

WORLD'S POP STARS IN COLOUR COLOUR COLOUR

Author: **Michael** Price: **£2.99** (US \$4.99)  
Illustrator: **John** Price: **£2.99** (US \$4.99)  
Publisher: **World Radio History** 2010



30 NOVEMBER 1984

# Fabulous

## GUY FAWKES SPECIAL

7 KING SIZE FULL COLOUR PIN-UPS

HOLLIES FOUR PENNIES ZOMBIES ETC



# IT'S FAB

HERE'S WHERE TO FIND WHAT YOU WANT...

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I'm afraid we have to say SORRY once again this week for the fact that we have less than our usual number of Kings-size Pin-ups. Honest, we're going bonkers about it, but it just isn't our fault. The difficulties (beyond our control) go on. Keep your fingers crossed with us that we will be back to normal next week. Love, THE ED.

## STARGAZING WITH JOHN LEYTON



Scorpions with birthdays this week have a sense of beauty and great sympathy. This makes Scorpions highly sensitive and they have a keen sense of fair play.

### CAPRICORN (Dec 21—Jan 19)

You will feel enterprising but don't make a decision hastily.

### AQUARIUS (Jan 20—Feb 18)

Avoid seeing too many people and concentrate on the job in hand.

### PISCES (Feb 19—Mar. 20)

Calm week but you will have to face up to one obstacle. Be tactful.

### ARIES (Mar. 21—April 20)

Good chance now of getting your financial affairs in apple-pie order.

### TAURUS (April 21—May 20)

Try to show more enthusiasm about new opportunities. Rewards are great.

### GEMINI (May 21—June 20)

Socially, your charm and personality may win you a worthwhile new friend.

### CANCER (June 21—July 20)

Take a more serious attitude towards someone who has a great regard for you.

### LEO (July 21—Aug 21)

A little luck this week will bring new hope in a domestic issue at home.

### VIRGO (Aug. 22—Sept. 22)

Less tension than of late with the promise of a sunny weekend.

### LIBRA (Sept 23—Oct 22)

Prospects are excellent. Particularly active day midweek.

### SCORPIO (Oct. 23—Nov 22)

Good week for making new acquaintances and circulating widely.

### SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23—Dec 20)

Despite one irritating day, success will be achieved all round.

## HEY THERE!

Pardon me while I go quietly away and have a nervous breakdown! Cor, mate! What a week it's been. Fireworks going off all over the place - and I'm FRIGHTENED of fireworks.

Then there was that party we had, at my pad! Poor old Fred, my dog, hasn't recovered yet. I gave him tranquillisers—and frankly contemplated having some myself. But a good time was had by all (as you'll see from June's feature on pages 6, 8 and 9). The FAB Gang said the party was a howling success (that's what the neighbours were doing—howling!) But then it wasn't their kitchen that some naughty Rustik let a firework off in.

Hope your bonfire night is as much fun as ours was. And don't forget to take care with the fireworks. They HURT!

By for now, THE ED.

# Hi-fab!

OVER TO SYLVIA FOR THIS WEEK'S GOSSIP



The Kinks

Personally, I'm terrified of fireworks. I like to watch them, but from a safe distance. And preferably with someone like Pete Quaille of The Kinks, who dropped by for a natter not long ago.

Pete told me that in their time he and the boys, Mick, Dave and Ray, have had some good 5th November parties. But there was one that he at least didn't enjoy much.

"I'd spent months working, in every spare minute, on a nice shed in the garden, building it all myself. I was really proud of it. Then on bonfire night, we lit our fire. I turned away from the bonfire for a few minutes, turned back, and saw my beautiful shed blazing away merrily. I was choked. I can tell you."

Another Guy Fawkes' Night, the boys decided Pete would make a good Guy. He nearly finished up on the fire, that one.

But they all like one another really.



Four Pennies in a window—The Four Pennies, of course. Left to right, Mike Wilsh, Lionel Morton, Alan Buck and Fritz Fryer.

The Four Pennies reckon that this year's Guy Fawkes' Day will take some beating in their list of favourite memories. Why? Because the kind-hearted popsters from Blackburn are taking themselves—and lots of fireworks and sparklers—down to the Pestalozzi Children's Village. Bonfires and bangers are the order of the day with Lionel, Fritz, Alan and Mike in charge.

We're really looking forward to it—they'd be enthusiastic ally. I bet the children have been looking forward to it too. After all, it's not every 5th November you have a top pop group to let off fireworks for you, is it?



John Leyton

Two youngsters who are quite used to having a famous star to take charge of their 5th November celebrations are Sarah and Hedley Layton. John Leyton's brother and sister. But this year they're out of luck. John's in Hollywood, filming *Von Ryan's Express*. Last year, though, was a different story.

"All right, I'm in charge," announced the star of the family as soon as he arrived home. And that was the end of letting off the bangs for Sarah and Hedley. John himself took care of that for the rest of the evening. The kids didn't get a look in.

"I love fireworks," he told me, "especially the ones that make a really big bang."

The only big bangs he'll be hearing this year will be the backfiring from the cars on Hollywood Boulevard. They don't know about Guy Fawkes' Day in America, of course. Never mind. There's always next year.



The Rustiks—that's them on the left—had a great time playing with sparklers in the Editor's garden at our fireworks party. Read more about it on pages 6, 8 and 9.

through the crowd at our fireworks party. And what a gas that was! See pages 6, 8 and 9 for more about a lesser-known party. The Rustiks: Four gorgeous boys from Devon. They had some good reasons to be at the party when they were struggling forwards that big bang and back again when Brian took them in a neat group hug and offered a mince pie. The pleasure of such good news is a great one and a tremendous relief to Jim Burgess, their manager.

It's a great pleasure to work in a garden. In fact, he was the best of English breed himself. The garden is a place where you can be the most unusual combination of anyone in that big garden. It's a place where you can be as easy and as hard as you like. It's a place where you can be as big and as small as you like. It's a place where you can be as loud and as quiet as you like. It's a place where you can be as happy and as sad as you like. It's a place where you can be as good and as bad as you like. It's a place where you can be as kind and as unkind as you like. It's a place where you can be as brave and as cowardly as you like. It's a place where you can be as strong and as weak as you like. It's a place where you can be as beautiful and as ugly as you like. It's a place where you can be as smart and as stupid as you like. It's a place where you can be as rich and as poor as you like. It's a place where you can be as famous and as unknown as you like. It's a place where you can be as loved and as hated as you like. It's a place where you can be as everything and as nothing as you like.



