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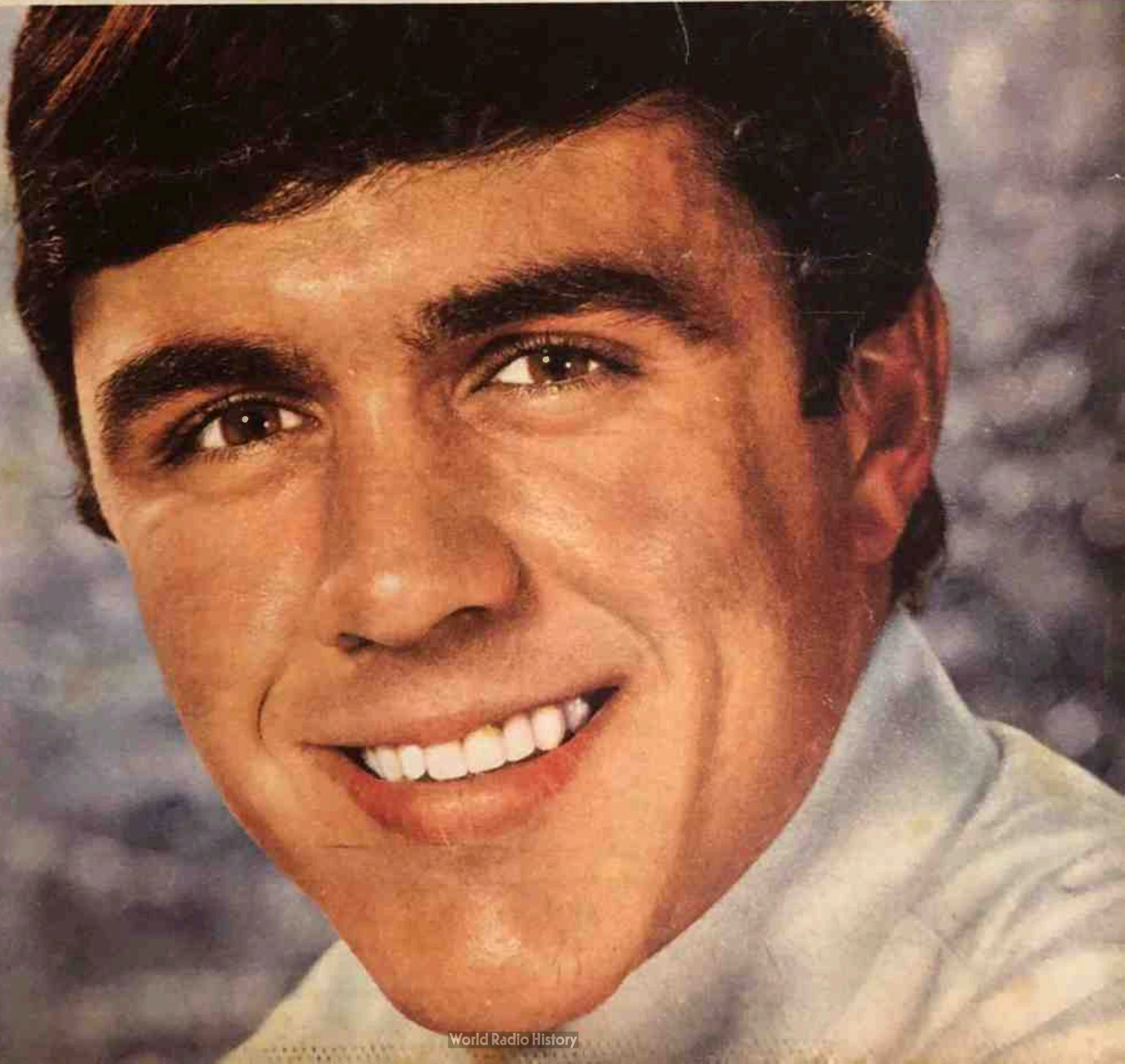
21st MARCH 1964

Fabulous

ON JUKE BOX JURY

11 KING SIZE FULL COLOUR PIN-UPS

DAVE CLARK BEATLES CLIFF ADAM HOLLIES



IT'S FAB

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

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STARGAZING WITH JOHN LEYTON



Most Pisceans have a great capacity for making others happy, but must beware of being involved too much with other people's troubles.



CAPRICORN

(Dec. 21—Jan. 19).

You mustn't let your pride stop a friend trying to help you.



AQUARIUS

(Jan. 20—Feb. 18).

Play your hunch. A time for initiative—prospects are very bright.



PISCES

(Feb. 19—Mar. 20).

The week soars with hope. Now is the time to conquer a nagging doubt.



ARIES

(Mar. 21—Apr. 20).

A new romance is likely so stop dwelling on the past. The weekend could be most intriguing.



TAURUS

(Apr. 21—May 20).

Admission comes from the opposite sex, but beware of false flattery!



GEMINI

(May 21—June 20).

Difficulty in the home will require much thought.



CANCER

(June 21—July 20).

Not a time to sit back and rest on your laurels. Success depends on determination.



LEO

(July 21—Aug. 21).

A tricky moment socially this week will test your patience—and diplomacy!



VIRGO

(Aug. 22—Sept. 22).

People think you are cynical when you are really afraid of being hurt.



LIBRA

(Sept. 23—Oct. 23).

A good week but beware of coming between two friends.



SCORPIO

(Oct. 24—Nov. 22).

Don't be too ambitious. You can ruin your chances just now by over-eagerness.



SAGITTARIUS

(Nov. 23—Dec. 20).

Don't let thriftiness interfere with your social life this week.

HEY THERE!

The excitement this week! And the heartfelt sighs from the rest of the gang on account of the fact that Sylvia actually flew to Paris with The Beatles. And then stayed on—and on—and on!

"Come back, or else," I finally had to say sternly. And a very sleepy (and smug) Miss Stephen arrived back expecting me to say how well she'd done. She'll learn!

June's been in Liverpool, rouding up stones and pix on all your favourite Merseyside characters for later issues of Fab. Keith has been on tour with the groups, and Carol's been covering all the press receptions.

