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7th MARCH 1964

Fabulous

ON FILM

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BEATLES CLIFF HAYLEY DAVE CLARK ETC



IT'S FAB

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

ELVIS PRESLEY (starring in M-G-M's *Love In Las Vegas*)..... COVER

HI FAB / STARGAZING WITH JOHN LEYTON..... Pages 2/3

FAB PIN-UP: DAVE CLARK..... Page 4

PHOTOGRAPHER BILL FRANCIS
HE'S EXTRA SPECIAL IS OUR DAVE CLARK..... Page 5

LIVIN' EATIN' BREATHIN' BEATLES..... Page 6

FAB PIN-UP: THE BEATLES..... Page 7

PHOTOGRAPHER BILL FRANCIS
CLIFF CASTS FAB MAN IN DESERT SCENE
FAB PIN-UP: HAYLEY MILLS (starring in Walt Disney's *The Moon-Spinners* for summer release)..... Page 10

FAB PIN-UP: RICHARD O'SULLIVAN..... Page 11

PHOTOGRAPHER BILL FRANCIS
LUCKY JACKIE GENTLE (to be seen in Cliff's new film)..... Page 13

FAB PIN-UP: CLIFF RICHARD..... Pages 14/15

PHOTOGRAPHER BILL FRANCIS
TAKE A LOOK AT OUR HAYLEY NOW!..... Page 16

FAB PIN-UP: JESS CONRAD..... Page 19

PHOTOGRAPHER KEITH INMAN
CINDY AND ELLA... FASHION WITH GILL
FAB PIN-UP: STEPHEN BOYD..... Page 22

PHOTOGRAPHER BILL FRANCIS
FAB PIN-UP: BOBBY DARIN (starring in *Captain Newman, M.D.* U.I. picture distributed in the UK by the Rank Organisation)..... Page 23

TELEDATE WITH RICHARD CHAMBERLAIN by ROY POKETT..... Page 24

FAB PIN-UP: RICHARD CHAMBERLAIN..... Page 25

PHOTOGRAPHER VISTA PHOTOS
RECORD TIME WITH KEITH/WHO'S WHO/CAROL'S LETTER BOX..... Page 26

FAB PIN-UP: PAT BOONE (soon to be seen in the 20th Century Fox release *The Horror Of It All*)..... Page 28

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STARGAZING WITH JOHN LEYTON



We're still with the Pisceans this week. Those born during this period are inclined to be careless, and must avoid giving the wrong impression to an interesting new friend.



CAPRICORN (Dec. 21—Jan. 19). Important you keep spending down to a minimum.



AQUARIUS (Jan. 20—Feb. 18). Intelligence needed for a break through at work.



PISCES (Feb. 19—Mar. 20). Make a decision and leave pleasure pursuits this week.



ARIES (Mar. 21—Apr. 20). Keep alert for a great opportunity and avoid too much time-wasting.



TAURUS (Apr. 21—May 20). You should win the favour of someone you really admire this week.



GEMINI (May 21—June 20). Romantic meeting possible in a week that is bright and cheerful with hope.



CANCER (June 21—July 20). Don't get moody because you have to alter a present arrangement.



LEO (July 21—Aug. 21). Calm week for most matters but watch your personal appearance.



VIRGO (Aug. 22—Sept. 22). You are at your best later in the week so watch early decisions.



LIBRA (Sept. 23—Oct. 22). Uncertainty about the reaction of a friend is needless.



SCORPIO (Oct. 23—Nov. 22). Ample time to attend to a personal problem so get cracking!



SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23—Dec. 20). Your love life is swingin' if you just keep your head.

HEY THERE!

I'm right off my gang. They're all sitting in our big features' room talking about going to the pictures and they haven't invited me. And all because I went out to lunch with Dave Clark without inviting them!

"Editor's privilege," I told them, and they made nasty cracks under their breath. "When I had lunch with John Leyton," Sylvia muttered. "She had to turn, up, too!"

Well—wouldn't you?

Dave Clark, incidentally, is a doll! Sort of cuddly and a bit shy. And he's been telling me all about the plot of the film he's going to make.

Sorry, can't pass on the information. It's a secret! But it's one film that FAB's gang won't be missing. I'll even invite them myself. And Pay I! Idea! If I tell them that *now*—maybe they'll invite me along tonight. Let's go see.

See you next week, huh?

THE EDITOR



It's June here. Well, actually, all the FAB gang are here. We're having a mad night out together . . . and already we're arguing about which film we should go to see. I think I'll sit down and tell you about the latest from the film studios while the rest of them sort it out.



IAIN GREGORY

That gorgeous bit of work IAIN GREGORY—he has *The System* awaiting release—recently disposed of a weighty problem. Knowing Iain's musical genius (he once converted a piano into a harpsichord by sticking the hammers down with drawing pins) a well-meaning friend presented him with a church organ. That was all very well, but Iain's rooms weren't really big enough to take it. He played the organ quite happily in the garage for a time. But the car was getting a bit browned-off standing outside. So he brought the organ into the house and stuck the pipes through the ceiling. Recently, the house had to be demolished. The organ went with it. And I'm not kidding.



PETER MCENERY

"That Kiss" has been filmed . . . behind locked doors. "That Kiss" being the one HAYLEY MILLS receives from PETER MCENERY in *The Moon-Spinners*—her very first screen kiss says Hayley:

"I hope people aren't expecting a BRIGITTE BARDOT from me. It was just a simple boy-meets-girl kiss, that's all." Bachelor boy-co-star, twenty-three year old Peter, says he isn't available for comment! Ha-ha!



STEVE MCQUEEN

STEVE MCQUEEN, the tough guy with the burning eyes and that haircut, goes west in *The Traveling Lady*. ELMER BERNSTEIN has written three songs for him to sing in the picture—all with a Texan flavour. Steve was a riot in New York recently. Traffic skidded to a halt on 34th Street, where Steve was shooting a scene for *Love With A Proper Stranger*. At the time he was wearing a string of bells round his neck and he was pursuing NATALIE WOOD. He was also playing a banjo and carrying a notice "BETTER WED THAN DEAD".

