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28th March 1964

Fabulous

GOES BEATLING OFF TO PARIS

11 KING SIZE FULL COLOUR PIN-UPS

BEATLES DAVE C. HALLYDAY GERRY ETC





PARIS MAKES THE PACE FOR GERRY

When he met up with The Beatles in the gay city by MARK DAY

LEATHER cap with no peak, burly overcoat tightly belted against the cold, a scarf flung casually round the neck, PLUS an ear-to-ear grin that could only belong to Gerry Marsden . . . off on his first visit to Paris.

He flew out to meet up again with his old mates The Beatles. With him were The Pacemakers, Les Chadwick, Les Maguire and brother Freddy Marsden—plus manager Brian Epstein.

"Look out Parse, here we come!" yelled Gerry to a bunch of photographers. And he sidled past the welcoming air hostess and confided: "Course, Paris is probably ALL right! But there's nothing to touch good old Liverpool! Up the 'Pool, wack!"

On to Paris. Less than an hour by jet. Straight in to the hotel—the plush George Cinq. Which is where Gerry takes up the story.

"This hotel was really something. Talk about the marble halls of whats-it! First thing we saw—and I do mean 'thing'—was George Harrison coming down in the lift. He'd just been having a medical at the hospital before leaving for America.

"And the other Beatles turned up soon after. All moaning about the medical bit. They didn't think they had to have one, apparently. But they soon realised they'd never have got in to the States without having the necessary jabs.

"When we hit The Beatles suite, it was just like being back in Liverpool. Even the room service water spoke his English with a Mersey accent! I'm sure the sales of cokes had never been bigger than when we were there . . .

"But we wanted to see something of Paris. I mean us Liverpudlians like to see what's going on in some of the smaller cities outside the 'Pool'. So we went for a stroll along the Champs de what-do-you call it. I've never seen cars driven so fast—and all on the wrong side of the road!

"Course, we had to sum up the judies. It was like a

fashion show, watching them all going home from their offices. I was looking out specially for Brigitte Bardot—she's gear! I had this feeling I'd see her out shopping or something. Well, I had about five false alarms . . . but never did see her.

"Brian Epstein kept on at us about the sights of Paris. 'Hah! We said to ourselves. When you've seen the Mersey Tunnel, what else can there be that's so great? Anyway, here we were. The Arc de Triomphe. Some French bloke started telling us all about it. But he went too fast for me.

"Anyway, I don't speak French. So I was lumbered. I said to the bloke that he ought to see Blackpool Tower—but he didn't hear! I must say, though, that the old Arc WAS pretty impressive.

"We went to see The Beatles work that evening. Great reception! The Pacemakers and I will be over at the Olympia in September, so it was a knock-out to us to see the theatre and the way the fans behaved. It's not true there was no screaming—WE were screaming.

"Thing that knocked me out, too, was that one of those slick French judies came up and said she knew me and our records. I gave her an autograph but couldn't take my eyes off her fab long blonde hair. I started to think: 'We-e-e-ll, maybe Paris has got SOME things . . .

"With The Beatles around, nobody goes to sleep. We whooped it up that night at the hotel. John and Paul had a piano in their rooms and we had a right old sing-song. The waiters came in so often I reckon they must have worn inches off their legs!

"Fingo danced some mad fandango. John did an impersonation of Field-Marshal Montgomery. And we just talked. Talked until the dawn came up.

"Grub? Well, I'm easy to please. I still like chip butties and other wholesome Liverpool food. But we had these sausage things the French use to start a meal. And some mussels in some sort of sauce. I

wouldn't touch frogs' legs, which is supposed to be a delicacy there. It was fascinating listening to the gabble of chat in the restaurant. They're very clever, the French! Even the young children speak the language! I'm 21 and I can't even say 'Bon Jour' properly!

"Next day, we slept in late—there's nothing so exhausting as being with The Beatles. Then a bit more sightseeing. 'Of course, it's nothing like Liverpool. Nowhere as good.' I kept saying to anyone who'd listen.

"But it was beginning to seep through, this atmosphere of Paris. Lots of gaiety and people moving about at lightning speed. I did some window-shopping and bought a fab new leather cap and shirt. They certainly know all about fashion there—for men as well as the chicks.

"The Eiffel Tower? Sure, we looked over it. It made me feel smaller than ever! But I couldn't look at it for long—I had to keep my eyes open for Brigitte Bardot!

"We got talking to some French girls and bought them a coffee at one of those open-air cafes. It was nice, there. Just watching everybody and everything rushing by. The chicks spoke pretty good English, so we told them all about Liverpool. There's nobody prouder than a Mersey-man. But by the time we'd run out of things to describe in Liverpool, those girls pointed out that we'd need a month to see EVERYTHING in Paris.

"Our trip only lasted a couple of days. Of course, we were glad to get back to Liverpool.

