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23rd MAY 1964

Fabulous

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BY READERS' REQUEST





TIME FOR A CLOSE LOOK AT DUSTY!

tick tock, tick tock . . .

it will take you longer to read these words than it would take green-eyed Dusty Spring (fever) field to whoosh away in her new £3,000 130 m.p.h. limousine. . . .

They say time waits for no one. But for this swinging blonde every breathless second of the past twelve months has brought her SUCCESS. No wonder she sings as though she's being chased. She is—by fame!

tick tock, tick tock . . .

turn back the clock and it seems only yesterday when Dusty left the singing Springfields trio to go solo. In fact it was less than a year ago. When the curtain dropped on their final appearance Dusty burst into tears. But since then she hasn't missed the boys on either side of her—she has been too busy coping with her own triumph.

tick tock, tick tock . . .

how did it all start for Dusty? She wanted to be a singer at the age of four. She first joined her brother Tom's Latin-American music sessions, when they were kids at home in Hampstead, London. She provided extra sounds on a twisted copper frying pan, second-hand maracas and an old cigar box filled with marbles!

Then at convent school she formed her first vocal group, till the geography mistress complained that their hip version of St. Louis Blues was too blue!

Dusty—her real name is Mary Isobel Catherine O'Brien—can't remember when folk first began calling her "Dusty". But it wasn't because she once sold dustbin lids in a department store!

Everything speeded up for her after she left school. It took her only three years to zoom from being fired from her salesgirl job for fusing all the lights while demonstrating an electric toy train, to the glittering fame of being a member of the then top British vocal group, The Springfields.

tick tock, tick tock . . .

her career goes like clockwork. She says: "I'm a misfit. I haven't got a pop face or a pop voice." But she's joking, of course. She is one of the few lone gal singers that the gals go for, partly because they like her voice and because they just love the way she does her hair and the clothes she wears. She's dropped her bushy hairstyle, but those lovely blonde tresses are all her own. Off-stage she likes vivid, bright dresses, plus leather outfits. On stage her favourite costume colours are magenta and black. Sometimes she wears fourteen petticoats.

Her favourite food: thick steaks with salad and syrup pudding. Her favourite drink: cokes. She likes aeroplanes, animals, English afternoon tea. She dislikes garlic, and early rising.

Alarm bell warning: she's prone to catching colds!

tick tock, tick tock . . .

any moment now Dusty's going to become a world star. Yes, time is on her side.

But the clock ticks so fast for her she has *no time* for romance.

She sings about love, but she says: "I've got no thoughts of marriage. I've no ties, no strings. That suits me fine because right now I don't want them."

by Frank Fox

Hey, have you seen the book our Myrtle's got? Yeah the Life of Beethoven I bet. No mate it's a Beate book like. Wot another one? Yeah, but this beats them all. You can say that again, like. Yeah, but listen, mate... 24 pages all in colour like, 24 of the best Beate pix from that fab, fab, Fabulous magazine. Cor! Yeah and only 2/6... and they're going fast, so come on, let's get one! *



*

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TOUGH ON A TEENAGER...



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.

Specialty 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!





YOU'VE ASKED FOR HIM
YOU'VE PLEADED FOR HIM
YOU'VE GOT HIM!

GEORGE CHAKIRIS

BY FAB'S SHEENA.



A LETTER, signed by thirty fans, arrived at our offices the other day asking if we'd run a photo of that fab film star George Chakiris. They'd just seen *West Side Story* for the umpteenth time and were swooning over the handsome Greek star.

West Side Story really started the ball rolling for George Chakiris. He was in London playing Riff in the stage version of the musical when he heard that he'd won the coveted role of Bernardo in the film, from over one hundred other aspiring dancers/actors.

A Virgoan, born on 16th September, George was born in Norwood, Ohio. Then the family moved successively to Tucson, Arizona, Miami and Long Beach, California, where George went to High School.

George had always wanted to be a dancer and actor and after leaving High School he set out to achieve his ambition. He went to the American School of Dance in Hollywood and really got down to the job in hand—dancing and acting. Soon he was in the chorus in many films including his first big break—*White Christmas*.

In it he had a close-up with the star Rosemary Clooney and this photo was used

in many magazines throughout America, with the result that George found he had a fan following! Thousands of girls sent the clipping to Paramount Film Studios and asked who the unidentified actor was. Paramount signed Chakiris up like a shot but nothing happened. He was loaned out to M.G.M. for *Meet Me In Las Vegas*, but that was about all that happened till he got the part in the *West Side Story* stage version.

George is 5 ft. 11 in. tall with black glossy hair and soft brown eyes. His latest films include *Diamond Head*, *Flight From Ashiya*, and *Kings Of The Sun*. In the latter he played the part of the king of the Mayans, a race that lived in South America over a thousand years ago. Could be his gorgeous Grecian good looks helped get him the part. The same good looks that made our readers in Groby, Leicester, write requesting his pic in FAB.

Star treatment is one thing that George Chakiris is used to now. He got plenty of it while filming in Japan. One hundred and fifty security police were needed to get him safely through the seven thousand strong crowd of Japanese fans at Tokyo airport.

George was quoted as saying that he never knew what stardom meant before his arrival in Japan.

There are lots of things that George likes, including spicy food, statues and old sculptures, eating by candlelight, coffee with lots of cream and sugar, and writing poetry. Yet another facet of his talent is singing. We all heard him in *West Side Story* but he has a record past with Capitol and his discs, specially LP's, sell exceptionally well.

Sentimental note—he still has the first dollar he ever earned in movies and has it pasted on the front of his scrapbook. George never forgets what a hard struggle his father had to find work and feed his eight-strong family. He's happiest when hard at work. His favourite evening is one spent with friends, lying on the floor playing records and talking, or walking on the beach in the moonlight.

With his many-sided talents George Chakiris will be filling our request spot for a long time to come and there's no telling which medium we'll see him in next—dancing, acting or singing.

But whichever it is, you can be sure of one thing—Chakiris will be great.

FabWORDS

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 WATER which, added to the words on the left and right, gives HOT WATER and WATER MELON.

