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Fab Peter and Gordon

FAB TIPS

Peter and Gordon stood in the spotlight, letting the applause wash over them. They'd just finished singing their first-disc hit "World Without Love" and jumped casually into a folksy sort of song. And then, mid-way, IT happened. IT was a huge, mouth-gaping yawn by red-haired Peter Asher.

His mate Gordon Waller shot across a meaningful look. He thought he'd managed to cure Peter of this sleepy-time habit. "I'm the one who is always tired," said Gordon. "But at least I don't yawn in the middle of our act. . . ."

SLEEP and Gordon go well together. He admits: "When Peter and I were together at Westminster School, we used to go out and sing in local clubs until the early hours. So, of course, I couldn't get up in the mornings to attend lessons. I missed school-work for a whole term. The miracle was that I always got away with it. . . I remember my housemaster calling me 'a favourite nuisance'."

And the fact that they're such successful disc-sellers now is really due to . . . THE BEATLES! For the FAB foursome often used to visit the Asher home—for a meal, a chat, a sing-song round the piano. And Paul McCartney also picked up a few hints on oboe from Peter and Jane's mum, who is Oboe Professor at the Royal Academy of Music.

"Great scene," recalls Peter. "We just had a free-for-all round the piano . . . John, Paul, George, Ringo, Jane, Gordon and I. We made plenty of noise. We weren't always in tune. But I suppose if anybody had recorded us we'd have sold a million! It was at one of these sessions that John and Paul sang over part of 'World Without Love' . . . and we liked it so

much the boys decided to finish it for us."

These boys are a duo with a plan. They've given themselves just eighteen months to become completely established stars.

Says Peter: "Later on, I'd like to make records for other people—you know, as a recording manager. And I think Gordon is interested in becoming a photographer. I suppose he reckons he can fix his own hours for working!"

Whether working, waking or sleeping, Gordon never lets up on the laughs. He's always way ahead with the latest joke craze and he comes off best with "flat" jokes. They suit his deadpan face.

Peter seems to amble through life with a shy, little smile, collecting a wide selection of friends. He's very gentle and is rarely roused to anger.

At home with Peter and Jane can be a riotous experience. For Peter can't forget how Jane, on "Juke Box Jury," voted "World Without Love" a resounding hit (a Number One, in fact), but said she hated the middle part of the disc.

"Just wait till SHE makes a record," says Peter. "Then it'll be my turn to do the criticising. But the honest truth is that she does know

a lot about the pop music business, so we haven't really got any complaints!"

You'd have to go a long way to find two wider-apart personalities. Gordon, when awake, is sharp, quick, vital. He is an expert at having people on—as when he persisted in pretending I was an Income Tax Inspector when I talked to him! And Peter is quiet and serious. The personalities DO clash. But in their first film "Just For You" you can judge this for yourself.

Peter and Gordon do a Lennon and McCartney by singing two of their own songs in the film, *Leave Me Alone* and *Soft As The Dawn*.

Says Peter: "From a work point of view, it is the attraction of opposites. We sort of complement each other. But I do wish Gordon wouldn't sleep quite so much. . . ."

Says Gordon: "We DO share a Beatle haircut, but we had this style long before anybody had heard of those marvellous blokes from Liverpool. I just wish that Peter wouldn't keep on yawning in the middle of a song, though. . . ."

And both have the same ambition. To retire young . . . and RICH!

PAUL FRY



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ROCKET RECORDS, DEPT. F101, 47 DEAN STREET, LONDON W.1





What a FABULOUS assignment!
"Find out everything you can about the Mojos, Sylvia, the Ed said.

"With pleasure," I beamed. And I was out of the office for hours. And the FAB gang had to keep running back and forth to answer my 'phone. But I did find out about the Mojos. And I enjoyed it.

WE started our yak in a coffee bar.
"I'm the baby of the group," Stuart James grinned, handing me a glass of orange juice. "I'm just nineteen."

He's six feet one inch tall. "But I think I've grown another inch in the last month. Trouble is, I haven't

★ Billy J. Kramer, recently returned from another storming Stateside tour with The Dakotas, reports that the British beat boom in America is bigger than ever.

In fact, Billy was such a hit over there that his new disc, out this week, is being released simultaneously in the States. Called "From A Window," it was written specially for Billy by Beatles Paul and John. It's a haunting, mid-tempo number that Billy first tried out on American audiences via the Ed Sullivan TV Show—and it went over like a bomb. Issued on Parlophone, I reckon it will do likewise here.

