

WORLD'S POP STARS IN COLOUR COLOUR COLOUR

Printed in U.K. News (Australia) Pty. Ltd. South Africa
Distributors: News (Australia) Pty. Ltd. South Africa
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Volume 1 No. 9 25 cents per copy - Single No. 1.00

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SUN, SEPTEMBER 1964

Fabulous

ALL AT SEA

11 KING SIZE FULL COLOUR PIN-UPS

MERSEY SCILLA BEATLES SANDYARD BIRDS



IT'S FAB

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

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STARGAZING WITH JOHN LEYTON



Virgo folk with birth-days are perfectionists of the highest order. Easy to get along with, Virgoans make excellent partners and take great pride in their appearance.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 21—Jan. 19). Might be wise to postpone a decision until you feel surer.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20—Feb. 18). Excellent week for developing a new idea. Don't be disheartened by criticism.

PISCES (Feb. 19—Mar. 20). Journeys are favoured this week. You may make an interesting new acquaintance.

ARIES (Mar. 21—April 20). Get properly organised. Working in a middle won't help your progress.

TAURUS (April 21—May 20). Outlook is brighter and some worrying little matters are cleared up.

GEMINI (May 21—June 20). Your work may be clouded by a personal grievance but it is of no importance.

CANCER (June 21—July 20). Arrange your leisure hours better or you will have two dates overlapping!

LEO (July 21—Aug. 21). Unexpected meeting gives you week a real uplift—could be with an old friend.

VIRGO (Aug. 22—Sept. 22). Romance is in the air and you must beware of keeping your head in the clouds!

LIBRA (Sept. 23—Oct. 22). Trying to be jack-of-all-trades won't further that cherished ambition.

SCORPIO (Oct. 23—Nov. 22). The week will be radiant if you overcome a domestic issue.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23—Dec. 20). Helpful friends will help iron out a difficult situation.

HEY THERE!

A couple of months ago, staggering into FAB's office came our man in Amsterdam! Running a pale and trembling hand through his blonde hair, he said: "Well, I got 'em! But I may never be the same again!"

What Henk (that's his name) had got, was a super set of pictures of those fab Beatles in Amsterdam. The gang all pounced on them, and we decided then and there we would save the set for this issue — Fab All At Sea.

Poor Henk really had a tough time that day when The Beatles toured the Amsterdam canals. He was pushed and shoved by the masses of Dutch people who wanted a glimpse of our boys. Three other photographers fell in the canals. But in true FAB fashion, Henk saw it through and got his pictures.

We do hope you like them. See you next week when FAB has g-r-o-w-n. We're four pages fatter. Making 32 pages packed with the INSIDE INFORMATION . . . answering all the many questions you ask!

Bye for now. Love — THE ED.



FAB'S SYLVIA
TAKES OVER
THE GOSSIP
THIS WEEK

We're afloat this week, all right. Actually, of course, I'm all afloat every week, but that's another story.

Hi-Fab!

OUR mate Cilla Black has actually been over the famous missile destroyer, H.M.S. London. What's more, she was shown over by the captain himself.

Cilla, wide-eyed, looked at all the missiles and commented: "They must be very expensive."

"They are," the captain assured her, and told her that each one was worth a pretty good football pools win.

"How many do you have?" asked Cilla. The captain smiled. "Miss Black," he said, "you would make a splendid spy."

End of Cilla's questioning.



Cilla in the captain's day room aboard H.M.S. London—Captain J. C. Bartosik DSC, RN, obviously approves of his latest recruit

THE Dennisons have been caught up in the James Bond—M15 lark, too. They went down to Portsmouth to have their pictures taken with *Victory*, Nelson's famous flag ship at Trafalgar. But hardly had they entered the dockyard with the photographer, than the shore patrol jumped on them.

"What do you think you're going to do with those cameras?" demanded the official gentlemen sternly.

"Er—take some pictures of the *Victory*," they murmured.

"Then just make sure you keep your cameras aimed at the *Victory* and nowhere else. This is a secret establishment."

Meekly, the boys went off to take their pictures, followed at a reasonable distance by the shore patrol, who kept eagle eyes on them all the time they were shooting.

As they were leaving, Terry Carson sneaked over to a guard and whispered: "We haf bin taking pictures of your secret wepons."

"It was a wonder they didn't cart us off to the Tower of London," laughed Eddie Parry.



BUT it takes Freddie and the Dreamers to do something really wacky (even if they had the same idea as Johnny Kidd and the Pirates, see pages 8 and 9). They planned to visit Radio Caroline—by rowing boat!

I told them Radio Caroline was anchored three miles from shore.

"You're joking!" they gasped.

Nevertheless, Freddie pointed out: "There are five of us. We can take it in turns to row."

The Dreamers didn't look too keen. I think they'd planned, by sheer weight of size and numbers, to make Freddie do all the rowing!

