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19th SEPTEMBER 1964

# Fabulous

## WITH SOMETHING TO SHOUT ABOUT

11 KING SIZE FULL COLOUR PIN-UPS

RINGO STONES PROBY DAVE C. HOLLIE ETC

### FREE INSIDE... THIS GEAR IRON-ON TRANSFER





# IT'S FAB

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

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## STARGAZING WITH JOHN LEYTON



Virgoans with birthdays this week are inwardly shy and mustn't take life too seriously. Scrupulously fair, they are well worth knowing and make perfect partners.



**CAPRICORN** (Dec. 21—Jan. 19). Favourable change midweek. You will gain through correspondence.



**AQUARIUS** (Jan. 20—Feb. 18). Mixed trends. Week begins well but could fade away if you are too rash.



**PISCES** (Feb. 19—Mar. 20). Your interests are strongly protected and you have a sunny week.



**ARIES** (Mar. 21—Apr. 20). Sentimental note to the week—a newly-made friendship flourishes.



**TAURUS** (Apr. 21—May 20). Don't try too hard to make future plans—enjoy the present!



**GEMINI** (May 21—June 20). Week goes smoothly and a domestic worry will right itself.



**CANCER** (June 21—July 20). Don't be fickle and tantalise an old friend—old friends are usually the best.



**LEO** (July 21—Aug. 21). Take things easier and you will be able to see things more clearly.



**VIRGO** (Aug. 22—Sept. 22). Rely on your own judgment in a money matter. Positive approach needed.



**LIBRA** (Sept. 23—Oct. 22). Difficult to be punctual but you must make a real effort for a special date.



**SCORPIO** (Oct. 23—Nov. 22). Week when you break new ground but keep the plans already made.



**SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 23—Dec. 20). Outstanding week for social interests. Look your very best.

**HEY THERE!** Well, how do you like it? Our FAB transfer, I mean. We think it's great, and the whole FAB Gang have been having a happy time ironing bits and pieces of it in different patterns on a bunch of cheap T shirts. It was the most fun-type free gift we could think of for all of you who've been reading FAB since we came out last January. And, of course, we're hoping that some of you will have bought FAB for the transfer, and discovered us for the first time. Okay—so we had an ulterior motive.

Next week our free gift (yes, there's another coming up!) is more practical. Alan Freeman, the top disc jockey has helped us compile a FAB Mini Pop Guide, small enough to slip into your pocket or handbag, but packed with info on your favourite stars. Don't miss it, will you?

Don't go away now will you until we get together next week?

Love,  
THE ED

# Hi-fab!

## KEITH TAKES OVER GOSSIP THIS WEEK



**P. J. PROBY** doesn't like ants. It's nothing personal. But they recently spoilt a very important occasion for him.

Ever since his arrival in this country he has been looking forward to his first English picnic. Even his agent turfing him out of his cradle at 7 in the morning couldn't upset his happy mood, for he had been invited out for a picnic.

Later, in a large cornfield by the River Thames, P. J. purposefully sat down. Unfortunately, the army of ants inside the nest he had compressed were not amused. English jokes about "ants in your pants" will certainly not amuse

P. J. Proby any more. The arrival of an irate cow, which P. J. thought was a bull, rather wrapped the whole thing up.

**HAVE** you spent any sleepless nights wondering who "Phelge" was. No? Then you can't be an ardent Rolling Stones' fan. Phelge is the name that Mick Jagger writes under when he is composing. But now it has leaked out that there is such a person as Phelge. Yes, sir!

He is a young man about The Stones' own age. He is a friend from the old days when Mick, Keith and Brian shared a flat together. Phelge lived with them for a while and shared the flat. He is a printer now and produces all The Stones' handout publicity. Mick chose his name as a *nom de plume* because it was so unusual.

**MIKE SMITH**, of The Dave Clark Five, has a "nose" for trouble. Down at the "Ready, Steady, Go" studios, Mike blew the offending hooter resoundingly and told me the tale of how he became "the only man in show business with no profile."

His nose first got bent down in the Tottenham Gym, where Dave and the other fellas played a version of basket ball that wound up as a wrestling match.

Said Mike: "The other four fell on my head and the nose got pushed into the floor-boards. The doc had just about straightened it out when I got into a fight with an



P. J. Proby



Irish labourer and had it flattened further.

"That was crowned when soon afterwards I was about to walk through the swing doors of my finance company when someone pushed before I pulled. I got it smashed in again.

"It's been that way ever since."

It looks like a condition of no "nose" being good "nose" for Mike. That nasal blues voice of his has gone a long way to making The Five the success that they are. He's still good looking enough to warrant several sacks of fan mail.

their van. Unfortunately he touched the wrong button and the side flew off the camera. About 500 feet of film whisked across the road. Eric and his U.S. combat jacket are now finished with cine-photography.



Ray Ennis

**C**OMPETITION for The Swinging Blue Jeans' leader, Ray Ennis. Ray recently gave one of his old guitars to his younger brother, Bill, who promptly set up in business on his own. Back home (Liverpool. Where else?) Bill has his own group, "The Riot Squad", which is going great guns. He's got a long way to go before he catches up with his big brother's famous group, but if talent runs in the family then Bill Ennis is a name to watch for.

**T**HE craziest Hollie of them all is back in business. Eric Haydock, The Hollies bass player, who spends most of his life wilting inside his U.S. Navy combat jacket ("It kind of grows on you") has a new interest. He bought a cine camera and began to take shots of The Hollies unloading their equipment from

**T**HE Merseybeats are proving real "car" actors. They had a Super Snipe saloon until recently, for travelling to their club dates. Unfortunately they found the luggage space limited. Too many things had to be strapped to the roof. After a case blew off while they were travelling on the M1 and distributed Tony's suits over a wide area they got rid of it and bought a roomy estate car.

Asked by a reporter recently what new cars they had bought personally, Tony Crane enthused over his new Chevrolet and Aaron Williams told them that he was buying one as well. John Banks has just bought a new Jaguar. But Johnny Gustafson was quiet. Finally the reporter enquired, "And what kind of car are you having?"

"Huh, well, you see..." faltered Johnny. "I've just bought a new fridge and a washing machine."

Johnny is the newly-married Mersey-beat.

**N**ORMAN SMITH is the sound engineer at E.M.I. and responsible for picking up just the right balance for a hit disc. His pick as the best musicians of them all? The Manfreds. "First-class musicians—all," he declares. Coming from Norman that is high praise.

**H**ELEN SHAPIRO once turned down an offer of a song Paul McCartney and John Lennon wrote for her called Misery. Kenny Lynch later recorded the number.

Now Helen is wondering if she should do it after all.

Next Week it ALL ADDS UP TO FABULOUS and not just because of the TOP POP MINI BOOK given away FREE with each issue (see page 24) but IT'S ALL DONE BY NUMBERS in this knockout issue... there are star features on

- 1 heck of a girl... LULU
- 2 of a kind... PETER AND GORDON
- 3+3=6 of the best, that's THE BIG THREE and THE FORTUNES
- 4 PENNIES... best value for money
- 5+5=the TOP TEN... THE ROLLING STONES and THE ANIMALS
- 6 Well that's a lucky number, as GILL'S FASHION will reveal
- 7 THE PRETTY THINGS plus FAB photographer FIONA and FAB writer JUNE

## PLUS

- 8 CLIFF BENNETT & THE REBEL ROUSERS with FAB'S SYLVIA make a great 8



**NOT FORGETTING FAB'S FULL PAGE COLOUR PIN-UPS TOO FABULOUS HAS THAT EXTRA PLUS—out next MONDAY... Price 1 shilling**



# KICK OFF FOR THE HOLLIES

or how they got their start in show biz . . .

**T**HERE was just "something about" The Hollies that made a business trip to Manchester really worthwhile for Beat group manager Tommy Sanderson.

The first thing Tommy did was to introduce his blonde, singer-housewife, Mary May, to the boys. Mary liked them immediately and in no time at all she was acting as second "mum" to all the boys! And considering that she already had her own real-life family (fifteen year old Philip and thirteen year old Tom), this was a full-time job.

It also had its problems.

Mary says: "They're good boys, but they can be a handful. In the early days, they didn't live in London, so we used to put some of them up at our Shepherd's Bush flat. Allan Clarke and Graham Nash were the most regular. Always hungry . . . so out came the thick juicy steaks and the salads. Or mountains of bacon sandwiches.

"And Allan had worries when they first started on television. He worried about every little detail and it was obvious that he didn't come across on the screen as well as he did in the ballrooms and theatres.

"We burned the midnight oil week after week—and forced him to have more confidence in himself.

"When I say 'WE'—that means the whole lot of us. Our own family, plus other groups my husband manages, like the Lorne Gibson Trio and Shane Fenton and The Fentones.

**B**EING 'mum' to this little lot is no joke, sometimes. Specially where girlfriends are concerned. I tell them all: 'Look after your career. Make sure you are really in love before you think about getting married. You're young, you're earning good money—and there's plenty of time ahead of you.'

"Then in came Allan one day. 'I've decided to get married,' he said.