"But you know something? Underneath it all, I'm looking forward to getting back to Paris. It's different. It's Fab.

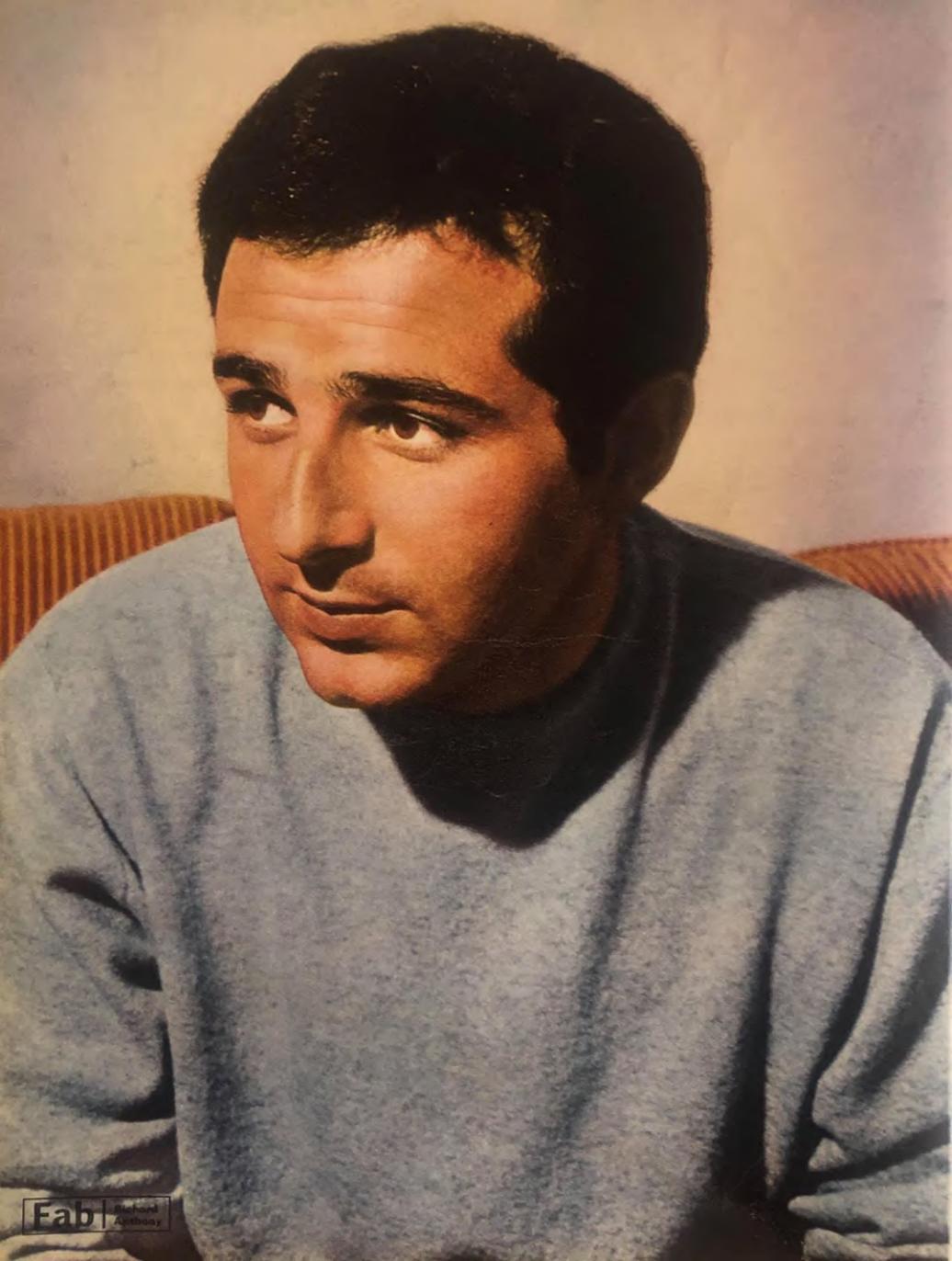
"Don't say too much about that up Liverpool way though. Otherwise they'll be running me out of town . . .

"Oh, by the way! I never saw Brigitte Bardot."

"What's the French for 'Let Me Out'?" says Gerry.

"Free at last. Merci beaucoup!"





Fab Richard Anthony



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LES BEATLES IN PARIS



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LES BEATLES
IN PARIS



MARK DAY GIVES AN HOUR BY HOUR ACCOUNT OF THE FABULOUS FOUR IN PARIS

Ze Beatles are ze gear!

MONSIEUR, perhaps ze frog legs?" The waiter bowed. John Lennon shook his head and said: "No, I'll have a—that is 'une' steak, please." The waiter bowed again, his forehead appearing to touch the plush restaurant carpet.

