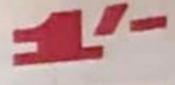


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18th APRIL 1964

Fabulous

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CLIFF BEATLES CILLA DAVE.C

EDITED BY GERRY





Fab | Helen Shapiro



Helen Shapiro



Cilla Black

BETWEEN you & me

Helen Shapiro talks to Cilla Black

Cilla Black was on tour with the Billy J. Kramer Show when her great pal Helen Shapiro called by. . . . So did our FAB reporter. But she couldn't get a word in edgeways. So she tried sideways and came back with this report. We can't tell whether Cilla interviewed Helen or vice-versa. . . . we only know that our FAB reporter had great fun reporting—what they said to each other!

CILLA: Touring with Billy J. is great. Helen, Gene Pitney is on the bill, too.
HELEN: Wait till you have to tour overseas, matie.

CILLA: I don't know whether to look forward to that or not. I worry about languages and the food. Things like that.

HELEN: I know how you feel. I felt funny about my first trip to Sweden. But everything worked out. Most Swedes speak pretty good English. It isn't so easy in France and Germany. But there are always English people who'll help you make yourself understood. I love German food. It's heavy but tasty. Really delish.

CILLA: I've got as far as liking Frankfurters. Will I do?

HELEN: You get more of those in London or New York than you do in Frankfurt. If you like veal you can eat anywhere on the Continent. They do all kinds of wonderful things with veal.

CILLA: I hope I see as much of the world

as you've done, Helen. It must be great.

HELEN: I like to see new places. Cilla, and I wouldn't miss the overseas stuff for anything—but I still get a bigger kick from doing shows in this country.

CILLA: Have you only been to Liverpool once?

HELEN: I did a week at the Empire—and a once-nighter there too. But I didn't get down to The Cavern. Takes me back to the fabulous times I had with The Beatles. They did their first tour with me.

CILLA: It was the talk of the clubs at home. The Beatles kept saying "It's gear. We're actually doing a theatre tour with Helen Shapiro." It was so different from their usual bookings around the clubs and ballrooms. They were knocked out by the whole idea.

HELEN: How did you first get to know the boys, Cill? Were you school mates or something?

CILLA: It was five years ago. I was fifteen. They wouldn't remember, but I used to pay a shilling to go to the Jacaranda Club in Liverpool on a Monday night. My favourite group was Cass and The Cassanovas (The Cassanovas became The Big Three eventually) and The Beatles used to borrow their amplifiers when they were doing a date at the Jac.

HELEN: Were they playing exactly the same type of music then?

CILLA: Not really. A lot of the same ideas were

there. And a lot of the same tunes. But The Beatles loved C and W and a lot of the things they did had that sort of flavour about them. I'm sure they were singing *Love Of The Loved* five years ago. Paul used to sing it with a catchy little guitar intro and a definite touch of C and W at the end.

HELEN: Didn't you sing with them then?

CILLA: Not often. Sometimes we had jam sessions after the clubs closed. The first time I was actually billed was at the Zodiac Club. It said "Swinging Priscilla And The Big Three." I went down to see who "Swinging Priscilla" was. Couldn't believe it was MY name on the posters. All my friends were there. In fact my friends WERE the Zodiac Club. I got real stage fright that night. But The Big Three forced me into going on.

HELEN: I remember feeling like that, too. I used to sing with a jazz band in a trad. club. My older brother played banjo. It was in Hackney, I wasn't so frightened about singing to boys, but there used to be lots of girls at the club and I nearly lost my nerve because I knew they'd be really hard critics.

CILLA: Hey! I'm going to have to dash. I'm on after this next number. We'll have to get together for a proper chat soon.

HELEN: Sure. I'll give you a call, Cill.

Who needs to be a reporter when two girls chat it up—not me, for one!



Fab Cliff Richard and The Shadows



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Cilla Black Off the Record

Cilla is speaking about personal charm — and who better . . .

"Suppose you've changed all your habits, Cill, since that No. 1 record."

That's what a lot of kids back home in Liverpool have said to me since *Anyone Who Had A Heart* went to the top.

The answer is a loud NO. And if anyone thinks I've got a big head I give them permission to sit on it quickly. (Preferably the night BEFORE I go to the hairdresser!)

I still like the challenge of dressing on a low budget.



NAILS

Finger-nails can point out a person's character to me. I'm very nail-conscious—a girl's true personality is to be found at her own finger-tips. I hate to see short, bitten nails on a boy, or a girl, because it tells me I'm talking to someone who is nervous and not confident.

As soon as I know the person I'm with is uneasy, or nervous, my own personality just goes to pieces and I find myself saying stupid, meaningless things which aren't really me at all. Hence, a most uninteresting conversation follows and I'm itching to get away before reality hits boredom sets in!

Long oval nails are great. They show a very artistic flair in a girl's character. I can talk to her about anything under the sun and be perfectly confident that she's as interested as I am.

My own nails got a weekly toning-up treatment, which is worth every minute of the time I spend on it. I strip off all the old

lacquer and trim the nails into shape with an emery board. Definitely NOT a nail file—far too harsh for delicate nails.

Then I soak my fingers in olive oil for three or four minutes, cleaning them afterwards with a pad of cotton wool. By this time the cuticles are soft enough to push into shape with an ordinary stick.

Two not-so-generous coats of lacquer are enough for most people. Three if you're greedy, like me. Result? Beautiful nails . . . and a clear indication of an artistic character. The two go together!

EATING

My eating habits? Well, those have been changed by circumstances rather than desire. If I'm on tour, I have to chew my main meal of the day at all sorts of odd hours. I go for steak and chips. They dress it up in long French words on some of the menus, but it still tastes like steak and chips to me.