How wrong can you be. Operation Caroline was suspended—indefinitely!

Freddie, incidentally, entered a golf tournament while he was in the Isle of Man. He's a golf fanatic and hoped like crazy to win. He didn't manage that, but he did very well.

Never mind, Freddie. Better luck next time. And with or without luck, Freddie's film, "Every Day's A Holiday" is sure to be a wow. His films always are.

Golfer Freddie Garrity armed for action



The Swinging Blue Jeans have a "swinging" time

THE Swinging Blue Jeans used to go afloat regularly—on a "Beat Boat" that plied between Liverpool and the Isle of Man. They enjoyed the trips very much, especially as Blue Jean Les Braid has an aunt living in Douglas, Isle of Man. Les's aunt has a musical turn of mind, too. She once asked the boys if, on their next trip over, they'd mind bringing with them a piano which Les's mum had promised her. The boys agreed to do so, and a couple of days later, they lugged the promised piano aboard the boat and tucked it away in a safe place, ready to be unloaded when they reached the other side.

Unfortunately, the weather that day was very rough: so rough, in fact, that the boat didn't make its usual stop at the Isle. Round it turned and back it came—still with Auntie's piano aboard.

This was too much for the SBJs. Dragging the thing from home to the boat had been bad enough. Dragging it back, too—oh, no! They weren't having that. So when the boat reached Liverpool, they sold it to the highest bidder at the quay-side.

Isn't it a shame that Les's mum's reaction to this bit of private enterprise isn't recorded?



about your fav raves so we can't give TOO MUCH away. But look out for

THE SECRET DREAMS OF THE STARS
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BROOKS . . . BRIAN POOLE and **THE TREMLEOS**
 and **DENIS PAYTON . . .** so hurry hurry **HURRY**—
FAB sells out fast . . . every **MONDAY . . .** Price 1s.



the BEATLES go Dutch



While the Dutch eagerly snapped up The Beatles, George busily snapped The Dutch. The boys were so knocked out by their reception that they had to put the scene on record for all time.

It was one of those lazy summer days when singing birds and lapping water are the sweetest sounds around. Just the day for cruising down the river. But when a *Beatle* takes to the water—wherever he may be—it's SCREAM, HOLLER and SCREAM every wave of the way.

And that's just how it turned out when The Boys went for a ten-mile trip through Amsterdam's fascinating canal system on their recent European tour. John, Paul, George and honorary Beatle Jimmy Nicol (ably standing in for a fast-recovering Ringo Beatle) were just finishing their breakfast when the glass top of the canal boat appeared outside the window of the dining-room. The Boys piled on board, and there they were, four water Beatles.

The trip was organised by Dutch Parlophone, and their publicity machine had been working overtime. About 100,000 cheering people lined the streets on either side of the water. It was a Boat Race day scene, with a river escort of police-boats and fan-packed barges and thousands of screamers urging them on from the shore. Police patrolled the streets. Thousands of them.

During the whole ninety-minute trip, the water was alive with fans who swam up to the boat and shook The Boys' hands. Some scrambled on board. When Captain Jan van Urk left the wheel of the boat to chase one stowaway the boat decided it couldn't get along by itself, rammed a couple of barges and nearly sank two police launches. Not to mention the V.I.P. passengers.

The bridges in Amsterdam are very low—as every Beatle who has nearly lost his head under one will tell you. The Boys were busy photographing the whole fantastic business, and the bridges took them by surprise. The fans who jumped off the bridges into the boat were another hazard. Those who missed the boat nearly drowned the party in spray.

(Continued on page 6).







(continued from page 4)

Presents showered down into the Beatle boat. Mostly wooden clogs. These can be very hurtful when thrown from a distance. The Beatles still smiled. From the bridges, pieces of torn paper avalanched down. It was like those fantastic New York ticker tape welcomes. Practically the only gift the boys didn't receive was tulips from Amsterdam.

Those came later.

The funny thing was that the crowds lining the canals and risking their necks on the bridges weren't all shout-happy Beatlemaniaics. There were lots of Mums and Dads. There were babes in arms. And everyone, however young or old seemed to have a bicycle and loads of lung-power.

It took The Beatles ninety minutes to sail down the canals of Amsterdam. They saw more of the city than any other place they've visited on their globe-hopping rounds. And more of the people.

Verdict? They'd like to go Dutch again. JUNE SOUTHWORTH



It wasn't girls-only in the rush to The Beatles. Police fished a score of boys out of the canal and out of mobbing distance of the Fab Foursome.

Beatle fans—all shapes sizes and ages. And they don't even understand a Liverpool accent! But a scream and a wave are the same in any language.