Having found all ten missing words, study your answers... reading downwards in one column you should be able to find the name of a recording artist or group... and in another column you should be able to find a number recorded by him, her or them.

	HOT				MELON
RED					MINT
BANANA					PERSONALITY
CALVES-FOOT					BABIES
INNER					BAR
SPINNING					WREN
BOARD		GUN		SUIT	
RED-HOT					MASTER
					FACED
GINGER					DRAGON

Answer to Fabwords on page 27

IN RECORD TIME

THERE'S a plenty poppin' in the disc department this week so let's cut the conversation and spin straight into the pop parade.

I dropped into NEMS' Press Office a few weeks ago to see Gerry Marsden and had the good luck to find Cilla Black there with her manager Brian Epstein. He was spinning a pile of new material that had been brought in by **The Beatles'** A & R man, George Martin. Amongst the possible material for Cilla's next single was, *You Are My World* (Parlophone). The version we heard was in Italian but Cilla flipped for the sound and that's the story of how it has become her latest hit. To celebrate finding the song she went straight out and bought a pair of white stockings.

On her return to the office one of **The Fourmost** (he shall for his own protection remain nameless) enquired if she would like an immediate blood transfusion. It's as well they're all good mates.

I remember being with **Marty Wilde** on a

tour with **The Rolling Stones** and **The Ronettes** a few months back. Marty was working on a number called *The Kiss*. He kept humming the tune over to us in the car we were travelling in. Well now the result has turned up as *Kiss Me* (Columbia). It's Marty's best number to date and **The Wildecats** who back him have done a really great job with the arrangement. Incidentally, the number is Marty's own composition.

Michael Cox had a very big hit in this country some years ago with a tune called *Angela Jones*. Although he has not managed to repeat this success in Britain it may interest you to know that in Sweden Mike is now their number one singer. With his revival of the **Buddy Holly** hit, *Rave On* (HMV) he could bring a little of that Swedish success back to Britain.

Raincoat In The River (Columbia) may sound like one of those terrible death drive ditties but in fact it's the happy tale of the guy who falls in love and chucks his raincoat into the river. He is not in it by the way! **Brian Davies** who has come all the way from Australia, sings the song and it's well worth the listen.

For the gals who like their groups with that rhythm and blues feel you can't better **The Druids** who pound out the beat opus—It's *Just A Little Bit Too Late* (Parlophone).

See you. **KEITH ALTHAM**



Fab | George
Chakiris



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HAVE
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JUST
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wear sharp clothes
are up on the '20'
get depressed
recover
shake and wriggle
are glad they're girls*

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Fab Bobby Shafto

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MEMO:

URGENT

To: All Office Staff

Request your immediate attention be drawn to Gill's latest incentive bonus. In response to your many demands, we are proud to present the very latest in office gear, brought to you by courtesy of those Big Beat Executives - The Merseybeats. All budding career girls, please note. It's too neat to miss.



Lucky for him she's a dab hand at shorthand, otherwise he'd be right up the creek! No guesses as to why she's a top boss. It's a certainty promotion couldn't pass her by in that slick gear! By Neatwear, her Terylene Lanun floral blouse comes in blue or pink tones and costs 42s., and her slick pink hipster 55s. Model is reader Janet Bralley from Woodford Green, London. This is her special choice for the office and well seconded by Tony Crane of The Merseybeats.

Eh bien, alors! So who's friend are YOU... walking out on my very first interview! Thought my new red two-piece was a dead on whizz—but ooh-la-la—he's positively gone to pieces! Denim sleeveless jacket and shirt from Fifth Avenue, London, £5 10s., worn by slick little French bird Françoise Gendrot, keen reader from Canonbury, London, and lightning appearance by Johnny Gustafson, Merseybeat in a hurry!



IT'S FAB—

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

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PHOTOGRAPHER DAVID STEEN	

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HEY THERE! I am in dark disgrace with the gang. For the reason—see our back page picture of Cilla. But don't look too closely at it, PLEASE.

You see—I dropped the cake. We were in the middle of the 21st birthday party we threw for Cilla. Everything was swinging and I decided we ought to have a picture of Cilla with the special birthday cake we had made for her.

Well, you can see how big the cake was. And it weighed a ton. I picked it up to put on Cilla's lap—and, oops! butter-fingers! I promptly dropped it flat on its beautiful face.

Cilla couldn't stop laughing. But when the gang saw the remains of what had been a positive work of art, they went right off me, though Gerry and Billy said it made their day!

So just look at Cilla there on the back page and keep your eyes off the cake, huh?

Yours crestfallenly:
THE EDITOR

Hi-Fab!



THIS WEEK JUNE TAKES OVER



The Stones make readers Christine and Jackie feel at home.

It's readers request time! And, really, the things you ASK! We couldn't meet requests like "Can I have a ride on Peter O'Toole's camel" or "Can you stow me away in Dave Clark's boot" (the one in his car, I hope), but we did meet two of our most popular requests: 1. "Can I meet The Rolling Stones." 2. "Can I come and see FABulous."

I think everyone should meet The Stones—they're five great boys. But we had to settle for playing fairy godmother to just two of our readers—Jackie Wakeford, who comes from Kent and is a junior clerk, and Christine Broadhurst from the potteries, who is currently G.C.E. cramming.

With a wave of my FABulous wand, I transported our two readers to The Rolling Stones' dressing-room at Rediffusion's Ready, Steady, Go! studio. Mick was the first Stone to roll in, and he completely bowled over Jackie and Chris. They came up for air just in time to meet Keith, Charlie and Bill. Then The Stones shot off to rehearsal.

The studio was studded with stars—Billy J. Kramer, Manfred Mann, The Merseybeats, Sounds Inc.—and the girls said hello to them all. But they were really "all eyes" on The Stones. Especially on Brian, the one they hadn't met.

When *Not Fade Away* faded away, I headed Christine and Jackie for the tea trolley, with a "Watch this." Sure enough, the clattering cups brought Brian. I remember he once showed me a twenty-page letter that had impressed him no end, and when it turned out that Christine was the epic-letter-writer, she and Brian were well away . . . especially when Brian remembered that she was the one who had queued at 4 a.m. to see The Stones at Wolverhampton, Jackie? She's seen The Stones at every theatre they've played in Kent, and was busy telling Mick and Bill just that.