No, it's not another Roman invasion of Britain, just *The Shadows* dressed for their parts in the film *Rhythm and Greens*. Bruce philosophises to Brian, Hank and John.

The Shadows, who never lose popularity, are a swingin' bunch of boys in all senses of the words. I'll never forget the first time I met them, way back in 1960, when Jet and Tony were atill with them. What an evening that turned out to be. I don't think I stopped laughing from the time I walked into the boys' dressing-room until they led me along to Cliff's dressing-room about two hours later.

They haven't changed a bit since then. Christopher Miles, who wrote the script of the Shadows' film *Rhythm and Greens*, discovered this when he was working with the boys.

"My admiration for them grew with each day," he said. "They're obviously natural comedians, and at their funniest when they are simply being themselves." Drummer Brian Bennett is the one you have to watch, Christopher adds. "Apparently a very quiet boy, he's often the first to lead the boys into noisy, comic routines that has anyone who happens to see it roaring with laughter."

It's nice to know they're still the same Shadows—even if a couple of the faces have changed.

2	3	9	16	23	30
WEDNESDAY	4	10	17	24	
THURSDAY	5	11	18	25	
FRIDAY	6	12	19	26	
SATURDAY	7	13	20	27	
SUNDAY		14	21	28	

fab goes dating next week with the dreamiest dishes in the pop world... like Cilla Black

who rates as any guy's NO. 1. date, Cilla turns Quiz Queen specially for FAB...

Aaron Williams has a dinner date with FAB feature writer Moira Comoo...

Eric Burdon who has a Teledate with FAB'S SYLVIA

Richard Chamberlain who doesn't rate himself highly as a date (but we do)...

Ringo Starr who has a dance AND a dog named after him

Honey Lantree the Queen Bee of The HONEYCOMBS.

plus kingsize FAB colour PIN-UPS of

SIMON SCOTT



AARON WILLIAMS



ERIC BURDON



RINGO STARR



BRIAN JONES

GENE PITNEY

HERMAN'S HERMITS

MIKE SMITH

so make YOUR No. 1

date next week

FAB GOES DATING

on sale next Monday

price 1 shilling



# MY KIND



*Fab's Sheila with her Kind of Guy—drummer, John Banks of The Merseybeats.*

CHOOSE your kind of guy," said the Ed.

"Do you mean guy or Guy?" I enquired.  
"I mean GUY," he yelled.

There are so many great personalities that it's very, very hard to pick just one person.

Finally I chose JOHN BANKS, the drummer of The Merseybeats, because of his face. It's gorgeous. Or at least, I think it is.

John always has a great mop of hair flopping over his forehead. When he's frantically drumming, he looks like an old English sheepdog. I love old English sheepdogs.

He doesn't really say much—usually just gives a big grin. But he's got a keen sense of humour; like the other Merseybeats.

John is always kind and considerate to fans. Mary's the time you can see him on the steps of Stanhope House, home of Phillips Records, chatting to fans who've waited ages for him.

His kindness, comicalness, floppy hair, lovely eyes—all these things add up to why John Banks is MY KIND OF GUY.

WHAT is the first thing you look for in your kind of guy? Good looks, perhaps? A sense of humour? I don't go a lot on good looks. But it just so happens that AL JACKSON, My Kind Of Guy, is good looking.

When I first met Al I was impressed by the friendly way he greeted me. And we soon started chatting like old buddies.

It was then I realised the pleasure he gets from making other people happy. His sincerity shone when a crowd of fans flooded into the room. He treated them as friends. There was no "I am a star" nonsense.

"After all," he said, "where would we be without our fans?"

When we did this photo session Al loved every minute of it. You might think being the lead singer of The Appaloosas, Al would be affected by the groups' popularity, but he is very much the boy-next-door type.

Please don't think he's perfect because he's not. Some of the gags he and the rest of the group play are a knock-out.

For instance, every time Al and The Appaloosas see Brian Poole and The Tremas out come the water pistols, and water showers one and all.

He is my kind of guy, not just because he is good-looking or famous but because he is just HIM.

My fave aim or prize, just a boy you would be proud to acknowledge as MY KIND OF GUY.



*Fab's Maureen, known to us all as Little Mo—Al Jackson of The Appaloosas is her Kind of Guy.*

# OF GUY!

**G**RAHAM NASH was born in the same town as me (Blackpool) so if that doesn't make him my kind of guy I don't know what does. Of course as soon as he could toddle he ran as fast as his legs would take him to Manchester and stayed there. But that's another story.

Everybody likes Graham, and since I'd like my guy to be liked by everybody he's off to a good start. People like him because he's completely unaffected and un-big time despite the success of *The Hollies*. He's a very casual, never fusses, hardy ever gets worked up. That makes him one of the most comfortable people on the scene. And I believe in comfort at all times.

What else? He's intelligent. He's very nutty. My kind of guy would have to be nutty or we wouldn't have anything in common. He has an appealing air of patient resignation which he wears every time he comes to FAB with just cause. But he has to admit that I've been good to him. Didn't I make him the most beautiful suit just the other day? As you can see in the picture it was a perfect fit. And so elegant. Mind you, he got a bit upset when I said I was dissatisfied and tried to set fire to it with him still inside. Nearly went up in smoke, he did.

But he's still MY KIND OF GUY. He'd get more than *Just One Look* from me any day.

Fab's June chose Graham Nash of *The Hollies* for her Kind of Guy.



Fab's Sylvia grabbed Billy Hutton of *The Fourmost* for her Kind of Guy.



**H**IS sharp. He's mod. He's gear. He's with it. And he's my kind of guy. Who? BILLY HUTTON of course. Known to the other three-quarters of *The Fourmost* as Sweet William.

But although he's all these fab things, there's also something a bit more "olde worlde" about him. He has beautiful manners, for instance. In fact, Billy's very much a "Ladies first" man. He opens doors for you, helps you into and out of taxis, stands up when you come into a room.

Billy has a great sense of humour. Clowns around all the time. He once held Monica, our office junior, to ransom in the office until he was given a cup of coffee. He'll have long conversations with you in "Russian". At least, he tells you it's Russian. If you're anything like me, you don't know the difference anyway. It isn't until one of the other *Fourmost* informs you that Mr. Hutton can't speak Russian that you realise you're having your leg well and truly pulled.

