is a great one. They say nothing makes anyone beautiful, but all it means is the boy is a great one. They say nothing makes anyone beautiful, but all it means is the boy is a great one. They say nothing makes anyone beautiful, but all it means is the boy is a great one.



Continued on page 6





Fab Four





Fab THE BEACH BOYS



When our everlovin' Ed asked us if we'd like a day out in Dunkirk we were openly suspicious "Isn't that the place where they rescued our troops in the war in rowing boats?" we said cagily

"Ah, yes," she said "But we'll be going over by steamer I thought perhaps The Fourmost might come along, too..."

Well, when you put it like that...

It was 7.20 on a cold grey morning when Sheena and I collapsed on The Fourmost's door step. A fuzzy shape loomed behind the door and sheek (read into Mike Millward)

You're ten minutes early, he growled. Then he sat us down in the boys' kitchen. But we stood out to make a cup of tea. An extravagantly long, 7'6" parked staff outside with Billy Hutton's hat. He was bowed under a stained coloured coat and when we had lowered him gently into the carpet that he was ready to rave a Hello. Dave Lynamly and Brian O'Hara sleepwalked in. By 7.45 we were all yet to sleepwalk out.

We drove down to Deal at Kent to catch the Cross Channel Steamer. Mike and Brian went with road manager Jimmy. Billy and Dave went slack with Sheena and me. And somewhere bustling in a taxi country were our Eds, Chis, T and the Cluffs, and Derek the Photographer. Strangely enough we all arrived at the same place. And we all found the right local. Iagle Stearns, super bright Queen of the Channel.

It was raining. Hard. Wet. And cold. Especially cold. We ran across that gangplank as if a thousand fans were after us, drenching all the way, and threw ourselves into the water that the chief steward had kindly vacated for us.

We were all shivering. An announcement came over the tannoy. Fish and chips, are now being served on A deck. We weren't starving enough for that. We ordered coffee and biscuits.

Then and only then we looked around. And listened around. The deck a confusion, with boys and was manfully struggling against wind and rain to give us C (or S) Beer.

Below decks we found sunshine in the playing of some spectacularly geared West Indian calypso men who sang about Jamaica and bananas and everything. The whole situation was a bit bizarre, really.

We moved off. The white cliffs of Dover rose and sank behind us, and we sailed into The Channel proper. Sheena wanted to drive the boat. Carol asked how many miles an hour we were going. I think we were not very nautical. But at least we weren't eating fish and chips.

We weren't eating anything.



# Fab day out with the FOURMOST



Mike gets a touch of the sun in Sheena's sunglasses.



The assembled company pictured over lunch. Cost FAB!



much prettier.



Fourmost happy fellas have a shot at missing the boat.



The fab four are fun people to be with. For instance they thought it might make a nice picture if I just happened to slip into The English Channel. Now that's really very funny.

It was plain sailing all the way. We met the French coast and followed it for a while and just as we sighted Dunkirk the sun blazed out of hiding. A lighthouse led us into the harbour and there we were on French soil. Dunkirk is enormous and is full of yellow cranes, busy chimneys and places to eat. We were very happy about that.

We strolled past the flag-waving front of the Town Hall and fell upon a nearby restaurant with howls of glee and hunger. We stayed there for a very long time.

It was very, very French. And our French was very, very fractured. It took us half an hour to read the menu, but for Billy, who speaks the language rather well, it was his finest hour. . . . of three hours. We sat at a long table in the middle of the room, had a marvellous meal and laughed a lot.

Halfway through the meal, the boys went berserk when they heard a radio somewhere softly giving out with a French version of *A Little Loving*. Right on cue. They decided that France was definitely their kind of country.

The restaurant had a gay relaxed atmosphere, lots of chintzy curtains and a lived-in feeling. At the next table a whole family was celebrating the award of a coveted social medal to the patriarch—a dear old man with a pink face and white beard. He came across to show it to us, and before long everyone was swooping addresses like mad. That's what France does to you.

After the meal we went back to the boat. Time up. We may not be walking travelogues on Dunkirk, but we know all about French social medals. The French like to collect on quays, so we had a great send-off. The brass band, which had bravely struck up the French national anthem, switched over to *Land Of Hope and Glory* as we exited France in a cloud of spray.

Going back the boat rolled about, but it made for a giggle more than anything as people slid around corners and crossed the decks like mountain men conquering Everest.

Deal presented a smiling face about seven o'clock. English type music was niftily produced by the brass band boys. They declined The Fourmost's offers of help, having heard their efforts when they took over for five minutes during the voyage. We gave the brass band boys our heartfelt thanks.