The Stones take a more sincere interest in their fans than any other stars I can think of right now—Christine pointed out that about ten of her friends had received letters from them—and between rehearsals The Stones answered

STARGAZING WITH

JOHN LEYTON



Geminians have so much talent and energy but they must concentrate on one thing at a time. If they can curb their restlessness the coming months will be most successful.



CAPRICORN (Dec. 21—Jan. 19). That restless feeling will be helped by a welcome change.



AQUARIUS (Jan. 20—Feb. 18). Widen your interests and that mood of depression will go.



PISCES (Feb. 19—Mar. 20). Be mature and stop letting jealousy make you over-possessive.



ARIES (Mar. 21—April 20). Come out of your shell more and don't be so sensitive and shy.



TAURUS (April 21—May 20). Determination will make this a really go-ahead-time for you and yours.



GEMINI (May 21—June 20). End of a sentimental phase makes you wake up to reality more.



CANCER (June 21—July 20). An up-and-down week but you have an interesting social invitation.



LEO (July 21—Aug. 21). Be very careful in your work and you will enjoy real reward from your efforts.



VIRGO (Aug. 22—Sept. 22). A lot of your present anxiety is groundless so relax.



LIBRA (Sept. 23—Oct. 22). Try to get your ideas more clear-cut and you won't confuse others.



SCORPIO (Oct. 23—Nov. 22). A happy week. You feel at peace with the world so make the most of it!

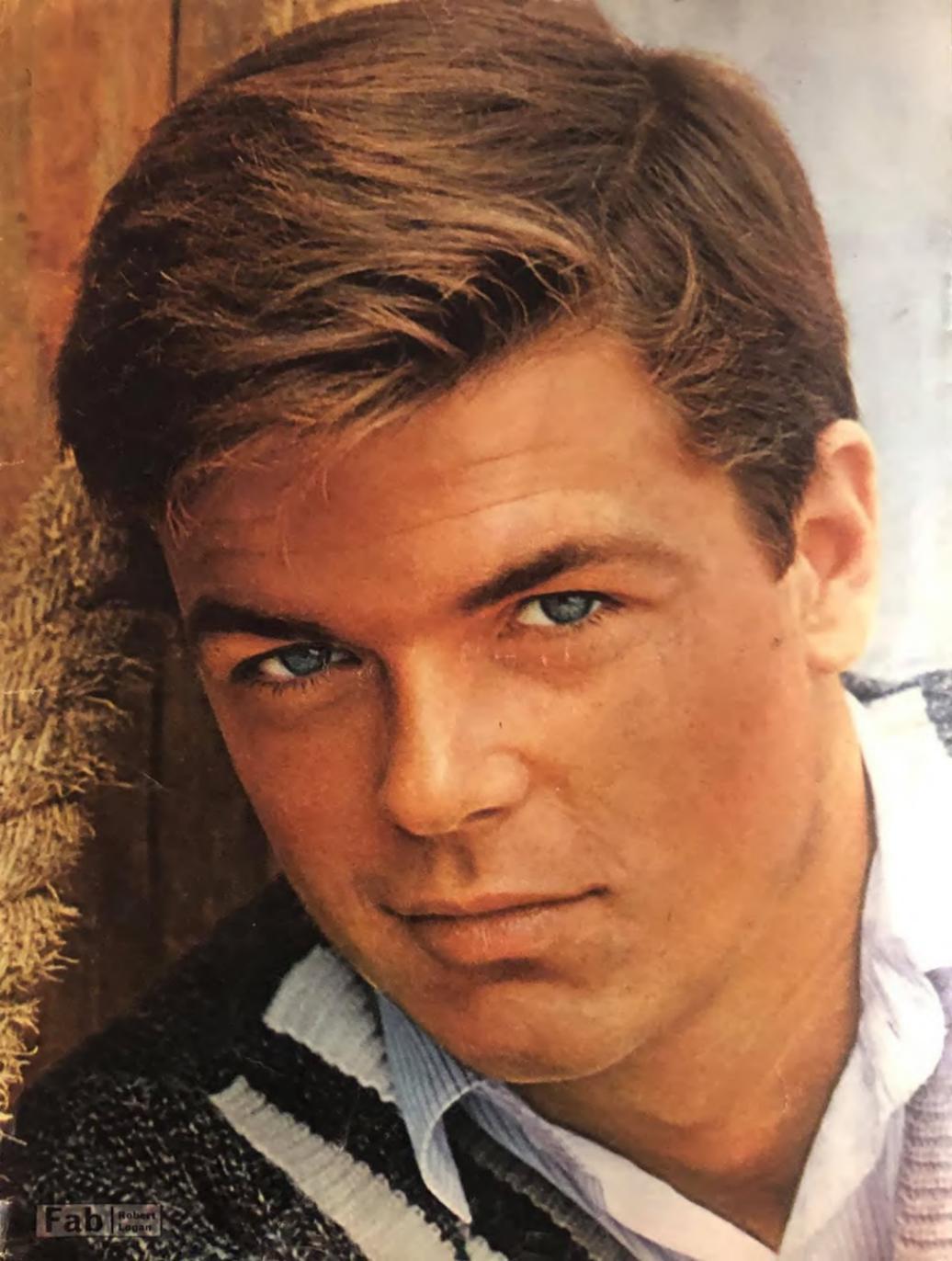


SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23—Dec. 20). Attend to your post—a letter may require a great deal of thought.

As any good secretary knows, the best way to a working girl's heart is through her typewriter, and Aaron Williams is smart enough to know which side his bread is buttered. But say, with a Fab boss like that, she's the one who should be on her knees! Super pale green cotton voile shift for around the office is this one from Wallis Shops, approx. 5 gns., and chosen by reader Mary Lovett from West Wickham, Kent. In three other lush colours, Naty, Melon and Blue. It's a sell-out but sure.