"Of course, I didn't believe him.

"Then he added: 'But this is for real. I love Jenny and there'll never be anyone else.' So it was just great. I met Jenny before they got married and I must say she's a wonderful girl.

"In fact, they've got a flat in the same block as ours. Oh yes—we gave them a wedding present of bed linen and towels and that sort of thing. All matching!

**S**OMETIMES it can be difficult for boys away from their own homes and they like to have someone to turn to in London. The Hollies bring their new songs round and we sit up listening to them. Really, Allan and Graham are wonderful musicians—and that's some compliment coming from an old-timer in the music business like me.

"It really is like being part of a close-knit family. I used to tell them to learn to read music. But they proved me wrong. Their sort of music comes from inside them. It's natural . . . got soul.

"But I've learned a lot from the five Hollies, too. We've maybe told them the right food to order and what to say when they meet important people. But they've taught me all about singing stars like Mahalia Jackson, and Memphis Slim and Mary Wells.

"As time goes by, the boys have become more and more self-reliant. They have their own homes now, but they still come round when things get a bit difficult. It's nice, this. After all, so much of the pop world is concerned with 'business first.'

**O**F course, most of the little problems were about girlfriends. But I don't go back on what I said earlier. If any others of the Hollies plan to follow Allan to the church . . . they'll get the same advice from me.

"It's just that I feel stars, young stars, away from home, can get carried away. They can feel they want

roots somewhere. And that way they can rush into something, much too soon."

Incidentally, Mary May recently acquired a show business "daughter"—Lulu, plus the Lovers. But Lulu has her own travelling "stand-in" mum with her most of the time . . . Mrs. Marian Massey.

Mary added: "What about my own real-life sons? Well, Tom is learning to play drums and is already doing very well. And Phil is mad about country blues music. They think the Hollies are marvellous.

"They get on great with my two boys. In fact, The Hollies bring in their new discs before they are in the shops. If my Tom and Phil go for them . . . well, The Hollies reckon that's O.K. They haven't been wrong yet.

"It really is one big happy family. . . ."

*A family that hundreds of thousands of fans would like to have, sharing the same roof, or the same mum. Any arguments?*

**MARK DAY**



**ALLAN CLARKE**



Faber



*the merseybeats tell*

# bedtime STORIES



*Johnny Gustafson*

**B**ED... a few solid hours kip... is something most of us take for granted. But groups like The Merseybeats regard sleep as a luxury. They rate visiting the Land of Nod as their favourite journey—and now The Merseybeats want to shout loud about an invention of theirs.

It's really a HOLIDAY-CAMP BED! A giant, king-size production a bit like the one in the movie *Just For You*.

Johnny Gustafson, Tony Crane, John Banks and Aaron Williams were talking about it. Said founder member Tony: "We worked it out that if we could get a week off, we'd like to spend it in our respective beds. But obviously we'd have to get up, for food and drink and so on, unless we had extra-special beds with everything built in."

SAID JOHNNY: "So we started planning. First there'd have to be a push-button record-player attached. Loaded with a pile of discs by stars like Little Richard, Solomon Burke and Ray Charles."

JOHN BANKS: "And a radio within easy reach. We don't dig television too much. But the radio and record-player is never far away."

AARON: "Imagine. You wake up. Then just lie there and hear good music. Makes a change from taking our records on tour with us—

and having them either nicked or lost."

TONY: "We'd hope for our week off in the good weather, so we could at least look at the sun through the bedroom windows! But it'd be thirsty weather. So we'll have a special iced Coca-Cola machine built in under our beds. With a man in a white coat coming in every few hours to fill it up..."

JOHNNY: "Well, I'd also install a milk machine. Iced milk, gallons of it! Just lie there and pour it down."

AARON: "We fixed the fact that our beds will be four-posters, haven't we? They'd have to be to go with our frilly shirts. And with the Tom Jones hair-style that Tony is thinking of having."

JOHN: "Our hobbies won't cause any trouble. We can just have a special sliding door cupboard which will open at a touch, so we don't have to get out of bed. I'll have my model aircraft construction kits in there."

TONY: "And mine'll have all my technical books on cars. Records and radiators... that'll suit me."

AARON: "I'll just lie there and take pictures of all the gadgets and keep up with my photography. And write a few songs, just for pleasure. I've got most of my past ideas while in bed. Think how many I'd write if I was in bed for a whole week..."

JOHNNY "And I'll find room for my science fiction magazines. With Little Richard long-players to set the mood."

TONY "Mustn't forget the food. There certainly won't be a telephone, so there'll be room for a built-in grill for big, thick, juicy steaks. And I'll stock up with chocolates and raw eggs. Fine! My mouth's watering already."

AARON: "This is where I lose out. Fish 'n' chips is my staple diet—and they'd stink the place out! I could always make toast."

JOHNNY: "Just steaks for me. Easy."

JOHN: "And I stick to salads. They'll keep crisp for weeks in the fitted fridge."

SAID TONY: "So there it is. A Merseybeat-invented bed, with all mod cons. Of course it took us a long time to work out exactly how it should be... and we've made diagrams and plans."

"It's complete. And we want to shout about it so that when we patent it and get it on the market all the other groups will want to buy our holiday-camp bed! Hope people won't think we're kidding about this—we all honestly would like to spend a whole week in bed."

JOHNNY added just one further point: "The point about spending a week in bed is that you only have to wear pyjamas. But we're also

shouting about the drab, duff old clothing-styles you see these days. What we want to see is really bright gear for the boys. And we're doing our best to get our own way-out styles copied all throughout the country."

AARON: "Agreed, because we want much brighter colours, more frills for the boys, a lot more ingenuity in standard things like shoes."

TONY: "Yeah. I'm doing my best to get tweed suits going again. And real snappy waistcoats to go with them. Great bright colours... reds and greens. Silk stuff. Like they used to wear years back."

JOHNNY: "Or those suits with the big chalk-stripes. We find the girls are fed up with the old mohair garb. And after all we rely on the girls for support."

JOHN: "Well, our shirts, with the frills and the lace, are catching on round Liverpool. That gives us a big kick."

The Merseybeats had to finish shouting about their two pet topics-of-the-moment. They were wanted on stage... wanted by a screaming, roaring audience.

**They SOUNDED dead serious about that holiday-camp bed. But then with boys like The Merseybeats, you never can tell.**

**PAUL FRY**

*Aaron Williams*



*John Banks*



*Tony Crane*





Fab | The Merseybeats



Wow! Look 'ee here. See what Fab's got for you this week. A whacky new game, the latest thing in pop and you've got to be extra 'with it' and full of luck to win. To make sure you don't lose your Four Pennies, why not stick them to cardboard discs of the same size? Okay, now everybody ready? Then start the dice rolling and may the best pop picker win.

# SPIN WITH FAB'S GREAT NEW



THE **4** PENNIES





GAME

# POP LUCK!

A HIT EVERY TIME...



## RULES

- 1 Cut out the four pennies as counters. If more than four people play cut the counters in half, as required, turning them into half-pennies.
- 2 Players must throw a six to start on the 'A' side, then throw again to move round the board. Keep to the rules whatever number you land on!
- 3 Players must throw an exact number to finish 'A' side then throw a six to start flip side. The rules for the flip side are same as for 'A' side.



# Goya



a cologne with spirit!

At last a cologne that can keep up with that wild life you lead. Perfumed with fabulous new Frenzy. Stays with you all day because, like all Goya Cologne, it's blended with the same costly oils and precious spirit as Goya perfume . . . to last . . . and last . . . and last. Frenzy Cologne 6/6 & 8 1/2. Cologne Spray 14 1/3. Stick Cologne 4/8.



**New!**

*Elegant glass spray for Goya Cologne! Gives a passerby fine hint of your favourite Goya fragrance!*

*Also Goya Cologne in the great Goya fragrances - Ennio, Love Affair, Gardenia, Black Rose, No. 5.*

**frenzy cologne . . . won't fade away . . . lasts all day!**

# 2 fab offers from Ty-Phoo TEA

## FREE

FRAMED POP STARS >>>

A colour print of any of these 12 Pop Stars in a beautiful heart-shaped frame free from Ty-Phoo! Just collect numbers 1 to 12 of the heart-shaped symbols on Ty-Phoo Tea packets and send them in to Ty-Phoo. It's as easy as that!

## WIN

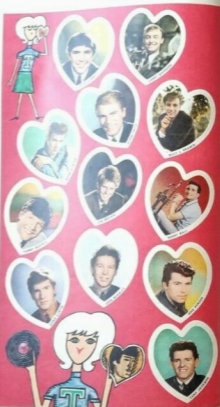
A "TOP SIX" DISC ! ! !

And here's another big Ty-Phoo offer! Win a "Top Six" Disc! With your framed Pop Star print you'll also receive an entry form for a very simple Pop Star Competition. There's a different competition every month with 600 "Top Six" Discs as prizes every time!

"TOP SIX" DISCS ARE TOPS

On the first of every month there's a new "Top Six" Disc in your local record shop. Six of the latest top hits on one E.P.! Win one free from Ty-Phoo!

