

WORLD'S POP STARS IN COLOUR COLOUR COLOUR

1'-

THE STARS TAKE OVER

Fabulous

8 KING SIZE FULL COLOUR PIN-UPS

BEATLES STONES JEANS HONEYCOMB ETC



IT'S FAB

HERE'S WHERE TO FIND WHAT YOU WANT

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SORRY, EVERYONE. Please accept the apologies of the entire Fab Gang once again for the fact that this week there are only eight Fab King-size Pin-ups. The reason is because of problems and difficulties beyond our control. PLEASE FORGIVE US

STARGAZING WITH JOHN LEYTON



Plain speaking and dynamic scorpions are likely to partner people who are docile and less demanding.



CAPRICORN (Dec 21—Jan. 19). Routine week leads to a sunny weekend so make the most of it.



AQUARIUS (Jan. 20—Feb. 18). Get out and about more—you will then be more interesting to others.



PISCES (Feb. 19—Mar. 20). Emotional problems will be resolved if you don't put all the blame on another.



ARIES (Mar. 21—April 20). Absence of someone special upsets you but your fears are groundless.



TAURUS (April 21—May 20). Things move slowly. Now is time to take stock of your future prospects.



GEMINI (May 21—June 20). A journey likely to be postponed. You are involved in a domestic matter.



CANCER (June 21—July 20). Money-matters take a turn for the better and the week has a happy promise.



LEO (July 21—Aug. 21). Indulging in past regrets is useless—it will spoil a wonderful opportunity.



VIRGO (Aug. 22—Sept. 22). Exciting news from afar will give you confidence—and new hope.



LIBRA (Sept. 23—Oct. 22). You are admitted by a new friend but don't let an old friend down as a result.



SCORPIO (Oct. 23—Nov. 22). It work seems difficult enlist the aid of someone anxious to help.



SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23—Dec. 20). Don't resent the good luck of someone else but rejoice for them.

HEY THERE!

It all started when the Migil 5 wandered into the office with their new chums - the Little Migils. They bought all the gang one as a present - and in no time, everyone was cooing and clucking over the Little Migil and no work was being done at all.

You might say that they took the place over. Well, from then on it was a natural - to have the stars take over FAB for this week. The Fourmost descended on me with their FBI tactics - and that just about clinched it. And when The Merseybeats decided that it was time we had our own group - this issue was well on the way.

We hope you don't mind the FAB gang getting in on the act, just for this week. We've had fun - and I think the stars have, too. Hope it gives you a giggle.

Love, The Ed.



OVER TO THE MIGILS FOR THIS WEEK'S GOSSIP

Hi there. We're the Migils and this is an up-stick! We're overtaking Hi Fab this week to bring you all the fab gossip. What's a Migil? A Migil is versatile, and thrives on a varied diet of crotchets, quavers, and major and minor chords which he turns into something called music.

The Migils have taken over Fab for this week, and are going to fill it up with lots of lovely gossip.

We're so easily carried around in top pockets, guitar cases, ladies' handbags.

and everything, that we get all the fab, first hand. We've turfed the staff out of the office—mind you, most of them are so lazy they didn't put up much opposition. Our fan club address is 101 Ocean Street, London, W.1. Here's our first story....

A funny thing happened on the way to Lucky Stars Birmingham Studio the other day. There was the dormobile belonging to the fab new group The Wranglers, bombing up the M1 to Brumland when all of a sudden the engine caught fire.

Fortunately these boys have got their heads screwed on and before you could shout "Help!" they'd taken their boots off. Why? 'Cause the dormobile is the caravan variety and has a water tank as a permanent installation. The lads just filled their boots up with water and put out the fire.

Clever, eh?

The Wranglers' first record is *Liza Jane* backed with *It Just Won't Work*. The boys are Johnny Aldrich, drummer, who is a free lance lettering artist; Colin Black, bass guitarist, who cleans shop fronts; Tony Danton, lead guitarist, who works for the water board; Kenny Bernard, vocalist, who is an electrician and Trevor West who plays rhythm guitar and is the leader.



The Migil 5



The Jaywalkers

Peter Jay and The Jaywalkers are a very popular group with Fab readers. Whenever Peter comes up to the offices for coffee he's always surrounded by eager beaver readers in droves. Last time he popped up was after a long over-night drive from Torquay. He could hardly keep his eyes open. He did tell us some interesting things about the Jaywalkers though.

Did you know Trinaunce that Buzz Miller has a golden retriever called . . . "Sheena." We don't know who should feel insulted. Fab's Sheena or Buzz's Sheena!

The Jaywalker with the most interesting hobby must surely be Jeff Moss. He is an archaeologist and he spends all his spare time, or most of it, digging things up. The Museum at Norwich, where Jeff worked before joining The Jaywalkers, is choc a bloc with his discoveries.

Peter told us of one site near Great Yarmouth which was supposedly a non-military Roman camp until Jaywalking Jeff dug up a soldier's shield. Believe it or not, he still finds time for other hobbies like fishing and painting. (Not houses!)

A photo session with The Mojos is usually fun. Sheena did one recently on a very hot day. So hot in fact that three Mojos disappeared into a shop and emerged clutching three bottles of fizzy drink and they wouldn't part with them to have pix taken. Stu James bought a pair of economically priced cufflinks at the same time—says he loses so many that it's not worth getting expensive ones.

John Konrad was off to the Zoo as soon as the Fab session was over. He wondered whether they'd let him out, but Stu said they wouldn't be able to tell him from the rest of the monkeys!

John is a camera fiend and spent a long time photographing Sylvia's left hand last time she met them. Sheena, looking for a taxi, suggested to Nicky Crouch that they borrow an Ambulance which was parked nearby, switch the bell and lights on and use that. Nicky agreed like a shot. He loved the time The Mojos had a police escort to get

to an airport in time to catch a flight. After all the hustle and bustle the plane was delayed for another half an hour.

The fab Undertakers have changed their name to The Talkers after constant pressure from their manager, recording company and various bodies who complained that Undertakers was too macabre. Their first recording *If You Don't Come Back* under their new abbreviated name was issued at the beginning of September.

The change cost them upwards of £700. Gone are the black undertakers' suits and black top hats, and in place they have light grey American style suits. The jackets are cut up at the back and come down to a point at the front. Note they've still retained a black edge on the jackets.

The group even had to be taught to smile by a Liverpool elocution teacher, Miss Eleanor Garwood, who says they must have managed about 2,000 smiles apiece in about forty hours.

Guess who got wolf whistles from The Honeycombs as they were driving past Fleetway House in their van? Fab's Sheena, on her way back from having her hair done. Poor girl was so thrilled she almost fell up the steps. That'll teach her to look where she's going in future.

Before we go we thought we'd tell you how the Migils found the Migils or vice versa, how the Migils found the Migils! Lenny and Red used to be sailors and one day when they sailed to South America they found this tribe of Migils. They liked them so much that they brought a couple back with them. These two Migils liked it so much here that they sent for the others and they came over in droves. They were never heard of till *Mockingbird Hill*.

