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1-

26th SEPTEMBER 1964

IT ALL ADDS UP TO

Fabulous

FREE INSIDE ALAN FREEMAN'S
MINI POP GUIDE
52 Info-Packed Pages



IT'S FAB

HERE'S WHERE TO FIND WHAT YOU WANT

| | |
|---|-------------|
| TONY CRANE | COVER |
| PHOTOGRAPHER STEVEN THOMPSON | |
| HI FAB/STARGAZING WITH JOHN LEYTON | Pages 2/3 |
| FAB PIN-UP: LULU | Page 4 |
| PHOTOGRAPHER BILL FRANCIS | |
| THE LUVERS NO. 1 THAT'S LULU | Page 5 |
| THE TOP 2 WITH THEIR TOP 10—PETER AND GORDON | Page 6 |
| FAB PIN-UP: PETER AND GORDON | Page 7 |
| PHOTOGRAPHER MAX STEINER | |
| THE BIG 3 + THE FORTUNES | Page 8 |
| THE BIG 4—FOUR PENNIES | Page 9 |
| FAB PIN-UP: THE FOUR PENNIES | Page 10 |
| PHOTOGRAPHER FIONA ADAMS | |
| FAB PIN-UP: THE PRETTY THINGS | Page 12 |
| PHOTOGRAPHER FIONA ADAMS | |
| FAB PIN-UP: THE BEATLES | Page 13 |
| PHOTOGRAPHER MICHAEL DARLING | |
| FAB PIN-UP: THE ROLLING STONES | Page 15 |
| PHOTOGRAPHER DEREK BERWIN | |
| 5 PLUS 5 = TOP 10—STONES AND ANIMALS | Pages 16/17 |
| SIX OF THE BEST—FASHION WITH GILL | Pages 18/19 |
| 5 PRETTY THINGS + FAB'S JUNE AND FIONA = LUCKY No. 7 | Page 20 |
| 5 PRETTY THINGS + FAB'S JUNE AND FIONA = LUCKY No. 7 cont./ALL THE INFO ON FAB'S GREAT LOCKET OFFER NEXT WEEK | Page 21 |
| CLIFF BENNETT, PLUS 6 REBEL ROUSERS, PLUS FAB'S SYLVIA = A GREAT 8 | Page 22 |
| MAUREN'S LETTER BOX/WHO'S WHO THIS WEEK/RECORD TIME WITH KEN BOW | Page 23 |
| FAB PIN-UP: THE YARDBIRDS | Page 24 |
| PHOTOGRAPHER PAT PROCTER | |

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

STARGAZING WITH JOHN LEYTON



Those Librans with birthdays this week make sociable and charming companions. Libra folk seldom bear any malice and are usually gentle and amiable.



CAPRICORN (Dec. 21—Jan. 19). Co-operation likely with a future plan. Surprise correspondence.



AQUARIUS (Jan. 20—Feb. 18). You may change your views about someone you thought unfriendly.



PISCES (Feb. 19—Mar. 20). Guard against extravagance—an expensive time is in store for you.



ARIES (Mar. 21—April 20). An event due to take place soon will give you anticipation—and pleasure.



TAURUS (April 21—May 20). Message from an old friend will awaken many old memories.



GEMINI (May 21—June 20). Be very careful to guard your tongue—you will be given a trusted secret.



CANCER (June 21—July 20). Unexpected success cheers you up and life looks much brighter.



LEO (July 21—Aug. 21). If you are uncertain about a romantic interest consult an older, trusted person.



VIRGO (Aug. 22—Sept. 22). Could be a turning point in your life if a cherished wish comes true.



LIBRA (Sept. 23—Oct. 22). For the unattached this could be a week that strengthens a friendship.



SCORPIO (Oct. 23—Nov. 22). Happy week if you can manage to avoid the tendency to be impulsive.



SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23—Dec. 20). Don't indulge in self pity and a setback won't seem so bad.

HEY THERE! Got your Mini-Pop Guide safely? Good. Hang on to it. You'll find it answers the questions you want to know about your favourites.

And now, dear readers, I have news for you! There's still time to book tickets for the Grand Final of our Beat-time For Oxfam contest at the Prince of Wales Theatre, Coventry Street, London. It starts at 7 p.m. on Sunday, 27th September. Tickets are priced 7s. 6d., 10s., 12s. 6d. and 15s. They'll be sent by post to you if you write quickly to: Lydia Cornell, 274 Banbury Road, Oxford, together with a postal order for the correct amount. Make your P.O. payable to OXFAM.

It's going to be a terrific show and includes one of The Beatles, Cilla Black... not to mention the FAB Gang. Why not get up a crowd and come along!

And don't miss next week's FAB with MORE pressies! (see page 21).

Love, The Ed.

Hi-fab!

SYLVIA WITH THE GANG GOSSIP

it all adds up to FABULOUS. What does? A countdown that goes something like this:

10

Monday. Ten days before deadline for the "It All Adds Up To" edition of FAB. Stagger into office. Blink at daylight. Fill self with black coffee. Betty tears in.

"Get over to the Directors' Suite," says the Ed's right hand girl. "We've got forty readers up there and the Merseybeats will arrive at any moment. The Ed and I can't make it yet. You'll have to hold the fort."

The week's offer to a typical rush and tear start. I try to entertain readers. Merseybeats arrive. Readers are entertained by Johnny Gustafson who cuts lumps off his hair and gives it to them for souvenirs.



Left to right: Reader Peggy Walls, Johnny Gustafson, reader Elizabeth Emery and Aaron Williams.

