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7th AUGUST '66

Fabulous

IN THE SWIM

**KING SIZE FULL COLOUR PIN-UPS OF
GEORGE & JOHN · LULU · MICK AVORY · UNIT 4+2
ELVIS · RIOT SQUAD · IVY LEAGUE · ADAM FAITH**



hi there.

Next week I am putting my feet up because something very exciting is happening. The Kinks are coming in to edit **FABULOUS**. What makes it even more fun is that they asked if we would have them, as they wanted to try their hand at a bit of journalism!

Would we indeed! The red carpet is already laid—and you'll see the results of their labour next week.

Thank you all, incidentally, for your response to The Ed's requests. Margaret, our picture editor, is busy making a chart and we're planning not one but TWO issues of your requests seeing as so many of you took the trouble to write. Ta lots!

They won't be with you for some time yet. First one coming up at the end of this month. Do look out to see if it's YOUR request we're printing.

Love,
The Ed.

hi fab!



Nancy Lewis takes over the gang gossip this week.

Whew—what a week it has been! Our orders were to get in the swim of things. So I started hunting down some of our popster friends—(strictly in the line of duty, you understand)—to collect all the latest from them. So here goes—ready to dive in with us?



Peter Jay and The Jaywalkers

PETER JAY and The Jaywalkers were getting set to record a new disc, and they decided that they wanted an extra-special organ effect on it. Well, this would take lots of rehearsal beforehand—and they didn't think their neighbours would appreciate it if they set up the electric organ in their flat. So out they went to hunt down an old pedal organ—strictly for practising purposes.

As the boys wandered around London's Portobello Market, they ran across just what they needed—an old Salvation Army organ. And it only cost them £10! But, what they hadn't counted on—once they started using this organ, was being so knocked out by the sound of it—and they decided at once to use it on the record.

Now it's painted white, and it's also the instrument they're using on stage.

Quite a life that little pedal organ is leading!

MR. GARY SMITH, the producer of that top American pop TV show *Hullabaloo*, came over from New York to inspect the British music scene for himself. He's had a lot of our boys featured on his show. He was here to make arrangements to include even more British artistes in the future.

I met Mr. Smith at a *Ready, Steady Go* rehearsal and we had a lovely talk about his programme. Then he offered me a lift back to town in a luxurious Rolls Royce, complete with chauffeur. I enjoyed every minute of that ride and was rather sad when we arrived at our destination—the London Hilton Hotel.

But what a come-down—I had to quickly say goodbye and run across the street. It would have been awful if I'd missed my comfortable, luxurious bus home!

COLOUR CONTENTS

THE MERSEBEATS (both cover pics) . . . photographer DEREK BERWIN
 THE IVY LEAGUE . . . photographer RALPH HOWARD
 LULU . . . photographer DAVID STEEN
 ADAM RAITH . . . photographer BILL FRANCIS
 THE RIDI SQUAD . . . photographer MICHAEL DARLING
 MICK AVORY . . . photographer BERT REJ
 ELVIS PRESLEY . . . starring in NICK'S HAREM HOLIDAY
 UNIT 4 + 2 . . . photographer FIONA ADAMS
 GEORGE AND JOHN . . . photographer CAMERA PRESS

hold *
your breath,
girls!
*



NEXT WEEK FABULOUS IS
 edited by *
THE KINKS





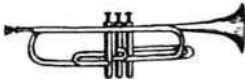
Rick and Sandy

THOSE two gorgeous singers, Rick and Sandy, have done more than their share of travelling. They were raised in Kenya, have gone all around the Continent, played in Scandinavia recently, and are looking forward to visiting lots more exciting places. They do fine on these long distance ventures, but it's the short trips that seem to give them trouble.

Like the day they had to go from their Earls Court, London, flat to the BBC studios in Maida Vale. They were a bit pressed for time, so a friend who's a fighter pilot in the R.A.F. offered to give them a lift. The boys were a bit dubious, since this friend's car is a real old banger, but they loaded their gear, even managing to fit the big amplifier into the boot.

On the way, they heard a loud crash, but couldn't imagine what it could be, so on they went. Arriving at the BBC studios, they quickly found out what had happened. Their amp had crashed right through the floor of the old car! Caught there, the amp had just rolled along on its own wheels all the way to the BBC.

That's one way to transport your equipment!



If your sleep is interrupted some night by what sounds like a trumpet going down the street, don't be too surprised. It could be The Spencer Davis Group passing by in their van.

Drummer Pete York has decided that he'd like to play the trumpet. So, clutching his new treasure wherever he goes, he practises during every spare moment. He's very serious about it, but as he's just a beginner, the sounds he produces are not always the most melodic.

