

WORLD'S POP STARS IN COLOUR COLOUR COLOUR

Fabulous GEMS OF AMERICA

8 KING SIZE FULL COLOUR PIN-UPS

GENE PITNEY ERIC BURDON RINGO HERMITS ETC

World Radio History



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140 NOVEMBER 1984

A group formerly known as Brian Howard and The Silhouettes came in to tell us that they've changed their name to The Sneakers. Also that they have a new bass guitarist, Clive Howe, a former hairdresser.

Clive says he likes girls with short blonde hair. Barry Gilford, drummer, likes the helpless sort who need a strong man around the place. Brian himself likes girls with natural, long, clean blonde hair. Blond Johnny Patten, lead guitar, likes any sort of girl.

Any fab readers can drop the boys a line c/o Shirlee, their fan club secretary, at 32 Darley Gardens, Morden, Surrey. Don't forget to enclose a stamped addressed envelope for the reply, will you?

At Jukebox of The Week we said we didn't like Don Gould and he dated two girls in Newcastle. They went on a holiday like mine and the hotel bills were falling around when the bill arrived. Fortunately he like when I did, but it was messy. They dashed their blankets over the water and decided to call it a day. When Don took her date home he was told off by "Dad". But Al was a bit of an arse at his date's home and taken in and thrown off etc. Was Don jealous?



Keith Powell and The Valets.

One Birmingham group who should never get their dates mixed are Keith Powell and The Valets. Reason is simple. Their former lead vocalist is now an agent. When the group was formed, Bobby Valentine was the lead singer and Keith Powell was their road manager. Then Bobby went to the States and The Valets were left without a singer, so they hauled Keith in and changed their name to the present one.

Then Bobby returned from the States and decided to form Ke-Ro Entertainment's agency to book Birmingham groups.

Keith and The Valets' latest single is called *I Should Have Known Better*.

A Scottish beat group FAB photographed, were The Golden Crusaders. They all live in and around Bathgate, in West Lothian. They were formerly called simply The Crusaders. But when they signed with Columbia Records, they found there was another group with that name. The "golden" bit comes from the fact that they wear gold lamé jackets and gold boots on stage.

FAB made a date to photograph them on a Thames embankment. What a session! There were seven of them, in all. Brothers Bobby and Brian Johnston, Dave Murphy, Brian Sheridan, John Lee, Billy Gilmour and Jack Taylor.

They're one of the funniest groups I've met. Brian Sheridan is a natural comic and at times very much resembles Charlie Drake with the wonderful faces he pulls.

For an "exiled" Scot, like myself, it was great to hear the lovely Scottish accents. My date with the lads afterwards consisted of two cheese-burgers, hot chocolate and plenty of—"Have you been to...?", "?" and "Do you remember...?"

Below, The Golden Crusaders.



next week FAB is on a **SMALL SCREEN**

and on view are WAYNE GIBSON and THE DYNAMIC SOUNDS... Fab's EMERGENCY WARD 84 starring GERRY MARSDEN, BARRY ST. JOHN, TONY JACKSON and THE VIBRATIONS, SANDIE SHAW and a FAB supporting staff... MIKE (Bonanza) LANDON... SEARCH FOR A STAR... The real story behind what it's like getting THE BEATLES on TV...

TV BREAK and THE BEAT ROOM lowdown so give yourself a TV break and watch in next week's FABULOUS for a bigtime issue on the small screen... FAB, the world's greatest weekly pop magazine, is on sale every MONDAY price 1 Shilling.



CILLA TURNS QUIZ QUEEN

Some girls are naturally at ease in the company of boys. Others have to overcome all sorts of nervousness before they can get beyond the awkward blushin' bit. Do you think you're good at handling boys? The quiz on these pages is designed to help you find out the truth about your dating rating.

Select your answers, check your scores below and see what sort of score your total marks give you. Just to add to the fun, we asked CILLA BLACK to have a go at the quiz, and she scored top marks on most of the questions. Can you beat her total? See Cilla's scores alongside the complete answers.



Cilla gets Jimmy Savile quiz-ical

How you rate as a date

Check your answers here —and see how your score matches up to Cilla's.

- (a) 0
(b) 1
(c) 3
Cilla scored three. If it's not just one for a girl, this boy should have been considerably enough to say he'd be in your district.
- (a) 1
(b) 3
(c) 0
Cilla got half five. You're up to you to see the evening through even if you don't want to see him again.
- (a) 0
(b) 0
(c) 3
Cilla scored five. A good number, but you should help your friends and always by becoming one of the crowd.
- (a) 2
(b) 0
(c) 0
Cilla scored three. Remember, neither you nor your date should be asked to do anything that is out of the ordinary.
- (a) 1
(b) 0
(c) 3
Cilla scored five. Nothing but trying to get your date's man's attention—but he's not being rude and has no reason to leave.
- (a) 1
(b) 2
(c) 2
Cilla scored five. Fly to spot the pleasure of the other girl's unapologetic at home. If he's fond of you he's been waiting to see you (tomorrow in any case!).

- The boy you dated almost every night at a holiday camp last summer lands on your doorstep quite unexpectedly one Friday evening. He more or less invites himself to stay over until Sunday. Your parents are due home in half an hour. In the meantime DO YOU:
 - Make him welcome, offer him the spare bedroom and decide to talk to your parents into accepting the situation later.
 - Politely but firmly turn him away on the grounds that he shouldn't have called like this without advance warning.
 - Start thinking if there is a boyfriend who might put him up for you?



- On your first date with George he gets involved in a quarrel outside the dance hall and you're convinced it was his own fault. You'd begun to dislike him in any case, but this is the final straw. Now you discover you've lost your purse. DO YOU:
 - Borrow cash from him to cover the fare home and say "Good night."
 - Let him see you home and hope there won't be more quarrels.
 - Say "Good night" and seek help from the police to pay your train fare home?



- At the end of the record hop your best friend invites you back to her place with the rest of the gang for a party. But you've met a rather shy but very pleasant boy who is new to the district and you've agreed to let him walk you home. DO YOU:
 - Refuse the party invitation, saying that it's time you had an early night.
 - Say "Good night" to the boy, explaining to him that he wouldn't know anybody at the party, and go off with the gang.
 - Invite him to the party with you?



- On meeting your new date, your father accuses him of looking ridiculous because the boy has long hair. DO YOU:
 - Keep quiet but try to reason with your father later on.
 - Join in and declare that your father is being unreasonable.
 - Join in and make it clear to the boy that he ought to have his hair re-styled?



- You struck up a conversation with this strikingly handsome young man who asked you for change in the coffee bar. But as soon as your girlfriend joins you he concentrates his attention on her instead of you. DO YOU:
 - Tell him point-blank that you think he's being very ill-mannered.
 - Grab the chance of asking your girl-friend to leave while he's reloading the juke box.
 - Force your way back into the conversation even if it means saying something daft to draw his attention?

If you scored more than 60 (Cilla just scraped in with 61) you're an expert. If you switch your boyfriends from week to week it must be because you want to and not because you don't know the dating rules.

If you scored between 50 - 60 you've a pretty fair knowledge of the love game. Possibly your vitality and love of life sometimes make you leap before you look but, by and large, you've got the right ideas and your dating rating is above average.

6. On the way home from the party in your date's car he suggests a late-night drive to a local bonny spot. But it's nearly midnight and you promised you'd be home by that time. DO YOU:

- Say nothing and accept.
- Suggest that you both drive out there at an earlier hour the following night.
- Tell him you're no time for boys who try to persuade girls to stay out so late?



7. Even on the first date it's clear that he likes you. But he says there are also several other girls in his life right now. DO YOU:

- Refuse a second date until he promises to patch in the other girls.
- Pump him for names and pass on unswatored comments about him to the other girls.
- Flatter him by saying it's little wonder he's so popular?



8. Your date suggests a foursome outing with another couple. But the second boy turns out to be somebody you went out with for three months earlier in the year. DO YOU:

- Explain at once to everyone that the evening is going to be embarrassing and you would prefer to be taken home.
- Exchange a minimum of small-talk pleasantries with the ex-date and continue the evening as planned.
- Take your boy aside and suggest that the two of you split away from the others as quickly as possible?