Since then they've appeared on television with The Migil 5.

When you join the fan club you get a Migil of your very own.

Seriously, haven't we Migils done a grand job? We think we ought to have a take-over resolution every week. What do you think?

Next Week FAB has MORE READERS' REQUESTS which means it's YOUR issue with your own requested favourites, and we have to admit it . . . you've got pretty good taste! Just get a load of this . . .

fabulous
PETER McENERY
magic shop with Wayne Gibson &
DYNAMIC SOUNDS
the matchless

MOJOS
a 'must'
MICHAEL CAINE
nattering from
THE NASHVILLE TEENS
a quiz from
PETER, PAUL AND MARY

the butcher's shop that gets a visit from BRIAN POOLE and THE TREMELOES. PLUS the songs that knock-out the stars. . . Not forgetting, above all, these super ALL COLOUR PIN-UPS. ALL YOURS NEXT WEEK . . . only in FABULOUS, the greatest pop weekly in the world, on sale next Monday . . . price 1 shilling



the STARS TALK Fab



Tony talks about Fab's Shenna.

IT'S a real pleasure to write a few lines about our Fab friend Shenna or as we know her "Shiny" (That's a nickname she doesn't talk about) Mackay. We first met "Shiny" at a photographic studio in London where we almost drove her out of her mind, poor lass.

We were doing a fashion thing with some shorts and John had donned them as shorts. I was wearing my watch on my kneecap with one trouser leg rolled up and Johnny Gustafson had collected everyone's signet rings to wear on one hand. He kept insisting he was "Ringo."

Aaron waltzed out of the dressing room with his shoes on back to front and "Shiny" just collapsed with laughter. Shows what a good sport she was, after all it was her photo session we were messing up. She got her own back the second time we saw her. She made us climb up some statues by Blackfriars bridge and we got smothered in dirt. Then she tried to kill Aaron by dragging him across the main road in front of all the traffic. He didn't mind much—just kicked and screamed like an eight year old.

We took her to lunch at our hotel to get over the shock. The two Johns kept changing our order to the waiter and in the end he came back with ten ice creams, all for me!

"Shiny" was slimming, and couldn't have one. We felt she was going off us!

Round three came when we dropped in to take her to a showing

It had to happen sometime . . . we're all in the hot seat . . . the stars have put the heat on the FABULOUS gang and there's no escape . . . here's what they think of US. Don't say we didn't warn you! (any connection with living characters is quite deliberate).

of the film we appeared in—*Just For You*. Just before we left John Banks asked if he might have a picture of Hayley Mills from her photographic files. John now has the entire file in his flat—Shiny is John's favourite Fab female.

To finish up the article I gave her a ring to get a biography for you. Here's the result.

Born—Yes

Birthplace—Twickenham Middlesex, 4th August 1942

Fav colour—Blue

Instruments played—Portable Church Organ.

Fav singers—The Everlys, The Merseybeats, The Takars.

Hobbies—Pushing Pop Stars in front of cars.

Clothes—Frilly things

Ambition—To get Merseybeats on time for photos.

Food—Pickled onions.

Likes—Boiling milk over and money.

Dislikes—Spiders and bus conductors.

We like "Shiny" because she's crazy LIKE US.

TONY CRANE OF THE MERSEBEATS

I SUPPOSE I must have given something like 250 Interviews to various press people in the past year. Now that I find myself on the other side of the table for the first time I'm starting to realise what a terrifying job it is to conduct a good interview from the QUESTION angle.

My assignment sounded a simple one when FAB'S Editor, Unity, told me about it. "Talk to our girl Margaret," she said.

Of course, I know Margaret pretty well now. Until earlier this year when she took me off to the continent for a FAB weekend in Paris I'd never even been abroad. I've always been a bit suspicious about things like passports and customs clearance but Margaret guided me through all these complicated processes as if she was a regular continent-to-continents commuter. Actually there isn't anything very complicated about customs and things. Unless you're like me and go all red when you say "Nothing to declare."

Notice how I've been postponing the actual interview bit. I've got a little reporter's notebook in front of me with fragments of questions and answers in it. FAB'S CILLA INTERVIEWS FAB'S MARGARET It says impressively at the top of the first sheet. Then:



Cilla and Margaret climb down the gangway.

WHERE BORN: London.

WHEN BORN: 23rd January, 1939.

HEIGHT: 5 feet 8 inches

FAVOURITE FOODS: Scampi and steak.

That's as far as the interview got, I'm afraid. For one thing I couldn't think of any more appropriate facts to find out about. For another thing Margaret and I got chatting about clothes and Paris and all sorts of other things. We recalled Margaret's most embarrassing moment when we ran out of money in Paris and she admitted that she wasn't a continent-to-continents commuter at all and that her trip to France with me had been her first FAB assignment abroad!

"I love doing stories with Liverpool stars," she said. "You're all so down to earth and homely. Not big-headed about reaching the top. It's more difficult trying to get facts from the groups because they gag up the interview so much, but it's a lot of fun!"

So much for Cilla Black, FAB interviewer. Think I'll stick to singing! Still, it was a great excuse for Margaret and I to get together for a chat. AND you didn't know Margaret liked scampi, and steak now DID YOU!

CILLA BLACK

A LONG time ago I remember seeing a feature in FABULOUS all about the NEMS office and some of the nutty things the groups get up to when they call in there. Well I can tell you that the FAB offices can be just as nutty.

If Keith Altham couldn't get away with hiding behind a cupboard in NEMS all day I saw no reason why I couldn't do the same thing at FAB's. Only I went one step further. Got out my old leather cap, borrowed that old raincoat that Ringo wore in *A Hard Day's Night* and disguised myself as a cleaner.

The day went like this:

9.00 a.m. Walked boldly through the front door and a man in the reception desk said: "Morning George." "Morning, mate," I replied. "Can't remember where I left my bucket last night." He said: "Oh, it's probably in the cupboard over there," so I helped myself to a broom as well for added effect.

9.15 a.m. Started pushing the broom about in the corridor. Came to this door marked EDITOR and wrote "Gery Was Here" just for old time's sake. 9.25 a.m. Sheena and Margaret walked past me and nearly tripped over the bucket. Sheena: "Who is that old man?" Margaret: "Probably somebody's grandfather. Not very clean is he?"

9.52 a.m. Overhead June in her office whistling "It's Gonna Be All Right. Good to know we have fans among the FAB staff, I thought.

I TOOK one look at Fab's Maureen and knew that I had seen her somewhere before. Turned out that she lived in Southend where I come from and went to school with my sister. When she was fourteen and I was sixteen we exchanged waves and shouts across the road as I pedalled my bicycle to school. It was quite a re-union when we re-met for a Fab photo-



Helpful assistance for Maureen from The Paramounts.