Riding in the van, especially on the way home from a gig, seems to be one of Pete's favourite times to practise. And to think that Spence, Steve and Muff actually used to sleep on the way home!

THAT'S another group that has just become very "in"—The Artwoods. Even without the advantage of a hit record, these boys are pecking out clubs and ballrooms wherever they play.

Art Wood is the lead singer (and no prizes for guessing how the group got its name!). Along with some drummer named Charlie Watts. Art was one of the original members of Alexis Korner's Blues Incorporated Group.

The other Artwoods are: Jon Lord on organ, Malcolm Pool on bass, Derek Griffiths on lead guitar, and Keef Hartley on drums.

Keef was the last one to join the group. He formerly played in Liverpool with Roy Storm, replacing a chap called Ringo-something-or-other. It was fate that brought him together with The Artwoods—they were looking for a drummer and when they passed through Hyde Park one day, there sat Keef, complete with his drum kit. What a way to be discovered!

I hadn't intended to fall for any other groups when I went to see these boys. But, believe me, once you hear them you just want to hear more. If you haven't seen The Artwoods yet, you have a real treat in store! They're releasing a record this week, so you can hear their very distinctive sound right away. *Goodbye Sisters* is the title of the disc, and it's on the Decca label. Do give it a listen, won't you?



Wayne Fontana

WHEN FAB's photographer Fiona went over to Ready, Steady Go to take pics of Wayne Fontana and The Mindbenders, she well was armed with Polaroid cameras and were doing their share of snapping, too. They were posing people like Lulu and Dave Berry and anyone else who happened to be around—taking pictures of their own "newly-created groups."

After this, they went outside and started making laurel wreaths and putting them on in Roman style—another excuse to click away.

And I've just heard that Ric has developed a great interest in ballet (seriously!) Reports are that he's likely to be seen pirouetting around these days. Wonder if Wayne has captured a sbst of this yet? That I'd certainly like to see!

JUST for the record, I would like to put in a good word for a group of boys who I think are charming—Them. They came up to a readers' party in our offices. I think all of the fans who met them were charmed, too. Seems the press has been a little hard on this group lately and there have been some unpleasant things going around about them. But, in my opinion, they're wonderful boys. Hope you think so, too!



Long John Baldry

MUST tell you about a most enjoyable evening I had just recently. It started out at The Marquee Club, where the bill was topped by Solomon Burke, backed by The Mike Cotton Sound. It was really a fantastic show! Also there to watch the happenings I spotted Animals Eric Burdon and Dave Rowberry, Kink Dave Davies, Who Peter Townshend, and T-Bone man Gary Farr. What an audience!

And that was just the start of things. After The Marquee closed, we popped over to the Crownwellian Club, which has definitely become one of the places to visit these days.

To give you a list of who was there would take ages, but it included people like Wayne Fontana and Mindbenders Bob and Eric, Paul McCartney and Jane Asher, Brian Jones, Francine Hardy, Them, The Pretty Things, Long John Baldry, Patrick Kerr, Julie Grant and on and on and on. How's that for a pretty good evening on the town?

HY, how about this—there's a group of London boys known as The Couriers who have had three number one records. Ever heard of them? Well, it's possible that you haven't—unless you've been keeping up with the charts in South Africa. That's where these very delightful boys have had so much success.

They went down there before Beatlemania had really broken out in this part of the world. Being the first long-haired beat group around, they were quite a phenomena.

They had a great time and gained lots of valuable experience there. Brian Poole and The Tremeloes even came down to do a guest spot in a full-length feature film which starred The Couriers.

Now this group has returned to Britain. They've released one disc and they're spending lots of hours rehearsing—catching up with the current music scene.

I'd like to wish them loads of luck—hope they can now repeat their success in their homeland.

Yes, they came, they saw, and they conquered us—so we gave in and let them take us over—lock, stock and barrel for ONE fabulous week... their mates MANFRED MANN, THE EVERLY BROTHERS, JOAN BAEZ, GOLDIE AND THE GINGERBREADS and THE WHO get the KINKiest features and there are KINK-COLOUR FAB PIN-UPS of

THE KINKS (match) • THE ANIMALS • MANFRED MANN
THE WHO • HERMAN • THE EVERLY BROTHERS
GOLDIE AND THE GINGERBREADS • and JOAN BAEZ

so hurry, hurry, HURRY
for this FAB special—on
sale next Monday—Free

Is.



Fab
The Ivy
League



the IVY league

Popwise The Ivy League are **IN THE NEWS** so **Doug Perry** gets in the swim, too, and interviews them for FAB.

"**W**E like to call ourselves individualists, not mods," said Perry Ford, firmly fixing me with a let's-have-no-arguments look.

"Yes," agreed John Carter (the one who wears tinted-glasses, and whose real surname is Shakespeare). "Although we're keen on mod styles, we're not way-out mods."