He's mysterious, too. Oh, I don't mean he wanders around looking like James Bond. But you never really know what makes him tick. I often feel that he keeps the real Billy Hutton hidden behind the jokes, the clowning, the fooling.

Basically, though, I think he's a simple boy who likes simple things—plain food, and ordinary pleasures.

Yep, Billy Hutton has what it takes to be MY KIND OF GUY.



# the Party that went with a Bang

We don't believe in sending up the stars, but The Blue Aces nearly took off

**THE FOURMOST** were running round The Ed's garden holding Cilla aloft as an umbrella. Fireworks exploded around them, and the bonfire (which obviously didn't know that bonfires are supposed to fizzle out in the rain) was blazing merrily.

It was mid-September. You may think that mid-September is a funny time to hold a fireworks party. The Ed's neighbours thought so, too, but they didn't enjoy it as much as we did. As a matter of fact we held the party early so that we could get the pictures into FAB in time for you to share the fun. And it was fun. Except for Fred. We all turned up from the office at about seven-thirty p.m. and turned his playground into a bonfire site, and he wasn't at all happy about it. Doberman pincers are very possessive dogs. He tried to bring the bonfire into the house, but we kept taking it out again so he decided we were a load of morons and went to bed.

Keith was another absentee. Said he had to install a choker. That's his story and he's sticking to it. It's a pity because we'd reserved a special place for him on top of the bonfire. (Actually, we suspect he went to blow up the Houses of Parliament (the sweet old-fashioned thing.) Helpers from Fleetway were around to take care of the eat and drink side of things so all the gang had to do was

(Continued on page 3)

It would have been cheek to cheek, but Sylvia's Rustik Wally Mant, was bigger than she is!





The party moved out into the open. Good job we had a fire going...



Don't fence us in! Unless we have Cilla. The Fourmost and The Rebel Rousers to keep us happy.

(Continued from page 6)

prepare the house for the incoming siege. This consisted of tying down the breakables, hiding the TV set and (mostly) eating The Ed out of house and home. Something was wrong with the weather. It was raining out.

The Blue Aces arrived about nine-thirty. Or was it ten-thirty? They were both new groups then and we didn't know which was which half the time. They seem to me to be an Irish show band who's personal manager really does believe they can top The Beatles. This might be disputed by the manager of The Rustiks. A gentleman called Brian Epstein.

The party began in the garden, but after five minutes it moved through the french windows into the dining room. For a very good reason. It was pouring with rain. Since our lovely fireworks were not the indoor variety this was something of a major disaster. Someone put half-a-dozen records on the gram. Unfortunately, when the time came to change them no-one knew how to work the record-player. Consequently, the same discs went back on. We must owe a fortune in royalties to The Rolling Stones, The Beatles, The Nashville Teens, The Mojos, P. J. Proby and Dusty Springfield.

Cliff Bennett and The Rebel Rousers turned up. They didn't know how to work the record-player either, but we gave them a handful of sparklers and bundled them outside. It suddenly occurred to the more observant of us that one of the boys was walking about with a lit cigarette in his hand while holding a box of fireworks. We waited for the bang.

We didn't lose a photographer that time, but we nearly sent one of the photographers, Peter Mullart, into orbit a few minutes later. Peter picked up a firework with a long, long fuse and lit it. The fuse burned in a short, short time, and Peter rose to the occasion splendidly. Fortunately he came down to earth in time to help our other photographer, Derek Bowen, record the scene.

The bonfire was ablaze. We hadn't meant to light it that soon, but some bright spark had set it off. Plates of sandwiches kept appearing magically, and pieces of hot potato, running round on people's faces if you should see the surprised looks on a hot potato, you shake hands while still clutching half a hot potato. Meanwhile, poor old Fred was hiding in a bedroom, stretched out on the floor looking soulful. We took it in turns to go and make him feel wanted. He cheered up a bit when The Fourmost, old friends of Fred, arrived. But they had to leave him, so he just put his head in his paws and howled himself gently to sleep.

The Fourmost joined the party, dragging a protesting Cilla Black behind them. Apparently they had dragged her all the way from The Palladium, where they were all appearing.

"Wouldn't even let me stop to take off my make-up..." moaned Cilla, peering from under a canopy of eye-shadow. She was wearing a blue shirt and slacks and looked great, make-up or no make-up.

Of course, she began to waltz a bit when the boys used her as an umbrella, but at least they set her down near the fire so that she could get dried out. Billy and Brian had a duel using a pair of sparklers and nearly launched Peter again. Mike tried to use Dave as a human Catherine wheel. They were having a marvellous time.

Personally, I was doing all right with one of The Rebel Rousers, but Maureen would keep coming and asking Dave for a light for someone whose name she couldn't remember. Since Dave didn't have a light I began to suspect her motives. Sylvia disappeared with one of The Rustiks... or was he a Blue Ace? Sheena was keeping everybody happy especially Sheena's neighbours' kiddies. Hundreds of them. She'd brought them to the party in an effort to keep the peace!

Anyway, it was a swinging-type party. One that went with a real bang.

JUNE SOUTHWORTH

# the Party that went with a BANG





FAB'S Sheena captured another Rustik, Dave Gummer. She's just a country girl at heart.



Cilla launches her road manager Bobby Willis



Cliff Bennett (left) and The Rebel Rousers perform. Cilla's sparkle to the one on the end of



**A RECORDING Manager** applies the match. Sparks fly. And Who-o-o-ah! Another beat group rockets to the starry regions of the best-seller charts. Then the fireworks REALLY begin . . . because there's the little matter of the group having to stay at the top.

Only a few make it. From dozens new on the scene, here's a batch of hopefuls who should find the sky's the limit. Lively as jumping crackers, all of 'em.

**Who-o-o-o-ah!** The Rustiks take off, propelled by the words of the Emperor of Pop himself, Brian Epstein. "Saw the boys in the finals of a television beat contest," he says. "They were great. They write their own songs, look good, play well, have star potential." That spot of praise is better than money in the bank. Brian has said that before—about people like The Beatles, Gerry and The Packer-makers, Cilla Black.

The boys, lead guitarist Rob Tucker, bassist Dave Gummer, drummer Joe



The Rustiks

Romaine and rhythm strummer Wally Mant, say: "We still don't know what hit us. Making that first disc, *What A Memory Can Do*, was a knockout thrill."