If I'm operating one of my frequent but short-lived anti-bulge campaigns I ask for uncooked slices of tomato instead of potato. Not the whole of that "Tossed Fresh Salad" bit they try and talk you into. Just the sliced tomato.

I have two main grumbles about the London restaurants I've been taken to recently. It never takes them less than ten minutes to locate the nearest bottle of vinegar—and that can be annoying if your food is going cold and you've a train to catch. Nor can they sell you a cup of tea if you prefer that to coffee at the end of your meal.

"Tea?" cry some of the waiter types I've encountered. "Oh, no, madam. Sorry. We've got coffee, of course."

You're left to feel like a social outcast because you've DARED to suggest that a *cuppa* should be on their menu! I'll take a vacuum flask with me one of these days, so help me!



Cilla is a wow at make-up too.

Let's face facts. Hair can make an attractive girl beautiful and a plain girl attractive.

Mine is thick and coarse and its natural colour is sort of mousey. They say that a change is as good as a rest. If that's true, I've been resting for the last six years because I switched to the red-headed look when I was fourteen! I love red hair. It's the only colour which suits me.

I shampoo it twice a week. I never attempt to cut it—as far as I'm concerned that's a job for a professional. I rub in olive oil and leave my head wrapped in a towel for twenty minutes. Then I shampoo and rinse in warm water laced with vinegar. Egg shampoo and a touch of lemon juice may be O.K. for the greasier heads, but mine is just about as dry as it will go!

HUMOUR

Before my last tour with the Billy J. Kramer Show I made a few guest appearances with Gerry and The Pacemakers. Comprising Gerry's concerts was that fabulous Liverpool comedian Jimmy Tarbuck. Quite often the only weak links in a pop concert can be the comper and the show's backing group. In this case Jimmy was a star attraction in his own right—and the solo singers were accompanied by Sounds Incorporated. Need I say more—there were NO weak links.

On and off stage Jimmy is hilarious. I've seen him causing great gales of laughter in Liverpool, at clubs like The Cavern.

He's wonderful. He's always coming out with some smashing off-the-cuff gag. At a one-night stand concert he came up against a bunch of boys in the balcony who were out to draw attention to themselves by shouting out loud comments during the show.

"I beg your pardon, sir," Jimmy said, stepping short in the middle of a joke, "I can't quite hear you way up there. You should be down here in the stalls. Why don't you jump?"

He'd won the first round! "Aw, look," said Jimmy with mock patience in his voice, "What are you blubbing about up there. Haven't you got any school to go to today? No, joking apart sir, I don't like to see you so far away up there in the balcony. I'd much rather see you in a box. With the lid nailed down."

One more Tarbuck block-buster was needed to demolish this little gag of trouble-makers.

"Seriously, now," cried Jimmy pointing up at them, "If you're not enjoying the show, go and ask the manager for your money back. Get a refund in shillings. Then go home and gas yourself. That's if your head will fit in the oven!"

That third and final wally did the trick. The rest of the audience were with Jimmy all the way and there wasn't another bit of heckling from the balcony.



Jimmy Tarbuck was a real fab comper.

That's all I've got to say. It isn't really—I could go on for pages and pages. But Editor Gerard Marsden is being quite firm with me. No more space he says. Or he'd have to miss out a colour picture of Gerry and The Pacemakers. And I don't think Gerard Marsden wants to do that!!!



Fab | Cilla Black

Just released for fake-lash fanciers! SUPERLASH — super cream mascara with fabulous fibres that give the longest, thickest lash build-up yet — you go on and on adding as much length and thickness as you want. Forget false lashes ... buy SUPERLASH with separate spiral brush, 2/9.



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TUNE IN EVERY THURSDAY 9.30 TO 9.45 P.M.



Fab | Ben E. King

Anyone who



Sweetly sophisticated and a favourite with Cilla is Susan Barry's navy woolen suit, embroidered motif on pocket. £5 19s 6d.

It's the Greatest. A dead cert, it's too good to miss. Peggy Page's rayon sleeveless dress and jacket. Colours include coral/green, beige/turquoise and fuschia/grey. 7 gn.

This is a suit Cilla chose to model herself, and you must agree it looks fab. By Fifth Avenue, in Cense or Brege wool, approx 7 1/2 gn. Just get that low flattering neckline too—super for the long-neck look.

We're all agreed that this is real gear. It's a Moygashel two-piece by Strelitz, and it is available in sixteen striking colours, including purple, turquoise, orchid pink and lime. Price is 7 gn.

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

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STARGAZING WITH JOHN LEYTON



CAPRICORN (Dec. 21—Jan. 19). Don't take a friend for granted. Only the hangers-on use flattery.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20—Feb. 18). Control a tendency to "muddle through" work. Delightful outing at weekend.

PISCES (Feb. 19—Mar. 20). A success in the home brings a feeling of real accomplishment. Don't be complacent!

ARIES (Mar. 21—Apr. 20). Take special care not to be a date this week. Lateness may cause heart-ache.

TAURUS (Apr. 21—May 20). Someone new may have a great influence on your life. Interesting post.

GEMINI (May 21—June 20). Tension caused by a domestic problem eases and you find the week runs smoothly.

Aries is the sign again this week. Diamonds, they say, are a girl's best friend. Certainly they're an Arian girl's best friend. They're her birthstone. My birthstone? Rock, I reckon.

CANCER (June 21—July 20). Take things as they come. Striving for the moon will get you nowhere.

LEO (July 21—Aug. 21). Week gayer than expected. Guard against indiscretion at a social outing.

VIRGO (Aug. 22—Sept. 22). Light-hearted week if you aren't swamped by your feelings for someone special.

LIBRA (Sept. 23—Oct. 22). Bitter-sweet time when you experience changes in your emotions towards a close friend.