9. The dapper in your local ballroom is distinguished looking in a very masculine way and at least 15 years older than you. One evening he admits he hasn't been able to take his eyes off you for the past three weeks. DO YOU:



- Pretend you noticed all his admiring glances and have been dying to meet him.
- Pretend you're engaged to a boy who'll be joining you any minute.
- Reply that you're flattered but would he excuse you as you want to join the gang in the cola bar.

10. At the end of your first date with him Harry is obviously about to kiss you. It's been a fabulous evening. DO YOU:

- Respond readily and make that first kiss last so show he's given you a happy evening.
- Explain that as far as you're concerned the kissing bit has to wait until at least the second date.
- Respond warmly but quite briefly, breaking off this kiss to thank him for a terrific time?



11. Your parents have explained that they'd prefer you did not get engaged to anybody before your twentieth birthday next year. You've been dating Stan for eight months, you're both very much in love and he wants to announce the engagement at once. DO YOU:

- Agree with Stan to become "unofficially engaged" until you can announce the thing properly.
- Suggest to Stan that you leave home so that you can be engaged without any argument with your parents.
- Discuss the matter with your parents but stick to the point that they must not stand in the way of an immediate engagement.



12. You've been going steady since the summer and Eric has always refused to let you have any dating expenses. His job earns him £5 a week more than you get. DO YOU:

- Make him agree that in future he'll let you foot the whole cost of at least one evening each week.
- End the next argument before it begins by passing your share in cash across the table when the waiter is presenting the bill.
- Let him continue to pay for everything because he obviously enjoys doing so and you don't want a row.



13. You have never liked boys who are over romantic. But you like everything else about Joe except his extravagant way of flattering you. DO YOU:

- Tell him to cool it because you're not impressed by his sloppy talk.
- Laugh off his serious stuff and switch to a topic he'll be interested to discuss.
- Say nothing in case you hurt his feelings but start looking for another boy—fast?



14. How often would you watch a football match with your boy although you're not interested in his favourite sport?

- As frequently as he asked you to.
- Just a few times.
- Never?

15. He adores modern jazz which you don't like. He refuses to accompany you to see a local concert starring The Rolling Stones. DO YOU:

- Tell him tactfully that your interests seem to be too different.
- Take every chance you can to play him Stones records in the hope he'll change.
- Ignore the difference of opinion, but see The Stones with your girlfriends when the tour comes to your town?



60
50
40
30
20
10
0

Circle scored five. Avoid misunderstandings by not being too friendly—but always remember to put your own name down at the end of the page.

9. 0 0
1 1
2 2
3 3
4 4
5 5

Circle scored five. If he'd been staying on for a few more weeks you'd have been able to tell what sort of a man he was. This dapper young rascal mustn't get all over you!

10. 0 0
1 1
2 2
3 3
4 4
5 5

Circle scored five. Not a bad idea. You could be the beginning of a great romance.

11. 0 0
1 1
2 2
3 3
4 4
5 5

Circle scored five. You've been waiting on for a few months and the public enquiries will tell you that you're round if it has your parents' blessing.

12. 0 0
1 1
2 2
3 3
4 4
5 5

Circle scored five. There's nothing wrong with that but extra £5 should be going into savings!

13. 0 0
1 1
2 2
3 3
4 4
5 5

Circle scored five. He'll get the message in the end and probably admire your tactics.

14. 0 0
1 1
2 2
3 3
4 4
5 5

Circle scored one. No need to be a glutton for punishment. Cilla'll dance by staying firm sometimes.

15. 0 0
1 1
2 2
3 3
4 4
5 5

Circle scored five. Cilla'll give you the modern jazz collection! If you're compatible in differing tastes it mustn't ever matter too much.

If you scored between 45 - 49 you're not doing too badly with the boys. You're what the statistics people call "an average girl". You make mistakes—and pay for them or learn from them as the case may be. Try this quiz again six months from now and you'll probably find your score has risen by at least four points.

If you scored less than 45 points don't give up hope! If you're still to celebrate your seventeenth birthday you can't expect to score higher points than the great big world of love and romance is still quite new to you. Over seventeen? Time you started taking tips from the other gals if you want to push up your dating rating!

My Date With Aaron

by Moira Conway



Soft lights and sweet music for Moira and her dreamy date

I'm going to make you all envious! I've just been out with the nicest guy in show business —Aaron (Merseybeat) Williams. And phew! What an evening!

Just a minute while I compose myself and I'll start right at the beginning.

We had a table reserved at a super Chinese restaurant in the Edgware Road called The Lotus House, and as Aaron helped me out of the taxi I felt like the queen bee!

We had an aperitif in the lounge bar, and ate some of the nuts and anaemic-looking crisps, which looked as though they'd been blown up and forgotten to brown. (I'm sure there's a special name for them!)

A little Chinese waiter came and showed us to a table in a corner. Nearby, the pianist played soft romantic music on a large black piano. Aaron told me pianos always remind him of the one they used to have at home in Liverpool.

"It was haunted!" he said, with mock horror. "When we moved a few years ago we put our old piano in the back room. At night we heard someone trying to play it, and after a few weeks of that we decided the only thing to do was get rid of the piano. So we heaved it out of the room through the window. Although there was quite a big drop to the ground from there! As the piano landed the 'ghosts' scurried out squealing—they were five little mice!"

Meanwhile the waiter had presented us each with the biggest menus I have ever seen! (I couldn't see Aaron behind his!)

We ordered chicken and mushroom soup. Then came some very tasty spare ribs, which made our fingers sticky but were mmmmm...

Aaron ordered a bottle of wine from the wine waiter, and another little waiter came toddling over with a tray full of little dishes. One was prawns in oyster sauce, and another was mushrooms in another type of sauce. The other little

dishes contained crispy noodles with soft noodles hiding underneath, beef and noodles mixed together, and sweet and sour prawns.

As you may know Aaron is the "quiet" member of The Merseybeats, and usually he lets the others do the talking. But, get him alone and he really opens up.

Over dinner we talked of lots of things, including The Merseybeats recent tour of Italy.

"I don't think the Italians knew quite what to make of us!" Aaron told me. "All the girls were waiting for us (even though we were about six hours late since we'd missed the plane) but then they just stared at us. They seemed fascinated by our hair. It was the same wherever we went."

"We didn't know how they would react to our first concert—we thought they might just sit and stare at us all the time! But half way through our first number the silence broke and they all started to clap and cheer. It was very odd!"

The boys' hair was in danger in Italy, too! The last two weeks they spent there was reserved for holidaying—getting sunburnt and seeing the sights.

"Once, we passed a barber's shop," said Aaron, "All of a sudden this white-coated Italian came charging out with a pair of scissors in his hand, and made frantic cutting gestures as he ran down the street after us! We managed to fight him off, though!"

The boys also managed to get sunstroke! The first day of their holiday they went out into the sun, took their shirts off, and lay down.

"In the evening we felt hot, and then our skin began to burn. It got worse and worse and eventually we had to go back to our room and cover each other with calamine lotion. I was so bad by that time that when the boys started to put it on me I passed out!"

After our coffee we made for the door. The little Chinese waiters bowed politely, and smiled so that their eyes almost disappeared. The manager asked us if we'd enjoyed our meal, and we thanked him very much saying we had.

Outside the air was fresh and cool after the very warm restaurant. We decided that since Marble Arch wasn't far away, and we were both feeling energetic, we would go and see the fountains.

One or two heads turned as we walked by, and people gave Aaron that "don't I know you" look. We talked about his work, and he told me they had spent the day recording some numbers at Philips their recording company, one of which Aaron had written in Italy.

"There wasn't really much to do when we were touring," he said, "so we practised on our guitars, and tried composing. We wrote so much that our recording manager asked us to try it out in the studio. We record again tomorrow, and hope to get off home to Liverpool by about six o'clock in the morning!"