O f course this journalist business is really nothing new to me. I speak as a proud former Editor of FABULOUS (see issue dated 22nd August, 1964!) and one who has presided over an official Editorial Luncheon and smoked the untipped end of an un-stained banana for years!

I first met FAB's Betty well over a year ago just after The Dakotas and I had hit the top of the charts with *Do You Want To Know A Secret*.

Do you want to know a secret? I think Betty is one of the best columnists I've come across. She doesn't make an interview feel like a formal occasion. It's a pleasant, friendly affair. We were doing a charity show at the Carlton Tower in London when Betty and photographer, Bill Francis introduced themselves for the first time. We've seen a lot of both Betty and Bill since then. And this seems like a good opportunity to say how we feel about the colour pix in FAB. I can honestly say that some of the best photographs of our group have appeared in FAB.

Sometimes it's difficult for reporters to get hold of us when we're out on tour but when I tried to talk to Betty on the telephone for this article I found that FAB's staff lead quite a busy life too. The telephone conversation went like this:

B.J.K.: That you, Betty. Billy J. here. I want to ask YOU some questions for a change.

10.06 a.m. Feit it was about time I had a coffee.

As soon as Keith dashed out of his office to take a phone call I dashed in, swallowed his coffee, and began dusting the windows.

10.08 a.m. Sylvia came in and muttered something about "Where has Keith disappeared to?" Then to me: "Aren't you somebody's road-manager?" But she was out through the door again, before things could become awkward.

10.12 a.m. The Ed, popped her head round the door and said brashly: "Ah! There you are, dear. Didn't you bring your drumsticks? The others are down by the lift with their guitars. Join them as soon as you've seen Keith, won't you?" And she was off.

10.15 a.m. Keith's telephone rang so I picked up the receiver. Betty's voice said: "Keith" "I've got this reader's letter asking how tall Garry Marsden is. Do you know?" "5 feet 8 inches," I replied Keithishly. "Are you sure?" she said. "I thought he was shorter."

Betty rang off before I had time to explode.

10.21 a.m. The return of Keith Altham. "Hello, Gery," he said, brightly "Thought it was tomorrow you boys were coming in for your photo session. Get that scruffy coat of Ringo's off for a start. How can we get good pictures in that. By the way, George is looking for his bucket. Have you finished with it?" I felt much shorter than 5 feet 8 inches.

GERRY MARSDEN

graphic session.

Maureen is in charge of the Letters Box so naturally I volunteered to answer a few for her.

Incidentally, if Jean McDonald of Austin Rd. Glasgow gets a letter which runs: "*MIN Juggler of The Reading Bones weighs five pound six shillings*" put it down to my typing ability which is nil. I might add that "Mo"



Gerry trying hard to HELP Keith.

(Maureen to you) typed this here while I dictated.

Maureen had some wonderful Beat The Clock game devised for me where I put on a pair of flippers and kicked June into an empty box with some balloons. Or was it the balloons I kicked into the box with June? "Mo" never made that quite clear. She's a born organiser.

What else is there to say about Maureen? Well, she makes a nice cup of tea or was it coffee or perhaps it was Ovaltine. Anyhow it was hot. She made me feel right at home. "There's nothing I wouldn't do for you," she said, and that's exactly what she did—nothing!

Seriously she's a very nice girl and I'm not saying that just because she's got a paper knife in my back. She has tact. She has diplomacy. She has sense.

Only last week she went into The Editor (one Miss Unity Hall) and told her where The Animals were playing that week.

"They're at Unity Hall, Wakefield, Yorkshire," she giggled and fell in a great hysterical heap on the floor.

It's a good thing Unity is not touchy about her name.

Applications for Maureen's job should be sent to the following address:

P.S. Don't apply I've already got it.
GARY BROOKER OF THE PARAMOUNTS

BETTY: Hello, Billy. Hang on a tick will you. I'm just sorting out a photo session.

DAKS: (Interrupting at my end): Tell her you're The Press and she won't keep you waiting.

B.J.K.: It's O.K. I can hear her saying 'Goodbye'.

BETTY: Back now, Billy. Sorry about that. Hey, Aren't you doing a piece for FAB this week?

B.J.K. Yes and it's about YOU. First of all what sort of records do you like listening to?

BETTY: All sorts, Billy. Ballads like *Anyone Who Had A Heart*. Bluesy things like *Tobacco Road*. Romantic piano pieces. Even opera and military bands when I'm in the right mood. And I love The Beatles. *Little Chicken* is still one of my strongest favourites, though. It's one of those clever tunes I'm fascinated by. The timing really gets me.

B.J.K.: Wait until I get all that down! (PAUSE) Now then. Final question. What is the happiest moment you can recall in the lifetime of FABULOUS?

BETTY: Remember our trip to Switzerland, Billy? We were in Villars in the Alps and it was misty and drizzly. We went on to the top in a cable car and suddenly we were above the mist in dazzling sunshine. It really was the most FAB moment for me.

B.J.K.: Thanks Betty. You've just written half my column for me. See you!

BILLY J. KRAMER



Betty and Billy J. in The Alps.

JOHN (practically pushing the microphone up Keith's nose and emitting American television interviewers) Now, er, which Beatle are you? You must be Ringo I guess. Say, how did you come by a stupid name like that, fella?

KEITH: No. You've got it all wrong. I'm the leader of that new group from Baham. You know. Grotty Keith And The Swinging Blue Althams.

PAUL: From Baham eh? Is there honey still for tea?

GEORGE: Tell me, Grotty, when were you born?

KEITH: 8th May, 1941. It was a very good year for babies.

GEORGE: How come you weren't one then?

RINGO: Why isn't there a Swinging Blue Althams Fan Club?

KEITH: You mean you haven't yet submitted your £50 subscription to the Keith Altham Appreciation Society. It's not too late though. Send in at once. And for an extra shilling a week you can get a free copy of FABULOUS through the Society as well!

PAUL: What's your secret ambition?

KEITH: To accompany Gerry Marsden on the only thing I play well—football!

PAUL: Now if you'd said golf Gerry's got quite a fair handicap.

KEITH: Yes I know his handicap—He doesn't belong to the Keith Altham Appreciation Society either!

JOHN (back to the television bit). Now, er, if we can continue. We do have a programme to do right here on Station FAB you know. Tell me, what was your most embarrassing moment?

KEITH: When I was doing an interview with The Merseybeats. I suggested a little snack and the bill came to £18.

GEORGE: That's just because you're greedy. You could have missed out the roll and butter.

PAUL: No, seriously. When did we first meet you, Keith?

KEITH: Way back when "Please, Please, Me" was at the top. In the lounge of The President Hotel in London. Ringo was alone in a huge armchair. He said "I suppose you realise it's only noon and I haven't had my cornflakes on toast". I said "Have a jelly-baby?" We've been just bad friends ever since.

JOHN (still making with the American accent) Tell me, boy, what has been your most difficult assignment for FABULOUS magazine to date?