SCORPIO (Oct. 23—Nov. 22). A week that is lit by your magic moment. You are nearer your heart's desire.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23—Dec. 20). Get out and about. Your charm is being dulled by the week's routine.



Cilla and Gerry in conference with FAB'S Keith and Sylvia.

GERRY TAKES OVER THE GANG GOSSIP THIS WEEK



It's great to go on tour with people like Ben E. King who was on the bill of the Gerry and The Pacemakers package back in February. He's a great guy. First time I met him before the tour I said: "Gee I'm glad to see you're my size, Ben. It's terrible when you're the only dwarf in the show!" We got on fine after that.

Must tell you about Scotland. Ben had never been North of the border before so I primed everyone else on the coach and we set up a hoax which fooled both Ben and his New York guitarist, Jim.

The Pacemakers had sent their road manager, George Hollingsworth, ahead of the coach with his van creak full of instruments, equipment and stage suits.

As we approached the border between England and Scotland an official-looking bloke in a leather cap and dark glasses waved down the coach.

"This is it," I whispered to Ben, very seriously. "These border guards are terrible. Got your passport and everything?"

The "official" (I take it you've realised he was George in disguise I) opened the door of the coach and, at a signal from me, everyone stood up and sang *Scotland The Brave*. All except Ben.

"Hey! You!" roared George, pointing at Ben. "You never been to Scotland before?"

"No. Sorry," I replied Ben looking a bit sheepish. "I'm not sure what I have to do."

"For a start," said George grimly. "You've got to take the oath. Come and stand outside on the road. And bring that other foreigner with you."

Ben scuttled down the gangway to the door with his wide-eyed guitarist in tow.

"Now then. We need a true Scotsman to declare the oath," said George.

"We're all English," I told him. "But Jimmy Tarbuck's grandfather married a girl from Glasgow."

"He'll do," decided George and Jimmy was called out of the coach to read the "Official Visitors' Oath" which we'd scripted the night before.

Ben and Jim repeated after Jimmy the important words: "I swear not to export from Scotland any whisky, kilts or live haggis. I promise not to swim in Loch Lomond nor to go over the sea to Skye. I swear not to pick any heather nor to come through the rye. I agree to join Andy Stewart's Fan Club. Och Aye. Amen."

Only when they came to the end of this solemn ceremony did we let Ben and Jimmy in on the whole gag. He accepted it in great spirit and convinced us that he HADNT recognised George!

Most of the colour photographs in this issue of FABulous are pictures of my own personal favourites. High on the list goes the one of The Chants. The Pacemakers and I agree that The Chants are a great group. Can't understand why all their earlier records haven't done great things in the charts because these Liverpool boys have a terrific sense of vocal teamwork. Here's wishing them a really smashing hit in the near future—they certainly deserve it!

had a ...will love Cilla Black's choice of Fab gear

She's the Greatest! And because she's the Greatest and absolutely mad potty about clothes (The Beatles said nothing less than the Empire State Building itself would house Cilla's gear!) we've asked Cilla to edit Giff's fashion pages this week. But natch! In fact, Cilla went to Town—like wild. Get this crazy line-up.

This linen-type suit with its chiffon gear gets blouse by Marlborough is one that caught Cilla's eye, 75 gn.

Pretty for all party poppets is Lino's nylon organza dress, in a shining bright deep pinky orange or pinky blue, 6 gn. It's real lush so play it feminine and win his heart.

And here's a dress Cilla really couldn't resist! By Marlborough Dresses in a dreamy printed chiffon. It comes in pink and blue and costs 63 gn.

Absolutely Fab! Yes, that's what Cilla thinks about this Marlborough dress. Made in pink Mosscrepe, trimmed with navy ET 10s. 0d.



Fab | The Fourmost

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this month



Meet Joanna,
she's 23, single,
lives and works in
High Wycombe as
personal assistant to
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excellent songs. It is refreshing after
listening to the 'B' side of most pop
records. . . ." J. B. Doncaster.

"I would like to congratulate you on
producing such a magnificent record at
an astonishing price. To a young
teenager as myself this provides a way
round the budget problem. . . the record
is superb and the artists sound just
like the originals. . . ." T. N. Ely.

"I think these records are of extremely
high quality for a very low price. . ."
J. K. Glasgow.

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- 3 AS USUAL
- 4 I'M THE ONE
- 5 BABY I LOVE YOU
- 6 POISON IVY

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'MILANO' Style 427 A sensational shape... stitched undercups for a firm uplift. Elastic inserts for free movement. In Blueberry (shown), Heavenly Blue, Lemon Sherbet, Turquoise, Snowy White and Jet Black. Sizes: A32-36, B32-38, C34-40 **8/11**
 Also matching suspender belt—Style 2427 **8/11**

'VALENCIA' Style 944 All-over nylon lace with light foam contour cups. Stitched anchorband for midriff control. In Cherry (shown), Lemon Sherbet, Heavenly Blue, Blueberry, Snowy White, Jet Black. Sizes: A32-36, B32-38 **12/11**

'LOVETTE' Style 498 Crisp cotton poplin with pretty scalloped edging. Important—close stitching on anchorband and circular on cups. Lemon Sherbet (shown), White, Heavenly Blue, Eastern Pink, Blueberry and Black. Sizes: A32-36, B32-40, C34-42 **7/11**

'JUANITA' Style 424 Cotton poplin with comfortable soft jersey-lined cups... foam-lined and with minute circular stitching. Bridged by firm elastic band. Jet Black (shown), Blueberry and White. Sizes: AA28-34, A32-36, B32-38 (AA white only) **8/6**

WE cheated on Gerry! We told him there was an extra page of advertisements in Fab so we had a page to fill ourselves that he didn't know about, and after he'd got all his mates in HIS issue, well, we had to let Gerry himself have a go!

