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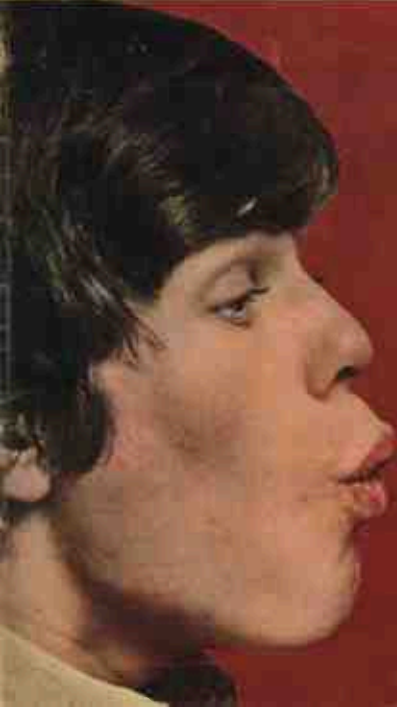
Fabulous

A SWINGING STAR MOBILE

FREE INSIDE

FAB GETS MOBILISED

TWINKLE WRITES JUST FOR YOU



hi there,

We've all been getting our share of letters to get the promotional side of F&B out on time.

We're terribly proud of our new Mobile which comes first with every issue. You just bring it up with the system provided, and hang it as a constant aid to life. Nifty falls you have on page 26. We've had another wonderful first all the likely coming and

lights falling in the office and everyone who's ever in has been most surprised. However that the more successful, which was when we had time to make a careful check of how having a

look at the one in my office for the cover. Sell on the national scene, to had a F&B Sports Day—I'm still fascinated from that. There was had another photographer was in America getting under the of The Beatles on this, and another in Copenhagen photographing The Kinks. Paul Fry was up with The Animals to get their individual stories. It's all been here, but great. And to have another paper.

F&B had up for you next look. See you then. Love and staff, THE GD

hifab!

Doug Perry takes over the gossip this week

All you know you were there's get a bit of them for pleasure and as when these front-pageing boys from Birmingham, The Beatles, suddenly get a break they into the first successful visit to central and have a few hours at their favourite haunts, remaining.

Apparently, according to Chuck Bedford has been a keen supporter for some time now and, after a little friendly persuasion from Chuck, the rest of the boys decided to give it a try.

"They were all a little nervous at first," said Chuck. "But when they found their own legs they went overboard on your side, too for the sport. Yes," he added, "when early days weren't individual activities, it was waiting to hear a screaming SPLASH and see one of the boys swimming for the bank."

Who knows, if they get here enough, we may even see The Beatles' Beatles, according to those in power?



UNtil The Beatles, Steve Nicks, Court, your opinion perhaps of The Music, some kind of an of single picture the playing with interest.

"Historically has been 'discussed' and 'and busy' when I joined The Music and found that the rest of the boys were not interested. I thought I would a good chance with the rest of the boys' industry."

"The time when with us," he continued, "is the time when I was in the business, by taking photographs of them when they're not expecting it. When the photographs are developed, we compare them to see who has come up with the best work. The photo-

grapher has to take the most interesting shot of his time.

In it you see the likely walking around, slowly in hand, he is quiet and has a small smile on your face. Otherwise it would show embarrassment.

GEORGE E. WASHINGTON tells me that he's suffering from an attack of a strange (since he calls 'ROBBER' FOBIA).

I had to admit that this pleased me. So I asked George E. to explain the symptoms of this ailment a little more fully.

ROADFOBIA, he began, "is a constant fear of crossing main roads. I got really fascinated, especially in London, when I saw about four times of traffic. I think in myself, however the best way I got into my way through this lot."

"I usually stand on the pavement for a long time looking both ways. Then when I see a gap in the traffic I take a deep breath. I get into a starting position and run like wild until I reach the other side."

"No games and no tricks." Last week I found myself stranded on a traffic island with a two-way stream of heavy traffic and I had to wait for other vehicles surrounding me. It took me about half an hour to check up the enough to attempt to cross. It seems funny now. But at the time I was terrified."

Well, George, we wish you a speedy recovery from your illness and we're all delighted to stick together to send you a get well soon card.

BLOND-based British writer has been in the news. That's been said, and the fact that he has recently returned from a trip to London and the British Isles, where he has been entertaining the British press with his unbridled writing.

"We have a good amount of good old there," said British, "and they give me a very good impression. Maybe the best and the ability to an excellent of them."

"The best was the first visit to the part of the world. It was wonderful to see people really enjoy what we do. Although," he continued to add, "I don't actually say it myself."

Another usually the British writer has been seen from the last time he came and had been looking in the face of the British. The surprise, that he had I heard from one that he would be out of his mind. He would normally be at home, but he plans.

The discussion between the paper which I was writing, was to read and the story



...I started to giggle, but he said, "The only way you can be sure you're not being..."

...The judges thought this was marvellous and to my surprise voted me the winner. So when I got back to the dressing room I looked to find out what had caused this strange thinking.

"You've guessed it. Guy had a hole in his trouser pocket and the tie he had placed in there wriggled through and tickled against his leg."

"I still have the tie in this day," Guy added. "And I look upon it as a sort of good luck charm."

Well, who wouldn't?

CHATTING with new boy Guy Darrel at the London "Fab Night Out." I was told the story of how this handsome twenty-year old from Gravesend achieved one of his first breaks in show business.



"It was a sort of tie-up," Guy told me, with a "guess what's coming next" grin on his face.

"Frankly I couldn't, and so he continued: "I entered a local talent contest knowing that if I did any good it would give my career a boost. My first number was fairly well received. But the humid atmosphere was making my throat very dry. Deciding that the best thing to do was to remove my tie, I did so and tucked it in my trouser pocket. As I walked up to the mike to begin my next song, I felt a slight tickle on my leg and as the number continued so the tickling grew worse."

"What could I do?
I certainly couldn't start scratching my leg, in front of all the people so I found the best way to overcome the

distraction was to shake my leg about."

He chuckled to himself and then went on: "The girls in the audience thought that this was all part of my act and started screaming. The judges of the contest thought this was marvellous and to my surprise voted me the winner. So when I got back to the dressing room I looked to find out what had caused this strange thinking."

"You've guessed it. Guy had a hole in his trouser pocket and the tie he had placed in there wriggled through and tickled against his leg."

"I still have the tie in this day," Guy added. "And I look upon it as a sort of good luck charm."

Well, who wouldn't?

FABULOUS HERMAN is a new television series. But this isn't a completely new series though. Like most, it's a revival.

It's a weekly programme from last June to June. It's the series that has to go to Newmarket. It's a comedy, but it's also a bit of a history lesson at times.

When it first started, it was all about the... but now it's all about the... but now it's all about the...

He was asked to participate in... but now it's all about the... but now it's all about the... but now it's all about the...

And he'd expected her to be... but now it's all about the... but now it's all about the...