★ Very few people in Britain had ever heard of her until The Beatles started shouting her praise, but now twenty year old Detroit-born Mary Wells, one of the hottest properties on American disc, is beginning to have an impact here.

Mary, who had her first major British success with *My Guy*, is a member of a stable of singers run by a negro called Barry Gordy. He owns three recording labels in the States, has his own

time to measure myself to find out. I never seem to stop growing."

He weighs ten stone nine pounds, has fair hair and blue eyes, takes size nine and a half shoes and doesn't really like being called "Stu."

"Paul McCartney's brother was at Liverpool Institute High School at the same time as me but in a different class," Stuart continued.

Stuart took the advanced level G.C.E. when he was seventeen and is considered to be pretty brainy. He likes Ella Fitzgerald, Ben E. King and Peggy Lee, says, "My head goes 'tapt' if I hear a group when I'm not working." He always has his suits made. Reckons he's always broke.

DESPITE that, he had enough money to buy me another drink, and while he was getting it I collected some gen on John Konrad, who's really

music publishing company, promotes his own package tours—which is scheduled to visit Britain in the autumn—and generally has become the most successful man the American disc-biz has seen for years.

Also included in the outfit are Little Stevie Wonder, The Miracles, Martha and The Vandellas, Brenda Holloway, The Marvelettes and Marvin Gaye—and The Beatles think they are all wonderful, too!

Mary joins forces with Marvin for her latest, *Once Upon A Time* (Stateside)—and it's a sizzler!

in record
time

dishy. Five feet eleven, brown hair and eyes—mmm. For some strange reason, John is always called "Bob" by the rest of the group. No, his middle name isn't Robert.

He went to Anfield Secondary Modern School, Liverpool and the favourite hobby is photography. In fact, he was shooting away with a camera all the time we were talking.

John's the youngest of four children. "And I always get pushed around by the other three 'cos I'm youngest," he complained with a grin that made me think he didn't mean it.

John's first job after leaving school was as a welder. He started playing drums about four years ago. He hates the sea (so doesn't go swimming) new clothes and shaving. He likes cheese, girls and cars, not necessarily in that order. Takes size 9½ shoes and wears a ring he pinched from his brother. "Because his finger got too big for it." Would love to appear in a Goon type film.

JOHN hasn't made up his mind yet whether or not he likes being interviewed, so while he considered the question, I nattered to Terry O'Toole.

His parents are half Irish, although Terry was born in Kirkdale, Liverpool. His birthday's 20th December. He's very interested in acting, likes all music and studied music for five years. Thinks hard before he says anything and punctuates the thoughtful silences with murmurs of "Um—ah—"

Fair haired and blue eyed, he's not fussy about food, and has a habit of buying things, getting bored with them within three months and selling, swapping or giving them away. Takes size nine shoes, likes tweed suits with piped seams. Doesn't like being photographed. So I encouraged John to photograph Terry while I talked to Keith.

KEITH KARLSON was born at Walton, Liverpool, went to Liverpool Collegiate Grammar School, enjoys swimming, go-kart racing and writing poetry. He can't drive. None of them can, except Terry.

Keith wears two rings and says that one of them, a narrow, black and silver band, has great sentimental value, but wouldn't say why. He hates travelling and isn't keen on reading. "Except gory epics like *Noddy Gets Killed in Toytown*." He also likes teasing people.

Takes 9½ shoes, likes going to the pictures, but doesn't like musicals. A self-taught bass guitarist, he was once a local government clerk. "But I hated the nine-to-five bit."

NICKY CROUCH was the last Mojo I tackled. He is the Irish one, born in Cork. "But we moved to Aintree, Liverpool, when I was very young." No trace of an Irish accent.

He, too, had an office job once, and he was bored as well. Hobbies are writing, reading and photography. Also likes judo, swimming, cycling. Takes 9½ shoes, favourite way of relaxing is playing chess with the proprietor of his local coffee bar, who's a champion. Would love to hitch hike round the world.

And that was that. Assignment achieved. And it only took me five hours.

BEST OF THE REST

★ From a bumper crop of beat-group releases this week I select as the ones most likely to click: *Just For You* (from the film of the same title), a catchy number by Freddie and The Dreamers (Columbia); *Do Wah Diddy, Do Wah Diddy*, an exciting sound by Manfred Mann (H.M.V.); *Spanish Harlem*, exotic stuff by Sounds Incorporated (Columbia); and *I'm The One Who Loves You*, which could be the first big hit for The Paramounts (Parlophone).