They come from Paignton, Devon, speak with a rural burr. Says Rob: "Just a few months ago, we drove around in a cattle truck to get to jobs. No kidding. It cost us £3 10s."

That Brian Epstein was given the chance to hear the boys sing, instead of just play, was a surprise, too. "We thought we had lousy voices," said Rob. "We were just dead scared to even try singing. But the gov'nor of one dance-hall threatened to fire us if we didn't do what the fans wanted . . . so we sang!"

The boys now carry Devon Pixie good-luck charms—given them by the Paignton Town Council after they'd been toasted in champagne at a civic reception.

**Who-o-o-o-o-ah!** That's The Wackers, a rip-roaring liveforce from Liverpool-land. *Love or Money* was the record that started them on a glittery rocket trail. The others in the group say Bernard Lee is the one with the big head—he used to sit in with The Beatles ("just for giggles") before the FAB four hit the jackpot.

Once there were only four Wackers. They decided to hit the London trail

The Wackers



# ZOOM THEY'RE ON THEIR WAY TO THE STARS



The Zombies

and make money from music. They stopped at a lonely village pub for a drink and a chat. And they wandered out, glasses in hand, to look at a group of gypsy caravans in a nearby field.

Sitting on an upturned crate was a tousle-haired, well-built lad, singing *Twist and Shout* at the top of his voice. His guitar, low-strung, vibrated with the power of his strumming. "His good," said Wackers Terry Anton, Bernard Lee, John G. Foster and Julian Johnson. In ten minutes flat, Dino Grant was signed to make the camera into a quietist.

**Who-o-o-ah!** It's The Moody Blues, reckoned the best new group to hit the R. and B. scene in ages. They produce the Birmingham Beat. Potent. And each of the five Moodyys used to lead other groups in the Midlands. The Moodyys believe in dreaming up original stunts to get people to know about them. Like the time they decided to have a little party for us showbiz writers. . . .

The invitations arrived taped to the top of a box—a box with holes drilled in the side. And the box suddenly started to make cooing noises! Inside was a beady-eyed homing pigeon. To reply to the Moodyys' kind invitation, you simply had to affix a "YES" or "NO" to the bird's left leg, open the window—and give it the old heave-ho! The pigeon then flapped off to find its own way home!

The Moodyys assemble as follows: Denny Laine, lead guitarist; Mike Pinder, electric piano; Clint "Whiskers" Warwick, bass guitar; Ray "El Riot" Thomas, harmonica; Gaerne Edge, drums.

**Who-o-o-o-ah!** It's The Zombies. Their disc is *She's Not There*. Now the point of being a Zombie is that THEY are not all there. . . . a zombie is a walking dead man. But this liveforce are bright, perky—and always ready to laugh at themselves.

There's nothing "dead" about these boys. Their heads bulge with brains. . . . they collected 50 GCE passes between them at O, A and Scholarship level. In fact, bassist Chas White, pianist Rodney Argent and lead guitarist Paul Atkinson turned down chances of going to University this year. "We figured there's time for more studying after we've had our fling in pop music," they said. Drummer Hugh Grundy and singer Colin Blunstone nodded approvingly.

The group comes from St. Albans, Hertfordshire—and Colin "Muscles" Blunstone represented the county at athletics. "Useful bloke to have around," say the others. "But he's not mad about having to do all the running around on the grounds that he IS the best runner. . . ."

Four groups from upmean looking for that fast stairway to the stars. The Zombies, The Moody Blues, The Wackers, and The Rustiks. All with that little something different to help them take off, rocket-like, for the top.

But, as I've said, for them the real fireworks are only just starting.

Move aside a bit sharpish. Here they come again.

WHO-O-O-OO-SHI



"they're the greatest"

★ The latest teenage rage from the States. Crimpy looking, super stretch Poodle Socks in 'wow' colours: White—just right, Boston Green—you'll be seen, Washington Blue—it's for you, Charleston Gold—get out of the mould, and Frisco Red—like we said!

GET with the Poodle doodle look for ankles at only 3/11 & 4/11



Poodle Socks

the all NEW teenage rage

by Cherub

GO! you're the tops bowling, shaking, biking, hiking with Poodle socks!

# 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ d!

For a  
**"SHAMPOO  
 and  
 SET"!**

Here's a fabulous idea! A shampoo with its own ready built-in setting lotion! All in one sachet—all one operation! It's called LINC-O-LIN Shampoo and here's the exciting difference! As well as an extra creamy, luxuriantly lathering shampoo, it has real beer added.

All you do is shampoo but, as your hair dries, it automatically takes on real beer set and gloss—just as if you'd used—and paid for!—a separate beer rinse. The extra "body" and sheer bounce and obedience this delicately perfumed LINC-O-LIN Beer Shampoo gives to your hair, makes for an entirely new and thrilling experience

Chemists stock LINC-O-LIN Beer Shampoo in Sachets 10½d. and Barrels 2/6d. Best Hairdressers enthusiastically use and recommend it.

**A**LL your life you've been a character, then suddenly you're just one of a group. Your personality is buried under a group image. You're one of The Rolling Stones, and people don't want to know that you've ever been anything else. Then, gradually the group becomes so big that everyone knows YOUR name, so they start looking at you as an individual again, wondering what makes you tick.

For Brian Jones, this particular wheel of fortune has turned full circle. He's emerging as one of the genuine "characters" on a scene that thrives on them....

It's becoming impossible for him to any show business timing without hearing "the latest Brian Jones story." He's offbeat, provocative, liked by most and understood by few. In America, he's as popular as the other two Stones put together. In Britain his personal popularity is on the increase with every wail from his harmonica.

Yet his personality is a mass of contradictions. There are times when he's "so full of it" that nothing can hurt him. There are times when he's so unsure of himself that an unfriendly word thrown at him across a street can send him into a "moody" for hours.

Just when you're thinking that he's the kindest person you've ever met, he'll make you feel like dragging that ash-blond mane out by the roots. Yet you believe him when he tells you contritely that he doesn't mean to upset you. It isn't in him to be mean for more than a minute.

Down at the Berkshire retreat where he spends most of his days off, Brian talked to me frankly about the early days that made him what he is today.

He was born into "an ordinary sort of home" in Cheltenham, which is a sedately green type of town. His father, an aeronautical designer, sent him to a Public school, but Brian doesn't talk about that much.