Me? As usual I've been sitting in my lonely little office, biting my nails and thinking of the money they're all spending.

Sometimes I reckon being the Editor is a dead loss! Still I love it really.

See you, THE EDITOR.



FAB'S CAROL TAKES OVER THIS WEEK

I knew ROLF HARRIS was keen on drawing, but I didn't know how keen or how good he was! Rolf has had three paintings hung in the Royal Academy. One was in oils and the other two in water colour. This was very back, when Rolf was only on the fringe of showbiz. Two of the paintings were sold as a result, and the other won a competition in Australia. Rolf still loves sketching . . . and I have a super cartoon of him drawn by himself in my autograph book just to prove it!

HAYLEY MILLS was just rushing off to a party when I bumped into her. "I don't get much time off," said Hayley. "But this is fab! I love parties that are arranged a few hours before. This one was sprung on me this afternoon." I asked Hayley what her favourite evening out. "I like parties and barbecues. I like the occasional ritzy evening out in London. I'm not keen on night clubs, though. But honestly, my favourite evening is spent at home, curled up in front of a big fire with a good book!"

When I rang DAVE CLARK, I heard a loud, tired yawn at the other end of the line. "It's so good!" said Dave. "I just can't get up in the mornings." Dave only gets about five or six hours sleep per night . . . and the main trouble is Spika . . . his dog! "Spika wakes me every morning to be taken for a walk. He doesn't seem to realise I'm working half the night these days! He's a great dog, though. He always barks when he sees me on the telly. Trouble is, I can't figure out if it is because he likes seeing me or if he doesn't like the fags screaming!"

When DUSTY SPRINGFIELD was a panellist on Juke Box Jury, it was one of the first occasions she appeared without Tom and Mike. This was before The Springfielders split up. "I felt so lost without them," said Dusty. "I still feel lonely. I enjoy singing solo, but the stage looks so huge and frightening without the boys."

Incidentally, both Tom and Mike are getting along okay on their own. Mike is still singing. But Tom has his own orchestra.



Rolf Harris

Hayley Mills

Dusty Springfield



AFTER five years as Deejay Chairman David Jacobs still finds JBJ fun.

"There's always a new and interesting panelist who's never been on the show before," he told me. "Then there are the stars and the new discoveries who all in our Hot Seat and we have the most wonderful studio audience... they are the keynote to our success."

Each Wednesday David meets the producer of the show to go through the new releases. Then they choose the discs to use next Saturday.

"New records by Cliff, The Beatles and the other top stars have to go in, but we don't just pick the records we like. A show that was all hits would get dull, so we always put in some we're uncertain about and they're often the ones the jury likes best. The important thing is to choose records that are interesting. To give the panel something to get their teeth into.

"And there's a special kick you get when you play a disc that is really good," he grinned. "You feel you've helped to discover the star. I felt like this the other day when I played a disc by Cilla Black. I'd heard her other records and met her with The Beatles and on the programme but suddenly, when I played *Anyone Who Had A Heart*—you can't imagine the thrill. I knew that this was it, that extraordinary showbiz magic—this was it."

JBJ usually comes from a London studio, but for the special Beatle edition the programme went to Liverpool. David thinks it would be a marvellous idea to do it from a different town each week despite the technical difficulties involved. "I'll always remember introducing The Beatles to their home town fans," he told me. "The reception those boys got! Both my ear drums popped and I thought I was going deaf for the rest of the show."

David has introduced many famous names to the audience since *Juke Box* started—Eartha Kitt, for instance, who announced that she wasn't going to rehearse, since she'd been on the show before and knew exactly what to do. David tried to explain that the rehearsal was not so much for her as for make-up, lighting and to help the camera crews—but Miss Kitt simply retired to her dressing room. But David solved that problem.

"Eartha is a real professional and I felt sure that she would have a basic discipline about her work—for every real artist knows that the show must go on. After a few moments I sent the call boy up to her dressing room. 'On stage, Miss Kitt!' he called. In a matter of seconds Eartha was sitting at her place with the other members of the jury."

"Zsa Zsa Gabor was another interesting guest. First she insisted that all the panel should wear evening dress, then announced that I must meet her for lunch before the programme. This meant I had



The Lowdown on JBJ's Deejay

DAVID HIT OR HOOT

to cancel a trip out with my kids, so I wasn't very pleased. But I booked a table at the Mayfair, where she was staying, and went to meet her.

"All through lunch she talked—to a girl friend who was with her, to a film producer sitting at the next table—but not to me. At last I managed to mention dinner jackets. Zsa Zsa didn't want to be a nuisance she said, but she simply had to wear her diamonds and so she had to wear evening dress—and naturally that meant that we had to follow suit!

"Then I had an idea. I reminded her how the Royal Family set the fashion for social customs and pointed out (hoping the Lord Chamberlain wasn't listening) that at the Palace they never dress for dinner before six-forty-five. Since *Juke Box Jury* went out somewhere between five-thirty and six-thirty... "Oh, darling," said Zsa Zsa, "then of course we can't wear evening clothes."

"Despite the hectic lunch I loved meeting Zsa Zsa. I think she's probably the most amusing person we've ever had on the panel—and of course, she looked fabulous!"

ALTHOUGH there have been plenty of scrapes when things really went wrong. Rupert Davies, BBC's television's Maigret, was to be on the panel and the show was being recorded a week before transmission—but Rupert hadn't realised this and failed to show up. Fortunately Steve Race was in the studio and he appeared instead—Inspector Maigret had to make his appearance another week.

"It's amazing how many famous stars become on JBJ," David told me. "But it's no easy matter giving your opinion on a record you've only just heard, in front of millions of people—it's far more difficult than appearing on an ordinary panel game."

David isn't entirely free of nerves himself. Before each show he talks to the audience to relax them, explains the show, and tells them not to pay any attention to the cameras.

"I always do exactly the same 'warm-up,'" he said. "I tell the same jokes I've been telling since I did my first panel game. Doing the same thing every time helps me to feel more relaxed and gets me over my nerves—and going out to do that warm-up terrifies me more than a thousand programmes."

I asked David what he thought made *Juke Box Jury* such a big success.