Full details on every Ty-Phoo packet—start collecting now!





Fab



A small dark rocket shot off the Air France plane at Nice Airport, grinned and said: "Hi! Isn't this wonderful. . . . I've got to see everything there is to see—let's go!"

That was my introduction to Millie. The bomb-shell gal who lights up any scene—even sun-drenched Cannes.

So we hopped and danced over to my car, with Millie's friend, Esther and FAB photographer, Fiona, following in the rear—at a normal pace.

Between the hopping and dancing, Millie managed to sign autographs, sing and bombard me with questions. Number one query was bikini buying. So that we made our first call.

Millie literally tumbled out of the car and into the shop. In fact she was in too much of a hurry to take off her long white socks. So we had quite a gas watching her try on hundreds of bikinis—tiny ones—wearing long socks. After persuading her that three (bikinis, not socks) would be enough we all rushed off to the hotel to change, before eating lunch on the beach.

"I'm starving," yelled Millie.

But, after lunch, even Millie crumpled up on the beach and slept for all of half an hour. Then she woke up, fighting fit, and went flying across the bay in a speed-boat. No need to add Millie—and her bikini—were a great success.

Then we had, what was meant to be a relaxez-vous, at my home before going on to a night-club, but my daughter, Minnie, who was really smitten by Millie managed to ask: "Please sing *Lollipop*." So Millie did—ten times.

Then we put on records and Millie taught us the bluebeat. And we danced until it was time to really go dancing!

I told the owner of the night-club "Whiskey-a-Gogo" in Cannes that Millie would be coming and the night-club laid on a big welcome for her. This gave Millie even more energy (we'd already lost ours, for good) and soon she had the whole night-club dancing *Lollipop* with her.

"I had to teach them how to dance my song PROPERLY," she exclaimed.

It was a crazy, wonderful evening, even if we did stagger back to the hotel in the early hours of the morning.

The next day we decided to visit a perfume factory at Grasse, which is in the mountains behind Nice. It sounds, simple, but it turned out to be quite an adventure.

To begin with the radiator of our car began to leak and had to be filled up every fifteen minutes. We all took it in turns to climb out of the car and refill the radiator. Millie even tried putting champagne in it to help it climb the hills. We'll never know if that's how we finally did get to Grasse.

But the restaurant there gave us quite a surprise. It was a typical French café and Millie caused a real riot when she appeared.

We were given a table on a wobbly, rickety balcony, with a wonderful view. Which made Millie happy because she said it looked just like Jamaica.

Then on to the perfume factory—which was really fascinating. Millie ran round all over the place sniffing this and that, and staring wide-eyed at the huge tube and the distillers which make eau de cologne, hair lotion and soap.

She was so thrilled with the countryside that

# BIKINI BUYING BOMBSHELL

(LOOK OUT IT'S MILLIE IN CANNES)



although the car was groaning and spluttering away in a sinister manner, I decided we would drive round a little more. I should have listened to the car. Going up a hill, it decided to stop.

But Millie never wants to stop. She said she felt like a swim. As we were about thirty miles from the sea, I said she'd have a long walk ahead of her.

"Who's going to walk?" she said indignantly. "I'm going to find a proper car to take me there."

And she did. There she stood, putting her thumb up as cars went by—one or two stopped but they weren't good enough for her. Then along came a lovely pale blue sports car which seemed to suit Millie, and before we knew it there was

Millie yelling goodbye, careering round the bend towards the sea.

Two hours later we had got our car going and had joined Millie on the beach. She was quite right to have left us, because there was very little time before the plane took off to return home.

Strange to relate, the trip to the airport was very quiet—Millie was very sorry to be going.

Still, fortunately Millie is never quiet for long and her usual bounce soon got the better of her. As she skipped through the barrier to the plane, she shouted:

"I'll be back!"

CHERRY WARD



*Left to right—Milla's friend Esther, the girl herself, and the business personality, Joan Rhodes, whom they met on the beach. Joan's a useful friend to have around. She does a "strong woman" act where she wears telephone directories apart with her bare hands. Looks like Milla is all set for a dip in the brine. Just one thing before you go racing off. You're forgetting to take off your socks. Hey Milla! Too late! Suffer with us now!*



*"Wait till I tell my 'strong girl' friend Joan Rhodes about that 15 stone bully who just pushed over my sand-castle. Boy, it is going to look silly hammered into the sand up to his neck."*

*Something that you won't find in England. Milla spent the group posing on the beach alongside the promenade. Under after seeing me back "It looks like being a very good year for grapes."*



*Anything Cannes can do Milla can do better. She certainly makes a peach of a beach girl.*



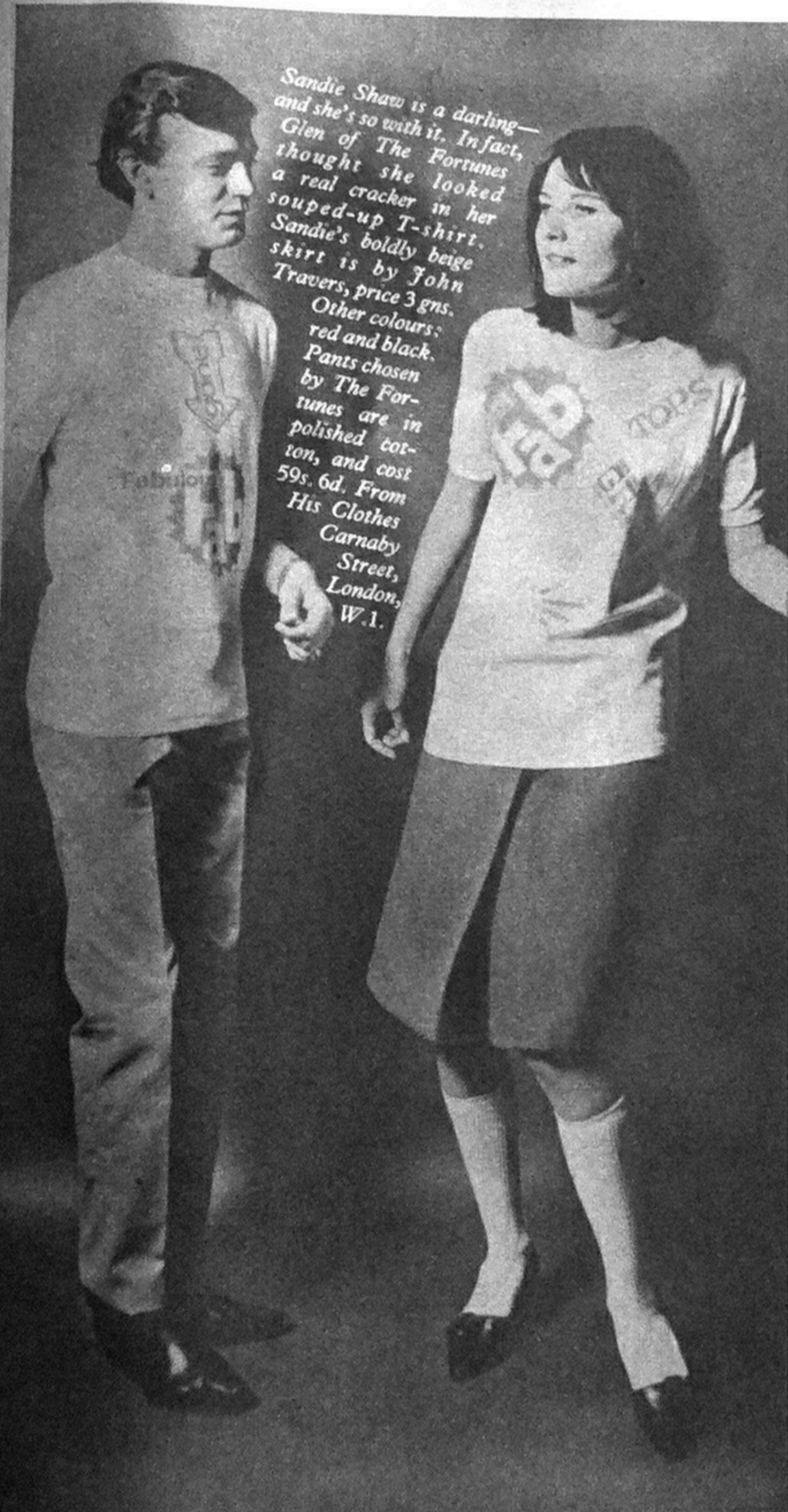
*Milla took this "Don't I be back?" look as she takes a last look at La Belle France.*