9

Tuesday. Chris Dreja of The Yardbirds rings just as I'm off to lunch.

"Sylvie," he moans. "I've busted my guitar. An amplifier fell on it and snapped the neck off. Cost me £150, that guitar did. And it'll have to be sent to the States for repair. It's gonna cost a bomb. Perhaps I'll just buy a new one!"

I start out again for lunch. But The Fortunes arrive and they've already eaten. So I interview them over a cup of tea and an empty tummy in the office.



Chris Dreja

8

Wednesday. I'm chasing The Big Three and they're somewhere in or around Liverpool. If I don't catch up with them soon, it'll be too late for the story to go into FAB.

Fiona, FAB's cameragirl, pops into the cupboard I laughingly refer to as my office, between photographic sessions with The Pretty Things and Peter and Gordon. She tells me Viv Prince of The Pretties has bought a cat and



Viv Prince

is calling it Wilfum. I grab the 'phone, and ask Viv: "Why Wilfum?"

"It was chosen by a fan," he says. "I asked the fans to help me pick a name for the cat. You should have seen the names they suggested! One girl said: 'Why not call it Snagglepuss?' But I didn't fancy standing on the doorstep of our flat every night yelling out: 'Snagglepuss!' Come home, Snagglepuss!"

7

Thursday. I still haven't caught The Big Three. Well, at least, I haven't quite caught them. Apparently Johnny Hutchinson 'phoned when I was out. He left a number. I called him back and he was out. Then he called back and / was out!

Received a letter from a reader in New Zealand telling me about The Beatles' visit to her country. At one concert in Auckland, girls were crawling along the aisles on their hands and knees in attempts to get to the stage without being seen by the attendants. Only one girl managed it and she planted a kiss on Paul before being caught.

Enclosed with the letter were Press cuttings showing the boys enjoying themselves at a reception given by the Mayor of Auckland. Turned out he was from Lancashire, too. So he was given a round of applause all to himself by The Beatles.

6

Friday. Another week gone. Deadline's drawing nearer and The Big Three and I still haven't met up. Oh dear. Stuart James of The Mojoes calls to see Keith and pops his head round my door to say "Hello." Don't know why the Ed. let Keith interview Stuart. I'm sure I could do it better.

Stuart tells me that the boys judged a carnival queen competition in Oldham recently. They were driven round town in a 1922 Humber and really given the big treatment.

"But the thing we liked best," laughed Stuart, "was the fact that they were surrounded by Beauty Queens. FAB."



Stuart James

5

So it's weekend. So what? I still spend time chasing pop stars. So do most of FAB staff. The Big Three and I manage to miss one another again.

Relaxing from the strain in a coffee bar, who should I see but Jimmy Nicol. Promises he'll call into the office and give me an estimate for re-decoration of my cupboard. Wonder if Ed'll agree to me having the lair re-decorated?

4

Monday again. See Peter and Gordon. They're currently making one and a half LP's.

"What happened to the other half?" I want to know.

"Oh that's already in the can. We did it before going to the States," they said.



Peter Asher



Gordon Waller

3

Funny how Tuesday always follows Monday. Gill pops in with armful of latest fashion gear. Way out! I want to know when I can have it. She says as soon as I care to pay for it. End of conversation. The Big Three have given me up. Didn't phone.

2

Wednesday, and I'm beginning to look as desperate as I feel. Wonder if Ed'll sack me if I don't get that Big Three story? Anyone want a tea girl?

Sitting quietly in my office when a familiar voice outside door demands: "Where's Sylvia?"

"Here's Sylvia," I yell. In comes the voice with Mike Wilsh of The Four Pennies behind it and the other three Pennies behind him. I'm not expecting them but delighted to see them anyway.

"Thought you'd like to do a story on us," they grin. "Whatever would I want to do that for?" I retort. "I suppose you think that because you've made a couple of chart hitting records you're famous or something?"

They're shooting me next week. Hope I get The Big Three before they do it.

1

Thursday. My friend Marion Rainford, Press agent to my friends John Leyton and Mike Sarne, comes in, bringing her new client, Nola York, with her. Nola's a gorgeous redhead with song-writing talent. Tells me she hates insincere people and loves music and painting. Her first record, *I Don't Understand*, is a wow.

ZERO

Friday. Press day. Paul of The Big Three greets me with "Where've you been for the past week?"

We get together. I bash sparks from the typewriter getting the story written and tear into the Ed with it ten minutes before it has to go to the printing works. Work. And fun. That's what adds up to FAB.



NEXT WEEK
Fabulous
is

Oh yea
Oh yea!



Shaking up
London Town



with ye LOCKET offer and FREE pin-up, LOCKET size (see page 21). Ye famous London Waxworks, Madame Tussauds is visited by ye BEATLES. Ye Pop Guide to old London hath been devised for all who loveth this merry music

Ye French Invasion of RICHARD ANTHONY
Ye most fair MARIANNE FAITHFULL
Ye olds ROLLING STONES on ye magic box entertainment READY, STEADY, GO!

Ye Yankee P. J. PROBY who becometh a New Londoner
Ye sweet sounds of SOUNDS INC.
YEA VERILY, with MIGHTY COLOURED PLATES OF YE FAVOURITE - YE BEATLES, DAVE CLARK, RICHARD ANTHONY, NASHVILLE TEENS, MARIANNE FAITHFULL, BRIAN POOLE and THE TREMELOES and CLIFF RICHARD -

London is the fairest city all...
FABULOUS. On Sale Monday, 1Shilling





Fab | Lulu

THE LUVERS 1 THAT'S LULU



LULU, her voice husky from countless vocal onslaughts on her big hit *Shout*, managed to sit still for a little while. Normally, she hops about incessantly. But she was now thinking. . . . Thinking about what it's like being a 15-year-old girl, away from home, touring with a group of five boys as her constant mates—and often being the only girl in a show.

