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19th JUNE 1965

Fabulous

REVISITS LIVERPOOL

KING SIZE FULL COLOUR PIN-UPS OF
STU JAMES · GERRY · CILLA · BEATLES · SPINNERS
MERSEYBEATS · BILLY FURY · TOMMY QUICKLY



hi there. Thought I'd never get Betty and Fione and Sylvia back from Liddypool last week—they were having such a good time. It's ages since I met up there, and I was jolly envious when they told me that the Coberns is as wronging as ever and that the place is still stiff with top popstars. That's the funny thing about Liddypool—however much money the boys make—it's still home. And most of them go back home to meet.

In the meantime, of course, they've seen it all of the world—globe-trotting all over the place, and the gang have been nagging me to let them see a bit more of the world. Sheena got in first. Looking very desirous she came in and announced that Donovan had never been to Spain, and very much wanted to go. Couldn't we, she said, take him there?

Well, I have a feeling that our Sheena fancied a visit to Spain, too. But a good idea is a good idea . . . so Sheena's now

madly phoning British United Airways, Demoson, hotels in Spain and the pair of them are very excited. Look out for the results of the trip soon. Laro, The Ed

ni fab!

Sylvia takes over the gossip this week

So this, I thought, looking out of the main window at the Mersey Tunnel, is Liverpool. And this was my first ever trip to Bootie-land. Can you wonder that I was excited?

Almost the first place I went to, with Betty and Fione who were on the trip, too, was The Coberns, where we met The Claydon Squares, who're very big in the 'Pool right now.

Sipping coles in the manager's office between sessions, the boys told me that they took their name (which is a bit unusual for a beat group, don't you think? Clayton Squares??) from a place in Liverpool.

"It's a very nice square, not far from here," Miles Evans, who plays alto and shares vocals, told me.

Miles also told me something else—something he keeps pretty quiet. You see, he's not from Liverpool himself at all. He was born in Ribyl, Wales.

Oh. Keep it dark.



The Claydon Squares

Seen the inside of quite a few clubs in Liverpool, one of them being The Mersey Glen, where The Seaving Blue Jeans made their name. Whenever they can, they still go back there and play for their fans.

Chatting to Jim Lewis, ex-manager of the club, I learned that Les Beard of the Blue Jeans has a pretty unusual hobby. He collects old instruments, unusual instruments, in fact, anything that'll make music and is a bit different.

Most recent addition to the Beard museum of musical oddities is a Yoruba, which is a sort of



The Seaving Blue Jeans

drum with strings and comes from Africa. Les brought it from a member of Les Bailey's Advertis, whom the boys met recently.

Les has over thirty instruments in his collection, including a set of post horns and two organs. In fact, his family moved here not long ago because he must reckoned there just weren't enough looms in their house for all Les's jugs.

It isn't junk, Les protests indignantly. Maybe he'd changed his mind if he had to clean it. But I bet mum'd say that for him, don't you?



The Searchers

WE hit Liverpool about eight hours after The Searchers left, much to our disappointment. They're high on my list of favourite Liverpoolians. Why? Here are examples of how nice they are.

After they took part in our London FAB NIGHT OUT, Chris rang me, and, on behalf of all the boys, thanked me for the wonderful time they'd had. And after reading something I'd written about him, Chris dropped me a line (in red ink on dark blue paper) thanking me for what I'd written.

RIVALLING The Cavern for popularity in Beatlesville is a place called Hope Hall. We went down there with two of The Scaffold (read more about them on page 16) and met The Road Runners.

Now these boys really do have a new sound. Their line-up includes a trumpet! Still, even that isn't so unusual as the flute which The Clayton Squares use on a couple of numbers.

The Runners have a foreigner in their midst, too. Bob Harrison, who blows that trumpet (and how!) comes from Portsmouth.

Like most artistes, the boys prefer Northern audiences.

"They're so much warmer up here," Nicky leGrec—usually known as Nick the Greek—told me. "We once played The Marquee in London and do you know it was two and a half hours before the audience reacted at all."

Nicky, who looks a lot like actor Edmund Purdom, also said that the Runners have had four discs in the Liverpool charts, including an EP called *Panto Mania* which they made for charity.

Rest of the group is Michael Heart, vocals and guitar, who's a great James Brown fan; John Peacock, organ; Pete Mackey, bass and vocals; and Dave Boyce drums.

WE didn't go to a club with Kris Ryan and The Questions. We went to church; a ruined church which Fiona had noticed and was dying to photograph. The boys nearly died when we got there, too. It was so draughty.

While Fiona had the others climbing up a tree in the church grounds, Kris told me that he often gets mistaken for one of The Kinks.

"Trouble is," he grinned, "I get mistaken for a different one every time."

I thought he looked a bit like Ray Davies, but not so much that I'd mistake him for Ray.

The Questions have been together for about eight months; end, according to the boys, "We stick together and blame Kris for everything."

But they seem to get along well, despite that.



Kris Ryan and the Questions



Ringo

AND the Liverpudlians? I had to wait till I got back to London before I saw them. When I did, I was just in time to interrupt Ringo in the act of making out his shopping list—on the back of road manager Mal's hand.

"He wants to make sure I don't lose it," Mal said, showing me the blue ball point scribbles.

I looked—hard. I turned Mal's hand this way. I turned Mal's hand that way. I practically stood on my head. I borrowed a pair of glasses. But it was no good. I couldn't understand one word that Ringo had written.

"It's impossible to read it, Mal," I said.

"Dh, I can read it." He did, too—one pot of glue, some nails and a rubber headed hammer. Ringo had even drawn the hammer, just in case Mal might buy the wrong sort. There was one other item. One black knitted tie.

"Who's that for?" I asked Ringo.

"Mal," he said. I beamed. How generous. I thought "You see," Ringo continued seriously "I cut his off with a carving knife and chopped it up in pieces."

And off he went home
I love Liverpudlians.
I loved Liverpool, too.

COLOUR CONTENTS

- THE SEARCHERS photographer FIONA ADAMS
- SWINGING BLUE JEANS (small cover pic) photographer CAMPBELL MacCALLUM
- STU JAMES photographer DEREK BERWIN
- GERRY MARSDEN photographer MICHAEL DARLING
- CILLA BLACK photographer BILL FRANCIS
- TOMMY QUICKLY photographer BILL FRANCIS
- THE BEATLES photographer MICHAEL DARLING
- THE SPINNERS photographer FIONA ADAMS
- THE MERSEYBEATS photographer MICHAEL DARLING
- BILLY FURY photographer BILL FRANCIS

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NEXT WEEK

YOU DON'T NEED A TICKET TO RIDE ROUND THE WORLD WHEN FAB GOES



globe trotting

in the **U.S.A.** with THE ANIMALS and THE WALKER BROTHERS . . .

AUSTRALIA with BILLY THORPE

. . . **EGYPT** with EDEN KANE . . .

FRANCE with FRANCOISE HARDY . . .

CANADA with MARK LONDON . . .

FINLAND with THE RENEGADES

. . . **KENYA** with RICK AND SANDY . . .

DENMARK with PETER BELL . . .

IRELAND with THEM . . .

SCOTLAND with LULU . . .

WALES with TOM JONES . . .