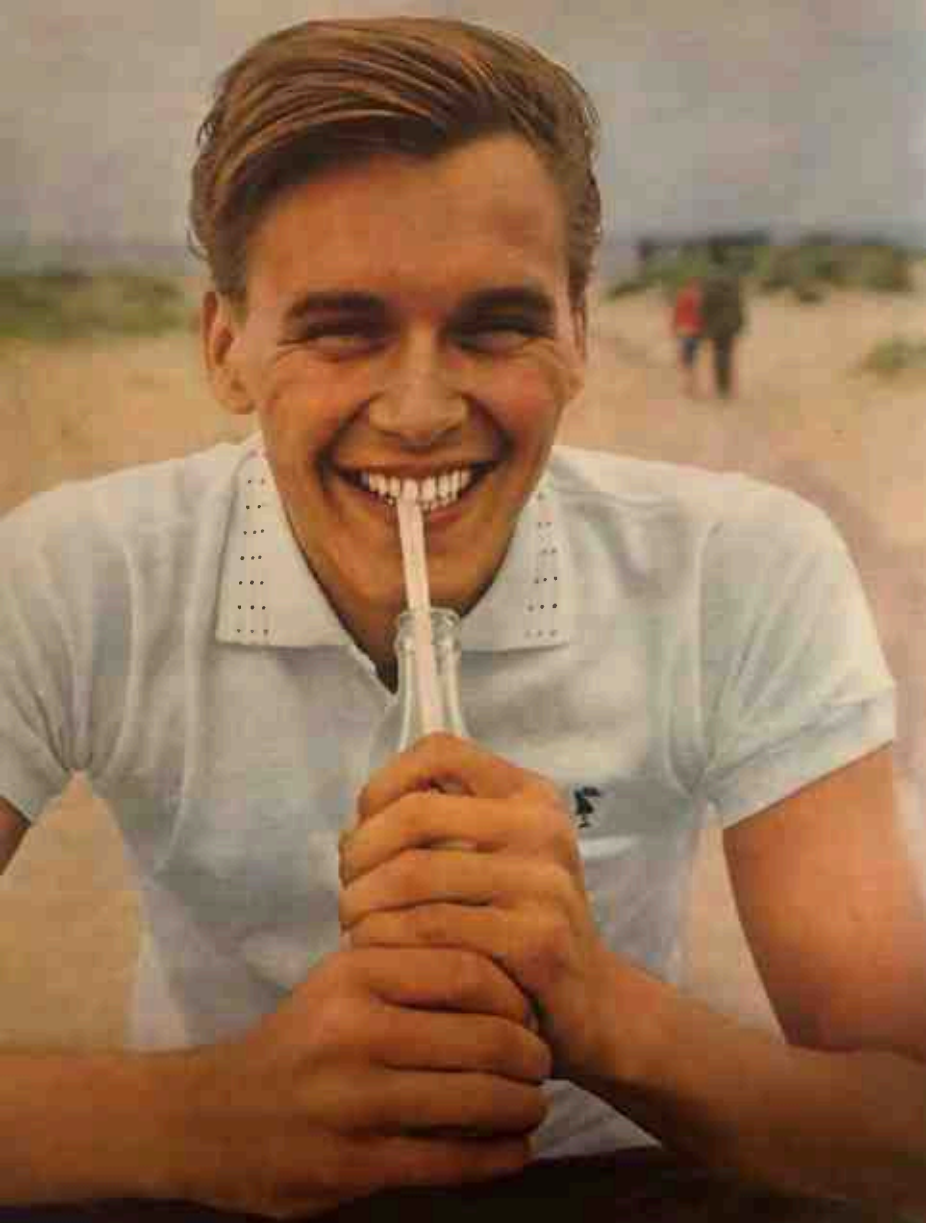
Travelling back to London, Mike and Brian sang all the way. Billy used up the rest of his French vocabulary. And Dave kept murmuring things like, 'Fancy me being in France a few hours ago. Did we really go?' In a few weeks I'll think it was all a dream.

Well, come to think of it, a day out with The Fourmost is the dream of a lot of girls, too. Of course, we all want to go again (even The Fourmost!). We thought perhaps the New Brighton ferry next time.

JUNE SOUTHWORTH



We knew Brian didn't want to join the band just to play music . . . here's what really interested him!



Fabrizio



Off-stage, Billy Fury is quiet and rather shy. But he has a wonderful sense of humour. And he's one of my favourite people; so I was very glad when he rang me from Great Yarmouth, where he's appearing in his summer show. . . .



Horse-lover Billy with Anselmo, the horse he bought for £8,500

**BILLY:** Hi, Sylvia. How's it going?

**SYLVIA:** Billy! Hi! It's going FABULOUSLY, thanks

**BILLY:** 'Y' know, somehow I thought you'd say that.

**SYLVIA** (laughing): I know. All of us on FAB keep saying things are FAB and FABULOUS. We just can't stop plugging our magazine. Anyway, how's it going with you? What's the weather like?