The waiter spoke again: "Some Pernod for the messieurs?" This time FOUR fringe-topped nuts shook in unison. "Cokes for us," said the four lads sprawled round the table.

For The Beatles were in Paris . . . and they didn't plan to change their eating and drinking habits for anybody.

It was a fabulous success. The Beatles' three-week stay at the Olympia music-hall (by night) and the plush Hotel George Cinq (for sleeping through the mornings).

And where ere The Beatles go, I like to beetle off in pursuit . . . because they're fab characters, who would somehow make the barren wastes of the

Sahara Desert swing if they were there.

Paris, with its hip atmosphere, swung like crazy after only a few hours. And the manager of the Hotel George Cinq, surveying the non-stop stream of girl fans (French and English) enquiring at the reception desk for "Les Beatles", slapped his hand to his forehead and looked quite shattered.

And Burt Lancaster, another guest at the hotel, waddering unrecognised through the lobby, broad-shouldering his way through the crowds.

Come on a quick tour of The Beatles' suites.

"This," said George Harrison on first sight, "is really living." "This," said John Lennon, as he eyed the period furniture and the tapestries on the wall, "is like a museum!"

The suites cost the equivalent of £50 each person each week. No breakfast included.

Each suite had a marble-walled bathroom, luxurious fittings, stacks of space.

This was home for The Beatles in Paris, for a little over three weeks. Paul and John talked earnestly. "Remember last time we were in Paris?" asked John. "We didn't have two francs to rub together. Remember how we snatched a few hours kip on a bench at the air terminal?"

Food? The boys didn't experiment much. Even when late-nighting it at Maxim's, a millionaires' "caff" with a huge menu and prices to match. The boys caused a stir as they sat gnawing at giant steaks. Be-jewelled and be-furred French women sent across notes asking for an autograph. The Beatles beamed . . . and remembered umpteen snatched snacks in the crowded Blue Boar road-house on the M1.

After their opening, The Beatles settled into a routine which would knock out all those without the constitution of an ox. It went something like this. . .

Up around three in the afternoon. Coffee, rolls,

(Continued on page 16)



Wearing his leather cap (created by Mary Quant), John leaves the plane at London Airport. George grins—at the cap?



In the plane's first class compartment, John, who's been to Paris before, gens up George on how not to order snails for dinner.



Paris, here we are! Must send some cards home. How about this one for Ringo, in case he doesn't make it after all?



A day late, but Ringo did make it. What a Fab look of relief!



Fab The Beatles

LES BEATLES IN PARIS



(Continued from page 13)

butter, cornflakes on trays by the bedsides. Usually untouched, with scrambled eggs covered, but congealed and cold, nearby.

Picture sessions, specially during the first ten days of the trip. Perhaps out in the streets, can-can-ing with flower sellers or leaping for joy in the Champs Elysees. Always a rush against time, before the light faded. Ringo grinning at photographers and saying: "It's all right for you lot. We've only been out of bed a few minutes." The "lot" clicked away furiously. Paul estimated that 20,000 pictures were taken in Paris.

The boys went everywhere with their own cameras—around £250 a time. They enjoyed taking pictures of French boys wearing Beatle wigs... the wigs were hot sellers at the Printemps department store. "Watch your fringe," they yelled as the sharp breeze lifted one wig high in the air.

On to the theatre, traveling the shortish distance in style. In a black Austin Princess, chauffeured by their mate "Bill". In through the stage-door entrance, heavily guarded by baton-twirling gendarmes.

Two shows, with a break between, so they could grab a meal. After midnight and they'd go off to eat... more leisurely this time. And back to the hotel, to their suite. To chat.

Friends called to share the conversation which went on until Parisian workers started getting up for the

day's work. The Beatles eventually go to bed. . . .

Bouquets of flowers, from admirers, litter the suites. A vase of scarlet and white orchids gives a blaze of colour to the suite shared by George and Ringo. And there's a basket of fruit, weighing about forty pounds ... said to be the biggest in France!

Memories fairly flood back about my weeks with Les Beatles. Like the night they heard they were number one in the American charts with *I Want To Hold Your Hand*. As the news trickled out of the phone, the boys stood stock still. Then it hit them. They leapt for joy. Fringes flopped, mouths grinned. . . . Paul jumped on Malcolm Evans' broad back and propelled him round and round the room.

There was the gloriously-dressed chick from a fashion store who jumped out and shrieked: "They are ze gear!" . . . and started a scene on the Champs Elysees. The roving eyes of George and his statement; "The girls are fabulous. But then girls always are. . . ."

Ringo eating peaches in champagne and being astonished that he liked it better than "jam butties". John's appearance in a black leather cap (created by Mary Quant) and denying that it was because his head got cold.