THE BEATLES, A TAPE RECORDER AND KEITH ALTHAM

For almost a year now FAB'S team of photographers and reporters have followed the progress of THE BEATLES, writing about the boys' film work, their worldwide tours and their record-breaking successes in almost every region of show business.

Just recently Keith Altham was invited to attend the recording of a radio programme which featured The Beatles and during a break we arranged for John, Paul, George and Ringo to get together with Keith around FAB'S tape-recorder. On the left is a transcript of the yak which went on tape.



& the Beatles
a tape recorder
Keith Altham

KEITH: You really want to know? Trying to help our photographer get a good colour pin-up picture of John Lennon wearing dark glasses and a five-o'clock shadow!

JOHN: You should shave and take off your glasses when you're photographing John Lemon, boy!

RINGO: You're always asking questions like that so let's see how YOU like the treatment. (a) Pick six pop stars you'd like to make up a holiday party with and (b) say where you'd go and what you'd do.

KEITH: (a) Dusty, Cilla, Marianne Faithfull, Francoise Hardy, Kathy Kirby, Dionne Warwick—and the answer to (b) is "Just about anywhere" and "you must be joking"!

GEORGE: Do you get a lot of odd letters from fans at FABULOUS?

KEITH: You can say that again!

GEORGE: Do you get a lot of

KEITH: O.K. O.K. Last week Unity got one from someone who wanted Ringo's old socks. Somebody else suggested that we post Dave Clark's old drums to her. One girl wanted us to get her a job as house-keeper to The Merseybeats—she was sixteen and admitted she'd never washed up in all her life. A boy wrote in just yesterday to say he'd won some competition and got two tickets for a weekend in Paris. Could he please take Cilla.

PAUL: Have you seen any new or unknown groups you think deserve Top Ten success just recently?

KEITH: Yes. The Swinging Blue Althams.

JOHN: And so we say farewell to Baham, galeway to the Mouth and return you to the studios of Station FAB.

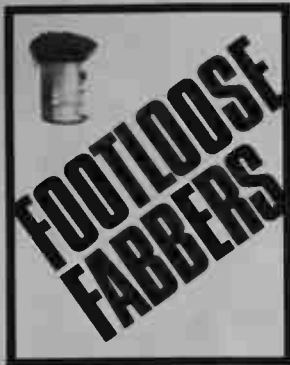
KEITH: And a Merry Kringle to you too!





Feb 1954

On the left Sheena on bass guitar, Shirley on rhythm guitar, Maureen on drums and Sylvia on lead guitar. (But a good time was had by all).



After Tony Crane had written an article on Fab's Sheena, he decided that she (as well as Sylvia, Maureen and Shirley) should do some real work. So he made a date for them at Philips Recording Studios so they could learn how to be a group . . .

SHEENA'S STORY:

AS I have the longest finger nails out of the four of us, it was decided that I should play the bass guitar, as the strings are farther apart and my nails wouldn't get in the way so much. I didn't object as that meant that the handsome Merseybaet, Johnny Gustafson, would be showing me how to play the guitar.

Although I say it myself, I was definitely the best Footloose Fabber. The other three . . . well, really they didn't stand an earthly. I'm a natural bass guitarist. I can find the four strings, and the volume switch. Of course, I can't find the key, the note, the tone or anything like that, but it's not really necessary, is it?

I nearly collapsed when Johnny gave me his guitar—it's so heavy. And the arm seemed a mile long. I held it vertically. But Tony and Johnny said I couldn't be taught by The Merseys and look like Bill Wyman of The Stones, even if I did have hair like a King Charles spaniel. I decided then and there that I needed a smaller guitar. My arm didn't stretch the length of the arm.

When they asked me to sing that was it. All four Merseys collapsed . . . They said they'd never heard the National Anthem sung to the tune of *Wishing and Hoping* before.

Johnny Gustafson said that any time I wanted a job playing bass in a group would

I be sure and ask any group except his. It's nice to know that you've got fans.

Unfortunately the Footloose Fabbers will have to disband because the other three just aren't good enough!

MAUREEN'S STORY:

With all due modesty I must admit to being the only one in the group who can play any kind of a tune. The Merseybeats were most impressed by the way my drumming kept the others in tune.

John Banks said that without my playing the group would most certainly be nothing; Tony Crane and Johnny Gustafson kept saying that they couldn't believe their ears. (This is a compliment

I shall always treasure . . . I think!)

After the clapping and cheering had died down, plus the cries of encore for my skilful, yet r-a-t-h-e-r quiet drum solo, The Merseys said they would like to hear us again, because they enjoyed our playing so much the first time. John Banks and Aaron Williams even asked me to do another one of my drum rolls.

(I must admit my drum rolls are not what they should be, but I could see the boys were impressed.)

Sheena kept saying that the Merseys clap and cheer at things that make them laugh. But she's only jealous—cos my playing is far better than hers. Anyway The Merseys said, "Mo, you ought to go



Tony Crane showing Sylvia how to play lead guitar. Who does he think he's kidding?



Shirley's got rhythm . . . well, she's got a rhythm guitar anyway. One thing is for sure Aaron taught her to play it.



It goes thissaway, says Johnny Gustafson. But Sbeena went thattaway . . . pity

a long way." (No, Sylvia, they didn't mean they wanted me packed off to the Umalagoogle Islands.) Least I don't think they did!

SYLVIA'S STORY:

Naturally, I was chosen to be lead guitarist. What else could I be? After all, as Tony Crane said, I have natural rhythm and an inborn feel for music. Well, maybe that isn't quite what he said. But I'm sure it's what he meant.

Tony gave me some quick tuition and was quite amazed at the way I picked it up. I picked it—the guitar I mean—up from the table where Tony had left it, slung it casually over my shoulder and

nonchalantly started to strum a tune. "That's remarkable, Sylvia," Tony gaped admiringly.

"It's nothing," I said modestly. "It'll probably go on being nothing all the time you hold the guitar like that. It's upside down," Tony added.

An amiable discussion as to what we should sing followed next.

"I think *Love of the Loved* is just right for my vocal range," I said firmly.

"And I think *Pop Goes the Weasel* is about right for your vocal range," Sheens retorted.

I promptly asked Johnny Gustafson if he'd like to take over as bass guitarist with The Footloose Fabbers. But he said

he already had a job that suited him.

The conversation became less amiable but it ended with me singing *Love of the Loved* as I'd planned. Of course, the rest of the group were singing *I'm Into Something Good* (at least, I think that's what it was supposed to be), but The Merseybeats must have agreed with my choice of number. They said I was definitely the best in the group. And I quite agree with them.

SHIRLEY'S STORY:

As rhythm guitarist go The Mersey's reckon I'm unique. Thought you ought to know about their compliment, so that I don't sound too big-headed about our

all-Fab-girl pop group. I suppose the other three girls weren't so bad and with a few years' practice . . . but even the Mersey's agreed that my sound was out of this world ("Indescribable," said Aaron sweetly).