**BILLY** (ploomily): Today it's cold and cloudy. Still (brightening), we're up here to work, aren't we? Mustn't forget that. If the sun kept shining, we wouldn't want to go swimming and we wouldn't want to work.

But it's a shame for the people who are on holiday. For us, though, work's the thing.

**SYLVIA:** But even so, it's nice to wake up and see the sun. Perhaps it'll come out soon.

**BILLY** (laughing): Hey! Just as you said that about the sun, it came out. It's shining now.

**SYLVIA** (modestly): Oh, well, it's just a little luck I save for friends like you. What I was going to ask was what have you done with all your dogs while you're in Yarmouth?

**BILLY:** I've boarded them out in kennels. But I don't have so many now, you know. Only six chihuahuas and two big dogs. I think I went overboard. Had too many at once. I didn't really have the time to give them the proper attention. I love having them around me, though. I love animals. Don't you?

**SYLVIA:** You bet. Especially dogs. How long will you be in Yarmouth?

**BILLY:** Just until September.

**SYLVIA:** Then what happens?

**BILLY:** I may have a holiday.

**SYLVIA:** Nice. Where will you go?

**BILLY:** Somewhere really hot. Jamaica, maybe.

**SYLVIA:** Ooh, FAB. What were you doing immediately before you called me?

**BILLY:** You do ask funny questions. Let me think, what was I doing? Oh yes. Standing out on the verandah, wondering what had happened to the sun.

**SYLVIA:** And what had happened to it?

**BILLY** (obviously grinning): It was waiting for you to give it the word to come out of hiding.

**SYLVIA:** Where are you living in Yarmouth?

**BILLY:** I've got a bungalow near Gorleston, just outside Yarmouth. It's only a little place, but it suits me.

**SYLVIA:** Have you managed to get in some swimming and beach tanning?

**BILLY** (regretfully): Not really. It's not warm enough. I like it to be about a hundred in the shade, you know.

**SYLVIA:** Me too. What are you doing with yourself between shows?

**BILLY:** The Gamblers—they're really great in the show. Sylvia, really great and I have been doing a bit of Go-Karting. That's a load of laughs. They give you a special suit to wear because otherwise you get so dirty. And we're planning to take a motor launch out on to the Norfolk Broads. We're not far from the Broads here.

**SYLVIA:** Very nice. How do you like your place in Sussex?

**BILLY:** No, I sold it. It was too far from London. I think that, when I've finished my season here, I'll get a small flat in London and a bit later another place in the country. Some kind of smallholding, maybe, or a dog farm. The place in Sussex was great. But I had to be in town so much it meant leaving the dogs. Fortunately, I had some people who were kind enough to take care of them for me. But you can't keep asking people to look after your dogs for you, can you?

**SYLVIA:** True. What a shame though. It's nice to have a place in the country. About what do you get through with the show, night?

**BILLY:** It ends at about ten to eleven. I leave the theatre about eleven, have a meal—I'm not a very good cook, you see, so I eat out a lot—usually meet up with the others in the show and we talk and have a few laughs.

**SYLVIA:** When are you—because me a sec. Billy The Editor's just come in. (To Ed) Yes, me am?

**EDITOR:** Every time I come in here you're on the phone. Who are you talking to now?

**SYLVIA:** Billy Fury.

**EDITOR** (eyes lighting up): Billy? Let me talk to him for a minute. Hi, Billy. How are you?

And Boss Lady kept Billy on the long distance telephone for half an hour.

Still, who can blame her?