Hifab!

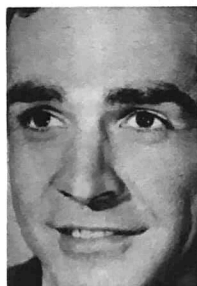


Fab STRIKES GOLD!



JOHN LEYTON

Incidentally, Steve's co-star from *The Great Escape*—JOHN LEYTON, won't be doing any more war films if he can help it. To start with he was nearly drowned in the River Rhine when filming. Then he nearly ended up in a German prison. He strolled on to the set the day they were filming a tunnel sequence looking pretty dishevelled and wearing a tatty old R.A.F. uniform ... just right for the tunnelling scenes. Suddenly, Johnny remembered that he'd left the gas on at his flat, and tore back home. On his way he was stopped by the military police and was arrested. An embarrassed Johnny had to phone back to the film studio and ask them to explain to the police that he wasn't a R.A.F. deserter!



SEAN CONNERY

SEAN CONNERY recently treated our American friends to his latest hobby ... playing bagpipes. He was driving everyone on the set right up the wall until they thought of a scheme to get some peace. Overnight, they tried to make his dressing-room sound-proof. It didn't stop Sean ... or the sound of the bagpipes getting through, either. He just left his dressing-room door open. . . .

Incidentally, Sean is back in Britain filming another James Bond epic at Pinewood. The title of this money-spinner? *Goldfinger*.

Since *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*, people have tended to mix up the real ALBERT FINNEY with the character he played in that film. "Actually I'm rather dull," says Albie. Whether you believe him or not, he's hoping that you won't confuse him with the character he plays in *Night Must Fall*. He's cast as a murderer.



ALBERT FINNEY

DAVE CLARK, who writes for you this week on page 5 has been telling us about the finances of a film extra. Apparently if you're invited to join the Film Artists' Association (a committee interviews you) you pay a £4 entrance fee, and if you want speaking parts you have to join Equity as well (another £6). You're paid three or four pounds a day for standing around on the set, and you may get allowances for clothes and for the use of your car. Many extras earn only £6 a week on an average. Stuntmen get more—if you really feel like diving off a precipice, you may get three thousand dollars a day in America! Dave took the less painful way to fame and made a hit record instead!

Well, that's the news from the film studios. Now back to the gang. They're still arguing! I think I'll just go home and watch the telly. . . .