Françoise Hardy

COLOUR CONTENTS

- HERMAN photographer DERER BERWIR
- THE BEATLES photographer MICHAEL DABLING
- THE ANIMALS photographer BILL FRANCIS
- BOBBY JAMESON photographer BIONA ADAMS
- THE ROLLING STONES photographer FIONA ADAMS
- MARIANNE FAITHFULL photographer FIONA ADAMS
- CLIFF RICHARD photographer ROSEMARY MATTHEWS
- MARCO MARO photographer BARBY MARRMAN
- P J PROBY photographer BILL FRANCIS

NEXT WEEK fab has YOUR FAVE RAVES

The No 1 dream dates like DONOVAN who writes exclusively for FAB HERMAN at a recording session ERIC BURDON with some baby talk more about THE BEATLES' GIRLS UNIT 4+2 MICK JAGGER THE WHO so who can resist us especially when we also have FAB KINGSIZE COLOUR PIN UPS of RINGO P J PROBY, MICK JAGGER, THE KINKS DONOVAN UNIT 4+2, THE WHO TWINKLE and THE PRETTY THINGS



So make for the bookstalls FAST for the world's greatest pop magazine the fab FABULOUS on sale Monday 1 Shilling.

being me

WRITING FOR YOU
THIS WEEK

TWINKLE

I USED to be potty over George Beale. If ever I had a row with a boy, or at school, I'd just think: "Never mind, one day, George Beale might be potty over me."

I visited The Beatles with my sister, Dawn, who is a journalist and publicity girl. She would interview them and I'd get there—in the way.

One day she had to go without me. Surprise! They missed me. George said: "Where's Twink? John had looked surprised at first, then they all took up the cry and yelled: 'Where's Twink?'"

When Dawn came home and told me this I went mad with joy and decided at that moment to become a reporter and spend lots more time with lovely people like The Beatles.

Through my sister, I know lots of the pop-in-circled thing before I thought of becoming one of them. There are some people from those days I call my teenage people. Folk like Billy J. Kramer—a great person, warm and lovable and terribly kind. When his last record didn't enter the charts it really hurt me inside. Billy is a great star and for me he'll always be number one.

The Bachels have always been friends of mine, although Doc calls me the one in the waffle. I hope he's making because I got a lot on what he says.

Billy on when I did "Top of the Pops" with Cilla. She took me back at me and grinned. Hey, Scooby, she suffered her personal messier. Billy for being king and a star, too!

I remember when I used to be. Nipie I was always his youngest and had to finish the line. "Well, there you are here," said Cilla—she's a mild tease—"be an angel and get the same tea from the canteen."

Just then the floor manager told me I was wanted on camera for rehearsal, but I decided to take Cilla up on the job. "I'm sorry," I told him, "I've got to get Cilla some tea first." He looked at me as if I was mad.

I've met some knock-out people since I came into the business. Like Sandie and Marianne and The Stones. For some reason I never met The Stones before I got a hit.

I remember a certain tour in Ireland that started with a 'plane trip and three cool Stones shouting above the noise of the 'plane engine. And I recall three lovely days later sitting in the lounge of a hotel in Cork drinking coffee and being one of them, in on the private jokes and part of the conversation until seven a.m.

And I remember thinking desperately, "If only I could stay with these warm-hearted marvellous boys for at least one year." But I could not. The tour was over and the demands of show business took us our separate ways.

Sandie Shaw is a lunatic like me. So we get on great. I buy all her records and dig her as an artist. I usually meet her when she's running to catch a plane she's missed an hour before. She borrows my road manager (whom we call "ROAD") from time to time to help her to carry cases of dresses to and from airports and things. How she always manages to get everything organised and appear on television looking so serene and confident. I'll never know.

A while ago I was in a TV studio in London where I saw the fab-looking blonde-haired girl singing a great song called "Come and Stay with Me." The

girl, of course, was Marianne Faithfull. It was our first meeting and she was immediately friendly, which doesn't always happen in our business.

I told Marianne her record would be the top ten. "Oh, no," Marianne was firm, "it'll never make the charts."

I'm so glad it did, for I think she's a knock-out singer and a super person.

Most people in show business are super really, even if they are a bit off at first. They soon accept you and you realise they are really very nice. A girl I knew a long time ago is Cathy McOwan. I remember the first time she appeared on "Ready, Steady, Go!" I was scared she'd be a flop.

Well, she wasn't, was she? When my first record "Terry," came out, R.S.G. banned it and there was a sort of cold war between me and the programme.

Then I met Cathy at a party and she came over to me and said: "I loved 'Terry' and I'm sorry they wouldn't have it on the show, but it had nothing to do with me."

The next day I was invited to appear on R.S.G. with my follow-up record, "Golden Lights," and I'm sure it was through Cathy.

These are the nice things people in this business do for you. Another instance of "niceness" is the lovely gold watch my friend Herman gave me the other day. He's a wonderful, independent—but at times rather lonely—person. I have a great admiration for him. He's great and he loves his fans so.

I went to the Blue Angel Club in Liverpool with Herman and Wayne Fontana recently. The Fourmost were there and Billy Matton yelled: "Hey, what are you doing here? You should be in bed. You are the kid sister."

"Oh, dear," I thought, "will I ever lose this image?"

It's a good job I was with two boys. I knew well of Billy's remark would have ruined my evening.

I suppose I cannot expect people to change their opinion of me and treat me like a star. I'm not really like one, despite many efforts to become smooth and sure of myself. I'm still someone's kid sister.

Sed really!

TWINKLE

DONOVAN WRITES FOR YOU NEXT WEEK



Herman gets mobbed and marches Twinkle down the streets of the B.B.C.'s Manchester Studio.

Patric
and
George
Baklanov
banned.
Patric
steps off
the
London
Airport
Bus into
arena of
boyfriend
George.



The Beatle Girls like being with the Beatle Boys and whenever possible it's a happy eightosome flying round the World on holiday or working occasions. Fab tells you all about their travels.

ON THE whistle-stop Beatle tours —like playing at twenty-four different towns in one month as they did last summer in the States—it's not safe for the Beatle girls to go along.

The boys travel an average of between six and seven hundred miles a day, get mobbed by thousands and thousands of hysterical, desperate fans, perform to frantic audiences; go to grueling official receptions and get asked to visit the sick; sign never ending autograph books and do a hundred and one other things, so there just isn't time for anything else.

None of their girls have ever been on one of the day-nightmares.

But Maureen, Cynthia and Pattie did go out when the boys were filming in Austria. Cynthia and John had already had a foretaste of the white, white world of snow and ski-ing. They had been to St. Moritz in Switzerland for a few days' rest in January.

Cynthia obviously had a good time and looked marvellous in her diamond pattern anorak, ski pants, ski boots and dark glasses. She wore no ski cap but her husband swathed his head in a red scarf.

London Airport and it's Paul and John arriving back from a trip to Paris. Photo and film wanted for them at time of London Airport.



THE TRUTH
ABOUT THE
BEATLES
GIRLS!

WHITHER THOU GOEST





Whisker 'Thou Girl?

continued from page 1
and put a hood over the vop. He obligingly fell in the snow for photographers and the whole trip was great.

On March 13, the boys, plus Cynthia and Maureen, left for Salzburg. Then on to Oberauern, a ski resort 7,500 feet up in the Austrian alps. The party, including Pattie Boyd, stayed at the Edelweiss Hotel and most nights they had parties. Usually the girls didn't dress up, but relaxed in apres-ski clothes.

Pattie had her twenty-first birthday out there and they had a special celebration at the hotel night club. The chef made a super birthday cake with one big candle on it and Pattie blew it out in the trad fashion. Everyone sang "Happy Birthday" and Ringo and Paul put on an impromptu concert.

George didn't give her a present. He was saving his for when they returned to England, though she did get a box of chocolates from Gigi, Miss Austria 1964, their ski instructor.