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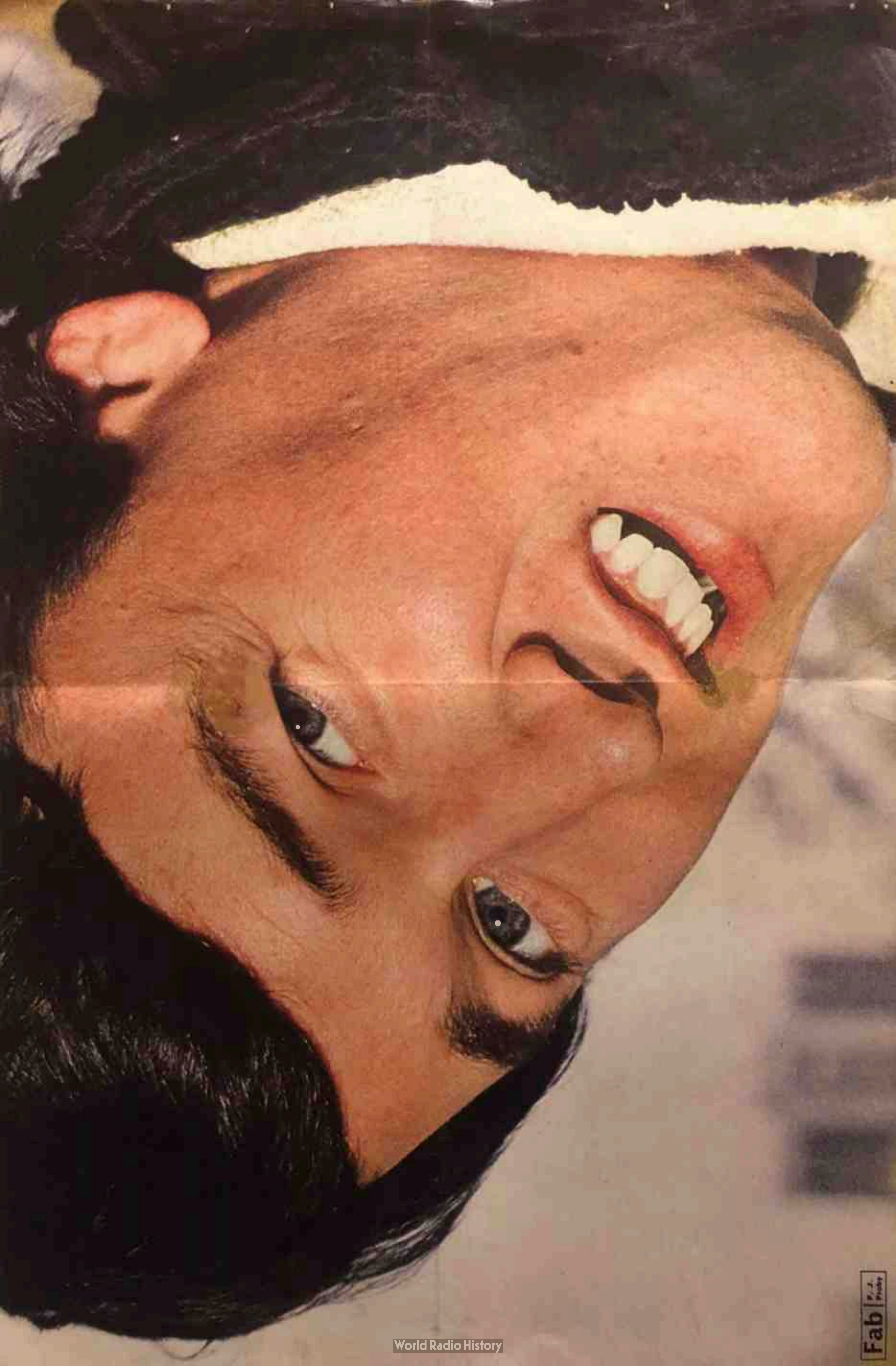


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**W**HATEVER happened to your British rain? P.J. Proby moaned to the quartet of ice cubes dancing around in his coke. I had called for him at a secret hide-out in North London where he was rehearsing his group, and we had just found a restaurant after a half-hour trek through sticky streets under a blazing sun. P.J. was pooped. But definitely.

For the first time since he settled in Britain, P.J. (I called him Jim) wished that he was lying on a Californian beach with bikini-clad loveables at his feet and a drink in his hand. Iced, of course. He sank his chin into his sky-blue velvet shirt and sighed a long, deep sigh.

"All the beaches I've seen in Britain are all pebbles. How can anyone lie on a pile of stones? It's crazy. Now in Texas..."

I waited for the "everything's bigger and better bit," but after observing that the Texan sand is "so hard you can drive your Caddy right down to the water's edge," he moved on to California, where the sand is "so soft the kids can't build with it." ("They dig holes instead, and I fall into them.")

In America, the rich centre their lives around the beach. They have beach houses which take up a few miles of Pacific coast line. P.J. used to do most of his song-writing on the patio of Tuesday World's beach house. The Hollywood set find peace at a place called Paradise Cove where they can cool off on a privately-owned beach after a day under hot studio lights.

"One time I played my guitar on the beach," Jim recalled. "Collected a crowd—they were packed over a hundred-yard radius. The police moved me on. Thought it was a riot."

At night, the beach is still packed. The kids light bonfires and barbecue steaks. Their parties swing until the early hours. They swim in the warm Pacific until the sun comes up and starts the whole thing off again.

"Of course, you don't have to gamble on the weather when you're heading for a day at the seaside in America," said P.J. "It never rains. Not in Texas, anyway."



Lydia—the contest secretary—writes...