Our Gerry loves talking. About anything and everything. He doesn't stick long to one subject. Sit him down anywhere with The Pacemakers around him, and just let him ramble on. That's just what "Fabulous" did.

Let's listen in as . . . Gerry Gabo To Fab. With interruptions from Pacemakers, Les Chadwick, Les Maguire and brother Freddy Marsden.

"Girls? Well, I started early. I was nearly seven when I had my first date. It was a school-room romance. Funny—I can't remember her name now.

"Nowadays it's different. I like taking a gal out to a show and then just drive round.

"Girls smarten you up. You just can't be untidy and go around with girls. It doesn't do to be sloppy. You have to be smart."

Les Chadwick: "Gerry has to find small girls. He's such a titch himself."

Gerry: "True. I like brunettes. The small and cuddly ones. I hate going out with a girl and having the feeling she's towering all over me."

"Hey, have you heard about my golf? I'm dead keen. When you're a pop singer, you find sometimes



Gerry GABS WITH FAB

you have free afternoons. So golf was for me. Never had any lessons, though. I'd never have the nerve to do that. I do everything wrong. But I enjoy myself."

Freddy Marsden: "Yes, he just throws the ball in the air and hits it. Gerry on the golf course is like 'Juke Box Jury' . . . Hit or Miss!"

No comment from Gerry who continues: "All this success has created a gulf between the fans—bless 'em!—and myself. A couple of years ago, in Liverpool, when we were just playing The Cavern and the ball-rooms, we could go around and mix with the people. "Now it's different. I noticed it first at the Locamo in Liverpool, after *How Do You Do It?* After the concert about a hundred girls ran at me.

"I like chicks. But a hundred was a bit much. I was so scared I felt my knees beating out a big beat. I just ran. I realised then about that gulf. We were closer to the fans in the days before the big discs came along.

"Most important night of my life? I remember it well. It was nearly wrecked for all of us. Recording manager George Martin was coming up to Liverpool to see us and we had a feeling that we'd get a disc contract if only we could put up a really good performance. We were playing at a dance for kids under sixteen. Lots of them were only about twelve. Some young."

"You ought to have seen it. They kept asking me to sing stuff like *Davy Crockett* and *Robin Hood*. 'Course we HAD to. . . These kids kept pulling out the amplifier leads, unplugging the microphones. . .

"And there was George Martin watching it all. Must have thought we were nuts. It was amazing he ever gave us a chance."

Gerry grinned: "Austin Lily gave me my first guitar. It didn't have any strings on it but I made do with ordinary string. . . you know, rope! I loved the sound.

They couldn't shut me up when I was singing, either. What with brother Fred on drums—a biscuit tin—we really enjoyed ourselves.

"Mum's been great to us. Though she used to bash me for being cheeky. But it was all for the best. I'm still cheeky, but nobody clips me on the ear nowadays. But she'll lay on a hot meal no matter what time we get back home. It's marvellous being able to put your feet up and just watch telly after a long tour.

"It can be a strain, you know. All the travelling and whipping round the country. When we went to Sweden recently. . . that was fab! All those lovely chicks, marvellous. They kept giving us bouquets, roses and so on."

Les Chadwick: "They hadn't been warned about lady-killer Gerry."

Gerry ignores this: "I'm hungry. Still I usually am. Food? Don't really mind as long as there's plenty of it. I'm trying to grow, you know. Somebody once wrote that I had the sort of mouth that could take a slice of melon at one go. Not true.

"Sometimes I think I'd like to be married. Only sometimes. Then I realise that I'm too busy to do anything about it. One day, though, it'll all happen. . . just like that. The right chick will come along. She probably won't even be brunette and cuddly. You can't tell. There are no rules about marriage."

The telephone rang and Gerry took the call.

"That you, Gerry?" asked a girly voice at the other end.

"Yes."

"I love you. I'm nineteen and my sister—she's four—loves you, too."

The phone clicked. Gerry grinned.

"Happens all the time. It's great."

Gerry's Gab with Fab was over.



It's a hard life being Ed. of Fab. Here I am hard at work. Well, you by eating, drinking and smoking all at the same time.



Brother Freddy and bassist, Les Chadwick, have a good laugh listening to Gerry gabbing. This group always have a ball wherever they are.



Les Maguire, Gerry's pianist, told us that Gerry was an excellent clasher! In other words he's the best tea chest maker. That was before Aunt Lily's guitar.



Fab | The Chants



Carol's Letter Box

Thanks a million for all your nice letters. Ed, for the week Gerry has read them, too. (see pix above) Please remember when you write to enclose a stamped addressed envelope for your reply, I'm replying to your letters as fast as I can, but please be patient, it is taking time.



The Swinging Blue Jeans



Cilla Black

Jet Harris

Anything you'd like to know, drop me a line, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope.

Write to: Carol's Letter Box, Fabulous, Fleetway Publications, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

Ann Kay of Deal writes: Please can I have the fan club address of Gerry and The Pacemakers? The club address is c/o Miss Paula Behan, 56 Barford Road, Liverpool, 25. Don't forget that stamped addressed envelope for your reply.

Cheryl Grander of Middlesex writes: Please can you tell me all the gen you have on Mike Smith, the fabulous member of the Dave Clark Five. Mike plays organ in D.C.S, he also plays vibraphone and piano. He is a keen gymnast and horse rider. Born 8th December 1943, at Edmondton, Mike has blue eyes and dark brown hair. He is 6 ft. 2 in. and weighs 12 stone 4 lb. His first "musical" job was in a pub, playing beat music on the piano.