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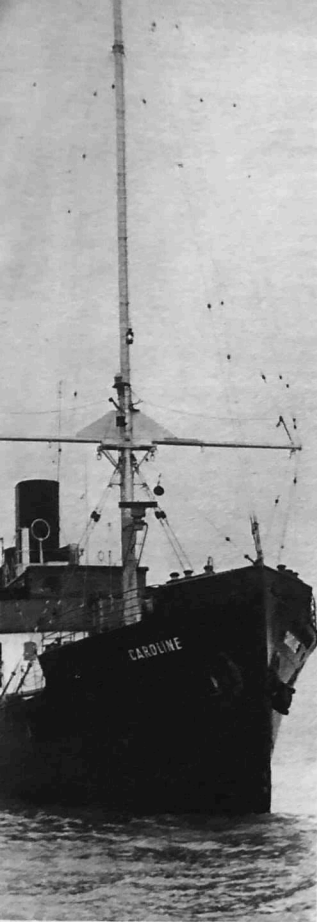
FAB'S SHEENA WRITES . . .

WHAT could be more appropriate than Johnny Kidd and his group, the Pirates, being photographed aboard that famous, or should we say "infamous," pirate radio ship—The Caroline. So one fine day Captain Kidd and his cut-throat crew set sail for the prize vessel, eager to be once more on the open sea, and all set to plunder and pillage. Of course we sent a Fab photographer along too, to record the historic event. Poor fellow wasn't very keen to go and the last time we saw him he was trussed to the mast amidships. Poor soul hadn't been able to find his sea legs in time for the treasure trip—Oops! Sorry, I meant pleasure trip. Join us for a raiding voyage out on the Cruel Sea. Bring your boarding hooks and seasickness pills. Looks to be a rough crossing under the Jolly Roger.

◀ Our quarry was sighted on the port bow—to landlubbers and Fab readers that means that the Caroline came into sight on the left.

Boarded without the loss of a single life. Batten ▶ down the hatches and we'll set sail for the Spanish Main with our booty.

This is no way to steer a captured vessel! We'll be picked up by the coastguards in no time. What do you mean—my head will be picked up, too? ▼





◀ Sorry, chum. You can't walk the gangplank today. We only allow that on Sundays and Bank Holidays. Pirates Regulations, Section 5 for sharks. Now if you were to come back tomorrow we could do you a nice keelhauling ceremony. Not interested?

Which twin is the phoney? Seriously though, I'm sure all you wonderful readers can tell that it's Johnny Kidd on the left. No, I'm wrong, he's on the right! Im't he? I really couldn't tell you. Only kidding, whee!!

Join the Pirates and see the world—from a Crow's Nest. Gosh, what big ears this ship has got! From the look on Mick's face I'd say he'd got stuck, and Johnny doesn't look happy either. Abandon ship!! ▼

Shiver me timbers, what a gruesome-looking lot. Left to right we have Johnny Kidd, Johnny Spencer, Mick Green and Frank Farley. Try to pressgang the Fab gang into service would you? Take that, and that!! Help, mates ... help!!!! ▼



OH HO! **WHERE'S THE RUM?**



YARD- BIRDS

A day at sea with The Yardbirds—delish! We had to be at Tower Pier at 8.30 a.m. on a Saturday morning. I was there. The photographer was there. But where were The Yardbirds?

IT sounded such a great idea—going to Southend with The Yardbirds, for a day's outing—that though it's been a long, long time since I've seen the light of day at 8 a.m. I got up.

Okay, so I was eager! I arrived an hour too soon, but so did the photographer! One hour later I had tramped the whole area of cobbled streets surrounding the Tower of London, looked at road works, watched coachloads of fellow passengers arriving.

At 8.45 a.m. I began to get anxious. The boat was due to leave in fifteen minutes.

"Don't worry, Sheena," said our FAB photographer reassuringly. "They'll be here by then!"

I'd got the right day and the right place. All I needed was the right group. What could have happened to them?

9 a.m. and no Yardbirds!

"I'm afraid we can't wait for you," said an officer from *The Daffodil*, "but *The Royal Sovereign* doesn't sail for another twenty minutes, so you can get on her instead."

At 9.20 a.m. there was still no sign of The Yardbirds. But about ten minutes after *The Royal Sovereign* sailed majestically up the Thames Estuary towards foreign ports (Southend and Margate) I spotted my first "Bird"—Keith Relf—tottering dazedly towards the pier.

"Am I late?" mumbled Keith.

"Well, actually you should have been an hour ago," I said, almost apologizing to him.

Who could be cross with Keith?

Trundling round the corner next came a weary bass player.

"There's Sam," yelled Keith. "Hey, Sam, this way."

"Hi. The others are in the car over there," said Paul Samwell-Smith.

Eric Clapton, Chris Dreja and Jim McCarty crawled out of the car, took one look at the daylight, and got back in.

"We're not usually this late," volunteered Keith, "but we were playing at The Marquee Club at midnight last night. And we overslept."

"If both the big boats have gone, why don't we go down to Westminster Pier and catch a boat home to Richmond?" suggested Chris.