★ From the soon-to-be-seen American musical *Camelot*, in London's West End, take your choice of these superior songs: *How To Handle A Woman*, by Johnny Mathis, *Follow Me*, by Tony Bennett, and *If Ever I Would Leave You*, by Andy Williams (all C.B.S.).

★ Also blend an ear to *The Ferris Wheel*, by The Everly Brothers (Warner), *Don't Make The Same Mistake As I Did*, by Kenny Lynch (H.M.V.), and *Lazy Little Molly*, by Chubby Checker (Cameo-Parkway). KEN BOW



Fab | The Mojos

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Meet Susan,
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"When I was younger my mother always bought me sanitary towels but lots of my friends said they liked Lil-lets better. So I asked my mother if I could try them too. I hadn't guessed how easy they are to use. I've been using them ever since. Nobody knows when I'm wearing one and they're so easy to carry in my bag, they're easy to get rid of too—there's no applicator—I just flush them away. Because the packet is so small I'm never embarrassed when I buy them. I'm glad my mother let me change to Lil-lets."



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Tony Crane of The Merseybeats gets a "close shave"!

Hi-Fab!

Hi there,

Isn't it super that so many of those FAB, FAB hit-paraders are also becoming film-stars? We think it's terrific and the gang love it, because it gives them an excuse to nip off to the film-studios every now and then to watch the works!

"Just for You" - the film, I'm talking about now - has a really gear cast-list. Those Mojoes, Freddie Garrity, Applejacks, Peter and Gordon and many more of our FAB favs. Gerry is hard at it, making his first film. The Fourmost are making a screen appearance - and everyone is jumping in on the act. Love from us all,

THE ED.

Did you know that The Merseybeats love milk? They drink loads, especially Johnny Gustafson, who thinks nothing of downing three pints on the trot.

The technicians who worked with the boys in British Lion's film *Just For You* wish they'd known that. If they had, a joke wouldn't have misfired.

The scene the boys were shooting called for them to sing a song called *Milkman*, which also just happens to be on their new LP. They were given a nice set for the shot—complete with pretty dairy maid. But, as often happens in the film business, they had to do the thing over and over again.

At last, the director was satisfied and the boys went to their dressing room, where they found four cartons waiting for them. They opened them and found six one pint bottles in each carton.

Apparently, the technicians had thought that this would be a very funny joke to play on the boys. But like I said, the boys are crazy about milk; so the joke wasn't so funny after all.

Just For You, incidentally, must have been made *Just For Us*. Besides The Merseybeats, the cast includes Peter and Gordon, The Bachelors, Mark Wynter, Millie, The Applejacks, Doug Sheldon, Freddie and The Dreamers, The Orchids and The Raindrops. Wowee!

Anyone for billiards? The Bachelors ask ▶



STARGAZING WITH JOHN LEYTON



Leo folk with birthdays this week attack the problems of life with zest. By nature, authoritative and commanding they are best in situations where they can take the lead.



CAPRICORN (Dec. 21—Jan. 19). Surprising news puts you on your mettle. A new friendship.



AQUARIUS (Jan. 20—Feb. 18). You can take reasonable chances on most issues this week.



PISCES (Feb. 19—Mar. 20). Your home life needs prudent handling. Stay in familiar surroundings.



ARIES (March 21—April 20). Beware of making an impulsive judgement. Don't judge people hastily.



TAURUS (April 21—May 20). Splendid week for travel and financial affairs. Remember a past promise.



GEMINI (May 21—June 20). Wise to take the advice of a loved one. You won't feel obligated.



CANCER (June 21—July 20). Could be one wonderful evening in the company of a close friend.



LEO (July 21—Aug. 21). Show people that you are a good loser as well as a good winner.



VIRGO (Aug. 22—Sept. 22). You are on top of your form and an ambition will be fulfilled.



LIBRA (Sept. 23—Oct. 22). Peaceful week. You can take things more easily than of late.



SCORPIO (Oct. 23—Nov. 22). You can get on a better footing with people you think are hostile.



SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23—Dec. 20). A good time for new undertakings, especially of a domestic nature.



Say kids, isn't this just one big hoot. It's always the same—when Billy J. and the Daks start fooling around, life's one big giggle. But really, this is a riot! Playing it crazy are those lush Vernons gals. Who was it said B.J.K. never had it so good?