DAVE CLARK

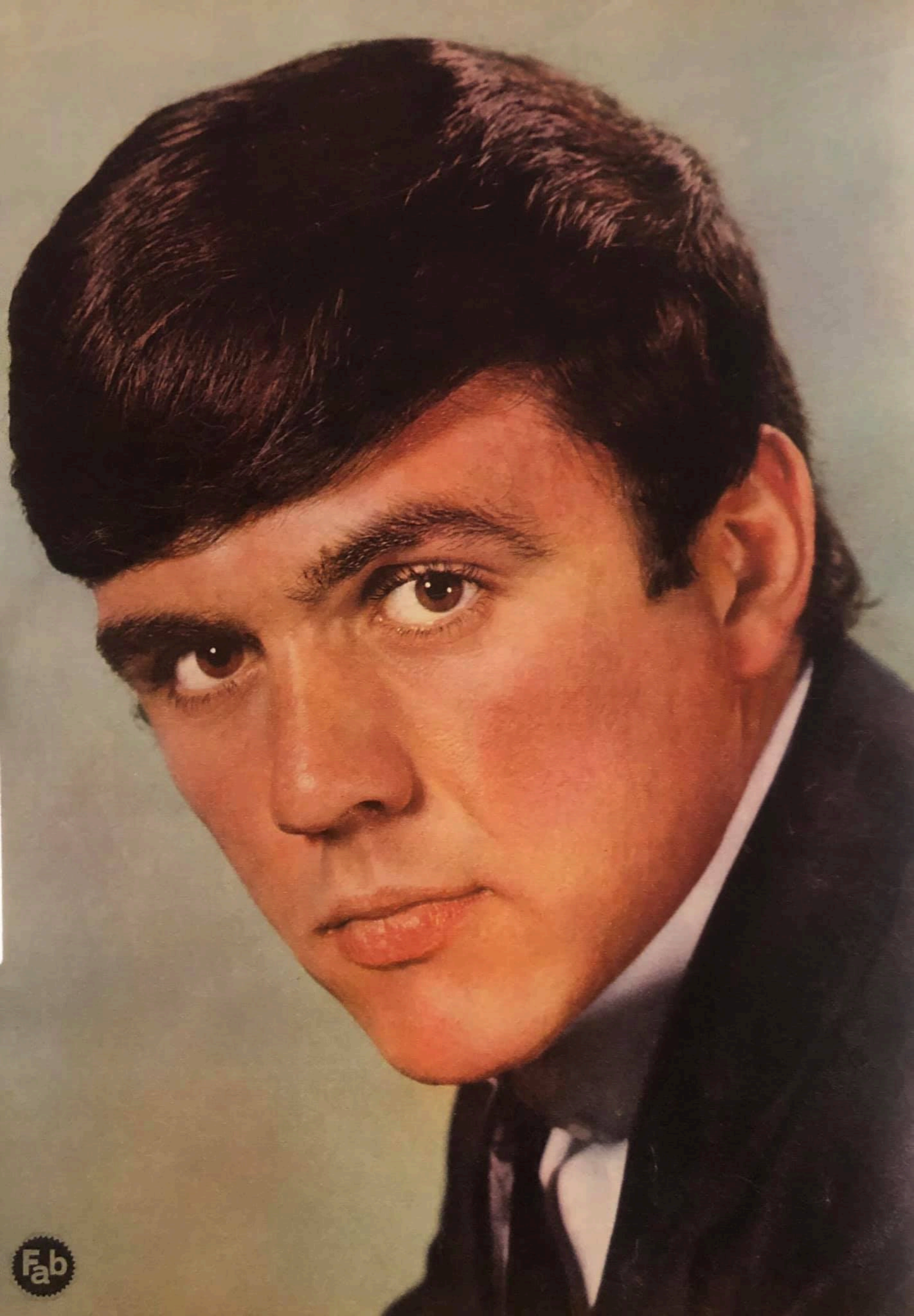


NEXT WEEK FABULOUS GOES WAY OUT WITH THE GOLDEN GANG—THE FACTS 'N' FIGURES ON GOLD DISCS—PLUS—THE BEATLE IN THE BACKGROUND—PLUS—PET CLARK TELLS WHY FRENCH BOYS ARE FAB—PLUS—TERRIFIC TELEDATE WITH DEL SHANNON—PLUS—A FABULOUS NEW BEATLE PICTURE PUZZLE—PLUS—A NEW LOOK AT ELVIS

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Fab

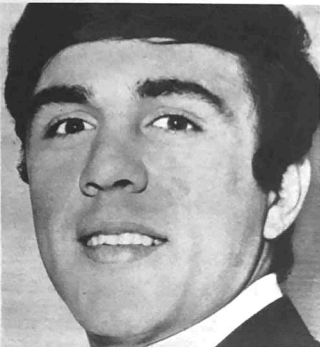


HE'S EXTRA SPECIAL



Look down the list of movies like *The Victors*, *I Could Go On Singing* and *On The Beat*—you'll see names like Norman Wisdom, Judy Garland, Dirk Bogarde and Albert Finney. But you won't see my name. Not Dave Clark.

But I've been in all of them. About two dozen films in less than two years.



is our DAVE CLARK

WHO WRITES FOR YOU HIMSELF THIS WEEK

That's me—a film extra. Or at least I was until the Dave Clark Five made the Hit Parade with *Glad All Over*. Before that happened, I used to spend my evenings drumming out the big beat... and then rushing home to get a few hours' kip before starting out for the film studios at the crack of dawn—or even before.

Even if nobody knew I was in all those films. Even if sometimes my own mum couldn't recognise me on the screen—I loved my work as an extra. Yet it all started by accident. A movie producer saw the group working at a U.S. base. On the strength of what he saw (and heard), he gave us a number to do in his film *The Rag Doll*. I liked the studio work I got the acting bug. But as an "extra" you mostly just dress up and get around in gangs. One day, we all wandered into the village of Cobham, in Surrey. Bloke spotted me in my police uniform and came over to ask me the time—and then the quickest way to the main London road. I didn't have my watch with me. And I hadn't the foggiest idea where I was!

As a kid, I used to dress up as a cowboy, or play soldiers and go out and shoot up the rest of the gang in our street in Tottenham, North London. My mum told me I'd grow out of it. Well, I didn't... Cos by the time I was TWENTY, there I was getting dressed up—and getting paid for playing soldiers in films like *The Victors*.

Mostly, the studios fit you out with the costumes. And I can tell you they don't always fit very well. Other times, if it was a modern setting, we wore our own suits—and got extra money for wear-and-tear on our clothes.

Thing about being an "extra" is that you don't really know where you will end up any one day—or when you'll finish. There is a lot of hanging around doing nothing, of course. But this gave me the opportunity to talk to some of my real-life idols. Like Judy Garland.

I met her on *I Could Go On Singing* and part of that was shot backstage at the London Palladium. The atmosphere there is marvellous—

I mean it really is the centre of show business in Britain. As I watched her, on stage, from my "extra" seat in the front stalls, I could just imagine the Dave Clark Five being up there, too.

In my mind's eye, I could see ME playing drums and all the cameras on us on that great stage. I got a cold shiver all down my spine.

I found myself getting caught up in the atmosphere of the films. I think it was George Hamilton, on *The Victors*, who said that that was a good thing.

The film extra's life is good only if you're interested in the job. But some people are just there for the money and they can't wait to get back home.

But I believed in living for the day... and living the part. It caught me on the hop sometimes. Like when I went home, in costume, from one Army "epic". I was dirty-faced, tired—just looking forward to a quick bath and change before I was off to the ballroom for a date with the Group.

I parked my car and was nearing the front door when a dirty great sergeant in the Regular Army shouted at me. "You're a disgrace, man. If you were in my unit, you'd be on a charge."

I won't tell you what I shouted back at him!

Incidentally, I've got a dog—a big boxer called Spike. He's been on several films with me, just wandering on and off. I thought about opening a bank account for him, because they paid him, too!

Spike nearly put paid to my "extra" career. One of the commissioners at a studio decided my car was parked in the wrong place so he tried to move it. He put his head inside the window to release the brake and move it on.

But Spike didn't fancy this, not one little bit. So he grabbed this bloke. By the time the commissioner got free, he'd decided he didn't really have any objections as to where my car was parked!

Those "extra"-special days are over now. But I still think it's a grand life. Actually getting PAID to play cowboys and Indians... well, how can that be bad?

Or maybe I'm still a little boy at heart!

livin' eatin' breathin' Beatles film!

THE VERY LATEST INFO ON THE FAB FOURS FIRST FILM BY KEITH ALTHAM

HOW are those Beatle people taking to the film bit? For the answer to that one I went along to see producer, Walter Shenson and the film writer Alun Owen at Walter's Mayfair flat.

Walter first heard of the boys back home in California last July, but it wasn't till he came to Britain early this year, that he realised their tremendous talent.

He found that catching a Beatle was harder than getting an interview with Frank Sinatra.

"I finally caught up with them in a taxi cab," recalls Walter. "They were leaving their flat and on the way to EMI studios."