That's exactly what we did. We scrambled on to the pleasure boat with two minutes to spare. Afloat everyone was happy. The photographer snapped away. Then the sun went in and the river began to fluff up. One, by one, our ranks depleted as we slunk down the companionway to the lower deck. We happened to find ourselves in the refreshments bar, so we had a good "nosh up."

We felt better with food inside us, and gradually went back on deck, in time to see the tremendous panoramic scenery of the Thames—gas works have in sight, followed in rapid succession by grimy factories, warehouses, the lot!

By the time we got to Richmond everyone was wide awake and The Yardbirds insisted on trying out



(a) No sleep, no smiles for the "poor" photographer.



(b) Yardbirds, left to right: Eric Clapton, Jim McCarty, Paul Samwell-Smith, Keith Relf and Chris Dreja.

all the boats they could find. First of all they spotted the rowing boats. In charge was a small boy aged about ten.

"You can only have a boat for four or six people. Council regulations," said the wee lad.

Five Yardbirds' autographs later we got a boat for five (I absolutely refused to go out in it. Positively flimsy it looked) and stood waving on the bank while the rowing boat slid gracefully broadside down the river. (Anyone finding a row boat please return complete with Yardbirds to FAB!)

Seriously though! I had only just persuaded them to come back to dry land, when they spotted lovely

yellow motorboats further up the river bank.

I've never seen Yardbirds move so fast. They were in a mo boat like greased lightning! It started to rain as they piled in with whoops of glee.

"Coming for a coffee?" I asked the photographer.

"Definitely," he said. "I'm getting quite river-sick!"

Our last view of The Yardbirds saw them chugging steadily up-river towards the distant horizon—Richmond Bridge, ten yards away. A day all at sea it certainly turned out to be! I'd willingly have missed it if The Yardbirds hadn't been coming too.

SHEENA MACKAY



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WELL, HOW COME she's so sure of herself. Relaxed. Having fun. When you go around feeling so awkward and self-conscious...worried by the problems that go with changing from child to woman.

Your first "womanly" problem

The fact is, now you're growing up, you've got a new problem on your hands. You see, every month, on those "difficult" days a woman's body perspires much more heavily than usual. Now over much of your body this perspiration can evaporate harmlessly away. And, of course, you will be particularly thorough about washing and bathing at this time—which helps!

But no matter how hard you try, there is one difficult area where the heaviest perspiration builds up and is trapped... under the arms. And within an hour, that unpleasant smell known as B.O. begins to form.

And during those days, this B.O. can be particularly strong and offensive... so be warned! Because you may not be aware of this B.O. yourself!

And an extra "teenage" problem

Now, as if this wasn't all bad enough, teenagers have an extra perspiration problem. Namely—

they perspire far more than adults. Not only during "those days" but at all times of the month. Partly because they are more active, of course, and partly the teens are a time of strong emotions—and emotions can get you perspiring faster than twisting!

There's only one answer...



Stop underarm perspiration altogether. That means every day, after washing, you have to stroke on what's called an "anti-perspirant." And you're safe.

A product that is just a deodorant will not do. That merely helps to prevent the odour, but does not stop the perspiration from forming. And for teenagers, who perspire so heavily and so readily, that simply is not protection enough.

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And remember—every CHECK product is an effective anti-perspirant as well as a deodorant. Only the CHECK range can give you this double promise of confidence.





THERE they were. Coke-sipping and chip-chewing. The four Merseybeats, hit-makers who were so proud of their home town that they named themselves after the river that swells through that part of the world.

And they talked, nostalgically, about it . . . and what the river Mersey means to each of them. A sentimental chat—until Aaron Williams barged in with: "It's dead 'n' horrible." Shocked looks all round. Shouts from Johnny Gustafson, John Banks and Tony Crane.

"All right, then," said Aaron. "It's great 'n' lovely. That make you feel better? But when I'm away, I don't feel any homesickness for it. Tell you what—all I remember about it as a kid was taking off my shoes and socks and paddling in it. Only in the little shallow bits by the banks, of course.

"I never felt any desire to go back until a few weeks ago. Then I thought to myself I'd be quiet there, by the Mersey at Seaforth. No fans for a few minutes. So I remembered the childhood days and—off came my shoes and socks again. I peddled. And no kidding! I got one foot stuck in the mud.

"It was jammed tight. I thought I was going to fall over and ruin my suit. But luckily for me there WERE a few fans around who'd followed me down. And I had the embarrassing bit of having to be pulled out.

"No, it wouldn't matter to me if I didn't actually see the Mersey again—though I love living in Liverpool!"

More shocked looks from the others. . . .

But then the others all had tales to tell about the Mersey—a river which has really flowed round the world, via the beat music scene.

Recalled Tony: "When I was a little toddler, my five sisters used to take me down to the river every Sunday morning. It was a kind of ritual. We'd catch the ferry over to Birkenhead and New Brighton. I loved it. Sometimes my sisters didn't want to go and I'd just sit down in the middle of the room and bawl my eyes out. I got my own way like that.