Despite their praise I did pick up a few hints from them as they gave us their trial demonstration . . . but it was hard to show Sheena. Mo and Sylvia how real professionals operate. They're very sweet girls but not really star material.

So perhaps if there's a vacancy . . . say if John Lennon leaves The Beatles . . . (sorry girls, I had to be frank about this . . . Hey, put down those paper weights . . . HEEELUP!).



Maureen on the drums has given John Banks a laugh, anyway . . . not that he didn't need to laugh!

The boys clap the 'performance' the girls put up. Nobody was forced to listen and The Mersey's had a giggle!





The Station Hotel at the Surrey beauty spot of Richmond by The Thames. A pretty "re-freened spot most of the week—but one which turned into a hot-bed of big beat on the evenings when a shaggy-haired, way-out bunch called The Rolling Stones turned up to give shows in the steamy, wooden-floored room at the back of the building.

This was a couple of years ago. Dodgy days for The Stones. Only a faithful few knew them. They had to scrape and silt to get by. Heartbreak days, too, because nobody—but nobody—seemed interested in getting them known outside that R' and B'-shakin' club room.

Until, that is, FAB girl June Southworth was invited to see them by their newly-acquired manager, Andrew Oldham, the boy genius who has since master-minded the group to the top.

She immediately became a fan and like all true fans didn't mind admitting it. Happy to do whatever she could to help boost the boys, she told anyone who would listen about The Stones' talents. And, as the boys will tell you, every little helps in the fight through to the big-time.

Funny thing was that at this time June hadn't even met the boys. She'd just watched them in full swing, lapping up the atmosphere. She wrote the first magazine story ever about them and was thrilled to bits when the boys rang up to say

"Thanks." But let June talk about those early days. . . .

"I saw them several times playing down at Richmond before I actually met them at The Royal Albert Hall. They were appearing in our own Great Pop Prom. . . their first ever. . . and they were knocking around the foot of the bill. Anyway, Andrew told them that I was the one who wrote the story and all five Stones galloped over to say 'Hello!' I was scared to death. I mean, FIVE Stones, all at once. I liked them immediately.

"But they were shakin' in their Chelsea boots. You see, it was their big break, and The Beatles were topping the bill. They had the awful job of opening the show, but they got over their nerves and gave a great performance. Brought the house down.

"I remember Mick, Brian and Keith had just lost their flat in Chelsea, and Mick didn't have anywhere to sleep that night. Also, Mick's boots were down at heel and he spent most of the afternoon chasing up John Lennon trying to borrow his. He tracked down John only to discover that his boots were half-a-size too small!

"Since then I've seen The Stones just about everywhere." June goes on, "Theatres, studios, in a boat sailing across Lake Geneva (I remember Brian looked at me, shook his head, and said: 'It's as if

there's no escape from her!') and in mad, scrambling mob scenes. They're always completely unaffected and polite. They'll sit on the floor rather than let a girl stand, even if they've just come off stage and they're tired.

"They're always helpful. Like the time at Morcambe, when we wanted pictures of them on the beach in the height of winter. None of them had overcoats and were just about frozen to death. But they posed, teeth chattering. . . .

"I'm not going to say who my favourites are. But, at first, I would be Brian, or Mick, because they're the easiest to talk to. Charlie used to be a bit more difficult. But he's much more forthcoming now, only don't say I said so!"

FAB has a big circulation in America, and when June wrote about the boys in the magazine a couple of months before their American tour, she was swamped with letters from would-be Stones fans from The States. One of the girls who wrote now heads The Stones' fan club over there. So now it's fair to say that The Stones are established internationally.

Says June: "What made me like them so much early on? A mixture of things. Their approach to their music. Their talent. Their looks. Their sensitivity. I liked the clothes they wore. . . . they were really very clothes-conscious. And I liked the

fact they showed that boys are allowed to have feelings and express them. They helped to change completely the hero-image from the old beefcake bit.

"Of course, they *did* look a bit scruffy in those three leather jackets between them. People have said they're ugly. I've never thought of them like that. I think their looks are a knockout.

"Individually. . . Bill is the one who usually sends me up when we meet. I threaten to take away his feed-bag, but it's all fun. Charlie is the one who keeps telling me I ask silly questions and goes off without answering them. . . though he does try very hard sometimes to be helpful.

"Brian has a quiet charm and a very considerate nature. He's wickedly funny when the mood takes him. Mick is friendly and impulsive and a great mimic. I hate to think what he does about me behind my back. Keith is dreamy and reserved and kind. I wonder if the fans have noticed how he's improved. . . he's really rather gorgeous these days!

"You know, even now when I'm on a bus or a train and I hear people knocking The Stones I feel like telling them how wrong they are. The boys are a great bunch. . . they've brought a new honesty into the business."

June's views on The Stones haven't changed from the very first. **MARK DAY**



CASTING NO STONES

often had a bird's eye view of The Rolling Stones from F.A.B.'s June. Now The Stones' sights are on June herself. . .

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The Fourmost give our Ed, Unity Hall, the third degree!

FOURMOST ON THE TRAIL OF FAB

OUR investigations began several months ago when we The Fourmost started to receive letters from innocent members of the public who had been turned into desperate people by days and days of anxious waiting. "Find out for us!" they pleaded. "We must know the truth!"

Obviously these people would be driven to despair unless somebody helped. As a service to our fans we, The Fourmost, decided to prepare this authentic report revealing information which has been withheld from the public.

The first clue came unexpectedly one Saturday evening when Unity Hall was flashed upon the nation's television screens during Jake Box Jury. "She is," said the programme's Chairman, David Jacobs, mysteriously. "The Editor of a well-known weekly magazine named Fabulous".

Now after intensive investigation we are in a position to reveal much more. Unity Hall, indeed, is the editor of FABULOUS, the magazine which has been the subject of so many letters addressed to us at The Palladium in the past few months.

Typical of the letters which reached us was one forwarded to The Palladium by our Fan Club Secretary, Sandra Fernando. "The waiting has become almost unbearable", writes Miss X of Bognot Regis. "It begins each Tuesday and makes my life increasingly difficult until the following Monday when I can go out and buy a new issue of FABULOUS. SOMEONE MUST BE MADE TO SAY WHAT FABULOUS NEW FEATURES AND PICTURES ARE GOING TO APPEAR IN FUTURE ISSUES SO THAT OUR

MINOS MAY BE PUT AT REST. Each new issue is even better than the last. WE MUST KNOW WHAT SECRETS ARE IN STORE FOR FABULOUS READERS. WE CANNOT WAIT A WEEK AT A TIME UNTIL EACH NEW ISSUE IS PUBLISHED. PLEASE INVESTIGATE AND GIVE US THE FACTS."

When we reached the sixth floor of Fleetway House it was a comparatively easy matter to find the office we wanted. Behind a door marked 'EDITOR' we knew we would discover the famous Unity Hall. We burst in and announced ourselves.