Let's collect those thoughts. For Lulu is a 5 ft. 2 in., eyes of brown, lass who talks fast and confidently.

"It's all fun," she said. "Problems? Sure, there are some. But it's still fun. My mum and dad—he's a butcher, by the way—don't travel with me. But I have a manager, Mrs. Marian Massey, who comes everywhere with me.

"Her husband is in fashion in London. He likes the idea of Marian coming away with me. . . . I don't think he likes to see a wife sitting at home not working! Anyway, she's marvellous. She's young, with a dark skin, and dark hair, and gorgeous big eyes. She's great.

"But really it's great being with so many boys. I mean, I never have to carry my own suitcase—there's always a volunteer. But there's always a volunteer. But sometimes they forget I AM a girl. Like they'll come up and slap me on the back or something. Well, I mean it HURTS sometimes. Normally, though, they're gentle-

manly. You see, The Luvers and I work as a team.

"Sometimes we get on each other's nerves. You can see that, backstage. Like I go on after they've done a few numbers and something goes wrong. So I have a go at them afterwards and they say: 'Well, look who's talking. . . .'

"You soon forget the arguments, though. Trouble is that I'm a bit quick-tempered. I give as good as I get when it comes to talking. But I mean I'd stand no chance if it came to fistfights with five boys, would I?"

"Just in case, I keep up my strength. I know I'm only little, but I eat huge steaks. Simply HUGE. Trouble is finding them when you're on tour. I don't like just fiddling with food. I like to get stuck in. Often there aren't any good steaks, so I make do with fish 'n' chips.

"One thing I simply HATE. That's trying to eat while travelling on a train. All that joggling up and down. It slows me down too much."

"**C**OURSE, I meet a lot of boys on tour. I think The Animals are fabulous and I find them marvellous to talk to. And The Fourmost. . . well, they are great. A tremendous act, those boys.

"At one time, I worried about whether the girls in the audience would like me. I never knew if they'd actually come to listen to

me. But they come round backstage and say how they like my clothes and my hair—and ask where I get them done. Well, I fix my hair myself, so that saves troubles on tour. And I design most of my own clothes. We call the outfit I wear on stage the Lulu style. Actually, I fix Marian's hair too.

"I guess I'm lucky that I'm not nervous. I love singing and I never stand in the wings, biting my nails and so on. I just live to get on and start.

"But I do get homesick. That's why I ring my mum and dad all the time—every day at least—when I'm away. But the boys I work with try to keep me from missing home too much. And they try to stop me from spending too much money.

"Actually, I spend most on clothes and shoes. I'm mad about shoes. But not handbags. I don't like 'em. Jewellery interests me—I suppose it's the same for all girls. I've got a charm bracelet and lots of people have bought me things to put on it.

"But when you're travelling, you can't always spend time in shops. You're sitting in a train or a car and that's it. So I either read, or go to sleep. I'm a marvellous sleeper. And I like to read the pop magazines and the papers. I still get a great kick out of seeing my own picture anywhere. . . .

"The thing is that I've known the

boys I work with for a long time, so we sort of respect each other. They don't make a big show of it. But they make sure things go right for me.

"Of course, I don't bother about boy-friends, not yet. I'm too busy and too young. But it makes me feel good to have so many boys around. I mean, girls DREAM about that sort of thing, don't they?"

"One day, I'll buy a car. I think a Mercedes convertible. I'm crazy about cars and just can't wait till I'm old enough to get a licence.

"Funny thing about the boys in the group—and the others I meet on tour. They all seem to worry about my voice, what with the *Shout* song and so on. But it doesn't affect it at all. It seems very strong and I don't even get a sore throat.

"As for The Luvers. Sometimes I think they just agree to give me my own way to save any argument. It's always about what happens on stage, though.

"And as long as Marian is with me, I know everything's going to be O.K.

"Touring is fun, I tell you. But maybe that's because it's still pretty new to me. . . ."

A knock on the door. Lulu bounced up and flounced at speed across the room. She sat still QUITE long enough, thank-you. She was back to her hopping-about bit. **MARK DAY**

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10



THE TOP 2 WITH THEIR TOP 10

PETER & GORDON

"WE want numbers, mate," I explained to Peter Asher. Peter hasn't taken a year in philosophy and dabbled in psychology for nothing. He didn't bat an eye-lid.

"Have a sit down and an orange juice," he suggested sympathetically. "Now when did you first feel the pain?"

I had the answer for that one. "When our editor told me to sort out some ideas for our 'It All Adds Up' issue. The gang and I drew straws to see who would get you and Gordon. I lost."

Over in the far corner of the reception room we could hear Gordon conducting a typical interview for an Irish radio station.

"I can't wait to see little old Ireland," he enthused to the interviewer in a mock American accent.

"The land of the green. The grass is green, the trees are green, the hills are green and the sky... that's pretty too."

Peter winced at Gordon's remark and grinned at me. "Let's talk numbers," he murmured.

"One," I suggested.

"One stands for alone," decided Peter. "Something I like to be at home. I take myself off into a quiet room and sit listening to modern jazz. One also means solo. Something I do not want to be. If Gordon and I ever split up I would go back to my studies and quit the business." He glanced over at Gordon who sat with an angelic smile on his features as the interviewer explained painfully that Glasgow was not in Ireland. Gordon knew perfectly well

where it was. He was born in Braemar, Scotland.