Above left: This is the gear all right. Here Maureen gives them something to crow about in her casual two-piece by John Travers and made in a linen weave spun rayon. Colours are just too bright—lipstick, pink, white, sky, turquoise, beige and black, 47s. 6d.
 Extreme right: No dolly in her right mind could pass up this crazy buy. With its bold Jungle splash print, it's strictly for the gal who's steppin' way ahead. By John Travers in a woven cotton, 47s. 6d. Colours are blue-brown, black-brown and Tango-brown.

Left to right: An absolute wow is Jean's two-piece, £6 4s. 11d. Just right for living it up is Fran's outfit, 69s. 11d., and as for Maureen's—it speaks for itself, £3 7s. 11d., and worth its weight in gold.
 Shown in this crazy line-up on the right with Billy and the Daks, the gals swinging get together are all by Martha Hill in Acrylic Crepe, and colours are the same for all three—Aegean Blue, Ibis Red, Sea Foam (turquoise), pink, green and Skol (a dull gold).





J.K.

and the Dakotas



BEAUTY BOX. Can't go high steppin' with hartin' feet. Hard skin forms quickly, but can be checked with Pretty Feet. Removes any dead skin, but harmless to normal feet. Roll on applicator 4s. 8d., or bottle 4s. 2d.

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Now the finishing touch to your baby soft legs. New, and I mean new, stockings by Kunert. Seamless Perlon's. Perlon is a brand new fibre and has a touch of silk. Price 6s. 11d. from most stores.



Fab Freddie and The Dreamers

THE BEATLES

are coming to breakfast



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Moreover, and even further, it's what the well-dressed fan-about-town is wearing. Read on, gentle reader.

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cloth, with the Beatles' names in gold round a red guitar. To get it, all you need is send us your filled-in coupon, any two Rice Krispies packet tops and 2/3d. And the Beatles badge will come beating back. (Into the bargain, you get yourself some popping good breakfasts of Rice Krispies.) Our address is on the coupon. What's yours?



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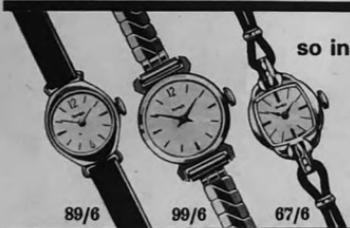


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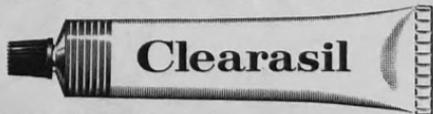


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girls do
make passes at
boys who wear

FAB'S June always goes a bit glassy-eyed when a boy in comes into view. She thinks there's something very special about them. Now it seems that June isn't the only girl who would be tempted to make passes at all those gorgeous pop stars who've taken to wearing glasses.



except that Cliff is doing a Hank Marvin.

On the left, as his fans usually see him, Cliff has big brown melting eyes that have a natural sparkle. No wonder girls make eyes at him!



Manfred Mann has that studious look combined with a rather sad little boy expression that makes any girl want to mother him.



There's a wide-awake, impish look about Manfred minus the eye-framers, but this is a Manfred you rarely see. Maybe he sat on his specs!



Freddie Garry hardly ever takes his glasses off. We're convinced he sleeps in them. They're certainly his most valuable "prop."



The only picture of its kind in captivity. A spec-less Freddie. His fans probably wouldn't recognise him. He wouldn't recognise them.



The Fourmost's biggest quarter, Mike Millward, often wears glasses off-stage. The FAB gang likes him that way. What do you think?



Mike has one of those lovable faces that couldn't belong to anyone who wasn't nice and friendly, behind specs or not.



John Lennon looking for all the world like someone capable of writing a book; he puts on the glasses when he's in an executive mood.



John's eyes usually have a definitely cynical look, but they can be as kind as John. And that's very kind. With or without.



Fab The Applause

maureen's letter box



I've been snowed under with letters this week. Super! Everyone reads them. It's like Piccadilly Circus in the rush hour when the mail arrives.

Carol sends you her love. She still keeps her bead eye on me when I do my letter-box... (stop Keith from whipping the kettle, Carol). This is thirsty work. Here goes...



Fab P. J. Proby

HAIRLESS?

Miss S. M. Bark of Spalding, Lincs. writes: My brother says that P. J. Proby's hair is not his own. Who is right, Maureen?

You are. P. J. Proby's hair is most definitely his own... the genuine Tom Jones article. Must stop drooling over his pic!