What's that you said . . . just a passing shot? No . . . please . . . John Banks, you can't do this to me. How was I to know Mr. C. J. Oppenheimer Von Groenbeck was Big Deal. Girl wearing the grey and white striped two-piece is Susan Brown from Penge, London, and suit with the Linen Look is from Fifth Avenue, London, 75s., worn with orange Tricel Rosette blouse from Neatawear, 42s.





Fab Robert Logan

Ben Elliott and the
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2				Small	Medium	Large
3				Small	Medium	Large
4				Small	Medium	Large
5				Small	Medium	Large
6				Small	Medium	Large

SWIM SHORTS	STYLE	QUANTITY	COLOUR	WAIST SIZE (ring your size)		
	7				26"-28"	30"-32"
8				26"-28"	30"-32"	34"-38"
9				26"-28"	30"-32"	34"-38"

TROUSERS	STYLE	QUANTITY	COLOUR	WAIST SIZE (ring your size)	INSIDE LEG SIZE (ring your size)
	10				26"-28" 30"-32" 34"-36"
11				26"-28" 30"-32" 34"-36"	29" 31" 33"
12				26"-28" 30"-32" 34"-36"	38" 31" 33"

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- 4 Italian openweave tee-shirt, slash neck. Stand-out Black Shark White.....21/-
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- 6 Keen roll collar action shirt. Cotton, button styling at neck and shoulder. Stand-out Black Shark White Sky Blue.....19/6
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- 8 As style No. 9 in plain denim. Denim Blue Big man Grey.....29/11

- 9 Block stripe hipster shorts. Fully lined with inner support. For swimming and sunning. Navy/White Stripe Red/White Stripe 29/11
- 10 "Whipped" Denim hipster slimline. 4 straight jet pockets. Zip fly. Ice Blue Light Navy Roman Bronze 32/6
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THE APPETIZER



TONY CRANE

"We took over where The Beatles left off," explained Tony Crane, the lead guitarist with The Merseybeats.

I was lunching at a London restaurant with the boys when Tony dropped that quote.

However, he hastened to explain this only meant that when The Beatles left Liverpool's Cavern Club it was The Merseybeats who took over in their place as residents.

"We're not knocking The Beatles," Tony declared, slicing his way through a medium rare steak. **"Already they are bigger than Presley ever was and still our good friends. Why only last week George popped in to see us at Saturday Club rehearsals, just to say 'hello!' And he hadn't changed a bit."**

One thing that all the Merseybeats agree on is

AARON WILLIAMS



YOU WANT TO KNOW MORE ABOUT 'EM SO KEITH MEETS THE BOYS WHO PUT THE

BEAT IN THE MERSEY

that they should in no way resemble or attempt to copy their famous fore-runners.

They got rid of any Beatle-styled clothes they had and their manager, Alan Cheetham, arranged for some special Spanish shirts to be designed for them.

While everyone else was jumping on the Twist 'n' Shout bandwagon The Merseybeats applied themselves to the sweet beat.

"We intend to continue with these slow soft ballads like I Think Of You and It's Love That Really Counts," stated Tony.

The reason for their success with these slow and swinging numbers stems from the days when Tony and Billy Kinsley (The Merseybeat who left the group to get married) used to tour the Liverpool pubs doing an Everly Brothers act.

"We were called The Mavericks in those days," recalled Tony. **"We'd play for anything from ten shillings a night to a free meal!"**

Later Tony and Billy teamed up with drummer John Banks and rhythm guitarist Aaron Williams.

Aaron who has a haircut half way between a shaggy John Lennon and a well groomed Rolling Stone lifted a glass of red wine and added quietly:

"That's when we moved into the big time. We were earning at least £2 for a date then."

He doesn't say much, this softly spoken member of the group but has an easy going nature which makes you like him almost immediately. Aaron says he met Tony through playing with other groups—but an attractive sister called Carol may have had something to do with it as well.

I turned to Johnny Gustafson who had just joined the group, replacing Billy Kinsley. Johnny was by now making a deep impression on a mountainous pile of whipped cream and strawberries.

"How are you fitting in with the group?" I asked.

"All right but I'm an odd shape," replied the ex-Big Three member. **"Kind of ragged round the edges with pieces missing."** Getting a straight answer out of Johnny is like asking The Beatles when they are going to get another haircut. I tried a different tack.

"I understand you were in Germany when Tony found you playing with another group. Did he have much trouble tracing you?"

"No, he just got a pencil and drew round the edges," replied Johnny. He then picked up his napkin, rolled it into a tube and stuck it in his mouth.

"Got a light?" he enquired.

I surrendered unconditionally and passed on to drummer John Banks. John keeps very much in the background but is always willing to chat.

He declared he'd eaten enough, and sacrificed



JOHNNY GUSTAFSON

the remainder of his steak to Tony who was still starving.

"Better than the old days," smiled John. **"Things are really swinging for groups from Liverpool now. Do you know they just chopped up The Cavern stage where we used to play and sold it for five shillings a chunk?"** The proceeds went to charity.

Back on my right hand side, Tony had begun to pound a rhythm out with his pen and Johnny was doing the same on the table top with his hands. Aaron was humming a melody line. They had suddenly thought of a tune for the flip side of their new disc. Tony worked out a provisional title, *She's The Girl*. And bang—that was it! It's on the flip side of their new release.

And that is how Merseyside makes music.

JOHN BANKS





Fab Dave Clark
Five

Carol's Letter Box

Great week! We all love meeting readers personally. Last week I was rushing round trying to smarten up the office before our readers, specially invited for this week's issue, arrived. Dead loss, mind you! We're such an untidy lot. Still, the readers didn't seem to mind. To those of you who've written, thanks for writing.

Gloria Phelps of Ealing writes: Can you give me some general information on the Cumberland Three? Sure, the group's first disc was *Chilly Winds*. Here's the low-down:

Alex Beaton was born 15th July, 1944. He is 6 ft. 1 in. and has dark brown hair. Alex is keen on athletics and collecting book matches.

Brian Fogarty was born 31st January, 1944. Brian is 5 ft. 7 in. and has fair hair. He loves listening to classical guitar music and enjoys cycling.