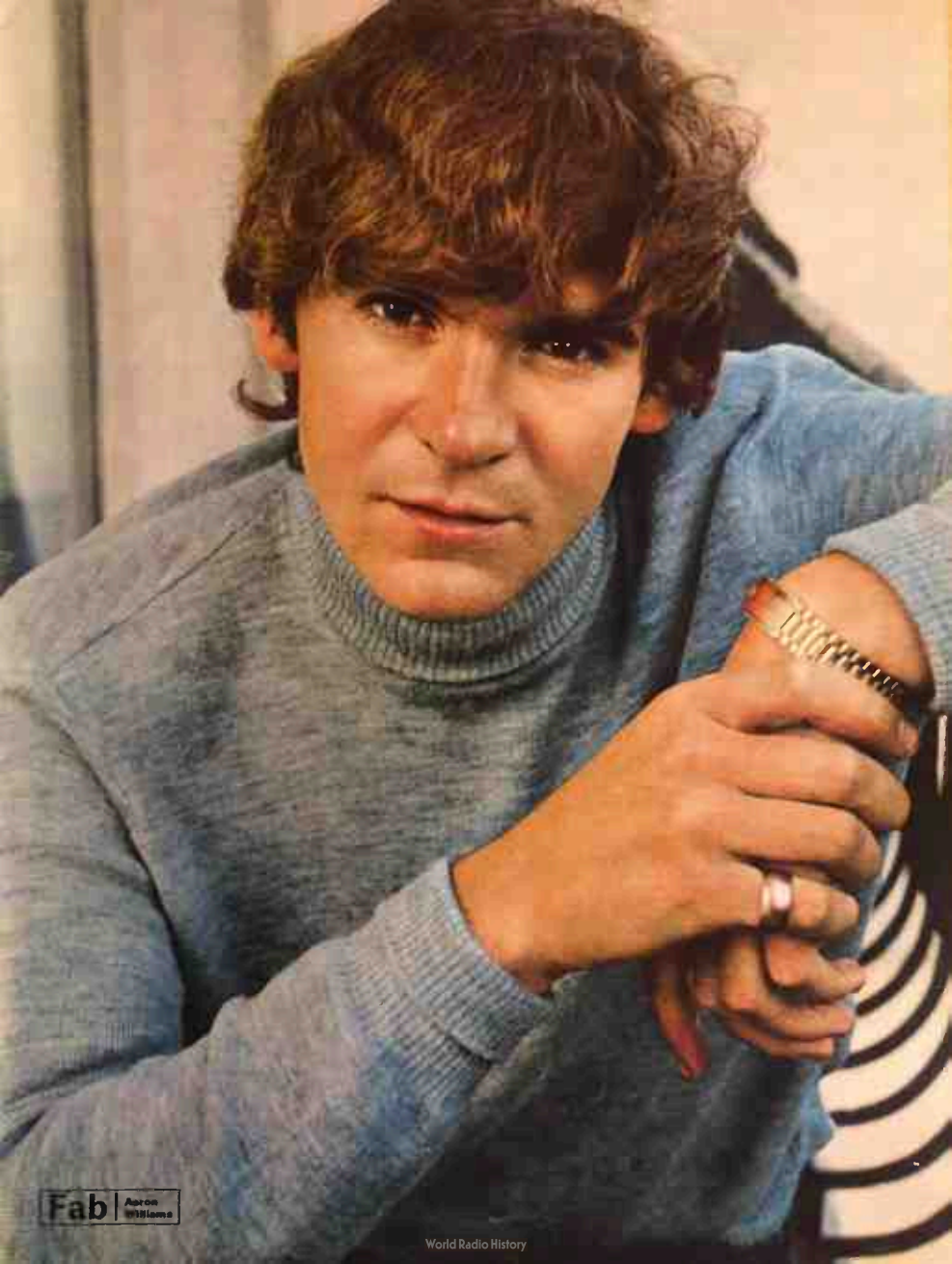
It was about eleven o'clock, and as if they'd known I was coming—the fountains had switched themselves off! But the grass around them and the fallen leaves felt soft yet crisp beneath our feet and made up for the disappointment.

Kidding ourselves we were in the country, we stood on the bridge overlooking the still fountain waters, and gazed at the leaves floating on top...

As we walked away neither of us could resist kicking our feet among the fallen leaves (they make such a lovely shh shh sound as you plough through them). I kicked some at Aaron—he kicked some at me—and before we knew where we were, we were in the middle of a battle flinging all the leaves in sight at each other in a very undignified manner!

Unfortunately, like Cinderella, I had to leave before twelve o'clock or my coach would have disappeared down the tube line.

Aaron took me to the station, and as the lift door closed to carry me down on to the platform and I caught a last look at Aaron's face through the small glass window, I thought: "Dash! I've forgotten to lose my slipper on the stairs!"



Fab Aaron Williams



SIMON SCOTT has very definite ideas of the sort of girl he'd like to date. The first essential is good manners, and Simon is very good mannered himself. As he's about 5 ft. 11 in. tall, Simon likes his girls to be tall, too. Simon's date needs to dress well, but she shouldn't follow the latest fads if they don't suit her.

Natural girls are high up on his list. An evening out with Simon would probably start with going for a meal and then on to the theatre or cinema. He's a film fiend and isn't fussy about the type of film he goes to see as long as it's good—detective or horror films, musicals or anything.

He'll ask what you want to see, but will probably advise you as he's more than likely seen most of the films already. After the film it's a taxi home. Simon doesn't own a car as yet, though he did once have an ancient motorbike. Unfortunately this untrustworthy steed couldn't be relied upon to get the fair damsel home in one piece, so it had to go.

The ideal solution would seem to be for the dandy Simon to concentrate on dating young ladies who can borrow daddy's car. Still, after his successful tour with The Rolling Stones and The Mous, no doubt he'll be getting his own super de luxe motor before long. Anyone fancy a date with Simon on a bicycle made for two? It could happen!

I Should Have Known Better was the title of The Naturals' first record. They made a hit with this, their first record, so let's see whether you'd make a hit with them. Mind you, it was a bit difficult to get answers out of them. Ricky Potter was very busy engrossed standing on his head and walking on his hands in the middle of our Directors' conference room, and Doug Ellis was doing back flips off the edge of the conference table!

I mean to say—it's just not done, is it? When they'd all come down to earth again, they got in a muddle and pooled their ideas on dating.

Mike Wakelin, the lead spokesman in the group had the first say. He thinks you should collect the girl at her home and not arrange to meet her anywhere. His reason is a very sound one, by collecting the young lady at home he can make friends with her Mum and Dad at the same time!

Ricky thinks you should be yourself on a date and not try to show off and pretend you're something you're not.

Blond, handsome Curt Cresswell thinks respect, mutual respect, is the most important thing.

Doug thinks the worst thing a boy can do is not as though it's a privilege for the girl to have a date with you.

Roy Heather believes in taking his dates right home to the doorstep and not leaving them at the bus stop with an hour's journey and a three-mile walk at the other end.

Red-headed Bob O'Neale has the last word and he warns against being too "mushy". When asked to elaborate on this statement, he merely mumbled something about "treating a girl with respect."

Hmmm!

HOW many people can remember their first date? Not very many, I imagine. However, there's one popster who can and that's Gerry "The Grin" Marsden.

Gerry's so lovable that practically all the little girls in the neighbourhood must have clamoured for his attention, but the one who made it lived just down the street from him.

HOW TO SUCCEED ON A DATE WITHOUT REALLY TRYING

Who hasn't dreamed of dating a Beatle, a Merseybeat, a Mojo or any other face rave pop star? Most of us have, at some time or another, wondered whether our particular favourite likes blondes or brunettes, mods or rockers, and whether or not we are the type of girl HE would like to date.

Well, I've tracked down some dishy stars and asked them what sort of dates they like, whether they can remember their first date and talked them into telling the things they like or dislike about a girl.

They were both aged about five or six and had a flourishing friendship until that fatal day when Gerry borrowed the young lady's tricycle and horror of horrors! He ran it into a dog. That was the end of that! She just didn't want to know.

For a date with Gerry the essential thing is to have a good sense of humour. Gerry's a born comedian and it's no good being an old sourpuss when he's around.

On a date Gerry'd probably ask you what you'd like to do. He likes going to swinging clubs like the Saddle Room which is owned by Helene Cordet and frequented by her pop singing daughter Louise. The Ad Lib comes high on his list too.

Recently Gerry bought a £1,000 speedboat so a date might find herself going for mad trips and to be on the safe side I'd either know how to swim or take a life-lacker with me, wouldn't you?