Jo Collings of Northumberland writes: Can you tell me what animals The Beatles like? Do they prefer the same kind of animal as pets? Yes, Jo they do. They assure me they all love cockroaches! (I just don't know whether to believe it or not!)

Cathy Gordon of Manchester writes: Can you tell me why The Rolling Stones never smile, please? The boys feel they should be themselves, and if they don't feel like smiling at a camera, or a stage audience, then they don't. But they do have the odd grin here and there, you know!

Paul Gennings of London writes: Please can you tell me where I can write to Dusty Springfield. Sure Paul, c/o Patricia Barnett, 15a Lightfoot Road, Hornsey N.8.

Paul Lewis of Wales wants to know: Any info you have on IAD The Swinging Blue Jeans. Sure, here's all the gen I have: Ralph Ellis, guitar and vocals. He was born 8th March 1942, in Liverpool. He has dark brown hair and green eyes. Ralph stands 5 ft. 11 in. and weighs around 10 st. 7 lb. He likes composing songs, loves animals and plain sensible girls. Norman Kuhke, drums and vocals. Born 17th June 1942, in Liverpool, but spent most of his childhood in Venezuela. He has green eyes and fair hair, stands 5 ft. 10 in. and weighs 10½ stone. He likes tall slim blonde girls, driving and swimming. Les Braid, bass guitar and vocals. Born 15th September 1941, in Liverpool. Les has fair hair and blue eyes, stands 6 ft. 2 in. and weighs 13 stone. He likes petite brunettes with lots of personality and messing around with old cars. Ray Ennis, guitar and vocals. Born in Liverpool on 26th May 1942, he is founder and leader member of the group. He has blue eyes and dark brown hair and weighs 9 st. 7 lb., is 5 ft. 8 in. He likes well-dressed, sensible girls and films.

Alan Knight of Wembley asks: Is red Cilla Black's natural colour hair? My sister tells me it's dyed. Cilla says to tell you it is rinsed, Alan. Her natural colour isn't far off, though. It's a light auburn-brown. I think it's terrific too.

Janet Hargreaves of Kent writes: I wonder if you can give me some information on Jet Harris? Certainly, Janet. Jet's real name is Terence Harris, and he was born on 7th July 1939, in Kingsbury. Blond and blue eyed, Jet is 5 ft. 6 in. and weighs 9 stone. He likes leather clothes and music.

IN RECORD TIME

THE SEARCHERS have an uncanny knack of picking up a second-hand American hit and turning it into a Number One British sensation. *Swears For My Sweet* was a mild hit in America by The Drifters. The Searchers' version went to No. 1 over here. Jackie de Shannon cut *Needles and Pins* in the States and The Searchers took their version of the same to No. 1 again. Now they have taken the flip side of a recent Orions hit *Don't Throw Your Love Away* (Pye) and look like repeating the anything-you-can-do-I-can-do-better routine.

Chris Curtis, The Searchers' drummer, informed me of a novel competition to promote the flip side of the disc *I Pretend I'm With You* which he wrote. Chris maintains he wrote the song on the back of a cornflake packet. He says the rules for entering are as follows: Collect 500 cornflake packets and paste them on a postcard to reach me not later than last week and I'll send you, without obligation, a free cornflake. Don't all rush!

Old friends of The Searchers from their Liverpool days are The Remo Four and they cut loose with a Merseyside adaptation of an oldie *I Wish I Could Shimmy Like My Sister Kate* (Piccadilly). Beatles manager, Brian Epstein, is now handling these boys and that means they're going places.

Great version of a great standard from dancer Teddy Green. Remember him in Cliff's film *Singer Holiday* and *The Young Ones*? Teddy sings *Always* (Piccadilly). Not so Green when it comes to singing, either!

A guy everyone is tipping for the top—Gorgie Fame and the Blue Flames. He's so popular in London that one famous jazz club has turned over to the Gorgie Fame night once a week. R & B with a big beat is Gorgie's speciality and *Doh-Re-Mi* (Columbia) could be his first big break in the Top Twenty. Vocal and organ are both by Gorgie.

Still an all-time record for the longest stay in the charts is held by Mr. Ackar Bilk for his *Stranger On The Shore* disc. Here comes the sequel, *Never Love A Stranger* (Columbia). Backed by the Leon Young String Chorus, this could be another big one for Ackar.

Buddy Greco and the word "swinging" seem to go together like knife and fork. Taka a beautiful ballad and turn it over to Buddy and you have an up-tempo treatment which adds excitement and colour to the original. *But Not For Me* (Columbia) is the latest to come under the Greco hammer and it's knocked out with his usual enthusiasm. Beat bet for some time on The Ventures for a chart maker is *Journey To The Stars* (Liberty).

KEITH ALTHAM

WHO'S WHO THIS WEEK

IN THE GROUPS



Backrow: Lemmy Davidson, Dave Rick-Hawley. Front: Dennis Payton and Mike Smith.

Left to right: Hank B. Marvin, Bruce Welch, Cliff Brian Bennett and John Russell.

Left to right: Les Chadwick, Gerry Les Maguire and Freddie Marsden.



Left to right: Dave Lovelady, Mike Millward, Brian O'Hara and Billy Hatton.

Back: Alan Harding and Eddy Amoo. Front: Nat Smede, Joe Ankrath and Eddie Ankrath.

Back: Ringo Starr and John Lennon. Front: Paul McCartney and George Harrison.



Fab | The Beatles

HEY THERE!

It's been a fab sort of week really. I've enjoyed being Editor of this issue. Course there were lots of difficult decisions to make. Like should my Personal Assistant and Confidential Secretary, Cilla Black, be allowed eight hours off to go to the hairdresser's. Had to sack three people who came into my office today and forgot to ask for my autograph. Don't like all these birds just bowing to me as they go out. It's not right. They should kneel down with their foreheads touching the carpet. An Editor must have proper respect!