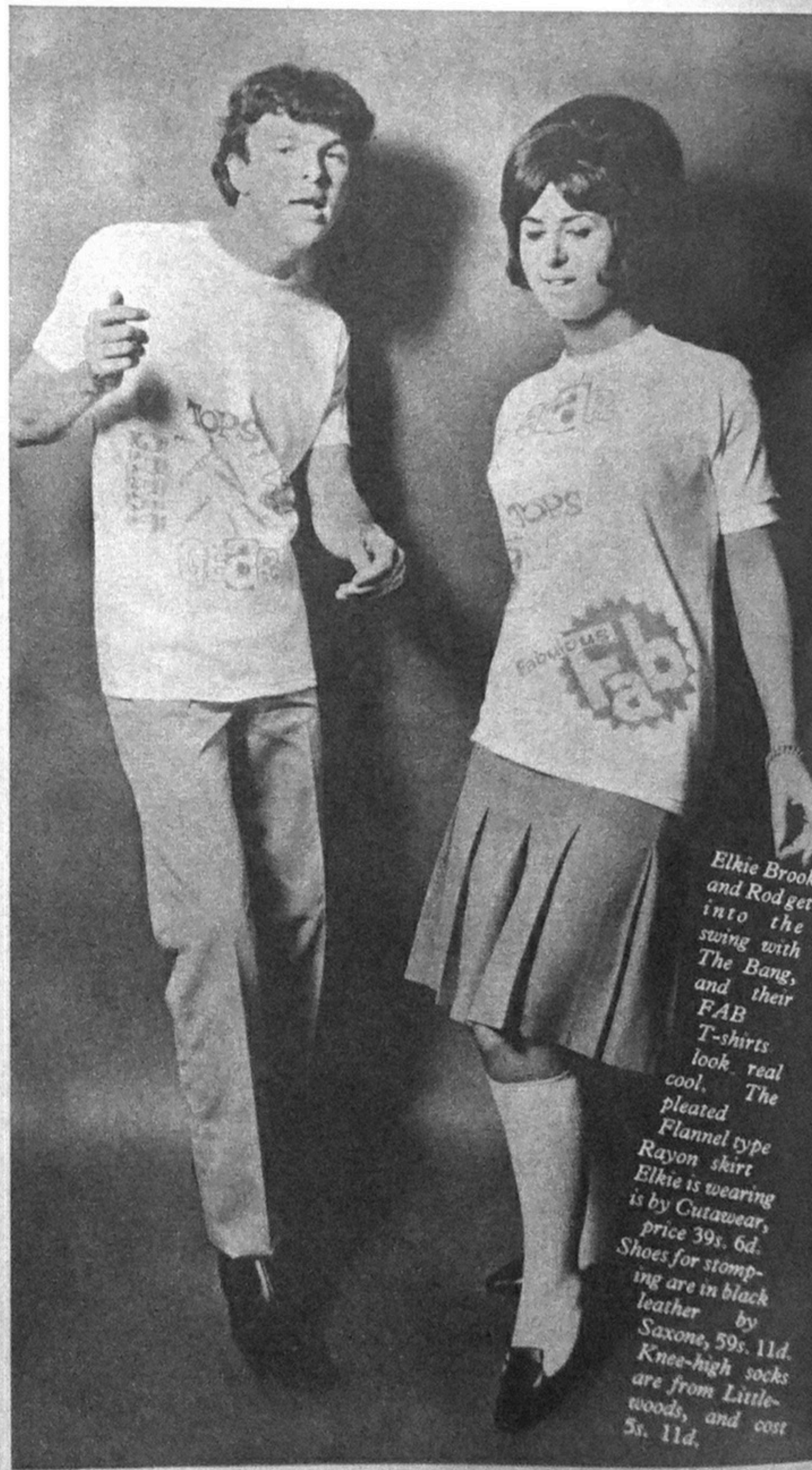


Fab . . Fab . . Fab! That's our super free transfer. It's a great give-away. Try it out for yourself—now! Nothing could be more simple. Just iron your transfer on a plain T-shirt and . . . look Fab! Now you can swing real cool.

# LOOK-LOOK-



*Sandie Shaw is a darling—and she's so with it. In fact, Glen of The Fortunes thought she looked a real cracker in her souped-up T-shirt. Sandie's boldly beige skirt is by John Travers, price 3 gns. Other colours: red and black. Pants chosen by The Fortunes are in polished cotton, and cost 59s. 6d. From His Clothes Carnaby Street, London, W.1.*



*Elkie Brooks and Rod get into the swing with The Bang, and their FAB T-shirts look real cool. The pleated Flannel type Rayon skirt Elkie is wearing is by Cutawear, price 39s. 6d. Shoes for stomping are in black leather by Saxone, 59s. 11d. Knee-high socks are from Littlewoods, and cost 5s. 11d.*

#### HOW TO IRON ON YOUR TRANSFER:

FAB iron-on transfer is permanent, so be sure you apply it carefully and correctly. Once it is ironed on it cannot be removed!

Press the T-shirt so that there are no creases. Set the iron half way between wool and cotton. Cut the transfer and take a small motif, for example, The Stones, and place it face down on your T-shirt. Bring the iron down on the transfer with as much impact as you can, without damaging the iron. Then, using a circular move it thus blurring the imprint.

When you have pressed on for about two minutes, carefully lift a corner of the

paper to test if it comes away easily. If the paper sticks to the shirt, iron over it again until it lifts off freely.

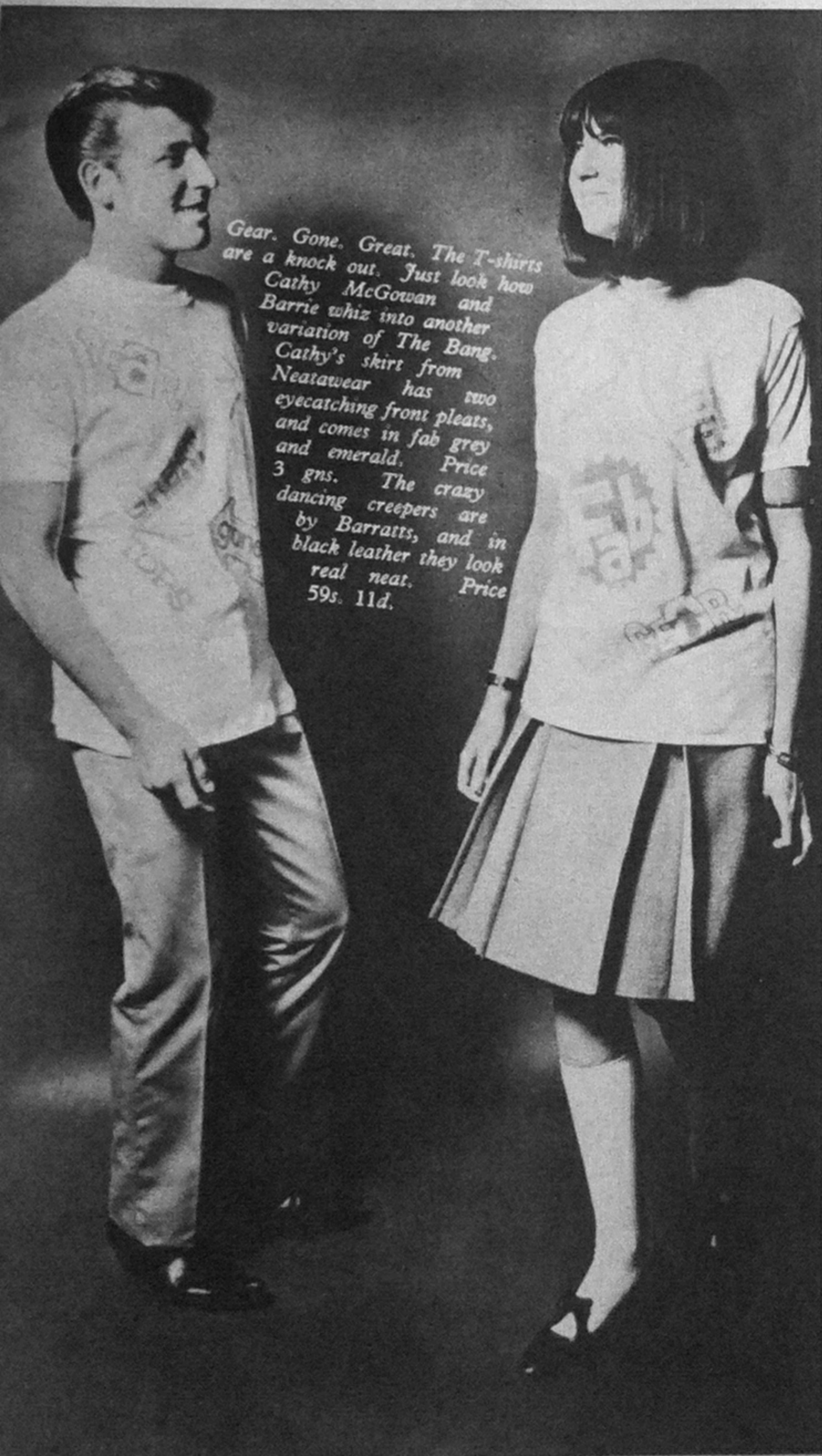
Now place a cloth or tissue on the ironing board, and put the T-shirt face down on it, then iron the reverse side. This helps to iron the excess ink off and set the transfer.

Do not wash your T-shirt for twenty-four hours. When washing use luke-warm water with Lux soap flakes. Do not rub. Rinse in luke-warm water. Allow to dry. Finally, iron carefully on the *wrong* side.