Memories of a phone call from a disc-jockey in Texas, saying his show was featuring Beatles' discs non-stop and would one of the boys say a few

"Alors," grinned Paul with a heavy French/Liverpool accent. "I will now sing a song in English." So far, all the songs had been in English, but the audience still enjoyed Paul's 'Till There Was You.

C'est magnifique



▲ Problem as John is given an autograph book. What's French for John Lennon?



▲ So this is Paris! And although French drivers are as zany as any in Europe, Ringo grins happily from the taxi window.



▲ "Zis one is best." French star Sylvie Vartin talks cameras with Ringo backstage at the Olympia. Doesn't look convinced, does he? "Monsieur Georges" finds autograph signing a serious business.



words for inclusion "live" in the programme. Of Paul duetting with their music publisher Dick James. It was a high charged version of *I've Got You Under My Skin*—face to face with a complaining hall porter, around six o'clock in the morning.

Of a Parisian gendarme rushing up to Ringo, waving a notebook, his truncheon at the ready . . . then saying: "May I have your signature, s'il vous plait?" Of the boys' expression when they read a French newspaper comment that "It takes more than long hair to make a singer."

Big friend of The Beatles in Paris was one Howling Hector. He wanted to greet The Beatles at Versailles, where they did a "try-out" show . . . and he tugged off his cloth cap to show a mass of hair that had George, John, Paul and Ringo gasping with admiration. Howling Hector howls like crazy—and he's now howling the praises of his mates from Liverpool.

I remember Ringo saying: "The audiences here don't scream. They actually listen. It's the first time we've been able to hear our own voices in a long time. V-e-r-y worrying!"

When the power failed at that Olympia opening, George said afterwards: "We would willingly have died, there and then. We felt we were going to be the biggest flop ever. But gradually we realised that it's applause that counts in Paris, not screams."

And John Lennon trying to explain to a French journalist: "I don't like spending time on eating. I'd like to have pills which I could just swallow and forget about food. It's like sleeping . . . a waste of time. And when you breathe in this Paris air, it seems even more stupid not to make the most of it."

The Beatles went round the Louvre, for the benefit of photographers. They posed by a sculpture of an "unknown Roman"—and the bust sported a haircut very like The Beatles' own style. George blinked up at it and said: "It could be our grandfather. Wonder if he hated having his hair cut as much as we do."

No trips on the Metro (the Paris underground railway) for the boys. Stars can't behave altogether like ordinary tourists. Especially four boys who were blazoned over the posters long before they hit Paris.

Paul McCartney, shopping for writing paper, wore a disappointed look. "I've walked along this street a dozen times. But I haven't seen Brigitte Bardot once!"

Brigitte didn't know what SHE had missed. But the boys certainly went for honey-blond Sylvie Vartin, who was on the Olympia bill with them. Sylvie, though, is "officially engaged" to top French star, Johnny Hallyday.

Hearts were lost—millions of hearts—long before The Beatles finished their stay in Paris. Their radio interviews, with sentences strung together in halting

English-French by the boys: a television appearance; pictures in the papers. They weren't known to the French multitudes before the trip. By the final days, they could have bought the Arc de Triomphe.

They had invitations to all the top social parties. They were coaxed to cocktail parties. They slept the deepest of deep sleeps whenever they did manage to get off the hook of work-and-play. Their breakfasts still went untouched back to the kitchens. The Hotel George Cinq manager still thumped an anguished hand against an anguished forehead. Even on the last day, when fans called to pay their farewell tributes.

Fab! Gear! Beatemania! Words which rushed into the British dictionaries after The Beatles hit the scene. But which now were joined with the French language . . . to stay.

As they boarded the plane to fly them back to Britain, I found out it was the non-eating John Lennon who'd let them all down! On the quiet, he'd weakened. He actually tried some frogs' legs.

And you know something? He thought they were tastier than "jam butties!" But he would still rather have a coke or a glass of milk than Pernod or Cognac.

You can't change ALL the habits of a Beatle just by a three-week stay in Paris.



▲ Paul Beate, photographer extraordinary. There's no film in the camera. We're kidding Paul, really. It's that photographer again, plus friends, plus hot chestnuts, plus the Louvre in background. Gear.



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HEY THERE!

Those bee-ootiful Beatles are back in Britain. Praise be! We've been dead worried around here. Though we'd lost them the way they wowed Paris and New York.

FAB of course, was there. Where The Beatles go, we go too. Sylvia reports on the Paris scene this week. Next week our special correspondent in America gives you the low-down on what happened there.

Yes, we DO have a correspondent in New York. A dolly red-head called Bess. Needless to say, the Gang weren't too pleased when I signed her up for FAB. They thought they were going to get a trip to the States.

But never mind the gang. Just don't miss next week's edition of FAB when Bess reports from the States all the latest on Britain's biggest export - The Beatles.

Love and stuff . . . THE EDITOR

Hi-fab!