Incidentally, you may be wondering what The Pacemakers have been doing while I have been editing FABULOUS. I gave them high positions befitting their capabilities. Chad has been acting as lift boy. Les Maguire is polishing my car in the Fleetway garage and Fred is Temporary Acting Waste Disposal Officer. Which means he has to keep my waste paper basket empty!

I hereby call this Editorial to a close because I have some highly confidential business to discuss with Sheena, Gill, Sylvia, Carol and June. Keith can stand outside the door holding a "DO NOT DISTURB" sign.

THE EDITOR

Fab!

Banished-for-the-week, I'm having a lovely, lazy time while Gerry does a grand job! One worry. Do I get my lolly come Friday? Your somewhat nervous Editor.

Our Fan Club has gone through some big changes in its organisation just recently. We're always getting letters asking about Club Membership, so I'd like to explain the new position right here, so that everybody knows what is happening.

We now have our own monthly fan magazine—and every regular reader automatically becomes a member of the Official Gerry and The Pacemakers Fan Club without having to pay a separate subscription. Later in the year, there will be free membership cards for everyone and the magazine has pages of answers to the most interesting letters we've received during the past month. Chad, Les Maguire and Fred think this is a fabulous idea. We don't know of any other Fan Club working on these lines.

Anybody who wants to have all the details about the Club and its new set-up should drop a line (enclosing a stamped and self-addressed envelope) to the secretary: Pauline Behan, 56 Barford Road, Liverpool 25. Pauline has been doing a marvellous job on our behalf for the last year or so. I think this is a good time to say a very sincere THANK YOU to her for coping with all the mail so helpfully in her spare time.

As Editor of this week's FABULOUS I have no hesitation in giving Cilla Black an

excellent reference. She has carried out her duties of Personal Assistant and Confidential Secretary (!!!) most efficiently. However, I doubt if any other Editors will manage to secure her services in this capacity because she does have one or two other slightly important commitments... like being Britain's most popular new girl singing star for example!

We've known Cilla for years now. Used to see her around the Liverpool scene long before any of us were recording. She was a typist/clerk in a city office and she went off to London to make her first record last summer during her week's holiday. Didn't tell her boss, or the girls she was working with, anything about the recording session. Waited until the beginning of September when *Love Of The Loved* was ready for release—and THEN broke the news to everyone at home that she was leaving work to be a professional singer.

We're all very pleased to see that Cilla has done so well—and if she keeps on making records as good as *Anyone Who Had A Heart* I reckon she's going to keep on making the Number One spot. In the meantime you can bet she's very, very excited about her summer session at the London Palladium with Frankie Vaughan, Tommy Cooper and The Fourmost. Frank and The Foremost are from the Pool too, so it can't be bad can it? The big question is whether Tommy Cooper will survive that Palladium session without coming out of it with a nice muddy Merseyside accent like the rest of the cast!



NEXT WEEK FAB HAS
SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS

like some VERY manly hobbies... ADAM FAITH on how to stay single... SUSAN MAUGHAN on why she'd like to be a boy and some right MANLY features from THE HOLLIES and MANFRED MANN. Oh, THE HOLLIES get a look-in too and so do those lush girls KATHY KIRBY and LORRAINE GRAY. So can YOU, with our Fab MALE CALL Exclusive out next Monday

PRICE 1 SHILLING





my SMILING MATE

THE dark blue eyes positively gleam with excitement. There's a permanent chuckle in the voice—and the accent is definitely Liverpudlian. Dark brown hair tops a 5 ft. 9 in. frame . . . and the overall picture adds up to Tommy Quickly.

Editor-for-the-week Gerry Marsden digs the talents of Tom. So he rapped out the order: "Get the facts on this song-happy mate of mine."

Facts coming up. And these are all quotes from Tommy himself:

"I come from Norris Green, Liverpool. Birthdate, 7th July, 1945 . . . which makes me just five years younger than Ringo—who is also a mate of mine."

"At Croxeth Secondary Modern School, I got on okay with woodwork, but flunked out on maths and English. But boy! I loved gymnastics. Actually I represented Merseyside in the national trampoline championships at Stanmore, Middlesex, back in July, 1960. Came seventh out of 200!

"No real singing for me until I'd left school for about two years. Then we formed a group called The Challengers. Our first public appearance was at a Civil Services club in Liverpool in May, 1962. Chaos, that was. I felt so nervous I felt my knees cracking away like castanets. Forgot the lines, too. But it

gave me a taste for showbiz. . . .

"Now I don't get nervous. You'll find me in the wings at theatres just waiting to get on. Sometimes I'm difficult to get off stage . . . I enjoy singing that much.

"This singing business knocks me out. It seems to me that every day has a fresh kick. It's all so new, and exciting. I'm really having a ball.

"For a couple of years after leaving school, I worked for the Automatic Telephone Company in Liverpool. I was an apprentice fitter and enjoyed the job. I always seemed to be too busy to worry about making a name for myself as a singer.

"But Brian Epstein changed all that. He heard me sing at the Queen's Hall, Widnes, one evening, and was interested. To be honest, I didn't know who the heck he was when we first met. He kept tabs on me for several months, then signed me in June last year. A month later, I made the first record, which was *Tip Of My Tongue*, written by John Lennon and Paul McCartney.

"Nobody ever taught me to sing. I just picked it up as I went along.

"Know what I wanna do? I'd like to play the lead in a film like *'West Side Story'*—you know, all the

dancing bits. It's not that I've studied dancing, but I honestly feel I've got itchy feet.