Most evenings there was entertainment from Ringo and Paul who specialised in singing old songs with new words. Cynthia was quite gay on these nights but the other girls were quiet, along with John and George.

The girls didn't watch the filming but spent their days keeping out of the blaze of the limelight, learning to ski, walking in the snow and seeing the sights. Pattie had the bad luck to burn her knee at the end of the first week, so couldn't do any more ski-ing.

Pattie likes to play cards, specially whist, when she has nothing else to do. She's not particularly expert but she enjoys it.



Cynthia and Maureen relax over a coke at their hotel in Austria while the boys work hard filming.

London Airport again. Cynthia and Pattie arrive back with John and George from a holiday in Tahiti.



Right and left
Four young
people with
nothing to do
on any
themselves in
The Virgin
Islands.



Most nights the whole gang were off to bed at one or two o'clock because the boys had to make an early start on the set each morning. During the two-week stay, several people in the party had birthdays so there was quite a bit of celebrating—but usually no dancing. Pattie, who's a keen dancer, maybe would have got some going but for her bad knee.

Paul, whose good friend Jane Asher, wasn't able to be there because of her own acting commitments, was more keen than the others to learn to ski.

Of course the girls have often been abroad on holiday with their Beatles. Pattie went with George, John and Cynthia to Dromoland Castle in Ireland at Eastertime in 1964. She also spent over a week with George in Nassau last December when they stayed with Walter Strach, the Beatles' accountant who now lives in the Bahamas. But when the boys were filming out there earlier this year the girls didn't go.

In May 1964, the same foursome went to the Royal Hawaiian Hotel at Honolulu but flew on to Tahiti because they were hounded by fans. At the same time, Maureen, Jane, Ringo and Paul were holidaying in the Virgin Islands.

Jane joined Paul for a weekend in Paris, when the boys were playing there. She went out alone and stayed at a hotel on the South Bank. He used to visit her and even the other Beatles, staying with Paul at the plushy George V Hotel, didn't know Jane was in town.

When the girls can't go along on a trip, they are most definitely not forgotten. They get lots of phone calls, letters, cards and presents.

Ringo rang Maureen five times a week



when he was in the States. Paul rang Jane twice from Miami. George phoned Pattie regularly from Australia and bought her a mini when he came back.

When he was in the States, he spent about £300 on calls to pretty Pattie. Each lasted about twenty minutes and he was away about five weeks.

When Ringo came back from the Bahamas in March he walked off the plane carrying a very large, gold parcel. He wouldn't say what was in it, though maybe he told the customs men. He did say it was for his wife.

The girls are attentive to the boys, too. Maureen visited Ringo frequently when he was in London's University College Hospital with tonsillitis in June last year. (That was when Jimmy Nichol stood in for him, remember?)

Jane went with Paul to Newport Pagnell when he collected his fabulous new blue Aston Martin which cost over £4,000. She also went with him to see the house he'd bought for his father and step-mother near Liverpool.

Cynthia was nearby when John passed his driving test in his white mini at Weybridge and they celebrated the feat with a drink. She was there to meet him at London Airport when he came back from Australia.

Pattie went with George when he was best man at his brother Peter's wedding, to Pauline Johnson at Marghill, Lancs.

So, travelling together, or having half the world between them doesn't make any serious difference in the close Beatles circle. These eight people have real feelings and it looks as if they've settled them for a long time to come.

Next week: Focus on Jane Asher.



SOME animals pad stolidly around—like elephants. Some animals leap around gracefully—like gazelles. Some animals hop dexterously from place to place—hangers-on come to mind. But **THE ANIMALS**, those chart-topping beat-gents from Newcastle, can't get around at all—**not** without a lot of fuss, panic and giggles.

They were talking about their transport problems when I called for a day-stage post-wow just the other day. Seemed a good idea to listen in. So here goes. . . .

John Steel was delicately applying a comb to his hair. He said: "You know, when we first came down from Newcastle in search of the fame-and-fortune biz in London, all we had between us was a four-seater Bedford van. Right! For a start, there were FIVE of us, including Chas Chandler who, as everybody knows, is a dwarf of over 6ft. and 14 stone. Now we also had to fit in our drums and guitars and suitcases. And a road-manager. . . ."

Said Eric: "Yeah, but the worst bit was that the van kept breaking down. Kept having heart attacks, you know. Just a bit cough, then a cough-out . . . and dead silence. When we started in London, we'd often have to leave it, and get a taxi to get us to the church. . . . I mean, recording studios! . . . on time."

Obviously, the Animals had to do something about it. First step was to save up for a Commer 1500, a roomy enough job to take all the gear . . . and BOTH road managers, "Tappy" and Alex.

Then Eric bought a Ford Galaxie,

for £700, and he reckons (wrongly) that it would take about twelve people comfortably. The boys themselves used to travel in it. For sheer laughs, apparently.

Said Chas: "It had a big wide back window—it went up and down automatically at the touch of a switch. This was marvellous for Eric's sense of humour. He'd start off the trip with the window down and encourage anyone to have a look outside. Then he'd start the car up and see how fast they jumped back. Luckily for our passengers, there weren't too many heads rolling in the road!"

It was a very well-equipped car. There was something over-powerful about the headlights—even when they were dipped they looked as if they were on full beam. There was a movable spotlight on the side. Along country roads, squirrels flapping about in tree-tops flapped even more when a spotlight, directed by Hilton Valentine, caught them slap between the eyes!

Trips from Blackpool to London took a mere four hours in this huge car.

The Ford Galaxie stood up to the strain well. But it finally was laid to rest. It skidded off the road, suffered what Eric called "a heart attack," and was found to be a complete write-off.

So there was another change of transport for the getting-around Animals. Eric now has a two-seater TR4. Hilton is the proud owner of a Rover 90.

But, says Chas: "When we're in London and the date isn't far away we'd just as soon travel by Under-ground. We find it much easier and quicker to get on the old Tube. Sure,

some people recognise us and it gets a bit difficult in the rush-hour, but we don't mind."

Occasionally, for perhaps TV shows in the North, the boys fly from London. Naturally, they fly the Atlantic for their American trips—and there's quite a bit of flying *inside* America, because dates are so far apart.

This flying bit gives Alan Steel a really bad time . . . and, of course, the other Animals don't exactly help him.

Alan admits he doesn't like flying. He goes further and says it scares him stiff! One scene was recounted with glee by Chas: "We were off to America and chatting about the trip. Eric locked his hands together like aeroplane wings and imitated a plane's engine. Then he suddenly cut out the noise and made out the plane was crashing.

"Poor old Alan went straight off to bed. He didn't want to know about jokes like that!"

It was time for them to go on stage. But it was Alan Price who suddenly slipped back to tell me: "When we were down in Laramie, in the States, it was the 'done thing' to get around on horseback. So we hired some nags and did pretty well in the saddle—though we felt sorry for the way Chas' horse seemed to dip in the middle when he was on board.

"But the marvellous thing there was that they actually had parking meters . . . for horses! Honestly, I nearly fell off laughing.

That's the way it is when the Animals are in transit. Bags of fuss, panic and giggles.

PAUL FRY

ARK 2



Fab
The
Beach Boys

From Left to Right:
Steve Winwood,
Pete York,
Spencer Davis and
Muff Winwood.



Cast your eyes right, and take a look at this delish colour shot of gorgeous Bobby Jenson. Bobby's an American in London; a determined American in London; determined to make the top of the charts, that is. He wears a black glove on his right hand, never takes it off. Ask him about it and he'll tell you "It's there to remind me that I have a purpose in life." The purpose is, quite simply, to be white and ghosts!"