Sylvia takes over the gossip. Here she is with Les Gam's, a fab French groov

STARGAZING WITH JOHN LEYTON



It's energetic Aries week this week. They're people who are always dashing around. S'funny. I wasn't born this week.



CAPRICORN

(Dec. 21-Jan. 19). Take a few quiet evenings to conserve your energy for a vital decision.



AQUARIUS

(Jan. 20 - Feb. 18). Be careful you do not let an old friend down. Now is the testing period.



PISCES

(Feb. 19 - Mar. 20). Find a new activity that may lift your present feeling of depression.



ARIES

(Mar. 21 - April 20). You can't go back on your tracks so stop trying to recapture the past.



TAURUS

(Apr. 21 - May 20). Your vivacity makes you popular, but don't neglect serious issues.



GEMINI

(May 21 - June 20). Time to keep a tighter hold on your purse strings. Budget more wisely.



CANCER

(June 21 - July 20). Tendency to worry is a strain on your nerves. Try harder to relax.



LEO

(July 21 - Aug. 21). Better relations with your friends and dear ones makes this week a pleasant one.



VIRGO

(Aug. 22 - Sept. 22). Life is looking up for you and a cherished plan is at last bearing fruit.



LIBRA

(Sept. 23 - Oct. 22). Impatience won't solve your particular problem, but shrewdness will!



SCORPIO

(Oct. 23 - Nov. 22). Don't betray a secret entrusted to you or you will lose a good pal.



SAGITTARIUS

(Nov. 23 - Dec. 20). Jealousy is spoiling a sentimental attachment. Try to be less demanding.

"Sylvia," the Ed. said, "how would you like to go to Paris?"

I shot through the door and headed for the stairs.

"Hey! Where are you going?"

"To book my seat on the 'plane," I hollered back.

Eventually, I was persuaded that FAB would do that for me, and the Ed. coaxed me back to her room by telling me that she'd see if she could get me on the same 'plane as The Beatles. This, of course, all happened back before They went to Paris. But, you see, to get our FAB colour pix as FAB as they always are, we have to go to press weeks in advance.

Anyway, the Ed. did get me on the same 'plane as The Beatles, but when I boarded the 'plane I found that the boys were, naturally, travelling first class and I'd been dumped in the tourist compartment. How I love Editors!

But the whole of Paris was, and probably always will be now, buzzing with

Beatles talk. Here's some of it. Although - I don't know. Let's start with the story of the 'plane trip shall we? 'Cos I did see the boys on the plane, despite my Editor.

David Steen, FAB's photographer, and I were shepherded on the Comet 4B jet before The Beatles. We knew when they arrived, though. The dark sky suddenly became bright with the flash of news-cameras as the boys climbed aboard. The curtain separating the tourist compartment from the first class cabin was discreetly pulled so that John, George and Paul (Ringo was stuck in the Liverpool fog and left a day later) could have some privacy during the journey.

The 'plane waited until the last possible second, in case Ringo did make it. But no dice. When we eventually took off, it was with only three Beatles aboard.

It's the time to go to Paris. By plane, boat, car . . . even broomstick. We tried going that way because we're bust. The Ed said we're Witches anyway, and we'd use any hocus-pocus to get to Paris. It's the slickest, chic-est fashion place in the world. So if you want to look a real smart doll, travel high in these hottest souped up Paris numbers—they're the GREATEST. Go mad—get the next broomstick out . . . it's PARIS OR BUST . . . BY BROOMSTICK!

PARIS OR BUST... BY BROOMSTICK

BY FASHION EDITOR GILL OLIVER

PARIS
OR
BUST!!



WITH BILLY J.K. AND THE DAKOTAS...

O—oops, watch it, Tadish! We know your Elnora now—she is enough to land a man over, but DO be careful, Mike Mayfield! For you dinky to suit appear, 54 gus.

Happy as a sandhdy, that's Ray Yonez, and no wonder. He's got plenty to smile about! Dorothy can't wait to hit Paris to her super model suit from Peter Robinson, 84 gus.

And just look at Robin McDonald. All jazzed up and rarin' to go. So c'mon baby—let's get movin'. Paris is just waiting to be got at and there's no time to lose.

BY BROOMSTICK



AND THE DAKOTAS...

It's going to be a rocky old ride. But who cares? Certainly not Tony Mansfield with Fish Diane for company and Paris looming over the horizon. Something to shout about is Diane's hip blazer suit by Elnora Casuals, in sunninary Cotton Drill, 99c. 6d.

Hi, Billy J. Put a sock in it then! Or SOMETHING. We want to be in that Paris bizero for lookers before Paris smashes. They'll wonder what's hit 'em!

Time: 0900 hours. Outlook: Sunny. Departure: Right away. All ready to fly the dirty Angels to James's brown denim four-piece by Elnora, 49c. 6d. with a new matching cap, 19c. 6d.