ENGLAND with PETER QUAIFFE (writing specially for YOU)

and a Fab Fashion spree to

HOLLAND . . . PLUS all COLOUR,

KING SIZE PIN-UPS of



IT'S A JET PROPELLED SPACE AGE SPECIAL . . . so get globe trotting by ordering your next Fab NOW . . . on sale next Monday Price 1 Shilling



Marilyn Slater, sister of Stuart James, is the lucky girl who Stu confides in, teases, invites on trips to London. And she enjoys every moment of it... as she explains to Sylvia Stephen of FAB.

● She sat in the chintz covered armchair in front of the TV—an attractive, fair haired teenager—and talked about the day her office friends saw The Mojos performing.

"They knew," Marilyn Slater said, "that my brother was in a group so they asked me if by any chance he knew The Mojos' fab singer, Stuart James." She paused, smiled. "You should have

seen their faces when I told them that actually my brother is The Mojos' fab singer, Stuart James."
"I suppose that Mum started for him to join the choir at the Anglican Cathedral. He learned to play the piano as well. He still plays, when he's at home."

A nod indicated the upright piano standing against the wall of the homely living-room where we sat, as she continued: "He writes songs on that piano, too. Sits there for hours tinkling away and scribbling things on bits of paper."

Suddenly, noticing that the teacups were getting rather empty, she rose to refill them.

"Stu came to our FAB sports day with us a couple of weeks ago," I said, as Marilyn sat down again. "He was very good. He certainly can run, can't he?"

"Yes. As a matter of fact, he won a cup for it once at school."

"But Stuart wasn't sports mad," Marilyn continued. "He studied hard and got eight 'O' level passes and four 'A' levels."

She tried not to look too proud, but couldn't resist adding: "And he was in a class of eighteen year olds when he was only sixteen. He would have gone on to university if he hadn't taken up music instead."

● Marilyn has seen her brother on-stage: "But he won't take me to one of his own shows. He won't take anyone, even mum, backstage. I suppose he's right. In fact, when mum and dad went to see him perform, they didn't think they'd even be able to get in, there were such crowds at the theatre. But they eventually managed it. And they enjoyed the show very much."

She paused, twisting her fingers together before going on: "I was a little surprised when I saw him perform for the first time. He was very good. That didn't surprise me. I knew he'd be good. But—he was so different. Not like Stuart. He's so quiet at home."

Her mother, coming back into the room from the kitchen, heard that last remark, and demanded: "What about the pair of you when you're in here with the record player going, doing this...?"

She demonstrated by an arm-waving Shake Marilyn laughed.

"All right," she admitted. "It's not very quiet when we start dancing together. Usually he's very quiet, though, isn't he? I mean, he doesn't play records much. He doesn't even talk about his work really."

Marilyn, it turned out, is more record minded than her brother. She nodded a sheepish "Guilty" to her mother's accusation that she has the record player going in her room all evening, every evening.

"It was the same when I went down to London to visit Stuart. I had the record player on all the time. I bet he was glad when I came home again. I was only down there for the weekend. Left here Friday night and got back early Monday morning—just in time to go straight to the office."

"I felt awful. I bet I looked pretty awful, too. But it was worth it."

"I don't know how Stuart does it. He sometimes comes home here from a date without going to bed all night. Still, he doesn't go straight out to work again. He makes himself some breakfast and goes to bed for the day."

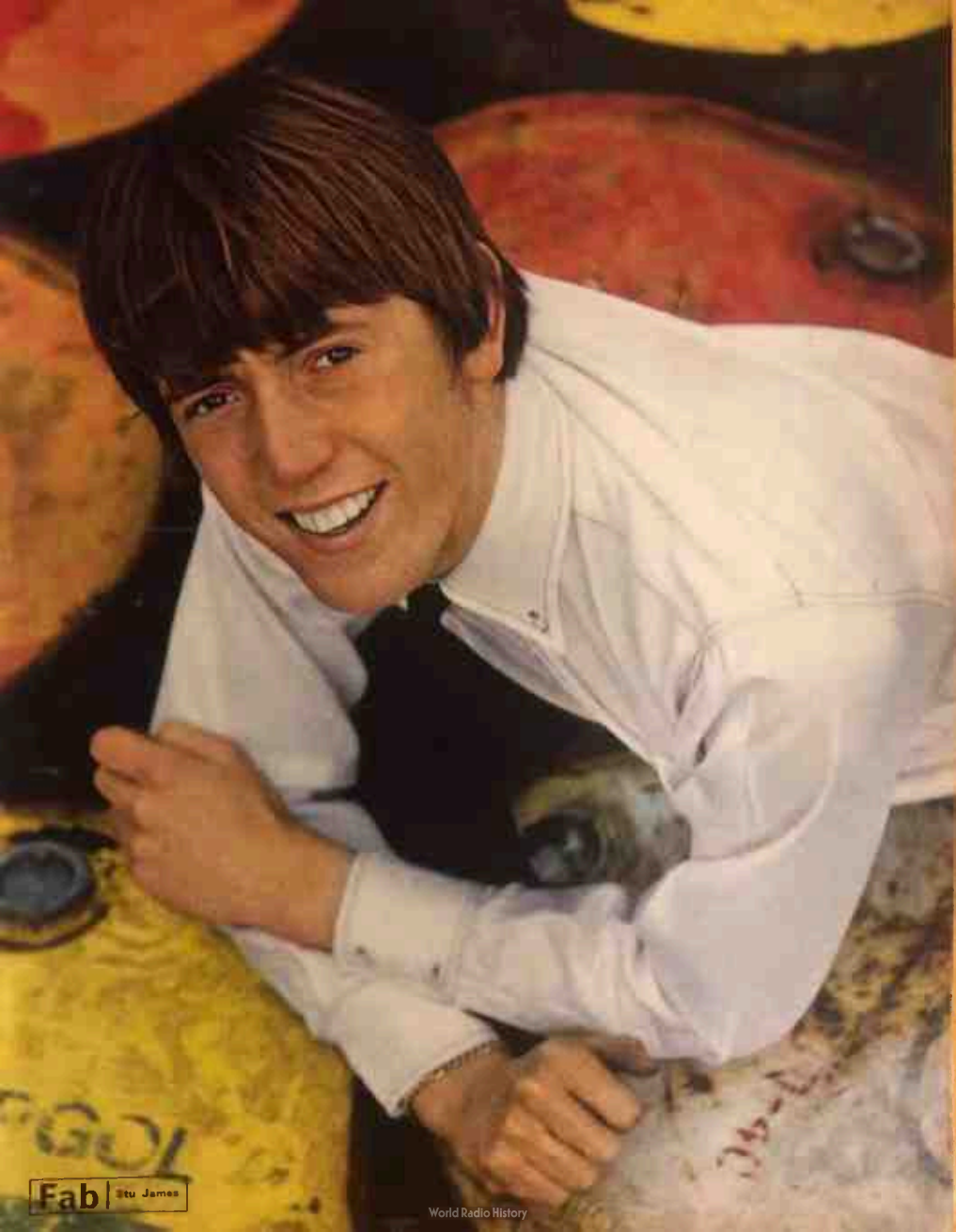
"You never seem to call him 'Stu,'" I commented.

She shook her head vigorously.

"Oh, no. He was christened Stuart and he likes to be called Stuart. Stuart Leslie Slater is his full name—Stuart because mum liked it. Leslie after one of mum's cousins. He dreamed up his stage surname himself."

"You know," she went on, "he's very happy in what he's doing. If he's happy, so are mum and dad. And so am I."