A loner, Bobby's rarely seen in the company of others. He enjoys being alone with Jenson. Who wouldn't?

LARKS & SPENCER

THE instructions from the Ed. were quite clear. Information was urgently needed on four fab boys from Birmingham, known to pop lovers, as The Spencer Davis Group. Well, tracking down the boys wasn't an easy task, but after a few 'phone calls and a short train journey, I found myself knocking on their dressing-room door at a dance hall somewhere near Birmingham.

"Come in!"

It sounded in perfect four-part harmony, and I popped my head round the door to the strains of: "We wish you a Merry Christmas!"

Four smiling boys huddled round one electric fire in the dressing room.

"You'll have to excuse us," said Spencer. "The exhaust pipe dropped off our van very early this morning somewhere between here and Margate. We had to wait hours while it was repaired. So we're still thawing out."

When the shivering stopped, Spencer began reading a book about learning to speak Icelandic.

He's going there for his holidays this year and wants to be able to chat-up the Icelanders!

Steve and Pete played a serious game of Tiddlywinks—Steve is the group's champion Tiddlywinker, although he admitted to being beaten badly by Paul Jones of the Manfreds.

Spencer broke off his reading to tell me about

his new flat. "It's just a few miles from the centre of Birmingham," he said, "but with all the travelling that we do I just can't find the time to move all my belongings. I think I'll have to ask the fellas to give me a hand."

"I'm also rather upset at the moment," he went on, "cos I've had to give Burt, my pet cat, to a friend. I just haven't the time to look after him."

Spencer, a slightly-built six-footer, then told me about the film in which the group appears, along with The Animals, The Four Pennies and Billy J. Kramer. It's called "Pop Gear" and Spencer said how hard it had been to get up early enough to be at the studio on time.

According to Spencer, it took Muff Winwood a week to recover from seeing the dawn daily.

"Our main hobby," said fair-haired Steve, "is exploring weird places. A few weeks ago we were returning from a date in the South. It was around one o'clock in the morning and we decided to look round the Hell Fire Caves near West Wycombe. It was fantastic. All we could hear was the dripping of water and the echo of our own voices."

"I think we were all a little frightened, but everyone remained calm—until it started to pour with rain, then we all made a dash for the van. Somewhere on the way we lost Pete, and he turned up about an hour later looking

very pale and muttering something about witches and ghosts!"

"Personally," said Spence, changing the subject quickly! "I like the telly. You know, the educational programmes and 'Watch With Mother.' I really think that Daddy Woodentop is going to make it big one of these days."

Very strange, I thought, for an ex-University student. Still, you never know with pop stars.

Time was marching on, and after a few knock-out impressions of famous cartoon characters, featuring Spence as Donald Duck and Muff as Popeye, the boys decided it was time to change.

All four made a mad rush for the sink, with Pete a narrow winner.

But finally, after ten minutes of non-stop activity, four smart boys were ready for the off.

As Spence began to tune his guitar, I noticed a strange-looking object hanging from it. Seeing my puzzled look he explained:

"It's a toy model of a mouse that was given to me by a fan. I look upon it as a sort of good luck charm. Everywhere my guitar goes the mouse goes, too. Actually, I've been told that from off stage it looks real. I get some funny looks from girls in the front row sometimes!"

"Well, I reckon that's as good a way as any to keep girls from mobbing the stage."

DOUG PERRY



Fab

As the bus halted at a traffic light, a man jumped on its rear wheels—and stopped dead, staring open-mouthed. Stuart James and The Mission went on stopping Coles and munching sandwiches. Marianne Faithfull continued calmly to peel an orange. The FAB staff didn't break off their slightly out of tune rendering of *Ticket to Ride*.

It was Donovan, nonchalantly chewing at a chicken leg, who took it on himself to tell the would-be passenger: "Sorry mate, not this bus."

Muttering an apologetic, somewhat confused member of the British public ran back down the stairs and vanished off again.

FAB's Secretaries Don was off by a typically hysterical FAB start.

It was a completely out of condition FAB staff riding on the tired bus, full of the assembly healthy-looking pop stars. We were heading for the Fleetway Publications' sports field at New Malden in Surrey. And as soon as the bus pulled into the sports ground, Unity, the Ed, started getting us organised.

"Mo, you, Betty, Shirley and Sybil can run in the first heat of the egg-and-spoon race."

"Gross," we groaned while the boys grinned wickedly.

"Then a team of boys will run." Unity continued ruthlessly. It was our turn to grin. "We'll save the third heat of the egg-and-spoon for The Merseybeats, when they arrive. And the winners of each heat will run in the final."

I sidled up to Stuart:

"How good are you at races, Stu?"

"Well, there was the first Olympics," he lied amiably. I gaped. "Which I watched on the telly," he concluded, grinning. I relaxed.

There was no time to check the athletic prowess of the rest of the boys. The track was pointed out, eggs and spoons handed out and we were off.

Despite our efforts to get Mo disqualified for cheating (I'm sure I saw her sticking her egg to her spoon) she won that heat. Still, we should have known she'd be able to run fast. I mean, look at the way she zooms from the canteen every time it's her turn to buy the Coles.

Then the boys ran and all our hopes of carrying home some prizes for FAB just melted. They were very fast, especially Brian Poole and Stuart.

Okay, so we'd expected them to be better than us, but not that much better. Quickly recovering our sportsmanship, we congratulated them on their performances and started lining up the teams for the relay. Michael Aldred, who'd brought along his very attractive sister, Adela, to watch the fun, lined up with Shirley, Ed, our assistant Ed, and Brian Poole. Unity led off for the second team, and you should have seen Shirley's face when she realised she was going to be racing against her boss.

We lined the track, ready to cheer as FAB's Margaret prepared to start them off.

"Ready—steady—GO!"

"Come on FAB, come on FAB," we yelled, jumping up and down as Unity and Shirley whizzed past us. But, of course, when the boys started running, we suddenly switched loyalties.

"Come on, Stu, run, run!" we hollered.

Brian, running last for the team led by Shirley, came in a pretty easy winner, and the second heat of the relay was lined up—the two Alans, Don and Ricky of The Tremelous versus Nick, Lew and Aynaley of The Mojoes, plus me. Without going into too much detail, let's just admit that The Tremas won. So that gave all the prizes to Essex.

Marianne stood on a wooden seat to present the winners with their trophies. Brian was delighted with his—a beautiful yellow E-Type Jag. He had a great time racing it, even though the car was only two inches long.

"Obstacle race," Unity announced. "Back here you lot."

Purely out of the kindness of our hearts, we decided that this should be for boys only. They stuck their feet into rubber flippers and skipped—yes, skipped, with ropes—to the first obstacle—four hurdles lined up across the track.

There, they had to remove their flippers, scramble through the hurdles, run to the end of the track.

When you run, you're mobilised

When you skip, you're mobilised

When you jump, you're mobilised

When you do all three you're at

FAB'S SPORTS DAY



Combination sack and... Brian Poole and Alan...



Start of the All Star Sack Race



Alan Aldred "steals" two Merseys in the obstacle race



And the winner! (Marianne receives the sack race prize from Marianne)



Tug o' War: Stuart, Lew, Michael and Brian make wick the old house ho!



They're off! The only three-legged pop stars in the business running a three-legged race. A historic moment!