"It's the records, of course, and the celebrity panel. But most of all," he thought, "it's the friendly, cosy atmosphere we have in the studio—we all enjoy ourselves."

He's right. In the studio, or at home, we enjoy ourselves. And a great deal of that is due to friendly Mr. D. J. with his welcoming smile.

HOWARD LOXTON

JACOBS



Cilla Black tells of the offbeat moments behind the scenes of JBJ



**WE
ALL**

HIT

**IT!
OFF!**

THE first time I appeared on *Juke Box Jury* I wasn't on the panel. I was in the "Hot Seat"—that famous chair hidden from the panel behind the screen. The jury were discussing my first record *Love Of The Loved*.

I had been smuggled into the studio after the programme started so that the panel guests wouldn't know it was there. My heart sank when Jess Conrad decided he didn't like *Love Of The Loved*.

After the programme I was invited to meet the panel and the producer for a drink but I lost my way in all those corridors. I asked a BBC technician where everyone had gone. "You want the hospitality room," he told me, and started leading me to it.

"Here we are," he said, opening the door of a little room where a crowd of people were tucking into refreshments. I found myself standing next to—yes, Jess Conrad! He shook hands with me and started to apologise for the lukewarm comments he'd made on the programme about *Love Of The Loved*.

I assured him that if everyone just said kind things about records on *Juke Box Jury* the programme would be very dull.

We parted the best of friends as I passed round the "hospitality room", being introduced to Pete Murray, David Jacobs and everybody else.

What I didn't realise was that a couple of weeks later I'd find myself in the same position as Jess Conrad!

When I made my first panel appearance on *JBJ* I hit out against a new recording which Heinz had just made—and he was in the "Hot Seat" that evening!

Afterwards I explained: "Heinz I think you're fab—but I just didn't like your record." He was great about it and we had a long chat together.

My most thrilling *JBJ* moment was when Neville Workman, the producer, and Isabelle his secretary, introduced me to Peter Sellers. We sat and talked for ages. Peter told me he'd once lived on Merseyside and that he'd been a drummer in a dance band in Liverpool. At first I thought he was kidding. But when he began to tell me where he'd stayed and where he'd played, I knew he wasn't. I turned to Brian Epstein who'd just arrived at the studio. "If only you'd been running NEMS Enterprises a bit earlier," I said, "you could have signed up Peter Sellers as one of the first Merseybeat drummers!"

I MET Peter Sellers in January, when I was doing my third *Juke Box Jury*. It was filmed in the afternoon, so that Dora Bryan could get back to the West End in time for her *Six Of One* revue and I could rush off to the Finsbury Park Astoria and do two performances in *The Beatles Christmas Show*. I was able to watch myself on the telly in *The Beatles*' dressing room just before the first show.

Neither of us realised it at the time, but Dora and I were to meet again later the same night at a party we'd both been invited to by Nancy Spain. It was a house-warming at a new place Nancy has bought (fab place, too!) in Clapham. Alan Freeman was there, doing an impression of Russ Conway at the piano. About two in the morning both Dora and I must have felt hungry at the same moment. We both

headed for the kitchen and finished up chatting about everything from *Beatles* to Brighton (she lives there) over some fab chicken sandwiches!

Although I enjoy everything I do, I really look forward to being booked for *JBJ*. David Jacobs makes the perfect chairman. I just couldn't imagine anyone else doing it.

One thing bothers me and that is the American discs. The American panelists have already heard the Stateside version of a song, so when a British one comes along, they automatically compare them. Phil Spector preferred Dionne Warwick's version of *Anyone Who Has A Heart* to mine. But it was a fab feeling when all those lights went on saying HIT, HIT, HIT, HIT. I'm glad they were right.

Another thing that sometimes worries me about *JBJ* from the recording artists' point of view—in some cases I don't believe the panel can make a fair judgement on a record they've only heard that once, while the programme is actually on the air.

I USUALLY like to hear a new disc four or five times before I'm really "with it".

Unless the tune is very simple and the arrangement quite straightforward I don't think it is possible to give a final "hi" or "miss" forecast on a record when you've only listened to it once. On the other hand, of course, it would be a bad thing if the panel heard the records in advance and knew what was coming. In that case their comments wouldn't be so spontaneous—and the whole idea of the *Juke Box Jury* would be lost.



THE

Only the viewers can see that little box behind the JBJ Panel where a Pop Star is on "trial"—**MARK DAY** tells you how it feels to be in the Hot Seat . . .

A PRETTY girl singer sat smiling as her record was played. Feet owned by teenage fans tapped happily throughout the television studio as the cheery, perky performance of *Norman* jingled on. But there was a touch of tragedy to come. . . .

For the pretty little girl heard what THEY had to say about her performance. And THEY didn't like the record, the voice, the production, the sound. THEY were pushing their opinions across to many millions of viewers.

"It was," said one looker-on, "like a public execution."

That pretty little girl was Carol Deane, then only sixteen. Her record was being played on Juke Box Jury—and Carol had been asked along to occupy the Hot Seat. The seat in that little box behind the panel, where only the viewers could see her.

It's make or break, this sort of appearance.

Says Carol: "They slayed me. I'd been so happy at first. I thought it would help me to become a star. Then THEY started. Shirley Bassey, her husband Kenneth Hume, Susan Castle and Ross Parker. Mr. Parker even put a clothes' peg on his nose after the record was played.

"I felt terrible. I tried to keep smiling. I can just about remember going out afterwards to walk past the panel and I think David Jacobs kissed me and said he didn't think the record was so bad.

"Then I went off. Out of sight. And I cried. My manager was there and tried to comfort me. They'd been so merciless!



The Jury's vote on *I Remember You* made Frank Ifield give up his plans to return to his cobbler's in Australia . . . everything's fair dinkum now.

Carol Deane . . . her recording of *Norman* was blasted into next week by Juke Box Jury, but it made the top ten just the same.



just felt there wasn't any point in going on singing. I'd watched the programme before and liked it. I never dreamed a panel would turn on anybody so much. For days afterwards, I would suddenly remember . . . and break down again."