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MIKE SARNE

& JOHN LEYTON

I call them The Terrors of Tin Pan Alley. They're the boys who are my closest friends in show business. When we get together, anything can happen. Well, is it our fault if we share the same sense of humour, the same taste for fast cars? So it was only natural that when John Leyton and Mike Sarne found themselves in Brussels, while I was in Paris, they should ring me to compare notes



FRENCH OPERATOR: Made-moiselle Stephen, there's a call for you. Meester Jean Lieston in Brussels.

SYLVIA (puzzled): Meester who? **OPERATOR:** Jeard Lie—

SYLVIA (catching on): Johnny! Put him through, put him through! **JOHN (after ages long pause):** Sylvia, it's me. How are you?

SYLVIA: On top of the world. **JOHN:** Are you staying on top of the Eiffel Tower then?

SYLVIA (pained): Don't be daft! **JOHN (laughing):** Why not? You've never been to Brussels. Have you?

SYLVIA: No. **JOHN:** It's marvellous. We went to a night club last night, where they —hang on a minute. Mike's just come into the room.

MIKE'S VOICE (in distance): Who are you talking to? **JOHN (to Mike):** Sylvia. She's in Paris. **MIKE:** Paris? Give me that phone! Hello, Sylvia darling. How are you?

SYLVIA: I'm very well thank you. How are— **MIKE:** Have you been to New Jimmy's yet?

SYLVIA: To where? **MIKE:** New Jimmy's. That's the

pad where it all happens. I always go there when I'm in Paris.

SYLVIA: Of course, you've lived here, haven't you? **MIKE:** I have. I always stay at a place in the south west corner of Paris, near the Bois de Boulogne.

SYLVIA: I know the Bois! It's all woods and grass and lakes and things, isn't it? **MIKE:** That's the place. If I'm in Paris during the summer, we go there for picnics.

JOHN: Yes, I can imagine that. Same swinging from the trees in the Bois de Cochen—means The Pig's Foot' in case you didn't know, pig's trotters being their specialities.

SYLVIA: I heard, and I'm with John. I bet you look real cute, swinging away, too. **MIKE:** Do you mind?

SYLVIA: Not at all, love. Hey, how come I can hear John so clearly? I heard what he said even better than I can hear you. **MIKE:** 'Cos he's yelling his head off again.

JOHN: Hey! Take no notice of him, Sylvia. I'm on an extension 'phone. **MIKE:** I'm going to tell Sylvia some more about Paris. Where are you staying, Sylv?

SYLVIA: Near the Champs-Élysées, and don't call me Sylv. **MIKE (obviously grinning):** Sorry Sylv. There's a fabulous place quite near to you—the corner of the

Champs-Élysées and the Avenue Georges V. It's called Fouquets. It's rather posh, though—a big restaurant-bar-café kind of place. Then there's the Café Francaise, which is also on the Champs.

SYLVIA: What's your favourite place in Paris, Mike? **MIKE (thoughtfully):** I don't know. Let me think. Ah yes. There's a nice restaurant at Les Halles. That's a fruit and vegetable market.

That's a fruit and vegetable market. You can go to this restaurant at any time of the day or night and eat. We usually go at five in the morning and have a wonderful bowl of onion soup while we watch the porters working. It's called Le Pied de Cochon—means The Pig's Foot' in case you didn't know, pig's trotters being their specialities.

SYLVIA: Well, the onion soup sounds great, but I don't much fancy the five-o'clock in the morning bit.

MIKE: Another swinging place is the Café des Fleurs. That's where I always go first. The whole gang meets there—Johnny Hallyday goes there a lot.

SYLVIA: Ooh, I had lunch with him. **MIKE:** Hear that, John? Sylvia's been having lunch with Johnny Hallyday. What do we think of that?

JOHN: I'm not sure. I suppose it's all right, so long as she doesn't make a habit of it.

SYLVIA: I'm not likely to make a habit of popping across to Paris for lunch, with or without Johnny Hallyday.

JOHN: Okay, okay. When am I going to be allowed to tell her about Brussels? **MIKE:** Sylvia, are you interested in letting John tell you about Brussels?

SYLVIA: Of course I am. **MIKE:** Ah, well, there's no accounting for taste. I felt certain you'd rather I told you.

SYLVIA (hysterical): Oh, Mike! Stop clowning and let me talk to John.

MIKE: All right. Bye love. See you back in London. **JOHN (with phone to himself again—at last):** That's the last time I let him get a look-in on one of my 'phone conversations. As I was saying, before I was so rudely interrupted, this is a marvellous place. Did you know that they call Brussels 'Paris's little sister'?

SYLVIA: No I didn't. **JOHN:** Well they do. If you came here, I really fantasise.

SYLVIA (hearing click on line): John! Johnny! Are you there? Operator!!!