"What does 'one' mean to you?" he asked Gordon.

"Grey," replied Gordon instantly.

"Why grey," I asked.

"Why not?" said Gordon.

"Two?" I suggested to Peter.

"Two," mused Peter. "Ah yes, the two Everly brothers. When we were twelve and thirteen, Gordon and I used to sing all their songs. We still think they're great. Then there are the two Ashers—Jane and I. I saw her film, *Mask Of The Red Death*. Jane was excellent: Do you know we once appeared in a Robin Hood adventure on TV together? It would be nice to act together again in a film."

The number three suggested a trio to Peter and he immediately thought of Peter, Paul and Mary. Both boys admire them but don't always approve of their singing technique.

"Four would suggest a 'square' to me which I certainly am in some respects," admitted Peter forcefully adjusting his glasses. "I like way out jazz men like Charlie Mingus. I also like classical music."

A quick word with Gordon established the fact that he held the number four in high regard. His birthday is 4th June.

Five could only mean the five Rolling Stones. Both boys admire The Stones stubborn refusal to conform to a "popular" image.

"Six means team games. I disliked cricket and football at school. Still do," said Peter.

To both boys the number seven means the days in the week.

"We never seem to stop," sighed Peter. "In America we could have done with thirty-six hours in the day. If you look even vaguely like The Beatles they won't leave you alone. Not that we object to the fans but it was so exhausting. Poor Gordon got rather annoyed with everyone insisting he was John Lennon. He even signed some autograph books in John's name in order to get some peace. They just wouldn't believe he was not Lennon."

We moved on.

"Eight," I prompted.

"Very seldom," smiled Peter.

"Eight not Ate," I replied, knowing full well that he knew what I meant.

"Pieces of Eight. Money," said Peter. "Everyone seems to think that we are rich. You should have seen the bills for our expenses in America. Until our record royalties start rolling in we are far from well off."

At this point Gordon decided to join us permanently. "Nine for my nine useless G.C.E.'s," he suggested. "I don't really mean that," he added with a grin. "But now that I've gone into the showbusiness world all the work I put into them seems a bit pointless."

Both boys were agreed over Ten. They both enjoy Ten Pin bowling.

I thanked both boys for their time and made for the door.

Gordon shook my hand in a machine-like grip and confided, "Grey is my favourite colour."

Making sure my hair hadn't turned that colour. I left.

KEITH ALTHAM

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10



Fab | Peter and Gordon

THE BIG THREE **Faron** *Faron loves to tease people, because he insists that this is the only name he has. He's right-handed, studied law for four years and has two younger brothers. He takes size seven-and-a-half shoes. He is five feet eight inches tall, has reddish blond hair and blue eyes. Celebrates his birthday on the same day as Elvis, 8th January, and is twenty-one years old. Favourite foods are Chinese and English and he has a special liking for the national dish of Liverpool, scouse. Pop stars he likes include Adam Faith, Tommy Steele and Johnny Kidd and The Pirates.*

When Gerry Marsden was in Hamburg, Faron was standing right behind him, twanging away merrily on his bass guitar. He's self-taught. He wears two rings on his right hand and a gold identity bracelet on his left.

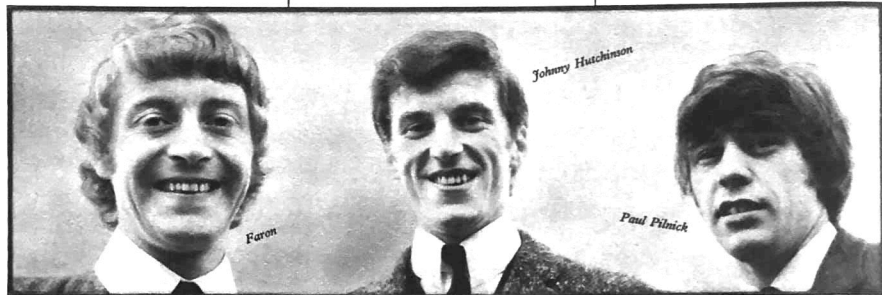
Johnny Hutchinson *When asked how tall he is, Johnny says, "I'm six feet one, I think." He was born on 18th July, 1942. He has blond hair and blue eyes, likes Greek food and admits to being superstitious. "I never walk under ladders." When I asked him what he doesn't like, he said solemnly, "The other two members of The Big Three"—then burst out laughing.*

He takes size nine shoes and size fifteen-and-a-half shirts, wears a watch that's as big as his hand, and was an upholsterer before turning professional drummer. Asked why he chose drums as his instrument, he said, "Because I've got eight hands." He used to play clarinet. He's been with The Three for eight months and he likes any good music, with a special preference for Nino Tempo. He loves to tease people.

Paul Pilnick *The surname's Polish and so was Paul's father. He (Paul, that is) has fair hair. He has one brown eye and one grey eye—or so he reckons. He's five feet ten inches tall, takes size seven-and-a-half shoes and shirts with a fourteen-and-a-half inch collar. He doesn't like greasy food or girls with a lot of lacquer on their hair.*

Favourite pastimes include reading Greek mythology, watching TV and, of course, playing guitar. He's lead guitarist with the group and taught himself.

His birthday's 17th January and he's twenty. Wears a ring and a watch, likes modern jazz, some classics, guitar music and Gene McDaniels. Paul was once a commercial artist, can't read music, has a married sister and is an uncle four times over. He's right-handed.