"Now, what with all our travelling and so on, I find I get all these feelings of nostalgia about the times when I was a little boy. I don't think it is a matter of being homesick so much. Just remembering the times when

I was there playing with my mates."

Johnny Gustafson had looked pensive. He came in with: "Yeah, we did the Sunday morning trips, too. With my elder brother and my mother. I loved to see the pigeons. Those weekends taking the ferry to Birkenhead . . . well, it was like a short holiday.

"But when I was fourteen I wasn't so mad about the river. I was on the causeway at Birkenhead and I fell in. Thing was I couldn't swim and had to be hauled out. And it scared me so much that I've never really liked the water since. Certainly it put me off wanting to learn to swim. . . .

"It doesn't worry me now, of course. But it really is a strange sort of river. Parts of it are just fine, but others are a bit dirty and rough. Thing is, though, that it reminds all wandering Liverpoolians of their homes.

"I think one of the biggest kicks I ever get is when we're flying back to Liverpool after a long tour away. You look down and sort of LOOK for the river as the plane drops to get in at Speke Airport. The river comes into view and you know that you really are home. It LOOKS like home. And it's a great feeling—one I don't think I'll ever lose."

John Banks hadn't exactly been silent while the others talked about the Mersey part of their Beat world. But he was prodded into giving his own

views by the others and said: "Money—that's what makes it for me. You know, Liverpool, big port, lots of imports and exports. Good football teams, world-beating pop stars—oh, it's all part of the money scene.

"That's not the whole thing, of course. But it's what comes first into my mind when I think of the Mersey. How we—the Merseybeats—can go out and order a suit when we want to, or pick the most expensive thing on the menu in a good restaurant.

"No, I didn't ever have all that Sunday morning trip routine to go down to the river. But even now I like to spend a few hours on the ferry-boats and take the crossings to the other side. It's the SOUND of the river rather than the LOOK of it that affects me. The sound of the ships' hooters; the urgency about it all.

"You see, I live near enough to be able to hear those hooters through the windows of my bedroom. You can be touring and staying in other ports, but they never seem to sound quite the same as Liverpool."

Suddenly all the boys joined in. Especially Aaron who agreed with the others that no matter what happened they'd never want to live anywhere but Liverpool. That's their home and that's where they'll always return.

Even if Aaron really DOES believe that the River Mersey, life-blood of Liverpool, is "dead 'n' horrible!"

ROCK 'N' ROLL RIVER

The Merseybeats, from left to right: Tony Crane, John Banks, Johnny Gustafson and Aaron Williams down by—the Mersey!





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in record time

of a hit, for his new one *It Hurts To Be In Love* (United Artists) has that insistent build-up which his followers like.

● Who will be the next singer from the Tama-Motown crowd to make his mark in this country? My tip for the one most likely to follow **Mary Wells** into the charts is the splendid **Marvin Gaye**. Against a powerhouse backing, he suggests *Try It Baby* (Stateside), and it might prove hard to resist.

● That friendly guy **Russ Sainty** has been having a pretty rough time lately as a result of a tonsil operation which meant not talking at all for a whole month. Anyway he's back in business again now and I'd like to see a long overdue disc success for Russ with the plaintive *Lonesome Town* (Parlophone).

● For my money the **Migil Five** are one of the most versatile groups around and for that reason it would be good to hear them doing something different on disc. Another helping of that chunky **Blue Bear** rhythm on *Boys And Girls* (Pye) might lessen their chances of a big seller.

● In America they call him the "undiscovered Ray Charles," which I find difficult to believe since, it is claimed, **Bobby Bland** has sold around fourteen million records! Anyway, the man is as good as his record sales would suggest and he gets a really great sound going on *Ain't Nothing You Can Do* (Vocalion).

KEN BOW

● The exciting news for the many fans of the late **Eddie Cochran** is that some new recordings have been discovered and are released this week on an LP entitled *My Way* (Liberty).

But with the glad tidings I have to report that this is the last of the unused material. "It is definitely the end," a Liberty spokesman told me. But six tracks were certainly good enough to put on the LP. The two which feature Eddie singing are the lusty *Little Lou* and a moody ballad *My Love To Remember*. Of the four instrumentals, the attractive *Hammy Blues* and a powerful swinger called *Guybo* sound most professional. The remaining two, *Eddie's Blues* and *Jam Sandwich* are both improvised twelve-bar blues.

This is obviously one for Cochran admirers, but songs like *My Way*, *Milk Cow Blues* and *Long Tall Sally* are so much in the current R and B idiom that the LP should have a wide appeal.