Ken Lewis, the smallest of the three at 5 ft. 9 in., went along with the other two.

This was The Ivy League speaking. Three talented boys who, in the space of a few months, have hit the charts—not once, but thrice. A very much "in the swim" trio, they wear striped blazers and polo-necked sweaters and are really rather dandy. They exchange the blazers and sweaters for shirts and ties when the mood takes them.

Ken and John have been singing together for about five years. They come from Birmingham, but Perry is Lincoln born and bred.

As they live in London now, life is pretty hectic for them. I asked Perry how the boys relax—whether or not they belong to the "in crowd" at the clubs and night-spots in London.

"In crowd?" queried Perry. "Don't like that term—doesn't mean anything. Sure, we spend some of our time in clubs like the Ad Lib and the Cromwellian, but we just go there to relax and meet showbiz friends. The only snag is, we just don't have the time to visit these places very often."

One of The Ivy League's biggest ambitions has been to go to America. For Ken and John this was a dream come true last June, when they made a trip to the States. They didn't go just to promote their songs, but also to see the places they've always wanted to visit.

"Spots like the Grand Canyon," said Ken, "the scenery's really marvellous there. Then we wanted to see those fantastic clubs in New York and Los Angeles—where the great jazz personalities play," he added.

The boys go for jazz in a big way. But Perry (all 6 ft. of him) couldn't join the boys on their American trip. Still, he has plans to spend his holiday in Europe, driving around the Continent in his car.

"Like John and Ken, I'm interested in the scenery," he told me. "I'll probably take in France, Italy and Spain—hope to go as far as Granada." He hastened to add that he didn't mean the TV studios!

The Ivy League are really very funny boys—and like most people with a sense of humour, it's the little things that make them laugh.

"The thing that tickles Perry and me," said John, "is Ken's sleeping antics. He pulls the funniest faces asleep; keeps opening and closing his mouth."

Ken protested strongly at this but John went on regardless.

"Honestly," he continued, "Ken falls asleep anywhere. Like the time we were in the canteen at the BBC studios. We were having a meal between rehearsals of *Top Of The Pops* with The Seekers. Ken popped a piece of meat in his mouth, started to chew it—and just casually fell asleep.

"The funny part was that he was still holding his fork—and he still carried on chewing!"

"Then there was the time we were standing in a queue," said Perry, continuing the story of "Sleeping Beauty Ken Lewis." "John and I asked Ken to keep our places while we nipped off to buy something—when we returned, there was Ken, propped up against a wall, fast asleep."



"How do you ever keep him awake?" I asked. "Easy," answered John. "We tell him that he's a special agent on a secret mission, and that special agents must keep awake, be on guard all the time. It works—up to now, anyway."

I took a quick look at Ken Yes, he was wide-awake, and we went on to talk about how the boys seem to think alike on everything. Their tastes in clothes and their music are almost

identical, and they even have similar hair styles. "It is fantastic," said Perry. "I can't give you a reason for it, but it does help to make things run smoothly. What do you think, Ken? KEN?"

Ken shot out of his chair. "I was just nodding off," he said. "Sorry!" "Oh, well," laughed Perry, and turning to me he added: "That was a perfect example of our problem with Ken '007' Lewis!"





Fab | Album
| Photo

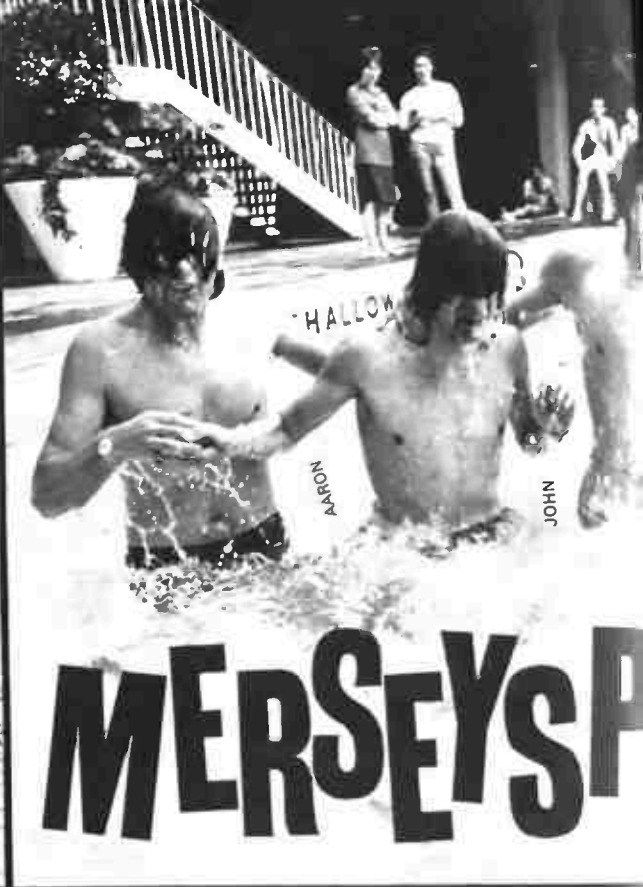
The Oasis is the swimming pool everyone goes to; including a fair number of popsters and one or two nearby London schools' swimming classes. When a girls' class turned up at the Oasis on the same day as The Merseybeats, a FAB time was had by everyone