Hank B. Marvin

SHAD MAD

Margaret Brown of Clovelly asks me: Could you please tell me what the "B" stands for in Hank B. Marvin of The Shadows group?

The "B" stands for Brian. Hank is just a nickname, Margaret. You see Hank has two friends also called Brian so to avoid confusion he called himself Hank. A rose by any other name, etc. . . .

LONG JOHN GEN

Sandra White of Middlesex asks: Can I have some info on Long John Baldry? L-o-n-g-John Baldry was born 12 January, 1941, at East Haddon, Derby. He is the son of a six foot tall policeman. Long John is a mere 6 foot 7½ inches tall. He has straight corn-coloured hair and grey eyes. In 1963 he joined the Cyril Davies All Stars. When Cyril died one year later Long John followed the group under his own leadership and called them the Hoochie Coochie Men. Long John and the Hoochie Coochie Men's first record was *You'll Be Mine* coupled with *Up Above My Head*.

Susan White of Birmingham writes: Could you tell me what Mick Jagger has on his bracelet, please? It has Mickey inscribed on it and was a present from a fan. Super, isn't it?

Thanks again for all letters. You are certainly keeping me busy... Now where did Keith put my kettle.

Don't forget I'm here to help. Write to MAUREEN'S LETTER BOX, FABULOUS, Fleetway Publications, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4 and remember to enclose a S.A.E. for a personal reply.

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Quick—you might still be able to find a copy of this wonderful collection of all the greatest Beatles' pictures published in Fabulous—a magnificent, all-colour souvenir printed on special quality paper!

START HUNTING TODAY!

WHO'S WHO THIS WEEK

A key to this week's pin ups



Left to right: Mike Pender, Chris Curtis, John McNally. Front: Tony Jackson.



Back: Roy Crewdson, Bernie Dwyer, Derek Quinn. Front: Pete Birrell, Freddie.



Left to right: Tony Crane, Johnny Gustafson, Aaron Williams, John Banks.



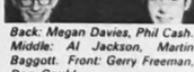
Back: Norman Kuhke, Ralph Ellis. Front: Ray Ennis, Les Braid.



Left to right: Gerry, Les Chadwick, Les McGuire, Freddy Marsden.



Left to right: Keith Karison, Terry O'Toole, John Komrad, Stuart James, Nicky Crouch.



Back: Megan Davies, Phil Cash. Middle: Al Jackson, Martin Baggott. Front: Gerry Freeman, Don Gould.



Fab Garry and The Pacemakers



Court Jester Freddie Garryy in a scene from *Just For You*



Nobody I know? Yes, it's Peter and Gordon *Just For You*.

Peter and Gordon have been having fun with cars lately. At least, it wasn't funny at the time, but they think it is quite funny now—in a way.

The boys were appearing in East London and they thought that, it wouldn't take them long to get home so they'd be able to have an early night.

So when the applause finally died down at the end of their act, they dashed into the dressing room, grabbed their gear, tore outside, jumped into the car—and found someone had let down the tyres.

It was one o'clock the following morning before the tyres were pumped up again and they were able to head back to the West End.

So much for their early night!

Actor/singer Doug Sheldon, another of the stars in *Just For You*, lives in a bachelor flat. I asked him how he manages to keep it clean and who cooks for him. He looked completely astonished and said, "I do it all myself. There's nothing to it."

"There isn't," I muttered. "Of course not. When I was studying drama, I even took a job as a sort of male char to help pay for my studies. I think a man should be able to do things for himself."

I couldn't agree more. Wish I could have someone just like him for a husband—if anybody ever asks me!

Trailing myself round London one Sunday afternoon a week or so ago, who should I bump into but Freddie Garryy, my favourite Mancunian. In fact, I bumped into my five favourite Mancunians, because he had The Dreamers with him.

After we'd caused a few heads to turn with our yells of delight at seeing one another again, I noticed that Freddie, whose film career is really swinging with his parts in *Just For You* and *Every Day's A Holiday*, was carrying a parcel that had metal bits

sticking out of the paper.

"What on earth," I asked, "is that?"

For an answer, he unwrapped the mysterious parcel and revealed a car number plate.

"It's from my E-Type," he explained. "A fan 'borrowed' it a little while ago. But now she's decided she should return it. And she has."

Then, to my astonishment, he gave it to me.

Now all I want is the car to go with it.

Those FAB Bachelors had a horrible moment during a show recently. They were doing a number in which John lays his bass on stage. Dec sits on it and Con pushes Dec backwards. All went well until Con pushed his brother. Dec slid back to the sound of a horrible tearing noise. His trousers had split. Hasty exit of one red-faced, dishy Dec.