THE BIG 3 + THE FORTUNES

Six dishing boys with one thing in common. Talent. Here's the run-down on them



THE FORTUNES **Rod Allen** *Rod's real name is Rodney Bainbridge and he was born on 31st March, 1945. He's the group's leader, bass guitarist and pianist. He sings as well. He's five feet eight inches tall, has very dark brown, curly hair and brown eyes. Favourite food, chicken.*

He takes size seven-and-a-half shoes and before coming into showbiz was in insurance. He likes tea, girls, fast cars and late nights.

Doesn't like self-centred people or phoney R'n'B music. He's right-handed, enjoys listening to Roy Orbison, Dionne Warwick and "Any music that's good, including classical." He started piano lessons when he was seven, gave up piano for guitar when he was twelve. He and Baz made their first TV appearance on The Carrol Lewis Discovery Show.

Glen Dale *Glen's real name is Richard Garforth and he was born at Deal, in Kent, on 2nd April, 1943 (All The Fortunes have birthdays within three days of one another.) Before coming into show business, Glen was an apprentice engineer. He's six feet tall, fair haired, blue eyed and reckons he has a rubber face.*

Glen takes size nine shoes, has three elder sisters, is right-handed and says his left foot swivels sideways when he walks.

His favourite drink is tea and he's a self-taught rhythm guitarist. Attended Ashford South Secondary Modern School for Boys. His favourite food is roast beef and Yorkshire pudding. He hates shaving and really digs the songs John and Paul write. Finds it very difficult to get up in the morning.

Barry Pritchard *Says all the people sur-named "Pritchard" who spell the name without a "T" are imposters. He's usually called Baz, was born on 3rd April, 1945, in Birmingham. Takes size eight shoes, has brown hair, blue eyes, is five feet eight inches tall. Plays lead guitar, taught himself.*

Has a younger (and bigger) brother.

Baz worked in the Export Division of the Board of Trade before turning professional. Says his favourite food is steak, and, like fellow Fortune, Glen, hates shaving. Was seventeen when he left school (he went to Greenmore College and Moseley Grammar School, Birmingham).

He doesn't like untidy dress, does like song-writing, the cinema, good music and tea.

SYLVIA STEPHEN



Three Pennies and their chauffeur—the fourth Penny must have ducked under the seat!

the Big 4

It was a cold, dark, damp night. A slim lad, toting a bass guitar, trudged along a dimly-lit street near Blackburn. He was in the middle of his usual twelve-mile trudge... a nightly ritual.

For he was part of a beat group—an ambitious foursome. But he didn't have enough money to pay the bus fares to and from rehearsals.

His name: Mike Wilsh, of the now-famous Four Pennies. And it was less than a year ago that he developed his bunch of corns and wore his elastic-sided boots down to the uppers.

Today? The Four Pennies have their own chauffeur-valet. A liveried gent who drives them from job to job, looks after their clothes, cleans their shoes, sews on their buttons. Says Mike: "We've got the taste for living it up, though we don't really splash our money around."

As the famous saying has it: "Look after the pennies and the pounds will look after themselves."

Says Lionel Morton: "Things have changed so fast that we don't know whether we're coming or going. Why, we even have our own barber fly all over the country to see us. He's a Manchester bloke. But it wasn't so long ago that we couldn't afford even a quick trim more than once every three months..."

The boys now stay at the best hotels. They design their own shirts and have them made precisely to measure... fancy designs with long collar points and extra large cuffs. Pink ones for the stage—less colourful gear for day-time wear.

And they are investing their money in property,

in insurance policies, and in private companies.

Even where their hobbies are concerned, life has turned upside down for the four-pennyworth. Mike Wilsh was a useful artist when he was at school. In fact, he turned down a chance of going to Leicester College of Art in order to become a full-time Penny.

"But now, because of the interest in the group, they're laying on an exhibition of some of my oil-paintings and abstracts back home in Blackburn. And if enough people turn up, I hope to have a similar show in London," says Mike.

Alan Buck and Mike have become fresh-air fiends, too. They like shark-fishing and skin-diving and other hectic sports. Says Alan: "And the great thing is that we get dozens of invitations to take part in these water-sports. We could never have afforded it even six months ago."

Mike flicked a speck of dust off a boot that showed no sign of wear-and-tear and said: "But there's one person we can never forget. One marvellous lady in Blackburn who really made it all possible. Our own special fairy godmother."

Her name is Miss Marie Reidy. She runs a music shop in Penny Street, Blackburn—a pop-happy centre where all the fans used to congregate. She admired the Pennies and their enthusiasm and allowed them to rehearse in a back room in the store.

What's more, she also allowed them to take their pick of all the equipment in the shop... on the understanding that they'd pay her back whenever they hit the big-time.

Said Lionel: "Her faith in us was fab for our morale. What other group could get a start in this way? But Miss Reidy even went further. When it

seemed things were going to be slow for us, she sent one of our demonstration discs to Philips Records. Didn't tell us about it, in case we were turned down.

"But you should have seen the look on her face when she told us that we'd clicked. That we were to rush to London and make our first disc..."

No wonder the boys, previously the Lionel Morton Four, decided to change their name to commemorate the street where Miss Reidy's store stands!

And now the Pennies pick up all of £1,500 a week between them. Their faithful Miss Reidy even introduced them to manager Alan Lewis, a wealthy twenty-six year old businessman with film-star good-looks, a permanent cigar clenched in his mouth—a Manchester man who is expected to be a millionaire inside four years!

Said Lionel: "Alan promised us at least £12 a week each if we'd sign with him. Wow-e-e-ee!"