It took him some time to talk Brian Epstein and The Beatles into making a film. But as soon as Dick Lester (who made *The Goons*), *The Running Jumping Standing Still* film) was mentioned as Director and Alun signed as writer they were right behind Walter. Alun has been living, eating and breathing with The Beatles for the past few weeks.

"I'm not writing a load of rubbish about this four-headed monster called 'The Beatles'," says Alun. "I'm writing about four individuals, called George, Ringo, Paul and John and not a load of cod Liverpool nonsense."

I asked Alun how he saw the individual boys as characters.

"Ringo always gives me the impression of a happy, bouncy, gnome-like character. Very polite and full of life."

He found Paul slightly changeable. The type

who jumps from being funny to extremely serious.

Walter talked about John. "A very intense kind of guy. Very much aware that he and Paul bear a double responsibility in the group, that is, as composers as well as performers. They have worked out six new numbers for the film."

George was a little worried about learning lines for the film but when he learnt from Walter that two minutes "in the can" each day was considered good work he felt a lot better.

Alun put in a comment here. "I remember George coming up to me before we started filming and saying, 'Hello whack.' I asked him what he thought he was talking about?"

"Well, that's like what we're supposed to talk like isn't it?" said George.

"I've never heard you use that kind of language," Alun told him. "And you certainly won't get lines like that in the film." He was delighted.

The film is going to be roughly twelve hours in the lives of The Beatles. The people they meet and the places they go and there will be no famous guest stars.

"We want nothing to take the limelight from the boys themselves," said Walter.

Like Alun, Director Dick Lester has been spending a lot of time with the boys in their off duty moments.

"Dick worked a wonderful piano duet out with Paul," said Alun, "while they were in Paris. He has that kind of off-beat goon humour that the boys appreciate. I know a lot about that for at one time



American producer, Walter Shenson, will produce the new Beatles film

Dick Lester who was responsible for one of The Beatles' favourite films, will be their director



Dick and I did a series of TV shows together." I asked Walter if he thought that The Beatles could ever portray anything but themselves in a film.

"People used the same argument about Frank Sinatra when he started," explained Walter. "He wore his hair long with those huge bow ties and massive, padded shoulders. He matured and altered his appearance to suit his years—he won an Oscar. Why shouldn't that happen to one or any of The Beatles?"

One of the things that impressed United Artists into making the film was the universal appeal that the boys have. Walter gave me a classic example.

"They appeal to all ages. I was walking down on the set the other day when a very great lady stopped to talk to me."

"I'm so glad you are making a film about The Beatles," she said. "They're my favourite group."

That was actress Margaret Rutherford, who is now a youthful seventy-six.

The Beatles are here to stay and Walter Shenson is even now talking in terms of their next picture. Like you, I'm looking forward to seeing this one.

They scream, ice scream, you'll all be screaming when you see The Beatles in their first feature film.



CLIFF

CASTS FAB MAN IN DESERT SCENE

FABULOUS GETS IN ON THE ACT...RESULT
...HILARIOUS



Our fab man joins the Arab extras. Anyone for tennis?

A Shadow falls to the ground. Left to right: John, Brian and Bruce as Legionaire Hank goes through his passing out ceremony.



SCENE: EXT (that means exterior or out-of-doors to us!) MASPALOMAS BEACH, GRAN CANARIA (that's Spanish for the biggest island on the Canaries). SAND, PALM TREES, DESERT, SAND DUNES.

That's what it said on the film script clutched in the hand of the Fab reporter who stumbled on an Arab encampment, tents, camels, rugs, assorted sheiks, tribesmen and (oddy) film cameras, lights, mikes, FABULOUS reporter refers to his script of WONDERFUL LIFE. It announces that:

SITTING IN A CHAIR IS A HANDSOME OFFICER OF THE FOREIGN LEGION. IT IS CLIFF RICHARD.

Cliff spots FABULOUS reporter before reporter spots Cliff.

CLIFF: "Hey, mate, we want you. Walter the assistant director wants Arabs for this crowd scene. Get in there and see the wardrobe girl and make-up. They'll fix you up as an Arab. The Shads are in there, Everybody. It's a great giggle. See you on the set, huh?"

Fab's man is turned over to two girls from the studios who convert him into a passable Arab tribesman, provided he keeps his sun-red face covered up.

FAB'S MAN: "What do I have to do? Someone's pinched my script."

Another assistant director hands him a copy of the script with the place marked. It reads as follows:

Cliff sings many great songs in *Wonderful Life*, including the title tune which is reported to be even better than his fab *Bachelor Boy* hit.

21 EXT. OASIS. DAY.
THERE ARE FIVE SHEIKS, INCLUDING ONE SENIOR SHEIK. THEY ARE AWFUL IN THEIR MAJESTY. (Blimey, thinks Fab reporter.) TWO TRIBESMEN BRING IN A BEAUTIFUL GIRL (SUSAN HAMPSHIRE) TIED TO A CAMEL.

SENIOR SHEIK: "THOU HAS SINED, KALUMA, MY DAUGHTER. THOU WILT NOT FORSWEAR THE ENGLISH INFIDELAND THOU SHALT BE PUNISHED ACCORDING TO THE LAW OF MY PEOPLE. THOU SHALT BE SENT INTO THE DESERT TO PERISH OF HEAT AND THIRST. FROM HENCEFORTH ONLY THE CARRION BIRDS SHALL KNOW THEE. GO MY DAUGHTER AND MAY ALLAH HAVE MERCY ON THY SOUL."

SENIOR SHEIK FIRES HIS CARBINE. THE CAMEL GALLOPS OFF INTO THE DESERT AND AS IT DEPARTS WE CHANGE THE SCENE TO DESERT AND PALM TREES. DAY. . . .

Fab's man: "Crikey, Cliff. Do they make Susan Hampshire get on this camel?"
Cliff: "They do. Look over there."