P.S. I no longer need the car to go with that number plate Freddie Garryy gave me. No, he hasn't presented me with his E-Type as well (worse luck). The Ed's pinched the number plate and given it to an organisation that can use it to raise money for charity. Freddie was delighted when we told him.

"I hoped you'd do something like that with it," he said.

I'm pleased too. But couldn't they have used something else—like the half licked stick of rock Keith brought me back from Clacton?

Recently saw that bundle of fun, Millie, play a game called Slingball with two Australian cricketers.

The idea is that you sling a ball about and catch it in a plastic scoop. Millie bounced about laughing fit to bust. The Aussies just couldn't keep up with her. Maybe we should use Millie in the Test matches!

NEXT WEEK FAB IS ON A



so keep your sunny side up with THE BLUE JEANS on a camping trip—with a difference . . . go skindiving with HAYLEY MILLS . . . BEATLE TALK with SYLVIA . . . GERRY MARSDEN'S new film . . . and JESS (Cowboy) CONRAD . . . all in the good old SUMMER TIME SPECIAL of FABULOUS the paper that's really FAB . . . out next Monday . . .

Price 1 shilling

WOWEE WHAM! IT'S

THE white-toothy grin splits a dusky, vivacious face. A face that seems permanently lit up with sheer joy-of-living. She extends a tiny hand, grabs yours... and won't let you have it back for several minutes as she pumps it up and down, from side to side.

She's petite, sixteen, a Jamaican-born study in perpetual motion. She's Millie, of course. Just Millie. Nobody ever calls her Miss Millicent Small. In just eight months, she's hit the top of the charts.

And in just eight months, nobody has known her to stop singing or talking. Except when she's asleep. Let's just listen in as she talks... and talks... and talks.

SAYS Millie: "Wanna talk? Gee... that's great! Like, man, ask me about singing! Wowee-wham! I'd sing every hour of the day. Oh, boy—never thought I'd really get paid for just singing. Man, it's the greatest job in the world.

"Nervous about things? ME? I guess I'm crazy, but I just can't wait to get out in front of all the nice people. It's all inside me—I wanna share it round. I stand on the side of the stage waiting to start and I feel like I'm gonna burst inside. I mean REALLY burst, man. I'm just full up. Full of songs. There's some great ones in *Just For You*, my first film. Gee that was a real ball.

"Do you think I'm crazy? Some people think I'm a kind of screw-ball. They say don't you ever get fed up? Why should I get fed up? I'm having a real ball. Like I'm kinda way up in the clouds..."

And as she talks, Millie just can't sit still. Her tiny feet tap out rhythms which only she can hear. She wears tight black slacks, stretches her legs like a disturbed kitten... then paces the room. Her fingers click—she breaks into little dance steps. And she talks some more....

"WHEN I was first here, I lived in just one room. I couldn't dance around and when I started to sing—the neighbours went bang, bang, bang, on the walls. But I've gotta new flat now. Way up in the clouds in Kensington... like with a view! I'm having it all painted with new carpets and that.

"Sure, I live alone. Well, I share with my dog. I call him Henry—that's a good English name, isn't it? He's just an ordinary dog, but they gave him to me when I was in hospital. Just a stray, he was... but I'm making him one of the family.

"Am I having a spending spree... like on clothes? I walk along the sidewalk and I try to keep my eyes right ahead. Then I pass a gown shop and I feel my head being tugged round. Can't help myself, man. So I have just a peep. That's it. Gee—I'm inside and buying some dresses. Everything colourful... just gotta try 'em on.

"But I like relaxing in slacks and jeans. I've got dresses hanging up that I've never even worn. Just like looking at 'em—I only had one party dress back home."

"I COME from a huge family, didja know? Twelve children. So I guess that's why I like having people round me. I like being with girl friends. I like to hear about lipsticks and talk about clothes and all that.

"But it's mostly boys when I go out on tour. No, man, I don't have time to go steady. I'm young. But one day I'm gonna have lots of babies. Lots and lots. But I won't be singing then. Not for money, leas'tways.

"Sometimes I feel like a little cat. You know, I feel like purring and curling up. And I sometimes just drop off to sleep without knowing all about it. Like milk, too. Maybe I AM turning into a cat! Gee, how about that! I Millie the Kitten. Wowee!