**F**IRST of all I'd like to thank all the FAB readers who've written to me about the Beat Contest in the past few weeks—it's been great to hear from you and to know that so many of you are behind it.

Lots of FAB readers in the areas around Bristol, Bedford, Oxford, Birmingham and the north of London have been along to their regional heats and had fun. Now it's the turn of readers who live a lot farther north. The week AUGUST 31st-SEPTEMBER 5th is going to be Beat Week in DURHAM & NEWCASTLE, EDINBURGH and GLASGOW. So all FAB readers who live within striking distance of the following venues, get your dances out and make a note of these details straight away:

**THE ELDRADO, EDINBURGH. Beat Heats**

nightly, 7.30-11 p.m., August 31st-September 5th.

**GOVAN TOWN HALL, GLASGOW. Beat Heats** nightly, 7.30-11 p.m., August 31st-September 5th.

**THREE TUNS HOTEL, DURHAM. Beat Heats** nightly, 7-11 p.m. The same dates as Edinburgh and Glasgow, August 31st-September 5th inclusive.

There'll be stars along some nights in all three regions, some of the best groups for miles around competing for our great prizes, and of course the judging will be done every night by a panel of FAB readers who've been picked for their personality and pop knowledge—and they'll be competing themselves for the special panelists' prizes.

Go along and listen to the groups—there'll be dancing, too, naturally—and see if you agree with the panel. Take friends with you to join in the fun—you pay at the door, it's dead cheap for an evening's enjoyment—and you'll all be helping to raise money for Oxfam.

There's a great deal of excitement in Scotland about the contests. Aberdeen wanted to come in and be counted as a new regional centre, along with Edinburgh and Glasgow, but because it was too late to set up a youth team to run things on, the same lines as the other regions, Aberdeen finally agreed to be counted in the Edinburgh region. Result: groups and fans will be coming down in coachloads to the Eldorado every night, all the way from Aberdeen (and from lots of other Scottish towns, too). Luckily the Eldorado packs in 2,000 nightly, so there'll be bags of toom—and a big welcome—for everybody. In just the same way coachloads will be coming from miles around to the Glasgow heats. In fact there's a quite a battle between Glasgow and Edinburgh as to who's going to produce the best group for the final. The battle will be resolved, I guess, when the two winning groups from these rival Scottish cities come down to London at the end of September. More news next week!

## in record time

● With Wayne Fontana and The Mindbenders it has become a case of long time no hear. Both Wayne and his recpriding manager Jack Baverstock were disappointed with a session that they had at Fontana records about four weeks ago. They decided to scrap the numbers and record fresh material on Jack's return from a holiday in Italy. In the studio this week Wayne has been working on some new up-beat titles for his new release. Look out for his first album which should also be released later this month—which should please his fans.

● Talk to 21-year-old George Fame and you are immediately aware of his Lancashire background. Even after five years away from home, he still speaks as though it was only yesterday that he came South from Leigh, near Manchester.

But hear him singing the Blues, leaning intently over the keyboard of his electric organ and you could easily mistake him for someone born and bred in one of America's Southern states.

George discovered the meaning of the Blues through personal experience. A couple of years ago he spent miserable months with no work and little food and passed the time by listening to records borrowed from a friend. He became fascinated by what he heard.

"I knew then that that was what I wanted to play and I'm certain that is what I shall go on playing. For me it is a way of life. I've never followed trends only played the way I wanted to. There's a big following for R and B at the moment, but we were playing it when nobody wanted to know and the bandwagon

has sort of caught up with us. If the fashion changes, I don't see me changing with it just to be commercial, but I wonder what will happen to the groups who have started to play R and B because it is 'in'—do they know where they are going?"

His new LP, aptly titled *Fame At Last* is a magnificent showcase for his talents and there is no justice if it doesn't sell in large numbers.

I particularly like the tenor-building *Let The Sunshine In* and *Prize and Joy*, on which he is joined joyously by *The Breakaways* and the two instrumental *Green Onions* and *All About My Girl*, which give his fine band a chance to show its guts.

### Best of the rest

● Chuck Berry, the idol of so many singers, has been writing about one of his own particular favourites and pays a delightful compliment in song to *Little Miss Dynamite* with *Brenda Lee* (Pye International), but it's the other side, the fast-moving *You Never Can Tell* which will go zooming up the charts.

● A disc certain to take its place in the collections of the Beatles is *Like A Little Thing* by The Miracles (Stateside). The boys really go for the vocal blend of this team from Detroit and, as always, they know a good thing when they hear it.

● In America the *Four Seasons* popped up to the top of the charts when no British groups were looking with *Reg Doll* (Phylips). Over here they have competition from the very competent *Sammy King* and *The Voltaires* (HMV), but I can't see the local boys out-winning The Seasons, who should be on to a winner again.