Carol was perhaps the harshest treated of all the Hot Seat stars. Afterwards, Shirley Bassey and her husband Ken said they felt it was unfair that Carol had been actually there in the studio. Maybe. But it was an experience that Carol will never forget.

But other stars live to thank the jurists. Out of the blue, they have gone on to big triumphs simply because the jurists praised a disc. Like American "twangy guitar" star Duane Eddy. . . .

He says: "I had a hit record going for me in the States. It was called *Yap*. But, the British Juke Box Jury show put on *Peter Gunn Theme*, the flip-side. Now I wanna make you understand I was worried sick about the way things were going in Britain for me. I needed a big hit.

"The panel praised my record. I wasn't there—but I heard all their views back home in the States. Within about a week, the fans had pushed the *Peter Gunn* disc into the charts. Boy, I was so happy. I figured I ought to buy a great big present for all the members of the Jury."

Frank Ifield had many discs in Britain before *I Remember You* sent



him on the way to top stardom. Everybody liked him, but his records didn't seem to be making much progress. Then that yodelling bit was heard by the nation via Juke Box Jury.

The panelists praised Frank, as a real nice guy, so highly that sales suddenly started to rocket upwards. And a hugely successful career was under way. But says Frank . . .

"I'd given myself a limited time to make the grade in Britain. If things weren't going well . . . I'd just go back to Australia. And my time was on the way to being eaten up."

"But when that panel were so goah-darned nice—well, I got a tremendous uplift. It sounded as if they were all fully-paid up members of my Fan Club! As you know, things went so well after *I Remember You* that it was months and months before I could even get back to Australia."

Brian Poole and those popular Tremeloes talk now with mixed feelings about Juke Box Jury panelists. Remember when they came out with *I Can Dance*? Even David Jacobs took time out to lay about himself with a blunt instrument. "Do you think people will fork out money for a record which is the same as the one they bought last time?" he asked. And Brian and the boys sat watching from their home . . . "feeling like the bottom had dropped out of our world," they said.

The disc was a comparative flop. So it took great courage for Brian to accept a Hot Seat offer when his next disc was released



You've heard them say: "It's too much like his last one." That wasn't the only thing they said about Brian Poole's *I Can Dance*. Torpedoed!

Dunno Eddy—when his discs started slipping in Britain he sweated over the Jury's reaction to *Yep*. They played the flip-side *Peter Gunn Theme*, and raved over it.



He said: "I think I'd have fainted or something if they'd had a go at me all over again."

But they were nice about *Candy Man*, which immediately became a big hit. And Brian had taken along huge sticks of rock to hand out as presents for each member of the Jury.

He says now: "Of course, I'm not really a mug. Fact is that sticks of rock are just fine for bashing people over the head if they say things you don't like!"

Ups and downs. Praise . . . or blame. Figures suggest the panelists are RIGHT in their decisions more often than not. But figures don't give a clue to the heart-jumping suffered by those whose records are included—especially those sitting on the Hot Seat.

But no Jury ever had more power than the Beatles, when they took over all seats. If they LIKED, then things happened immediately on disc sales. If they DISLIKED, then the slump set in.

So . . . Elvis Presley slipped with his *Kiss Me Quick*. But fellow Liverpoolians The Merseybeats and The Swinging Blue Jeans, who'd merely hovered hopefully before, suddenly found themselves hits.

Just because those Beatles put in a good word for them. Only thing is: It's lucky they don't send those who fail to convince the jury to prison! Or ship them off to a desert island! There'd never be enough room for them . . . IN EITHER PLACE.



Fab



921

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FAB'S
KEITH
is knocked out
by

3

Swingin'

chicks

JBJ's most with it Top-of-the-Pop Pickers (try and say it quickly)

Each week millions of eager record buyers watch *Juke Box Jury* and they know three young girls who have a knack of picking hits, Adrienne Poster, Jane Asher and Cilla Black. To find out just what's a hit with these three pretty chicks I interviewed them about their record collections.



Adrienne Poster

Adrienne I found at home with her mother. She was watching herself on a TV programme made over three years ago. Every time a rather pathetic little face with pigtails appeared on the screen she collapsed with laughter.

The pigtails have disappeared and she looks anything but pathetic nowadays. When it comes to talking pop she also knows what's what.

"See that lot under the box?" she pointed to a long row of 45's stacked in a record rack under the TV set. "Mostly Cliff, The Beatles. Gerry and other beat groups. Cliff was the first pop star I ever screened at. Like Paul McCartney he's fab looking. I think it's important for a star to look good as well as sound good."

Adrienne has already cut one disc herself for Decca and is shortly to make a new one.

She doesn't buy many female vocalists on disc but thinks Dusty looks and sounds good fun (which she is, too). Adrienne also said she has to be in a "corny mood" to listen to Peggy Lee or Ella Fitzgerald.

About this time her pet poodle Gavin deposited himself on my foot and refused to budge. You'll be interested to learn it's impossible to take notes with a dog on your dogs.

"The Fourmost and Mike Hurst are wonderful and my poodle, Gavin looks a bit like Ringo," she added, as a PS as I left. Just in case Ringo sees this: "It's nothing personal, he just has those big sad eyes."

Just let Ringo try and sit on my foot next time I interview him, that's all!

Come to think of it, perhaps a Beatle on your boots is better than a pooch on your winklepickers.



Jane Asher

The first disc that Jane Asher ever bought was *Dess Your Chewing Gum Lose Its Flavour On The Bed Post Overnight?* by Lonnie Donegan.

"I've changed a lot since those days," said Jane. She smoothed back her long red hair in a thoughtful fashion. "I'm very fond of rhythm and blues now. Chuck Berry and Sonny Boy Williamson are two of my favourites."

She only has one great hate in the music world and that's traditional jazz.

"I just don't like it. It sets my teeth on edge. Some modern jazz is okay I have records by Dave Brubeck and Duke Ellington and I like them."

Some time ago Jane went to audition for a record company to cut a disc.

"I was trembling like a leaf," said Jane, "and the song came out sounding rather like a rusty door on very squeaky hinges. It was never issued. As a singer, I make a very good actress."