"Aw, that's the phone ringing." Millie leapt like a mountain-goat across a settee. Picked up the receiver cautiously... she's not too keen on talking on the phone.

"Hi!" she squeaked. "Aw gee, oh, no, no, no! I'm real sorry... I just forgot."

She was missing out on an appointment. I watched her go. Like a shot out of a gun. And still chattering to herself....

PAUL JONES



MILLIE, MAN!



RING-A-RING ON THE SEARCHERS

FRONT DOOR



Mike Pender

DON'T talk to The Searchers about the glamour of showbiz. They're liable to stick a piece of cheese in your mouth to shut you up. Nicely, of course.

For the awful truth is that many of our top stars are "all dressed up and nowhere to go." They have money and no time to spend it. They have block-long cars and can't park them. (If their fans only knew how long it takes to scrub lovingly lipstickked messages off these monsters.) They have flats that should be havens of rest, but usually look more like a chain store on the first day of the sales.

It's all a bit sad, when you come to think about it.

The Searchers share a madhouse flat where bells are always ringing. The phone barks from eight in the morning till twelve at night. The Searchers are very nice to talk to on the phone. All things considered. They do nutty things like pretending to be the charlady.

"I think we're going to be thrown out," wailed charlady Tony Jackson when I finally got through to... oh, I forget the number... the other day. I went along to investigate, and found them at Pye Studios, recording for the Continental market. They were doing a Maurice Chevalier on *Sweet's For My Sweet* when Tony protested about the accent in broad Liverpoolian and the session broke for lunch in confusion.

The boss man wanted them back in half-an-hour, so we ducked out into the sunshine and ended up with sausages-on-sticks and cokes near Marble Arch. It turned out that The Searchers were not flatless, but had domestic problems.

MOST of their neighbours are from the showbiz set, but there are some titled bods living above (naturally). Below, there are Greeks, Germans and Dutch. ("We like the Dutch best because of their cheeses.") The language barrier



Chris Curtis



Tony Jackson

is such that when the boys go up in the lift with them they ask for the fourth floor and end up entertaining everyone in their flat. They're still trying to work out where they go wrong.

Cooking is not The Searchers' greatest talent. They exist on bread and cheese, crisps, lemon juice and coffee. Tony sometimes goes mad and makes prawn omelettes. The others suspect he gets those from a tin, too.

"Everything works at the moment, in the kitchen," Mike said reassuringly. Glad to hear it. One of their favourite games used to be to invite visitors to wash their hands in the kitchen sink and laugh like drains when a jet of water shot to the ceiling and gave them a shower.

"Of course, the kitchen's in a mess," John volunteered. "There's a cupboard full of empty coke bottles that we never have time



John McNally

to take back. The 'fridge is full of stale cheese. And thousands of ice cubes. If you ever want any ice cubes... Oh, and there are empty pineapple juice tins lying around somewhere."

"Don't forget the tin of minestrone soup that was there when we moved in," Tony tagged on.

THEY moved in over six months ago. It's a big, modern flat with Scandinavian furniture, nine rooms, and a store cupboard at the top of the stairs "with our ironing board and everything." There are two bathrooms, four bedrooms, a lounge and a conference room where they all sit around on straight chairs at a long table and act big.

"Did I tell you we converted one of our rooms into a carpentry shop?" Chris looked too innocent, too blue-eyed. It figured. "Yes, we're building a life-size model of The Queen Mary. We take it out on the roof and float it when it rains."

They probably find fans there, too. Rain or no rain. The school holidays really give them headaches. Fans carve their names on the polished front door (that brings moans from the caretaker). They push the door-bell all day, with the result that the connecting phone in their flat buzzes and buzzes and buzzes. The day they let it go on buzzing they found an irate fellow Searcher with his finger embedded in the door-bell rapidly getting mobbed. Fans even walk in with the other tenants and hammer on the door until a weary Searcher, clutching an ice bag to his burning brow, begs them to go away.

The Searchers are very likeable people who are happy to sign autographs and chat to their fans. But I didn't talk to them about the glamour of showbiz. They might have thrown their cold sausages at me.

JUNE SOUTHWORTH



Fab The Searchers



*"Shall I or shan't I?"
Cilla with her first plate
of very French snails.*

● If anyone had told me Cilla Black would have been at a loss for words I would have laughed. But there she was, standing next to me on the station at Paris, speechless. The journey had flashed by and here she was in Gay Paree for the very, very first time.