PETER JAY AND THE JAYWALKERS

FOR a top girl's point of view, who better to ask than hit-parader Cilla Black, who's resident at the London Palladium until the Christmas Panto takes over. Cilla can't remember her first date, but she used to go with her brothers to clubs and there she'd meet the boys she'd date. She dated Ringo before he was ever heard of and they still get on very well together. He affectionately calls her Cyril. And they call each other all sorts of other funny names. She says she likes him because he has a bigger nose than she has!

Cilla goes out dancing with a group of friends when she's not working or she likes going to club' like Danny La Rue's. She loves super film epics and still likes to see Doris Day films that she used to see when she was undiscovered. She started her own film career with a guest spot in Gerry and The Pacemakers' film *Ferry Cross the Mersey*.

DRUMMER Peter Jay of Peter Jay and The Jaywalkers popped into the office the other day minus the other six so I seized my opportunity and tied him to the chair so that I could ask him about his ideal date. Pete said he'd take a girl somewhere quiet. Perhaps he'd call for her and take her to a movie.

Peter went to the States recently and he loved the idea of the drive-in movies they have.

You drive into the sort of car park and park next to a meter that has two speakers. The speaker is on an extension lead and comes into the car. The screen is absolutely enormous and Pete's favourite film seen within the last couple of months was *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World*.

Dating in this country, he'd take his date to the cinema to a little restaurant for a meal and then home. Pete likes girls who are slim, don't wear too much make-up and have long dark hair. Wonder how long it'd take to grow mine—at least down to my ears! She must be interested in Pete and "with it" pop-wise.

She'd also have to like cars as Pete drives an enormous white Ford Galaxie that is capable of doing 120 m.p.h.

Pete told me the tale of his most embarrassing date which is, of course, connected with a car. What a car! It was a Triumph Herald Convertible. Pete had parked it off the road by the beach at Great Yarmouth, and when he came to drive home, the car just wouldn't move. The nose of him revving up brought about fifty holiday-makers from nearby caravan site and Pete and his date had to sit in the car in the middle of this throng whilst some of the strong men pitched in and pushed him out of the rut.



GERRY and CILLA BLACK



THE NATURALS

It's a must to be yourself on a date. Sure, it's hard to act naturally if you're with someone like Gerry, Cliff or Billy J., but if you were to put on an act be pretty sure that's the one and only date you'd get. Same thing applies if you're with the boy from the house next door. So get with it and be natural. And most of all have fun.

SHEENA McKAY



SHEENA MCKAY



RINGO'S DOG



1
We asked Lulu and singer Mike Rubin to demonstrate the dance for us. First hold hands. Stand side by side and count one, two, three, kick.



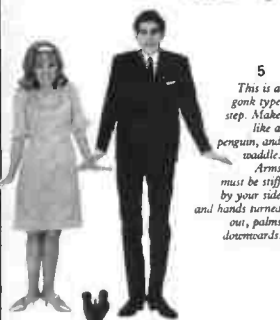
2
The fourth beat can be a kick, hop, shake, sit or bark! You can do it to any 4/4 rhythm or specially to the Jack Dorsey's recording of Ringo's Dog on the Pye label.



3
Ringo's Dog is a new dance. It's a cross between a conga and a polka. Here you run four steps forward. Still holding hands, boy's right with girl's right and left with left.



4
Next we asked Lulu and Mike to jump in the air and land with their knees together and pointing sideways to the right.



5
This is a gonk type step. Make like a penguin, and waddle. Arms must be stiff by your side and hands turned out, palms downwards.



6
See how versatile this dance is. Do it in moon, in a circle, or, at here, in conga style. So get two-gether and go dancing with Fab's Ringo Dog.

7
For details of this, and other two-gether dances send a stamped, addressed envelope to The Ballroom Teachers' Council, 61 Philbeach Gardens, London, S.W.5.

● Fans of The Yardbirds who have been getting more and more impatient waiting for a follow-up for the group's first disc released five months ago, can now relax. Out this week is *Good Morning Little Schoolgirl* (Columbia)—and I can report that the disc was worth waiting for.

The reason for the delay was in fact because lead singer and harmonica player Keith Relf had collapsed with a punctured lung and it was two months before he was fit enough to be able to record.

The Yardbirds, you may remember, are the group who took over from The Rolling Stones at The Crawdaddy Rhythm and Blues Club in Richmond. They recently toured the country with Billy J. Kramer, and received a tremendous reception from audiences of all ages. *Good Morning*—a very catchy ditty—could be their first hit.

Best of the rest

● An American millionaire who wishes to be known under the anonymous name of Amon Meric, heard an Ipswich beat group called The Nir Nomads play at an American Army Camp base agreed to back them financially on the condition that their first disc should be the oddity, *You're Nobody Till Somebody Loves You*. So the boys gave the number the best treatment and make a

in RECORD time



The Yardbirds

very promising disc debut with it on the MAMV label.

● Hard to believe that Marvin Gaye flopped with his first three discs in America when you hear his swinging *Baby Don't You Do It* (Stateside). But he has since had eight hits in a row in the States—could be his first here.

● The Hullabaloo's a new group from Hull, were discovered by American record producers Hugo and Luigi over here on a mission to find new British beat groups for the ever-increasing Stateside market. Their first disc a rocking *I'm Gonna Love You*. Too has been released simultaneously in Britain on the Columbia label—and I reckon we're going to hear more from them.

● A *Whole Lotta Woman* which was once a rock n roll hit by Marvin Rainwater, is revived by Johnny Kidd—and could be his first chart entry for a long time. (MAMV)

● The Kinks, who recently soared to success with *You Really Got Me* follow up with *All The Day And All The Night I Gotta Move*—and he's going to click again. (Pye)

● Elvis Presley shows that he is still a force to be reckoned with in a sizzling song called *Am I That Loving You Baby* (RCA Victor).

KEN BOW

WHO'S A 10-SECOND SMOOTHIE?



The girl with the Pacquins! Count to 10. That's how long it takes to smooth dreamy, perfumed Pacquins new lotion into your hands. Even girls who haven't time for hand preparations have flipped for the fabulous Pacquins 10-second beauty plan. Pacquins isn't sticky—it's cool, soothing lotion and dries in a flash. Be a 10-second smoothie every day—and get the boys eating out of your pretty little hands!

PACQUINS LOTION. In handbag size uncrushable easy-to-use tubes—lotion 2/6d., cream 1/9d. and 2/9d.



—the 10-second beauty care for pretty hands

Live in David Jacobs' Star-Time sponsored by Pacquins on Radio Luxembourg 9.15 Thursdays

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THE WATCH YOU CAN'T BEAT



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Richard Chamberlain in an exclusive interview with MICHAEL McGRATH

WHY I'm such a problem to girls

It seems incredible that Richard Chamberlain (alias Doc Kildare) is still having problems with his dates. Judging by his fan mail he has more glam appeal than any other TV star, yet when I called on him a girl friend had hung up on him.

The handsome young Mr. C. looked appealingly at the telephone, willing it to ring. But it maintained a stony silence and so did he.

"We were going to a film premiere tonight," he explained, after a while. "But my director decided I had to work late. I phoned her every half hour tonight to tell her I couldn't make it. But she was having her hair done. Now she's in . . . and I'm out in the cold, once again!"

"Tell me all," I said sympathetically. Dick flashed a grateful grin at me, sank back into a very masculine all leather armchair and crossed his long legs.

"It may seem glamorous, but being a TV or film name can be exhausting when you work a twelve or sixteen hour day and it can just about ruin your love life.

"Clara Ray, whom I met over two years ago at singing classes will tell you what I mean. She knows Saturday is the only night we ever have free. But I'm an actor and she's an actress. So even on Saturdays one of us can be kept late at the studios. Still, Clara's pretty understanding since she's in the same business.

"Other girls haven't been. They don't find last minute cancellations flattering and who can blame 'em for that?"

I agreed, and tried to picture Dick making a date, with tickets for a show laid on plus winning and dining. Any girl would be knocked out, having her hair done, buying a new outfit. . . the works. Then after taking twice as long as usual over her

make-up the phone rings. . . the dream man says his director wants this episode of Dr. Kildare to run over the scheduled time so . . . everyone stays late and the date fizzles out.