From left to right: Lew Collins of The Mojo's, Marianne Faithfull, Donovan and Dave Munden of The Tremeloes.



Donovan, Brian, Nicky and Aynsley slip off in the obstacle race.



World Radio History

blow up balloons that were waiting for them to run back, leap the hurdles, scramble through opened sacks, then on to the finishing post.

Well, they started off all right. Then Donovan's flipper got a bit tangled with his skipping rope and—crash! One Scottish-born folk singer hit the dust.

Brian forgot to take off his flippers when he went through the hurdles and had to sit down and take them off halfway to the bathroom. All the boys finished the race barefoot except for works, with Nicky Crouch taking the prize for The Mojos.

Marianne again did the honors, bestowing on the winning victor a sweet smile, a bunch of bananas and three loud cheers.

Hardly had Nick borne off his prize in triumph than a great cheer went up. Striding towards us were The Marseybeats.

"Welcome, boys," we greeted them, beaming. "You're just in time to run in the obstacle race."

"Huh?!" they said, looking puzzled, and a trifle alarmed.

"Then there's the final part of the egg-and-spoon race, and after that we're planning a sack race, a three-legged race, a tug o' war."

By now they were beginning to look like they wished they hadn't come.

"You start here, there are the hurdles, here are your flippers and skipping ropes, the balloons are up there we'll put the sacks down in a minute. Off you go!"

Off they went. The Mojos helped them by chancing them up the track with firecrackers. Maybe that's why John fell over his flippers and Aaron got a bit confused when it came to going through the sack.

Instead of going through it, he decided it was the sack race and started hopping in it. We hollered at him to take it off and run. He was second to Tony until he made that mistake. Poor Aaron. He finished last.

He was last in the three-legged race, too, though John had to take half the blame for that. He was two of the three legs. Mo did very well in that event. No, she didn't win, but she managed to wrangle it so she was tied to Donovan, Stuart and Lew won, and were presented with a bucket and spade (Lew) and a plastic squeaking clown (Stu's prize).

But the most gallant gesture of the afternoon came from Michael. When, after doing very well in the three-legged race, Marianne said she'd like to enter the sack race, Michael helped her into a sack, picked her up and carried her over the course.

The FAB game went green because we all knew that even King Kong wouldn't be strong enough to carry one of us a hundred yards.

Boy, did we have casualties in that race. Aaron went over and John landed on top of him. The Mojos were soon just a tangle of arms and bodies, all of which seemed to be shouting "Gerroff!" Marseybeats Billy and Tony put up a pretty good fight. But it was Donovan who crossed the line first.

The final heats of the egg-and-spoon brought another prize—a peck of marbles—to Stuart, then: "We'll end up with a tug o' war," Unity said.

"Yipes!" the boys yelled, and ran for the rope that lay near the race track.

Brian and The Tymes found themselves with three new members of their group—Stuart, Lew and Michael—for this non-oo-erious trial of strength, while Nicky, Aynsley and Donovan joined The Marseybeats on the other team. Shoes dug firmly into the soft turf the boys yanked, heaved, hugged, groaned. It sounded like one of the battle scenes from *Ben Hur*.

Brian's team eventually succeeded in pulling The Marseybeats' team past the marker. Mo—twice, so we declared them the winners, handed out some more prizes and ran for the club house.

Then, Sheena sweetly informed us that having spent most of the day just standing around chatting to dish popstars, because she had a cold, she thought she'd better go back to town with Donovan, who had to leave immediately.

And off she went. With Donovan. She was also the only member of the staff who didn't see us over next day.

I think I've gone off our Sheena.

SYLVIA STEPHEN

MINERS COLOUR SHAMPOO

1/9 a go



colour it GREAT 



Long-lasting colours.
Rave shades. Choose
Use. Rinse. And wowie,
your hair's the
raviest shade ever.

*Pete and Dave
don't do the
ropes while Ray
looks on.*

THE KINKS push the boat out!

*The Kinks are always
pushing off. By land, sea
and air they go . . . hair
flying, guitars twanging,
fans screaming. It's a
Kinky world, folks!*



*Carl & Dave
Davies gives
leading instruc-
tion.*

DANISH girls . . . I am told . . . are too much. They have smooth, delicate skin and long pale gold hair and the sort of figures that dreams are made of. *This*, I should think, is as good a reason as any for The Kinks to suddenly take off for Copenhagen.

Another reason that suggests itself is The Kinks' love of puns. Kinkare session kunda Kinks, the keys of the kinkdom, they've used them all. The Kinks' Copenhagen Kapers seem made for them. And for the boys who practically live in Denmark Street—London's Tin Pan Alley—when they're in town, the thought of being in a Denmark street in Denmark must have been more than they could resist!

So off they went.

The Kinks' Copenhagen Kapers got off to a promising start when their fans rioted on the first date and they were asked not to do any more in the interests of public safety! They were doing their bit at The Tivoli Concert Hall in the famous Tivoli Gardens—a huge amusement park in a setting of towering trees and sparkling fairy lights.

Everything was quiet on the Copenhagen front until The Kinks took the stage; then two thousand fans completely did their nuts! Forty policemen moved in, braving a shower of flowers and Kinks jinks, and that was the end of that!

The Kinks decided to push the boat out while they were in Copenhagen. The city is on an island so there will plenty of sea to choose from. Down at the docks with fans in hot pursuit, they found a boat that was

Continued on page 157



THE KINKS push the boat out!

just made for them . . . No. K159. Mick's father designed the ships for the film *The Vikings*, so Mick was under the fond delusion that he should be at home on a boat.

Seizing the one available oar he paddled madly and headed for Russia. Entering into the span of it all, Ray picked up a brush and paddled at the other side. Pete, being the bright Kink, casually pointed out that they were still moored to the dockside. They were still moored half-an-hour later after four grunting, heaving Kinks had blistered their hands trying to un-moor the boat. They were then left with a choice. Either they stayed and starved on the boat, or they faced the fans on land.

The decision was more or less Dave's, since his hair is the biggest fan target and it would be his head that would be aching after it was all over.

They made the swish Europa Hotel more or less intact. Less keen on pushing the boat out. And temporarily off Danish girls. . .

Of course, it won't last.



'Kinks keavorting round the kapstan wheel'



Kinks can't get away from their fans—even in Copenhagen

Sunday
Monday
Tuesday
All day
Wednesday
Thursday
Everyday
Friday
Saturday
Sunday

Pan-Stik by MAX FACTOR

Monday
gives you the
flawless look




You're obsessed about a make-up that dramatically sets your face and keeps your skin looking lovely hours after hours. Here is your dream come true with Pan-Stik.
Beautifully creamy Pan-Stik keeps your skin soft and supple and gives you a simply elegant look. Just stroke it on, blend it in, and you have a feather-light complexion that stays matte no matter how long you wear it. . . . will never clog or cake. In the unique sealed action case, 5/3.


GO gear

*For elopements or
for holidays take a
careful of creaseless
summer gear . . .*




I Sallagiggle and Annabel's eloping with Freddie of The Fairies. Her pale blue suit is made from crease-shedding "Complene." (Eram, £3 5s) Her flowered hat is by Edward Mann 29s 11d.