Leonard Sturrock was born 16th March, 1944. He is 5 ft. 9 in. tall, and has fair hair. Leonard likes making model aeroplanes and is keen on motor racing.

All three boys like music by the Everly Brothers, Peter, Paul and Mary and the Kingston Trio. They all hope folk music won't "boom" in Britain as the quality of the music may be lowered.

Pat Higgins of Luton writes: Can you tell me what the Migil 5 did before showbiz, please?

Mike Felix (drums and vocals) most unusual of all ... he used to be a boxer!

Lenny Blanche (bass guitar) moved from an art studio to the RAF and on to the Merchant Navy!
Gill Lucas (piano) studied to be a concert pianist. But in the RAF he became interested in jazz.

Red Lambert (vocals and rhythm guitar) was also in the Merchant Navy, where he met Lenny.

Alan Watson (tenor sax and vocals), professional before he was seventeen, so he didn't really have any other steady job. He, too, was in the RAF.

Joy Lambert of Kent writes: I've recently heard a great group called *The Zephyrs*. Can you tell me anything about them, please?

Can do, Joy. I'll take the lads one by one. . . .

Geoff Huson (lead guitarist) is leader of the group. He was born in Epping Forest on 10th February, 1942. His parents had been evacuated during the war and Geoff was born in a nursing home in the centre of the forest. He has a great interest in films, and hopes to produce a picture one day.

Peter Gage (rhythm guitar) was born on 31st August, 1945 in Lewisham, London. Peter worked in France for a time, but a car crash brought him home to England. He was going to return to France, but the offer to join *The Zephyrs* came along.

Johnny Hind (bass guitar) comes from Elstree in Hertfordshire. His birth date is 8th December, 1942. Johnny had the unusual job of sorting scrap metal before the group came along.

John Carpenter (drums) was born in Highbury on 23rd September, 1941. He is the eldest member of the team. And because of his surname he is nicknamed "Chippy". John likes crosswords and children.

Celia Rottin of Hertford asks: What zodiac signs were *The Beatles* born under?

John, 8th October, Libra; **Paul**, 18th June, Gemini; **Ringo**, 7th July, Cancer; **George**, 25th February, Pisces. I'm glad I have something in common with *The Beatles*, John and I share the same birth sign. . . . Libra! Carol.

DON'T FORGET ANYTHING YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW JUST DROP ME A LINE ENCLOSED A STAMPED, ADDRESSED ENVELOPE. MY ADDRESS IS:

CAROL'S LETTER BOX
Fabulous, Fleetway Publications, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London E.C.4



Back: Manfred, Mike Hugg, Mike Vickers, Front: Paul Jones, Tom McGuinness.



L to R: Ringo, John, Paul and George.



L to R: John Banks, Tony Crane, Johnny Gustafson, Aaron Williams.



L to R: Denis Poyton, Mike Smith, Dave Clark, Rick Huxley and Lenny Davidson.

WHO'S WHO THIS WEEK



Answers to Fabrow on page 16

Beer GOES TO BRENDA'S HEAD And makes her 10 times lovelier *BY linc-o-lin*



MAKE SURE BEER GOES TO YOUR HEAD AT LEAST ONCE A WEEK WITH **linc-o-lin** Beer SHAMPOO From Chemists Sachets 10! Barrels 2/6

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Happy
Birthday
Cilla

Fab Cilla Black

most of the questions the girls had been bottling up. When The Stones actually went on the air, they took Christine and Jackie with them. The girls joined the dancers, and after an afternoon with Keith, Mick, Charlie, Bill and Brian, who wouldn't feel like dancing? After the show, it was goodbye for Christine, who had to catch an early train.

"But it won't be a boring journey, like the one coming down to London," she said. "I've so much to think about now."

It wasn't goodbye for Jackie. We went on to the Wimbledon Palais to catch The Stones on stage. Literally. Amid fantastic scenes—girls fainting, much screaming, and The Stones in top gear—Jackie stood on the stage with the boys, enjoying every minute.

Eventually, the wild ones had to make a lightning getaway to avoid a mobbing (Brian just made it minus a handful of hairs), but Bill was a bit slow off the mark, so we had to hide him under a table. It gave Jackie a few minutes more chat, even though conditions were a bit unusual !!!

As we left him to his fate, Jackie was still murmuring, "I can't believe that this is happening to me." But it was.

This really must be a FABulous office—so many of you want to come and look at it (between you and me, it loses its charm when you're stuck with a dozen filing cabinets and the FAB gang, but there's no accounting for taste). Anyway, we do have "at homes" occasionally. (And home was never like this!) We soon ran out of chairs when readers Pamela Fincham, Sally Adams, Kathryn Goodwyn and Kathleen Garven came up to see us. (I say UP, because we're on the top floor. Of course.) They go to school in Sussex, and they really came along to find some info. for their class paper. They're on the newspaper committee. Luckily, we had Bobby Shafto, Deke Aron and Peter Jay and The Jaywalkers around to give them some showbiz news 'n' views. The boys also gave them stacks of autographs and hours of their time.



Bobby Shafto signs autographs for some happy FAB readers (see above).



The Paramounts make two fans feel on top of the world (they were on our roof at the time!).

There was A Band Of Angels in the office when two more readers, Anne Marsden and Mary Wildey came up from Wembley. Four Paramounts were here, too. The two groups flew in (well, The Angels did. The Paramounts drove up in a van that had Manfred Mann and Mick Jagger written all over it); chatted with the girls; posed for pix; then flew out. Before they left, Mary and Anne had them signing autographs and joining in a singsong session. And before Anne and Mary left the office, we showed them around and saw that they met everyone.

Nobody ever believes me when I say what goes on in this office, so if you really want proof, we now have two very sweet witnesses who will tell you all about it . . . if the rest of the FAB gang ever let's them open their mouths!

NEXT WEEK

FABULOUS GETS AWAY FROM IT ALL



Our top popsters go to some far away places and where they go we go. We caught up with ADAM FAITH in TANGIER . . . MIKE SARNE in the CANARY ISLES . . . BILLY J. KRAMER in SWITZERLAND . . . JESS CONRAD in ITALY . . . THE CARAVELLES in JERSEY . . . JOHN LEYTON on the NORFOLK BROADS and, at NO extra expense, THE SWINGING BLUE JEANS in SOUTHEND! So get the greatest pop magazine of them all the fab fab FABULOUS next MONDAY, and get with those far away places, too.