"This, ma'am, is the F.B.I.," declared Brian O'Hara. "What?" cried Unity cowering in the Editorial Chair. "Federal Bureau of Investigation?" "No!", replied Brian, "Fourmost Board of Inquiry. We just want the fax, ma'am. The fax about FABULOUS."

"Four onto one is a bit unfair, isn't it?" said Unity. "Especially when it's four great big beat boys onto one defenceless girl!" We turned round an angle-poise lamp so that the light would shine into Unity's face.

"I'm afraid it doesn't work", she said meekly. "The bulb's gone."

"Never mind about that," countered Mike Millward. "Is it true that you have been the editor of 41 issues of FABULOUS?"

"Yes."

"And is it also true that there have been 424 colour pictures in those 41 issues?"

"Yes."

"What are your motives?"

"Well, I must say, it's very rewarding work"

said Unity. "Meeting boys like The Fourmost!" "It's no use trying to get round us like that," said Billy Hutton.

"What we really want," said Billy, "is a complete issue of FABULOUS about you and your staff."

"Done!" replied Unity, consulting a massive chart.

"This is the issue."

"Now we're getting somewhere," decided Brian. "But what about all those letters," said Mike. "People must know what is coming in future issues. You owe it to them."

"FAB'S GUY FAWKES SPECIAL AND FAB WITH BRITISH BOYS IN THE U.S.A.," said Unity consulting the mass of red and blue marks on her chart.

"Keep talking," said Billy, getting all F.B.I. again. "Then there'll be a READERS' REQUESTS issue. And the DATING issue should be fun too. What girl doesn't like dating? What boy doesn't for that matter? Absolutely true for us to have that. We get over one thousand letters a week asking for special items or pictures in FABULOUS," said Unity.

"And the rest?" we asked. But it was our parting question to be answered next time we call—the teapot had been emptied and the Ed. had decided to make use of our visit by turning our F.B.I. into a straightforward photo session and the photographer was waiting in the studio.

So there is the complete F.B.I. report. Judge for yourselves. We think Unity and her FABULOUS gang are doing a FABULOUS job. And we're looking forward to the next party they throw, too.

in record time

● The Tamla-Motown group of recording companies in Detroit, U.S.A. (whose discs are released here on the Stateside label) has a lot of talent under its wing including Mary Wells, Little Stevie Wonder, The Miracles and The Marvlettes, but none have

more impact than **Martha and The Vandellas**. For proof, listen to their latest disc, a spine-tangling number called *Dancing In The Street*. I believe it could be their third big hit in Britain.

QUICK SPINS

- Gravel-voiced **Louis Armstrong**, whose *Hello Dolly* was a recent big hit, comes up with another song from the same show, *So Long Dearie*—and I like it even better (Mercury)!
- **Kathy Kirby** is almost sure to make it with her dramatic treatment of *Don't Walk Away* (Decca).
- American group **Johnny and The Hurricanes**,

who seem to have dropped out of the disc scene recently, make a comeback with the old Elvis Presley hit, *Money Honey*—and it's a real raver (Stateside).

- **Mr. Acker Bilk** and his clarinet gets on a Blue Beat kick with *Dream Ska*, his biggest potential since *Stranger On The Shore* (Columbia).
- Also give a spin to **Bobby Shafto's** *Who Would Love A Girl Like That?* (Patiphone), *I Go Ape* by **The Rocking Vickers** (Decca) and an exotic version of the theme song from *Goddinger* by **The John Barry Orchestra** (United Artists).

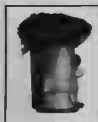
KEN BOW





Fab | The Merseybeats

THE STARS TURN THE LENS ON FIONA



FOCUS on our "Fab" photographer "Fi" (Fiona Adams to the Pop World) who says her greatest suc-

cesses were:

a. Getting The Rolling Stones to smile (she backed up to get a pic and fell into the theatre's orchestra pit) and

b. Obtaining a full page print of Ringo's nose in living colour when a battery of photographers crushed her against The Beatle at an Embassy Reception.

To be a photographer on Fab, "Fi" claims you need to be patient, tactful, amusing, thick skinned, non-smoking, non-drinking, non-eating and "stark raving mad." As the following stories go, she's so right!

1 "Fi" is fond of the sad soulful songs like *Juliet* which The Four Pennies made. Having heard about songs like *Pennies in a Stream* and *Four Coins in a Fountain* she decided to put The Four P's on water. Here's Lionel Morton in mid-dive. The result we understand was a big splash.

2 Beatle people are favourite subjects for our Fab mad photographer. Ringo is the most popular ever since he complained on one of her ses-



1
Lionel Morton



2
Ringo Starr



3

4



Jeff Moss

Lloyd Baker



The Animals



sions that: "You always keep me at the back because I'm ugly."

"Fi" took him gently by the hand and led him to the middle of the line up. Ringo always remembers.

Our camera woman declares that he has: "The most soulful eyes I have ever seen and takes a wonderful shot."

3 Chris Houston of The Undertakers (now The Takers) undertook to take this masterpiece of "Fi" with the other members. The whole incident is now a blurred memory but "Fi" declares of this shot.

"Chris is a fine guitarist." Enough said.

4 Popster Millie took this shot of Fiona while she was in Cannes. Our peach is also available in cans: In three sizes. "Medium, Large and pass the diet sheet Gill."

5 Two pics taken by those crazy Jaywalkers. Jeff Moss shot Lloyd Baker and Lloyd Baker shot Jeff Moss. "Fi" shot both of them when she got her camera back.

6 "Location" shots are a big thing with this camera-woman. The Animals found themselves climbing all over bomb sites at the back of St. Pauls.

"I just love these offbeat back-grounds," Fi informed vocalist Eric Burdon.

Eric refused to comment after leaving an essential portion of his trousers on some protruding barbed wire.

7 The Honeycombs were luckier on their "location" "Fi" just trundled them across the road outside Fleetway. They spent five minutes taking photos and 55 minutes trying to elude the autograph hunters. "Fi" says her motto has always been that handed down by her uncle who served In The Indian army, "Sikhia ysepi ro." Which means: "IF IT MOVES—SHOOT IT."

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Fab | 1960s

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FAB5



I wear in my element. Specs as far as the eye could see and I had my pick of all the latest frames. These are the ones I liked. They are obtainable from most opticians. 6 to 8 gu.



I quite like these frames. They are ideal for slimming too plump cheeks. Be careful when you choose frames to pick a colour that matches well with most colours.



These are cute, but I feel they would be better on a fuller face than mine. Remember that glasses should flatter, never overshadow your face. If frames are a dark blue and tend to be heavy looking.



These are for me! Heavy nose shoulders, squarish but not harsh. They are made in tortoise-shell, and match my Auburn hair. Calotherm Cloths are ideal for cleaning.