At Cheltenham Grammar he was always in the top three of the "A" stream. He was only fifteen when he took and passed seven G.C.E. exams at "O" level. (He later added another two subjects.) But he was on the carpet in the Head's study about once a week, and under his cane as often. He would play the teachers up or skip classes to go swimming.

His partner in crime was called Smith, and no-one in authority mentioned Smith and Jones without suffering a nervous collapse.

"Then when I made the sixth form I found myself accepted by the older boys and suddenly I was 'in.' In my first term in the

sixth I went down to the local jazz club with the fellas. I was First Clarinet in the school orchestra, and when I was sixteen I started my own band. We played in the interval at the club, which met two or three times a week.

"I lost the habit of doing my homework on the nights I was supposed to do it, and when it piled up, I would work on it until three or four in the morning. I never neglected my work.

"After eighteen months in the sixth I went anti-school, and in the end I left. I started a rebellion against wearing mortar-boards while cycling to school."

Brian grinned—a sad, wry little grin—as he recalled the outcome.

His father's plans for him to go on to university changed and he was packed off to London. To train as an optician. He lasted a week.

"I didn't want a job that entailed working for anyone else, so when I met some fellas I went off with them and we hitch-hiked across the Continent. I wanted to make something of my life."

Eventually, this original rolling stone went home to Cheltenham because he missed his old friends. He worked in record shops. One place paid him £15 a week to run their record department. But he never stopped making his own music. He was a fair pianist and clarinetist, and he added sax, guitar and harmonica. Eventually he turned from jazz to r'n'b and formed a group which became The Rolling Stones.



# The wheel turns full circle

like to be known as a harmonica-player," he says. "It has become to r'n'b what the banjo was to trad jazz. I'm not one of those people who lives with their instruments. Sometimes I don't even have it in my case. Someday I'd like to produce records and write about stuff for the harmonica. I can read except guitar. The last time I read was 'I Transferred Hawthorn's Wedding' for piano. It took hours, but it gave me a sense of achievement."

It's important to Brian to be able to do something on his own now and then. He's a social type who makes friends easily. But he presents a mood to many people in many places.

At home he'll be barefoot and mop-haired and gentle. He'll take you to the back garden, and he is brown and fluffy and a nanny goat. ("We all make mistakes...") He'll rescue his glossy manx kitten from the apple trees and throw apples for his poodle Pip to bring back. And he'll talk about pony trekking in Scotland.

In London, he'll fuss for hours over which shirt to wear; whether his suit is brushed; if his daily-washed hair (sometimes twice a day) looks right. (If it doesn't he'll hack off great handfuls of it.) He goes to all the parties and ends up night-clubbing till dawn. If The Stones are a bit of a wild lot, he's the wildest. If they're quiet, he's the quietest. He enjoys go-karting and ten pin bowling, and that's about the most conventional thing he's ever likely to do.

Among the unconventional things Brian has done in his time he can include sticking Green Shield stamps all over the roof of his Humber Hawk; the purchase of an antique mahogany wash-stand; living on cabbages; having imaginary conversations with Mozart; and playing a requiem mass for me on his harmonica.

He unashamedly admits that he loves attention. He answers a great deal of his fan-mail—in longhand—and will stand for hours signing autographs if the time and place are right. He takes a lot of interest in suggestions from fans on how the group's "image" could be improved and takes personal criticism very much to heart.

Personally, I think he's a knockout personality with a marvellous face, a lot of charm and pleasant manners.

**But it's the not knowing what Brian is going to get up to next that makes life interesting.**

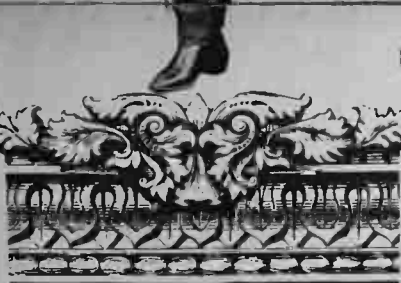


# FIRE CRACKERS

Don't look now girls, but there are two jumping jacks coming up behind you. Which one will explode into the big bang of the year? Presenting, on your right: P. J. Proby, twenty-five-year-old Texan with a firecracker of a voice and the most romantic personality since Charles II. And on your left: Simon Scott, just nineteen, with a moody appeal and a touch of the Cliff Richard. Which one will set the scene alight?

THIS IS Simon Scott, full of fun, and game for anything. His manager spent £7,000 in six months grooming him for stardom and introducing him to the public.

THIS IS P. J. Proby, the dynamic Texan who virtually handles himself. His colourful personality has made him one of the biggest draws in Britain.



**SIMON SCOTT**—Real name is Andrew Scott. Educated at St Thomas's, Calcutta. Likes La Marseillaise, Calcutta, and Queen's Memorial School, Kerseong, Darjeeling. ... Used to rear pet snakes at school. It had to be at school because his mother wouldn't have them in the house. ... Wants to marry a monkey round with him, but they cost a fortune. ... (Ladies they only cost about 45 rupees (about £3). ... He is a great hoarder and still plays with a plastic train that was given to him as a child. ... Greatest ambition is to be a successful actor singer. ... Goes to see horror films and B movies. ... Buys tin records, likes Mary Wells. ... Thinks Elvis Presley is still the King. ... Drinks tea in gallons. Loves Darjeeling tea. At school he played hockey, cricket, volleyball, table-tennis. Was very interested in the girls, school 2½ miles away. ... Would like to hike around the world. ... Likes girls to be simple (but not in the head), un-made up and well-mannered. ... Says he rides a three wheel bike, but never mastered the front-wheel model after two years in a cycle shop. ... Came to England two years ago. Lives with his family in a flat in Burlington, Surrey. ... Eats English dishes in Indian restaurants. ... Had a hit with first disc, *Mow It Baby*. ... A bachelor boy.

Rarely wears jewellery. RINGS: None. WATCH: Wears a watch on the right wrist. It doesn't always go. CHEST: 36 in. WAIST: 28 in. HIPS: 36 in. SHOES: Size 8½. Raiment Shoes or Cecil Gee's. Prefers flaties and wears quite a lot for it. HEIGHT: 6 ft 1½ in. tall. WEIGHT: There's 11 stone of him.

**P. J. PROBY**—Real name is James Marcus Proby. HAIR: Dark brown, without the 20 week. EYES: Honey blue, spotted. SWEATERS: Usually wears velvet sweaters in morning, gingham. Rarely wears jeans. Has never made for him. TIE: Only wears it in when he puts on a suit. Only pulls on a shirt for chummy afternoons. CUFFLINKS: P.J. has only one pair of cufflinks. Store-bought.