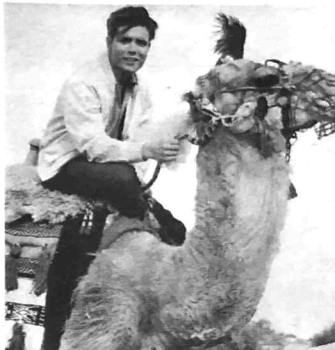
A camel lopes into view and strapped to its hump is the beautiful Susan, clad in diaphanous robes, looking pathetic.

Voice of an assistant director cuts the air: "Okay everybody. Into position. Susan, are you all right? I want all Arabs, Bedouins, tribesmen and legionnaires in position. Over to the right in a thick mass. We're going to run it through first. Okay, skipper?" (This to Sidney Furie perched on a camera platform.)

In between wrestling with alligators and chasing runaway camels Cliff was able to take time off and chat with co-stars, Una Stubbs and Melvyn Hayes.



Our fab man really got the hump after chasing Cliff on a camel. This animal only went when it felt like it—made producer Sydney Furie-ous.



▲ We found Cliff's lovely leading lady disguised as an Arab girl with a lovely black wig. The umbrella? Well—it kept the sun off.

Voice of director Furie: "ACTION!"
Cliff to Fab's man: "Get in there, mate. It's your chance of film fame. See you later."

Fab man cowers in his desert robe behind a sheik, who looks remarkably like Hank Marvin. It is Hank Marvin. He leers evilly and orientally. The camel is led a bit reluctantly into position, with Susan looking very uncomfortable.

"Susie's got a proper hump," whispers an Arab, who looks like Bruce Welch.

The Senior Sheik intones his awful desert fate on Susan. Somebody fires a shot, as per script. The camel doesn't move. There is a horrible silence. Camel looks bored.

Fab man to Cliff, who is standing out of camera range: "What happens now?"

Cliff: "Very temperamental this camel. I've ridden him a number of times. You just have to be patient. He may decide to move almost any time. You never know."

Director Furie from platform: "Roberto, can you explain to this Camel's Attendant that he's got to move when WE want him?"

Roberto, a Spanish assistant director, talks emphatically to the Camel's Attendant.

Director Furie: "Okay, everybody, let's go again. Action. . . ."

The Senior Sheik speaks, Susan Hampshire continues to look tragic, the camel looks bored, the carbine cracks. The camel stands stock still and makes a decidedly rude noise with his mouth. The attendant tugs him.

Director Furie with amazing self control: "O.K. let's try again, shall we. Action. . . ."

Cliff to Fab man; who is by now sweating in his Arab robes: "I hope it's third time lucky. Poor Susie must be uncomfortable on that camel. I hope they've padded her!"
Director Furie: "Try it again. We'll try and get this one on camera. Okay, roll 'em." (Sound and cameraman check back.)

The Sheik talks . . . the carbine is rasped. Before it is fired, the camel strolls gently off bearing Susan away into the distance.

Director Furie: "Cut, okay, we can add sound to it."

Cliff to Fab's man: "Just like a camel. Come on, it's tea break; lets have a cuppa. But let's see about Susie first."

Cliff and Fab man walk over to where Susan Hampshire is being helped down from the hump of the camel.

Cliff: "How are you, Susie?"

Susan: "I'm fine. No bruises. Don't think I'd like to ride one of these animals for long."

Cliff: "Tea break. Come on, let's go."

We all walk towards the mobile tea wagon, part of any British film unit on location.

Director Furie: "Well, thanks for your help. Check in at the wardrobe tent with your robes. What about tonight? Susie, how about dinner at the Swedish roof restaurant! All the gang, eh? And this Arab type too?"
Susan: "Anywhere that doesn't remind me of camels and the sands of the desert."

Later message from Cliff to Fab's man: "Sorry, pal, but you were left on the cutting room floor. They had to cut your bit. How about playing an Eskimo in our next film?"

(Extracts from the Myers and Cass script of "Wonderful Life", by permission.)





Fab



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LUCKY JACKIE GENTLE

Put yourself in the place of Jackie Gentle, seventeen year old. You are a pupil at the Arts Educational School learning to be a dancer.

One day (it happened last autumn) you hear at school that Dance Director Gillian Lynne, is auditioning for dancers for the new Cliff Richard film, *Wonderful Life*. On one of those rather crazy impulses, on a dull day, you and two or three friends go to the Savoy Theatre, London, and dance for Miss Lynne.

You go home to Radlett and forget the whole thing. A week or so later the letter comes. YOU have landed the job—out of 350 girls! It's your very first job in the world of entertainment and you are the youngest member of Cliff's party.

One grey December morning you take off from Gatwick Airport for Las Palmas and five hours later you step out into the blazing sun of the Canary Islands.

You pinch yourself to see if it's all true. You write a quick card home to say: "I'm the luckiest girl in the world."

Then you are plunged into a strange world indeed. Called every morning at 5.30 a.m. at the Hotel Metropole, a snazzy modern place where all the girl dancers in the film are installed together, two to a room. You have to get into costumes, grab a quick breakfast of coffee and rolls, and in the darkness the minibuses whisk you out thirty-seven miles along winding mountain roads to Maspalomas Beach which is the location for most of the scenes of *Wonderful Life*.

As the bus winds down the last hill, you see the sun rise, a fabulous sight. Then on to the beach, where work begins at once so as to catch every minute of the bright clear sun. At first you think you are dreaming for all around you are the faces you saw in *Summer*



Lucky why?
Because she is the 17 year old dancer, who for her first-ever job found herself in the Canary Islands with Cliff and the Shadows filming "Wonderful Life". Here's the story of a lucky girl's five weeks in the sun...

Holiday at your local cinema. There's Cliff, The Shadows, Una Stubbs, Melvyn Hayes, Richard O'Sullivan. They smile at you, but the assistant director's megaphone breaks in: "Dancers in position, please."

No more time for day dreaming. It's work, work, work. The work you love—dancing.