Kooky—but natch! Wouldn't anyone love them? I'd like to wear a pair for when I'm in a crazy mood. If you have a full face, forget these. Strictly for the long narrow puss. Who said Olly Oooh...?



For these you really have to have a strong, steady character. These TV frames are very heavy, and would look niper on the right person. Not only must they look good but have to be "you."

simply sweet

That's Shirley's hairstyle, chosen especially for her by Vidal Sassoon, Mayfair.

Shirley's new style is easy to manage and very much IN. Set your hair like Shirley's as shown in our diagrams (right). To get the straight look, when your hair is completely dry, take out the rollers, and take a section of hair, hold it taut with one hand. Run your hair dryer up and down the outside for a few seconds, and then down the inside. Do this all round.

Electric hair curlers, like Pilco Vanity Curl will give the same effect. Price 35s. 11d.

Now brush hair smoothly out, turning it gently under all round, bringing one side slightly forward on cheek.



FRONT VIEW



SIDE VIEW



BACK VIEW

OUR GIRLS ON MAKE-UP



Gill

I love the pale, golden look, so I use Lantheric's light textured foundation in a glowing honey shade called Copacabana. Being moistured, it gives a soft, seon sheen (only 8s. 6d)—and it is non-drying. Marvelous!

Against blonde hair this shade looks a dream! Against my eye face powder, except perhaps a little on my nose which is inclined to shine, and then in a very pale shade.

Brown eyeshadow is a Must, so I use Gala's Sable Brown Matte shadow which is pressed powder, to give my eyes that deep set look.

I've just discovered a brand new lipstick shade. It's Wild Chinchilla by Innoxa. Slightly brownish pink, costs 5s. 6d.



MAUREEN

Big, innocent eyes are Fab, so to make mine look really large I use brown block mascara to match my medium dark eyebrows and hair, and a barely damp brush. This makes my eyelashes look feathery without looking false.

The wide-eyed look is easy. I simply draw a line with eyeliner along the top lid, and I only take it to the corner—never beyond! The line should be thicker in the middle, thinning out at the corner.

I don't make my eyebrows up at all. I have naturally dark eyebrows, and just pluck them weekly to keep them in trim.



Shirley

Having pale blue eyes, I use Max Factor's grey cream eyeshadow, 3s. 3d., which enhances the colour, as well as being an IN shade.

I love experimenting with lipstick colours, and always use two shades, lighter for outlining, and darker for filling in. I always use them like this because my lips are inclined to fullness, and this skins them.

I'm mad about Revlon's new Stormy Pink, and use this with Naked Pink (also by Revlon), which is a very, very pale shade. Price is 6s. for a refill. To get a clean outline, it's always best to use a lipbrush.

I have quite a pale skin, and use pink lipstick mixed with cream as rouge. Add a touch of rouge along your cheek-bones.



SHEENA

Very little make-up for me. Being dark, I think dark-haired girls should make their eyes the focal point.

I use Outdoor Girl's black Curl On mascara, (1s. 6d.), and Innoxa's Royal Purple Eyeliner (9s. 3d.), which I think looks Fab with dark hair. Lipstick I rarely use—but when I do, it's usually Innoxa's Bowdell Pink (5s. 6d.).

Eyeshadow should be very subtle—Innoxa's Blue Sparkle Silver cream powder eyeshadow is the one I normally use, costs 5s. 6d. for the refill.

I only wear this amount of make-up for special dates. Day times I wear Pond's vanishing cream, 1s. 11d., as foundation and Pond's Angel Face powder, 3s. 6d. Great for the natural look.



Carol

Wearing specs I find my eyes really need accentuating, so I use a slightly heavier eye make-up than normal.

Eyeliner I use fairly heavily, just on the top lids, in Brownish Black (Max Factor's Cake Liner, 4s. 3d.)

Handy tip for cake eye liner. Use your cake mascara—it works just as well. Cheaper, too! The Max Factor theatrical black cake lasts practically for ever.

I like my eyebrows to look as natural as possible, but I improve the line with a grey eye pencil, remembering to keep them in line with the tops of my frames.

Being Auburn, I use an orange-tone lipstick like Rouge Baiser's Orange Cream, which is parished, 6s. 6d.

Yes, I have freckles, love them, and what's more don't HIDE THEM!



Teledate SIMON SCOTT TALKS TO FAB'S SYLVIA



Hi! Simon Scott here. As you know, the stars have taken over FAB this week, and I decided that I'd like to have a go at Sylvia's usual feature, Teledate. And who did I decide to have a Teledate with? Sylvia, of course. I thought it would be a real switch to have a star interviewing a journalist. Of course, she kept trying to swing it round and interview me, but I wasn't having that.

She was in bed when I called her at home. Naturally. After all, it was only half-past eleven.

SIMON: Hello, Sylvia, it's me, Simon.
SYLVIA (half asleep): I don't know anyone called Me Simon. Bye.
SIMON: Hey, don't ring off! It's Simon Scott, I'm interviewing you for Teledate.
SYLVIA (really awake now): Oh, are you?
SYLVIA: Preferably those that fit. What sort of clothes do you like?
SIMON: Casual, though I like to wear suits. Hey, don't try to switch this interview round. I'm the journalist today. Now tell me what sort of clothes you like.
SYLVIA (sighing): Y'know, I can't help feeling I'm better at interviewing than I am at being interviewed. Still, here goes. I like to look nice, but I like to be comfortable too: so my kind of clothes are simple—shift dresses, shirt dresses, sweaters and skirts. I very rarely wear jewellery, although I like it.
SIMON: There, that wasn't very painful was it?
SYLVIA: No, I suppose not. Do you like being interviewed, Simon?
SIMON: Yes. It's fun.
SYLVIA: How long have you been in England now?
SIMON: About—let me think—about two years. I came when I was sixteen and—you're at it again, aren't you?
SYLVIA (laughing): Ooops, sorry, love. Force of habit. Carry on. What do you want to know?
SIMON: How long have you been a journalist?
SYLVIA: Seven years, and it doesn't seem a day over fifty.

SIMON: Oh, come off it, Sylvia. Everyone knows you love your job.
SYLVIA: Yes, I know, I do, but it's not the thing to admit to. When you came over here from India Simon, did you come alone?
SIMON: Yes. My mother followed on behind, so I had to look after myself for a while. Whoa! We're changing roles again. Did I tell you I saw a girl walking along the North Circular Road with no shoes on the other day and she looked just like you.
SYLVIA (very disinterestedly): Really. Funny weather we're having for the time of year.