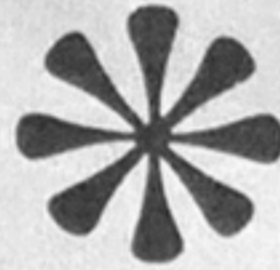
Remember you can use any part of your transfer, or all of it, however you wish. There are lots of different ways, as you can see from our pictures, but do try out your own ideas—it's great fun!

**NEVER IRON DIRECTLY OVER THE FINISHED TRANSFER, OR IT WILL PARTLY REMOVE THE DYE AND SPOIL THE DESIGN**

# Fab *by fab's Gill*



*Gear. Gone. Great. The T-shirts are a knock out. Just look how Cathy McGowan and Barrie whiz into another variation of The Bang. Cathy's skirt from Neatawear has two eyecatching front pleats, and comes in fab grey and emerald. Price 3 gns. The crazy dancing creepers are by Barratts, and in black leather they look real neat. Price 59s. 11d.*

 Freshen up eyes with a splash of cold water  
Soak cotton wool pads in milk for tired eyes  
Keep peepers sparkling with Optrex Eye Lotion, 3s. 3d.

## EYES RIGHT



#### Have you seen the new look for peepers?

Eyes are soulfully IN with their deep fringe lashes, and they're the new round shape, soft, appealing and frankly innocent.

No more hard lines and harsh colours. Eyes for autumn look gentle with the use of soft colours in shadows and pencils, and eyeliner is kept to a minimum.

Here's how to make up your eyes with the '64 Look. Two new eye colours are grey and beige. Have fun experimenting with both shades to see which gives the best effect.

Gala's Grey Mist Shadow Stick is a lovely subtle shade for daytime, and costs 5s. For evening, try Gala's Matte Shadow in pearl grey, also 5s.

But if you prefer the delicate beige look, then a fab new colour is Revlon's Softly Beige Eye Shadow Stick, 8s. 6d.

Smudge your eyeshadow gently over your eyelids. Cover your eyelid, but don't take the colour outside.

Under your eyebrow on the bone area use a white shadow, or one of the new lustre fluid shadows like Revlon's Alabaster Lustre in Eye Velvet, 11s. 3d.

Next faintly define your eye socket with a soft line of brown or grey eyeliner. British Home Stores have both these shades in their Golden Secret range, costing 2s. 9d.

Use your eyeliner sparingly, following closely along the lashes, and don't extend beyond the corner of your eye, unless you want to droop the line so giving your eye a more rounded effect.

Finally, give yourself lush, long furry lashes with Revlon's Fabulash mascara and lash builder, 17s. 6d., refill, 11s. 6d., or Outdoor Girl's Marvelash, which contains silken particles for extra thickness. Price 5s. 6d., refill, 3s. 6d.

It's the softer look for eyebrows, too. Pencil in your brows very lightly. If you're blonde, use charcoal grey, and if you're brunette, stick to a dark or light brown.

Follow the natural arch of your eyebrow, tapering the line gently from the highest point.

So there you are . . . the '64 eye look. Have you got it yet?



Fab | The Delighting  
Eye Jewelry



Fab Dave Clark Five



# she needs me

*says bobby and the girl is Cilla Black*

**WHEN** Cilla Black topped the Hit Parade for the second time with *You're My World*, Bobby Willis said, "Not bad, kid."

The kid with the marmalade hair and a £500-a-week voice stuck her tongue out and said, "Don't strain yourself, will you?"

Listening to the chat between Cilla and her road manager you'd think they were brother and sister.

But you only have to see the way his eyes follow her about, and the way she turns to him for advice to know that Bobby is Cilla's world.

"She needs me," Bobby explained simply. "Every great performer needs someone in the background to smooth the path, and take the strain."

"Whether I'm fixing plane tickets, steering her through the fans, or just sitting around with my mouth shut when she wants to let off steam at someone, I try to anticipate what she needs."

Chain smoking with his feet up on an old sofa in Cilla's dressing-room at the London Palladium, Bobby was listening to the show when I popped in to see him.

"Sure it gets a bit monotonous sitting around like this," he said, "but Cilla might need me—you never know."

When Cilla came bursting into the dressing-room a few minutes later, she said: "Bobby, I've broken my nail. It put me off all the time I was singing."

Bobby laughed.

"See what I mean?" he said.

He swung his legs off the sofa, and got up to pour a soft drink for Cilla.

Having coated the golden tonals, Cilla wandered off to repair her nail.

"One of my main jobs," grinned Bobby, "is to stop her doing anything soft."

"I mean, I drag her out of shops and that kind of thing. Try and teach her to save her money. Who knows how long success can last?"

"Now I've got her so she only takes £15 a week spending money, and every week she saves a bit out of that."

The £15 doesn't have to include Cilla's stage clothes. But Bobby says she's so deli on dresses, she's always buying on impulse.

"If I don't like something she's wearing—I tell her," he said.

SIGHT her and quiet, Bobby doesn't look as if he could get tough—but he knows how to handle the girl he has managed to the top of the Hit Parade.

"I use psychology, see?"

The sly blue eyes blink a bit behind the specs. At the sing-along Liverpool accent explains further.

"Cilla's a girl who likes her own way. She has strong opinions—same as me. So sometimes if I think she should do something I know she won't want to do—I lured her to do it. Then she does it."

You have to tune in to Bobby for a few minutes, before you realise that this off-hand kind of talk is his way of covering up the great affection he feels for Cilla.

"I'm not the type to talk soft—nor is she," he said. "The great thing is that she hasn't changed, just because she's at the top."

"For all she can afford to do anything and go anywhere, she still wants to go home to Liverpool and see her family every week. And when you meet her family you know they're good for her. They used to spoil her. But since

she became a star they keep pulling her leg just as she won't think they're impressed."

Bobby said the moment he felt the proudest of Cilla was not when, just after her 21st birthday, she topped the Hit Parade for the second time in nine months.

It was two months ago at the Pled Piper Charity Ball where Cilla had been invited to do a cabaret act.

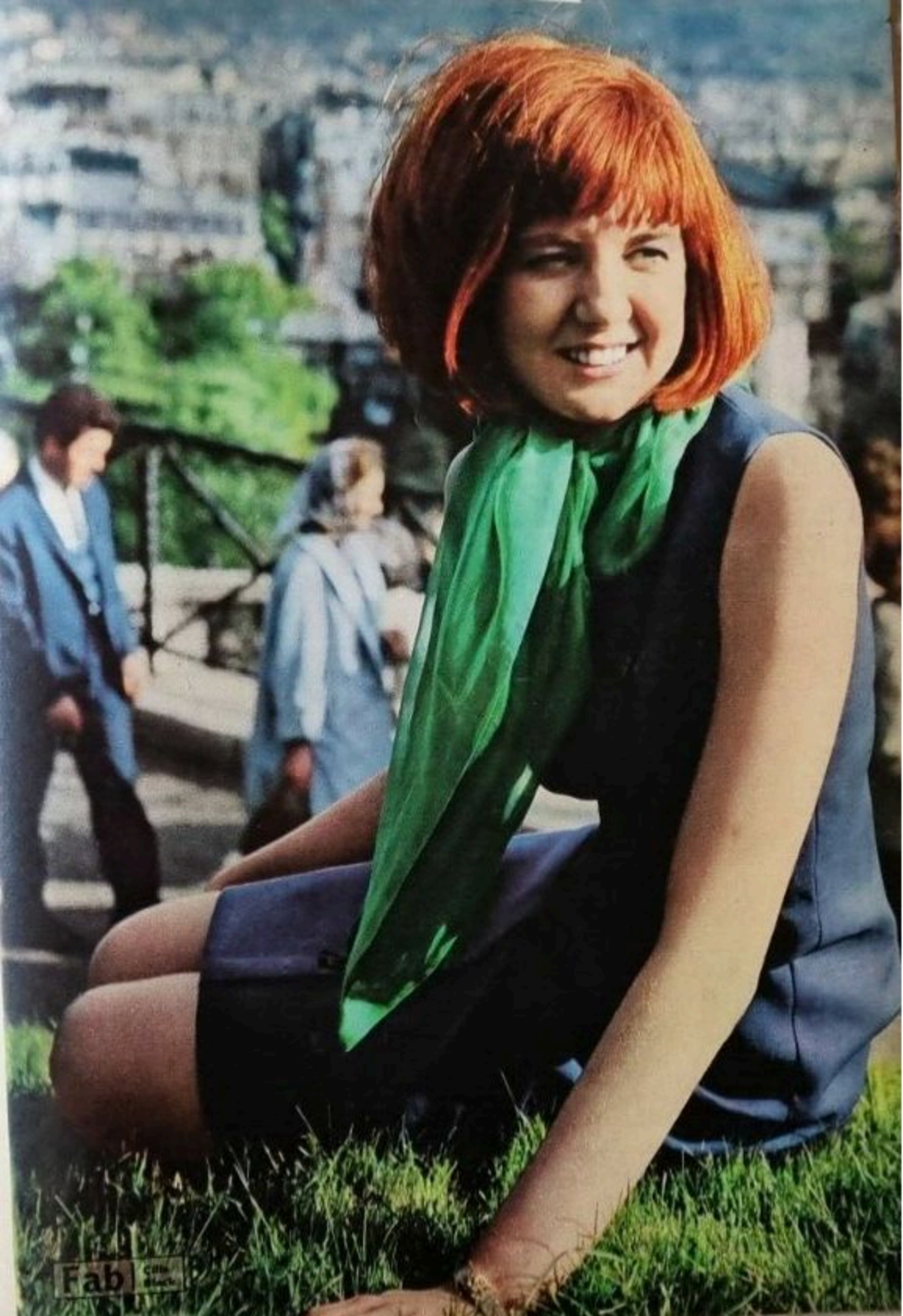
"She was very nervous," Bobby said. "She'd never done anything like that before. People like Paul Getty and the Duke and Duchess of Bedford were there."

