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6th JUNE 1964

Fabulous

AT THE LONDON PALLADIUM

11 KING SIZE FULL COLOUR PIN-UPS

BEATLES DUSTY CLIFF FREDDIE ETC



IT'S FAB

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

DAVE CLARK FIVE: as seen recently on Val Parnell's Sunday Night at the London Palladium	COVER
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STARGAZING WITH

JOHN LEYTON



Geminians have heart-felt sincerity. Brilliantly talented, this year could be one in which their star is at its brightest.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 21—Jan. 19). Accept more responsibility and you will have renewed confidence.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20—Feb. 18). Success likely in a small project. Sentimental interlude at the weekend.

PISCES (Feb. 19—Mar. 20). New interest in your leisure hours could help that taut, tired feeling.

ARIES (Mar. 21—April 20). Strengthen links with people close to you and don't be so self-indulgent.

TAURUS (April 21—May 20). Favourable time for attending to anything important in your home life.

GEMINI (May 21—June 20). Helpful week for the career minded. Things move more quickly than of late.

CANCER (June 21—July 20). Money outlook more cheerful. Insight gained into a difficult conflict.

LEO (July 21—Aug. 21). False sense of security. Don't adopt such a negative attitude to things.

VIRGO (Aug. 22—Sept. 22). Serene week—opportune time for taking stock of yourself and your plans.

LIBRA (Sept. 23—Oct. 22). Routine tasks irksome but don't rush things. Close your ears to gossip!

SCORPIO (Oct. 23—Nov. 22). Tense, personal problem eases, and the solution of a money worry near.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23—Dec. 20). Attend to important matters early in the week. Prospects generally, fine.

HEY THERE!

I suppose I must have been about eight years old (and I'm not telling you how long ago that was! Girl's privilege!) when I was first taken to the London Palladium.

And, golly, the magic of it! The plush, the red, the lights, the atmosphere, the terrific excitement when the curtain rolled up. It was a fab, fab evening and I've never forgotten it.

"That's it!" I said to myself. "That's for me. I'm going to be in show business."

There was only one drawback to this dream—no talent! I sing like a frog; and can't act.

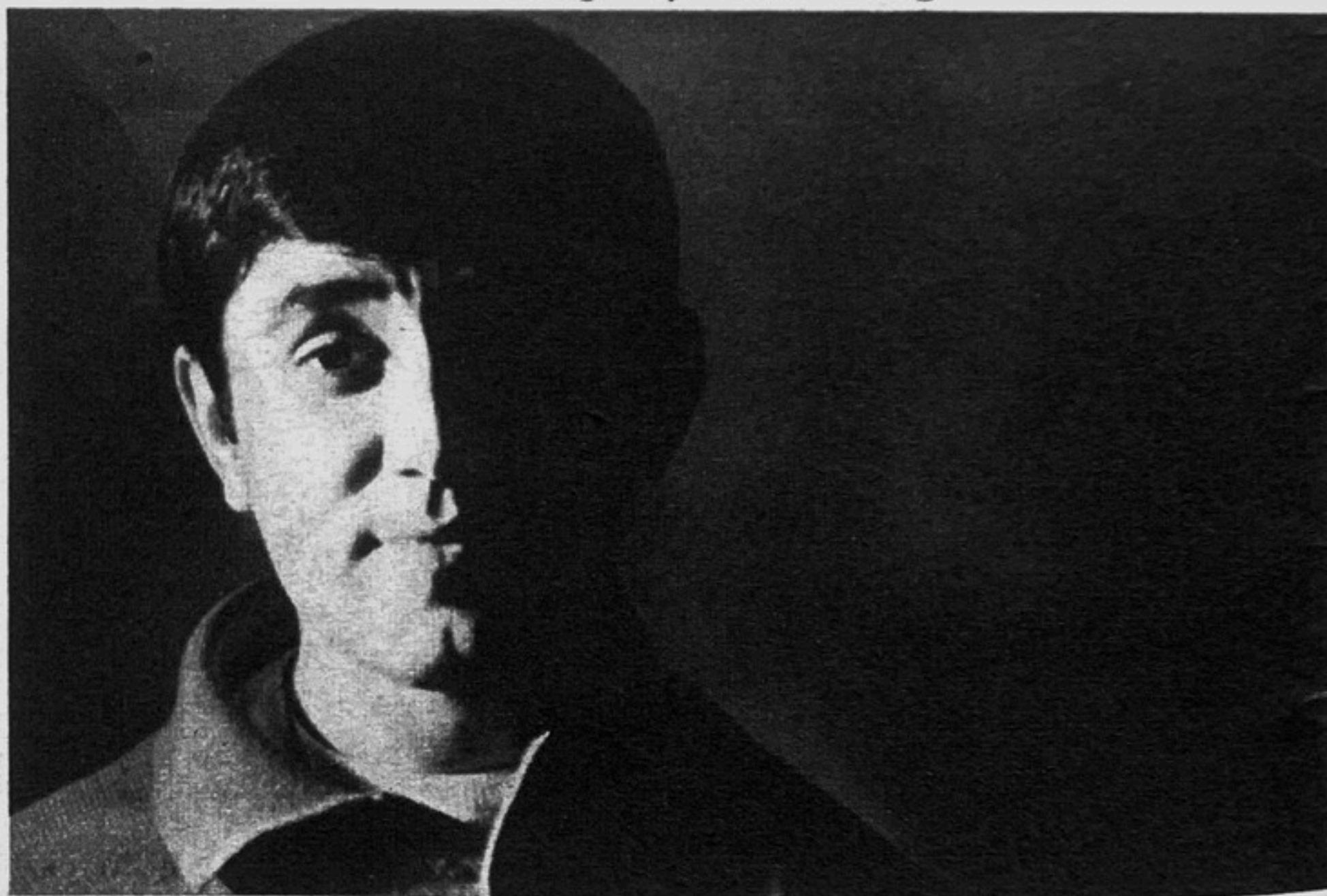
But I'm in show business in a kind of a way—editing FAB. And as most of the FAB Gang started off with the same dream of being famous on stage or screen or somewhere or other, we've all enjoyed preparing this London Palladium issue for you.

Here's hoping you all enjoy it, too....

THE EDITOR

Hi-fab!

Gossip By The Gang



"A funny thing happened to me on the way to the theatre," thinks Jimmy Tarbuck...

With twenty million people watching him, Jimmy Tarbuck's first Palladium show was a nightmare.

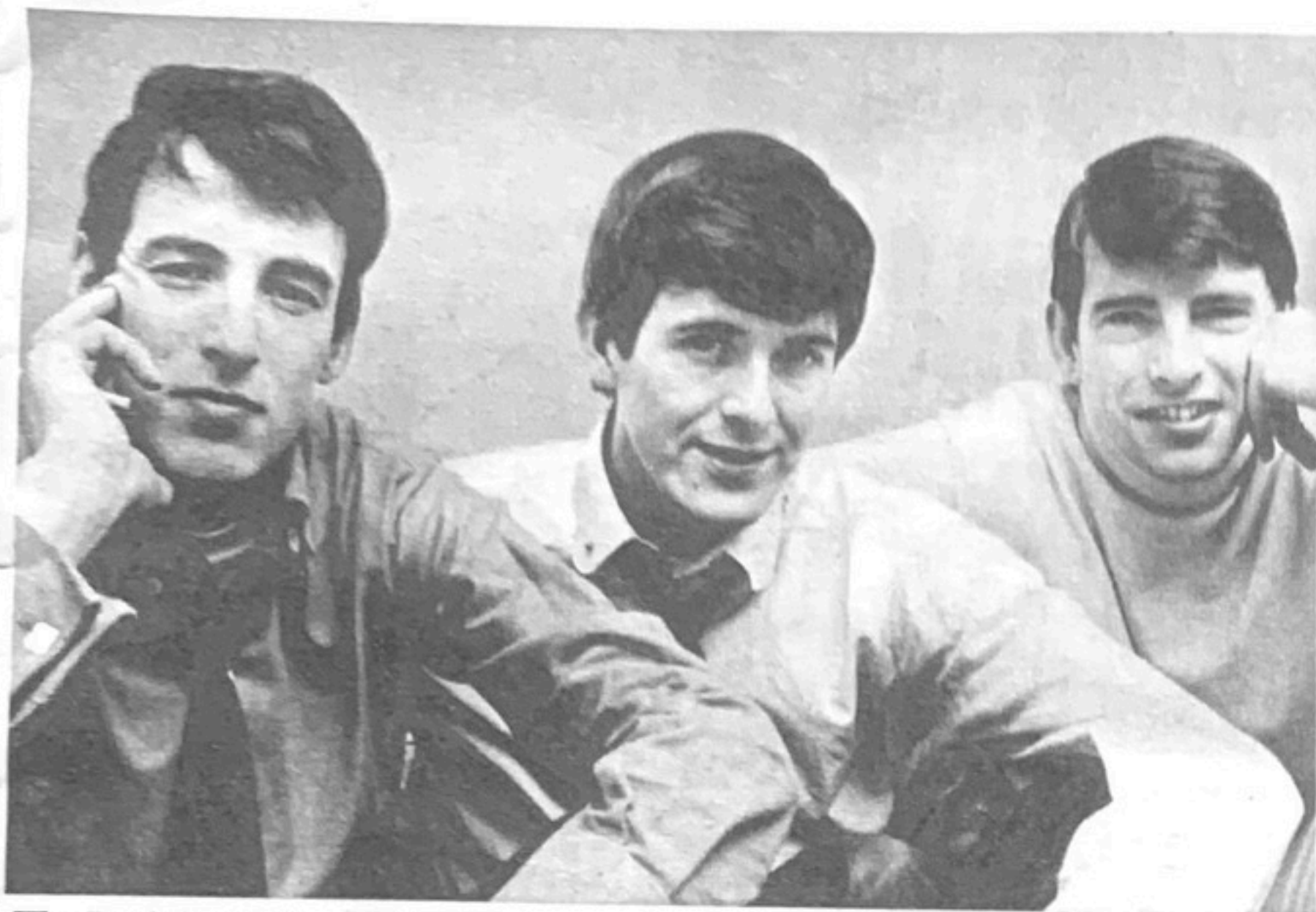
"I kept telling myself this was just the same as playing to those little Liverpool clubs," Jimmy told us, "but I wasn't kidding anyone. Still, I started gagging away, and it was soon OK."