SIMON (enlightenment dawning): Sylvia! It was you wasn't it?
SYLVIA: Yes, it was as a matter of fact. But I don't think we ought to print that. Our readers might think I'm a bit nuts.
SIMON: Mmmm. No comment. Don't you like shoes?
SYLVIA: Yes, I'm always buying shoes. But I love to go barefoot. It's a very healthy habit, you know, going barefoot.
SIMON: So I've heard. Where did you go to school?
SYLVIA: I went to a frightfully posh grammar school, where they pride themselves on turning out young ladies. I was their first failure. You went to boarding school, Simon, didn't you.
SIMON: Yes, the Geothals Memorial School at Kinseong. It's in the hills, near Darjeeling, where the tea comes from.
SYLVIA: How lovely. My school was in the middle of London, so I envy you the scenery.
SIMON: Are you a Londoner by birth, Sylvia?
SYLVIA: Yes, I was born in Bermondsey, like Tommy Steele and Max Bygraves. I used to live near Marty Wilde, too, when he lived in Greenwich.
SIMON: Let's see—what are your likes?
SYLVIA: What sort of likes do you mean? Do you want to know what sort of food I like, or what sort of boys, or what sort of music I—
SIMON: You're just being difficult, aren't you? What sort of food do you like, then.
SYLVIA: Indian.
SIMON: Ah, you're just saying that.
SYLVIA: No, really, I love Indian food; and Chinese, and Italian, Swiss, German, Spanish and French. I like a change. What about you?
SIMON: I like English food. Sometimes I get a yen for a good curry, but I've found a restaurant where I can get one—
SYLVIA (apologetically): Excuse me, Simon, my mother's yelling at me. (To Mum), Yes Mum? What? Do the washing up? You're joking. Oh, well, if you put it like that—(To Simon) Sorry, love. Must go.
 I bet she broke every bit of china. Very undomesticated, our Sylvia. Still, she let me take over her Teledate this week. Thanks a lot.





Above:
Suzanne
Hickman
wearing
stockings from
Dorothy Perkins,
in navy, pale blue
and red. 19s. 11d.

Right:
Thick nylon
stockings
by Mary
Queen,
in white
with black
flowers.
15s. 11d.
Available
from
Bataev,
118 King's
Road,
Chelsea,
London.
S.W.3.

Right:
Black
Hickman
stockings
with red
roses and
green
leaves
down
back seam.
19s. 11d.
by Dorothy
Athens.

Right:
Merley
"Snowflake"
Bis-Nylon
stockings, in
red and
black. 10s. 6d.

ONE STEP AHEAD...

...in the print scene. Legs are News; bold lacy
legs, brightly flowered legs, Paisley patterned
legs and plain chunky knit legs, how could
they be anything BUT eyecatchers!



Sheena's our
gallon interview-
ing The Blue
Aces, wearing a
Norwegian pure wool
cloth skirt with a Scan-
davian folk design,
woven in black on an
amber background.
By Riadelle, aprons,
75s. 6d.
A smart match
with the skirt is
Sheena's snow polo
neck sweater,
made in wool. It
costs 21s. 11d.
from Dorothy Perkins.



FAB'S UNDER FIRE...

the S.B.J.s put the beat on us

STAND by your sleeping bags lads—it's the Chief Scout." That was the greeting I got from Swinging Blue Jean, Ralph Ellis, on poking my head around the corner of the Jeans' dressing room at *Ready, Steady, Go*.

He was, of course, referring to our last encounter when I joined them all on a day's camping. It was a day that none of them was likely to forget. *Disastrous!*

"Stand easy," I requested. "My Ed has an idea for a feature concerning you..."

Ran Ennis promptly made to duck under my arm and out of the door. I barred the way.

"Cowardice in the face of Fab," I challenged. "Have you no backbone?"

"Sure," said Ray, "and I want to keep it where it is. Right down the middle of my back."

He began checking off some of The Blue Jeans' previous meetings with Fab on his fingers.

"We are not 'A' going to camp in the pouring rain with you. 'B' ride dodgins in the freak thunder storm with Betty. 'C' stand with our backs to a lion's cage at the zoo with Gill. 'D' paddle around in a boat on Battersea Park lake which normally only holds two with your Ed!"

"Stop," I said. "Today is your lucky day. All you have to do is to talk about FAB. The stars are taking us over..."

"Aha," said Les Braid. "You mean we can interview you?"

"Not exactly," I began to explain, then let me tell you right now—unless you have been picked up by all four Blue Jeans, forcibly rammed into an upright chair and had a hundred watt bulb shone in your eyes, you have led a sheltered existence.

"Where were you on the night of the seventeenth?" asked Norman Kuhlke.

"How long have you been formed—I mean deformed?" asked Les Braid.

"Who do you like interviewing besides us?" enquired Ray.

"What do you feed your car on?" asked Ralph. "Nowhere. I was born like it. Dusty Springfield and hery," I shot back.

"Get that down on the pad," instructed Norman to Les, who was grasping pen and paper. "When asked where he was, the prisoner was evasive."

"How many 'v's' in evasive?" asked Les, chewing the end of my confiscated Biro.

Ray was more direct. Striding up and down the room with hands clasped behind his back in best Perry Mason style, he suddenly demanded:

"Answer me one simple question. After spending several hours wandering around the zoo with your Fashion Ed. Gill, why did we never see a shot used with an animal in it?"

"It's like this," I faltered.

"You've got him Ray," congratulated Ralph. "Guilty but insane," pronounced Norman.

"Hang him—take him out and hang him," said Les.

"Has it ever occurred to you maniacs that you're supposed to be writing an article about FAB?"

"What do you think we're doing?" said Ray.

"Kindly keep quiet while you are being interviewed," added Les.

Watching the whole pantomime had been two fans who had come for The Jeans' autographs.

"You're handsome," said one attractive little dolly to Ray Ennis.

"Thank you," said Ray, gravely shaking hands with her.

"And you are, too," she smiled at me, obviously

sympathetic at the third degree I was getting from the boys. I shook her hand.

"Yes, you're fabulous," added the second fan to Ray.

"No, I'm Fabulous he's a Swinging Blue Jean," I said, leaning across to shake her hand.

"I'm going to make you a member of the Norman Kuhlke fan club," smiled Norman. "Raise your wallet and repeat after me—Help yourself."

I declined. Norman continued the interview. "Do you promise never to spell my name in Fab as 'Knuckle,' 'Cockle,' 'Cackle' or 'Kluck'?"

"I do so swear."

"You are now a Certified Steaming Nil," he congratulated me, shaking my hand.

"We have several messages for the Fab staff," instructed Norman. "You may tell my old mate Gill that I am sending her a chip buttie for Christmas."

"Message to Fab Sylvia," said Ray. "Why no Tele-date for The Blue Jeans yet?"

"Message to Fab Editor," said Ralph. "Why no front cover for The Blue Jeans yet?"

Ralph then showed me his new addition to his sword collection, which was a rather deadly German officer's blade.

Their final act before pronouncing me "well and truly interviewed" was to ask whether I liked my work.

"Naturally," I ginned. "I always meet such nice, sensible people."

"Have a rise," offered Norman.

"Thanks," I said. "I'll take two."

You can't win—you just can't win. And who wrote the feature in the end. I did, of course.

Well, the Blue Jeans insist they can't spell...

KEITH ALTHAM



Fab! The Numbers