And I jiggled the receiver rest, hollered at the switchboard girl, but it was no good. We'd been cut off C'est la vie!



Fab | Mike Sarne

Carol's Letter Box



Hi! Thanks a lot for your letters. It's great having such huge fan mail! Any letters that aren't printed on this page, don't worry, I'm battling through to them. Please be patient, it may be some little time before you hear from me. Anyway, on to this week's batch. . . .



Charlton Heston

Sylvia Keen of Oxford wants to know: If Charlton Heston has any children?
Charlton and his wife, Lydia, have two children. One son, Fraser, born 12th February, 1955; one daughter, Holly Ann, whom they adopted in 1961, Sylvia.



Brian Hyland

June Trent of Middlesex asks: What is Billie Davis's real name, and how old is she?
Billie was christened Carol Hedges. She was born in Woking on 22nd December, 1945.

Gillian Howes of Essex writes: I bet you can't answer this one! Can you tell me Brian Hyland's most embarrassing moment?
Surprise, surprise! I should imagine Brian's first embarrassing moment was when he fell flat on his face during his most performance in front of an audience!

From Ramsgate, Sandra Jones writes: Please can you tell me Paul and Paula's full names, as I want to write to them.
Well, Sandra. Their real names are Ray Hildebrand and Jill Jackson.



Eartha Kitt

Peter Oliver of Newcastle writes: Is Eartha Kitt that Fab singer's real name?

It is, Pete. Eartha was born in South Carolina in 1928, and her parents were cotton pickers. The year Eartha was born, the crop was good, and in gratitude, her mother called her Eartha. Simply, adding "a" to earth.

Pete McGregor of Glasgow wants to know: What clan Angus Stewart belongs to, please?
This one was really difficult to trace. Wait for it. . . the Stewart clan!



Cilla Black

Margaret Hainzer (no place given) asks: Please can you give me info. on Cilla Black's fan club. I think, to use her word. . . she's Fab!
Cilla hasn't formed an official club yet. But you can write to her at Sutherland House, 5-6 Argyle Street, London, W.1. And not so much of Fab being Cilla's word. . . it's ours too you know!

From Kent, Beryl Forest writes: Can you please tell me if Wes Sands is any relation to Tommy Sands?
No he isn't! Wes is Eden Kane's brother.



The Bachelors

Linda Loraine of London writes: How can I get in touch with The Bachelors? I'd like the fan club address, please.

The club address is: CJO Val Smith, 105 Plant Hill Road, Higher Blackley, Manchester 9.

Jean Dee of Dartford writes: Can you tell me why Derek Quinn of The Dreamers wears dark glasses?
Derek wears glasses normally. On stage he wears tinted specs because of the bright lighting. . . it was suggested by the gang that he's a "dreamer" and he sees the world through rose coloured glasses!



Honor Blackman

Rodney Hitch of Barnet wants to know: If you can give me any info. on Honor Blackman?
Well, as you of course know, Honor played Cathy Gale in "The Avengers". Her name is really Honor Blackman. She is married to Maurice Kaufmann, and has no children. Honor is making the new James Bond film with Sean Connery, "Goldfinger". She is thirty-seven years old, and once worked as a games captain at Ealing Secondary School.

Carol's Letter Box, Fabulous, Fleetway Publications, Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4.

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



Back: Denis Peyton, Lenny Davidson, Front: Mike Smith, Dave Clark and Rick Huxley

WHO'S WHO THIS WEEK

A key to this week's pin ups



L to R: George Harrison, John Lennon, Ringo Starr and Paul McCartney



Triun Lopez



Gary Marsden



Johnny Hollyday



Sheila



Mike Swine



L to R: Chis Cutler, Tony Jackson, Mike Pender and John McVie



L to R: Suzi, Amy, Graciella, Michele



Richard Anthony



The Swinging Blue Jeans

IN RECORD TIME

RALPH ELLIS of the Swinging Blue Jeans likes chocolate biscuits. The last time we made this world-shattering announcement Ralph's fans sent enough biscuits to re-fuel an elephant for a month, but apparently supplies are running low again. Seems Ralph's nephew Frank, two-and-a-half, does *The Hippy Hippie Shake* at the drop of a chocolate biscuit. Ralph sees a lot of his nephew.

The SBJ's take the biscuit for excitement on a rave reading of Little Richard's classic rocker *God Golly Miss Molly* (HMV). They get a *Shaking Feeling* (and composer credits) on the flip.

There's a whole lotta shaking going on in *New Orleans* (Stateside), a re-issue of the US Bonds winner. Still sounds more like Saturday afternoon at the Yankee Stadium. Things could be worse. Look at *Duffy Power*, *Tired, Broke and Busted* (Parlophone).