You don't remember the exact meeting with Cliff, but you find yourself taking a breather on the sand next to Cliff and The Shadows, who are as usual strumming away on their guitars. "Someone says: 'This is Jackie,'" and Cliff smiles that warm smile and says: "Hiya, Jackie!"

From then on, day in and day out, you are one of the nicest most exciting gang imaginable. Lunch at the long table in the open air, by the mobile canteen. Marvellous food and cold drinks. Cliff and the boys all around, talking, joking, laughing. Then the long ride home in the dusk through the marvellous scenery. You are tired—but you are getting tanned.

Then there's the evening when Cliff calls over: "Come over to our place as soon as you can. We're throwing a party tonight." (Cliff's "place" is his suite at the Santa Cataline Hotel across the street.)

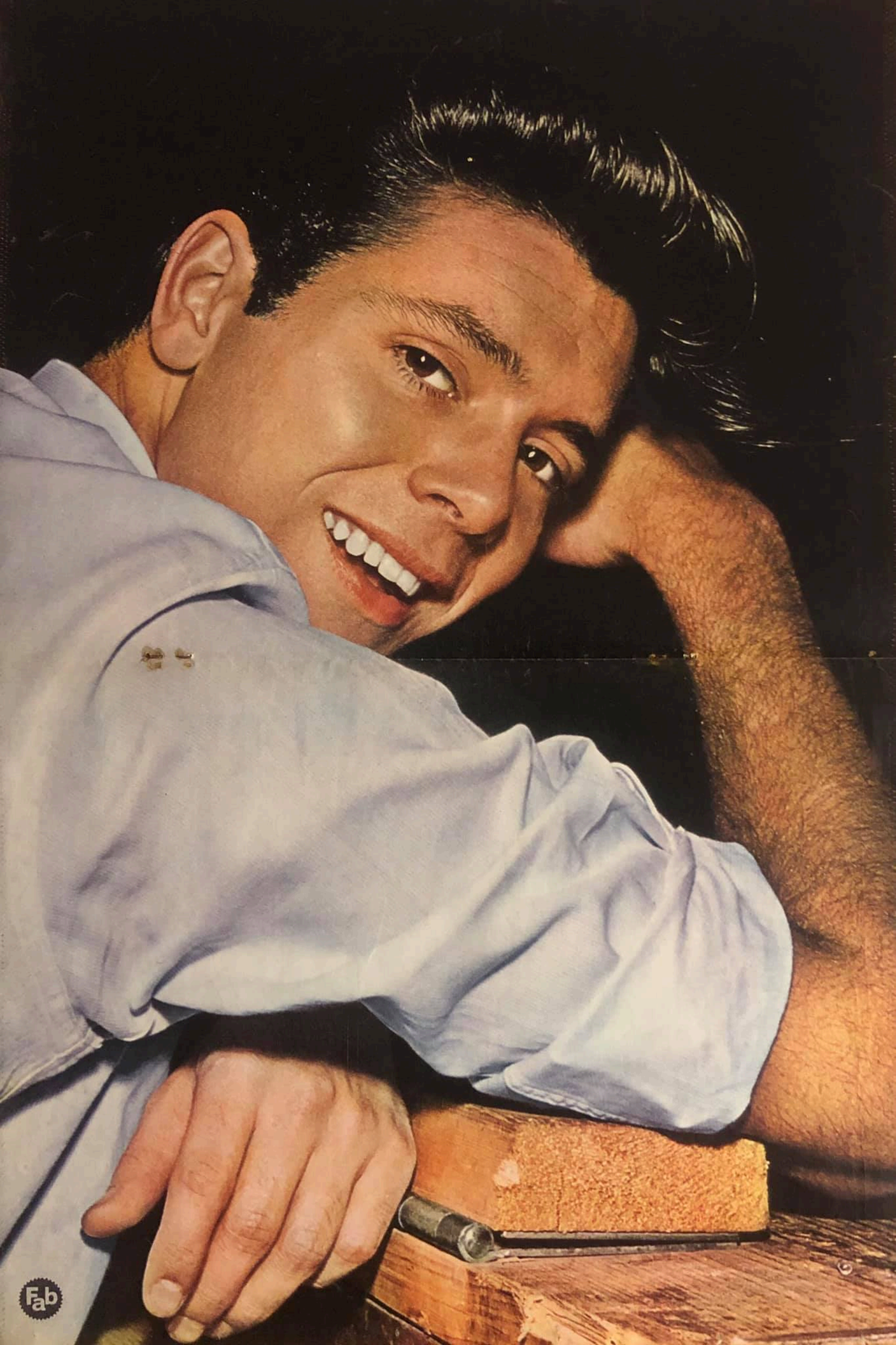
Somehow all the cast crowd into Cliff's "place" that night. There's tea, coffee, coke, wine and snacks. Cliff's new record player is giving out all the new numbers. His, The Beatles. You sit on the floor and listen. Dance a bit.

The hours flash by. Then: "Hey, everybody! Bed. We're working tomorrow," says Cliff.

You tumble into bed, the happiest, luckiest girl you know.

And that was your *Wonderful Life* for five weeks.







TAKE A LOOK AT OUR
Hayley



now
!

By Mike Tomkies

"We all have to be alone sometimes," Hayley Mills said to me on the set of her latest film, *The Moon-Spinners*, "but the very idea used to horrify me!"

Hayley was telling me about the time she went to Crete for location work on the film. For the very first time in her life she was completely on her own.

"This was IT!" she grinned. "No devoted family, no chaperon, just me, making my own decisions. I almost told the car driver to turn back to the airport!"

"Then, we happened to stop at a little restaurant for refreshments and I was invited to sit with a lawyer and a priest. There I was, for the very first time, alone with strangers."

Suddenly she looked radiant.

"It was TERRIFIC! We talked for hours about everything under the sun and I felt so free, as if I was finding the real me . . . if you know what I mean."