There's just one character who feels The Four Pennies have delivered him a really right-hander of a fourpenny one. That's Mr. Arthur France, headmaster of St. Peter's Church of England Boys' Secondary School.

When the boys were pupils there, Mr. France told 'em to pack in trying to play guitars and drums and get on with some solid work to fit themselves for a career when they left school.

"I was wrong," Mr. France told me. "Hopefully wrong. But I'm very proud of the way they've done in their chosen profession."

The Four Pennies just grin. And plan some more live-ing-it-up. And do their best NOT to look like the "boys-next-door"! PAUL FRY

FRITZ FRYER

ALAN BUCK

LIONEL MORTON

MIKE WILSH





Fab | The Four Pennies

AUTOBRUSH MASCARA

Spiral brush mascara that's gear for darkening and separating every single lash. 3/6, refills 2/-

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with fibres for lashes fab as fake ones! Use as much as you like for the greatest fake-lash look! 2/9 with spiral brush.

DARKER LINER

Smooth-brushing liquid for the slickest, darkest line of all. 1/6 Separate brush 1/6

PLUS NEW EYE MAKE-UP REMOVER

... lush liquid that takes off *all* eye make-up without tears. In a jiff it is gone. gone, gone. 1/3

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m LP*

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FOR SURE THEY'RE MINERS

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*LUXEMBOURG PROGRAMME
'WORLD TOP POPS' WITH BRIAN MATTHEW
TUNE IN EVERY THURSDAY 9.30 TO 9.45 P.M.





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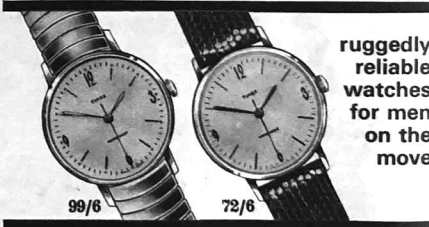
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Fab | The Rolling Stones

Take Five Animals plus Five Stones and you have an exciting R & B sum. Put the five same intimate questions to each member and you are able to see how they add up as individuals.

Who do you think will be the pop sensation of 1964?

MICK: Marianne Faithfull, the girl Keith and I discovered and for whom we wrote *As Tears Go By*.

BILL: Elvis has not moved with the times. P. J. Proby has and will become the new Elvis.

KEITH: Irma Thomas, a girl I saw singing in New York will become another Dionne Warwick.

BRIAN: P. J. Proby will become as big as we are now.

CHARLIE: I don't know much about the pop world.

Which incident would you pick from your lives as being the most memorable?

Our first appearance before a mass audience at your own Albert Hall Pop Prom.

Being called Mademoiselle five times in one day while over in Switzerland.

Carnegie Hall in USA with 4,000 screaming fans and steel helmeted police to keep control.

My first sight of New York by plane.

Too many to remember just one.

What would you do if the group broke up tomorrow?

I'd like to become an arranger or manage some of my own artistes.

Become a session artiste and play on other people's records.

Tour the USA and find their Liverpool. Chicago is loaded with R & B talent.

I'd like to write or go into publishing.

Have a long holiday.

Is there anything which makes you regret being a showbusiness star?

Yes, getting home at four in the morning and having to get up at six.

Seeing so little of my boy Stephen. He thinks I'm the lodger in my own house.

I'm a layabout at heart. I'm envious of the guys on street corners with spare time.

Bad mannered autograph hunters. Usually the adults.

Not seeing my old friends.

Is there anything printed about you which you would like to correct?

Many things but I prefer not to continue the arguments.

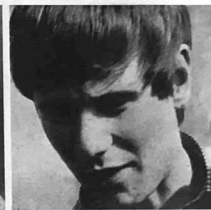
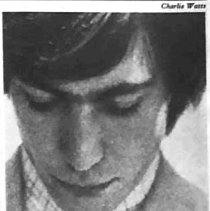
I do not look like Charles I. Charles I looked like me.

We did not say that Elvis was a bad artist on JB Jury. We said his song was poor.

We are not dirty. I am open to inspection at all times.

Nothing man!

5 + 5 = THE TOP TEN



ERIC: Ex-Searcher Tony Jackson has a great new sound.

ALAN: The Spencer Davis group who have a great R & B sound.

JOHN: Chris Farlow and The Thunderbirds, who met down London's Flamingo Club.

HILTON: Georgie Fame, who has been so good for so long he must succeed.

CHAS: The Nashville Tens who we met at The Cellar Club in Kingston.

Playing at the Flamingo Club where they know good R & B

The return to Newcastle with 3,000 screaming wonderful fans to welcome us.

The Hammersmith show on the Chuck Berry tour. The fans just crushed the stage.

Meeting and playing with Sonny Boy Williamson.

The Newcastle reception of the Chuck Berry tour. The audience didn't scream until the end of the song.

Buy a car and tour the USA

Start again with another group.

Grow quickly hysterical and climb the nearest wall.

Collapse.

Open my own club back home and play my kind of music.

The other four Animals.

Having no time to watch horse jumping. I'd like to revisit my birthplace, in Durham.

I'd like five minutes for a quiet beer with the guys in Newcastle.

Who's a star?

Having no time to relax. Even on holiday in Majorca we were always on the move.

The Press have been very good to us.

I hate to read any comparison with us and The Rolling Stones.

Not in print. The BBC were very stuffy over our name and the 4 1/2 minute disc.

People who claim we poach Bob Dylan's material.

Someone wrote that Eric's engagement had shocked us. Nonsense! We have known Doreen for years.

"WELCOME to our stately pad, June and Fiona," The Things said prettily.