Jimmy stands fair and square, looks you straight in the eyes when he talks, even though his shoulders stay hunched . . . and they're broad shoulders. His eyes twinkle just before he cracks a gag . . . and he's always cracking gags.

At one show in his early days an organised gang hurled abuse at the performers and Jimmy had to "master" the audience. He told the noise-

makers in the gallery to "Jump, please". Asked the shouting stalls to "Cut your throats, quietly". And won the battle!

FAB'S Carol says The Bachelors had to do some quick thinking when a big power cut affected the weekly Palladium show. They managed to close the first half of the show as originally planned, but in the second half Lena Home couldn't appear because, as the theatre was in total darkness, the orchestra couldn't be set up. Enter The Bachelors to do a gallant impromptu act that brought the roof down. Even the darkness was lifted with the aid of some hurricane lamps neatly planted round the stage. They let rip with some Irish oldies that, power strike, or no power strike, set the place a-light!



The Bachelors take a well earned rest. Appearing at the Palladium is hard work.

One of Bruce Forsyth's biggest fans is Dave Clark.

Dave told FAB: "When I knew we were actually to appear with him I was knocked out. I knew he was a fine drummer so I worked out an idea which included his taking over the drums. He was terrific. We had a real ball on that great stage."

Once Dave had an odd message sent to his Palladium dressing-room. It said: "The Dave Clark Five are here to see you." Dave flipped at this. But there were indeed five people waiting to greet him—the Mayor of Tottenham, Dave's home borough, his wife and three children. The Mayor's name? David Clark!

You can't keep Bruce Forsyth out of Palladium stories. When Bruce did his famous Beatles' impression on the show he had to wear John Lennon's trousers. George, Paul and Ringo's were too tight for him!

How to get The Beatles into the theatre is a big headache. Once they took two taxis, laid themselves flat on the floor and the cabs went to a little known side-street near the theatre. Out of the 'empty' taxis flew four famous figures!

James R. Coutts-Smith, better known as Jim, is the King Joker behind Beat

The Clock. The man who arranges and devises the games. But Jackpot time really *does* test the joker in Jim. One time viewers thought a particular jackpot, involving tennis balls, drums and a cymbal *really* impossible. Proof came in a charity event, when the same jackpot was won *eight* times.

Jim hasn't any idea who the contestants will be. They're picked just before the show starts. The only exception to this is when celebrities are chosen for charity purposes. Once, Harry Secombe and his wife tried their luck with goon-like results. Harry had to drive a small go-kart around the stage. When the massive Harry was lowered into the driver's seat it shuddered with the shock and refused to budge. Secombe shook with laughter... and so did everyone else. The little go-kart shook, too.

The original compère of Sunday Night at the London Palladium was Tommy Trinder. His successors have included Dickie Henderson, Bob Monkhouse, Hughie Green, Alfred Marks, Robert Morley, Don Arrol, Roy Castle, Norman Vaughan, Arthur Haynes, Des O'Connor and, of course, Bruce Forsyth.

I'm sure they'd be the first to admit that the man who never fails to hit the jackpot is Jim Smith.

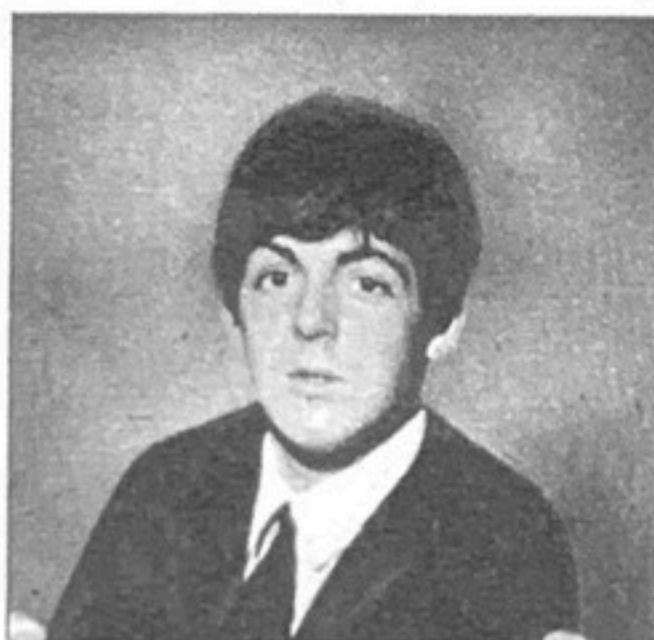
Dave Clark's delight? To rattle out the big beat on those Glad All Over drums.



NEXTWEEK!

fabulous goes filming with the beatles

It really was A HARD DAY'S NIGHT but we made it—the inside, hilarious story of the actual film in the making... the STORY of the film in pix PLUS a Teledate on gorgeous GEORGE HARRISON... a FAB feature about the girls in THEIR lives and much, much more. It's worth getting up early for FAB. But for the FAB FOUR better get up at the crack of dawn! And don't say we didn't warn you!



ON SALE
Monday 1 shilling

WE ARE BINGO! IT'S SNALP*

THE greatest show on earth . . . that's a good old showbiz label but it really does apply to Sunday Night At The London Palladium. The show that's watched by nearly twenty million people in Britain. *That's getting on for half the population!*

The top stars of the world have but one ambition—to top the bill at the Palladium. When you've done that you're made.

Jimmy Tarbuck made it on his first show. Now he's on his way to the big time. Something like that happened to two other unknowns only a few seasons ago. Bruce Forsyth and Norman Vaughan. Neither Bruce nor Norman were aware that Val Parnell was seeking a compère for Beat The Clock but they got the job and are now stars in their own right.

Early on in his run as SNALP compère, Bruce Forsyth was kidding along a Beat The Clock contestant who was trying to jump the gun.

"Now, now I'M in charge!" yelled Bruce. Little did he know *that* would become a national catch-phrase.

Same with Norman Vaughan. His "It's dodgy!" said without thinking, caught on like wildfire. Later on he gagged "It's swinging!" accompanied by the thumbs-up sign. Then came "I've got a touch of the Frank Sinatras," both off-the-cuff cracks were soon on a million lips.

Putting SNALP on the home screens is one of the trickiest operations in television. Behind that one hour of slick, smooth-running show are hours of thought and preparation.

To the TV technical boys SNALP is just like a football match. All their gear has to be moved in and out of the theatre in one day. And oddest thing of all, the director, currently John Scofield, has to work hidden away in a big truck parked outside the stage-door. That truck is a mobile TV control room from which John does those lightning switches from camera to camera. His sound engineers make sure you get the sound of The Beatles or The Dave Clark Five the way you like it.

The sound boys now have a special truck of their own to handle the great "Group" sound.

But before that magic moment when John, at his control panel, says: "Okay, stand by everyone. We're going ahead in ten seconds, starting now . . ." he has to spend the entire day in the theatre stalls, jumping up on stage from time to time, attending to a million details.

He will also disappear to the dressing-rooms to make sure his stars are happy.

It was Val Parnell who started the Palladium tradition of having gold-plated name-plates on the dressing room door of A Suite, the top star dressing room. When the star leaves the show he or she takes their name-plate away as a souvenir. Of course this only applies to the resident show stars who appear weekly. On Sundays the star of the TV bill occupies the A Suite for the day. He or she will often find a message for them from the "permanent" resident.

The list is endless—Frank Ifield left a good luck note for Cliff Richard. Harry Secombe, Frankie Vaughan are other resident stars to do this.

Drama hits SNALP no matter how well organised the show is—one time Cliff Richard came to rehearsal, minus a voice. All he had was a croak. So producer Albert Lock had to break a programme rule—no miming. By dint of much gargling and cough sweets poor Cliff managed to sing his opening song and his closing one, aided by extra boosts from the mike. The middle two numbers he mimed, with The Shads backing.

Jazzman Dave Brubeck will never forget his SNALP appearance. On that Sunday he was booked to play two concerts at a London Cinema. By a miracle of organisation he managed to arrive from Manchester at the Palladium, do a brief run through with SNALP, his afternoon show at the Cinema, a full rehearsal at SNALP, the show proper on TV, then his night show at the Cinema!