And she smiled. Happily.




Fab | Stu James





 Every street corner in Liverpool has a Beatle memory. Wander round the city and look in at the places that were stepping stones to their success.

 Ringo strolling down Admiral Grove, his old home. Modern houses have now been built on the right hand side.



SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

BY BETTY HALE



Where it all began - NEMS Record Shop in Liverpool's Whitechapel.

WALK around Liverpool, the city packed with memories. The waterfront, the pierhead with its Victorian skyscraper, The Royal Liver Building, its floating landing stage, its cross-Mersey ferries, its big bus terminal, its Transatlantic liners swinging in to berth.

This is where The Beatles, looking less sure of themselves, with shorter hair and wearing jeans and leather jackets, used to luck around, planning for the future.

Everywhere you go, you feel The Beatle imprint.

Wander inland to NEMS record shop on Whitechapel, where Peter Brown is doing the job once filled by Brian Epstein. Brian, finding such a demand for discs by an unknown group, tracked them down to a place only a few hundred yards away, in Mathew Street.

It's a narrow, cobbled little hill, which is Liverpool's fruit and produce market. There's a vast warehouse and underneath are big cellars running the length of the place. They're built of good, solid Victorian brick, whitewashed like wine cellars.

Back in January '57, when skiffle and jazz were riding high, somebody decided to lease part of those cellars for a club, because somehow jazz clubs always begin in cellars.

So was born The Cavern.

Remember The Beatles once saying "In Liverpool, we play at The Cavern Club. It's a cellar under a fruit

Way back in the old days—Rory Storm and The Hurricanes. Recognise the drummer?



Lovely nosh up, with Rory Storm at the head of the table. John and Paul are on his right and George on his left.

market." That was Paul.

John said: "It's a sort of railway tunnel. You can get 1,000 people in. There's a funny smell but we grew up there."

It still looks like rail arches and it still has that funny smell. But since fame came, they've enlarged it.

The Cavern was The Beatles' home. At lunchtime and at nights people from nearby shops, offices and factories crammed into the dark, bare cellar and listened to the Mersey beat and did the Cavern Stomp.

Bob Wooler, copers of The Cavern, knew The Beatles right back at the beginning when he booked them into The Litherland Town Hall (way up north of the city centre, beyond Bootle) at six pounds for the night. They were a sensation and drew a capacity crowd. It was their first big success in Britain after their Hamburg stint.

BDB also remembers that Billy Fury, another Liverpool lad, turned down The Beatles as his backing group. His manager liked them but Billy said "No," so the boys backed Johnny Gentle on a Scottish tour instead.

Call in at the cosy Jaccaranda for a coffee. Look at the murals downstairs. You may still meet someone with memories of the old days when John, Paul, George and Ringo haunted the place. Like Rory Storm who was with them a lot in the old leather jacket days.

Then go on to The Blue Angel Club in Seel Street where the boys played for peanuts. Stroll along to Upper Parliament Street where, way back, for a modest fee, The Beatles played for a strip act in a dive there.

Trace out the places where they were born. Walk the pavements they walked, because even when they first hit the high spots, they still lived at home. Ringo's place was the most picturesque, in a terrace in a neat paved alley, so you could throw a ball over into your neighbour's parlour with no effort at all. And later, when fame came, his chauffeur driven car would park at the end of Admiral Grove, in High Park Street, and the driver would get out and yell for Ringo. None of this walking right up to the door and saluting lark, not for a Liverpoolian.

Menlove and Mather Avenues, where John and

Paul lived, weren't far apart. So it was easy for them to get together for dreaming up their music. These were wider, less friendly streets than Ringo's.

Go to Mackett's Lane where George's parents now live and you may get a glimpse of Mrs. Harrison. She's become quite a celebrity as a Beatle mother. Requests come in from all over the country for her to open bazars and fetes and go to special dinners.

Retrace your steps towards the Liver Building and stop by the Town Hall. Imagine the traffic at a standstill for this was the scene of The Beatles' greatest home triumph. Stand there, turn back the clock and remember.

How proud Liverpool was when their boys got recognition. The headlines blazed on the local newspapers when they were presented to Princess Margaret, The Queen Mother, The Duke of Edinburgh, when they were on the bill of the Royal Command Performance in November '63. (Remember John's famous comment: "Those in the cheaper seats, please clap—and the rest of you, rattle your jewellery." They hid that, back home).

THE Beatles were on the London Palladium TV show. They won Variety Club Silver Heart awards, presented to them by Harold Wilson at a lunch in their honour. As Paul generously said: "I think they should give an award to Mr. Wilson."

The gold and silver discs rolled in. And still Liverpool preened itself. Thousands greeted The Beatles at Speke Airport in July '64 at the beginning of their splendid home coming.

People lined the eight mile Merseyside route all the way north to this Town Hall where there was a glittering civic reception. The journey took nearly an hour.

About 100,000 Liverpoolians were out that night, showing what they thought of their heroes.

Go to Liverpool now and it's all quiet, apart from the milling traffic. But every place has a memory. Every coffee bar you go in, every shop has you wondering, have The Beatles been here? And you feel in your bones that they probably have. In fact, they may even be in the next street... now.



Mr. and Mrs. Harrison outside the modern house which George bought for them in Mackett's Lane, Liverpool.

The Cavern today... but once it was Ringo who sat at the drums in this historic spot.



Underneath the arches in the world famous Cavern Club. The walls are still bare brick as in the old Beatle days.





Fab

HOMETOWN

... that's Liddypool, home of so many greats in the pop world, and from the streets where they lived Fab's SYLVIA STEPHEN reports ...



George's living room.

GEORGE HARRISON'S house? That's it."

The speaker, a round-faced ten year old, looked at me as though I'd landed in a space ship.

"Everyone knows George Harrison's house," Terry McNally said. He lives around the corner in Arncliffe Road.

"Course," he continued, "we don't see much of him, even when he's there. Comes out, straight into a car and away.

If there aren't too many fans around, he'll sign autographs.

"Sorry, can't talk to you any more. I'm on my way to school. You won't find many people to talk to here, you know. Quiet street, this."

And he was right. For ages, there was no sign of anyone. George's parents had long ago driven off in their dark-grey Sunbeam Raper.

At last, two teenagers appeared. They were Jean Cullen of Mackett's Lane, and her sister Arne, and they were only too pleased to talk about what it's like to live near a star.

"It's the same as living near anyone else really. We hardly ever see George. A lot of people come here, hoping, of course. Mrs. Harrison's put a screen near her window so that people can't see in. Don't blame her. I wouldn't want strangers peering in through my window.

"We've spoken to Mr. and Mrs. Harrison. They're very nice."

Like George, I thought, thanking them.



Tommy Quickly's house.

TOMMY QUICKLY'S gently-curving street is different. Here you could hear music from radios, people were talking at their gates, children were playing. It was one of the children, nine-year-old June Cleary, who lives in nearby Stalsfield Avenue, that I spoke to.

"It makes no difference having a star living so near," she said, nodding to the modest house with the green saloon parked outside. "He doesn't live differently to the rest of us.

"He's ever so friendly. My sister was outside when he came out once and he stopped and talked to her. He's not big headed or anything."

Mrs. Dark, a neighbour from Swallowhurst Crescent, told me: "We sometimes hear a group practising in there, but it doesn't worry us. It's not so noisy that it's disturbing."