L OVER boy Freddie and Annabel take a last part away on a bicycle made for one. (B. Moulton & Co., £31 19 6d) Annabel's tulle lined dress is made from "Aroid," sizing is made in blue and white. (B. Kaye & Co., 42 2/2) Remarkably comfortable helmet is designed for a head height of 17 1/2. (Edward Mann, 21s) This thin, creaseless hat has a grand design. (Edward Mann, 21s) Her "Tangerine" (B. Kaye & Co., 29s 11d) is from Woodstock. The Women of The Fairies are getting the party started.



HONEYMOON time is here and (above) Freddie is doing his nur-
 as Gason (Nick Wyner) does a spot of bird chatting with Annabel.
 She's calm in her blinding white "Trixel" shorts and black and
 white nylon jersey overblouse. (Both by Majestic Shorts. £2.9s. 6d. topset.
 £4 12s. 6d.)

Annabel Green, Annabel
 (above) is in a navy
 and white pleated
 dress which looks like
 (By Hildebrand, 8s.
 The daisy clip at the neck
 Concrete 15s. 6d. Her
 hat is daisy printed. (By
 Mann 29s. 11d.) Her
 shoes are by
 3s. 11d. Freddie
 pink straw handbag
 11d.) Akky acts

Go on the go guys
 dancing in a lean
 slinky "petticoat"
 in hanketchiel voile,
 with yellow leaves,
 be rolled into a ball and
 be free (B. John
 7s. 6d.) Fairies Freddie
 T. R. Nick and
 around in the scene



If you want to buy anything
 featured here, write and ask us for
 your nearest stockist. The address
 is: Fashion Desk, FABULOUS,
 Flamingo House, Farningham
 Street, London, E.C.4, and please
 enclose a stamped, addressed en-
 velope for our reply.



World Radio History

Fab | PHOTO BY
@STYLING



This Fabulous Lotus Elan S2 and a 14-day Continental Holiday for Two or £150 cash towards running costs (instead of holiday) or any of 60 other wonderful prizes.

What a magnificent first prize! Imagine the double thrill of driving this dynamic new sports car through some of Europe's most spectacular scenery. Switch on, and you're away like the wind, through the gears to a new motoring experience. Enjoy the splendour of Switzerland, Italy, France with all expenses paid. A breathtaking journey into excitement you will never forget! Even if you miss the fabulous first prize you can still be one of the lucky ten who come second, and take either a set of Raydyol twin spot lamps, five long-play records, or ten pounds in cash. There are also 60 consolation prizes of a pair of Jet, Britain's greatest jeans or £1. Main prizes to be presented at a special presentation.

ALL YOU DO TO WIN!

Everyone agrees that Jet are Britain's greatest jeans, with all the features you dig the most. So get your pair and free competition entry form from your local store right away and try your luck at this simple competition. Listed below are some of the reasons that make Jet such unbeatable value. All you have to do is place them in their correct order of importance as to what makes them so popular.



**WIN A
DOUBLE
PRIZE
WITH**



Jet Jeans

WIN! GET YOUR JET JEANS AND ENTRY FORM TODAY!

Jet Jeans are made only by William Sugden & Sons Ltd, Water Lane Mills, Leicestershire

- 30 SUPER-SLIM STYLES
- SLICE WESTERN CUT
- TRIPLE STITCHED FOR STRENGTH
- EASY TO WASH
- TWO FRONT POCKETS
- TWO HIP POCKETS
- PERFECT FIT
- INEXPENSIVE
- SANITISED ANKLE
- GUARANTEED SIX MONTHS

GET JET — BRITAIN'S GREATEST JEANS

Then write up to fifteen words saying why YOU prefer Jet Jeans, and post your entry form to reach us no later than October 31st. Have a go and good luck from Jet



Fab



Dear Frantic
 Perhaps your smile is a little lacking in sparkle. Try chewing **Dentyne Chewing Gum**. It's delicious and *keeps your breath fresh, keeps your teeth clean* because, as you chew, it cleans food particles out of the crevices in your teeth. Next time you smile at him, you'll be dazzling!

A few minutes chew with delicious Dentyne
KEEPS YOUR BREATH FRESH
KEEPS YOUR TEETH CLEAN



12x48 PLAIN, 60x5748 MINT (in 48 gum packs) CYNRAMO (120 packs)



Dear Problems Page,
 Dentyne Chewing Gum is marvellous! The drummer is still glowering at me. But that's because I'm now going with the lead guitarist. And wowee! is *he* dreamy!

Dear Problems Page,
 I'm mad about the drummer in our local R&B group. But every time I smile at him he just *glowers*. Please what can I do?
FRANTIC

NOW! THE SHOES WHICH SET THE TREND IN FASHION

THE NEW
DENSON
 Fine Chisels

The fashion shoes with the clean-cut look

Take a look at the fine shape and alluring lines, smooth, sleek styling. The shoe featured has classic sides, but there are also Denson Fine Chisels in leathers of concealed elastic sides. In Black leather, Brown or Black suede, with some shoes available in Beechwood Brown chamois leather. With a choice of smooth or ripple sides. From 40/11 to 54/11. For the name and address of your nearest Denson Fashion Shoe Centre, send a postcard to Dept. F 3, D. Sarker & Son Ltd., Kingston Road, London E 2.

THE NEW
DENSON
 Classics

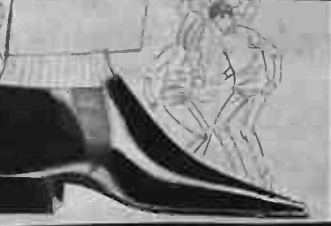


The shoe with the sensuous round toe shape is a choice of classic sides, concealed elastic sides, the sides and lace-ups. The shoe shown is in Black leather or Beechwood Brown chamois leather with matching plated tips. New Classics are available in a choice of leathers and suede. 40/11 to 58/11.

THE NEW
DENSON
 Get Arounds



These exciting 40/11 to 58/11 shoes have supple wrap-around sides that give a firm support as a smooth, sensuous shoe. And their distinctive lines lend a surprising contrast to everyday wear. They will be both broad and a genuine wardrobe item. Get Arounds are available in a choice of leathers and suede. Lastings are also available in either 100% leather or Beechwood Brown chamois leather. Beechwood Brown chamois leather. 40/11 to 58/11.



See the exciting new shoe styles at your DENSON Fashion Shoe Centre



BLONDES! BRUNETTES

Choose a shampoo made specially for you!

Blondes and brunettes shouldn't share the same shampoo. Each needs special treatment. Specially formulated shampoos that cleanse, condition and protect the unique texture of their hair. Blondes need *Stā-blond* and brunettes need *Brunitex*—the two shampoos specially made to keep blondes and brunettes excitingly different.

Stā-blond for blondes

Brunitex for brunettes

Stā-blond protects and improves the natural highlights of all shades of fair hair. Restores rich golden tones. Prevents fair hair from darkening.



Brunitex protects and improves the natural highlights of all shades of dark hair. Deepens the richness of tone, and brings out the full colour.

In packets 6d. (bottle 2/-) — AT BOOKS, WOODBOARDS AND CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE

HOW TO MAKE UP YOUR

super all star MOBILE

TO make your Super All Star Mobile, carefully press each piece out round the cut lines, without breaking the card.