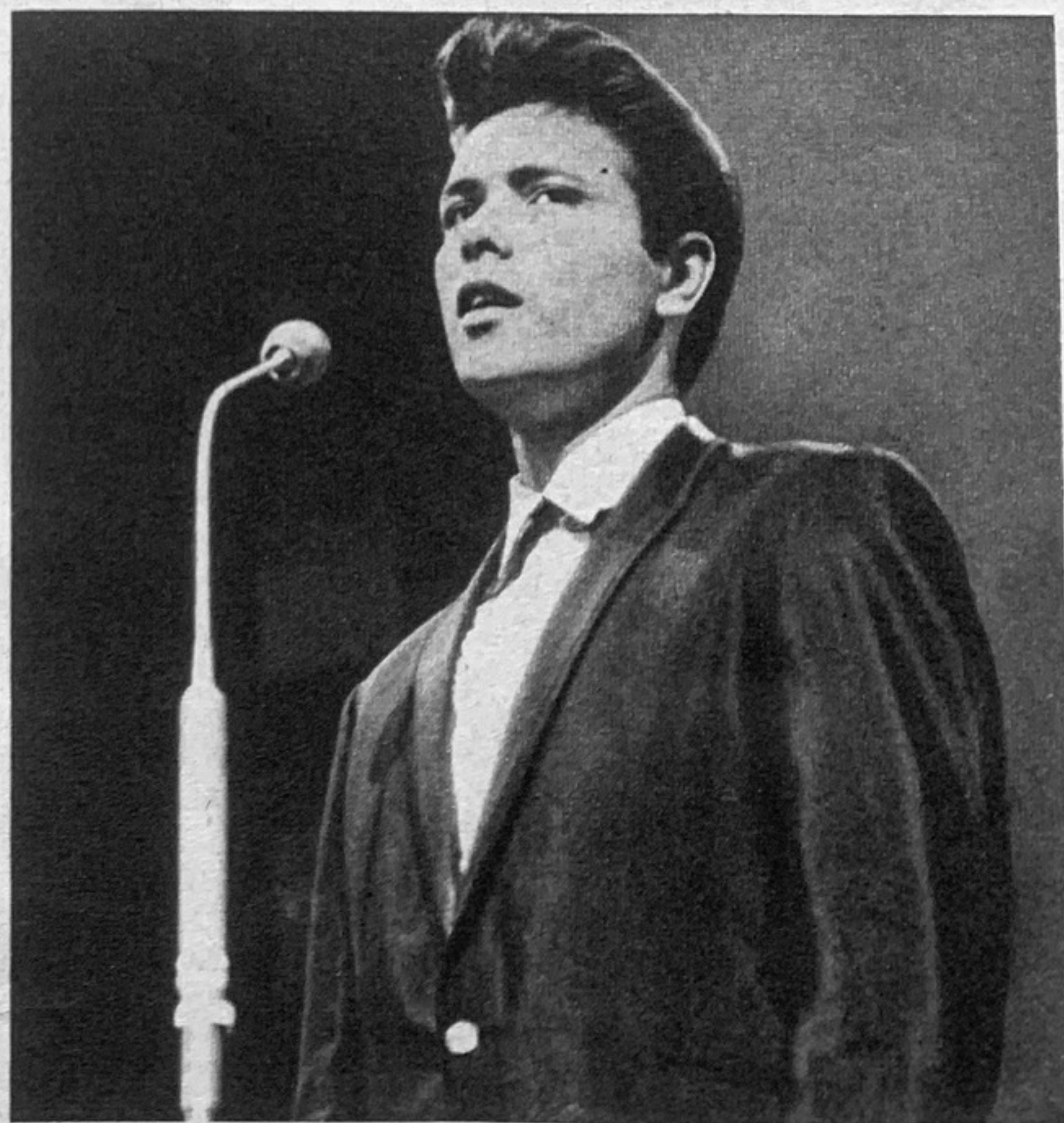
But whatever the crisis SNALP is the Show of Shows. **SHIRLEY LONG**



L to r: Billy de Wolfe, Bruce Forsyth, Charles Henry (Associate Producer), Patsy Ann Noble and Frank Ifield get together before the show.



Cliff with two lucky gals. Constantly is the word for his appearances at the Palladium. Looks as if he means every word he says (sings), too!



Cliff on his own, as the fans love to see him, sincere, unaffected and with that "I'm singing this just for you, honey," look. HMMMMM!

* SUNDAY NIGHT AT THE LONDON PALLADIUM





Freddie Garrity talks to some of the reasons why stars like appearing at the Palladium—the dancers. They're among the best and prettiest in show business.



Freddie and the man who's seen 'em all—George Cooper, stage-door keeper at the Palladium.

GEORGE COOPER stage-door keeper at the Palladium says...

**IT'S
BOUND TO
BE RIGHT
ON THE
NIGHT**

Wish we'd heard that one! Freddie and Bruce Forsyth obviously share the same sense of humour.



HE'S bespectacled, with greying hair, a wide-welcoming smile and blessed with a photographic memory of faces. His office is a tiny box, the walls covered with key-rings. The black telephone on an untidy message-strewn desk never stops ringing.

And the man concerned, George Cooper, is the envy of millions—millions who don't even know his name!

For he's the stage-door keeper at the STARpendous London Palladium.

Over the years, he says, he's "seen 'em all". Got to know most of the song-sensations. From little Frankie Lymon, thirteen-year-old coloured kid, who paced the corridors nervously pulling at a huge black cigar. To The Beatles, whose visit triggered off the most frightening riot scenes even George can remember.

Says George: "My job is to see there's no trouble at the stage-door. I welcome the artistes. I help them when I can. And I keep out backstage visitors, who shouldn't be there. You see life from my little office, all right. Some of it is tragic. But most of it is happy..."

"I can see everybody that goes in and out of the stage-door. But the star who really gives me trouble is Freddie Garrity. All I can ever see of him flying past is a mop of black curly hair. In spite of being a natural comic he's one of the biggest worriers in the business. Also one of the nicest boys in the business."

JOHNIE RAY, some ten years ago, caused the first grey hairs to push through on George's head.

"He had the most devoted fans. Opening night—he was here for a season—they gathered from dawn until midnight. Johnnie really looked shaken after being hustled through the crowds.

"And afterwards, when he'd finished his shows, he decided to go up on the Palladium roof and give the crowds outside a song. The roar that went up—it was like when they score the winning goal at a Cup Final. A shy bloke, Johnnie. But what a difference when he stepped on a stage.

"Sounds incredible, but two of his fans hired a car to follow him wherever he went. They'd saved all their money for a year, quit their jobs and had a chauffeur drive them everywhere that Johnnie went."

George paused for a few seconds. Then shook his head in wonderment.

"But those Beatles' fans! Thousands of them. I honestly thought I'd have to call out the fire brigade... otherwise the show wouldn't ever start. When the boys did peep outside for a photographer, I thought the place was going to cave in.

"The little I did see of The Beatles—well, they seemed very nice. But they had to leave by special secret exits. The only time they passed my office, they were whisked by in a split-second."

Some of the fans surprise George. He said: "One girl called to say she was engaged to Cliff Richard. Well, of course, we'd all heard a lot of ruses to get backstage—and this one obviously had to be checked very carefully. Cliff was baffled by it. It turned out the girl had actually put up the banns at her local church. Of course, it was incorrect.

"I get a lot of telephone calls which are obviously phoney. Like when I had one from someone wanting to speak to Adam Faith. She said she was calling from Germany... but the trouble was I heard the pennies drop into the coin-box before she started speaking! Helen Shapiro, too, seems to get a lot of telephone callers—but she's very good and doesn't mind speaking to the fans!

THE troubles? Well, I felt sorry for young Bobby Vee after one television show from the Palladium. For some reason he felt he hadn't done himself justice on the programme. Everybody tried to cheer him up... but it made me feel quite miserable.

"And EVERY artiste gets nervous before walking on to that sloping Palladium stage. It should be the greatest moment in a star's career. But it can so easily mean failure. Funnily, the youngest of all the bill-toppers was the least nervy. He was Sugar Chile Robinson, an eleven-year-old boogie-woogie pianist who had several hit records. Before his show, he was lying on the dressing-room floor playing with his model trains... with Palladium boss Val Parnell!

"Course I hope to have many more years in this job," said George, "so I have to be careful what I say about the stars. But among the biggest favourites with us all back-stage are Frankie Vaughan, Harry Secombe and Bruce Forsyth."

"But I'd love to see Elvis Presley star at the Palladium. I reckon the fans would give him a tremendous welcome.

"And I would also like to see *Sunday Night At The Palladium* on TV... just once! Instead, I'm always stuck here in my little office. The office from where I can honestly say I've seen 'em all!"



Fab | Freddie and
The Dreamers

fab beats the clock

Face to Face

60 seconds allowed.

Sheena claims Gary Brooker and she won in 8 seconds. Unfortunately, there were no witnesses around. We're still trying to check this!

Blindfolds and Kisses

60 seconds allowed.

Sylvia and Diz Derrick took 15 seconds for this game. But who needs a major prize when they can get a kiss from Diz?

Tennis Rackets and Balloons

55 seconds allowed.

Carol and Barrie Wilson didn't beat the clock. But they got some great ideas on how to get rid of an old tea-set.

Flippers and Balloons

55 seconds allowed.

June and Rob Trower managed this one in 43 seconds. They would have finished quicker, but the gang put pins in the end of the flippers!

The gang thought it was great when the Ed. suggested they played Beat The Clock games with those FAB Paramounts. They all had new hair-styles and put on their prettiest dresses. But when the *Beat The Clock Book* by Jim Smith (from the Game devised by Mark Godson and Bill Todman) was produced they all screamed: "We can't do THAT. Our HAIR!" Still it was all in a good cause, like the book (price 2s. 6d.)—the profits of which go to OXFAM.