RINGS: Never wears jewellery. WATCH: Wears a watch on his left wrist, but never looks at it. CHEST: 40 in. WAIST: 30 in. HIPS: 36 in. TROUSERS: Wears blue jeans off duty. SHOES: Size 9½. Made for him by Angelo, Oxford. Pays any price they ask. Usually the shoes have silver buckles. HEIGHT: 5 ft 11 in. tall. WEIGHT: Weighs in at 11 stone 11 pounds.

## HARD FACTS ON P. J. PROBY

P. J. is usually called Jim. ... He was born on 6th November, 1938, in Houston, Texas. ... Educated at St. Marcus Military Academy, Texas. High School, Houston, Texas, Western Military Academy, Illinois, Cuba, Naval Academy. ... Once quitted four parties round atomic submarine Nautilus. ... Was also Paul Newman's chauffeur. ... Has been a theatre usher, road construction worker, bricklayer, builder in recording studio, taxidriver. ... Used to work on his Uncle Tom's ranch between military academies. ... Doesn't gamble because he hasn't figured out how to gamble to win. ... Descended from gunmaking-schoolteacher-shariff-lawyer John Wesley Hardin. ... Studied voice training under Lillian Goodman for three years. ... Plays guitar, drums and harmonica. ... Made radio debut at twelve on *Houston No-Down*. ... At seventeen, made TV debut on *Rockie To Stardom*. ... Wrote *Am I Gonna Kiss You* (Searcher's success), received Academy Award nomination for his song *After Last Night*. ... Likes oil painting, sky diving, skin diving, boating, speedway. ... Admires Segovia, Ted Heath, songwriter Burt Bacharach, Tony Bennett, Ella, and Peter Sellers. ... Appeared in film *Kisses For My President*. ... Eats Texan steaks, drinks milk. ... Did all Elvis Presley's demonstration records and was paid ten dollars a song. ... Once grew a beard to audition for a part in *The Grapes of Wrath*. ... Although his father is a millionaire banker he's made it on his own. ... Writes letters instead of autographs. ... Has been known to eat jars of pickles at one sitting. ... Takes notices of fortune tellers. ... Collects Roy Orbison records. ... Hates amateurism in pop music and has a complex about achieving perfection on record. ... lives in South Kensington, London. ... Main hobby is girls.



# GOLDEN RAIN

**GOLDEN RAIN**—a firework display-piece with a glittering, glimmering cascade of yellow-bright sparkles. And there's a golden rain which showers on the success-boys of the beat scene, too—only it's called loot, shakels, bread, sponduliks . . . or just plain MONEY!

Bank balances bulge. From Nowheresville to Stardom often doesn't take long. It takes longer to get adjusted to learning how to cope with hit-disc triumphs.

Take The Beatles. Early 1962, they argued about money. About whether they'd get £6 or £7 10s between them for a night's work. Now they haven't the foggiest idea how much each of them are worth.

For one show in America, they were paid an all-time high of 150,000 dollars—£50,000 in our money. That little nest-egg took them less than an hour to earn. When a Beatle refuse to talk about money, he's not hedging. He just genuinely doesn't know how much is coming in.

Paul McCartney explained it all to me.

"The problem is over record royalties. You get them about six months late—and then they go on and on, for quite long intervals. You can never really count them in. Then there are the products we give our name to. We get a percentage—but it takes months for them to sell all over the world. And magazines in our name . . . they take time to publish.

"So you just forget exactly where the money is coming from."

But it's obviously nice to get a fat cheque for something you'd forgotten all about. Especially the song-writing royalties due to Paul and John from multi-million sales round the world. And remember £50 million worth of Beatle goods has been sold in the States this year.

As the biggest, The Beatles are hardest to define in terms of how much of that "golden rain" splashes round their shoulders.

But take The Rolling Stones. Less than a couple of years ago, they were lucky to pick up £7 a week between them.

Now they stay in the best hotels, drive the best cars—and clear the best part of £1,000 a week each. And that again doesn't count in all the "outside interests." Bill Wyman has invested in a kitchen which cost £1,500 at his home in Beckenham, Kent. Mixers, driers, timers, washers, a fantastic oven.

Other Stones go for clothes—Brian Jones once bought a £45 shirt. Charlie Watts has 200 shirts, but none cost 45 quid. But The Stones still claim that just BEING a Stone costs a lot of money.

Explained Brian: "We have percentages taken out for management. We simply HAVE to stay in the best hotels. That's not because of snobbishness, 'cos we're certainly not snobs. It's just that if you stay at small places you simply can't get any food at the times when we want to eat."

And The Stones, like most other success-groups, like the idea of investing in some property. They like cottages at the seaside, or maybe in the heart of the country.

Average record royalties for a group work out at about a penny-halfpenny a disc. That's getting on for £7,000 for a million-seller. If you write the hit song as well, or even the flip-side, you can double that figure.

But some, like The Dave Clark Five, do much, much better than that. They make their own records, then sell them to a major company. So Dave collects almost eightpence a record—which is indeed a lot of "golden rain."

"One day, I'll have my own recording studios built," he said. "Then I'll record other performers . . ."

The Searchers get less from their record royalties than the Clark Fives, but they still earn enormous money. Anything from £40,000 to £50,000 by the end of this year for twelve months of hit-making. "Our expenses are terribly high, too," said Chris Curtis. "Just answering fan-mail—just that side of things. You'd be surprised how it mounts up."

"Add in travelling, hotels, staff, tips, clothes, paying for equipment. Out of £800 you might earn personally, you might end up with only £100 for yourself."

Only a hundred? But then the biggest fear for the big-money boys is income tax. There's no P.A.Y.E. for a beat-group star. He doesn't pay any income tax until the following year, so his 1963 amount won't be due until 1964. By then he may not be earning so much and may find the bill almost impossible to pay.

The Beatles have a team of accountants looking after their affairs, which are run through their own limited company. All the top groups have financial wizards trying to keep the income tax down to reasonable limits.

Said Rolling Stone Mick Jagger: "Tax had hardly worried us before we started doing well. Now we know it's very important to remember we can't spend anything like all the money we get . . ."

Beatle George Harrison said: "People get this picture of us getting a little sealed pay-packet each week, with a few thousand quid in it. 'Course the truth is that we don't actually SEE our money. Bills are paid for us. Often, when we're out on tour, we have to borrow a quid to buy something a drink or get some ciggies."