At that moment Jane's brother, Peter, walked into the room. There's no mistaking the family resemblance. Pete has a shorter thatch of that magnificent red hair of which Jane is rightly proud.

"Here's the star of the family," said Jane, introducing me. "Pete has just cut his first disc with a school friend named Gordon."

The number is called *World Without Love* and the boys call themselves simply Peter and Gordon.

"Who wrote it?" I asked.

"John and Paul," replied Jane.

"Paul who?" I inquired innocently. Jane shot me

a withering glance.

I left looking suitably withered.



Cilla Black

I missed out with Cilla and only managed to get her on sound from "The Pool"—and only just at that. She arranged to ring me at two o'clock, after her hairdressing appointment. At four o'clock I was still sitting at my desk breathing fire about unpunctual women.

The phone rang and an unmistakable "Keith" in heavy Liverpool accent floated over the line.

"Don't tell me," I growled. "You were late getting away from the hairdresser and there just happened to be these one or two dress shops in which you wanted to peek."

"Ooh heck, you guessed," she giggled. Prepared for anything but a confession, I just broke up and threw her some questions on her musical taste. About Elvis she says: "His wiggly never would me." On the big bands of Duke Ellington and Glenn Miller: "Tremendous, they really swing." About Manfred Mann: "I love rhythm and blues and his disc of 5-4-3-2-1 is a wow."

She generally buys only LP's, because she thinks they are better value for money. Her collection includes Sarah Vaughan, Brook Benton and Ray Charles.

The first disc Cilla ever bought was by Frankie Lynn and The Teenagers called *Why Do Fools Fall In Love*.

"I was thirteen and he was twelve," recalls Cilla. "It was love at first sound."

That about wraps up the news and views of the girls on "the panel" who make the pop people shake. Very hard work it was for me, too. Perhaps I can do another piece next week called "The Terrors Strike Again."



**PAUL
McCARTNEY**

**RINGO
STARR**

**IG
IG**

IN RECORD TIME

The Lowdown On The Latest Discs



Bobby Darin

I first met Linda Doll at Aylesbury on a package show with The Rolling Stones. Linda is quite a doll in more ways than one. She stands only 5 ft. 4 in. in her high heels and made me feel like the poor man's John Wayne standing next to her.

Linda has had a lot of bad luck in her career. Over two years ago she was heading for the hit parade when an accident at a Go-Kart track in Tibury paid to her working for 18 months. Her first disc, *He Don't Want Your Love Any More* (Piccadilly) looks like a fine launching pad for this talented nineteen-year-old lass from London.

Suddenly it's folk songs. For all those who like a change from the electric beat treatment, you can get all the best in folk music on the new Pye Golden Guinea. Title is *The Folk Scene*. Best tracks are by *Joah White—Red Sun, The Lighthouse—Greenland Fishers, Theodore Bikel—One Sunday Morning and Bob Gibson—Gilgarry Mountain*.

We were all glad to hear that Bobby Darin and his wife, Sandra Dee, have patched up their quarrel and are back together again, especially June on our staff here, who is President of Bobby's fan club. She tells me that one of the reasons for the rift was that Bobby had to spend so long away from home on engagements. Now he has cut out all cabaret—"Deelighted" I'm sure!

Bobby certainly sounds happy enough on the new single with his revival of *I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now* (Capitol).

In the You-Don't-Have-To-Be-Crazy-But-It-Helps Department we have Dr. Feelgood and The Interns. Lately we've had *Um, Um, Um, Um, Um, Doo Wah and Boom Whee* as titles. Meet the big brother of them all *Blang Dong* (Columbia). I must need that doctor because I liked that belting rhythm and blues they play.

Johnny Kidd must have attended surgery already—the flip of his new release is titled, *Dr. Feelgood* (HMV). Way-out beat ballad which suits Johnny fine.

Chris Andrews who wrote Adam's two previous hits has come up with the hat trick. *If He Tells You* (Parlophone). Adam must have a lot of Faith in this guy. The corn gets higher next week!

Keith Altham

Going places

FAB'S CHOICE OF THE NEW JBJ HITS



THE DOWNLANDS

KEITH reckons it looks like being a very good year for groups. And one sure bet must be The Gamblers, because apart from being only a few weeks old, as Billy Fury's new backing group, these Newcastle boys have already made one top selling single, *You're Really Gotta Hold On Me*.

Ken Brady, who plays tenor sax and drummer Andy Mac, were the founder members of the group. They started in the skiffle era and it

CAROL here and my choice for new faces in the coming months are The Paramounts. They sent the record *Palooka* by whizzing into the charts recently.

The boys are Gary Brooker, Rob Trower, Diz Derrick and Barrie Wilson and here's the lowdown on them:

Gary was born in London on 29 May, 1945. He is founder member of the group and is the lead vocalist. He plays the piano

and harmonica.

Diz plays bass guitar. He turned professional last August and was born in Essex 11 December, 1944.

Rob plays lead guitar. He was born in Carlton on 9 March, 1945. Barrie is the newest and youngest of the group and was born in London on 18 March, 1946.

The boys' latest record is an oldie, *Little Billy Dee*. The Paramounts are certainly tops with me!

THE PARAMOUNTS

SHEENA's been listening to a familiar song but a new name on the label. She says: "The song *All My Lovin'* was written of course, by The Beatles, but recorded by a new group, The Downlands. It's quite something for a virtually unknown group to do a 'copy' of such a popular Beatle number so I arranged to go to Dartford where The Downlands were playing."

The two boys, Gordon (twenty-five) and Dave (twenty-three),

were on stage with their backing group, The Soundtracks.

"That," I said, "I've a great number. I don't think I've heard it before, have I?"

"That was *Hey Sally*," said Gordon, the smaller of the two. "It's one of our own compositions. We write a lot of our own songs."

Watching The Downlands on stage is a treat. Their harmony is great. The audience loved them.

So did I!

was from Lonnie Donegan's famous *Gambler's Man* that they took their name. "Blacks (Black Sanderson is the bass player) and Legs (George their organist) whip up some marvellous cutaneous.