"Playing Beat The Clock Games is easy," said the Ed. But she had the book giving all the answers! Still it was nice standing back to back with Gary Brooker of The Paramounts.

The idea was to twist round with the balloon till we were face to face. Easy does it!

FABULOUS BEATS THE CLOCK F



Diz Derrick, the tallest Paramount, got stuck with me, Shrimp Sylvia. We had to walk between ropes and tin cups without touching the cups. Oh, they blindfolded us, of course.

We did it in 15 seconds flat—pretty good. And I got a kiss from Diz as a reward.

FABULOUS BEATS THE CLOCK F



Carol here—Barrie Wilson and I played balancing cups on one tennis racket and bouncing a balloon on the other. I mean, what else is there to do with tennis rackets?

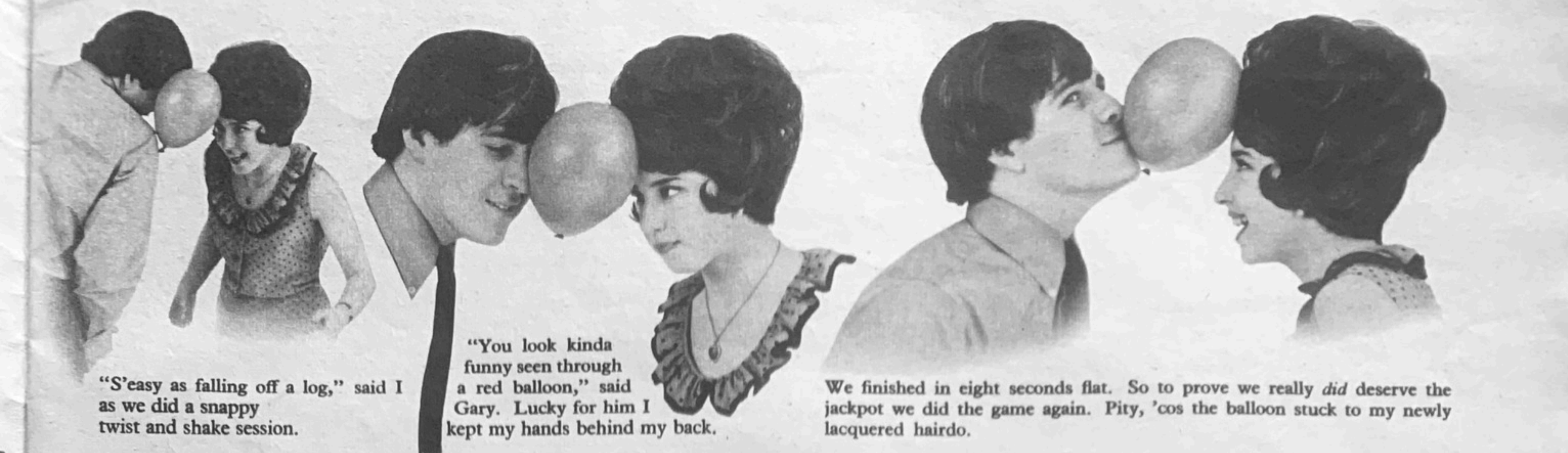
Dead simple. Why all the fuss ... ten seconds down and five to go and we'll have a prize.

FABULOUS BEATS THE CLOCK F



I think Rob Trower got stuck with me because I was the best balloon blower and he was the only one who could get his boots off and become flipperised. (Probably because he was wearing shoes at the time.)

Throw a score of balloons at Rob, and tell him to flip them into the box, they said. No hands. Whaddayamean ... Cheating?



"S'easy as falling off a log," said I as we did a snappy twist and shake session.

"You look kinda funny seen through a red balloon," said Gary. Lucky for him I kept my hands behind my back.

We finished in eight seconds flat. So to prove we really *did* deserve the jackpot we did the game again. Pity, 'cos the balloon stuck to my newly lacquered hairdo.

FABULOUS BEATS THE CLOCK FABULOUS BEATS THE CLOCK



"That was a fluke," the FAB gang said. "Do it again." So we did. Only this time, unknown to us, they'd taken away the cups. They would.

This time we beat the clock even more easily—but we wondered why everyone was giggling.

We found out when we took off our blindfolds and saw those cups—not there. "Oh FAB!" Diz said, and they were my sentiments exactly. Our prize? A record of Keith singing Twist and Shout. We threw it at him.

FABULOUS BEATS THE CLOCK FABULOUS BEATS THE CLOCK



I was in a fool's paradise, wasn't I? Stop the clock—we'll start again.

All that's needed is a sense of balance. Anyone got a spare sense of balance?

Five hours later . . . we may not have beaten the clock . . . but we got a consolation prize. A bill for the broken cups and saucers.

FABULOUS BEATS THE CLOCK FABULOUS BEATS THE CLOCK



Rob positively flipped when he got the first one in. Or perhaps he was just day-dreaming about the Folies Bergère.

No wonder it took us 43 seconds to beat the whatsit. I got all flipperflumoxed, and Rob got all boxed-up. But we sank the last one with two seconds to spare and collected a major prize . . . a day out with the FAB gang. We declined. Of course.



Fab | Frankie Vaughan

Wotcher, matie. What took you so long? Bin reading the Beatles Book. Wot Beatles Book? The Fabulous one with all those way out pix. In colour? Yeah, FAB colour, natch. How much? Only 2/6! And there's twenty-four pages of it. Lemme look. Buy one yourself, matie! Will do. BETTER HURRY, THEY'RE SELLING OUT FAST! See ya.



* The Best of The Beatles from FABULOUS. A wonderful collection of all the greatest colour pictures of THE FANTASTIC FOUR printed on super paper. Price 2s. 6d. On sale now. Get your copy now! It's selling out fast.

IN RECORDTIME

DAVE CLARK is taking out a very heavy insurance on his drum kit. There have already been three attempts to steal it from his Lansdowne recording studios. The police thwarted the two previous attempts but recently Dave lost £3,000 of amplifiers and kit, including his favourite set of drums with which he made his new hit, *Can't You See That She's Mine* (Columbia).

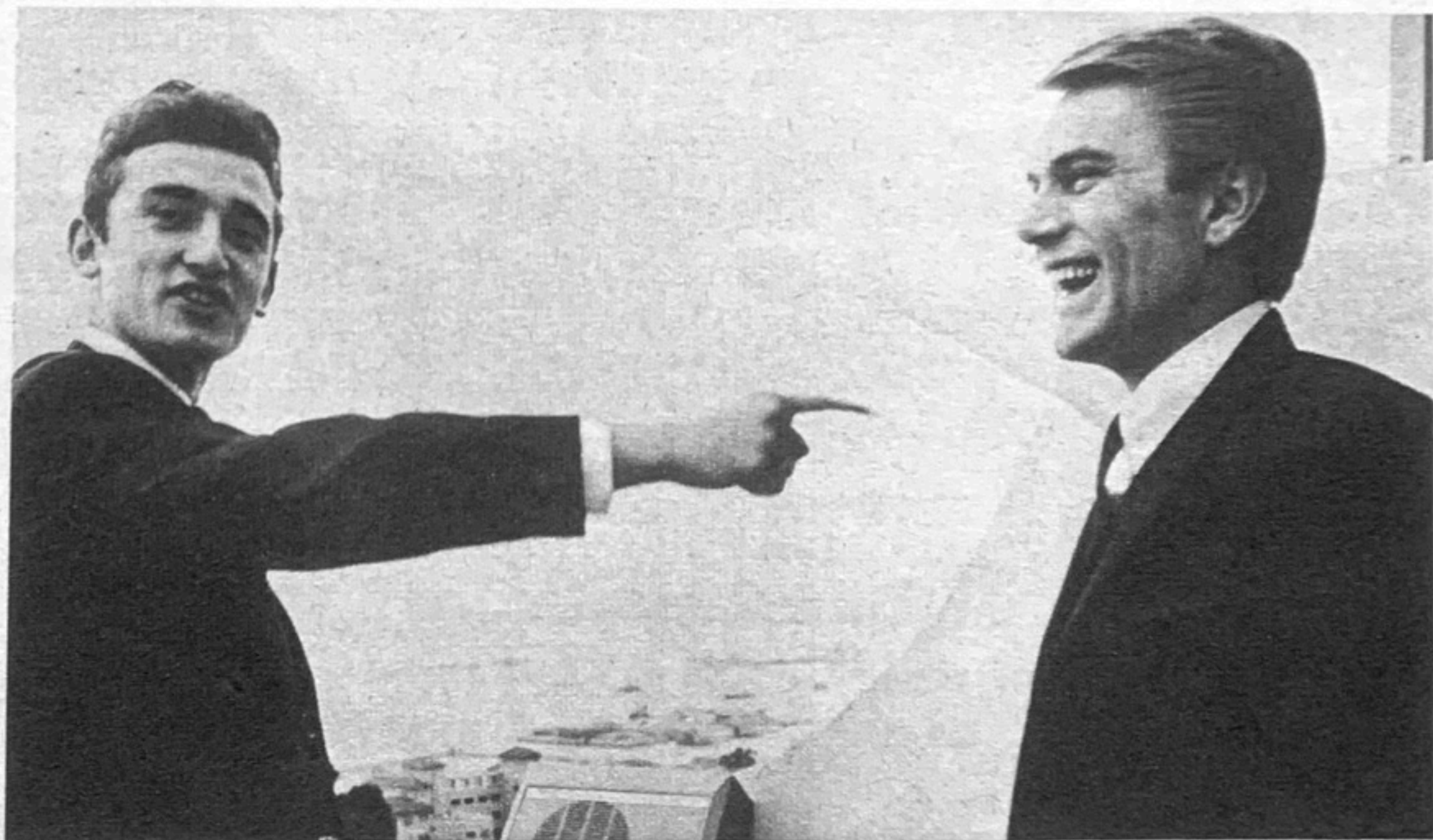
"They left a message written in matches saying that they needed the kit more than me," explained Dave grimly. "I hope I never find them to tell them how much I needed it."