● Over in Hollywood, film star *Laurence Harvey* took singing lessons so that he could take the lead in the British version of the musical *Camelot*. Seems to have paid off, for handsome Larry makes a very passable job of horsinground of the title song (HMV).

KEN BOW



**Fabi** Maria Fontana and The Musicians



**GIRLS!—**  
**DOES BEER**  
 go to  
**YOUR HEAD?**



**IT OUGHT TO!**

**AT LEAST  
 ONCE A WEEK**

For a "lovely head" use LINC-O-LIN BEER SHAMPOO. Made with real beer to give your hair real "body," acting as its own built-in setting lotion. Dries out with a lustre and sheen like you've never seen! From Chemists; Sachets 10½d., Barrels 2/6. Used and recommended by the best hairdressers.

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Clearasil ends embarrassment



'One day I came out in hideous spots: I tried everything. Only Clearasil got rid of my spots fast.  
*Jerry Ashley*  
*of Solihull*

**'Starves'  
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Skin Specialists point out that pimple trouble begins below the surface. What you see is only the top of the pimple. Specialists agree that you need a medication which opens, cleans out and starves pimples.

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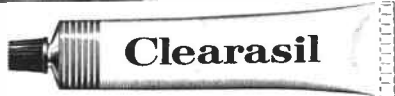


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**Fabword**

TO solve the puzzle, simply complete the diagram with words such that each word can be added to the word printed on the left to form another word well-known phrase or name. In the same way, if your word is placed in front of the word on its right, this will also make a well-known word, phrase or name. For example, the first missing word is BABY which, when added to the words on its left and right, gives CRY BABY and BABY FACE.

|           |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |      |
|-----------|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|------|
| CRY       |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | FACE |
| LOG       |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | BOY  |
| ICE       |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | ROOT |
| BLACK     |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | DIP  |
| COLD      |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | YARD |
| SALISBURY |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | JANE |
| PRECIOUS  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | DEAF |
| WHIST     |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | HOME |
| OLD       |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | MIND |

Answers →

Having found all nine missing words, study your answers (on the right). Reading downwards in one column you should be able to find the name of a recording artist or group... and in another column you should be able to find a number recorded by him, her or them.





Fab  
CIGARETTES

World Radio History



She's a beach babe. She's taken off to the beach with her. Her outfit is a here white t-shirt, \$10. Her shorts are also, try \$10. Her shorts are \$10.



Really have something to drink about. Striped shorts are plain overtop from Fifth Avenue. London W 1. Colors are brown white, pale blue white and navy. Cotton complete outfit is 6.95.



Fab gear for a beachcomber, is this toweling shirt by Star Fashion, for only 32s 6d. Worn here with pyjamae the colours include Candy Pink, Iced Lemon and Spunking White. Fingred for effect. Craig Douglas says it's a hot buy for an ice cool babe!

# LAST OF THE RED HOT DO

Summer's almost gone, but just in case we get a last minute heatwave, our red hot dolly has emptied her piggy bank for one last fabulous fling. After all, no girl worth her salt would be caught napping without the latest sunshine gear. So here are some way out last minute beach buys heartily approved by that dishy star, Craig Douglas!

She's also made up her mind to be going to bed in a real tank top after all. But she is going to get all over it. Girls who want to get that sun tanned look before going down to the sea, can do better before with Tanned by Designer Girl 3s 6d. Just get Tanned by Designer Girl 3s 6d. It's a beautiful fragrance! But for those of you who want to be the natural way, there's how to do it. Without being just remember to take it easy. Simplest way of getting that tanned look is to spend about ten to fifteen minutes sunbathing in the first half of the day. Then gradually increase the time each day. The idea is to get used to it gradually and to the sun. If you play a little hard all the year round, you would be used to it. In the sun, especially if you've a red face, it's best to use a good sun cream.

But if you're not a sunbather, you'll need to use a good sun cream. But if you're not a sunbather, you'll need to use a good sun cream. Good cream on the market is Anne French's Golden Tan 2s 6d. Which screens the skin from the sun's harmful rays, yet still encourages a healthy tan. It is a long-lasting, non-greasy cream suitable for all skin types, and can be used all over as well as being a protective make-up base. Apply generously and re-apply after bathing. Keep your figure firm in a super swimsuit. But don't make sure it can take a second look. However, superfluous hair on your legs with Imma-Hair Removing cream 4s. Extra mild for a sensitive skin. It is very easy to use. Just spread over the unwanted hair, leave for ten minutes, then remove with moistened cotton wool.