Of course, this was in the days when they had a stately pad. At the last report, they were all encamped on Hampstead Heath. The neighbours rebelled, you see. Anyway, at the time Fiona and I called on them they rented three-quarters of a very big Regency-style house in London's frightfully exclusive Belgravia. Their neighbours were very debby and probably thought them a bit strange. The Pretty Things probably thought their neighbours were a bit strange, too.

Between telling us not to trip over guitars and drum kits and answering the phone (which rang all day, usually for Brian Jones of The Stones, the previous occupant) Viv Prince, grandly escorted us on a tour of bathrooms, bedrooms and rooms they hadn't found a label for. It was very impressive, either ultra-modern pastels or gilded antiques.

Their ground floor living-room was beautifully antique.

"We didn't know how to live in this room at first," said Phil May, propping up his canvas-shod feet on a lovely Queen Anne foot-stool. "But we got a TV in, and it seemed more like home. We never have it on though. It's one of those money-in-the-slot ones and we never have any change."

THE Pretty Things discussed the housework situation.

"I think we'll have Dick turning the mangle today," said John Stax.

"Are you dusting the aspidistras, then?" said Dick Taylor.

"I think I'll take the day off," Brian Pendleton suggested casually.

They all decided that they'd con Wendy, their daily help, into doing the

5

PRETTY THINGS

+

FAB'S JUNE & FIONA

7

lot. Wendy is mod, and crazy enough to work for them. She does the cooking, and all the housework that they don't want to do. They all think Wendy's great.

The fridge, incidentally, contained a pint of milk and tins of tomatoes and baked beans. Nothing else.

However, in cases of emergency, Viv had a meal tucked away in his wardrobe in a paper bag. He had mushroom soup (in a packet) chicken curry (in a tin) and rice (in a bag). His other wardrobe contained an orange shirt and a tin of baked beans.

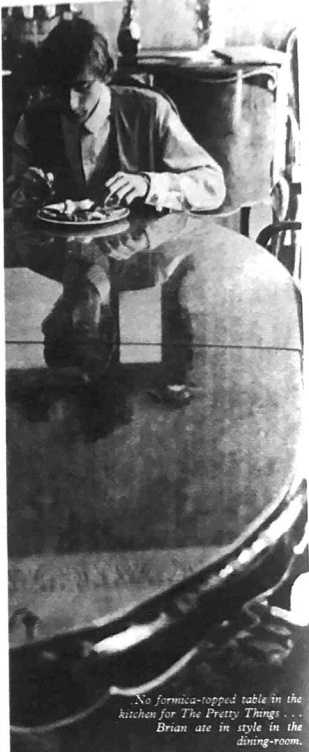
THERE were always a lot of spare bodies floating around the house. And every visitor had to meet Willum. . . . Willum is barred. A barred cat, that is.

"Wendy and I brought him home from the pet shop in a shopping bag," Dick recalled. "Willum jumped from the balcony last year. He's been rather quiet ever since."

The Pretty Things lived in Belgravia for quite some time. Their neighbours remembered them all when they moved on, if only for the fact that they missed the guitars twanging at all hours.

For different reasons. The young people, including Caroline Maudling, and Douglas Fairbanks Jr.'s daughter Melissa, were definitely fans. The old lady who occupied the top flat in that "stately pad" in Chester Street thought that Phil was very sweet and

Ironing out the group's problems is only one of Viv's talents. He can cook baked beans, too.



No formica-topped table in the kitchen for The Pretty Things. . . . Brian ate in style in the dining-room.

kept asking him if he'd like to walk her long-haired dog.

But the parental in-betweens were definitely "off" The Pretty Things. When it all became too much to bear they organised a petition to have the boys evicted.

Moving day had to be seen to be believed. The boys were filming a fifteen-minute spot for America's *Jack Paar Show* at the flat at the time. The film people arrived to find loads of Pretty Things fans organising a protest march. There were "Belgravia unfair to Pretty Things" notices everywhere, including the front of The Chancellor of the Exchequer's house across the street. The Pretty Things were in bed. They'd overslept.

We'll remember The Pretty Things' place for many things. But especially for the vase of long-dead red flowers on top of the TV they never switched on, and Viv's inquiry:

"Does champagne keep without the top on?"



JUNE

FIONA

LUCKY NUMBER





The Things leaving home to go off to work. It was all go when they had a stately home to look after! (above)



Dick thought he was the cat's whiskers until Pussy Cat William bearded him in his den.

HEY HOW ABOUT THIS!



Next week in fabulous Fabulous you'll find FREE FREE FREE locket-sized stick-on pix of 20 Top Popsters. Super! AND not only that! The FAB gang have designed a swinging locket on a 1-0-0-g (34 in. if you want to be exact) chain just the right size to hold a great picture of your fave rave.

The locket (Lulu has one already) is 22 carat gold plated and the chain is un tarnishable

gold coloured.

It cost the knock-down, rock-bottom, knock-out price of only

4s. 9d. You must have

one. But natch! So don't miss your next week's FAB.

Now how about the free bit.

Above is your line-up of locket-sized pix—just take your pick.

P.S. The locket has a special spring at the back so that you

can release your pic and have a change of face any time you feel like it!

Keith Richard.

P. J. Proby.

Paul McCartney.

Mike Smith.

Billy J. Kramer.

Dave Clark,

Ringo Starr.

Johnny Gustafson.

Cliff Richard.

Aaron Williams.

Gene Pitney,

Tony Crane,

John Banks.

Mick Jagger.

Charlie Watts.

Bill Wyman

George Harrison

John Lennon

Brian Jones

Brian Poole

PLUS you usual terrific KING-SIZE COLOUR PIX and FAB features . . . like what happens when The Stones take over Ready, Steady, Go!