FABULOUS
on sale next MONDAY
Price 1/-



SO YOU WANT TO START A FAN CLUB.....

SO many readers have written to ask how they can start a fan club that we asked Fab's June to give you all the lowdown. Well, she's the gal who should know, 'cos she runs Bobby Darin's British fan club.

The best way I know of winning friends is to start a fan club. It doesn't put money in your pocket, and it eats up your time like nobody's business. But it's a hobby you can't break.

When I announced four years ago that I was starting a fan club for Bobby Darin, my parents nearly disowned me. My friends thought I was mad. But I contacted Bobby's New York office and asked permission to go ahead.

As it happened, Bobby was due in Britain for a tour, and he invited me to go ahead and see him at his hotel, when he hit Liverpool.

I went. I saw. He conquered.

We talked briefly about establishing a British fan club, but Bobby left his manager, Steve, to sort out details with me. I outlined my ideas, and Steve more or less agreed.

I went home and did a grand tour of the local printers, to find out which would offer me the best terms. Finally settled for a duplicating firm which would duplicate small orders quickly and efficiently. First order I gave them was for a thousand application forms, which outlined the aims, fees, etc.

Quite frankly, there have been times when it has been difficult to keep the club out of the red, so if I were starting out now I probably wouldn't offer the same benefits to members.

But originally we had a five shilling fee, and offered photos, and a big magazine every other month. Now, I would charge something like seven shillings and offer a newsletter every other month, two post-card pictures, record list, biography, membership card and a letter from The Boy himself. I might throw in a magazine once a year. Of course, if your star is British and is able to help out financially, you would be able to charge five shillings.

A typewriter is the first essential in starting a fan club—apart from giving the club a name! Decide what you want to offer, get your

FAN CLUB CLUES

★ Before making a move, find out if your star already has a fan club. If one exists, he may ask you to form another. Or you may be taken on as an area president.

application forms, and let everyone know that the club exists by advertising in the music papers and writing to the pop magazines. When the fees start rolling in, get yourself a good account book, and always give receipts.

The next step is to assemble the membership "kits." Your printer will duplicate your record lists, biographies and newsletters, and membership cards can be printed to your order surprisingly cheaply (either with a photo of your lucky star or like an invitation card with the name of the club, space for the member's name, and a note that they are a member on your authority).

The photo side of it worked out pretty well. Bobby donated some 10 in. x 8 in.'s to offer for sale to help funds. His record company, Decca, let me have postcard pic ridiculously cheap, and his film company came up with some, too. You can always buy them from photo agencies if you can't beg them from the artist's management. But they usually ask you to buy not less than a few hundred.

Correspondence is the most fun part of it all. To write reams about Bobby never seemed a hardship to me. The personal letters for Bobby went straight to his personal secretary, who usually helped Bobby reply to them.

Eventually, we branched out. Area Presidents were appointed and were made responsible for organising club activities in their area. We started a charity scheme. Everyone worked like mad to make money for B.L.R.A. (The British Leprosy Relief Association), and we adopted two cute little African children. It wasn't anything to do with Bobby's singing or acting. But it showed people that he was a person as well.

Nowadays, the fan club thing has become so organised. The Beatles' fan club is run from their manager's office by half-a-dozen full-timers. It takes three people to handle The Rolling Stones' club—despite the fact that the boys reply to most of the letters.

But there's still room for people who just want to tell the world about their favourite performers. So if you want to start a fan club there's no time like now.

★ Make sure that things will work out financially before you draw up your application forms, and allow for rising prices.

★ Try to keep the fans!

Here's our Carol with the Facts on...

Peter Asher is one of the twosome that waxed that great Lennon/McCartney number *World Without Love*. After an overnight rise to fame, Peter decided to take leave from London University, to concentrate on his singing career.

Everyone knows Peter is Jane Asher's brother, but he says her showbiz life didn't influence him at all. He was content to study and sing at leisure, bright lights and fame didn't enter his head. "It's hectic enough at home without me too!"

Twenty years old, with red hair and square specs. Peter has a fab sense of humour. He is crazy about writing "plays that never turn into plays" and "stories that are thrown away before anyone can pass judgment!" But one day... who knows?

Even though the boys didn't plan to enter showbiz, they've certainly proved they're here to stay. They loved playing in coffee bars and dance halls for their own amusement. One night an E.M.I. recording manager spotted them, and now they never look back.

Recording various material at the moment, Peter and Gordon are making an LP. At the time of going to press, a title hadn't been decided upon. They're also looking for material for another single. Let's hope that will be soon!

PETER AND GORDON

Gordon Waller... the other half of the great team. Average height, well built with longish brown hair. He is definitely the artistic one. He loves painting and photography. When the mood takes him, he disappears for hours on end to paint.

Off stage Gordon likes to relax, and often stays in bed until about 3 in the afternoon. It sounds a long time, but if you're working solidly until the small hours, a day in bed is well spent! Gordon dislikes TV because the lines annoy him!

Really, Gordon seems to be the typical "public school" type, but he loves his career. Not long ago they were playing nightly in London's Pickwick Club—haunt of top showbiz personalities. Now they're top personalities themselves.

Dates in the boys lives are: birthdays, Peter 22nd June, 1944. Gordon 4th June, 1945. Dating girls isn't too easy nowadays, as the lads are kept too busy, but when they have time, it's one of their favourite occupations!

On girls, Gordon says: "I like foreign girls; small dark ones. I like them to have a sense of humour. Peter likes blondes that are full of life. He says: "I don't really have any favourites, but the right one will come along."

No one but no one can help liking these two boy-next-door types, I know I couldn't! They love casual clothes, they're quiet, and any amount of success won't change them. I'm hoping to see a lot more of them, and I know you are too!



Fab Home and Garden



COUNTDOWN ON MANFRED MANN

"**FIND out all about Manfred Mann**" . . . said the Editor!