Lesser groups—say those with just one or two hit records—usually work at around £150 a night, split between them. So a four-piece group is better off than a six-piece. Many of them work five nights a week. And do TV, radio and recording dates.

Take The Mopos, singer Stuart James says: "We're doing well, but we're saving. It's funny—now I can go into most places and buy exactly what I like, I find I just don't bother." Each Mojo gets at least £100 a week after everything else has been paid.

Solo stars like Cliff and Adam—well, their earnings are absolutely impossible to determine. Cliff will know how much he was worth after completing *Summer Holiday* no sooner than mid-1967. But he certainly doesn't appear on stage for less than £5,000 a week.

They don't actually see and count their loot, these bit pop stars.

But every second of every hour of every day, it's raining. "GOLDEN RAIN" . . . straight into their bank balances.

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If it hisses and bangs as it hurtles towards you, or looks like something which has fallen out of orbit, don't panic. Just grab your autograph book—quick.

Chances are that another beat group wagon is about to bite the dust. All that your "captives" will need in exchange for their signatures is assistance. Even old Guy Fawkes would have been scared by some of the "rockets and bangers" which project the groups up and down the country on one night stands.

Fifty thousand miles a year is chicken feed in some of the mileage charts and it is little wonder many of the vehicles sigh, sag and finally capitulate under the stress and strain. Those that survive need constant surgery from the white-overalled Ben Caseys of the motor world.

One old bus a white-painted ambulance, which has had to stand not only physical wear but constant verbal insult is now "haunting" its owners. It is little wonder Them Gambles, that fast-rising Liverpool group, make every trip with fingers crossed.

Said singer-harmonica player, Mike Byrne:

"She's a grand old heap, but when we press her too hard she becomes angry and lets us know about it.



The Undertakers takin' a breather en route for a record session.

"Suang-sounding scarping noises come from every direction.

"Now when it happens we stop and let her cool off for a minute or two.

"She's very touchy and there is one occasion which we only talk about in whispers.

"This was when a lot of little kids ran up to us and thinking she was an ice-cream cart, asked us for comets and wafers."

The Four Dimensions and Tiffany, their petite bundle of vocal dynamite, want to forget the firework show their 1958 Bedford Dormobile put on during a recent trip to Kendal.

"Mind you," confessed Manager Geoff Leack, "we had been giving it a bit of a hammering and she got her own back."

At Lancaster one back tyre blew and so did the other, five miles farther on.

On the return trip to Liverpool both front tyres popped so the vehicle was towed to Kendal and repaired but at Lancaster the headlights packed up. Four very tired Dimensions and a red-eyed Tiffany, who had set off to return home at midnight, finally arrived at 7.40 a.m.

Pete Best, original drummer with The Beatles, and

now making a name with his Pete Best Four, is almost as good with a spanner as he is with the sticks. Recently, Pete had both the groups' vehicles, a 1957 Bedford and a 1961 Commer, off the road at the same time.

"The back axle on the Bedford broke on the Durham By-Pass. "We managed to 'stick' it together temporarily," said Pete.

"Then the Commer's big end went on the M.1 during a trip to a London recording studio. We had to hire a van to get there in time!"

And, under lock and key in the garage behind Pete Best's Liverpool home is one of the oldest "bangers" in existence.

It is the group's new EMERGENCY "rocket", an original Austin Seven, now painted red and silver and being prepared for take-off by Pete and rhythm guitarist Tommy McGurk.

Bought by Pete's 18-year-old brother, Rory, for £10, it is being lovingly reconditioned with new parts (very very scarce) for use in and around Liverpool.

Said Pete: "With our two other vans continually breaking down we needed some kind of standby and Rory has promised we can use his 'Austin Banger' when necessary.

"The only snag is that it is so small that when we do use it we will have to make two journeys wherever we go. One with the lads and one with the instruments and my drums."

Our picture below shows what a tight squeeze it is going to be!

Now, just look at the record which surrounds the van manager Ralph Webster bought for his group, The Undertakers (formerly The Undertakers) just twenty months ago.

Distance covered: Fifty thousand miles.

Repairs: one complete back axle; one transmission shaft; three gear boxes; six clutches; two engines; four sets of brake linings; three doors; body repairs.

COST: £1,000.

Whoosh!...



The best of luck! Pete Best and his group in their "banger"—one of the oldest in existence.

You're  
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your  
way



Nowhere to go but up. "Little girl" ways are behind you. And now that you're on your way, lots of things that used to bother you are almost forgotten. Take monthly problems, for instance. Remember how uncomfortable the bell-pin-pad way was? Aren't you glad you use Tampax!

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The main thing about the dresses you make is that they fit you perfectly. Bulges underneath would spoil your silhouette. You'd rather freeze! Hot fashion tip! Wear a Vedonis vest. They're shaped to be sleek as a second skin. You'll bask.

**Like to feel bikini now?** Remember last year, flat on the beach soaking up sun? You felt relaxed, poised, confident. You looked pretty good too. That's what warmth did for you then. What Vedonis can do for you now. Go see it soon, buy it, wear it. You'll glow through winter in wonderful shape!

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# TONY HALL'S LETTERS BOX



Hi to you all; This is Tony Hall. And before we go any further, I just want to say how knocked out I am about being with you on this page every week. When FABULOUS editor Unity Hall offered me the job, I jumped at it. And now I'll be trying to answer all your queries and questions about the disc stars we all dig so much.

Incidentally, I must tell you about my assistant. Her name's Maureen. She's eighteen. She's cute as a button and used to dealing with Letter Box. So she'll be helping out with some of the more intimate answers about your favourite boys as only a girl can.

Right now (as the title of my Radio Luxembourg signature tune says), LET'S GO...



Maureen



Marianne Faithfull

Marianne. She is completely different from any other girl singer on the scene today. When she appeared on the "Discuz" Southern TV Show with me recently, I discovered that her main ambition is to be an actress. And I think she'd make a damned good one, too. When she sang *As Tears Go By*, the show's director Mike Mansfield (and girls, he's very handsome, by the way!) gave her the cutest little kitten to hold that you've ever seen! Although she's now really getting to like being in the business, to begin with, it all seemed very strange to her after being in a convent!...