▲ They've got Merseybeats in their sand-pit at The Oasis. Not always, of course. Just on the odd occasion when the boys want somewhere to write FAB.



Hallo! John's put his boots on again. Well, they're a help when you're chasing a very athletic bass guitarist who doesn't really want to be on the receiving end of the "Ready Steady Splash!" routine.



THE teacher in charge of the class of girls having a swimming lesson at London's famous Oasis pool suddenly seemed to have lost the attention of her class.

"Look," the girls whispered, nudging one another, "it's The Merseybeats."

It was, too. The boys had decided that swimming time is here. But of course, the day they chose to go swimming, the sun made up its mind to hide itself and the temperature took a swing down. However, the boys were prepared for that. John had brought along a kettle, full, he assured us, of hot water.

"This'll warm up the water," he said.

We had our doubts, but we let him splash it around anyway.

The boys were about to jump into the pool when a notice caught their eye.

"All bathers with long hair must wear bathing caps," it said sternly.

The boys looked at one another.

"Do you think that means us?" Aaron asked.

"Probably," Tony said.

Gloom. The boys didn't have any bathing caps. But Derek, the photographer who'd gone along with them to get a few shots of swimming Merseybeats for FAB, just happened to have four water-polo caps with him. Gloom became glee and glee became hysteria when Billy produced an umbrella.

"Well, I don't want to get too wet," he said.

AS it was, John was walking around still wearing boots with his red swimming trunks because he didn't want to get his feet wet.

It didn't, however, take very long to persuade them to get wet, even though John can't swim. Aaron can't either, really, but he's learning and can manage a few strokes.

"It's a matter of confidence," Tony said.

"Once you have complete confidence in



Oh no! Aaron's
did not his
wrist-watch on.
And what
happened to the
boys' bathing caps?

BILLY

TONY

LASH!

No wonder John can't see to pour water into the cup. And he's still wearing those boots. As for the notice about wearing bathing-caps if you have long hair—well, they're wearing them. Look!



What the well-dressed Merseybeat wears for a stroll round a swimming pool. Hats, particularly water-polo caps, are definitely IN this year. A tie is utterly necessary to keep the neck warm. The broily's a must in case you get ducked.



Never mind, John. It doesn't matter if you can't swim. Billy can. And if you need it, there's always a life-belt. You can both get inside one of those, though it's a bit of a squash.



yourself, swimming becomes quite easy." He learned to swim when he was 12.

BUT Billy's the really athletic one. He's good at both swimming and diving, and proceeded to lecture the other three on both.

"We'll throw you in," they threatened when the lecture went on and on.

"Go on then," he challenged. They dived at him, he dived at his umbrellas and put it up again.

"If you're going to throw me in, I want some protection," he bellowed, springing off down the baths away from them.

Despite the fact that Billy represented Liverpool as a sprinter in athletics meetings when he was at school, the others soon caught him, tossed away the protecting umbrella, and—SPLASH! No need for Billy to have worried. The other Merseys made sure he landed in the deep end!

THE girls' swimming class laughed appreciatively. Aaron, John and Tony grinned at them. Billy swam back to the edge and pulled himself up. A couple of the girls slipped away from the class and ran over to the boys.

"Can we have your autographs, please?"

"Sure." A brief search provided a slightly soggy pen and the boys signed.

A few more girls slipped away from the lesson. Then a few more. And a few more. They asked questions. The boys answered and asked a few of their own. They laughed. They gossiped. Their understanding teacher smiled, shrugged and let them get on with it.

The lesson was obviously over. The girls seemed keen on taking up hairdressing as a career. They produced scissors, quick as a wink, and started snipping off souvenirs. There was only one thing to do—EXIT, BUT QUICK!

SYLVIA STEPHEN



Aaron, surrounded by the swimming class. One of the girls found him her bathing-cap, however. Roll! after a one-a-breath when he went in the water.





BOB EVANS

GRAHAM BONNEY

BRIAN DAVIES

MITCH MITCHELL

MARK STEVENS

THE RIOT SQUAD took the plunge into the pop world –but they did some things the wrong way round... DOUG PERRY tells you about the boys and their background...