Best of the rest

● Certain to get a big welcome when he returns soon for another tour is that talented guy **Gene Pitney**, who should find himself riding on the crest



Fab | The Swinging Blue Jeans



Patrick has really got something to shout about because he is mad over Kim's white *Swinging U.K.* sweater from *Lewis Separates*. Only 12s. 11d.

Kim's short shorts are by *Lee Cooper*, in black or navy denim fastened with crazy snake belt, 29s. 11d.

HERE'S something to make a splash about—super play togs! They're gear for the Outdoor Girl. So come on all you sea birds. Ride the crest of the wave like Kim Arnold who models our fashion this week.

Recognise Kim's seafaring friend? He's dishy Patrick Kerr, the dancing sailor from *Rediffusion's Ready Steady, Go!*

Because Kim is an In-Girl, she plays it sporty in her stripey sweater and bell bottoms. These straight down pants flare out at the bottom, following the latest trouser trend from Paris.

The In-Girl is also bang in fashion with her jazzed up T-shirt, and new skinny rib sweater, bunny hug tight and right in.

Outdoor sports can play havoc with a girl's looks, but Kim keeps her hair tangle free with a headscarf worn over a scarf stiffener, 6/11d., from Fenwicks of Bond Street, London.

If she's off scarves, her hair stays in place with Elnett's Damp Proof Spray, 6/9d.

How about trying a light perm on your hair? Ponds have Pin-up, which can be set on rollers, and gives hair body without curl. Small size 5/6d, large 8/6. GILL OLIVER

LOOK OUT!



Here is Kim's cotton sweater by *Ian Peters*. Only 29s. 11d., it comes in some Fab colours like black/white, amber/white and brown/white. Her fine-cord *Bri-nylon* pants are also by *Ian Peters*, and come in pink, brown, amber and green, at 4 gns.

YOU'LL FALL OVERBOARD...





Blowing up a storm? Who cares! Kim's playing it smart and defying the showers in her wild jungle printed anorak, above. In bold black and white print it is sure to cause a ripple. Made in cotton by Martha Hill, the anorak costs only 59s. 11d., and is fully waterproofed—just the gear when the weather is overcast.

Kim chose white-stretch Courtauld pants for contrast, super with her anorak. Also by Martha Hill, 55s.



Ahoy, landlubbers! It is a wonderful life messing around in boats—but you must dress up in the right gear first.

Kim will be the pride of the Fleet in her striped navy and white matelot jumper by Ian Peters, 29s. 11d., left. This comes in lots of other colours, including raspberry and white.

Catch the real sailor mood with these terrific bell bottoms by Lewis Separates. Made in washable blue denim, 26s. 11d.

An absolute MUST for boating are these non-slip lace-up sneakers by Barrats that Kim is wearing. In blue or pink denim, they cost only 16s. 11d.



Taking a breather in the great outdoors—Patrick and Kim make a couple of real handsome sports.

Kim gets off to a bright start in her blue denim trews and nifty braces, from Dorothy Perkins, 45s. 11d., above.

Also from Dorothy Perkins is Kim's white short-sleeved sweater, trimmed with navy (this comes in navy with white trimming too!), made from Bri-nylon, 25s. 11d.

Extra pretty are Kim's multi-coloured canvas boots by Barrats, 25s. 11d.

Kim has a healthy, clear skin, and she wants it to stay that way. For added protection, under her moisture foundation, she uses Lenthic's Skin Moist, 9s. 6d. Try it.

Kim has really gone overboard for this fab skivvy rib sweater from Lewis Separates, above. It's a great figure hugger. Colours include: beige, gorgeous red, lilac, black and blue. Only 26s. 11d. and marvellous for mixing and matching with all your other separates.

It looks real slinky with these three quarter length pants from Shore-Line, called Beach Comber. They come in white/navy and white/brown stripes. Made from Bri-nylon and rayon in knitted stretch, 55s. 11d. Cute non-slip shoes by Barrats. Suede, with half lace, colours include: black, red, tan, blue.

Price 49s. 11d. from all main branches.

Lastly, NEVER go without your Quichies. In small pack, only 1s. 9d., they are so easy to carry around—just pop them in your handbag. Super for cleansing and freshening up your skin. Or if you use them very carefully, you can remove any dust and grime without disturbing your make-up.



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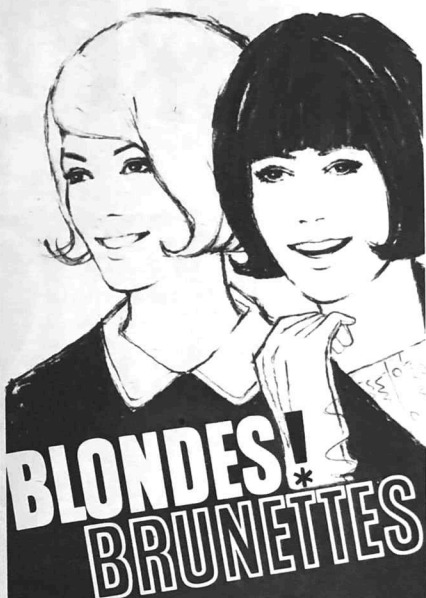
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P. J. Proby settled in Britain because he likes our "refreshing British rain." He says he likes to sit out in it all day. But if he finds himself stuck with our elusive sun, he makes the most of it. How? He messes about on the river.