I said I did.

"You see," she added thoughtfully, "the worst part about growing up is that you get so aware of yourself. You worry what other people will say about you . . . yet there I was, nattering away, being accepted as a real person."

"But you're an international star," I said, "people already love you as a person through your films."

"That's wonderful of course," she agreed, "but they expect so much more of me. As each new film gets near I wonder if it will flop and they'll think I was just a flash in the pan. It's my CAREER now and I'm much more responsible for it."

Yet she is a complete professional about her work and knows the only way to learn is to listen to people with more experience, even if her sense of fun does get in the way—like the time technicians were worried about whether a canoe would stay afloat during a film scene. Hayley longed to get into it to see if it would SINK!

How does she feel about marriage?

"Well I'm too young to worry about that yet," she said. "I have plenty of dates but unless you're really and truly in love it's wiser to shelve that problem for a while. I've changed so much since I was fifteen, that was all of two years ago! You get big crushes at that age but now, well, marriage is a life long contract and it needs an awful lot of thought."

And if that attitude doesn't show how grown up Hayley Mills is, I don't know what does.

Hayley gets her first screen kiss from actor Peter McEnery in *The Moon-Spinners* and she'll be really grown up movie-wise, but in real life perhaps it all really started . . . in that little restaurant in Crete.

Play it sm-o-o-th. Here's the gear. Miners' fab new album of swinging new colours for lips. Nine great singles in one cool collection. Plus two twistin' new hits: Honey Kick and Coffee Bar. On the flip side: eleven matching lacquers to bring colour right to your finger tips. They're only on the Miners label. LIPSTICK 1/6; NAIL LACQUER 1/6.



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Appearing on these pages.

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Paula Noble as Cindy and Donna Pearson as Ella. Squared by the Hippiest group in Town, the Swinging Blue Jeans and Fabulous Mike Hurst and Iain Gregory.

LOCATION:

Regent's Park Zoo, the Exotic Beachcomber at London's smart Mayfair Hotel and The Crazy Elephant Club, London.



Once upon a time there were two beautiful, but hard-up gals called Cindy and Ella. THEIRS was a hard life . . . nothing but drudgery and dreams . . . UNTIL one day . . .

While warming their tiny tootsies and frozen mitts and dreaming of old-fashioned millionaires, dressed in real mod gear there suddenly appeared a real life fairy godmother who part-time played being Gill Oliver, fashion Ed of Fab.



A secret tryst at dead on nine in the Mayfair's plush Beachcomber bar. Fab Mike Hurst flips a million over Cindy's pink linen suit with its petal neckline, by Shubette, approximately £4 19s. 6d.

Not to mention Ella who's really captured the heart of that elusive romantic Iain Gregory. Lucky girl. It must've been her floral chifon dress that did it. By Shubette, approximately £7.

A taste of Saki in the soft strains of a Hawaiian chant still in the romantic Beachcomber, and Iain and Mike give Cindy and Ella an evening they'll certainly never forget.



Waving her magic wand, and dressed in her delish sugar pink Fifth Avenue coat (£12 12s.) she cried: "Cindy and Ella never you fret, I'm here to make you 'With It' yet. So don't be sad, don't be blue. I will make your dreams come true!"



Then hey Presto—there they were—in a magic Fairyland, with those dishy dateable Swinging Blue Jeans. Oie! After the introductions the "Jeans" whirled them quickly off to the Zoo. They were treated like Queens!



And dressed like Queens! Ella's green woollen three-piece costs £6 13s. 6d., from Fifth Avenue. Not forgetting Cindy who looked a whizz in her black and white check three-piece (also from Fifth Avenue) £9 19s. 6d., with matching hat, 25s.



Finally, to round off, the Crazy Elephant Club in London, seemed the ideal night spot, when Ella wore a pink and white check hipster skirt, 69s. 11d., and pink hooded sweater, 45s., both from Neatawear.



Look who's all shook up this time. Yes, it's Mike again with our Cindy. And how she's wowwed 'em all with her grey flannel pinafore dress and pink ruffle blouse, both from Fifth Avenue, 7 gns.



Atlas, all good things come to an end, and Boi-ng! Boi-ng! Boi-ng! It's dead on Midnight. It's time to call it a day. So Cindy takes a fond farewell. Yes, Ian, it's been Fabulously Fab!





Fab



TELEDATE

Like to know why Richard Chamberlain travelled 800 miles for a lobster supper? Then imagine his deep, pleasant voice on the phone and take the place of our Hollywood Reporter, Roy Pockett, who cabled us this exclusive teledate with Doc Kildare . . . time—10 a.m. place—Doctor Kildare set at Hollywood's MGM studios. . .



ROY POCKETT
TALKING TO

RICHARD CHAMBERLAIN

RICHARD: Hello, Roy. Nice to hear from you. I'm looking forward to meeting the winner of your Fab competition.

ROY: Thanks, Richard, but let's talk about you. Haven't you just finished making *The Charge Is Murder*?

RICHARD: Yes, and it made a nice change from Blair Hospital. It was something I really wanted to do, too.

ROY: Any other plans right now?

RICHARD: Well I'm thinking of building me a dream house, full of mechanical gadgets. . . .

ROY: Hey there. I always thought a wife was the best gadget you could have around the house.

RICHARD: You're not catching me out on that one, Roy!

ROY: Okay, I'll change the subject (*thinking rapidly*). Have you ever done anything mad, on the spur of the moment?

RICHARD: Well I did have a double date recently and we wanted somewhere new and exciting to eat . . . so we booked a jet plane and, one hour and four hundred miles later, we were in San Francisco. We went to Fisherman's Wharf there. . . .

ROY: It's famous for its sea food, isn't it?

RICHARD: That's right. Anyway after supper we took a cab to the highest point in San Francisco and looked down

at the city, beautifully lit below us. It seemed so unreal. There we were, four hundred miles from home, and all on account of a lobster supper. It was crazy but we got a big kick out of it.