But the hot news is our locket offer and don't forget that the stick-on pix are FREE . . . exclusively and only for FAB readers. So make for the bookstalls and order your copy TODAY. Price 1s.



GEORGE Beattie studied the electric organ set up on stage very carefully. Then he turned to the boys sitting in the stalls and called: "Roy. How does it work? Can you show me, please?"

Roy Young, one of Cliff Bennett's Rebel Rousers, rose, went up on to the stage and proceeded to give George a quick lesson, until the pair of them were told it was time for Cliff and his group to rehearse and it would be preferred if even Mr. Harrison and his three mates would kindly leave the stage. Mr. Harrison rejoined his three mates and they sat at the side of the stage, tapping their high heeled boots in time to the hefty beat Cliff, Roy and the rest of The Rebel Rousers pounded out.

That was the first time I ever saw The Rebel Rousers, and I can tell you one thing—they have a great act. They're great boys, too.

Cliff himself gives the impression of being a bit shy at first. He talks hesitantly and with a slight Cockney accent, although he's from Slough. He's 24, born 4th June, and is five feet ten inches tall. Dark brown haired and brown eyed, he takes size eight shoes: "But I can sometimes wear seven and a half."

Favourite hobbies are tinkering around with his Mini car—"Y'know, tuning it up and that. It does 87 m.p.h."—and playing tennis. He's not crazy about travelling. "We do so much of it," but doesn't mind it so long as he can travel in comfort. "But sharing a van with six other people and a stack of guitars, drums and other gear isn't really very comfortable," he says.

Recently, he's had his car, which was originally red and black, resprayed.

HE enjoys flying and has visited Germany, Ireland and Spain. The trip to Spain was a school holiday. He uses an electric razor, is the youngest of three boys and also has two step-brothers and a half sister.

Maurice Groves is one of the group's two tenor sax players.

"I'm usually called 'Moss,'" he'll tell you, and one of the others will chip in with "Yeah, 'cos you're green."

When the fight that follows that remark is over, Moss will add, in his warmly accented voice ("I'm from Birmingham, and proud of it") that he's five feet nine inches tall, twenty-four years old and enjoys playing tennis. He's black haired, blue eyed and nice mannered.

The other tenor sax player is Sid Phillips, twenty-four.

"I don't know why I'm called Sid Phillips," he muses. "My real name is Bernard Victor."

No one else knows why he's called Sid Phillips either.

"I'm the group's unpaid chauffeur," he says, with a meaning glance at the others. They ignore both the stress on the word "unpaid" and the meaning glance. "I drive this lot from one date to another in our Austin van. And I'm so underpaid that I can't even afford to have a car of my own."

Carliss Sid is blond and blue eyed, six feet two inches tall and comes from Hayes. Hobbies are tennis and, even more, golf.

Mick Burt is the drumming Rebel Rouser.

"Golf's my hobby, too, and I enjoy having an occasional flutter on the horses as well. I do quite well at it really. Won £120 not long ago. The rest of the boys are always asking me for tips. Trouble is"—and he breaks off to double-up with fiendish laughter—"whenever I give them a tip, the horse never wins!"

Mick's from South Harrow, in Middlesex. Dark brown haired and brown eyed, he drives an Austin Westminster Automatic, is five feet ten inches tall and twenty-four years old.

Cliff Bennett + Six Rebel Rousers + Fab's Sylvia = a great



The newest Rebel Rouser is Bobby Thompson. "I was with King-Size Taylor and The Dominoes originally, and I met Cliff and the King in Germany, where I was appearing with King Size."

CLIFF remembers those days well. He was very impressed with Bobby's talent right from the start, and when Frank Allen announced that he'd been invited to join The Searchers after Tony Jackson's departure, Cliff immediately thought of Bobby.

"Cliff phoned me at home in Liverpool (Where's that? I chipped in, and was clobbered for my trouble) and asked if I'd like to take Frank's place. As it happened, The Dominoes had just broken up so I was able to accept Cliff's offer without anyone being inconvenienced."

Bobby plays bass, is five feet eleven, fair haired, blue eyed and also carless. He's twenty-two years old and enjoys swimming.

Roy Young ("Just call me George Harrison's personal electric organ teacher") is the RR's pianist.

"My parents live in Oxford, which is where I'm from originally, but I live in Middlesex now. I played The Star Club in Hamburg for three years, and while I was out there bought a German Ford, which I still drive."

Roy's five feet ten inches tall, twenty-six years old, fair haired, blue eyed and another tennis fan. "But I've just taken up snooker. Fabulous game. Very relaxing."

Says he enjoys most other sports too. Dave Wendells, who plays lead guitar, firmly announces that he isn't superstitious.

"None of us are. None of us in our group, I mean. I've noticed, though, that quite a lot of show business people are. But us—we just laugh at superstition."

Dave's twenty-two and yet another Rebel Rousing tennis fan.

"But I have another hobby, too. Model trains. Roy says snooker's relaxing, but for my money, model trains are the thing if you really want to forget beat biz for a while."

He's five feet ten, brown haired and eyed and he doesn't have a car either.

Each of the boys has a FAB sense of humour. Each of the boys loves show business. And I love each of the boys. Unfortunately, so do June, Sheema, Maureen, Gill and Carol.

Excuse me while I think of a way of eliminating the competition.

SYLVIA STEPHEN

Left to right: Sid, Cliff, Moss, Dave, Mick, Roy and, kneeling, Bobby.





Fab | The Yardbirds