This kind of situation has happened many times with many girls. Dick Chamberlain never plans it that way, but he seems to have a higher average of broken dates than any other Hollywood bachelor.

Naturally, marriage is hard to visualise with his kind of luck.

"I know a marriage and home can't be built on the odd evening's get-together and that's the way it would be now. I'm putting so many hectic hours into my career and now is a vital time.

"I've learned to live bachelor style comfortably. That's one consolation."

Dick looked around the huge sunny room, one of many in his home.

"So how's your housekeeping?" I asked, to stop that look of his getting too smug.

"I just about survive," he smiled. "I get up kind of early, around six, take a shower and usually wear jeans and a T shirt. Breakfast isn't a problem since my folks taught me to fry bacon, eggs and ham!"

"There doesn't seem to be any time for sport, but I keep reasonably fit. I gave up smoking a year ago and that helps. I've also got a thing about keeping the bedroom window open at night. I have to have lots of fresh air and like it to be nice and cold."

I shivered slightly, imagining how a future Mrs. Chamberlain might feel about this.

"There's one future date that's definite," he said suddenly.

"Remember Eric Harvey and his family?"

I did indeed. Dick spent a Christmas with them in Beckenham, Kent, after meeting Eric in Hollywood. While it was wonderful for the Harvey boys, Christopher aged 12 and Nicholas aged 11, to have Dick Chamberlain spend his first English Christmas with them—for sister Margaret, aged 13, it was a complete knockout.

"I've invited Margaret to Hollywood any time her school vacation allows," said Dick. "Hope she won't let me down."

I said I didn't think she would. Mentioning England made me recall my date with Dick in London. We visited St. Paul's Cathedral and the Tower of London, even squeezing in a Peter Sellers film, which had Dick in hysterics. We shopped for old curios and found an 18th century spinning wheel for Dick's folks back home.

One of Dick's passions is good Italian food and he raved about the Festa De Mare, a fish restaurant in Soho. The guitarist there sings Neapolitan songs every night. Passing by our table he improvised rather well on the "Dr. Kildare Theme."

Then there was the midnight stroll along the Thames embankment that brought up the subject of dating girls again. Dick had murmured quietly, gazing into the dark water that reflected the Victorian street lamps:

"If only I had the time to concentrate on someone seriously enough. But the public taking to me as Kildare was such a lucky break I just can't afford not to concentrate on my career at the moment."

"I've dreamed of this kind of success all my life. Right now I don't have the time for real love. But that doesn't mean I don't need it. I do. I know I do."

Coming back to the present I reminded Dick of this and he looked rather wistful.

"Remember that well known lady astrologer, Jo Sheridan I saw," he said.

"I do indeed," I replied. "Did she have any advice for you, romantically speaking?"

The Chamberlain grin grew wider than ever.

"Maybe," he laughed. "Maybe!"

Now I shall never know if that date problem has a solution after all.

Vivacious young film actress
JOAN BLACKMAN tells
Richard Chamberlain that she
likes him And Dick
isn't doing any complaining





Fab



Fab Gene Pitney

paul jones

His name is Jones, which is an ordinary enough name. But there's nothing ordinary about Paul apart from that. The Manfred Mann Paul, that is. The atmosphere he weaves around the group during a performance is like a firework ready to bang all over the place.

He sings Howlin' Wolf's *Smokestack Lightning* and his voice drops to a whisper before he picks up the tempo again and belts home the message that r'n'b is here to stay, and Manfred Mann with it. He crouches over the mike and stuffs his harmonica in his mouth and his slumpy T-shirt flaps loosely as he raises screams after screams after screams.

It's all exciting stuff, and Paul knows exactly how to get an audience to the edge of its seat. A knowing wink, a sudden growling attack, a pointing finger. . .

This is Paul Jones of Manfred Mann. When not of Manfred Mann (that is, in his off-stage moments) Paul is one of the most-liked people in the business because he's friendly and helpful and all the things his fans would like him to be. But despite his success with girls when he's under the spotlight with the Manfreds he admits that he has little opportunity for meeting girls offstage, and still less luck with them when he does find a girl.

"It may seem very hard to believe," he told me. "But I'm very shy with girls. On stage it's easy. You can carry it off. But I'm a bit bashful when I come face to face with girls."

It is, as he said, hard to believe. He's a very warm person who takes a real interest in people, and not surprisingly people respond to him. At twenty, he still has a certain "little boy" appeal.

It's the face that does it. A nice open frank face with friendly greeny-blue eyes and a grin that's never more than a second away.

Paul has every reason to suppose he's a success. Apart from being the Manfred man who takes most of the screams, he writes material for the group, for television (it was his harmonica that wailed around the titles of *Rediffusion-TV's Ready, Steady, Win* series), and for his own satisfaction. He's written a take-off of himself called *The One In The Middle* that will be issued on a future Manfred Mann disc. His book on the harmonica will soon be published.

But don't get the idea that Paul is a sobersides who devotes all his waking hours to the pursuit of success. He's a thinker but not an entirely unromantic one. He likes girls. And you can say that again. He likes girls.

And girls like him. He's tall, fairish and looks as if he might dash off on a marathon any minute and come back with enough energy to shake around the clock.

He's been to a night-club twice in his life. Both in the provinces. Julie Grant and gospel singer Madeline Bell were the big "draws". He usually takes girls to the pictures.

"I wouldn't start by giving her any sort of choice though. If she doesn't like any of the three movies that I want to go to . . . well, she couldn't turn them all down anyway, because they'd all be so different. We might see *A Hard Day's Night* or an Italian film or *Tom Jones*."

"When I see a girl the first requisite if I'm to like her is that she doesn't have her piled on top of her head. I like hair that just sort of flops down. It's terribly important because hair is either sexy or it isn't. Beehives and bouffants just aren't. . ."

Paul's fanmail divides itself into the "I buy all your records and can I have your autograph" type to the "Darling, I'll die if I don't meet you soon" selection. He's had some marriage proposals, but he's a bachelor and happy to be one.

Still, there's no harm in trying, I suppose.



WHOM WOULD YOU

The letters come pouring into FABULOUS. Dave seems half the girls in Britain have a crush on rate as No. 1 choice date? The South's boyish
by JUNE

dave berry

More and more girls rave for Dave. The Berry Dave. This is mainly because he's a slightly sinister and therefore mysterious person. He creeps on to the stage hiding behind a turned-up collar and girls scream because he's exciting and different.

It's this different quality which makes him stand out from a home background of Yorkshire accents and Sheffield steel and Saturday evenings at the local palas. He likes clothes to be 'different' and records to be 'different' and girls (especially) to be 'different'.

"The first thing I notice about a girl is her eyes," Dave told me during a break from recording. "I like weird eyes really. Eyes that have mystery about them, y'know."

Dave ends most sentences with "y'know" and hopes that you do. He isn't all that difficult to understand. And there isn't all that much mystery lurking in his own midnight blue eyes. For all the girls who think he's exciting there are as many who think he's big and cuddly and uncomplicated. When you meet him he turns out to be all those things.

He has a creased sort of face, which he doesn't consider at all handsome. His long limbs flap about a bit. He has enormous hands and uses them a lot when he talks. Talking is something he does very enthusiastically.

Especially talk about girls. "Girls are getting wilder, more rugged, more natural," he told me, with a satisfied gleam in his eye. "I like mod girls and the clothes they wear. They're 'different.' I'm glad they don't use 'perms' and all that any more. I like girls with soft straight hair... long, with a fringe y'know."

Dave has lost count of the number of girls he knows up and down the country. He usually meets them in coffee bars before a show.

He may rate as a date if you like a quiet drink in pleasant surroundings or a drive into the Derbyshire dales in his big red car. His favourite place is near Castleton where there's a restaurant with its own swimming pool, so you can have lunch or dinner at the poolside and cool off after a curry or whatever.

I don't see the point in taking a girl to the pictures with neither of you saying a word to each other for three hours. I don't have much time to get to know a girl well as it is.

He likes girls who are tuned in on music - not just pop music, but folk, blues and country music, too. He dislikes girls who wear trousers. He has a thing about girls looking like girls at all times.

He's never been in love. He talks about when you suggest that he might want to marry some day, but on reflection he says it will probably happen to him *when or later*.