"She kept asking me if she should try and talk posh. I told her to bit herself. I kept trying to think how I could help her face it."

Then on the night, she took one look at me done up in a dinner jacket and dicky bow and burst out laughing. She laughed so much she forgot to bit scared.

"We went up this big staircase, and a footman announced us and all that jazz, and she walked right past the

*(continued on page 72)*



Fab Contemporary



# she needs me

(continued from page 22)

Duchess laughing

"She'd told this footman her name was Maggie May and that's what he'd shouted out.

"I had to drag her back to shake hands with the Duchess and she blurted out completely her real self: 'Sorry Duchess luv'. She was a wow!"

That's the Cilla Bobby knows. The Liverpool kid who grew up in the same street as her own family. The dockers daughter who doesn't give a damn for anybody, but never lets a mate down.

"Just when I think Cilla is getting all grown-up and matured," Bobby explained, "something happens that makes me realise she still needs me.

"Like the time my Dad was sick, and I had to rush back to Liverpool.

"All she had to do was get down to Rediffusion for the Ready, Steady, Go programme—and she couldn't find her own way by herself. She had to ask someone to take her.

"And sometimes when she leaves the theatre, and a crowd of fans are trying to tear pieces out of her, she

reaches for my hand—scared stiff."

Cilla came back into the dressing room, her nail repaired and dived behind a curtain to change.

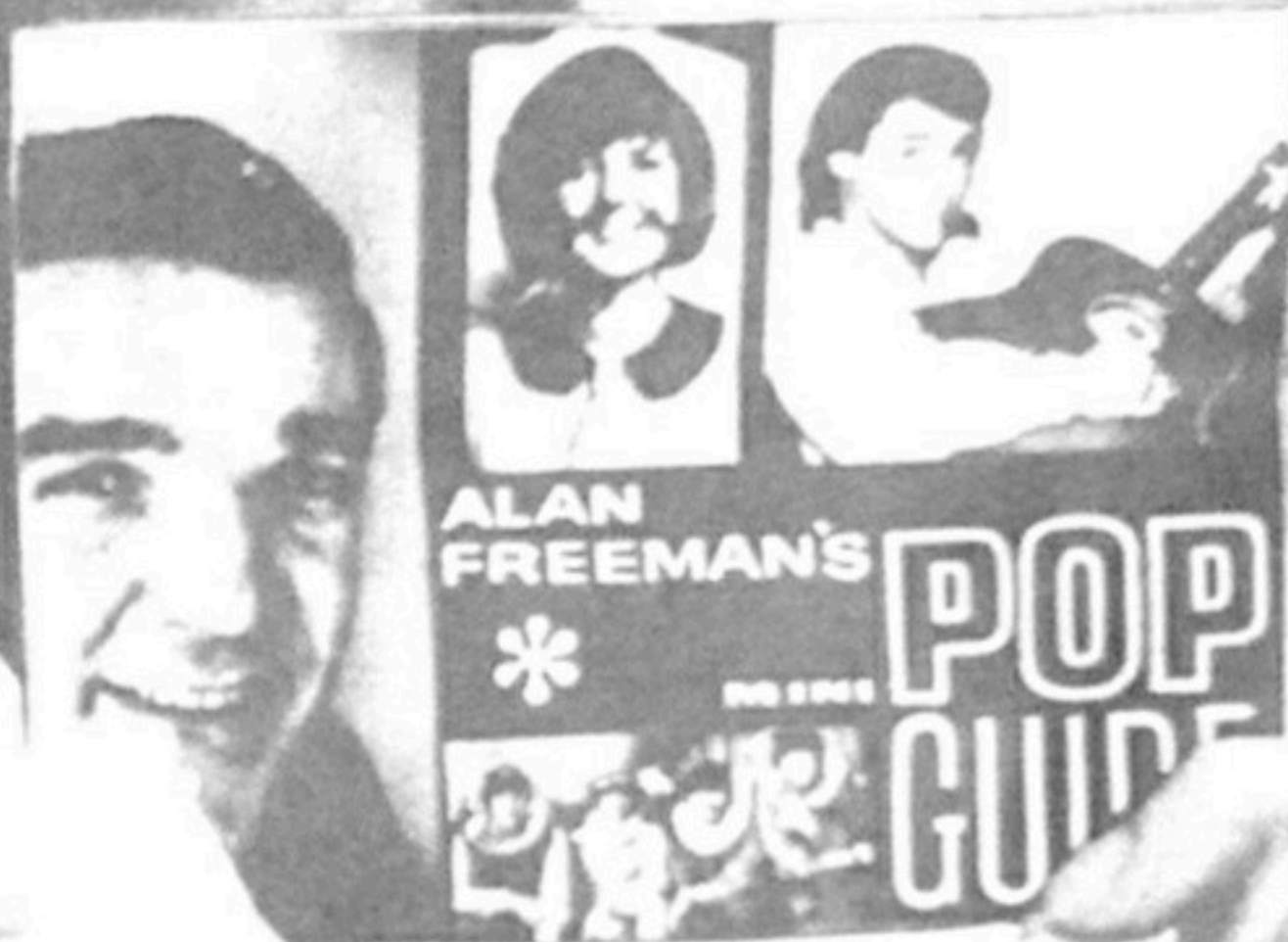
Then she pushed back the curtain and joined us, turning her back on Bobby, who jumped up to zip her into a new green dress.

"I only put up with him because he's such a good zipper upper," she said.

*But she looked back at him across her shoulder. If that look didn't say You're My World I can't read Scouse.*



# LOOK



# FREE

WHO'S MADE THE NO. 1 IN THE LAST TWO YEARS?  
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HOW DID CILLA CELEBRATE HER BIRTHDAY?

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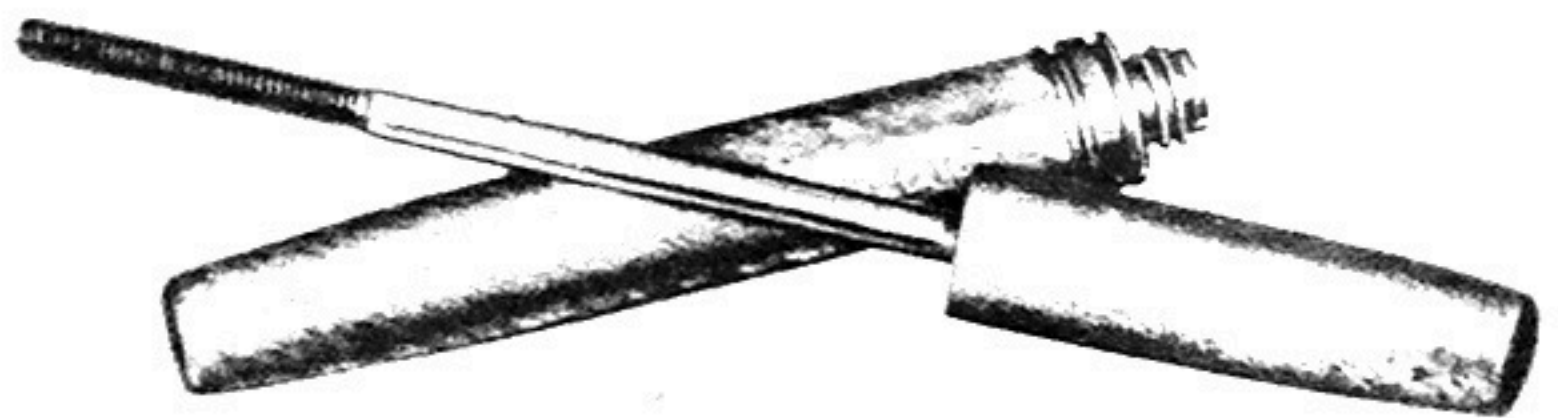


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# Linc-o-Lin

## Beer SHAMPOO

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Sachets 10½d. Barrels 2/6



DEC CLUSKEY is one of my favourite Irish charmers. That creamy accent, those beautiful eyes... excuse me, I've gone quite woozy. Dec and the other two BACHELOR boys, Con and John, are appearing in our FAB POP PROM on 20th September, at London's Royal Albert Hall. But I managed to phone Dec at Blackpool where the boys are doing a great Summer Season...