It took a taxi through the streets, booking into the hotel, and a meal to bring Cilla down to earth. "Just an omelette and tomatoes with no frills. Oh, and a nice cup of tea," she said to a very French waiter. His mouth dropped open. "With the omelette? But would Mademoiselle not prefer wine?"

"Not likely," she piped up and history was made.

Cilla had her cuppa. Then we had a round table conference. Not about tea. But about all the things we might cram in for Cilla to see—the Notre Dame, the Champs Elysees, the Bird Market and so on. Since it was Sunday and the Bird Market was open we gave that priority and Cilla, Bobby Willis, her personal manager, David, our photographer, and myself made for the market like mad.

Once there Cilla fell overboard for a parrot. This was nice as the parrot fell overboard for

Cilla. It even hopped up to her arm and whispered something in her ear.

"Can't understand a word it's saying," she laughed. "Fancy a bird knowing how to speak French."

Before things got out of control and Cilla tried to smuggle one adoring parrot back to England we pushed on to the Place du Tetre, beneath the Sacre Coeur. This is an open square where artists paint. A lot of them earn their living by making sketches of people, so we all sat down for a well earned drink while Cilla had her portrait done.

She was tickled pink by the result and THAT was the moment I had been waiting for. Lunchtime was upon us and I'd been longing to tempt Cilla into a typical French restaurant. That doesn't sound a great ambition but my real reason was to tempt her into eating frogs or snails (no puppy dog's tails).

We went to a restaurant in Les Halles, the Covent Garden of Paris, called the "Pig's Trotter" which gave Cilla another laugh.

She was ready to have a go at anything, especially frogs and snails.

All the same she did scrape her chair back a bit when the snails appeared.

"You'll finish them for me, won't you?" she



the first time
I saw

PARIS

CILLA BLACK'S TRIP WITH FAB'S
MARGARET CONTINUES.

begged me before she'd even started on them.

Unfortunately (I love them) this wasn't necessary. Cilla decided she had been missing something and ate twelve snails on the trot.

After that the frog's legs were no problem. "Lovely," she exclaimed, "a bit like chicken."

We then drank a toast to French food in French wine BUT Cilla topped off the lot with a good old fashioned British cuppa.

"Want to go up the Eiffel Tower?" I suggested. Cilla wrinkled her nose.

"No," she said. "That's kind of touristy, isn't it? And besides it looks awful high!"

Later we went to a night club at St. Germain to relax (snails and frogs take some digesting) and Cilla wanted to know about all the things she hadn't seen.

Our Lancashire lass was an immediate success with the French boys, dancing every dance and looked stunning in a startled mauve silk dress with black spots and a Cilla-like bow at the neck.

At three in the morning we hinted it was getting rather late.

"They have a good set of records," she said breathlessly between dances, "it's interesting to hear the French version of songs I know."

"Aren't you tired?" I asked hopefully.

"No luv," she said cheerily and listened

◀ "Watch the birds!"
Cilla in the Bird Market
at Paris—a parrot joined
her fan club.

entranced as Petula Clark sang *Anyone Who Has a Heart* in French.

"I might get down to a French song myself," she said thoughtfully. "After all, they seem to understand when I say 'excusez moi!'"

At last she was convinced that bed was a good thing, but my heart sank when she called brightly:

"Don't forget to pick me up at 9.30 to go shopping."

Now the Ed. had promised me that the one thing that Cilla hates is getting up in the morning. Since I do, too, I was very happy about that. But I hadn't bargained for Paris... and the shops. What gal can go to Paris and not shop? Certainly not our Cilla. Still, I did have an answer.

"But the shops are closed here on Mondays," said I.

"Oh, don't worry about that. I'll find one that's open. Can't go home with nothing."

And sure enough, right on the dot of 9.30, off we went. Cilla and I. After wearing out quite a few taxis, we found a shop that was open. In a trice she was trying on what seemed to be fifty pairs of shoes, all at once. I could see the plane going without her. But, at the last minute, she did make up her mind and bought fab, very simple open green sandals and a marvellous matching handbag.

"I'll be back again! she waved to Paris as we dashed off to the station and I'm sure Cilla will.

Even if she has to take her own tea.

MARGARET LORRAINE



◀ "Anyone Who Has an Art," thinks Cilla, enthralled by an artist in the Place du Tetre.



◀ "Everything's tres fab." Cilla with that "Paris belongs to me" look.



▲ The French gendarme says: "Madame Cilla that sees the toy you go . . ." or words to that effect.



◀ Shopping can be tough, even for Britain's top pop girl in Parice.