Dave isn't a bad proposition at that. He's completely unaffected and nice... opens doors, carries your bags, says he doesn't mind when you drag him off to be photographed during his well-earned tea-breaks at the studio. He's probably the most friendly, natural person on the whole pop scene.

He isn't the candle-lit dinner type, but he's romantic enough to want a cottage in the country. But of course, it would have to be very odd, and he'd make it 'different' by knocking down a wall or two and having holes in the ceiling or something. He banks all but £40 a week of his earnings, and spends part of that on recordings by folk artists that few other people have heard of. He has a yen for Zen Buddhism and the mysteries of the Orient and sometimes looks like an inscrutable sage himself.

It's this mystery wrapped inside the cuddly Dave Berry that makes him fascinating.

U RATHER DATE?

Berry. Paul Jones. Dave Berry. Paul Jones. It's one or other of them. Well, which one would you date? Paul Jones or the North's exciting Dave Berry?

SOUTHWORTH

SYLVIA: Hello, Eric. How are you?
ERIC (very puzzled): Huh? What happened?
Is that your mate, Sheena?

SYLVIA (indignantly): Of course it's not Sheena.
It's me, Sylvia.

ERIC (puzzled): Well, how did I get you?
You're not even in the same room as Keith.

SYLVIA (cheerfully): No, thank goodness. You
sound a bit sleepy.

ERIC: I am a bit sleepy. Keith got me out of
bed when he 'phoned'. You don't happen to
know what time it is, do you?

SYLVIA: Er—twenty-five to twelve.
ERIC: Oh, no! We have a rehearsal at twelve.

SYLVIA: Well, you've still twenty-five minutes.
ERIC: Maybe—but I don't know where we're
rehearsing. Sylvia, can you excuse me for a
minute, please? Our 'phone's on the landing.
I'm still in my pyjamas and I'm freezing. Do
you mind if I pop off and put on some clothes.

SYLVIA (generously): Of course not, love.
ERIC (a few minutes later): That's better.
Now, where were we?

SYLVIA: Finding out where you're rehearsing.

Actually, I must be fair. It was Keith who originally rang Eric Burdon. But, I thought, why should Eric want to talk to Keith? I mean, what can they possibly have to talk about? So, simply because I'm a nice girl who couldn't bear to think of Eric being bored I told the operator that Mr. Altham had finished with the call on his line so would she transfer it to me. She did. And a slightly sleepy Eric suddenly found that Keith's voice had changed.
SYLVIA.

ERIC: Oh, yes. Well, I don't suppose it's too far away. It's a good job Keith rang or I might never have woken up in time. Which reminds me—I still don't know how come I was talking to Keith one minute and you the next.

SYLVIA (laughing): I'll tell you about it sometime. Are you still living at the flat in Earls Court?
ERIC: Yes. Still here.

SYLVIA: Right, well I'd like to know what you like to do on a date?
ERIC (very enthusiastically): That's easy. I like to go to the Flamingo Club and listen to some blues. Of course, we'd have a meal first. I know a fabulous sandwich bar over here at Earls Court.

SYLVIA: Eric, stop clowning.
ERIC (sounding surprised): Who's clowning?

SYLVIA (giggling): Give over. While we're on the subject of food, what do you enjoy eating most?
ERIC: I'm very traditional. I like roast beef, Yorkshire pudding—y'know, the usual Sunday dinner (sounding disappointed). Aren't we going to talk about girls at all?

SYLVIA: Oh, all right then. How do you like a girl to dress.
ERIC: Well, I like girls to wear casual clothes, but I like to see them wearing nice suits, too. By the way, what's the time now?

SYLVIA: Er—it's just coming up to a quarter to twelve. What don't you like about girls?
ERIC: Hmm. Let me think. Oh yes—I can't stand to see girls who don't have the figure for it, wearing jeans. They look horrible.

SYLVIA: What sort of clothes do you like to wear?
ERIC: Casual gear more than anything else. I'm crazy about boots. I've worn them since I was about fifteen. I feel strange in shoes. When I wear a suit, I like it to be a dark one, light weight.

SYLVIA: Do you like travelling?
ERIC: Very much, but we do too much of it now. That's the hardest part of being in the act is easy compared with getting yourself from one date to another. But the place I really love to go when I've got a few days off is Ostend. I've got a bunch of mates out there, known them for years. I never used to have much money when I went to visit them and they used to help me out. Now that I'm better off, I can make up to them for their kindness. I take 'em over some records and things and we have great times together.

SYLVIA: How do you travel to your dates, Eric?
ERIC: We all go together in a big Ford Galaxy Estate car. Hilton and I take it in turns to drive. How's the time now?

SYLVIA: Huh? Oh, it's almost—ten to twelve.
ERIC: Yipes! Sorry love, I really must go. I'd better 'phone the boys and find out where we've got to rehearse. I only hope they're up. Tell Keith thanks for calling. That was a great conversation I nearly had with him. See you around, 'bye.



TELEDATE WITH ERIC BURDON



Fab | 1950s

World Radio History

Once upon a time there was a girl whose Dream Boy asked to see her again next Saturday—and this is how she planned her look so that she would look super special on the great day.



All set to meet her heart. Dream Boy's name? Nobody knows! But she says P.A.B.!

DREAM

SUN MON TUES

HAIR FIGURE BEAUTY SHOPPING

Looked my wardrobe over and decided to take a garment a week from then on! Made a special point of taking off all the buttons, and first taking up the hem for the new shorts.

Looking for a washable dress to the summer, and decided to take a garment a week from then on! Made a special point of taking off all the buttons, and first taking up the hem for the new shorts.

Took my two most wearable dresses to the cleaners, and decided to take a garment a week from then on! Made a special point of taking off all the buttons, and first taking up the hem for the new shorts.

Talking of cleaning—I've just discovered an emergency spot remover. Called Miss 333, it removes stains in a flash.

Decided a good bra is a MUST to brighten a sea, after her bra from Nantasket of Oxford Street, W.1. They have a very pretty price from 10s. 11s.

Decided something must be done about my skin. It looked so dull and dry.

I treated on a seven day beauty plan, and made up my mind to try out Pond's.

Every night next week, I must cleanse off my make-up with Pond's Cold Cream, 1s. 11d., and then tone and freshen up with Pond's Skin Preservative, 3s. 9d.

I'm also using Pond's Dry Shave Lotion, 1s. 11d. a jar.

Did a double take on my make-up, and decided to try out a new way of applying it. Using grey eyeline (my hair is dark, and black is too hard) I drew a thin line starting from the innermost corner, thickening out at the centre, and tapering it off at the outer edge. Definitely no flick up at the edge. Real saucer eyes!

Tried on my last winter's dress, and found it didn't fit. I'd put on 10 lbs. all round! Decided to try out a slimming chart from Slimex, which lists calories and gives set meals. It's a real boon. If you'd like one for yourself, just write to Process-Nutrex, Berkeley Square, London, W.1.

To help me dart properly, I've got a slimming chart from Slimex, which lists calories and gives set meals. It's a real boon. If you'd like one for yourself, just write to Process-Nutrex, Berkeley Square, London, W.1.

In addition, I've started doing exercises—right morning.

This is a good exercise for the bust. Lie on floor, raise body on arms, then lower to floor.

Hair should be one's crowning glory. But mine isn't. Not a bit of it! Back-combing has left me with split ends, and my hair is in a very dry condition.

Even though I'm growing it really long, I'll make a point of going to my hairdresser about once a month to have it trimmed, and then I won't get that awful straggly hair.

After an hour's treatment with King's London, 5/6 1/2.

Decided to shampoo my hair and try out a new style. I used a super shampoo by French of London, a lemon liquid shampoo, which costs 1s. 1d. per sachet. It cleanses the hair and makes it smell wonderful. Afterwards, I used Richard Huxton's After Shampoo Conditioner, just to make my hair soft and shiny. This makes it feel...

Our Dream Dolly is played by actress Rosemary Nichol, her date is guitarist John Paul Jones. They had a dreamy time... so will YOU...