-Dave plays a boxer in his new film!

First blue beat number in the charts was by **Ezz Rico and The Launchers** called *King Of Kings*. It got to around number 25 and dropped out, but *Please Come Back* (Columbia) looks like being a good Top Twenty bet.

Some say the ballads are taking over from the Mersey beat and with **The Merseybeats**, **The Four Pennies**, **Cliff**, **The Searchers** and **Peter and Gordon** all turning in slow, tuneful hits it may well happen. **Adam Faith** joins the soft and swinging society with his new number *I Love Being In Love With You* (Parlophone). Chris Andrews, who writes all Adam's new numbers, tells me he has been composing since the age of eight. He wrote this one at the age of twenty-one.

Seems to be a lot of rising and falling in the hit biz lately. With **The Shadows** *Rise And Fall Of Flingel Bunt*, *The Rise And Fall Of Love*, by **Johnny Mathis**



Keith with Adam Faith

and the epic film, *The Rise And Fall Of The Roman Empire* showing in London we now have *I Rise I Fall* (M.G.M.) by **Johnny Tillotson** to add to the list. I'm afraid this will fall by Top Twenty standards, but it's a nice song.

Best EP of the week is **The Everly Brothers** breakdown from their hit album *The Everly Brothers Sing Great Country And Western Hits* (Warner Bros.). Tracks are: *Oh, Lonesome Me*, *Send Me The Pillow You Dream On* and *I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry*.

LP for laughs is the new **Bob Newhart Faces Bob Newhart** (Warner Bros.).

The Migil Five have a strange claim to fame which no one seems to know about. They were discovered in a London pub by the clarinetist with **The Kenny Ball Band**, **Dave Jones**. Dave would sit in with the

boys on his evenings off and after a few sessions he realised that they were hit parade material. He mentioned them to Kenny's manager, Reg Tracey (now also their manager) who put them in touch with Pye records, who are Kenny's record company. The Migils seem to owe quite a lot to The Ball band one way or another, but that original blue beat treatment is all their own. Their new one is provisionally titled, *Near You* (Pye). Yes, it's the oldie with modern methods introduced. It's a great big ding!

The folk song craze is still on the increase in this country following TV shows like Hootenanny. An American group called **The Johnny Mann Singers** may well provide a chart entry with their version of the folk standard, *Cotton Fields* (Liberty).

KEITH ALTHAM



AUTOBRUSH Mascara

Fab spiral brush mascara. Gear for darkening and separating every single lash. 3/6 refills 2/-

New SUPERLASH Mascara

Cream mascara with fibres for lashes fab as fake ones! This way you use as much as you like for the greatest fake-lash look! 2/9 with spiral brush.

BRUSH-ON Mascara

Fab new spiral brush mascara, in a bottle pack. 2/9

DARKER LINER

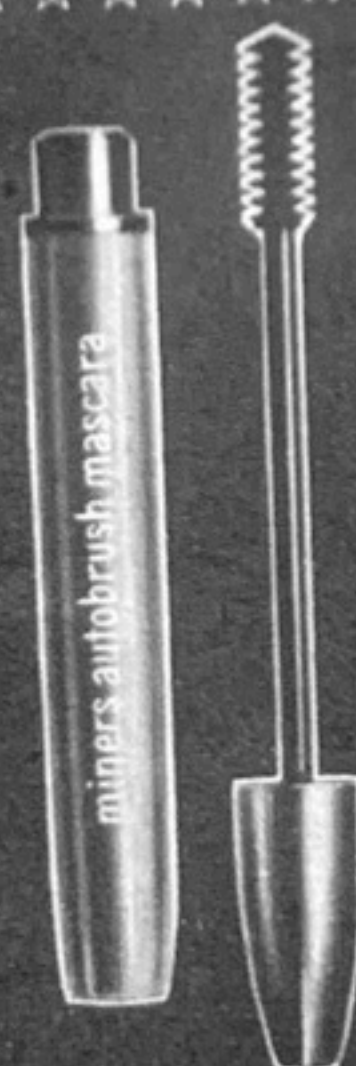
A liquid liner for the slickest, darkest line of all, 1/6. Separate Brush 1/6.

New POWDER SHADOW

Stays really matt for hours on end. Four light pastels, 1/6.

miners **m**

m LP* TAKE FIVE, EYE-WISE



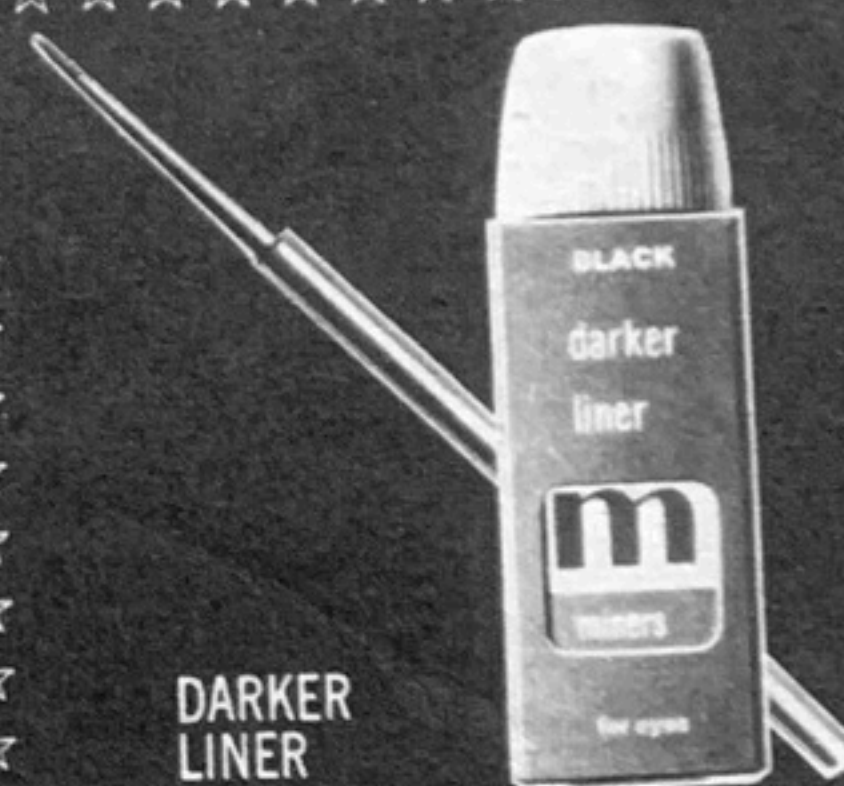
AUTOBRUSH MASCARA



BRUSH-ON MASCARA



NEW SUPERLASH MASCARA



DARKER LINER



NEW POWDER SHADOW

* **LUXEMBOURG PROGRAMME** 
'WORLD TOP POPS' WITH BRIAN MATTHEW
TUNE IN EVERY THURSDAY 9.30 TO 9.45 P.M.