What is the definition of a Riot Squad?

You won't find the answer to that question in your English dictionary, so I've invented my own definition. It's very simple.

Riot Squad—A group of musicians (hence squad), who are causing an uproar (hence riot) up and down the country, wherever they appear.

The definition of the word musician is to be taken very seriously, for The Riot Squad really are first class musicians.

Take their, seventeen-year-old, blond haired organist, Mark Stevens. He was playing on records before he'd even left school. So when the days of maths, physics and other subjects were over, Mark stepped straight into the music business. As a fully fledged professional.

"Before The Riot Squad was formed we were all session musicians," said Mark, "you know, backing different artists on records. That's how we all met each other. We'd worked together in a recording studio a few times before the group was properly cemented."

Both Mark and the group's bass player, Brian Davies, originate from Wales—Brian has been nicknamed "The Welsh Farmer" because his family owns a farm near Cardiff.

"I've decided," he said, "that if the boys insist on calling me this name I'm going to live up to it. The first step I've taken is to write to my folks and tell them to send my pet goose to me. The boys have threatened to cook it for dinner but I don't think they really would."

"Wouldn't we!" laughed the other four.

"Well, you'd better not," answered Brian, "cos I'm very fond of that goose. I might even teach it a few tricks."

Between tours and personal appearances, the boys live together in a flat in London. Saxophonist Bob Evans told me that they kept the place fairly tidy—so far as group flats go, that is.

I wasn't quite sure what that meant, but I could guess.

"We get things fairly straight," said Bob, "and then we'll arrive back from a job about two o'clock in the morning and Brian and Mark will decide that they don't like the way the furniture is set out. So they start moving everything around. After about two hours, during which they make an awful din, they finally get things organised. The trouble is the new lay-out only lasts for about three days. Then they're on the move again."

"I'm a keen gardener," continued Bob, changing the subject. "I've made a lot of window-boxes and I'm in the process of growing different kinds of flowers in them."

"He spends ages wattering those flowers and putting special flower growing mixture all around them," said Mark. "That's terrible," said Bob. "It's good gear."

All the boys are sportsmen. Eighteen-year-old drummer, Mitch, is a motor racing fanatic. He's already burnt up around Brands Hatch race-track.

Guitarist, Graham Bonney, names ice-skating among his favourite sports and ice

did, at one time, skate professionally. Mark is a keen tennis player but for general sport the five of them enjoy a round of golf.

"The only annoying part is that Brian always wins," said Mitch. "Still he's the best sportsman."

"Here, here!" said Brian.

Although the group has only been together for about five months, they have already completed their first national concert tour.

"That tour, which included The Kinks and The Yardbirds, did us a lot of good," Mitch told me.

"It gave us the chance to play to audiences all over the country, and find out how they liked our music. The reaction, I'm pleased to say, was not at all bad. After our first record a lot of people started comparing us with the George Formby group. I suppose this was natural, as we have a similar line-up, but really we play a different type of music from George."

"Actually," continued Mitch, "everything we've done has been the wrong way round. Our first record was released before the group was even properly formed and our first paid job was a TV show."

"In fact, on our first few live appearances we had to take sheet music on stage with us and play off the dots, because we'd hardly rehearsed together. People thought this was for show but it was strictly necessary."

The Riot Squad are certainly not with out a sense of humour and they have

their share of funny situations. Some of these, however, have turned out to be a little embarrassing.

"Like the incident we were involved in with a pedal cyclist," said Graham. "On the step of the van was the enormous tool-box which we always carry around with us. When I say enormous, I mean exactly that. Well, we happened to be overtaking a cyclist on a rather sharp bend and we were driving with the door open. He looked at the others and grinned and out flew the tool box."

"It didn't exactly hit the poor fellow, but it just caught his back wheel, buckling it very badly. He wasn't exactly pleased, but we gave him enough money to buy a new wheel and he seemed quite happy. I know we shouldn't have laughed but it just tickled us."

"Our road manager was on the receiving end of a joke recently," said Mark. "He went tenpin bowling and after his game he left the hall in such a rush that he forgot to get his own shoes back. He's been walking around in a pair of size eight bowling shoes ever since."

Fashion-wise I found The Riot Squad to be very mod minded. "We all like mod clothes, because they present such a vast variety of styles and colours," said Bob donning his navy blue double breasted jacket. "We're very clothes conscious and spend a lot of money on the latest fashions."

So if you have a riot on your hands, don't call on this squad. They don't prevent riots—they just cause them.

in at the DEEP END





Some women have never used Tampax
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We had lunch on the way there, 18-year-old Andy Bowen, a vegetarian, shuddered at his pork chops.