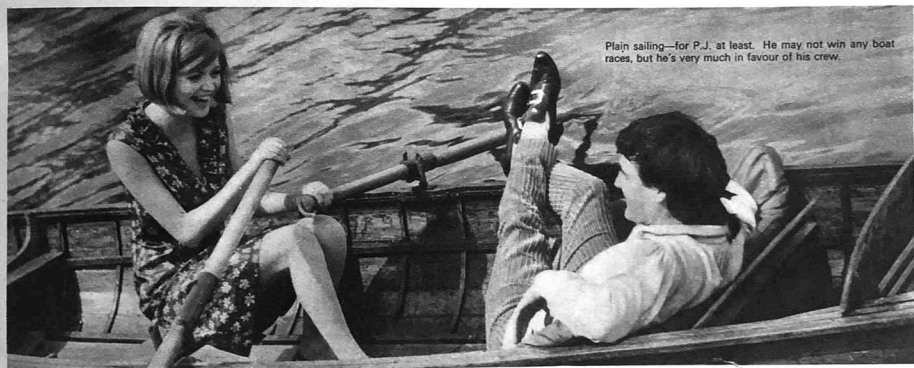
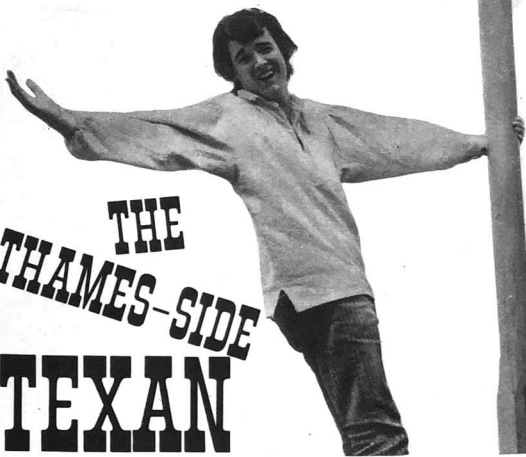
There was a Spanish Main look about The Thames the day FAB found P.J. down by the riverside. We found him in shoes, with silver buckles and a honey-coloured pirate shirt. His hair definitely has a touch of the buccaneer about it. But P.J. wasn't firing any cannons... although every P. J. Proby fan knows that he can be pretty explosive when he burns up the stage with his vocal fire-crackers.

He was just messing about in boats, and loving every minute of it.

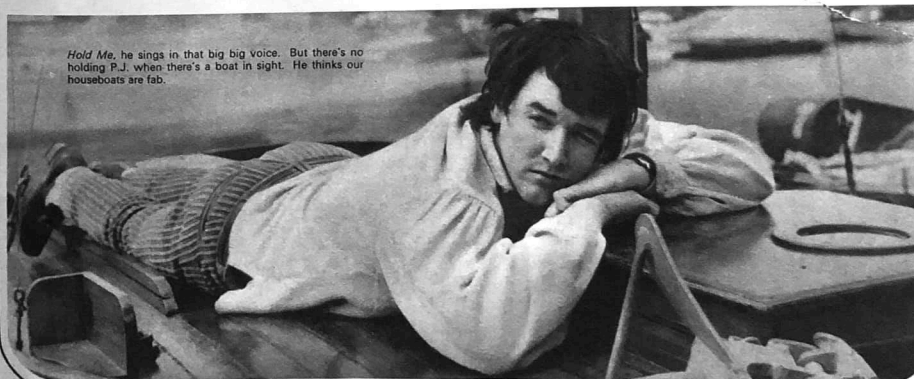
Big boats, small boats—they all come the same to P.J. He's at home with any of 'em. And home for *that* day was a peaceful stretch of that lazy River Thames near Richmond. He even found a sweet lass of Richmond Hill to share his daydreams, model Hazel Lye. So there they were, cruising down the river together on a Wednesday afternoon.

Can you think of any better way of spending those Lazy, Hazy, Crazy Days of Summer?

THE THAMES-SIDE TEXAN



Plain sailing—for P.J. at least. He may not win any boat races, but he's very much in favour of his crew.



Hold Me, he sings in that big big voice. But there's no holding P.J. when there's a boat in sight. He thinks our houseboats are fab.



maureen's letter box

Time I told you about the popularity charts I keep for FAB. Every time you mention your favourite raves in your letters I mark them down on my charts. Makes me feel important 'cos I use up a lot of coloured pencils and my charts must be prettier than anyone else's. The Beatles have shot so far ahead at the moment that they have a chart to themselves. . . . Now for your letters.