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1550



FOREIGN INVASION

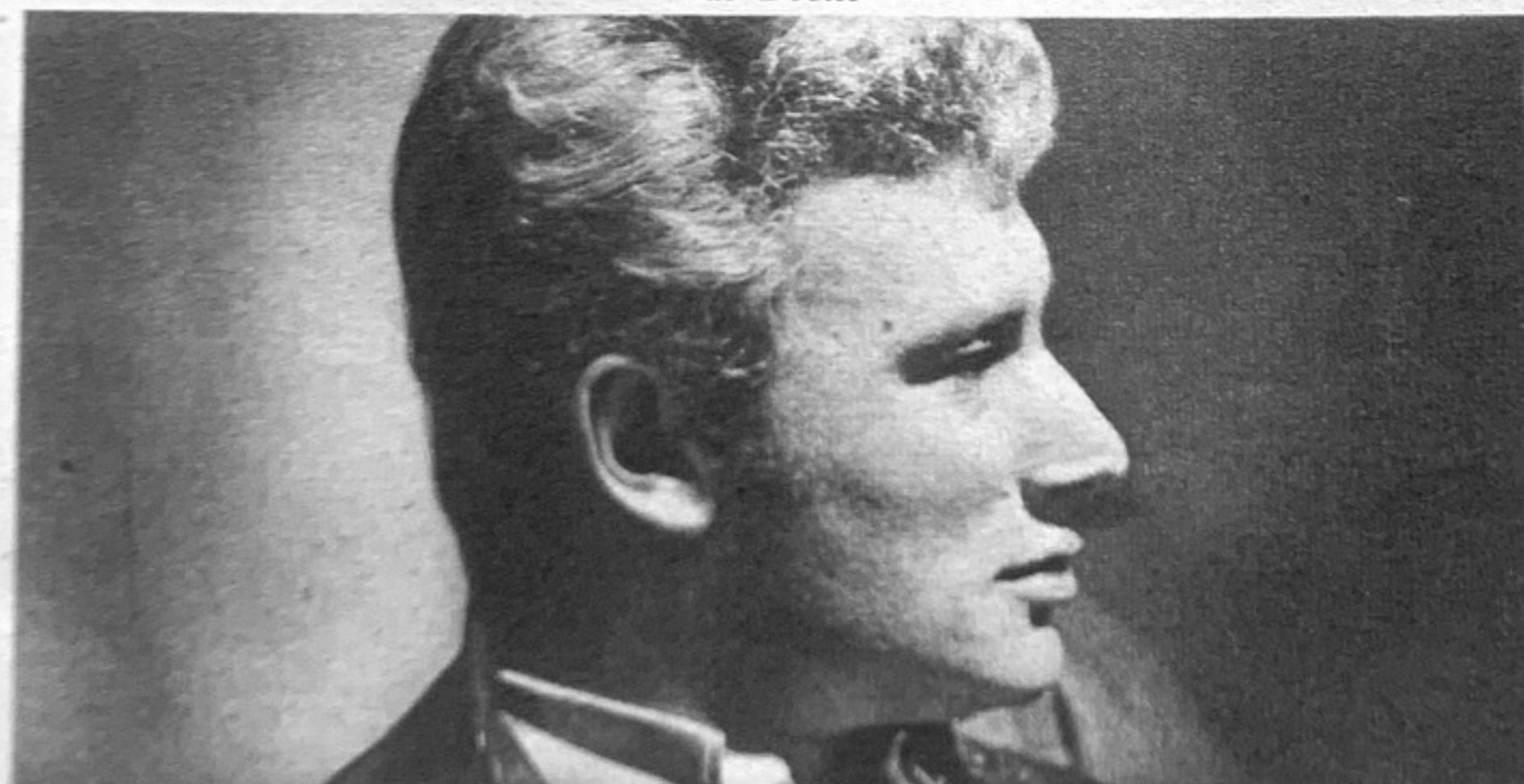


Bobby Vee

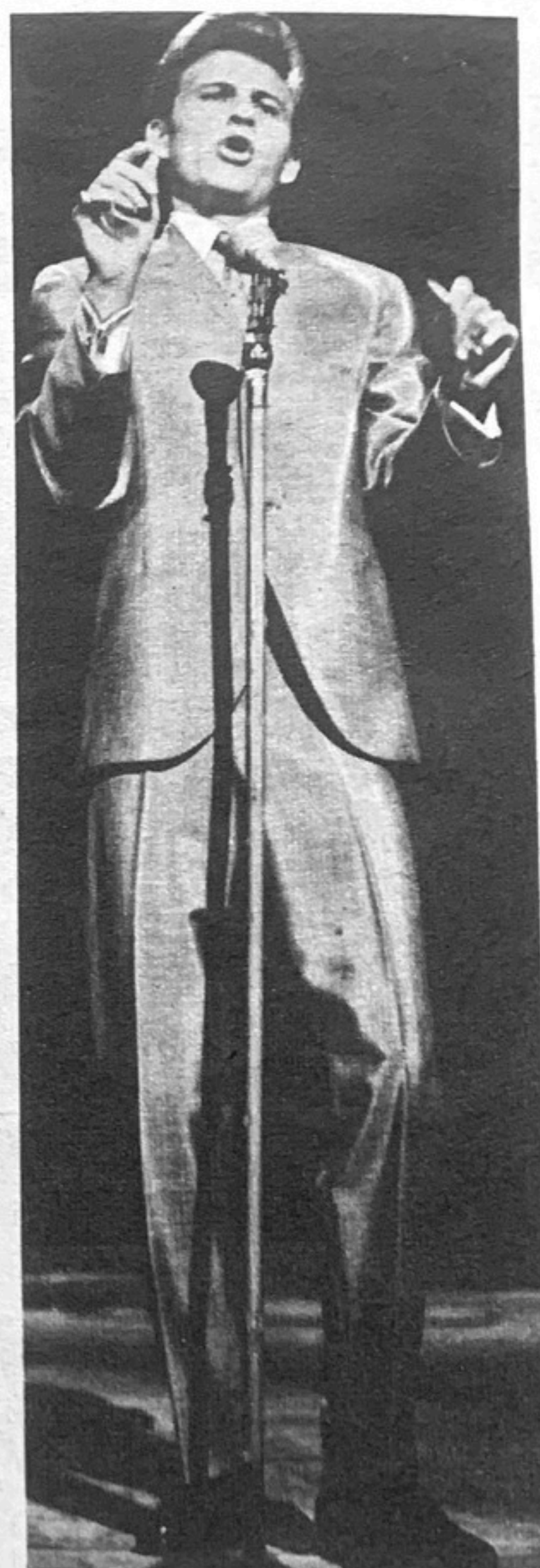
THEIR BIGGEST BREAK



Pat Boone



Johnny Hallyday



Bobby Rydell

IS WHEN THEY TOP THE BILL AT THE LONDON PALLADIUM

THE pearly white telephone, standing on a mahogany bookcase, suddenly erupted into a shrill "brrnnnggg-brrnnnggg." The sleek-haired, muscular young man lifted the receiver, listened a moment and then let out a cry of sheer joy.

Yet this young man was Johnny Hallyday, top-popster of France—a huge-success star, used to non-stop cheers and applause. So what caused this demonstration?

Simply that he'd heard he'd been booked to top the bill on the London Palladium TV show. And he'd flipped the way big stars all over the world do when they get the good news. It's a theatre with such a reputation that many top-liners SAY they'd play there for nothing. That's what they SAY, anyway!

It's regarded as being the biggest break, the biggest honour, they can have. Even if they've starred in the top spots and shows in their own countries.

Said Johnny, when he'd recovered his breath after just REMEMBERING the great moment: "I'd topped the bill at the Olympia in Paris many times. It was exciting . . . fine. But we all dream about the London Palladium. Once I'd got over the sheer joy of making it at last . . . then the nervousness set in. I started worrying about how I'd go down. Whether they'd like me. Whether they'd even understand me, there in London."

There were no masses of screaming fans for

Johnny in London. His reputation had yet to be established. But AFTERWARDS, after his session of rock 'n' rolling watched by around twenty million televiewers, he had shoals of fan-mail and many big-money offers to tour in Britain.

Frank Ifield, technically is an Englishman, born in Coventry. But to everybody he is an Australian—and it was "down under" that he made his name as a pop singer. But he says now: "All we Aussies felt the same. You could be the biggest star in the country back home, but the London Palladium was where we all aimed to go. I'd often lie awake at nights and just think about sitting in the star dressing-room at the theatre and waiting to go on."

"I've been there several times now—and done a long season at the theatre. But you still get an eerie thrill down the spine just walking through the corridors on to the stage."

The Americans, of course, form the bulk of the foreign invasion. Everybody who is anybody has been there. Johnnie Ray, Judy Garland, Nat King Cole, Billy Eckstine, right through to today's big popsters like Bobby Rydell, Bobby Darin and company.

Bobby Vee suffered complete anguish for the first few minutes of his act. He said: "Suddenly I realised just where I was—and what was expected of me. I got such a pounding in the ears, caused by sheer nerves, that I couldn't hear the orchestra."

And Bobby Rydell, who'd appeared at the famed Palace Theatre in New York when he was only seven

years old, admitted: "By the time I'd finished my first act at the Palladium, I couldn't even remember what songs I'd sung just a few minutes before."

Pat Boone has made several visits. And a friend of his is Elvis Presley, who, of course, has never been to London. Says Pat: "First time I saw Elvis, some years back, I'd just finished the trip for the Palladium. All he could talk to me about was the theatre—and whether it was as fabulous as everybody had told him."

"Well, it's difficult to talk about atmosphere. It's something you feel. But I guess Elvis wound up with a very good idea of how much appearing at the Palladium had meant to me."

Why is this theatre-of-theatres so important? It's just a matter of reputation. While theatres elsewhere struggle on, the Palladium has become known as the top theatre-date because its reputation is built on such a starry background. Danny Kaye, for instance, became an overnight sensation at the Palladium. The world knows the London Palladium. The world's stars want to play there.

But while the world's top stars carry on the foreign invasion of the theatre in Argyll Street, just off Oxford Street, in London's West End, one fantastic thing stands out.

No matter how big the visiting "names", none of 'em ever got a bigger reception inside and outside the theatre than our own homegrown, fringe-fronted, fabulous Beatles!

PAUL FRY



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FASHION EDITOR GILL SAYS:

YOU'LL STOP THE SHOW

In your latest gad-about gear. Take out three slick chicks here with those marvellous Shadows—they're all wearing the Fabbest matching dresses and coats. They're the neatest and greatest out.

No guesses as to why the gals are in one big tizz-wazz—they've a night out at the London Palladium with four very dateable, handsome Shadows. Below left: White Rayon dress with pink, lemon or pale blue flowers to match its coat colour. By Shubette. Below right: Shifty dress in Shintwa with coat to match. Colours are pink, coral, blue or turq. Also by Shubette.



Say Hank . . . don't look now, but be warned. It's all part of the tender trap—and she's a very cute gal. In fact, she thinks you're the dreamiest, and she's so right, of course! Her whizz of a dress is in white linen weave with turq and white floral trimming. Other colours are red with red and white, or turq with turq and white. Dress and coat by Mansfield.



LESLIE A. MACDONNELL
PRESENTS

CHARLIE DRAKE

ROBERT NESBIT
SPACE AGE MU
TERMINATES
SATURDAY
APRIL 4

OPENING
APRIL 9
MAY 9

THE FABULOUS
LENA HORNE

THE
MAN
IN
THE
MOON



Birds of a fine feather flock together,
and you must admit, they look
very fine birds indeed! Just look how
they've got the boys all lined up!
Brian, John, Hank, Bruce, we love you all.
But natch! Ingrid's coat
and dress cost 7 gns. by Shubette.