Gary Taylor, 17, thought it a laugh when the boys had to push the plane out of the hangar.



Terry Clarke, 21, led the fun when the boys went whizzing round, pretending to be planes!



18-year-old Mick Underwood soon made friends with a kitten who wandered into the club by mistake.

It was a really fabulous day when FAB took The Herd to Stapleford Towney Flying Club in Essex—or, to be more precise, The Herd took FAB to Stapleford Towney Flying Club in Essex. We didn't even know where it was. But the boys are very keen on flying. They hope one day to be able to buy their own plane.

the HERD take off

The only sad thing about the day was that organist Tony Simmons couldn't come with us 'cos he was ill. We're hoping he'll be able to come with us next time we take The Herd somewhere. Or they take us somewhere.



(Right)—Now let's go technical. The Piper Cherokee is a four-seater 'plane and pilot Brian Brivildun, who took The Herd up, reckons you can learn to fly in two to four weeks. He must get some fast learners!

(Below)—Money! Money! Terry was knocked out when he spotted the buildings of the Royal Mini from the air.



(Left)—Looks like Gary's planning to take the 'plane home with him. We know he's keen on it, but this is ridiculous. Anybody managed to get him into the 'plane, but he wasn't keen on it. Neither were we. Wish we could take off with The Herd even now.



(Right)—Everyone has to come down to earth sooner or later—even Terry and Mick. They certainly enjoyed the flip while it lasted. They flipped, in fact.





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BLONDES**

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 brightens fair-to-middling hair (gives a girl a head-start!)
SAFE EASY QUICK Hiltone is a cream-foam hair lightener, so it
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 Price? 5/6. Nicel Live for the moment—
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World Radio History

hiltone





**DISHY DUNGAREES,
BEATY BERMUDAS,
KNEE-BARING MINI-
SKIRTS—WAY OUT
GEAR... SO NEW IT
NEARLY MISSED THIS
SUMMER—THAT'S
WHAT'S IN NOW.**

It's wild, Judith ▶
Feldman's summery,
striped, organdie
dress, attached to
black Bermudas. (By
John Bate at Jean
Varon, 12½ gn.).
Her sandals have
stripey sling-backs
(37s. 11d.). David
Dagley's shirt has
epaulettes on the
shoulders (59s. 6d.)
and his black tie is
covered with bold
pink roses (21s.).

▶ Judith McGilligan's in Bermudas
and a sun-cover (by Reldan Digby
Morton, £5 19s. 6d.), knee socks (5s. 11d.)
and demin shoes (19s. 11d.). Judith
Feldman sports peddlepushers and top (by
Junior Club, £6 16s. 6d. including a
matching skirt), knee socks (4s. 11d.)
and demin shoes (39s. 11d.). David
Dagley shows off an epaulette
shirt (59s. 6d.) and slim
slacks (69s. 6d.). Boz Burrell
is in a striped shirt (59s. 6d.)
and cotton slacks (69s. 6d.).

Take one old tinizzie and a ▶
gang out on the spree. . . .
Judith McGilligan (on the right)
wears check cotton Madras
Bermudas (3 gn.) and a Madras
blazer (5½ gn., both by
Thocolette), blue-banded knee
socks (5s. 11d.) and demin
sling-back shoes (19s. 11d.).

SMARTIE PANTS



EDEN KANE has two new
linen suits. One is light blue and
the other beige. They were
bought off the peg and cost about
fifteen guineas a time. Eden
likes black, fine nylon socks, the
ones you can see through.

Dungaree date ▶▶
—and Judith
McGilligan settles
for khaki and
green striped ones
(8½ gn.) and teams
them with a cotton
skimmy (29s. 11d.,
both from
Neatawear
branches). Judith
Feldman is a rave
in flower-splashed
dungarees. (By
Susan Small,
12 gn.)



Fab

World Radio History



FAB 177

the THINGS you see at the Zoo



by June Southworth

IT'S not every day that I take The Pretty Things to The Derby. So I'd like to tell you about it. I'd like to . . . but unfortunately, we didn't go to The Derby. Mind you, it was all set up, until someone told us that if we photographed the immortal scene of The Things wandering among the top hats in The Paddock, our photographer would have to stay in one place. If you imagine one poor, demented photographer, trying to keep tracks on five Pretty Things from a stationary position, you'll understand why we didn't go to The Derby.

So that's why The Pretty Things looked distinctly suspicious when they turned up at Fleetway House to be told that we were all off to the London Zoo.

"Nothing personal, boys," I assured them. The best thing about The Things is that they're quick to adjust to situations. They were off to the Zoo before I even had to talk them into it.

It was one of those zoo-going days—bright and hot—and the crowds were out in force.