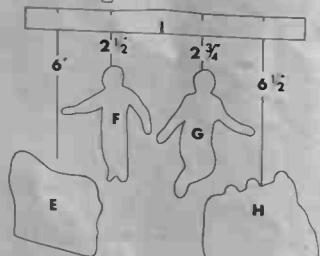
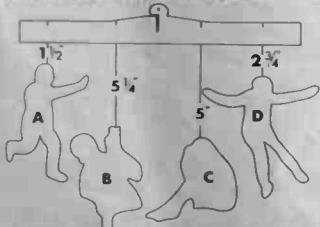
Then, starting with Figure A (John Lennon), snip a 1½ inch length from the nylon provided and tie a single knot at near one end as possible. Thread the nylon through the hole in John's head, tie a knot over the top, and on the other end of the nylon and slip it into the appropriate slot on the end of the supporting box as shown on the diagram.

The knot will prevent it from slipping out of the slot. **BE SURE YOU HAVE THE SUPPORTING BAR THE SAME WAY ROUND AS IN THE DIAGRAM. THE CENTRE HOOK MUST BE FACING LEFT.**

Repeat the operation to support the other figures in the same way, keeping exactly to our plan (shown). Make the nylon the exact length as indicated for each one on the diagram.

Fit the yards ends of the supporting bars into each other, so that they engage at right angles.

When your mobile is ready to hang, suspend it from a double piece of cotton or thread and tie it to dangle freely from the ceiling, or light fitting or balcony, so the whole thing can revolve. It will get really nice when it goes out in a gentle current of air.



Key to the people:

- A. John Lennon
- B. P. J. Proby
- C. Sandie Shaw
- D. Paul McCartney
- E. The Rolling Stones
- F. George Harrison
- G. Ringo Starr
- H. The Kinks



My week by Me

As it is the summer in the P.T.S. office, the Chief Clerk and his assistants for the day. The morning is busy as they are preparing to leave for their day's work. The Chief Clerk is seen in the foreground, looking at a book of accounts. The Chief Clerk is seen in the foreground, looking at a book of accounts. The Chief Clerk is seen in the foreground, looking at a book of accounts.

MONDAY

When I arrived at work this morning, the first person I saw was Brian Alexander of The Marmosets.
He was wearing a new scarf called Mark Lyons, which first received some of the most of the boys.



He had a cup of coffee from our Quartermaster's kitchen, which early last afternoon he had given to the boys. He had a cup of coffee from our Quartermaster's kitchen, which early last afternoon he had given to the boys.

TUESDAY

I had a job of my own to do today. I had a job of my own to do today. I had a job of my own to do today. I had a job of my own to do today. I had a job of my own to do today.

My Day, the first of The Marmosets. My Day, the first of The Marmosets. My Day, the first of The Marmosets. My Day, the first of The Marmosets. My Day, the first of The Marmosets.

WEDNESDAY

I arrived at work, carrying past the E.R. office (as I was late) when he called me in.
"Mr.," said the E.R. "I want you to go with Sylvia and Fritz down to The Beatles and see what they are up to."
"Thank goodness, no more about being late!"
"Now, where am I to go?"
"THE BEATLES, DID YOU SAY THE BEATLES? I'M OFF!"
I departed at the time set for the first person to be seen at the scene of the crime.



George He and Paul had been seen at the scene of the crime. George He and Paul had been seen at the scene of the crime. George He and Paul had been seen at the scene of the crime.

THURSDAY

There was a job of my own to do today. There was a job of my own to do today. There was a job of my own to do today. There was a job of my own to do today. There was a job of my own to do today.

My Day, the first of The Marmosets. My Day, the first of The Marmosets. My Day, the first of The Marmosets. My Day, the first of The Marmosets. My Day, the first of The Marmosets.



FRIDAY

I just called me of I would not using a desk, which, I would not using a desk, which, I would not using a desk, which, I would not using a desk, which, I would not using a desk.



When Dave disappeared who could name on our Mike Jagger, standing "He, Jim?" at the top of his voice. "I'm in!"

SATURDAY

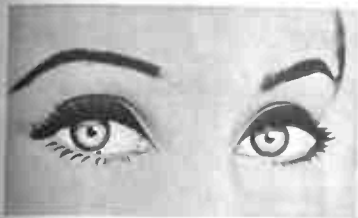
I began to feel that the morning hours I was off to the record shop for some new discs.
I went to the record shop in town and there were hundreds of people outside. I scribbled out the names of the records and finally managed to get into the shop.



My Day, the first of The Marmosets. My Day, the first of The Marmosets. My Day, the first of The Marmosets. My Day, the first of The Marmosets. My Day, the first of The Marmosets.



suddenly!
Cool, blue whites
give your eyes a
new, exciting look!



NEW BLUE Eye Dew INSTANT PROOF
THAT MAKE-UP AROUND EYES ISN'T ENOUGH

Make-up your eyes—beautifully. Can you honestly say they shine? Now... just two drops of amazing, new, blue **EYE DEW** in each eye—the whites of your eyes instantly become a beautiful cool blue-white that highlights your own eye colour. *He will love the wonderful sparkle of your eyes.*

Eye Dew brings your eyes that new exciting look!



In a convenient easy to carry pack, new **EYE DEW** comes to you for only 2/- from all Chemists and leading stores.

eye dew
 BLUE EYE DROPS

AVAILABLE WHERE GOOD COSMETICS ARE SOLD. NOW!

Get going with new fab Eye Dew

Only Lil-lets offer you
what you need most in a tampon
—widthways expansion

"Convenience is all very well, and Lil-lets are simple to use. But I changed to them when I learned how they expand gently but fully, widthways, to fit you perfectly. Obviously, this is what is important. This is complete protection. This you can be confident about."



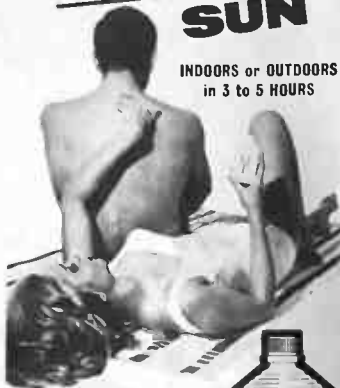
Think about it. Remember that only Lil-lets are made to expand widthways. To give you the confidence of perfect internal protection. And there are three absorbencies, not two. Lil-lets Regular, for teenagers and women with light periods, 10 for 15; Lil-lets Super, which most women find most suitable, 10 for 20 and 20 for 30; Lil-lets Super Plus, the most absorbent of all, 10 for 23. For a FREE SAMPLE of any size and a helpful booklet please write to Sister Marion, Dept F.3, Lilla-White (Sales) Ltd., Chaford Mills, Birmingham 8.



widthways expansion gives perfect internal protection

TAN WITH or WITHOUT SUN

INDOORS or OUTDOORS
in 3 to 5 HOURS



Indoors Outdoors

TANS YOU OVERNIGHT
INDOORS—BEFORE YOU
REACH THE BEACH:

Just apply Q.T. as directed
before going to bed. Wake
up next morning with a
gorgeous, natural-looking
tan all-over. Q.T. tans
parts of the body that the
sun cannot reach.

DEEPENS YOUR TAN
—GIVES SUNBURNS
PROTECTION TOO:

Apply Q.T. next day
in the a.m. Watch
your tan become
deeper, richer, more
stunning, while your
skin gets protection
from burning rays.



In lightweight,
unbreakable
squeeze bottles:
7/6, 12/6
and the new
money-saving
family size
19/6

Q.T. LOTION — THE QUICK-TANNING MIRACLE

developed by the Coppertone
Corporation of Miami, Florida, U.S.A.—produces
a natural looking tan that won't wash off and yet
contains no dyes, no alcohol and will not streak.
Q.T. has Solban to filter out burning rays and
special moisturizers to keep your skin soft and
smooth. If you want a tan that everyone envies
— whatever the weather—get Q.T. today and
start your tan tonight! Saves on stockings too!