Craig Douglas

Look after your hair on holiday. Stop it going limp by authorizing all the dryness caused by taking on a wide straw hat, or simply wearing a headscarf tied at the back - the magic way. Regular shampooing with a good shampoo such as Visoline 750 (the perfect hair oil for dry hair) will soften it, as this contains sweet almond oil, an absolute boon for hair exposed to sun, wind and sea air. Keep yourself fresh throughout the day with a delicate-scented fragrance like the L'Oréal's Baby Mist (a flower spray, 3s. 6d. or 4s. 6d. in roll on form). And for keeping your skin smooth, use Nivea Lotion 50. Use after bathing with regularity to prevent chapping and keep it baby soft.



Guess who flipped the lid over this slimmer Bi-nylon swimsuit? Patie. But watch! You will too. Only 19s. 11d., from Dorothy Perkins. Colours are black, white and coral white.

# LIES

Says  
Fashion Ed.  
GILL

Bathing caps can be a daisy, but not our scally. Scatter Daisy with its smashing bag. Made in red, blue or yellow sailcloth, the bag is trimmed with daisy flowers with contrast centres. Price 29s. 6d. The cap can be obtained in the same colours plus white, lagoon and navy. 17s. 6d. By Klemers.







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showing a photograph of

**Paul, John, Ringo &  
George**

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ORDER NOW!

**1 SET (4 BADGES) 2/6**

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Send the coupon below with stamped addressed envelope (4d.) to **Norman Drees Associates Ltd., 642 Kings Road, London, S.W.6.** If there is delay in receipt of badge, it will be because of demand. Orders dealt with in relation.

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2 sets—4/9

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(Tick where applicable)

Include S.A.T. and P.O. Cheques values

NAME

ADDRESS

DO NOT FORGET STAMPED AND ADDRESSED ENVELOPE

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 . . . to 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 2/9, the spray at 3/6 and the long-lasting roll-on at 4/6.

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## Who says women are all alike? NOT SUNSILK, THE SHAMPOO FOR AN INDIVIDUALIST

Sunny hair, silky hair, good-tempered hair that obeys you so beautifully . . . this can be your hair, when you treat it kindly and shampoo with the Sunsilk it needs. There's a special Sunsilk for every kind of hair . . . for normal hair, dry hair, greasy hair, dull hair. Choose your own Sunsilk and see how your hair can blossom into beauty.

**THERE ARE FOUR KINDS OF SUNSILK—ONE IS FOR YOU**



# ON THE BEACH

*It's a wonderful life for FAB'S Sylvia, who recently lunched with Cliff Richard. It's a wonderful life for Cliff, too, with his discs selling as well as ever and his film "Wonderful Life" breaking box office records.*

# WITH CLIFF



**T**HE sand stretched as far as the eye could see. The water lapped in gentle waves against the shore. Cliff Richard and Susan Hampshire leaned back in their canvas chairs, waiting to shoot the On The Beach scene for their film *Wonderful Life*. There was only one thing wrong. It was freezing cold.

"In fact," Cliff told me, "it was cold almost the whole time we were in the Canary Islands. So cold that shooting on the film was held up. For that reason we were out there far longer than we should have been."

He beckoned to a waiter—we were having lunch in a swish West End restaurant at the time—who skidded to attention by his chair.

Cliff handed him the butter dish.

"Could I have some margarine instead, please?" he requested.

The waiter looked so surprised you'd think Ringo had just announced his intention of joining The Rolling Stones. But he changed the butter for margarine.

"I enjoyed making the film though," Cliff continued. "Especially the 'On The Beach' scene—when we did eventually get round to filming it. I wouldn't describe myself as a dancer by any means, but I like dancing in my films. Keeps you very fit," he concluded with a grin.

"It must have been difficult, dancing on that sand," I said.

The liquid brown eyes behind the thickly rimmed glasses—Cliff looks gorgeous in glasses—winked. "I'll let you into a little secret." He leaned a bit closer and whispered, "There was a dance floor under the sand."

"So that's how it's done!" I laughed.

"It would be pretty impossible to dance on sand," he said. "Your feet would keep sinking and you'd never get anywhere. So a wooden floor was laid on

the beach, lightly covered with sand and we danced on that."

Cliff always practises his dance routines very hard working over them with the choreographer for weeks before filming actually starts. He attends any other classes he happens to hear about, too, often turning up in the middle of the lessons—the extras are taking in fact, *Wonderful Life's* choreographer, Gillian Lynn told me that she now holds Cliff up as an example to other stars with whom she works.

"If a great star like Cliff can turn up for lessons every day, so can you," she tells them.

There were times, however when it didn't look as though the dance scenes were ever going to get on to film. Most of the picture is outdoors—on beaches and sand dunes. But to shoot out of doors you need sunshine. And as Cliff said, that was the one thing they didn't get enough of.