MOST of them were fans of The Pretty Things. This is a very good thing to be, because the boys are unbelievably nice to their fans. Not one autograph was refused, and it all became a bit hectic. We wondered which would be the greater hazard . . . being chased by the fans or ending up on the wrong side of the lions' cage.

Dick wanted very much to go and sit with the lions, but they all walked off and hid when they saw him coming, so he decided they were anti-social and stayed on our side of the bars.

The rhino didn't fancy us much either. He walked past us with his snout well and truly in the air.

Viv was fascinated by "the ginger elephants. Thought they must be very rare. A parent zoo official explained that the next time they had a bath the elephants would be just as grey as elephants are meant to be. I thought it would be rather splendid

if we could have a picture of Phil flying through the air on the end of an elephant's trunk, singing *Down by My Side*. Down, but he wasn't taken.

ONE of the elephants gazed soulfully at Viv and opened its massive mouth.
"Feed him, John," said Viv, looking at John's bag of monkey nuts.

"Feed him, John," said Brian to Viv. Thinking John might disagree with the elephant's suggestion, we moved on. We found The Walker Brothers looking over a leopard. Spotted them so to speak. After chats, they ambled off to The Ropie House, and we headed for The Chimps Tea Party. The Things looked like five very little boys as they sat watching the well-known squabbling and cake-throwing and tea-pouring.

"Makes me feel at home," Brian said, looking very nostalgic.

By that time, we wanted to meet some animals instead of watching them cavort around pens or peer through bars. We made for the children's enclosure, where you can mingle with the sweetest little goats you ever saw, that's where Viv nearly lost his hobby.

THE goats decided they wanted to mingle with John in a big way. They took one look at him and changed, an instant. Everybody else was forgotten in the rush. They jumped up at him, lissed him, pulled him. He was their kind of boy. They chewed his hair with tremendous relish.

John backed into a corner telling them to "cool it." He was very relieved when some of them turned their attention to Phil. They went for Phil's white jacket. They went for it with such enthusiasm that there wasn't much left by the time they were through. When we left the zoo, the boys zoomed off in their car back to town. All except Phil. He accepted a fish in my eye.

"I think you'd better drop me off at Carnaby Street," he said. "They'll never believe I need a new jacket because a goat ate my last one."



It really got Phil's goat when his jacket became the star dish on the menu.

The Ed was in her counting house counting all her pages for this issue, when I caught her with a big blank space round about here. In a brilliant flash, an idea came to me (Have you noticed how they always come in brilliant flashes? It's the space age, folks). "Why don't I take someone out for the day, then come back and tell everyone all about it?" I said. She thought it was a lovely idea (Me being out of the office, I mean). So did I . . . and I tried to arrange it!

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Russ Saintry is one of those nice uncomplicated people who always on the scene but never right in the centre of it. Neener with the "in-crowd". Recently Russ decided he was due for a new "image" and he's aiming to be very much in the swim at the deep end of the showbiz pool.

TO say that Russ Saintry has changed is a very inadequate way of describing a major revolution.

I've always liked his records—very pleasant, very boy-next-door, very polished—but I must admit I used to think he looked so old-fashioned it wasn't true. Mohair suits, shiny ties, blow-waved hair... the lot!

And when someone has been around for as long as seven years and hasn't done anything so spectacular as a No. 1 hit, people just don't want to know.

This is the sad truth that hit Russ one day, so he set about creating a new Russ Saintry, and it was this new Russ that I met recently.

THE mohair suits are in moth-balls now. He has a new wardrobe that would feel more at home in Carnaby Street... checked jackets, black knitted ties, narrower trousers. His hair is soft and side-swept. Yet he's every bit the man he was before.

The man he was before was a do-it-yourself expert

IN



**from
the
OUT.
crowd**

in a big way. He was his own manager, agent and publicist. He drove the group van. He handled his own fan club. He did all this from a converted bedroom in his home in East London, and everyone thought how clever he was, and how he deserved success.

BUT the big success didn't come Russ's way because he was trying to do too much.

"I'd always had a good name with people inside showbiz," Russ told me. "But I always seemed to be on the outside looking in. The time came when I thought of packing it all in. I'd had enough of the group scene."

"But my parents kept me going. I decided that it doesn't matter if you're broke if you're happy and broke. So I parted with my group and went solo. And now I'm hoping to hit the public with a new impact."

I hope Russ Saintry does just that. He's a sweet person with real talent. It would be a shame if he went down just because he's been around too long.

JUNE SOUTHWORTH

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Maureen's LETTER BOX

I've just about kept my head above water this week, folks! I thought I would make the gang's coffee—trouble was, most of them got it in their laps. I really must do something about that frayed carpet. . .



DAVEY SANDS AND THE ESSEX

I would like to know some facts about Davey Sands and The Essex, please. Caroline Moll, Arkley, Herts.