# TELEDATE

## with DEC CLUSKEY OF THE BACHELORS (OF COURSE)

**SYLVIA:** Is that you, Dec? Lying on the beach and getting gorgeously brown, I bet.

**DEC:** You must be joking! When we're not on stage at the Central Pier we're rehearsing, doing personal appearances, cutting discs...

**SYLVIA:** Okay, okay! I get the message.

**DEC:** Have I told you about the house I've got up here, Sylvia?

**SYLVIA:** Not yet, no. What's it like?

**DEC:** Very nice. Big, you know, with big gardens at the front and back and it's haunted.

**SYLVIA:** Dec, there must be something wrong with this line. It sounded like you said your house is haunted.

**DEC:** That's what I did say. Hang on a sec, will you? My kettle's whistling like mad.

**SYLVIA (yelling):** Dec! Come back and tell me—oh you're back.

**DEC:** Darn thing had boiled dry. I'll probably have to buy a new kettle now. I'd better go and see if there's a hole in it. Won't be—

**SYLVIA (threateningly):** Don't you dare leave that phone until you've told me about this ghost you reckon you've got.

**DEC:** What d'you mean, reckon I've got. I tell you I've got a ghost in this house—or ghosts. My manager was up here the other day and when she was changing her dress in one of the bedrooms, a musical box turned itself on. She ran out screaming. And when I was lying in bed the other night, someone switched out the light. That's always happening.

**SYLVIA (going green):** Good heavens! Aren't you terrified?

**DEC (laughing):** No, of course not. It's friendly.

**SYLVIA:** Oh yes, I'm sure. But I'd still be terrified. You haven't been kissing the Blarney Stone recently, have you?

**DEC:** Oh very funny. Why don't you come up here and meet him for yourself?

**SYLVIA (very quickly):** How kind of you, Dec. No thanks. Er—have you managed to get in any swimming at all?

**DEC:** You're changing the subject, Sylvia.

**SYLVIA:** Yeah, and let's keep it changed.

**DEC (laughing):** Okay. We did manage to get one dip. We were playing cabaret at a hotel after our show at the Central Pier, and we went in the water at three in the morning. It was a bit nippy, though.

**SYLVIA:** I bet. Do you have any lucky charms, Dec?

**DEC:** No. I don't believe in them.

**SYLVIA:** You must get Sundays off, though, surely.

**DEC (puzzled):** Huh?

**SYLVIA:** I said you must get Sundays off. You said you've been working very hard.

**DEC:** I did? Oh yes, I did. But that was about a quarter of an hour ago.

**SYLVIA:** So?

**DEC (sighing):** I give up. No, we don't get Sundays off. We even flew over to Germany to do a Sunday show and flew back here in time for our Monday show. You know what I'd love to do, Sylvia?

**SYLVIA (brightly):** Buy yourself a plane?

**DEC:** Retire to a farm in Ireland. Not yet, though. But later on, I think that's my main personal ambition.

**SYLVIA:** Sounds wonderful. I love Ireland.

**DEC:** We're going back there for a week after we finish our season here on 10th October.

**SYLVIA:** Holiday?

**DEC:** No. Work.

**SYLVIA:** Oh. Oh well, never mind. It's nice to be popular. Can you and the boys walk around without being recognised?

**DEC:** No. We always get recognised, together or apart, wherever we go.

**SYLVIA:** But you don't mind?

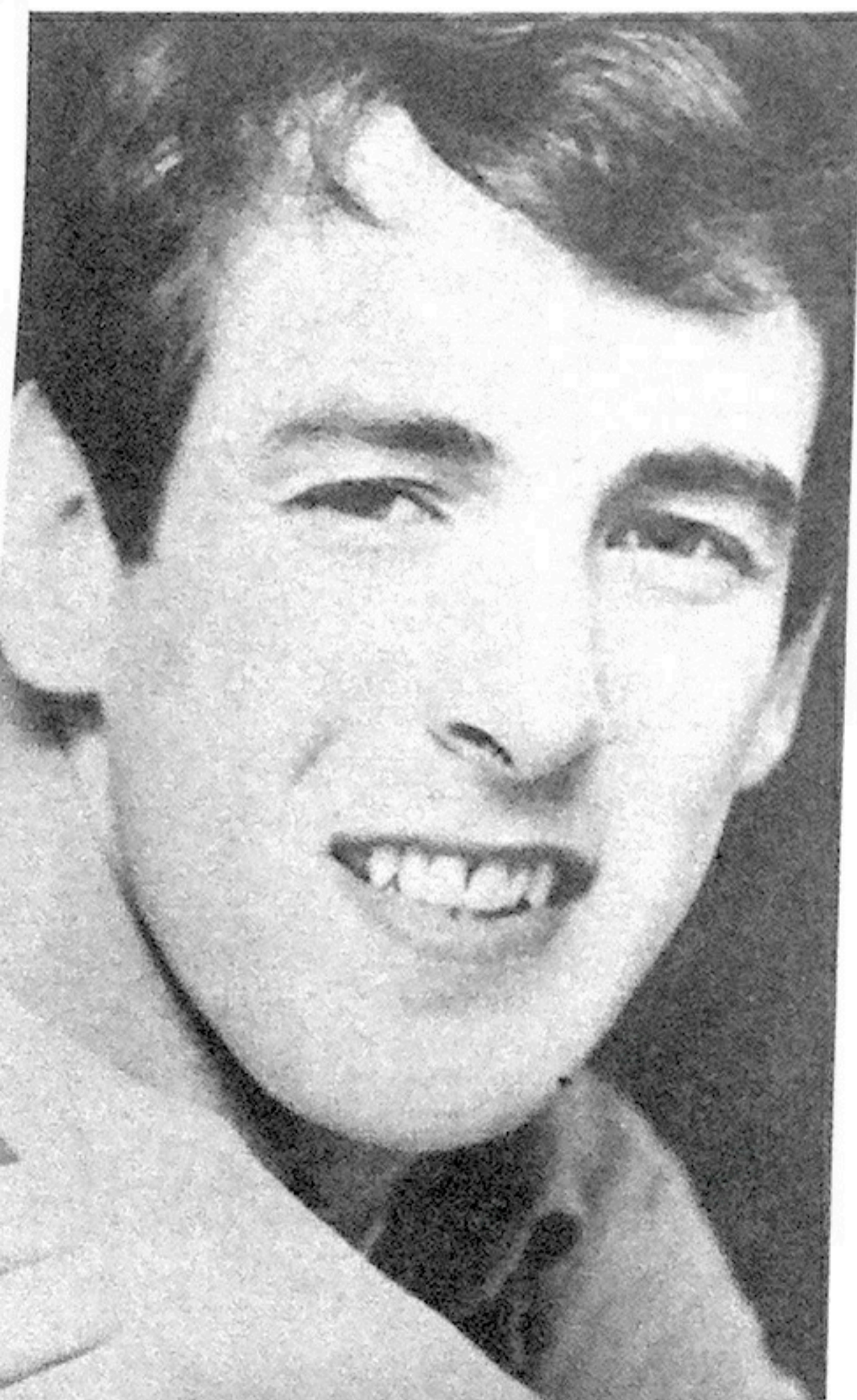
**DEC:** Good grief, of course not.

**SYLVIA:** Well, I'd better get on with some work, or the Editor'll line me up against the wall and shoot me. 'Bye, Dec. See you back in London.

**DEC:** You bet. 'Bye Sylvia.

*And after I'd put the phone down, I realised something. We hadn't talked about the Pop Prom. That was why I'd originally called. Oh well, I'd forget my head, if it weren't there to hold my ears apart.*

*But you won't forget the Pop Prom, will you? September 20, Royal Albert Hall. Apart from The Bachelors, Manfred Mann, Brian Poole and The Tremeloes, Lulu and The Luvvers, The Fourmost, Kenny Ball, The Baron Knights and Compere Alan Freeman are just some of the great names on the top pop bill. Tickets are obtainable from The Royal Albert Hall, London, S.W.7 and the usual agencies. They are £1, 15s., 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d. and 3s. 6d.*