This little bird's dressed for the kill, any
minute now she'll be stalking her
prey . . . boys, you're on sticky ground!
Helen's cool floral print dress looks
really lush with its matching coat in pink.
By Shubette 11 gns. No wonder
she's caught their eye, she's too startling.

A Fab bird this one, and real hip on her
gear too. Take a peek at that white
coat. It's too cool. And has she got a flair
for colour. Look at that turquoise
trimming against her flame gold hair.
Coat and dress combination linen-weave.
Simply the gear, by Mansfield, 14 gns.



Fab | **Care**
Richard



Funny. All the time you're a kid, you think what fun you'll have when you're grown up. Then one day, you're a teenager. Suddenly, it's all happening—and half the time you wish it weren't!

WELL, WHY? Why aren't you having the fun you should? What's it all about?

"I'm not a child any more..."

But you're not a grown woman yet, either. Your body is still developing—and the problems *that* can bring! Some you'll know about already because they're obvious—spots and acne, for instance. But others you may not have caught up with yet—for example, the problem of perspiration and B.O. (body odour).

Did you know...

that in your teens you perspire a whole lot more than at any other time in your life? And it's not just the energetic things like dancing that cause this. The truth is—teenagers can perspire just as much from purely emotional reasons. Honestly! Anything that makes you excited or nervous—like an important date, an interview for a job, an exam, an argument—can have you soaking wet in seconds.

And only you know how embarrassing that can be. Your make-up begins to shine and run... your hands go damp and sticky... your nylons cling uncomfortably to your

legs... and that tell-tale damp patch begins to show under the arms of your dress. And worst of all is knowing that with all this perspiration comes the risk of offensive B.O.

Face the facts

At your age you're going to perspire a lot, like it or not. But it doesn't have to get you down, because this is one problem you *can* deal with.

First, get it firmly into your head that the real danger spot is under the arms. Anywhere else, perspiration can immediately evaporate away. But under your arms it is trapped. In less than an hour that horrible odour will begin. And remember—you may not be aware of it yourself, but other people notice it right away!

For a teenager, there is only one answer to this problem. *Stop underarm perspiration altogether.* Adults, who do not perspire so much, may be able to get away with using a simple deodorant, which merely stops the odour without actually stopping the perspiration. But for teenagers, this just isn't enough.

Specially for teenagers—CHECK

CHECK is a range of deodorants specially made for the teenage

problem. Because each and every product in the range is not only a deodorant, but an anti-perspirant as well. That's to say, it actually prevents the perspiration from forming. So you have a double guarantee of personal freshness.



Beware the Old Wives' Tale...

that it is "bad for you" to stop underarm perspiration. This is just plain nonsense! Of course, your body must be allowed to perspire somewhere—but it doesn't *have* to be under the arms where the moisture is trapped and becomes so unpleasant. There is plenty more skin left where the perspiration can escape and evaporate away unnoticed!

So go ahead—choose the right CHECK for you

You see, fragrant CHECK comes in several forms... a spray, a stick and a roll-on. So whatever kind of perspiration problem you have, there's sure to be a CHECK that suits you and your skin perfectly. And the prices, too, are specially tailored to suit teenagers. The stick comes at 2/9, the spray at 3/6 and the long-lasting roll-on at 4/6.

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

There you are then. Make CHECK a part of your morning routine—and be sure of yourself right through the most crowded day.

Have fun!



NOW!
Lil-lets in
three sizes
choose
yours with
confidence



Lil-lets Plus—the size most women prefer 10 for 2/- 20 for 3/9

Lil-lets Super Plus—for maximum protection 10 for 2/3

Normal Lil-lets—for teenagers and women with lighter periods 10 for 1/9 20 for 3/3



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Simply fill in the coupon in ink and **BLOCK CAPITALS**, please, and send a crossed postal order or cheque for the correct amount to De Trevi, Shake Dress offer, 30 Hanway Street, London, W.1. Cheques and postal orders must be crossed and made payable to De Trevi. The closing date is June 29th, 1964. So **HURRY!**
If you do not wish to cut out this coupon from the magazine, simply make an exact copy, fill it in and then post it to De Trevi, Shake Dress offer, 30 Hanway Street, London, W.1.

DE Trevi THE TRENDSETTERS

WOW! It's a hit! Just by taking a long look at this shaking 'linen-look' dress you'll quickly see the reason why! First, its trim lines, styled boat neck and matching check buttons running the length of the dress send it right to the top of the pops! Then there's the short sleeved check 'linen-look' shirt that's an optional extra you won't want to miss out on! All this plus the big pointers that it's fully washable, crease-shedding and such an easy cut-out you can run the whole outfit up in no time at all!

And WOW!—the colours! Powder Blue, Pastel Pink, Turquoise, French Navy and Candy Pink (as illustrated). Great! Real fab colours you'll go for in a big way!

This wonderful offer at such an amazingly low price includes easy step-by-step fully illustrated sewing instructions, all necessary interfacings, and two zips. Plus free postage and packing. Closing date for this offer is June 29th, 1964, so send off now to be sure of your first colour choice.

SIZES AND PRICES

BUST	32	34	36	38	40
HIP	34	36	38	40	42
PRICE	21/-	23/6	23/6	26/-	26/-
PRICE WITH SHIRT	30/-	32/6	32/6	35/-	35/-

(We regret that we cannot supply shirt orders without the dress.)

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Please send me _____ Cut-Out packs. Bust size _____
 WITH SHIRT (Delete word 'SHIRT' if not required)
 I enclose P.O./Cheque value _____
 Colour choice: 1st _____
 2nd _____ 3rd _____
 Name _____
 Address _____

FAB.3

HIT PARADE ON TRIALS

The Palladium wouldn't be the same without 'em, says MARK DAY



IF the gals have a thin time of it in the Hit Parade, they're ever-welcome at the London Palladium. They come from all over the world to star at the famous theatre . . . and they provide some of the most off-beat stories once they get there.

Which is, after all, a woman's privilege!

Like the time Dusty Springfield made her solo debut at the theatre. The blonde bombshell, who'd left The Springfields' vocal group to make it on her own, turned up at the theatre in a flap.

On-stage, Bruce Forsyth was in the middle of a comedy routine which had him sitting on a chair, munching at a specially-imported ham sandwich. It was carefully rehearsed, though it looked as though he was making it up as he went along. . . .

He was, eventually, to introduce Dusty. But Dusty had wandered off with some friends, trying to kill those nervous tensions. And she'd forgotten about the business of having the make-up girls attend to her complexion.

Dusty was finally located. And the make-up girls powdered her face, as Dusty fair galloped along the corridors which lead to the Palladium stage.

A message from the producer was relayed to Bruce, still

sitting there on stage and trying to make his sandwich last out! "Keep munching, Bruce," roared the floor-manager through the curtains. Bruce kept munching.

And the rather short-sighted Dusty made her way on stage, behind the curtains. "Introduction!" yelled the floor-manager. Bruce came to the end of a very dodgy moment. He introduced Dusty . . . and, of course, Miss Springfield wowed the audience with a selection of three fine songs!

Always welcome at the Palladium is Alma Cogan. She'll turn up with a stack of dresses—and make her final selection shortly before the show is due to go out. Somehow she manages to pile them all into the not-so-big dressing rooms. But Alma also causes a big problem for the stage staff.

You see, the Palladium TV goes out in black and white. So the stage-hands get home to their wives later on—and have to give detailed reports on EXACTLY what sort of dresses, and in what colours, our Alma appeared.

Eartha Kitt! Now there is a fantastic sort of star. She emerged on stage, reclining on a couch, draped in furs, purring soft love-lyrics. The stage revolved. Momentarily, it caught Eartha off-guard . . . the speed was more than she expected. "Hold on," she said violently. "I get travel sick very easily. . . ."

The Palladium makes names. Names like Helen Shapiro. She was only a mere fifteen when she made her debut at the Palladium. She said: "I'd only been away from school a few months. As I went through the stage-door, I thought 'Oh, golly. Supposing I forgot my lines.' But everyone was so nice to me."

"I don't think I forgot a single word. But half-way through the act, I suddenly gulped . . . and thought about all those millions who were watching poor little old me!"

What about Susan Maughan, then? Susie turned up for her debut all a fluster. And she took along her pet poodle, called "Bobby" for obvious reasons. Said Susan: "On the way through to the stage, I suddenly had a mad moment when I thought I'd forget all about it and run for my life through the stage-door. But once I'd started singing, I forgot all about my fears. There's something very warm about the London Palladium."

Lena Horne starred at the Palladium and did so well that she was invited back to star again on the following Sunday evening. The first time this had happened to any artiste.

Girls? You name 'em, and the chances are that they'll have played the Palladium if they have any star rating at all. For Palladium audiences love them. Like little Brenda Lee. So young, so tiny, she looked only about twelve when she first appeared there. She was a big hit. Next time she's back—in September—she'll be appearing as Brenda Lee, pop-star, wife and mother.

Girls, girls, girls! No wonder people say that stage-door keeper George Cooper has the best job in the world!