There's one thing that's the same here as it is anywhere. I asked young June to name her favourite stars.

"The Beatles," she said, without hesitation, adding, "and I think Tommy's great, too."

"Off to Cilla's now," Betty said, as I climbed back into the car.



This is home to Cilla.

WE got lost four times on our way to the broad main street called Scotland Road. But eventually, we found ourselves chatting to a couple of Cilla's neighbours, who were as friendly and willing to talk as most Liverpoolians are.

"Cilla's a lovely person," Kathleen Phillips told me. "I went to the same school as her, St. Anthony's Secondary Modern. She was a prefect there, and you know how some prefects get full of themselves and throw their weight around? Well Cilla was never like that. She was always one of us.

"We used to play in the street here, too." She indicated a turning off the main road. "The usual sort of skipping and ball games.

"Her mum's very nice. We see quite a lot of her, going backwards and forwards to the shops."

Nineteen-year-old May Turner of Dalrymple Street told me: "What I like about Cilla is the way she's never hidden her background. People used to look down on this area until she started telling everyone she came from here. Now they seem to have more respect for us.

"Once, nobody ever came here. Now lots of people come to see the place where Cilla lives."



Home sweet home for Ringo.

THE last stop of our tour of star-studded streets was Admiral Grove. Ringo's home until his family moved recently to a new house in the Liverpool suburbs.

Admiral Grove is one of a tangle of tiny streets, lined with terraced houses, within easy walking distance of Prince's Park.

There are shops nearby, the top of the street is cobbled, and the people—well, they're so friendly that, although I only spoke to two of them, it was ages before we left.

Said Irene Curtis, of High Park Street: "Of course, we don't see Ringo now. Shame that. He's a nice boy.

"When he came home, we didn't make any fuss of him or treat him differently to the way we always have. He could walk around, so long as there were no fans about without getting mobbed, though I don't think he'd have been able to get away with that in any other part of Liverpool."

Maureen O'Neill, also of High Park Street, told me no-one was really surprised when Ringo married Maureen so suddenly.

"They'd been going out together for a long time and he wouldn't date a girl that steadily unless he was pretty serious."

We agreed, thanked her, and drove off—slowly. It was our last day in Liverpool.





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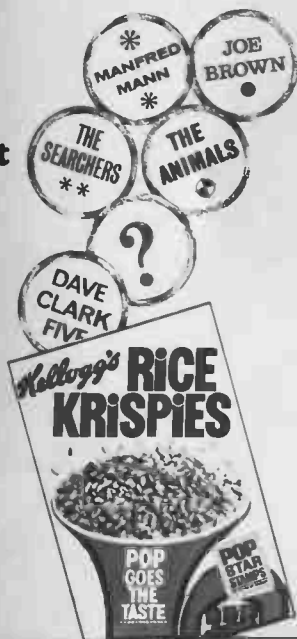


Prepare to be sent!

Free pop-star stamps in every Rice Krispies packet

In every special packet of Kellogg's Rice Krispies you'll find a set of free pop-star stamps . . . featuring any one of six top beats. (Five are shown on right. The sixth is a Mystery Group. Find out which it is.) Stick them around if you're stuck on pop-on records, record-sleeves, autograph albums, invitations etc. etc. etc. Collect all the stamps and swap them with your friends.

Meanwhile, get stuck into the Rice Krispies and taste their version of pop. Like pop! (sugar and salt and malt and rice). Pop! (golden and shivery). Pop-pop-pop-pop-pop. That's how you get the taste. Noisily.





Postman, Postman don't be slow, like Cy Tucker go man go

● Cy Tucker is one of the characters of Liverpool. He's the famous singing postman.

If you live on Crown, Florist or Bamber Streets in Liverpool, you're pretty lucky. You have one of the nicest postmen in the city and also the most cheerful.

I know, because I was up early one morning and went round with him.

Number 1867 sings as he does his rounds and calls out "Post" as he pokes the letters through the boxes and knocks at open doors, to be sure someone takes in Her Majesty's mail.

He walks about five miles a day in his work. He greets everyone on the beat, including cats and dogs who he knows by name (usually Paddy or Bill). Each night he soaks his feet.

In wet weather he wears leggings and a cape.

Usually he goes without his cap because "it doesn't suit me." It's a mately life.

But, as everyone around Liddypool knows, Cy Tucker is a great recording star. His waxing of *My Prayer*, for instance, netted a 30,000 sales figure.

At night he packs the Mardi Gras Club as he puts over his sweet music.

People wonder why, when he's not home till midnight after his club dates and he has to be at the sorting office at 5 a.m., he doesn't give his notice to the G.P.O. and become a full time singer.

Cy's reply is a whistle and a smile. He's 100 per cent happy as he is—travelling to London to cut his discs and back to Liverpool to see the mail is delivered on time.

It's his life and he likes it.

BETTY HALE

up the Scaffold

Michael McGear chipped in. Michael's the youngest in the group, celebrated his birthday on 7th January, has blue-grey eyes, light brown hair and was born, like Roger, in Liverpool.

The boys have a large fan following in the North. One young lady is so devoted to them that she stands outside the flat for hours, just looking up at the window. Sometimes they invite her in and give her tea. John makes a very nice pot of tea.

Their close friend is their road manager, John, whom they call Rodeo. Wherever they go, whatever they do, Rodeo is there. When during a trip to London, John (Gorman) gave a speech on Hyde Park Corner on the subject of Home Rule for Liverpool, Rodeo joined Michael and Roger in heckling him.

When John dumped me in an empty dustbin outside the FAB offices, Rodeo took off the lid so he could get me in. When Rodeo serenaded the Liverpool Press Club, The Scaffold led the applause.

If you asked me to describe The Scaffold in two words, I suppose "They're nuts" would do as well as any. But so would "They're nice"; or "They're kind"; or "They're generous"; or, even better, "They're marvellous."

In fact, they're so marvellous that after being with them for five minutes, you could even forget, if his mannerisms didn't keep reminding you of it, that Michael's real surname is McCartney.

And his brother's name is Paul.
SYLVIA STEPHEN

What were The Scaffold doing in bed in the afternoon anyway?

"We're rehearsing a new sketch," they said.

For they are a group with a difference. They don't sing. They don't play guitars. They act. For more than six months, they were seen weekly on Northern TV in their own show.

The top floor flat in the converted old house in Rodney Street, Liverpool, where we met them is the home of the eldest member of the group, 27 year old John Gorman. He's tall, blue eyed, rubber faced, was born in Birkenhead and once played a captain in Shakespeare's *King Lear*; a fact that he holds over the other two.

"But I did play Luther in Osborne's play about him," Roger McGough, Scaffold No. 2, pointed out mildly. Roger's a very mild person. Often he's so silent, you forget he's around. When he does talk, it all comes out in a rush. He's blue-eyed too, wears glasses, though he often takes them off when being photographed. He looks a bit like Manfred Mann.

"And I auditioned for the Royal Court,"

*It was ten
past three
when we
arrived. In
the afternoon.
And
The Scaffold
were in bed.
With their
boots on,
of course.*

Absolutely nothing makes me feel cooler, fresher, cleaner than wearing a white dress

except Tampax

Your choice of two absorbencies—Regular and Super. Tampax internal sanitary protection is made only by Tampax Limited, Havant, Hants.



Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

tastic



that's Freda Kelly, The Beatles' fan club secretary...