"I can't understand it," I mused. "When I was out there with Mike Sarne, we had sun every day."

"You're just lucky, aren't you?" he mucked. "We spent ninety per cent of our time wrapped up in coats and sweaters, playing cards or talking. Fancy sitting on a Canary Island beach wrapped in a sweater!"

He emphasised his point by tapping on the table with his fork.

"I'd thought it was going to be FAB," he said gloomily. "After all, you expect the weather in those parts to be hot, don't you?"

I agreed that you certainly did.

"I'd thought we'd be able to go swimming and sunbathing. That's what you look forward to when you go to a place like that, isn't it?"

I agreed that it certainly was.

"Still," he said, brightening, "the film's not bad, is it?"

I agreed that it certainly isn't. Fervently. Don't miss it, will you—if you haven't already seen it!

*The Shadows, Cliff and Susan Hampshire "On The Beach". And (below) Cliff and Susan shake it up. (Pictures by courtesy of Associated British Pictures Corporation Ltd.)*









# maureen's letter box



We are all beside the seaside this week, everyone wants to Dunkirk except me. Still they did point out that my living at Southend did give me a chance to see the sea more than the rest of them. (That's all very well, but we haven't got The Fourmost at Southend.)  
Still, on to this week's pick of the postage. . . .

## STONES ORIGINS

Gillian Beams of Fareham asks: Please could you tell me where Mick Jagger and Brian Jones come from?  
Brian comes from Cheltenham in Gloucestershire and Mick from Dartford, Kent.

## PARENTS OF HEINZ

Mary Morden of Middlesex writes: Please could you tell me the name of Heinz' parents?  
Of course, Heinz' parents are Jack and Martha Burt.

## FACTS ON HAYLEY

Pamela Green of Truro asks: How old was Hayley Mills when she made her first film. And what part does she play in *The Moon-Spinners*?  
Hayley made her first film, *Tiger Bay*,

when she was twelve years old in *The Moon-Spinners* she plays the part of Nicky Ferris, an English teenager Lucky Hayley playing opposite Peter McEnery. WOW! (Keith says lucky Peter playing opposite Hayley!)

## DRUIDS FAN

Doreen Lippley of Carlford asks: Have The Druids got a fan club please, if so what is the address?  
The Druids have a fan club and it is run by: Miss Judy Rex, 23 Holmesdale Road, Beethill-on-Sea, Sussex

## HANK'S BABES

Maureen Maitland of Skegness asks: Has Hank B. Marvin of The Shadows any children, if so what are their names?  
From one Maureen to another, yes.

Hank has three little boys. There is Dean, then the twins, Peter and Paul (I wonder if they will ever be Shadows.)

## FAME AND FURY

Melissa Menzies of Tooting writes: Did Georgie Fame and The Blue Flames once back Billy Fury?  
Quite right, Melissa. They did once back Billy exclusively, until he was joined by The Tornados

## SILVER BEATLES

Pat Page of Dunstable asks: Were The Beatles once called The Silver Beatles?  
Yes they were, but John, says Silver Beatles implies doddery old whistlers, where as they are young and youthful, and in Ringo's own words "A bunch of taving nutcases". So they changed their name to just plain Beatles

## LINE-UP NEWS

Marian Nathanson of Farnborough, Kent, asks: Could you give me the line-up of Ben Elliott and The Klan please?

Sure can, Marian Ben Elliott is lead vocalist, Peter J. Mason plays the organ, Tim Hamilton the rhythm guitar and vocalises, Peter Adams (he is the blonde cheeky one) plays drums. Jon Pearce plays bass guitar and vocalises and Tex Cameron is lead guitar and vocalises

That's about it for this week, don't forget to write will you, and enclose a S.A.E. My address is MAUREN'S LETTER BOX, FABULOUS, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

## WHO'S WHO THIS WEEK?



Back: Mike Walsh, L. to R. Lionel Morten, Alan Buck, Fritz Fryer.



L. to R. Eric Burdon, Chas Chandler, Johnny Steel, Helen Valentine, Alan Price.



L. to R: Bob Lang, Ric Rothwell, Wayne Fontana, Eric Stewart.



L. to R: John Stax, Dick Taylor, Phil Mav, Brian Peniston, Vro Prince.



Back: Tony Santori, Chuck Graham and Arthur Ashton. Front: Ray Dougherty and Tommy Rayner.



L. to R: Keith Karlson, Stu James, Terry O'Tool, John Konrad, Nicky Crauch.

## Alan Freeman (compere)

## The Bachelors

## Kenny Ball and his band

## The Barron Knights

## Georgie Fame and The Blue Flames

## The Fourmost

## Lulu and The Luvvers

## Manfred Mann

## The Migil Five

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Fab! Keith  
Stewart