The other members of the group are Jim Crawford, lead guitar and Tony Diamond, trumpet. The boys have a real rhythm and blues feel to their music and I'm betting that The Gamblers will do for Billy what The Dakotas have done for Billy J.



THE GAMBLERS



CHRIS RAYBURN

JUNE is rooting for Doug Gibbons. She says: "He's the boy I'm nominating for super-scale success and he happened something like this... I was wandering round the Ready, Steady, Go studio when I saw him amongst the boys miming to a Rolling Stones record. Since he was a good rhythm and blues singer, I suggested that perhaps he could record with Andrew Oldham who just happens to handle The Stones. A few weeks later Doug cut a song

the United States of America. That trip to the Blue Angel club? Her brothers decided to treat her to a night out and, while they were at the Club Chris was invited to sing. She proved good enough to be able to give up her secretarial job to concentrate on singing.

Her appearances on Charlie's TV show caused a lot of interest. So did her disc, *Same Old Places*. Watch her. She could be going places—like the Hit Parade.

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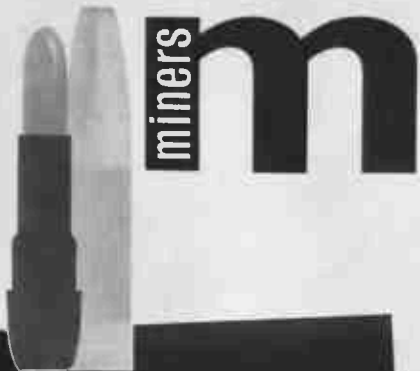
by Stonerollers Keith Richard and Mick Jagger called *Leave Me Alone* and it's... different.

Doug's voice has a gutsy rhythm 'n' blues sound. He's average height, aged nineteen, comes from Shepherd's Bush, London. Has big brown eyes and is a serious student of R & B. His fantastic record collection includes Jimmy Reed, Chuck Berry, Ben E. King, old Uncle Bo Diddley and all. A Mod. But one with a great big future.



DOUG GIBBONS

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high

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high

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HIGH ...

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shocking pink and lemon. 24 5c. 6d

Strictly girl about town is
Young Harrell's (bright)
emerald woolen suit with its
own elegant tailcoat (had
scarf and blazer 11 gms

fashion hits

BY GILL'S JBJ PANEL

Craig wears a hat for the sporting
and Ed for a year and about
country gets. So now you know!

Shane's little goes for the
Empire Line, high fashion
the scene. Says it's
good in casual, and
would look gorgeous
with a tan

A versatile fit with
action in the town suit
the shreds of a man's
for any girls like herself

At her with Ed in the old-fashioned
one that, with its action scene

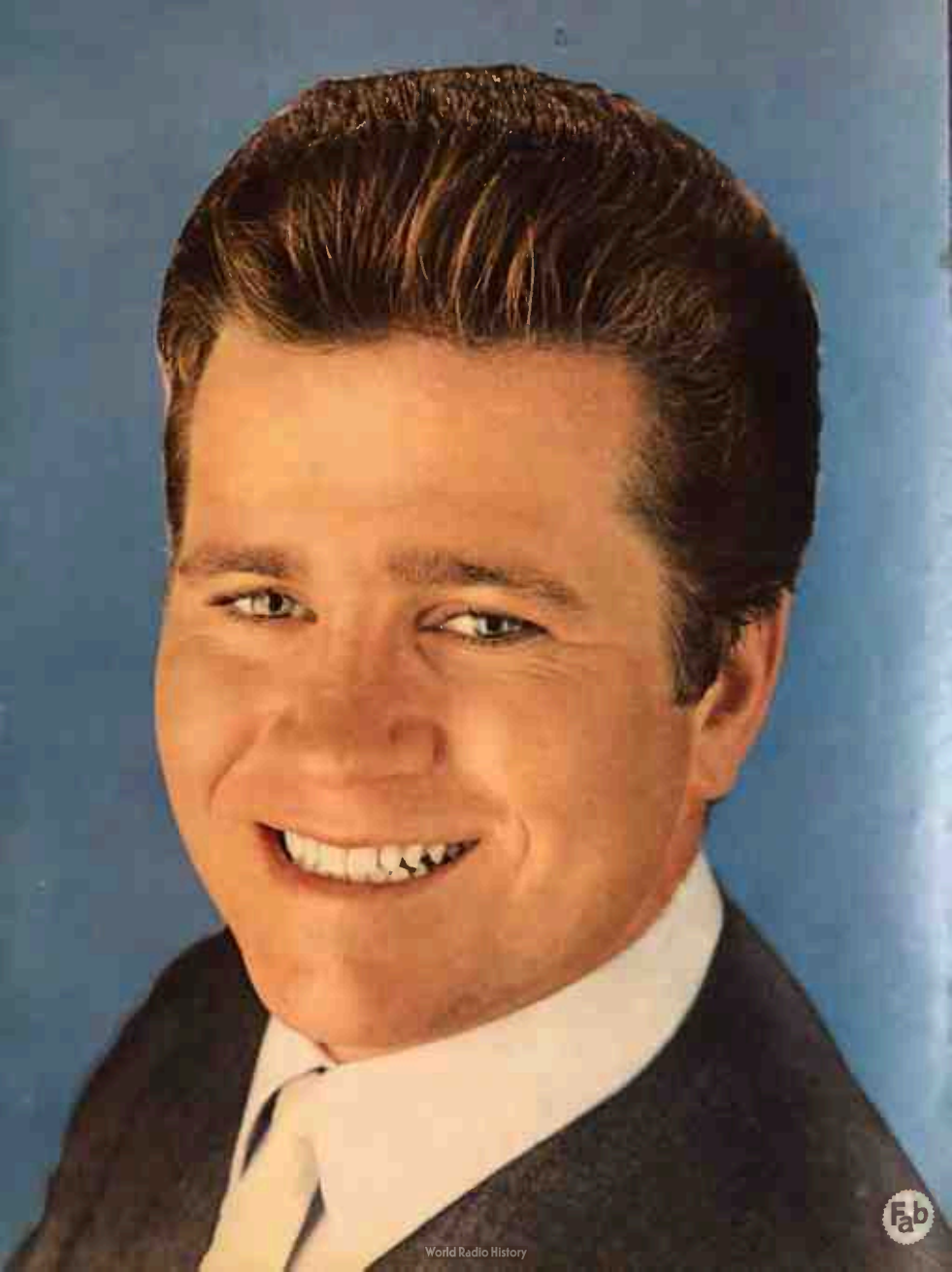


Illustrated by John Roper
Young Country songs.