● The envelope stuck to the wall was addressed to "Ringo Starr, Beatlelive 77777, Beatlandia, Inglaterra." A rather unkind postscript added "Insufficient postage, Rd. to pay."

Nevertheless, the letter was safely delivered to the small office above the NEAS record shop in Whitechapel, Liverpool, and the nineteeen was duly paid by the attractive nineteen-year-old with long dark hair who finds herself receiving letters addressed like that daily.

The most original she sticks on the wall, alongside the pictures, newspaper cuttings, sketches, scribbled messages that already cover it.

"Maureen helped me to decorate this wall," Freda Kelly said thoughtfully, studying it. We knew she meant Maureen Cox, Mrs. Ringo. "It took us ages."

But the most treasured picture isn't on the wall. It's framed and carefully placed on the window sill. It's a colour shot of John, Paul, George and Ringo, signed, complete with personal messages, to "Our Freda"; for Freda is secretary of The Beatles' fan club in Liverpool and has been for three years.

Freda knew the boys well when she took over the club. She'd met them through going regularly to the lunchtime sessions at The Cavern.

"We used to have some real laughs at those sessions," she said. "If one of the boys didn't get there in time, the other three would wait without him."

"Once their turn to play came while George was still eating his lunch—a ham roll and a cup of tea. So he went on stage with the roll in one hand and the tea in the other."

"When it got near to two o'clock, the time most of us had to leave for work again, John would holler, 'Come on, you lousy skivers. Back to work!'"

Freda doesn't have a favourite Beatle. "I just like 'em all. Paul's such a nice person, you can't help liking him. John's so clever and I love his sense of humour. Richie and George are really kind and thoughtful, the kind of boys who always ask after your mum and the dogs."

A sudden memory made her laugh. "When Richie first 'bused the boys, I didn't answer his mail. Then one day, he came to me and said 'Can I ask you a

favour? Would you answer my letters for me, please? I try to answer them myself, but I don't seem to get time."

"Well, I acted all busy and said I wasn't sure I'd have time either. 'Please,' he said, 'I don't get that many really.' Then he looked very sad. 'I only get four a day. Nobody loves me.'"

"What could I do? I told him to bring them to me. A couple of days later, back he came with his letters—ten of them—in a polythene bag. He gets a hundred times more than that in each post now."

That was obvious from the thirteen packing cases, all crammed with mail. Somewhere in those cases, among the letters, Freda knew she'd find presents of all sizes and descriptions, not only for the boys but for her, too. A cynic might sneer at the gifts that come in—tees, socks, home-made gowns, embroidered cushions, calendars—but Freda is thrilled and touched by all of them.

One particular Australian fan has showered Ringo with gifts, mostly ties, pyjamas and socks. He wears them, too. When she was ill, he sent her a telegram.

"All of them will answer a letter personally if I ask them to. And when they sign autograph books, they look inside the front cover to find the name of the owner, then sign it to her; which gave me easily my most embarrassing moment."

The embarrassing moment came when Freda decided it was time she had a Beatles' autograph. Somehow, though, she couldn't bring herself to just ask for one; so she slipped her autograph book to the bottom of the pile waiting for the boys at the office.

George was the first one to come in, as he started signing, looking for the owner's name in each book, as usual. When he came to her book, Freda said quickly: "Oh, you needn't look in the front of that one, George. It doesn't have a name in it."

George, however, decided that Freda must be mistaken. Surely the book had a name in it. He looked. Sadly, George looked at her. Slowly, he shook his head.

"You too, Freda?"

"I'm sure I blushed like anything," she said, "but I got the autograph."

She's got something else thousands of girls would love to have, too—The Beatles as bowties.

SYLVIA TROTHEN

Sing along with The Spinners, top Liverpool folk group. They sing the Mersey songs, sea shanties, songs of the local lussies, songs kids sing in the streets. They're all rollicking, reeling, swinging songs.

the spinners*

EVERY Friday at Gregson's Well, Brunswick Street, Liverpool, a stone's throw from Mathew Street and The Cavern, The Spinners' Club meets—on the top floor. And the place is always packed.

What kind of audience? "You name 'em we get 'em," says Spinners' leader, Tony Davis. (You can't miss him, he's 6 ft. 6 in. tall).

That's what The Spinners like about folk singing—it's not something only teens like, or only the old 'uns. All sorts of people pack into their club, so it's a real link.

They sing all sorts of songs, too. From the kind that kids belt out on the Liverpool streets, like "Johnny Todd," to one about Liverpool girls who can't cook!

They started in The Cavern in the old skiffle days and they played along with The Quarrymen (better known as The Beatles these days) and The Swinging Blue Jeans.

Then they turned to folk and, as everyone in the 'Pool will tell you, they're the top folk group in town.

They play all around the country and travel in a cream van. If you meet them, you'll know Tony because he's the tallest. Cliff Hall is West Indian and has a gorgeous deep voice. His was the marvellous growl on Wayne Fontana's "Game of Love," by the way. He's a great joker and loves making puns.

Mick Groves and Hugh Jones are slightly similar at first meet-

ing. But careful listeners will notice that Mick has a Salford accent and Hugh a Liverpool one.

Also, Hugh tends to be more thoughtful and a bit quieter. He's the chief songwriter of the bunch. They can all be very amusing on stage and enjoy putting over comic songs.

If you see into their van you'll get a glimpse of bunks and a whole collection of instruments like a flute, a penny whistle, bongos, guitars, banjos and a mouth organ.

On stage they wear pastel shirts, slacks and often sweaters as well.

Do they like The Beatles? Yes, of course and they admire them as musicians and they're grateful to the boys for putting the limelight on Liverpool. It's helped them a lot.

They made a fifteen minute feature film with The Beatles, called "And The World Listened."

It's about Liverpool music, the songs which the Mersey has evoked over the last hundred years.

Many of them were sung by sailors who hauled at the ropes in Liverpool ships that sailed the seven seas.

The Spinners like these working shanties and have revived quite a lot of them.

So if you meet the boys, remember they're very full-blooded and like rollicking music. Like The Beatles, they're blatantly Liverpoolian. There's nothing egg-headed about them!

BY
BETTY HALE

the spinners*



World Photo Library

Fab | © 1998

New sizzling hit from Merseyside, the Maggie May Look. Flirty, frilly shifts with chopped short skirts and big, loopy ear-rings. It's all the rage. It's

Maggie May Gear

EVER since The Beatles blasted off from Liverpool with that famous sound, old Merseyside has been launching new hits all round the world.

The latest is the beau-catching Maggie May Look that has hit the town.

Modelled here by the luscious Liverpool lassies, The Three Bells, on the good ship ULSTER MONARCH in Liverpool Docks. Their looks are as pretty as their singing as they demonstrate all those sweet 'n' flirty clothes that Rachel Roberts, wife of Rex Harrison, has been wearing in *Maggie May*.

The gay musical comedy of Liverpool life has been packing them into the theatre in London—and the clothes are fab, too.

So we are happy to say you can now buy the Maggie May Look.

All the stores are stocking up with super, sizzling, switched-on Maggie May gear.

Lean and easy, that's the Maggie May Look.

Zingy, shifty dresses are sleeveless to show off a sparkling sea-and-sun tan and are cool and pretty for hot summer days.

They have frills that run riot . . . on swinging skirts that are chopped short to bare the knees and give a leggy look.