OF A DATE

WED THURS FRI SAT

Get my shoes back from the members, and bought some Shu-Mak-Up at the same time—just to experiment! It's FAB for changing the colour, now I can have a "new" pair for every month! The price of Shu-Mak-Up is 6s. 6d. for the colour, and 3s. 6d. for the conditioner. Decided to go over my old brown creepers with Shu-Mak-Up, 2s. 6d.



Couldn't resist these FAB shoes by Lotus Style Titania in Mack Patent. Price 70s. 11d.

Pay day! Shopping in the lunch hour, I saw one beauty of a dress. I wanted to look really super on Saturday, so I bought it. By 5pm, in all wool with feisty chiffon frill, the dress costs 5 gm., and comes in petrol, grape and bottle green. M-m-m-lush! Bought some white stockings too—by Anston, 6s. 11d.



Couldn't resist buying some simple bracelets from Ifworthville at half-price under 2s. How's that for a bargain!

Had great fun trying out a new foundation—Jasanti's Golden Sanser cream foundation for a day trial, cost 6s. 6d.

Still experimenting with my make-up. I don't usually wear eye shadow, but I've just seen some heavenly new shades out by Revlon, and Smokey Lavender is just FAB. Shaded in over the centre of my eyelid, and lightly faded away just above the eye on the bony part, it looks great. And the price is 6s. 6d. Just bought a new Innocta lipstick, 5s. 6d.

My face looks really glowing now. In future, I'll wear Ponds' Gold Cream under my foundation.

See for yourself how clear my skin looks.

Still keeping a strict eye on my diet—I know it's excess sugars and starches that put on weight, so I'm cutting down all round. Instead of that extra slice of bread, I've taken to eating an apple instead, which does me far more good. I know it's not so much how much you eat, but what you eat, that's why I find my Slimex Chart so helpful.

Found brushing my teeth for about five minutes each night and morning, to slim my waist.

Today I had a Turkish Bath. I lost about a pound in weight, and it's done my skin the world of good. This is really a FAB beauty treatment because the steam really opens the pores, and you can get a really good deep down cleanse. Why not try having one for yourself—just ask at your local Town Hall for details.

All that puppy fat gone! Why not try it for yourself?

It's not only in Xmas's spirit, Mr. Miller let my hair go in a new direction.

Here's how to brush out my new hairstyle. Take back sections of hair and roll into plect, without drawing it in too tightly. Now take side section. Puffing hair out, wave prongs forward on chest, and bring back behind ears, securing with a curl on each side of plect. Comb fringe into shape and secure with a velvet bow.

100 strokes of the brush and just a touch of Richard Hudnut's Every Day Conditioner will do the rest. Price 3s. 6d.

This is my super hairdo. Isn't it just FAB!



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F.2

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It looks great, doesn't it? From the audience's point of view, I mean. It looks like Honey Lamtree leads a great life, sitting up there in the spotlight, drumming away. It's such a different thing for a girl to do, to be a drummer. And in an all boy pop group, too. You'd think, wouldn't you, that there'd be no shortage of dates for Honey. Well that's where you'd be wrong. . . .

"Date the boys in the group?"

Honey sounded surprised as she said it. Then she threw back her head and roared with laughter.

"I never date them," she said when she stopped laughing. "I know them far too well for that."

That, of course, is the trouble with being the only girl working with a bunch of boys. You get to know them so well and they get to know you so well that pretty soon you become "One of the boys"—even if you are a gorgeous brunette.

Honey has been with The Honeycombs from the start. When Martin Murray, who, incidentally, went to the same school as Honey, decided to form a group, Honey was right in there with them. It didn't occur to anyone that having a girl drummer was a bit unusual.

"Of course," she says. "some people say I was put in the group just as a gimmick. It makes me so mad."

Not dating the three boys in the group (fourth mate Honeycomb John is, of course, Honey's brother) doesn't worry her a bit.

"It's nice the way we are all pals together."

"What's it like to tour around the country with four boys?" I asked curiously.

"Fab," she laughed. "We have a lot of fun. We're always joking around."

"But there must be disadvantages."

I was beginning to get a bit jealous, you see. Not even one boy has ever suggested that he'd like to tour the country with me.

Honey shook her head vigorously.

"Oh, no. Or at least, if there are, I haven't come across them yet."

She sipped at her Coke, then looked up.

"On second thoughts—yes, there is. A disadvantage, I mean. Just one so far. When we're booked in at a theatre as The Honeycombs, theatre managements naturally assume that we're an all boy group, so they never think of providing a separate dressing room for me. I usually end up changing in the ladies room or in a boiler room tucked under the stage somewhere."

She grinned.

"It's a bit of a laugh really, because sometimes the space I have to change in is so tiny I can't even turn round."

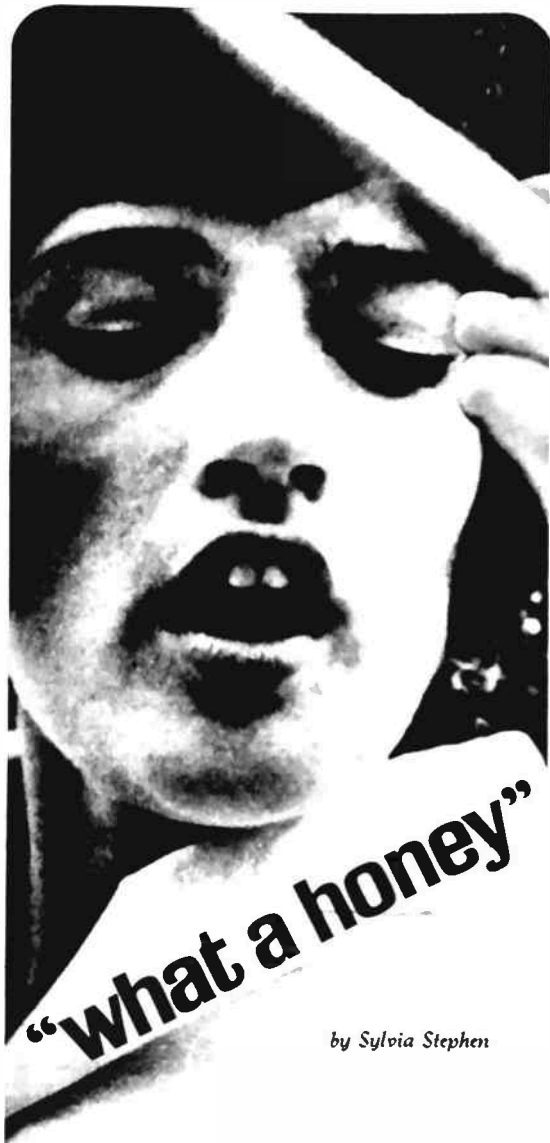
Honey naturally doesn't get much time for dating now. When she's not on stage, she's recording; when she's not recording, she's being interviewed or photographed; when she's not being interviewed or photographed, she's travelling to the next theatre or dance hall. But when she does get a chance to date, she likes to go dancing or ten pin bowling.

"Ten pin bowling's good fun," she said, adding with a smile, "especially if you forget to let go of the ball before you bowl it."

I asked if she doesn't sometimes wish she could wear a nice, frilly, feminine dress on stage instead of the slacks she does wear, and she said, "Oh, no I really like wearing trousers, but they must be very well tailored. Anyway, it'd be a bit awkward to play drums in a dress."

Honey was wearing slacks the day she called in at the FAB office, beautifully cut blue ones, which showed that I have something else to be envious about—her figure. It's just about perfect.

Sell, at least she doesn't date The Honeycombs. I know I don't date The Honeycombs either, but you never know your luck. Do you?



"what a honey"

by Sylvia Stephen

Honey in action on the drums

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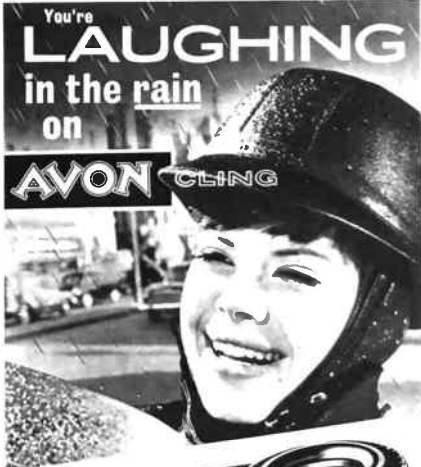
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TONY HALL'S LETTER BOX

with assistance
from MAUREEN



HI to you all! It's yours sincerely, Tony Hall here again, not forgetting Maureen, of course. Wow, what a week we've had sorting out all your letters. PHEW! But seriously, we're both knocked out to know you dig the idea of this new FABULOUS feature. So keep that mail rolling in!