Let's take the boys separately. Davey Sands was born in Norbiton, Surrey, on June 13th, 1945. Before he started singing, Davey was an apprentice toolmaker. He is the lead singer of the group.

Howard Alexander is lead guitarist. He was born in Hackney on 23rd November, 1944. Howard used to work in an import and export chemical firm.

Peter James was born in Leyton on 17th September, 1946. Peter worked in an accounts office before joining the group, and it is a standing joke with the boys that Peter (who looks after the financial side) cooks the books, because they are always broke. Peter is the bass guitarist.

Ian Barry is the drummer. He was born in North London on 28th September, 1946. Before joining the group, Ian worked at Drum City, in London, which is one of the biggest shops selling drums.

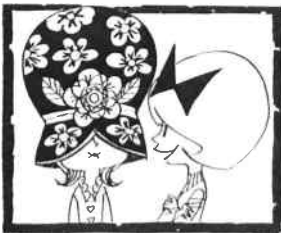
Last but not least, Chris Daryl—he was born in Karachi, in India, on 11th May, 1943. Chris came to England when he was four and now lives in Hornsey. He plays the organ and piano.

HATS AND DDN

Why does Donovan wear a hat? Linda Burton, Redditch.

It's quite simple really, Linda. Because he likes to wear one. When he was wandering all over England, the only piece of protection against wind and rain was his hat. If he could never get any shelter or lifts, his hat kept his hair dry, and that was all that mattered to Donovan.

mo



Hi, Jane what's new?

MARIANNE HAIRDRESSER

Could you tell me where Marianne Faithfull has her hair set? It always looks so nice. Jackie Hughes, Cambridge.

Marianne goes to John of Knightsbridge, to have her hair done.



HOLLIES FAN

Please may I have The Hollies' fan club address, and how do I join? Janice Beaton, Eastleigh, Hants.

The fan club is run by Carol and Joan, 14, Stuart Road, Stretford, Manchester. If you write to the secretaries, please enclose a stamped addressed envelope and they will give you details about joining the club.

QUICKIES

Can Elvis play any musical instruments, please? June Hardy, Norfolk.

Elvis can play guitar and drums, June.



ELVIS

I am trying to trace a Gene Pitney record. Could you tell me which label he records for, please? Sally Ewing, Fife.

Gene records on the Stateside label, Sally.

Don't forget, I'm here to answer your queries. Write to me, Maureen, Fabulous, Fleetway Publications, Farringdon Street, E.C.4. Please don't forget a stamped addressed envelope if you want a postal reply.

discs



● No need to tell you, of course, about the new Beatles disc, but just for the record, both sides *Help* and *I'm Down* are the best the boys have produced for months and should knock on the head those silly rumours that they are slipping in the popularity stakes (Parlophone).

● A new London group called Bluesology has been playing for only nine months but the way that pianist Reg Dwight, lead guitarist Stewart Brown, bass guitarist Rex Bushop and drummer Mike Inkpen make music you'd think they'd been playing together for years. They debut on disc with a bluesy number called *Come Back Baby* (Fontana).

● Tall, dark and handsome, 19-year old Dick Rivers is one of the hottest properties on the French pop music scene. He has a string of hits due to his credit, mostly French versions of American chart-toppers. Recent manager Norrie Paramore, who keeps an eagle eye on the Continental scene, recently brought him to London to record and the result is a very appealing *In Your Shoes* (Columbia).

● Rick (Richard Tyckoff) and Sandy (Alexander Robertson) were boyhood chums in Kenya, lost touch with each other, then met quite by chance in London last year. On holiday together in the South of France they ran out of money, had to sing for their supper and were such a hit that they became full-time professionals—an astute move as you can hear by listening to their latest disc, *Lost My Girl* (Decca).

● *Shades of Blue*, show-casing Don Rendell on tenor and soprano saxes, and Ian Carr on flugelhorn proves that here, at last, are two British jazzmen who can more than hold their own with the Americans (Columbia, LP).

● After *Loving You* by Della Reese is sheer artistry (HMV) and so is *I Put A Spell On You*, a new album by the soulful Nina Simone. She certainly puts a spell on me (Philips).

KEN BOW

WHO'S WHO this week



MERSEYBEATS

L-r: Aaron Williams, Tony Crane, Billy Kinsey, John Banks

RIOT SQUAD

L-r: Bob Evans, Graham Bonney, Brian Davies, Mark Stevens, Mitch Mitchell

IVY LEAGUE

L-r: Ken Lewis, John Carter, Perry Ford

UNIT 4

L-r: Back-Rad Greenwood, Hugh Huddles, Buster Merkle, Davey Tommy Muller, Pete Monize, Les Lamb





Fab