Fab | Dusty Springfield

Eve Norman of North Shields writes: Can you give me any information on Buddy Holly, please?
 Buddy was born on 7th September, 1936 in Lubbock, U.S.A. His first musical instrument was a violin, which he soon traded in for a guitar. When he was fifteen he was singing in clubs accompanying himself on guitar. He was heard and signed up by Decca Records. On the personal side, Bud was 5 ft. 11 in. tall and weighed around 145 lb. He died on 3rd February, 1959 in an air crash near Madison City.

Maureen Hicks of Southend wants to know: Anything at all about that FAB Southend group, The Monotones.

Glad to help Maureen. The group formed in 1956 when they were a skiffle team. They met at Westcliff High School near Southend, where they passed twenty-one G.C.E.s between them. One of their recent records *What Would I Do/Is It Right* was written by Brian and Peter. Here's the line-up: **Brian Alexander** is the leader. He is twenty years old and is responsible for getting the group where they are today.

Jim Eaton is nineteen years old and is lead singer. He is a trainee teacher in Southend.

Peter Stanley is twenty years old and works in a City bank. He rates his hobbies as the group and driving his car.

Gary Nicholes aged nineteen, is drummer of the team. He works in the printing trade and likes collecting funny jokes.

Angela Hobbs of Canterbury asks: Can you tell me who wrote the great flip side of Don't Throw Your Love Away by The Searchers?

The song is called *I Pretend I'm With You*, and was written by that Fab Searcher, Chris Curtis.

Pauline Limes of Christchurch writes: Can you give me the fan club address of Peter Jay and The Jaywalkers, please?

Sure Pauline. You can write c/o 21 North Drive, Great Yarmouth, Norfolk. Be sure to enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

Ann Smith of Liverpool writes: I recently heard Tomorrow by The Comanches. Do you have any gen. on them, please?

Bobby Allen is twenty-one years old and is the eldest member of the group. He was born in Glamorganshire, but has been living in London since he was three years old. His likes include Chinese food.

Fred D'Albert is seventeen years old. He plays

Hi there! Thanks a million for all your letters. Please remember when you write to enclose a stamped addressed envelope. I love hearing from you, so if there's anything you'd like to know about your favourite star, just drop a line to

Carol's LETTER BOX



lead guitar. He likes having money and the company of females!

Geoff Moon is rhythm guitarist and was born eighteen years ago in Woking, Surrey. He dislikes alarm clocks and British weather . . . (hear-hear)

Ray Owen is bass guitarist was born in Croydon eighteen years ago. He likes reading Superman type comics and enjoys travelling.

George Holden is nineteen years old. He is drummer of the group. George was born in India, but came to live in England in 1952. He is a great admirer of Ray Charles and Brenda Lee.

Angela Boyd from Ireland writes: I just adore those great Druids. Can you tell me anything about them?

Brian Mixter was born in Chingford, Essex on 3rd August, 1947. He joined the group on leaving school (what a life!). He plays lead guitar.

Kenneth Griffiths is the group's rhythm guitarist. Born in Chingford on 7th March, 1946. One of his ambitions is to pilot his own aircraft.

Gearie Kenworthy was born in Scotland on 17th October, 1946, but he now lives in Ilford. He loves cats and has five as pets, "plus a few others wandering about!" Gearie plays bass guitar.

Jeffrey Kane is drummer of the group. He was born in Ilford on 3rd April, 1946. Jeff loves cars and is the group's van driver.

Stella Burns of Barnet wants to know: Anything at all about handsome Richard Anthony?

Richard is twenty-five years old. He originally wanted to become a lawyer, but to everyone's dismay he threw up his studies to concentrate on his singing career. Richard was born in Cairo, but fifteen years ago he moved to France. He has two children. Richard is a well-loved star in France, but now he is aiming at touring the world to collect more fans. He has certainly succeeded over here!

Paula House of Farnborough writes: Can I have the fan club address of Joe Brown, please?

Pleased to help, Paula. You can write to Joe, c/o Stan Laundon, 16, Soho Square, London, W.1.

Birthdays this week are:

James Darren 6th June. Billy Hatton 9th June.
 Howlin' Wolf 10th June. Joey Dee 11th June.
 Gordon Waller 4th June.

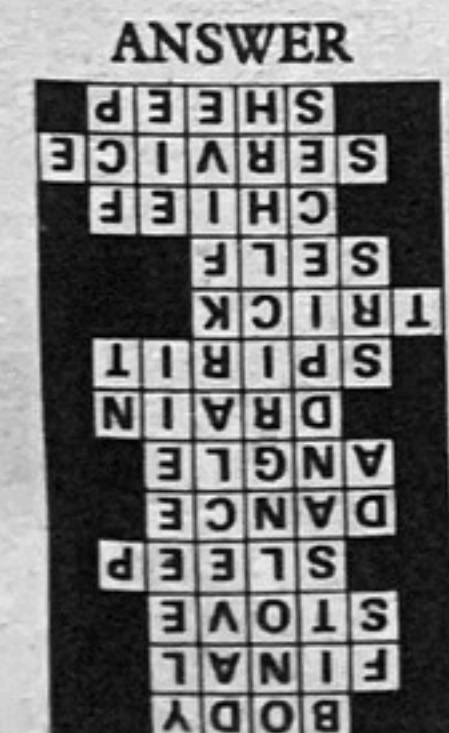
Many happy returns boys!

Write to: CAROL'S LETTER BOX, FABULOUS, FLEETWAY PUBLICATIONS, FLEETWAY HOUSE, FARRINGTON STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.

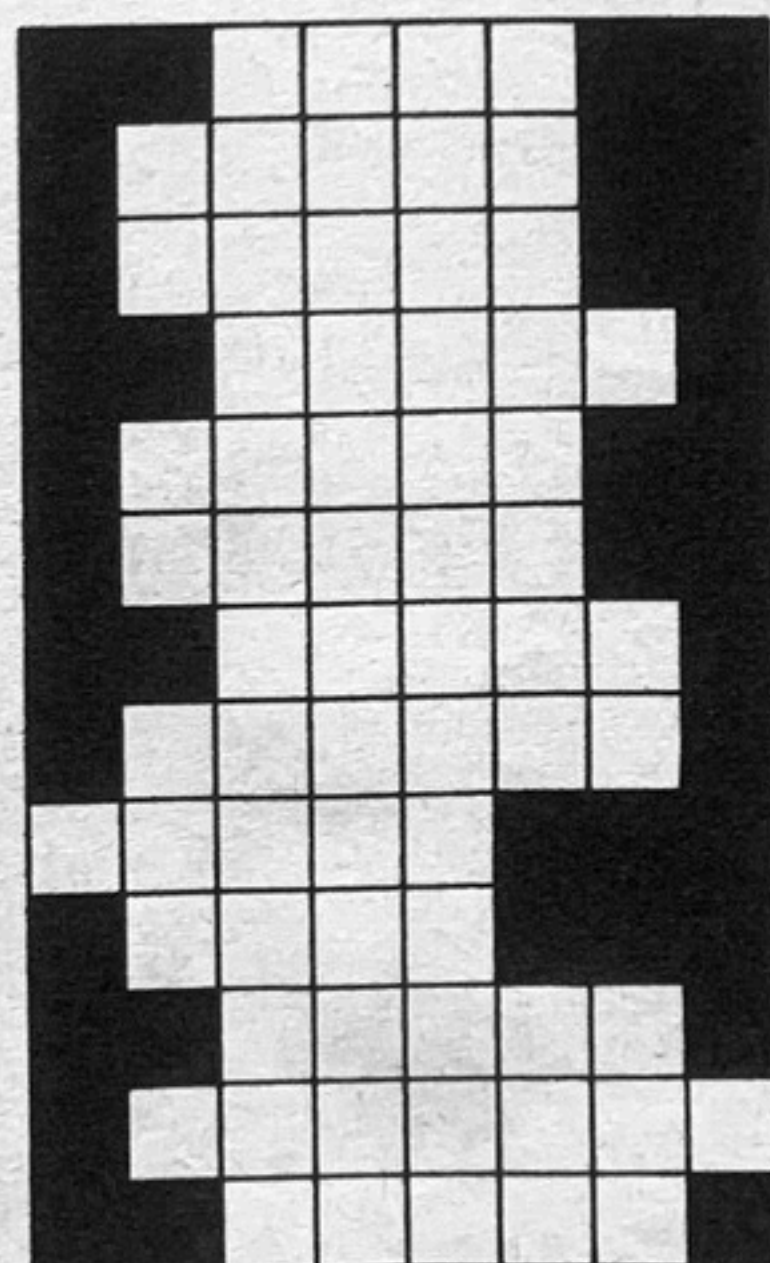
FABWORD

To solve the puzzle, simply complete the diagram with words such that each word can be added to the word printed on the left to form another word, well-known phrase or name. In the same way, if your word is placed in front of the word on its right, this will also make a well-known word, phrase or name.

For example, the first missing word is BODY which, when added to the words on the left and right, gives HEAVENLY BODY — BODY BUILDER.



Heavenly
 Cup
 Gas
 Beauty
 Square
 Right
 Brain
 Methylated
 Hat
 Your
 Indian
 Self
 Black



Builder
 Demand
 Pipe
 Walker
 Hall
 Iron
 Pipe
 Level
 Cyclist
 Conscious
 Justice
 Flat
 Dip

WHO'S WHO THIS WEEK



Left to right: Bernie Dwyer, Roy Crewsdon, Freddie, Derek Quinn and Peter Birrell.



Back left to right: Rick Huxley, Dave, Mike Smith. Front left to right: Denis Payton and Lenny Davison