Sharp little suits follow through with a sleeveless theme. They have brief waist-skimming jackets and swirly skirts.

And to be really authentic, buy a pair of loopy gilt Maggie May ear-rings. They're wild and range from 15s. 6d. for Victorian curtain ring size to 12s. 6d. for the smaller ones. (In polished gilt, by Corocraft).



See Be's model in a suit for stores which has the shirred, Maggie May Look to the tunic top and a gay fling of skirt edged at hem level with contrasting braid. In mushroom Terylene lawn, trimmed with black braid and lined with pre-shrunk cotton; By Miss Curts, £7 2s. 6d. approx.

The Liverpool Look with a difference as shown by Jean Bull. This gay scarlet cotton printed shirt in a Paisley pattern laces up the back. Other colours, too. By Jambler Club, £8 7s. 6d.

Carol Bell in a swinging shirt for summer dates. It's in white linen, sassily striped in black. By Madison Avenue, 5 gns.

Setting a trend of the Maggie May's—our gangliard, Sue Bell, wears a sexy, sleeveless dress in snooty black linen with bold check gingham frills at the hem. By Bertawear, £1 5s.

The swinging Bell sisters are Liverpool born and bred—their home is Aintree. Jean, the eldest, is twenty-one and twins, Carol and Sue, are twenty. The girls have three brothers, too, aged twelve, fourteen and seventeen.

The Bells all measure up to 36, 22, 36. So only one of them need go shopping for clothes and give the order in triplicate. They don't try to dress alike, but it turns out that way because they all have the same taste. They all have the same shoe size as well—four.

All three are shining blondes and they wash their hair with Breck shampoo. They use fluid make-up and no powder. They prefer liquid eye-liner, and use mascara and eyelash curlers.

Pale lipstick is their favourite and also pale pink nail polish—they never go out without it.

How do they keep those perfect measurements? By not taking sugar in tea or coffee—that, and working and travelling to keep up with their pretty hectic date book. Maybe you've heard their latest disc: *Someone To Love*, which they wrote themselves.

If you want to know where to buy any of the Fab fashions on these pages, write to: Fashion Desk, FABULOUS, Flamingo House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4, and please enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for our reply. Photographs taken in Liverpool by Fiona Adams.

On the deck of the **MONARCH**, Carol releases its trio of flounces at hem level. It's made from easy-to-tub Tencel. Sue in a choice of white and green; white with blue and lilac; or pink with lilac and white. By Madison Avenue, £6 19s. 6d.

Party special: this alighting Maggie May dress has a scoop neckline and a skirt that swings out into low flounces. It blooms with long-stemmed black roses on a background of soft pinks and reds. By Madison Avenue. £12s. Modelling it is Carol's swinging twin sister, Sue.



Word Photo Agency

UMPTEEN groups and poppers have started in Liverpool, crashed the charts and then moved, back, stuck, bared and family, to other parts of the country... speedily London.

It's only natural, in a way. Because things—the really BIG things—in show business happen in London.

But The Merseybeats don't agree—they're Liverpudlians who'll never desert their native city. How come? Well, I assembled all four Merseybeats (no mean feat) and got them talking about their Liverpool homes, their dream homes of the future (IN Liverpool, of course) and WHY Liverpool has such a magnetic hold on them.

Like to listen in on what they said?

TONY CRANE toys with an empty Coke bottle and says: "It's the people who count in Liverpool. We travelled a lot and watched other people... but the ones in Liverpool are the most friendly. I'd live in a shack in Liverpool rather than a mansion anywhere else. I love it when I get back home. I'm living with my parents, a brother and three sisters. We've got an eight-room maisonette and we need the space. There are two married sisters living just round the corner and they come round with their husbands and children. It's that family atmosphere I like. Honest, my mum looks so young—yet she's had eleven kids altogether. I'm the kid, the youngest. All of us have got this black wavy hair.

"But I'm not saying I want to stay in the same house for ever. I've got ideas. A dream house in Woolton, part of Liverpool—that's the part where Ringo bought a place for his parents.

"I'd have a bungalow built to my own design. All ultra-modern. But there'd have to be an old-fashioned fire-place right in the centre of the lounge.

"See, I hate electric fires. O.K., it's convenient to have radiators round the walls. But you need a big log-fire to turn a house into a home. It'd have to be in the centre, though, 'cos I've got so many in the family they'd never get near it otherwise."

"**SHURRUP** charting on," said John Banks, the drummer. "My turn now. I'd never ever leave Liverpool. Too many memories for me there. I'm living in a terraced house with my mum and dad, round the back of The Locarno... and it's the house I was born in.

"Tony's right about the folk in Liverpool. No-one like 'em anywhere in the world. Sure I'd like to get a new house one day. I wouldn't worry much about the



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**



furnishings, but I'd like room for the odd paintings and drawings I pick up on my travels."

IN came Aaron Williams, rhythm guitarist. "Liverpool's the ONLY city," he said. "We live in a funny old house with four storeys. My parents and two sisters live on the middle two floors, so I'm always alternating between the ground floor and the top.

"Must admit though that I'm a bit scared of old houses like this one. I'm rather nervous of ghosts. To be honest, I used to think I could hear a ghost playing that old out-of-tune piano.

"One night, the noise woke me up. So I just opened the window, split the piano into three parts—and chucked it into the yard downstairs... from a great height. Completely wrecked it. THEN I found out about the ghosts. Only a family of mice—right inside the old Joanns.

"But recently my mum said she really could do with more room. So I've got a seven-roomed flat, as an extra, over at New Brighton. It's O.K.—I can still see Liverpool. It's being furnished with a mixture of antique and modern furniture.

"My mum's happy. We're still near to each other. But I'll tell you this. Liverpool is the only place where I can properly relax."

WHICH left Billy Kinsley, The Merseybeat who left the group for a while and is now back. He lives in Gateacre, Liverpool, with his mum and dad in a flat. Billy says: "One day, when I can afford it, I want a house at Woolton, too. Modern outside, but like an open ranch-house inside. I can see it all.

"But there are some things the others forgot when they were saying why they'd never leave Liverpool. It's the sort of mad humour. Very dry. They're all able to laugh at themselves. It's because most people in the city had a hard life. So you have to be able to laugh at the dark side of it all."

Other stars may leave Liverpool and find glamorous homesites elsewhere... but The Merseybeats NEVER. And the others, serious for just one more moment, agreed with Tony when he said again: "I'd rather live in a shack in Liverpool than a mansion anywhere else."

PAUL FRY

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**



3 FAB FLAVOURS! SPEARMINT (in light green pack) CHINA MONI (in pink)



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 wowie! is he dreamy!

Intelligent, artistic, shy—
Cynthia Lennon stays in the
background in public—but
behind the scenes she's the
quiet inspiration behind
John's success.



The Fifth of Six reports on The Beatles' Girls

JOHN and Cynthia were married in August, 1962, but it wasn't till over a year later that Beatle fans heard the news.

Despite all the changes this made to them both—like having to leave their Allerton home because they were pestered so much—Cyn has taken it all in her stride.

In fact, Cynthia Lennon has been taking it all quite calmly since the very beginning when the first bumped into the long-haired lad who was to become her hero.

Though nowadays she lives in a big mansion at Weybridge, Surrey, has a nanny to look after John Lennon II, and has a Rolls, Volkswagen, Ferrari and Mini in the garage, Cynthia Lennon has changed little from those early days.