ROY: Well, it only takes ten and a half hours to London from Hollywood. How about getting mad enough to pop over to London for a fish and chip supper?

RICHARD: Don't tempt me. But it would have to be a long weekend!

ROY: Is fish your favourite food?

RICHARD: Anything I don't have to cook is my favourite food, Roy. One girl read in a magazine that I like to cook and she keeps sending me recipes. I try out . . . the easy ones!

ROY: What d'you do in your spare time?

RICHARD: I don't have much. I like to paint a little, listen to music and, since I live on my own, do the household chores. Guess I like to play the piano and sing best.

ROY: Sounds fun, but I can hear those fatal pips!

RICHARD: Uh-huh. Means I have to report back for medical duty! Bye, Roy, and thanks for phoning. Please give my best wishes to all your readers.

ROY: Will do, Richard. All the best in 1964

Be nice if he did come over for that fish and chip supper sometime, wouldn't it?



Richard Chamberlain. . . Pianist. . . Painter. . .



Fab

Carol's Letter Box

Hi! It's Carol here again. Thanks a million for all your letters (the Ed's delighted that you're keeping me so busy!). Here's my selection of questions and answers for this week, so over to you...



Gene Vincent

Gill Ingle of Hertfordshire asks: What happened to Gene Vincent's group, The Blue Caps?

Gene's *English Blue Caps* have now formed their own group—*The Shouts*. Gill

Kristine Lester of Middlesex writes: Please can you tell me how tall Joe Brown is. My friend says he is very tall, but I think he's short?

Believe it or not, Joe is 6 ft. 2 ins.

From Eltham: June Royal writes: I was sorry to hear that Little Richard has retired. Do you think he will come back sometimes?

Personally, I think he will, June. Little Richard tried to retire once before... but returned by public demand! So, if we try hard enough, perhaps he will come rocking back again some day.

Caroline Workman of Halifax asks: Please can you tell me the names of The Cameos?

Will do Caroline. The Cameos are Guy Fletcher, Barbara Fletcher (known as Jabs) and Edward Stuart Fletcher.



Hayley Mills

Betty Crewe of Buckinghamshire wants to know: Where does Hayley Mills have her hair done? It always looks super. Please help me. Glad to, Betty. Here comes the surprise... Hayley hates going to the hairdressers, and she washes and sets her own hair! On special dates, Hayley simply "puts two huge rollers in the top, and hopes for the best!"



Rolf Harris

Jule Paine of Ireland asks: Did Rolf Harris write *I've Lost My Mummy* or is it written for him? Rolf wrote the song himself, Jule. It was way back in 1956, after seeing a little girl lost in a big store. A similar thing happened to Rolf in Australia. He was about six, and his elder brother lost him on purpose so that he could go off on his own. "I screamed... until someone gave me my bus fare home," said Rolf.



John Leyton

Carol Hedges of Kent asks: Why has John Leyton had his super locks cut into the "Beatie style"? John's hair was great—and too many guys have got the "Beatie style" already.

John found his long hair fell over his face while he was on stage. And as *hipped styles* are the fashion, John decided to change. Actually, John's isn't a "Beatie style" it's much, much shorter! A bit like Hamilton!

Angela Long of Sussex asks: Where did that crazy Blue Beat originate from, and who are the top Beat singers?

Blue Beat came over with immigrants from the West Indies. At first the Beat only caught on in London, but now the whole country is raving with it! *Blue Beat* top stars are Eric Murns, Derek and Patsy and Prince Buster.



Freddie and The Dreamers

Pat Hames of Liverpool wants to know: If Freddie and The Dreamers started out as a comedy act?

No, they didn't! They just wanted to take a more light-hearted view of the pop world!



Little Richard

ANYTHING YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW, JUST DROP ME A LINE... Carol's Letter Box, Fabulous, Fleetway Publications, Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4



Bobby Darin

WHO'S WHO



THIS WEEK

A key to this week's pin-ups



Dave Clark



Pat Boone



Richard O'Sullivan



Elvis Presley



Richard Chamberlain



Cliff Richard



Stephen Boyd



Hayley Mills



Jess Conrad

IN RECORD TIME



Keith with The Rolling Stones

THE **Rolling Stones** are certainly gathering plenty of moss at the moment. The Stones broke attendance records when they appeared at Liverpool's famous Cavern Club a few weeks back. The audience reaction to their stage show is as good as those for the you-know-who's. **Keith Richard** and **Mick Jagger** have thrashed into the composing market and look like doing a Lennon-McCartney act with *That Girl Belongs To Yesterday* (United Artists). It was a big hit for Gene Pitney in America and looks like repeating its success over here.

Memo to **Brian Jones** of the Stones: "Remember your radiogram that mysteriously blew all its valves? Keith Richard can tell you something about it!" (Well, Keith R. dared me to print it. Look out for pix of me with head in sling next week.)

Touch of the Buddy Holly's from **Bobby Vee** with *She's Sorry* (Liberty). Taken from Bobby's LP *I Remember Buddy Holly* it could almost be the late, great, Buddy himself!

Plenty of sweet beat from **The Mersybeats** on their new EP *The Mersybeats on Stage* (Fontana). Tracks are: *Long Tall Sally*, *I'm Gonna Sit Right Down And Cry*, *Shame* and *You Can't Judge A Book By Looking At The Cover*.

Mark Wynter's new EP *Wynter Time* (Pye) one of the best buys of the month with five brand new tracks on it.

Dusty Springfield, who else? keeps odd hours. She knocked up her manager Vic Billings at two in the morning by tooting the horn of her car outside his house. Vic threw back the window about to hurl abuse at whoever was disturbing the peace! He was completely disarmed when a sweet voice called up: "Oh, you are up! I good, let's have a coffee in town." Her new disc *Stay Awake* (Philips) is a knockout.

KEITH ALTHAM



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