Betty Docherty of Ayrshire, Scotland, is just petty about The Stones (who sn't!). She wants to know their favourite colours, what they drink and what cigarettes they smoke. Well, Betty, if The Stones ever come to visit your house, get some Scotch (and you're in the right part of the country for that!) and crates and crates of Coke. 'Cos that's their favourite drink. All except Brian Jones. And to keep him happy, have some milk in the fridge. As for cigarettes, any filter-tips will do fine.

As for colours, well it may come as a surprise to you to know that, though the boys are all colourful characters, their tastes are most conservative. They like blues, dark greys and browns. All except Charlie Watts, who's nuts about navy blue.

Yola Northcott of Abingdon, Berks, wants to know more about Dave Berry and Marianne Faithfull. Let's take Dave first. Don't know about you, but I find him quite fascinating. When he does all those weird, wonderful movements with his hands, he really hypnotises me. You, too? Actually, as a person, Dave isn't at all weird. He's very quiet, very intelligent, has a wonderful sense of humour and in between tours, loves to "get away from it all". For instance, he recently got back from a holiday in Morocco. And here in England he likes to go fishing. Yet, despite his love of peace and quiet when he's not working, once he gets on-stage, he's a real raver! Loves R and B and rock 'n' roll, and the wilder the tunes the better. So it's all rather ironic that his first really big disc-stellar shot was a ballad—'Cos he prefers beat! Now onto,



Dave Berry

Barbara Crooks of Waddon Croydon, wants to know more about Mike Smith of The Dave Clark Five. I like Mike, too, Barbara. I think he's terrific. He's twenty-one, was born in Edmonton, has dreamy blue eyes and dark brown hair. He's much taller than most pop stars—6 ft 2 in in fact. And, if you're interested, he weighs exactly the same as me. 12 st 4 lb. Mike, like Dave and the others, is a great believer in keeping fit and spends a lot of time in the gym. He specialises in unarmoured combat.



Mike Smith



Brian Poole and The Tremeloes

Miss E. Dellar of Leeds, 10, asks if Brian Poole has a brother in any of the other beat groups, possibly The Honeycombs. Well, love, I phoned Brian and he says he has got a brother (aged thirty), but he doesn't play in a group. Brian says that maybe you're confusing him with Alan Blakey, leader of Brian's group, The Tremeloes. Apparently, Alan has a brother who plays for a group called The Epics!

## Quickie

- Q Who wrote *Tobacco Road*, sung by The Nashville Teens?
- A A great guy named John D. Loudermilk wrote it, comes from Nashville, Tennessee.

AFraid that's all we've room for this week. Don't forget to write. And if you next FAB-day, have a ball 'Cos that's it and that's all from your sincerely, Tony Hall (and of course Maureen). Write to LETTER BOX, FABULOUS, Fleetway Publications, Fleetway House, Farnborough Station, E.C. 4 and don't forget to enclose a s.a. nuh!

When a beat group called The Escorts played a season at a Skegness holiday camp the summer before last they were such a hit that holidaymakers swamped resorting manager George Martin with letters demanding that they be put on disc.

He proudly signed them up and changed their name to *The Contrasts*. The group made its disc debut in January with *I Can't Get You Out Of My Mind*—which, despite being a very fine offering indeed, got nowhere at all in the charts.

Now the boys are having another go with a scratchy little ditty called *Gut My Parlophone*—and this time they expect to make it.

Freddie and The Dreamers, usually associated with a happy-go-lucky type of number, seem up with a new disc, that is different from anything they have done before.

Called *I Understand Columbia*, it's a beat ballad from the States—and I predict it will shoot straight up the charts.

# in RECORD time

## BEST OF THE REST

Talented, seventeen year old Coventry-born Beverley Jones, could have her first hit with a dynamic version of *Heartbeat* Parlophone... *Dusty Springfield* sings a great ballad called *Living You*, written by her brother, Tom. Bound to be a hit. Philips.

From the West End musical "Maggie May" a new group called *The Nocturnes* sing *Curry'n' On*, probably not chart material but very pleasant listening. Decca.

Ray Charles has a wailing organ and choir backing to his rocking *Smack Dab In The Middle*. Backing is a superior Burt Bacharach composition called *I Wake Up Crying* (HMV).

Drummer Sandy Nelson brings one of his earliest hits up to date with *Tom Beat 85*—and works himself into a near-frenzy (Liberty).

Australian Patsy Ann Noble's *Tied Up With Mary* could be the hit she's been looking for (Columbia).

*In Times Like These*, is another great Burt Bacharach song, beautifully sung by Gene McDaniels who for my money, is one of the top half dozen ballad singers on disc (Liberty). Also bend an ear to *Baby Love*, in which The Supremes generate a relaxed, but swinging beat (Stateside). KEN HOW

# WHO'S WHO'S this week

- |  |   |  |   |  |   |  |
|--|---|--|---|--|---|--|
| <b>(GILFA BLACK AND THE FOURGOST)</b><br>From L to R: Mike Allmond, Cilla Black, Brian O'Hara, Baby Helen, Dave Lumley | <b>(REBB ROUSERS)</b><br>L to R: Bobby Sherman, Mike Stone, Sid Phillips, Cilla Black, Young Man Groves, Chris Bradford | <b>(THE NOLLIES)</b><br>From L to R: Eric Burdon, Bobby Blount, Lovellorn, Mike Allan, Charles and Tony Hall | <b>(THE POOR PENNIES)</b><br>From L to R: Len Murray, Mike White and Kris Power, In general: Bob Duch | <b>(THE COBRAYS)</b><br>Barry (Bob) Altonson, Hugh Grundy, Paul Adams, Lynn Jones, Red Argue and Chris White | <b>(THE RUSTIKS)</b><br>From L to R: Roy Marsden, Billy Mann, Dave Osmond and Rick Tucker | <b>(THE MOJOS)</b><br>L to R: Steve Cropper, Terry O'Toole, Sister James, Keith Kiffin and John Kotson |
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Printed in England by Colson (Worner) Ltd, and published by Fleetway Publications Ltd, Fleetway House, Farnborough Road, London, E.C.4. Subscription rates: 12 issues for 12 months, £3 10s; for 6 months, 18 issues for £4 10s. For 3 months, 24 issues for £5 10s. Single copies, 6p. Postage and packing extra. All orders must be accompanied by payment. All correspondence should be sent to the Editor, Fleetway Publications Ltd, Fleetway House, Farnborough Road, London, E.C.4. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the publisher. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the publisher.





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