She is still the same quietly spoken, almost placid girl who brewed endless cups of tea way back in 1962 when her husband, John Lennon, and fellow Beatle, Paul McCartney, got down to penning their first hit-to-be, *Love Me Do*.

In those days, when The Beatles were emerging from the skiffle groove and earning only a few pounds a week between them, Cyn and John Lennon had little but love to keep them going.

There were times when it looked so hopeless that John, who never had any other job in his life, started scanning the advertisements for work in the local papers.

It was then the real power of Cynthia Lennon was shown with quietly whispered words of encourage-

Cynthia Lennon with baby Julian in the grass, one of the many "quiet" moments her mother has to endure being in the limelight.



ment to keep going, no matter the odds, and a faith that everything would turn up trumps.

The group re-doubled its efforts, went to Germany and became a hit at Hamburg's famous Star Club... where their name is still painted in red over the main doorway.

They moved into the charts with *Love Me Do*... and found a new pop generation ready and waiting to do just that.

Love, in fact, has been just about the most important word in Cynthia Lennon's life since the first met John at art school in Liverpool.

John and Cynthia managed to snatch a holiday on their own in snowy St. Moritz, Switzerland, in January.



Love it was when she first began to notice the fellow student whose zany sense of fun often had everyone in stitches.

Cynthia also loved the little tunes—conjured up out of air—he used to whistle. She never guessed that these were the forerunners of others which were to become smash hits throughout the world.

Cyn and John dated between skiffle group sessions... usually after her long hours of sitting patiently by bandstands in church halls, clubs and ballrooms in the Liverpool area.

And they would talk as John took her home, ten miles across the Mersey, to the little terraced house in Trinity Road, Hoylake, where she lived with her mother.

Chief guests at the wedding were Mrs. Lilian Powell, the bride's mother and John's aunt, Mrs. Mimi Smith, who had brought him up at her home in Menlove Avenue, Liverpool.

As the first Beatle wife, Cynthia Lennon quickly discovered it wasn't the same as being married to a postman or a plumber or any other tradesman.

The group was drawing big crowds, mostly girls, to the Cavern Club.

Their image had to be protected. It was decided a wife wouldn't quite fit into plans at that stage.

So Cynthia Lennon had to disappear into the background for about fourteen months. "The Hard Day's Night" finally ended for her after The Beatles' trip to Paris. She began to appear more and more in the news and everyone happily accepted her.

Cynthia and John both want to bring up their two-year-old son, John Charles Julian, known as Julian for obvious reasons, as any normal child.

That is why little Julian frequently takes a trip north to stay with his grandmother and also to enjoy a holiday at the family's favourite spot in North Wales.

What is Cynthia Lennon really like? Her mother once said: "Cynthia is a shy girl. She does not want to share the same bright spot as John."

A friend says: "I think her main interest, outside her family and home, is art. She relaxes by painting. She was never really one of the beat clique."

"She has few close friends, but now that Ringo has married, Cynthia and Maureen have been drawn closer together."

"Cynthia is a very intelligent girl and has been a real inspiration to John. I don't think he would have been half so good if they had not met."

Next week we're featuring the dark-haired Beatle wife, Mrs. Ringo Starr.

MONDAY

10 a.m. Sitting at my desk, wondering whether to rinse my hair. Phone rang. It was a rather disby young chap called Ray Williams who is P.R.O. (that means in charge of publicity) for The Riot Squad. Rather plaintively he explained they'd changed their line-up. Would we like some more pictures? We would indeed! Makes us so mad when groups change. All our lovely pictures are useless.

Can't be cross with The Riot Squad, 'cos they're sweet. First time I met them was at a readers' party. Had to introduce the boys, and I forgot their names. Gosh! Was my face RED.

Phone rang again. It was Nancy, our State-side gang member, suggesting I pop up to her office to chat with Rick and Sandy.

Went weak at knees when I saw them—they are so good-looking.

Nancy was busy interviewing them about their home country, Kenya. I interrupted to ask if they'd ever seen a lion.

"On the loose, not in a zoo, I mean."
"Seen one?" said Rick. "We had to chase one around for days, trying to touch its tail."

Pop-eyes from me.
"Fanc' not," said Sandy. "We were made honorary members of an African tribe, and for a brevity test we had to touch a lion's tail."

"Yipes!" I said. "Did you manage it?"

"Just about," said Sandy. "I've got scars to prove it!"

"Didn't like to ask where!"

Rich and Sandy.

TUESDAY

Phone rang, and Jim, our hall doorman, told me The Hollies had arrived.



Allan Clarke.

Whizzed to the lift and caught Allan Clarke exiting, limping.

"Sprained your ankle, Allan?" I asked him.

"It's broken, me gal, broked," said Allan in his best Long John Silver voice.

Wasted at least four minutes being sympathetic before realising he was pulling my leg.

Rest of Hollies bowled with laughter and started fooling about. Only solution, I thought, (it usually works!) is to march them into the Ed's office.

Worked like a charm. Five Hollies suddenly start behaving like angels!

Seconds later, knock on Ed's door. Four Pennies' heads (not tails) peer in.

Pennies and Hollies chatted until Fiona (Fab photo girl) whisked The Hollies off for their photo session.

Four sober Pennies seated in Ed's office, behaving like angels when next visitor arrived. It was George E. Washington.

Shop talk ensued. George was upset because his management want him to change his name to John E. Washington and because he can't find a song to record.

Pennies offered to write song for George. I departed Ed's office, leaving a very happy George discussing possible song themes with Henry Godmother-type Pennies.

Four Pennies.

My week by Mo



Here's Mo again with her diary of the week—and it's all been happening right here in Fab's office

WEDNESDAY



Tommy Muller.

I did it! I rinsed my hair last night. Horror of horrors! It went ginger! Went to work in a cloud of doom.

"What," said Margaret our picture Ed, "have you done to your hair? Headscarf quickly placed back on head."

"Yes, what have you done to your hair?" said a voice from the doorway. Tommy, of Unit 4 + 2, strolled in, plus three of Unit. Tommy peered under my headscarf, gave me a sympathetic grin and picked up a copy of Fab.



Pete Moulder.

"Why is your finger poking out of your sweater pocket?" Margaret asked, conveniently changing the subject.

Tommy looked at his finger. "Cos there's a hole in my sweater, dear Margaret, dear Margaret..."



Hugh Holliday.

"Come here," said Margaret, "let's see if it can be mended."

"Mind!" said Tommy. "My finger might drop off. It's very ill."



Len Lublin.

"Don't be silly, fingers don't drop off," said Margaret, before letting out an ear-splitting scream. Tommy's finger was lying very dead on the floor.

Margaret fell into a heap of giggles when she realised the finger was phoney.

Fortunately, Fiona arrived then to take the boys out for pictures.

"Flip the light on when you go out, would you, Fi," said Margaret.

Another ear-splitting scream—from Fiona this time. "The light buzzed," she said, backing away from the switch.

Then I saw Fi—the little buzzer thing which Tommy had in his hand. Me, I kept quiet and let Fi buzz the light switch. Seemed to keep her happy anyway.

THURSDAY

Hair's falling out in lumps—must be that rinse. Who cares. Bald heads are in fashion—or are they?

Sitting in office brooding as usual. Knock on my door. In came Spencer Davis.

"Where's the rest of the group?" I asked.