FAB'S FASHION ED. GILL SETS UP HER OWN JUKE BOX JURY WITH
GILL'S TURN TO BE IN THE HOT SEAT ... JUST

THOSE WHACKY HIPSTERS CRAIG DOUGLAS, SHANE FENTON, SUSAN MAUGHAN AND EDEN KANE
SEE WHAT THEY THINK OF HER VERY LATEST GEAR

WOW! YES IT'S







Kenny Lynch is what is known as "a character". Mike Hurst, when he was with The Springfields, found himself touring in the same show as Kenny. One night, Mike was singing away at the microphone when he felt something tugging at his foot. Cautiously, he glanced down. The handle of a walking stick was hooked round his ankle. At the other end of the stick was—Kenny Lynch. Kenny was heading away, trying like crazy to pull Mike off balance. Somehow, Mike managed to go on singing. And somehow, he and Kenny are still good friends!

Personally, I'm just crazy about the Cockney-accented boy with the way out sense of humour. So I was really happy when he rang me on his return from a Greek holiday recently.

TELEDATE

KENNY: May I speak to Sylvia, please? It's Kenny Lynch.

SYLVIA: You're speaking to her. You're not calling from Greece by any chance, are you?
KENNY: You must be joking!

SYLVIA: Oh you're back then. What a pity.
KENNY (indignantly): Thanks very much!

SYLVIA (giggling): Oh gosh. That didn't quite come out right, did it? What I meant was, it's a pity you're back because I've never had a phone call from Greece.

KENNY (still sounding a bit doubtful): Hmmmm. Well, if that's all you meant...

SYLVIA: Really, I'm glad you're back. London just wasn't the same without you.
KENNY (brightening up): It wasn't?

SYLVIA: No, it was nice and quiet.
KENNY (indignant again): Hey!

SYLVIA (laughing): Sorry, love. Couldn't resist it. Anyway, did you have a good time?
KENNY: Not bad. But a bit quiet for me. Not my sort of place really. I prefer Manchester. And you know the wonderful weather they're supposed to have in Greece? Well, it snowed the first two days I was there.

SYLVIA: Didn't you see the sun at all?
KENNY: It came out eventually, and it was quite hot. But around about three every afternoon, it started to get cold again, and jolly cold! They don't muck about out there. When it's not it's hot and when it's cold—brrr.

SYLVIA: What did you think of the famous ruins?
KENNY (sounding surprised): Famous ruin? Oh, were you there, then? I didn't see you.

SYLVIA: Ha! ha! Very funny. What have I done to deserve that?
KENNY (serious now): No joking, those ruins are very interesting.

SYLVIA: You've been on *Juke Box Jury* haven't you, Kenny?
KENNY: Yes.

SYLVIA: We're doing an edition of FAB all about JBJ.

KENNY: Then I'm the man you're after, I can tell you everything about JBJ.

SYLVIA: Have you ever been in the "Hot Seat"?
KENNY (groaning): Have I! Three times I've sat behind that screen and listened to people talking about my records. It's real punishment, believe me.

SYLVIA (laughing): I do believe you.
KENNY: Mind you, I was very lucky. The people on the jury were kind about my record every time. They even said a couple of the discs would be hits. They weren't, but it was nice of them to say so.

SYLVIA: Do you like watching TV?
KENNY: Yes. *Tonight* is my favourite programme. I like to change into my jeans, lie on the floor and watch TV.

SYLVIA: Do you like casual clothes, Kenny? I've noticed that you nearly always wear beautiful, brightly coloured shirts that really make my mouth water.

KENNY: Oh, you're after my shirts now, are you?

SYLVIA: I wouldn't say that, but if you ever have one to spare, it'd look great with my black slacks.
KENNY (laughing): I'll have to see what I can do for you, won't I? But I do like bright shirts, and I love casual clothes. And suede jackets. I'm crazy about suede jackets.

SYLVIA: Me, too. I like to wear them with slacks when my brother takes me out on the pillion of his motor bike.

KENNY (horrified): Motor bike?!!

SYLVIA: What's the matter? Don't you like motor bikes?

KENNY (with feeling): No I don't! For a start, they're dangerous. Then, you have to dress up specially before you can even get on them. No, I'm a Jag, man.

SYLVIA: Of course, you have a Jag, haven't you?
KENNY: No, I've got an MG at the moment, and I'm waiting for a new 5-type Jag to be delivered. The 5-type's just a nice size for me. I used to like two-wheeler cars, but I've gone off them a bit now. Did you see the ice- skating on TV last night?

SYLVIA: That was a sudden change of subject! No, I didn't. How was it?

KENNY: Very graceful.

SYLVIA: Can you ice skate?
KENNY: No. I've never tried. I'd probably fall flat on my face or something. Although — I don't know. I can roller skate, and I suppose it's the same principle, isn't it?

SYLVIA: Well as I can't do either, I don't really know. How are you at dancing?
KENNY: What was that, love? I can't quite hear. The line's a bit crackly.

SYLVIA: I don't know why I always get the noisy lines. I said, can you do all the new dances?
KENNY: Not all of them, no. There are so many. Just as I pick up one, along come another six. Personally, I really dig the Hitchhiker. I think that's a great dance. Easy, too.

SYLVIA: Easy? Whenever I do it, I get my arms mixed up with my legs and—oh, it just doesn't seem to work out.

KENNY (laughing): Never mind love, perhaps you have other talents. Sylvia, I'm awfully sorry, I must go. I'm tearing around as usual, up to my eyes in work, but I thought I'd call you while I had the chance. Sorry we can't talk for longer.

SYLVIA: I'm sorry, too, but it was very nice of you to phone me. Hope to see you again soon, Kenny. 'Bye.