One thing, before I forget: if you want a personal reply from Maureen or me, please, PLEASE, PLEASE enclose an S.A.E. (which means, of course, a stamped, addressed envelope).

Oh, and something else. I've currently got two Radio Luxembourg record shows (Fridays 7.15-7.30 and Saturdays 10.30-11) and we try to include as many requests as possible. So if you write in for one, don't forget to mention that you read FABULOUS. O.K.? Great! Now for some of the queries we've received.



Left to right:
Mike Welsh,
Afen Buck,
Lionel Morten
and Fritz Fryer.

● First, a couple about The Four Pennies. One's easily answered. That's from Anita Brooks of Aylesbury. She wants to know if the boys ever recorded their stage show-stopper, Roy Orbison's *Running Scared*. Yes, they did. Anita. On an EP. And the number to ask for is Philips BE 12561. Then there's a note from Val and Joyce of Chiswick, London 'begging' (honestly!) for information about The Pennies' road manager!

Well, Val and Joyce, his name is Mervin Blackburn and the boys call him Judd (Judd for short). I can quite understand your interest in him. 'Cos when I did a concert recently with the group at Great Yarmouth (in a circus ring, if you don't mind it), they were almost as tall as girls after Judd and Lionel and Fritz! Judd is twenty-two, 5 ft. 9 in. tall, chestnut-haired, has blue eyes and a load of freckles; and he's a former Twist champion! I asked him about girls and here's what he said: "Well, I love them, but I don't particularly want to go steady because I haven't got time and I don't want to settle down yet. I prefer to live for the moment and not ahead!" O.K., Val and Joyce, over to you!



Left to right:
Pete Quaife,
Ray Davies,
Dave Davies
and Micky Avery.

● Simply loads of queries about The Kinks. Let's take the one from Heather and Robert Taylor and Steven Watts from Sevenishime Manchester 19. About Dave and Ray Davies. Ray is the taller of the two—by 1 1/2 inches! They both have green eyes and dark brown hair. And they both go in for as much sport as possible. When they get time, I should say! Dave is particularly keen on horse riding, while Ray likes to go to the movies whenever he can. All The Kinks are keen swimmers and Pete Quaife digs flying, too.

WHO'S who this week



HERMAN'S HERMITES
Left to right: Barry Whitwam,
Karl Green, Herman, Keith Hopwood, Derek Leckanby.

One of The
Zombies'
favourite
pastimes is
fooling around.
Here they do just
that for Fiona
our FAB
photographer.



● The same readers (and umpteen others, too) want to know something about that other great group, The Zombies. Well, they come from St Albans and their names are Rod (Argent), Hugh (Grandy), Paul (Akinson), Chris (White) and Colin (Blunstone). They're pretty brassy boys by the way. Between them, they obtained more than 50 GPE passes! (Interesting how many of the really top group members—The Beatles, The Stones, etc.—really are intelligent and did well at school!)

The Zombies' hobbies are very varied. Rod (who composed *She's Not There* and played the marvellous piano solo on it) digs modern jazz. Hugh gets his kicks from driving cars and swimming. Paul and Chris like to relax and read, write and paint, while Colin goes in for sport. Dusty Springfield is one singer they all dig (me, too, I think she's just tremendous!) So is John Lennon (again, count me in).

Quickies

- (1) Janet Harris of Walsall wants to know if John Stokes of The Bachelors is married and how old he is.
- A Yes. Janet. John is married and he's twenty four years old.
- (2) Kate Campbell of London W4 asks about The Nashville Teens and their pet hats.
- A I asked lead singer Ian Burgess. Kate and his answer is girls, who smoke and engage in wild behaviour!
- (3) Jean Price and Sandra Burrow of Worcester ask: Is that Bob Rose Caspary TV commercial in the bin in the advert which says 'The Rolling Stones'?
- A Girls it's The Stones.

That's our lot for this week. Keep writing—our address is LETTER BOX, FABULOUS, Fleetway Publications, Fleetway House Farringdon Street, London EC4, and PLEASE don't forget a stamped, addressed envelope.

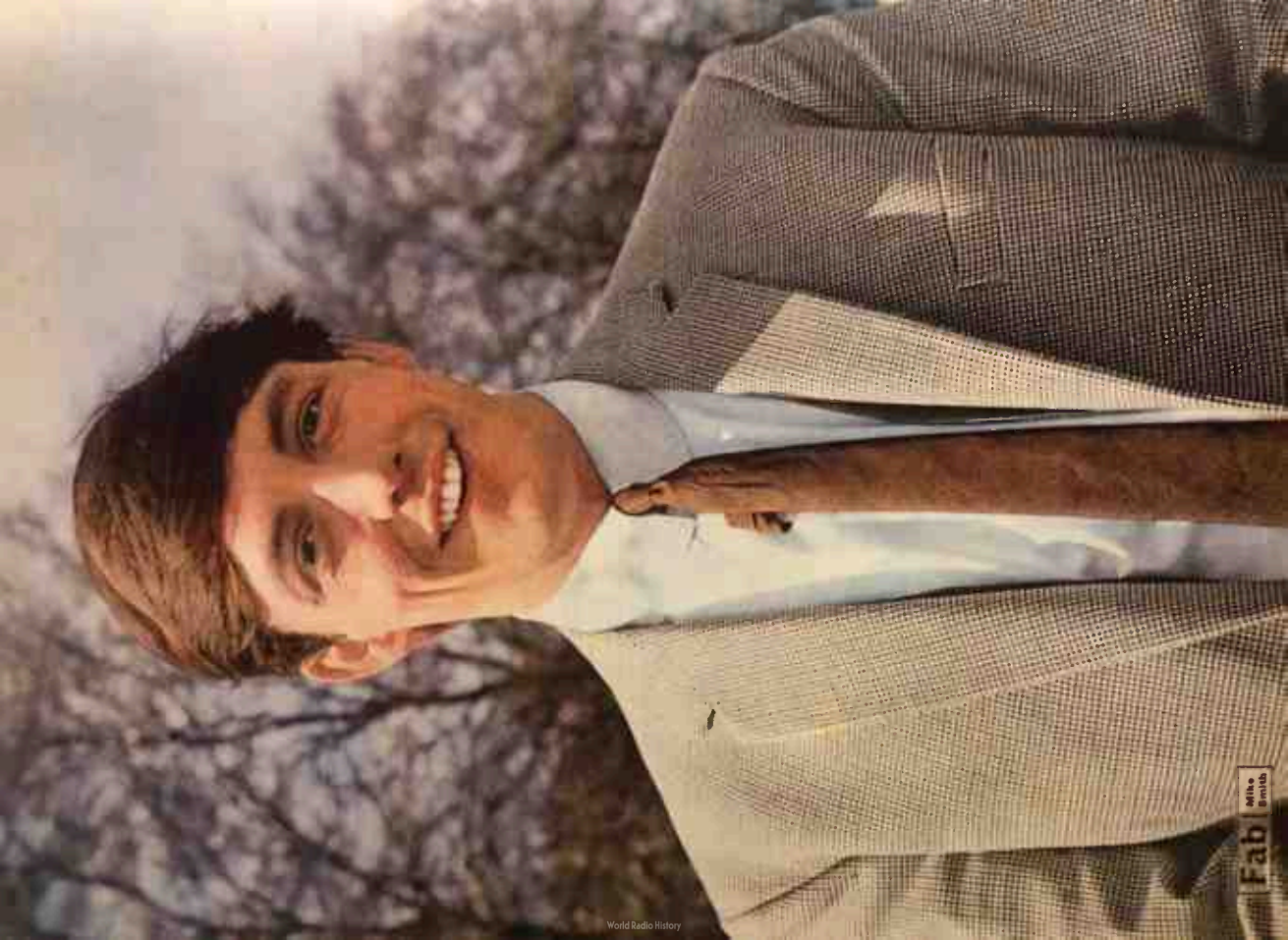
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