FREE

“SHAMPOO and SET”!

What a marvellous idea! A shampoo with its own built-in setting lotion!

It's called LINC-O-LIN BEER SHAMPOO because it contains REAL BEER. You'd never believe it if we didn't tell you, because Linc-o-Lin shampoo has such a delicate perfume. But the real beer is there to do the “setting” and “body-building” for you. Now, at last, the millions of women with fine, fluffy, “can't-do-a-thing-with” hair really have the answer. LINC-O-LIN BEER SHAMPOO literally “thickens” your hair every time it's washed, actually “building on” to your hair shaft giving it more body, bounce and manageability! And, of course, the millions of other women who already use separate Beer rinses to get highlights and sparkle—can now get the same results just by shampooing!

It's all so excitingly true the makers willingly say—“Have your first LINC-O-LIN BEER SHAMPOO on us.” Just post the coupon below (which will, in fact, be the label used in sending you the Sample) to: Linc-o-Lin, (Dept. B.68), 205, Hook Road, (Chessington, Surrey, for a Free One to try!

But—if you just can't wait, any Chemist can let you have LINC-O-LIN BEER SHAMPOOS at only 10½d. for a Sachet or 2/6 for a Baby Barrel.

Best hairdressers
enthusiastically
use and recom-
mend LINC-O-
LIN BEER
SHAMPOO.

— CUT CAREFULLY ROUND EDGE —
Send LINC-O-LIN Beer Shampoo to

NAME
(BLOCK LETTERS)
ADDRESS

B.40

FREE FILMS!!



SEND NOW FOR THIS
AMAZING GENUINE OFFER!
Include six money stamps for postage
and packing (value 120.6% of
127) of FREE FILM, returned, and
receive by return YOUR FREE FILM.
Lowest possible postage.
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FREE FILMS
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Does your mouth say Kookie?



It's a whole new way of looking
at music. It's a whole new way
of looking at the world. It's a
whole new way of looking at
the future. It's a whole new way
of looking at the past. It's a
whole new way of looking at
the present. It's a whole new way
of looking at the world.

ISLE OF MAN TV TALENT DISCOVERIES

BEAT—JAZZ—FOLK
Groups of four or more (maximum 6 full
time only, 8 days or more members)
PALACE BALLROOM, DOUGLAS
24th to 27th AUGUST, 1965
£750 IN PRIZES

TOP PRIZE
TOP GROUP **£250**
and “SWINGING-UK” TROPHY

CONTRIBUTION COVERS ALL TYPES OF
MODERN AND FOLK CLUB MUSIC
SEND PHIALS 24th & 25th AUGUST
FINAL 27th AUGUST
SPONSOR: BEEF & LAMB PROMOTION BOARD
Write now for preliminary Organizational Info
to: Isle of Man TV Talent Discoveries, 13 Wharfedale
Road, Bradford, Tel. 0547 6000 0122

GET WITH IT—IT'S FAB!

Maureen's LETTER BOX

Wow! I'm still re-covering from our Sports Day. Had to get Sheena to carry in the post for me this morning 'cos of my aching back! Now back to your letters...

JOHN AND GLASSES

Stephania Salt of Blackburn writes: Does John Lennon ever wear contact lenses? Or does he just stick to his ordinary glasses?

Maureen: John does wear contact lenses, generally on the stage, because he isn't into his audience without them. John says he wears contact lenses—he's so used to them now that he finds them more comfortable than ordinary ones.

Personally, I think he looks great in those huge, aviator-style goggles he wears.

John Lennon



MO



Someone is just going to ask you to believe me, he'll tickle you pink!

ASH TRAY HOBBY

Ann Bridget of Muneaton writes: I bet you can't tell me any pop star who has the same hobby as I do. I collect ash trays. Set you can't find one!

Maureen: Good job you didn't bet on it, Ann, 'cos I've found one! And it's Bobby Marfield of the Righteous Brothers!

He has an enormous collection of ash trays. I suppose it's a hobby that comes in handy, if you smoke a lot!

TOM JONES

Edith Smeames of North Wales writes: Can you, please, give me some info on Tom Jones? Maureen: Of course. Tom's real name is, surprisingly, Tom Jones. He was born 7 June in Pontypridd, Wales.

Tom has black hair and brown eyes. He is 8 ft tall and weighs 11 st 6 lb. He's quite a man! I know—he's been up to the office to see us all. He can play the guitar and drums well but on stage and disco he only sings.

Tom's ambition is rather nice—but a bit impossible. He wants to buy his father his own coal mine! He can always try, provided the National Coal Board doesn't object!

Tom's first record was *Chills And Fever*, but his second one made it to the top. It was, of course, *It's Not Unusual*.

Tom Jones



GEORGIE'S CAR

Christine Elms of Middlesex writes: Has Georgie Fame a car, if so, what sort is it?

Maureen: Yes. Georgie has a car, a beautiful silver Jaguar.

If you ever see a flash of lightning whip past you on the road you never know, it might be flame-flicked Georgie!

That's all for this week. Keep those letters coming... you can write to me at **FABULOUS, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4**, but don't forget to enclose a stamped, addressed envelope, if you want a reply.

in RECORD time

TWENTY-EIGHT-YEAR-OLD West India born Hamilton King is a mighty big man. He is six feet tall, 14 stones heavy, wears size 16 collars and size 12 shoes—which sets him quite a problem!

He started out to be an electrician, formed his own r-and-b group in his home town in the Leeward Islands, decided to try his luck in Britain in 1956—and found himself called up for the army!

But as soon as he was demobbed he got together his own group and his big break came when he appeared one night on the same bill as singer Don Charles.

Don liked Hamilton's sound so much that he signed him up. I believe he will make some kind of a star with his latest, a big beat ballad called *Bird Without Wings* (H.M.V.).

★ **Annie Ross**, proprietor of Annie's Room, one of the most switched-on clubs in London, is also one of the most talented singers we have ever produced.

As a jazz singer Annie has worked in Britain, France and America during the last few years. She has sung with bands, in nightclubs, appeared in reviews and acted on TV.

For proof of her talent listen to *Annie By Candlelight*, a bargain on Pye's Golden Guinea label, in which she sings a collection of ballads with warmth, originality and a rare jazz feeling.

BEST OF THE REST

★ **Mary Wells** still packs plenty of talent, as you can hear on her latest release, a compelling *Never Never Lament Me* (Stateside).

★ **The Three Bells**, those dollies from Liverpool who are otherwise known as The Ding Dongs, who caused a lot of attention with their first disc should do better with the appealing *Someone To Love*, a song they wrote themselves (Columbia).

★ **The Bachelors** revive another oldie called *Marie*, bound to be a hit (Decca) and ditto for Sandie Shaw's latest, *Long Live Love* (Pye).

★ **Best group record of the week is Never Been In Love Like This Before** by **Unit Four Plus Two** (Decca).

★ **Sam Cooke** could have a posthumous hit with the swinging *It's Got The Whole World Shakin'* (RCA Victor).

KEN BOW

Who's Who This Week



L-R: Helen Valerius, John Steel, Chris Chandler, Alan Price, Eric Burdon.



L-R: Mike Hugg, Mike Vickers, Paul Jones, Tom Moulton, Manfred Mann.



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