"Anything I would rather not have? Yes, I think it's coming out of theatres and being screamed at. I'm grateful, of course, but I can't get used to the fact that it's all for me. To ME, I'm just me. I don't think I'm worth all the attention.

"One day, maybe, I'll be able to accept all the enthusiasm. But now I sometimes think it should be me screaming at those marvellous chicks!

"People think I'm making a lot of money. Well, I don't buy much except records and clothes. I go for R and B. Like most of the Liverpool lads, but on the clothing scene I dig casual but smart stuff.

"I'd love to see one of my own records make it big—didja know Gerry Marsden wrote my last one *Prove It*. But truthfully, I'm knocked out at being paid to sing to people.

"I've got a dog, by the way. Name of Floss. Whenever I get some time, I take her for a long, long walk. Sometimes I stop and do some fishing—that's really peaceful. Sometimes I miss the old days when I could just go anywhere and relax. Now, if I'm at home, there's often someone peering in through the windows, just to watch me have a cuppa.

"Girls? Love 'em. But I'm not going steady. Sometimes I think the ideal would be a dark-haired and well-dressed girl. Then I see a fat blonde, wearing old jeans—and bang goes another theory.

"Honest, this singing lark is fab. You meet some knock-out people and you have a real ball. I'd do it for nothing (only kidding, Mr. Epstein!)

"But thanks a million, Gerry, for letting me in on this Marsden edition of FAB. Just hope I've given you the facts, you wanted to know."

TOMMY QUICKLY



Gerry Left FAB Weak



Once upon a time Gerry Marsden became FAB's Editor for a week. To break the ice we had a party. Parties keep our strength up 'specially in the week.



After the custard and jelly Cilla Black as Assistant Editor said we ought to have a conference. So we did. It was a very sociable conference.



Eventually we had to 'send Gerry packing but we had to admit . . . that was the week that was.



Fab | Tommy
Quickly

Paul Fry finds Dave Clark

TOUGH

but tender

... if you like many hobbies!

WHEN Dave Clark listed his hobbies for me I thought rapidly about changing the subject to croquet or flower arranging... the hobbies cover such gentle arts as boxing, wrestling, judo and karate, one of the most deadly "self defence" systems going.

"Tell me," I said, flexing my flabby muscles. "How did these, er, interests of yours start?"

Dave grinned happily. "It's all because of an interest in knowing how these things work. I feel I have to have a go, but don't get the wrong idea (as I half rose from my seat) I'm a gentle sort of chap. You won't get me near a fight unless it's in a gymnasium."

I made myself comfortable and relaxed.

"So you know how to take care of yourself?" I said pleasantly.

"Well boxing taught me how to use my fists," said Dave, "and judo how to fall properly, but unarmed combat was really interesting. Like me to show you an example?"

"No, no," I said hurriedly. "I'll take your word for it."

Dave looked a little disappointed. "But surprise is the big thing with unarmed combat."

"I don't like surprises," I said. "Just tell me what you do."

"Well the thing to do," said Dave, "is to make your opponent think you're windy and don't want to accept his challenge (he looked me straight in the eyes at this point). All the time you're sizing him up. Then he leaps in, all confident. And you've got him! We used to practise this quite a lot..."

"What about karate?" I said quickly. "You're not supposed to teach this Japanese form of self defence in this country, are you?"

"No, but I did pick up one or two pointers," said Dave. "You can actually kill somebody by this method. It's all a matter of using the side of your hand to chop at the opponent. You can dislocate a man's arm by just one chop."

"Go on," I said with a sickly grin, "but you don't practise this with your... friends?"

"No, you just practise on hard objects, say a butt in the gym," chuckled Dave. "Keep it up long enough and you can smash through a plank of wood, simply by using the side of your hand. I can break LITTLE planks, but I have to keep my wrists

supple for drumming. That's my excuse, anyway!"

"And a good one," I agreed. "But you go to all that trouble learning something you can never use."

"As I said," smiled Dave gently. "I like to know how things WORK. Since we started getting in the Hit Parade people seem to think I should stop fooling about in the gym, in case I get hurt but I don't agree. Do you?"

"Oh no," I assured him vigorously. "I go along with you, Dave. It's all a matter of luck, I mean fate."

"Sure. I could just as easily get hurt taking my huge boxer dog, Spike, for a walk. He's some dog." Dave looked steadily into my glazed eyes. "You like dogs?"

"I love 'em," I said, "especially boxer dogs—but how about boxing. That was your first love, wasn't it?"

"It was but I've had to cut down on it," said Dave. "I got a broken nose once in a lark with one of my mates. Now I find that any tap on the hooter starts it swelling up. And that doesn't look so good in photographs."

"Is wrestling out, too?" I asked softly.

"No, I practise with one or two of the boys who are turning professional. There's nothing like giving someone an Irish whip."

"I beg your pardon," I said.

"Seeing 'em fly across the ring," he smiled. "Of course all this training helps whatever you're doing—especially when I was doing film extra work. We had a lot of fight scenes and they had to look good. If you know judo you can fake a scene and make it look as if you're REALLY beaten up."

"I'm sure you can," I said, feeling fairly beaten up myself. "But you look fit enough to me."

"I do a little keep fit in the gym on Monday evenings," admitted Dave, "like basket-ball, punch-ball or maybe just horsing around on the dummy horse..."

"And this is all just a hobby," I said hoarsely. "That's right. But a pack of wild horses wouldn't get me into a fight—I just don't like trouble."

I thought this a very good point at which to take my leave. I'm 6 ft. 4 in. and built that way, but wild horses couldn't get me to meet Dave on a dark night.

Or boxer dogs either.