"**Get all the answers to all the queries we've had from readers**" . . . said the Editor!! So off I went.

Want to eavesdrop on the chat I had with the boys? Ready? Start the countdown—5, 4, 3, 2, 1, ZERO! Off we go. . . .

First thing to make clear: Manfred Mann ARE five. A group, with the real Manfred Mann being Manfred Number Three. He gave his name to the group when they were told the original idea, the Mann-Hugg Blues Brothers, just wasn't right for a disc label. So you say: "Manfred Mann IS shaving" (though he doesn't often). But "Manfred Mann ARE playing" (and they do, all the time).

Manfred does most of the talking.

He admits: "I talk too much."

"That's true," I yell the others.

He's nervous . . . jumps from one subject to the other. A brown-eyed, black-haired, black-bearded 22-year-old, he comes from South Africa. If he likes you at first meeting, you're O.K. If he doesn't—well, watch out for squalls.

A perfectionist, he's not happy unless he's worrying. About the group's records, their photographs, their stage act, their music. He peers through heavy-rimmed glasses . . . and the eyes seem to burn right through you. He eats fruit "by the ton", drinks water by the gallon. Plays piano and organ.

After prolonged worrying about what questions he was to answer, he pointed to Paul Jones. And said: "Now there's the one the chicks all go for. He's the sexy one." The others gave out with a round of applause.

Paul bowed.

His green eyes gleamed with good humour. The long fair hair tousled handsomely as he laughed. Paul is the liveliest of 'em all. Says: "I don't worry about much. To tell the truth,

I could listen to R and B records all day, every day, and not worry about having a meal. You see, my hobby is music. Did you know I was sent down from Oxford University? That was because I gave up too much time for music. They said I must be mad, going in for something so dodgy."

Paul, Portsmouth-born, is a six-footer and he gets most of the individually-addressed fan-mail. He plays harmonica, loves writing songs with Tom McGuinness, newest member of the group.

Which brings in Tom. He's the other one wearing spectacles—a near six-footer who plays guitar and bass. Admits to a hatred for barbers. The others say: "Tom is an Irishman. He's a bit of a nut. But if we have a fit of depression, he's the one who gets us out of it. One day, we're gonna pay him back for the practical jokes he plays on us. . . . but we can't think up anything new enough and good enough to really put him down!"

The boys play a game, whenever they're not playing music. It's called "Winners and Losers." Say they're having a meal in a restaurant. One gets less grub than the others—**he's a Loser. Tom is invariably a Winner.**

Me? Loser. I bought the tea. And handed round the cigarettes.

Mike Vickers has deep-blue eyes, fair hair, and is 5 ft. 7 in. tall. Plays saxophone, flute, guitar, clarinet, piano. "My ambition? To grow a bit taller," he says with a grin. He drives a 1933 model car—the only one in the group to own a car. Which makes him a Winner. He seems a quiet person, who goes along with everything the others say.

Then, suddenly, he'll say loudly: "Don't be so stupid. You're all wrong." And the funny thing is that the others then agree with him. One day he wants to be a professional arranger.

Last is Mike Hugg, who's an inch shorter than the other Mike—but doesn't worry about it. Drummer Mike has blue eyes, fair hair—and no regrets about giving up his first after-school job as a jeweller. "Let Mike Hugg speak," yelled the others.

Mike appeared to be speaking. But I could hardly hear anything. His voice, it turns out, is never more than the merest whisper. Added to his perky face, it gives him a pixie-quality. It also makes him a Loser at conferences. . . .

Manfred Mann—all of them—dress casually and love R and B. They earn plenty of money now that their discs are doing well. But they become quite serious when talking about the life they led just one year ago.

Said Manfred himself: "We thought we were going to make a fortune. But until "5-4-3-2-1" came along, it was extremely difficult. We all shared a flat in South London. Talk about chaos. It was bitterly cold, but we could only afford to heat the one room.

"So we all moved into the same cramped bedroom. There were mattresses all over the place. We figured that if we all breathed in and out at the same time, we'd manage to fit in—and also keep the edge off the coldness. But sometimes it was like living in a refrigerator. Only the music was hot, man!"

It was time to leave Manfred Mann—all five of 'em! It had been interesting to sort out the different members of one of the best R and B groups in the country. Paul Jones, tired of the argument, sorted through some fan-mail which included two marriage proposals.

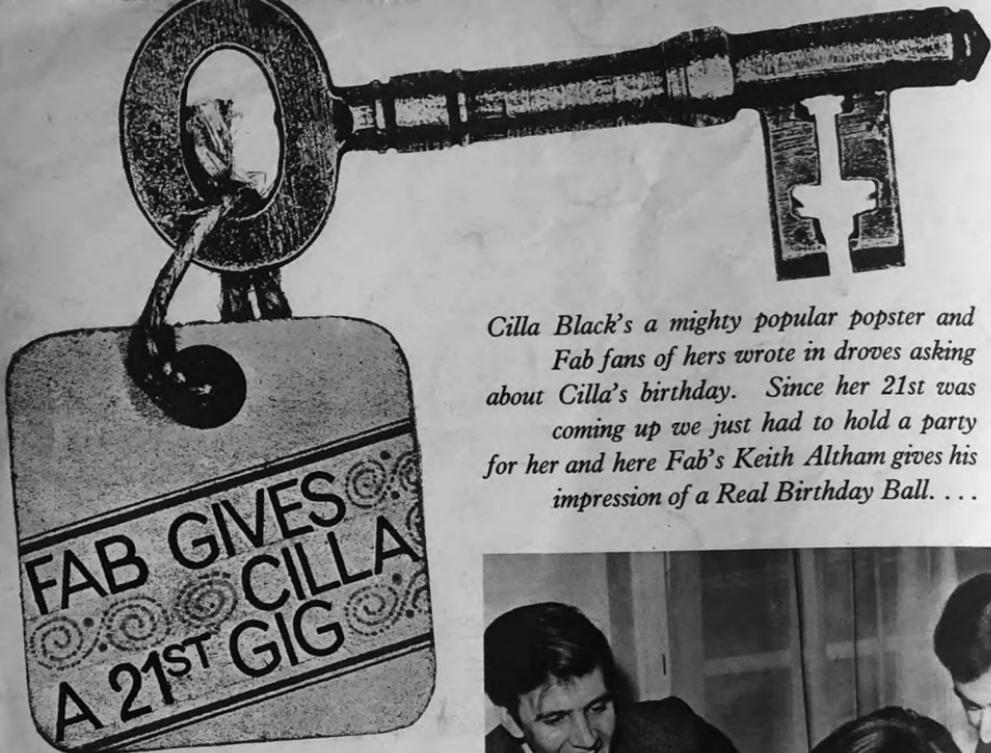
And I left behind a brand-new packet of twenty cigarettes.