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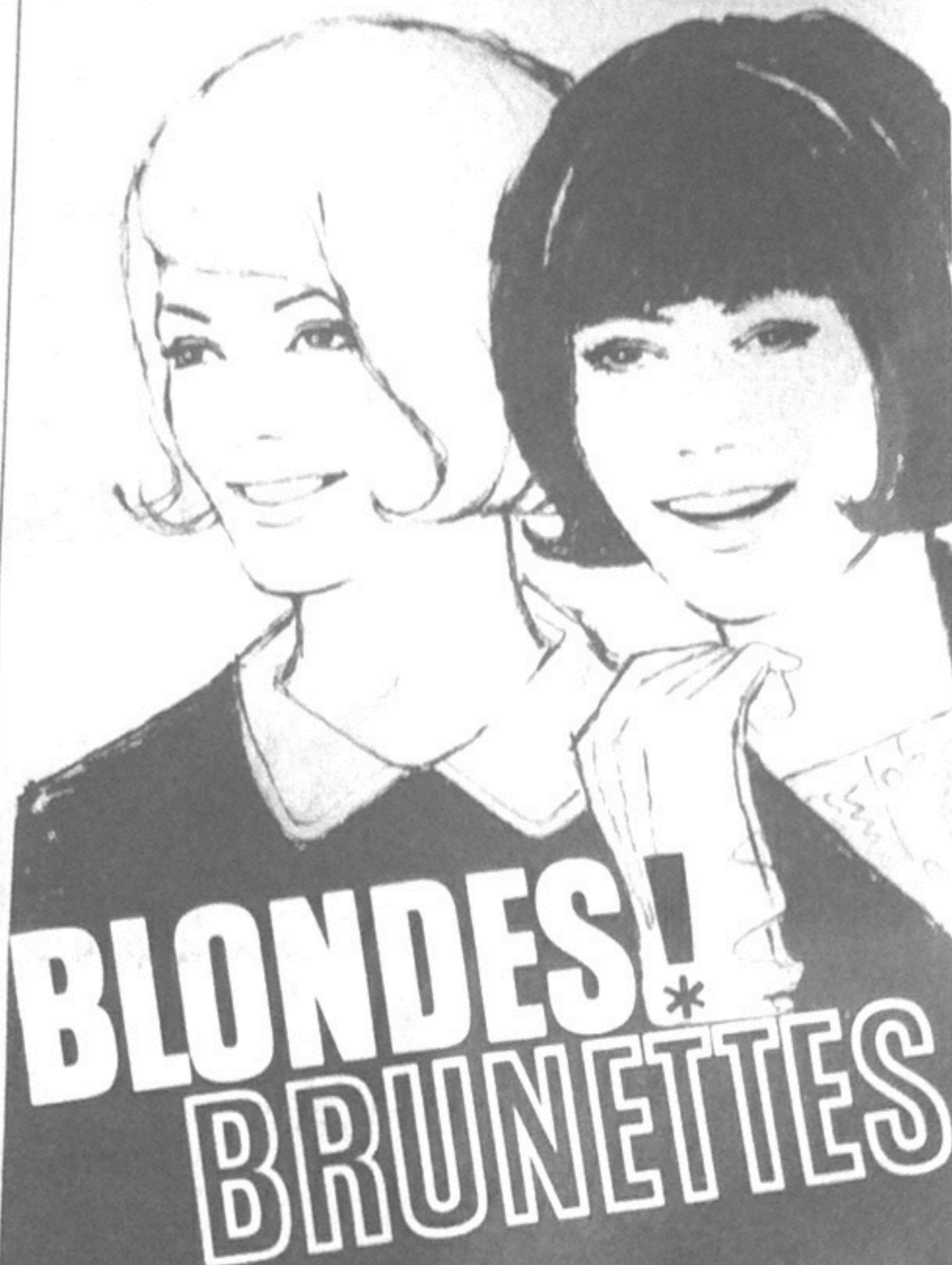
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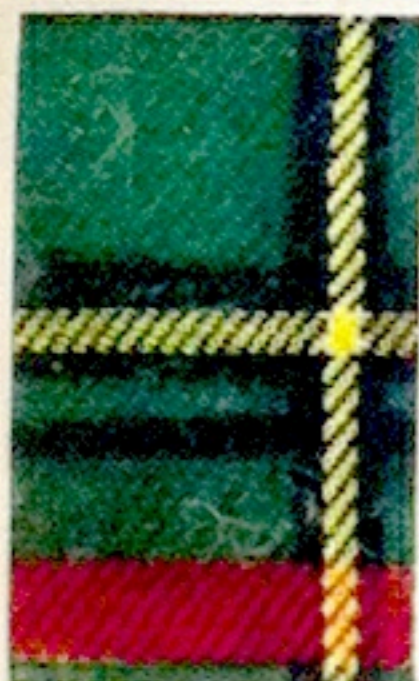


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**Pattie Boyd says**

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126 Dress 1 THE TRENDSETTERS



Royal Stewart as illustrated

This wonderful offer at such an amazingly low price includes step-by-step fully illustrated sewing instructions, 2 zips, 2 gilt buttons, and all necessary interfacings. All this, plus free postage and packing! The closing date for this offer is 26th October, 1964, so post your coupon now to ensure your first colour choice. (We regret that we cannot supply blouses without Pinafore orders.) This offer is only available in the U.K. and Northern Ireland.

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Colour Choice: 1st \_\_\_\_\_

2nd \_\_\_\_\_

3rd \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

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# maureen's letter box

Asked the Ed if I could have a T-shirt to go with my transfer. She muttered something about transferring me to another department. Ah well, on with the letters.

## ROY, FOR THE RECORD

Juliet Crombie of Lancashire writes: Can I have the life lines of Roy Orbison, please? I've never missed one of his records, and think he's the greatest entertainer of all time! I completely agree with you Juliet! Roy is a guitarist, singer, songwriter and Texan. He is very enthusiastic about each of these things. When Roy was in his teens he was leader of a group called The Wink Westerners! Roy studied geology, but when Pat Boone, a fellow student, had his first big record success, Roy decided that was what he wanted to do, and he completely concentrated on singing.

## DISC NEWS

Joan Briggs of London writes: I just love Chuck Berry. Can you tell me anything at all about him, please? Charles Edward Berry was born in St. Louis, Missouri. He has three sisters, and two brothers. One sister, Martha, occasionally sings with Chuck on records. He is six feet one inch tall and weighs around 12st. 7lb., has black hair and brown eyes.

**BEATLE VIEW**  
Carole Lewis of Bristol asks: What are the views of artistes on The Beatles? The other day I spoke to The Fourmost and they all said what great boys The Beatles were and how much all The Fourmost liked them.

## IN FULL FORCE

Donna Phillips of Cardiff writes: Can I have some info on Force Five please? Peter James (rhythm guitar) was born on 1st August 1943. He founded the group with Bert Ash. Peter is five feet six inches, has blue grey eyes and dark brown hair. Bert Ash (lead guitar), born 13th April, 1943. He and Peter were at school together. David Osborne (bass) was born in 1940 on 9th May. By friends, David is known as 'Oz'. Like the Wizard of huh? He is 6 feet tall, has black hair and blue-grey eyes. Dave likes fishing. Ronnie Gent (vocals) was born in Eton on 25th March, 1939. Ron is five feet six inches tall, has blue eyes and dark brown hair. David Skinner (drums), born 6th April 1941. Dave is the real homely type. His chief hobby is deep sea fishing.

Don't forget I'm here to help with your requests. Drop me a line at MAUREEN'S LETTER BOX, FABULOUS, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4, and PLEASE enclose S.A.E. for a reply. I can't reply personally unless you do.

## Clearasil ends embarrassment



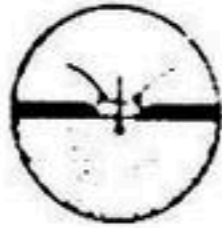
One day I came out in hideous spots. I tried everything. Only Clearasil got rid of my spots fast. Wines

Jerry Ashley  
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# in record time

● I reckon The Golden Crusaders from Glasgow are the boys to crash the charts soon. The group was formed by brothers Bobbie and Brian Johnston, aided by their coal miner dad, who once played the banjo in a jazz band. He started them off by buying them a couple of guitars at £10 a-piece but when the group got going he sold the family car to buy them a minibus!

In fact, The Crusaders were so successful that Bobbie was soon able to afford a bass guitar costing £200 and Brian a rhythm guitar which set him back £150.

The rest of the boys are lead guitarist Billy Colquhoun, tenor saxist Jack Taylor, guitarists and vocalists Denis Murphy and Brian Sherman, drummer John Lee.

The Crusaders made their disc debut last March without much impact. But this week they come up with a beaty revival of *Hey! Good Looking* on the Columbia label—and this time I expect them to make some progress.

### Best of the rest

● Singer Kenny Lynch turns up on two new records this week—as a song

composer. For Carol Deene he wrote the tuneful *Hard To Say Goodnight* (H.M.V.) and with Mike Sarne he penned *Love Me Please* which Mike sings on Parlophone. The latter is something of a send-up of The Rolling Stones—and might well be a minor hit.

● Twenty-eight year old Tom Jones makes an impressive disc debut with the r-and-b styled *Chills and Fever* (Decca)

● Frank Ifield's *Summer Is Over*, written by Tom Springfield, is another tasty ballad (Columbia) and so is the slow, bluesy *No One To Cry To* by Ray Charles (H.M.V.).

● Two good 'uns from the girls are the up-tempo *Can't Hear You No More* by leather-lunged Lulu and her Luvvers (Decca) and *Come To Me*, a slow powerful ballad which shows what an under-rated singer Julie Grant is (Pye).

● And from the current crop of beat discs I recommend *It's Gonna Be All Right* by Gerry and The Pacemakers (Columbia), *Seven Daffodils* by The Mojos (Decca), *Boys And Girls* by The Migil 5 (Pye), *Love Or Money*, a beaty ballad by a new group from Liverpool called The Wackers (Piccadilly) and *So Much In Love* which Keith Richards and Mike Jagger wrote for another new group called The Mighty Avengers (Decca).

KEN BOW

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