He may be a character. But he's a nice character.



SYLVIA STEPHEN TALKING TO KENNY LYNCH





Carol's Letter Box



Hi, there! I had a marvellous idea this week. I played it really dumb and told the Ed I'd have to ask each star personally the answers to your questions (great idea, wot?). No, go. The Ed just said I've done all right 'till now... so what's all the fuss about?

Ah, well, a'pasa I'll just have to use my fantastic knowledge... and the telephone...!

Jackie Dent of London asks: Please can I have some info on The Cheynes, the group that waxed *Respectable*?

Sure Jackie, here goes: Peter Bardens is leader of the group and plays electric piano. He is 5 ft. 10 in. has black hair, likes spaghetti and hates baggy trousers. Eddy St. John is the group's rhythm guitarist and lead vocalist. He is also 5 ft. 10 in. has brown hair and blue eyes. Pate Hollis plays bass guitar. He likes fizzy drinks, Jerry Lee Lewis and high boots. Mike Fleetwood is the drummer of the outfit. He is over six feet in height. Likes log fires and steak and kidney pie.

Jill Warwick of Teddington asks: Please, please can you tell me the fan club address of The Searchers. Certainly, Jill. Write to: The Secretaries, Mary, Carol and Ann, 40 Hawkes Road, Erdington, Birmingham 24.

Doreen West of Ireland asks: Was Kenny Lynch born in England? Yes, Doreen. Kenny was born in Steane, London.

ANYTHING YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW, JUST DROP ME A LINE



The Cheynes



The Searchers

Pamela Humberstone of Barnet wants to know: How The Inters got their name? It seems a funny one to have chosen.

Well, Pam, they chose the name *The Rats* at first, but they disliked it so much that their manager, Tito Burns, thought The Inters sounded better. The lads wear interim shirts like Dr. Kildare and Ben Casey. Perhaps The Curdewards would have been more appropriate!

Irene Granger of Middlesex writes: Can you please give me some info on your FABULOUS Keith Alham, the one that works (7) on FAB?

Believe me, Irene, the small amount of brown curly hair he did have is now lost on his huge head—since he read your letter, you understand. He's called King Keith and won't let us poor girls forget it. All in all, I'd say he has a... woa, Ouch, KEITH, stopp!... no, I didn't mean it...!

Barbara Wood of Gloucestershire wants to know: What ambitions does Cilla Black have?

Cilla wants to be a top all round entertainer. Rather like a female Sammy Davis Junior.

Angela Boyce of Chatham wants to know: Is Johnny Tillotson is named.

Yes, Angela, Johnny is named. His wife's name is Lucille Cosenza and she was formerly Johnny's secretary.

Irene Day of Leeds writes: Please can you tell me something about John Rostill, the latest shadow?

Sure, Irene. John's full name is John Henry Rostill. He was born in Kings Norton, Birmingham, on 15th June, 1942. He has dark brown hair and eyes, and is 6 ft. tall. John was educated at Rushmore, Merton. He likes diving and music.

Jean Appleby of London wants to know: What did Dave Clark do before he entered showbiz?

His first job was in a drawing office, then he worked as a representative and he was a film extra.

From Edinburgh Pat Jones writes: What is Johnny Kidd's real name please, and why did he change his name?

It's Fred Heath, Pat. He could hardly don an eye patch and pirates' gear with that name, could he?

Janice Redgrave of Merton asks: Please can you tell me Tommy Gulch's birthday?

Tommy's birthday is the same as Ringo's, 7th July.



Johnny Tillotson



Johnny Kidd

CAROL'S LETTER BOX, FABULOUS, FLEETWAY PUBLICATIONS, FLEETWAY HOUSE, FARRINGOOD STREET, LONDON, E.C.4



L.R.: Alan Clarke, Bobby Elliott, Tony Hicks and Graham Nash. Front: Eric Meydock.

WHO'S WHO



THIS WEEK

A key to this week's pin-ups



The best-known design in the business, David Jacobs.



Mike Hunt



Cilla Black



Kenny Lynch



Dave Clark



Cliff Richard



Adam Faith



Tommy Roe



Johnny Burnette

ALL BEATLES DAY ON J.B.J.

by Fan Club Secretary Anne Collingham

✳ Saturday, 7th December 1963. That's a date packed with fab memories for me. It was the day BBC Television took their cameras up to Liverpool.

We were holding the Northern Area Convention of the official Beatles Fan Club at the Empire Theatre.

I travelled up to Liverpool on the Friday evening with my co-secretary Bettina Rose. Neither Tina nor I had visited Liverpool before and were relying on the local area secretary, Freda Kelly, to show us around. Freda has known The Beatles for years. She ran their Fan Club in Liverpool long before Tina opened a Southern branch.

We went straight to bed at our hotel that Friday night. Freda was waiting for us in the foyer next morning. So were all the local reporters and press cameramen! We told them we were going to The Cavern Club after the Convention was over. The evening headlines on the front page of that day's *Liverpool Echo* ran: HIGH PRIESTESSES OF THE BEATLE CULT WILL WORSHIP AT THE CAVERN SHRINE TONIGHT!

Tina, Freda and I spent the day at the Empire. We watched The Beatles rehearsing their show and then, just before the audience were allowed in, we took up our positions beside David Jacobs and his juke-box on the stage.

For the benefit of the television cameras The Beatles tried out their own special "hit" and "miss" boards. We were the second jury so we had to have our own "hit" and "miss" disc at the ready in case John, Paul, George and Ringo couldn't agree.

I thought the actual programme was terrific. It was the first time most people had heard The Beatles views on pop records at any length. Each of their verdicts drew great applause from the Club members!

It was a busy day for the four boys. Immediately after the Convention, with its two television shows they dashed into the Odeon Theatre for two concerts there. We were allowed to go with them and watched J.B.U. on the boys' own TV set backstage. You should have heard some of the remarks they made about each other as they watched TV!

Oh yes... the newspaper was right. We DID worship at The Cavern shrine that evening. Cavern owner Ray McFall and his famous resident dweyer Bob Wooler made us their guests that evening.

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