Which makes me a Loser once again, I suppose!

PAUL FRY



Fab Manfred Mann



Cilla Black's a mighty popular popster and Fab fans of hers wrote in droves asking about Cilla's birthday. Since her 21st was coming up we just had to hold a party for her and here Fab's Keith Altham gives his impression of a Real Birthday Ball. . . .

IT was a champagne, coca-cola and cold chocolate occasion here at Fleetway House where FAB was flinging the most swinging party of '64 for Cilla Black's twenty-first birthday.

The guests present read like a list for Merseyside's Who's Who. Billy J. Kramer, The Remo Four, The Dakotas, Gerry and The Pacemakers were scattered around the room.

"I can't believe it," gasped Cilla, when she saw her seat of honour. A huge gold throne backed with purple and white tapestries was our showpiece. Although she had a very smart suit on Cilla decided she must have a party dress for "the posh do".

"Oh Bo-bb-eee!" she pleaded, turning to her road manager, Bobby Willis. When it comes to show business, Bobby is a very shrewd nut. When it comes to Cilla he just melts. He disappeared in the direction of her London hotel to fetch Cilla's dresses.

Plunging into the throng I prised a glass of champagne out for Cilla and neatly tipped half of it over Billy J. Kramer's cuff when I bumped into him on the way back.

"Fab party," commented Billy squeezing his soaked shirt cuff. I apologised and he grinned.

"Forget it," he said "But remember that my twenty-first is on 19th August and I want a party like this."

A nod is as good as a wink, Billy.

I returned to Cilla and handed over her half-glass of champagne. "At least it's better than that first

Cilla only managed to blow out three candles at the first attempt but that could have been Gerry's fault as he was blowing in her ear: "Puff the magic dragon that's me." Billy J. got the first slice of birthday cake after the curliest crack of the year from Gerry





When Fab's Sheena and Carol presented Freddy with a copy of FAB with brother Gerry on the front as a French copper his comment was: "I'll close my eyes perhaps it'll go away." There's no truth in the rumour Gerry wants a new drummer.

Gerry asked our Ed for the next dance but as you can see it didn't turn it. Her 'ed I mean. We lose more caption writers this way. That's our Betty in the background—looks as if she's after the next dance.



The Party's swivving and the toast is "Our Cilla, Twenty-one Today". Amongst this crowd of well wishers are The Remo Four, Gerry and The Pacemakers, Billy J. Kramer and The Dakotas. The face from Cilla was because of the champagne: "Oh heck, I didn't think it was true when they said the bubbles got up your nose," she said.



Chocolate time for The Pacemakers and Les Chadwick shares a joke with road manager, Les Hurst. Can't get over Sheena's expression.

drink I bought you about six months ago," I said. "I'll never forget that," smiled Cilla. On that occasion she asked me for a beer and a Gin and "It". The beer was for Bobby. I thought she said a beer with a gin in it. That's what she got and turned a terrible shade of green when she sipped it. I now know that a gin and "It" is a gin and Italian Vermouth.

Cilla gazed around at her hit parade partners and commented thoughtfully. "All these people were friends long before they became stars. y'know, first met at a dance hall over three years ago. He was doing a mad Elvis routine in those days. The Remo Four were playing for Johnny Sandon and we would all meet up at the Blue Angel Club. It all seems like yesterday. But so much has happened in between. Makes me feel quite old."

Gerry heard the last remark and came tripping across to pipe in a boyish voice. "You speak for yourself. I'm still young and gay and got me hair. I'm fifteen I tell you."

"You're a nit," laughed Cilla, giving him a playful shove. Gerry clutched his shoulder and winced with pain.

"Easy Cyril!" (His pet name for Cilla is Cyril) "I've just had my inoculations for the overseas trips."

He then proceeded to convince Cilla that only a large piece of our Cadbury's birthday cake would stop him from passing out on the carpet.

The cake was duly cut and Gerry made a speech which no one could understand but was resoundingly cheered on the words, "Many more of 'em".

After this Cilla disappeared for ten minutes and returned from our fashion department with a lovely chocolate and cream party outfit which had been lent to her.

Enter Bobby thirty seconds later carrying half a dozen dresses from the hotel. He couldn't believe his eyes when he saw Cilla already dressed up.

"How the . . . what the . . . I've been all that way . . . WOMEN!" was all he could manage. A few soothing words from Cilla and normal service was resumed between star and manager.

Our party powerhouse on two legs, namely one Gerald Marsden, started things swinging again by conducting the massed voices of Merseyside in three choruses of "Happy Birthday Dear Cyril". You might think that Billy J. Kramer, Gerry, The Dakotas, The Pacemakers and the Remo Four would have made a great sound. Believe me they sounded all out of tune but Cilla bore it with an air of one who's used to Merseyside methods.

Before the party came to a close Cilla enquired after Gerry's pianist Les Maguire who wasn't able to make the party. "He's suffering from a bad case of injections for abroad," Gerry told her.

"Poor old Les," said Cilla sympathetically. "Never mind, take him a lump of cake back."

With those words Cilla slapped a huge slice of sticky birthday cake into Gerry's hand. Gerry was still carrying it when he left the party and I wouldn't mind betting that Les received the goey offering from Gerry's own hand that same afternoon.

But that's how these Merseyside pop people are at a party. Crazy!

But nice-crazy.



Gerry with that champagne feeling pours another glass of bubbly for Cilla. Billy J. presented her with the key of the door on behalf of FABULOUS.