MRS. JAMES BOND

Sylvia Reynolds of Gosport writes: **What's the name of Sean Connery's wife, please?**
Mrs. Connery! Sorry, it is really Diane Cilento.

CILLA'S FAN CLUB

Keith Meek of Westnash asks: **Can I have Cilla Black's Fan Club address, please?**
Cilla's Fan Club is run by Alan and Norma Dewar, 89 Granton Road, Liverpool 5. When writing please don't forget your stamped addressed doodah!

ANIMALS OTHER NAMES

S. Mills of Boreham Wood asks: **Didn't The Animals once have another name?**
They did. They were once called the Alan Price Combo. But then they became "Animated!"

P. J. REAL?

Sheila Grace of Hornchurch asks: **Surely P. J. Proby is not his real name. Or is it?**
P. J.'s real name is James Marcus Smith (Hello Jim). Still I think I prefer P. J. Sounds more like he looks, if you see what I mean!

MUSICAL MILLIE

John Westbridge of Luton asks: **Can Millie play any musical instruments?**
Millie can play the harmonica, but she states, really she can only play the fool. (She's joking of course . . . I hope).
Oh, blow. I've run out of space once again. Don't forget I'm supposed to be here to help you with any requests. So drop me a line to MAUREEN'S LETTER BOX, FABULOUS, Fleetway Publications, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4 and PLEASE enclose a S.A.E. if you want a personal reply.



beat time for oxfam

LYDIA—the contest secretary—writes. . .

Contest excitement is building up to a real high pitch now. The fast of the regional heats take place over the next fortnight and then—at the end of the month—come our National Final in London and that's really going to be a wow. (See special announcement below.) First of all here's the regional news, so FAB readers who live around any of the places listed below, get your diaries out and make a note of the details straight away.

LIVERPOOL Beat Heats for Oxfam take place nightly from 7th September—12th September inclusive at—guess where—the famous **CAVERN CLUB**, the original home of The Beatles. Cilla Black and all those other famous Liverpoolians. Groups audition nightly by a special panel of FAB readers who've been picked for their personality and pop knowledge, and Bob Wooler will be comparing. There'll be dancing and refreshments and all the usual Cavern fun plus a fantastic souvenir programme that contains two pages of exclusive messages and pix from The Beatles. If you've always meant to visit the Cavern—now's your chance. You can go with your friends any night from the 7th to the 12th and pay at the door, prices are fair enough to fit FAB readers' pockets.



The Beatles have spoken to Ray McCall from the Cavern Club about BEAT TIME FOR OXFAM and wrote some personal messages for the Liverpool Heats Souvenir Programme.

EDINBURGH. Beat Heats running nightly all the week, from 31st August—5th September at the **ELDORADO BALLROOM.**

DURHAM Beat Heats running now at the **THREE TUNS HOTEL**, nightly until 5th September. Some of the best amateur groups in the North-East taking part.

EXETER. Here's a special message for readers in the South-West. So many groups in Devon and Cornwall wanted to enter our contest that Exeter has come in as a twelfth region, has formed a jury panel of FAB readers and, like the other regions, will be sending a group through to the London Final Heats will take place in Exeter in mid-September. Full details in next week's FAB.

WHO'S WHO THIS WEEK



L. to R.: Clive Hornby, Ray Scragg, Steve McLaren, Eddie Parry and Terry Carson.



L. to R.: Aaron Williams, Tony Crane, Johnny Gustafson and John Banks.



L. to R.: Mike Smith, Lenny Davidson, Denis Payton, Rick Huxley and Dave Clark.



L. to R.: John Spencer-Holliday, Frank Farley, Johnny Kidd, Mick Green and Vic Cooper.



L. to R.: Brian O'Hara, Billy Hutton, Mike Millward and Dave Lovelady.



L. to R.: Freddie, Derek Quinn, Roy Creadson, Bernie Dwyer and Peter Birrell.



L. to R.: Ralph Ellis, Norman Kuhlke, Ray Ennis and Les Braid.



L. to R.: Chris Dreja, Keith Reif, Jim McCarty, Paul Samwell-Smith and Eric Clapton.



FAB's Ed. Unity Hall

Special Announcement



Brian Epstein

The regional heats are well on their way now, and in some areas the winning groups have already been chosen up to? A National Beat Final in London at the end of this month that's going to be a real FAB night. The groups themselves will be well worth hearing—and so will the comments of the panel, specially when it consists of experts like, Brian Epstein, Cilla Black, one of The Beatles, FAB's Ed. Unity Hall and one of you, the national prize-winner of our panelists' competition. FAB readers are to have the first chance of getting tickets.

Full details of date, place, time, the price of tickets will appear in FABULOUS next week—so make sure of your copy—there'll be a rush for tickets and it'll be first come first served.



Cilla Black



D.J. David Jacobs



Which Beat?

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