Dave shows his prowess as a weight lifter at the gym above the bar of the Thomas A Becket, Old Kent Road, London - the place where champion Henry Cooper trains



Fab | Dave Clark
Five



Editor Gerry gets down to business with his No. 1 news-girl, Cilla. But he hasn't forgotten Liverpool . . . he's choosing pics from the FAB set June collected on Merseyside.

THERE IS A CAVE

Lee Curtis—his singing raises the screams, (and the roof)



Ready, steady, go! The Big Three's Faron is all set for the session, and what a session!



The Merseyside miss scores a hit—Beryl Marsden.



The Cave-dwellers twist and shout their appreciation. The Dennisons have girls frenzied.



THERE IS A CAVE Fab's June is in Liverpool

● So this is it. The Cavern. The Beatles have pulled out, so have Gerry and Billy J. But there aren't any ghosts here. It's a sunny Monday morning and Decca have moved in to record a "live" LP at the home of the Mersey beat.

Ten thirty and not a soul in sight. Let's take a walk. Let's soak in some of this atmosphere. The Cavern itself is cool, shadowy, comfortably shabby. Its stage tiny. The band-room lies next to the stage, and you'd better watch yourself because the floor is built on two levels—we don't want you to break your neck yet.

Noel Walker is already fiddling with the jam-packed-tight equipment and issuing instructions to technicians Terry Johnson and Gus Dudgeon. The LP is Noel's "baby". He's a neat, quiet young man

who has a thing about the Liverpool sound. He should. He grew up with it. Although he works as a record producer for Decca in London, he's a Liverpoolian and since he recorded a hit LP here with The Big Three he's been rarin' to come back for a longer session. He's back.

Something's happening in the band-room. Surprise, surprise, it's The Big Three! Out in The Cavern, the first club members are arriving for the daily lunch-time shake session. The Cavern's resident deejay, Bob Wooler, gentle and helpful, says Hello to everyone and puts on a Sonny Boy Williamson disc as a "warm-up".

The Cave-dwellers are predictable. The girls usually have silky hair and leather coats; the boys are mostly mod. Many of them come here every

day. A coke from the refreshment counter, and they're away. There's a Freddie-type doing a wild Mick Jagger shake on the floor while his girl friend does a mild shakedown of The Cavern Stomp.

Behind the scenes, Johnny Hutchinson of The Big Three is drumming gently to himself. Faron of The Big Three is not-so-gently stumbling from one floor level to the other. Paddy Chambers is just trying to push both of them on to the stage.

This is it, then. We're ready to put The Cavern on disc. Comes a slick announcement from Bob Wooler. Mersey beat from The Big Three, and the rest follow on. Sheffield's Dave Berry and The Cruisers are strictly on a U.S. kick with Bo Diddley and Chuck Berry faves—tailor-made for the r'n'b crazy Caverners. Liverpool's group-most-likely,

RN



Maracas and 'mood' music from Dave Berry.



Testing time for Heinz, Noel (left) and Terry.



Heinz brings out the screamers at The Cavern. Hundreds of them!

IN THE CAVERN FROM

AT THE CAVERN is the LP that puts the

original Liverpool sound on record.

Sixteen titles and every one a winner.

They line up like this: **Dr. Feelgood:**

Keep On Rolling (THE MARAUDERS)

Sure, The Girl I Love; You Really Got

A Hold On Me (THE FORTUNES)

Everybody Loves A Lover (BERYL

MARSDEN) Devoted To You; You

Better Move On (THE DENNISONS)

Somebody To Love; I Got A Woman

(HEINZ) Little Queenie; Diddley

Diddley Daddy (DAVE BERRY AND

THE CRUISERS) If You Ever Change

Your Mind (THE BIG THREE) Skinny

Minnie; Jezebel (LEE CURTIS AND

THE ALL-STARS) Talking About

You; Little Egypt (BERN

ELLIOTT AND THE FENMEN).

ol with the lowdown...

The Dennisons get the crowd to fever pitch.

The beat bashes round The Cavern and the bare brick walls like a fairground gone mad. The dancers are caught in the light for a second then shake back into the shadows.

They take a breather when a newish group called The Fortunes send a pleasantly fluffy flavour around, but when Lee Curtis and The All-Stars take the stand, the scene is—er—wild again. A great crashing beat brings in Jezebel, and Lee (wearing, incidentally, an orange leather jerkin over a navy and white polka-dot shirt) gives Jezebel all he's got.

Ray MacFall, The Cavern's popular owner, smoothly threads a way through the stompers and disappears into the band-room. The reason soon appears in the form of Beryl Marsden, Liverpool's

answer to Brenda Lee. Small girl, big, big voice. As she swings out, The Marauders come in with some bolting American numbers.

The session is nearly all on tape, and the band-room is bulging with bods. Lee Curtis, and some of the boys from the groups that have already done their bit, are taking in the scene. Heinz, who has been around for most of the day, looks a bit nervous. With reason. He's brought more fans to The Cavern than you might see in a week here, and most of them are pressing against the flimsy door of the band-room, asking for him.

Bern Elliott and The Fenmen are on stage proving how underrated they are, with a Ray Charles firecracker *Talkin' About You*, and a beautiful arrangement of *All My Sorrows*.

A "We want Heinz" chant goes up as Bern and the boys come off-stage. It sends Noel shouting into his control room. "Get this, get this!" The likeable Heinz shakily borrows a guitar, "Just to hold in my hands" and springs on stage. The Cavern has gone off its head. The Saints drive Heinz along at a locomotive pace, and the dancers with him.

Suddenly you know what it's all about. All this Cavern business. This tiny place, this big sound, this tremendous feeling that everyone present has of taking part in the show.

The Cave-Dwellers will be here tomorrow. We may not be in Liverpool, but we can be at The Cavern. It's all thanks to a record company that has a thing about the Liverpool sound. The Cavern has been put on record. And how!