"A m, gone shopping," he said. "Say, I like the colour of your hair, Mo."

Pride and ego lifted into clouds of sheer bliss. "Do you, Spence? Thanks!" I said eagerly. "Hey, why haven't you gone shopping with the rest of the boys."

"Can't afford it," he groaned. "I'm saving for a Jaguar. They're out buying clothes, lucky things. I'd like some new clothes..."

"Think of that Fab Jag, doing a ton," I teased. "You could use the race track between Tottenham Court Road and Marble Arch."

Spence grinned. "I'd love some new clothes, though," he muttered.

Another knock and in walked a parcel laden Steve, Muff and Pete.

"I've bought the most marvellous suit, Spence," said Steve, all eagerly.

"I'd like some new clothes," said Spencer, pathetically.

"Remember that Jag," I yelled as they went off.



Muff Winwood. Pete York.



Steve Winwood. Spencer Davis.

FRIDAY

Sitting thinking. I remembered I hadn't put a pic of the + 2, in my Wednesday natterations.

Here they are, folks! Now you can't say I'm being unfair to Buster and Rod, can you? And come to that, neither can they!

Sheena rushed in at lunchtime. "We're going to Ready Steady Go," she panted. "C'mon."

First person I saw there was Don Everly. He was gorgeous. Then Phil appeared. He was gorgeous, too. There I was chattin' up the brothers when I heard that buzz again. Tommy of Unit 4 + 2 was hovering behind us.

"How are you?" he enquired, very gentlemanly. "Still suffering from shock," I told him.

Tommy and I chatted. Then he went off to rehearse.

I concentrated on the Everlys again. They then had to go off and rehearse. That's life!

Marching out of the studio, I met Manfred Mann. Only had time for a quick "hi" as he flashed past—to rehearse!

Never noticed his broken tooth before. Makes him kinda cute.

Yes, I like it—and here I go again, falling for a pop star. That's showbusiness!

Anyone want to join the T.H.L.F. club? See if you can guess what I mean. One clue—"It's the weekend at last!" See ya.



Buster Merikie.



Rad Garwood.

WOMEN need their period pain

'Wonderful discovery of feminax!'



WOMEN M.I. & S.R. of Leeds write:

My friend and I went to a gynaecologist last year and were told that we had a severe case of PMS. We were both told to take feminax and we were both cured. We were both told to take feminax and we were both cured. We were both told to take feminax and we were both cured.

Clearasil ends embarrassment

'Starves' Pimples



"One day I came out in the morning and I was looking in the mirror. I was so happy. Clearasil got rid of my acne." *Jerry Ashley*

skin specialists say that people usually begin to notice the problem when they are in their late teens or early twenties. Specialists agree that one must a medication which opens, clears out and starves pimples.

SKIN TINTED:
to cover up pimples while it works

1. **Opens Pimples**
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be gay

the modern way!

The modern feminine looks lovely whenever she wears our **Winbloom** Shampoo and Winbloom Lacquer. This gentle cleaning system is so gentle on your skin and so effective at giving you that lovely healthy skin.

Winbloom

SHAMPOO & HAIR LACQUER
Winbloom Shampoo and Winbloom Lacquer are available in 100ml and 200ml bottles.



Does your mouth say Honey-pot?



There's nothing more attractive than a bright smile. But if you're not smiling, it's not because you're not smiling. It's because you're not smiling. It's because you're not smiling. It's because you're not smiling.

HOW TO WIN HEARTS

When it's time to win hearts, there's nothing more attractive than a bright smile. But if you're not smiling, it's not because you're not smiling. It's because you're not smiling. It's because you're not smiling.

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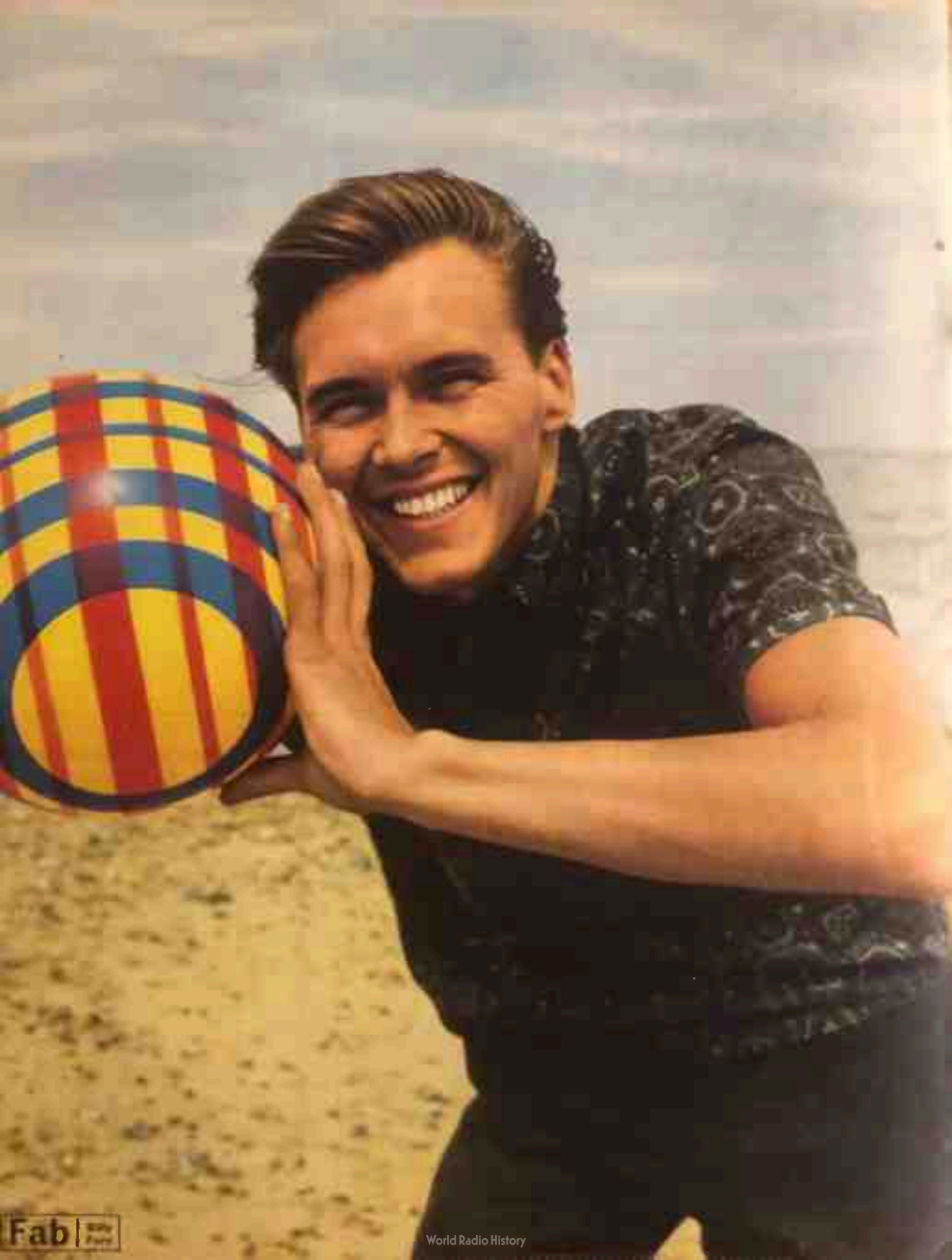
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