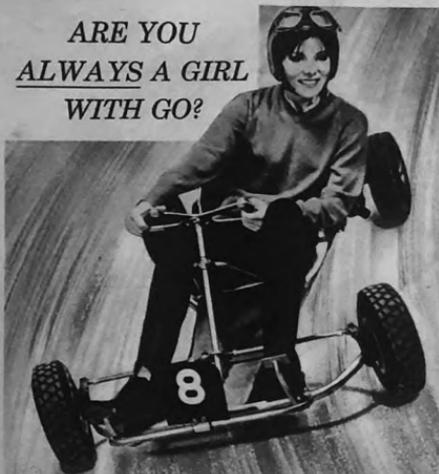
Brian Epstein won't be broke or busted while he's signing groups like *Sounds Inc.* The best backing group in showbiz—ask Brenda Lee and Gene Vincent—crashes on to the disc front with *The Spartans* (Columbia). It incorporates some sounds that even I haven't heard before. (And after ten minutes in this office I thought I'd heard the lot.)

By the way, *Mick Jagger* was sitting in his manager's top-floor office recently, quietly answering fan-mail, when a little man appeared outside the window. Polite smile from Mick, stares from man. Eventually, Mick was whisked over to the window, to be met with "Ee, are you Manfred Mann?"

P.S. I wouldn't take the Mick if I were you. I mean, who wants to be hit by a Rolling Stone?

KEITH ALTHAM

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Avro



Free brochures Avro foundations and swimwear?
From Dept 62, Symingtons of Market Harborough, PO Box 5, Leics.

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Fab The Searchers

Typically nice touch from the boys was to ask if, instead of leaving the plane by the tourist compartment exit, I could go through their cabin and leave by the first class door, which would give me the opportunity of saying "Hello".

The stewardess beamed at me—people do smile at you when you find out you know The Beatles—as I pulled back the curtain and went through, grinning already at the two fringes and the black leather cap. John was under the cap.

"Hello, Sylvia," Paul greeted me. "How are you?"

"Fine thanks, Paul."

"Watcher, Sylvia," George chimed in. I hate being called Sylvia. But for George—anything.

"Hello," John grinned. "What are you doing here?"

"Guess," I said smugly, looking at them meaningly.

"Oh, oh," they muttered. "She's after us again."

Still wearing the smug look, I walked through the door and into a battery of press photographers.

They groaned when they saw me.

Anyway, enough of The Beatles! They've been all over the place since Paris. So let's forget them—for a minute—and talk a bit about what goes on in the gay city, pop-wise.

France's top vocal group consists of, believe it or not, four girls. They're called Les Gém's. That's me with them opposite.

Their very unusual stage name is taken from the initials of the girls' Christian names—Graziella, Anny, Michele and Suzy. Why the apostrophe? Don't ask me. Don't ask them either.

Although the girls get along together very well, they don't mix much off-stage. They live in different parts of Paris, have completely different tastes in clothes, although they all love boots. Like most French girls, they rarely use lipstick. In France eye make-up's the thing. "La rouge" (lipstick to us) is strictly not "with it".

Graziella is the only one with a steady boy friend. He makes her the envy of all French girls, for he's Claude Francois, one of France's top pop boys. He's very nice, too.



THE "WITH IT" KIDS IN PARIS

Another unusual thing about the French scene is that the fans like their idols to be married. Take Richard Anthony, for instance. He's very happily married and has two lovely children. It makes no difference to his status in the hit parade. His discs zoom into the top ten so regularly that it's almost becoming monotonous.

By the way, that's Richard's picture decorating page 10. Nice—oh?

A young lady called Sheila is really France's current top pop. Her hairstyle (there's a super colour pic of her on page 23) is copied by French teenagers the way The Beatles' fringe is copied over here. She's mobbed wherever she goes, and is referred to affectionately as "La petite Sheila" (Little Sheila). Actually, she isn't little at all. She's quite tall—5 ft. 5 in.

Sheila's a vivacious, high spirited teenager, who gave me the best demonstration of the Hully Gully (current rave dance in France) I've ever seen. Her parents used to have a stall in a Parisian market. Sheila helped out there, working from three in the morning until six at night.

She neither speaks or understands English. But she wants very much to visit this country and try to crack into our charts, too.

Having heard a couple of her Twist discs, I can tell you she'd be a welcome addition to our scene at any time.

Trini Lopez was the man who had the job of co-starring with The Beatles at the famous Olympia.

Despite the success of our boys, Trini, whose picture you'll find on page 19, went down very well with the French audiences. I heard his *I Had A Hammer* disc being played on juke boxes all over Paris. There's a French version, too, but Trini's recording is definitely the favourite, even though it is in English. Well, South American accented English, anyway.

Another Liverpool group heading Paris-wards in a couple of weeks is The Searchers. (Have a quick peek at our FAB colour shot of them on page 28. But be sure to turn back to this page!) They're looking forward to the trip very much, even though it means saying "goodbye" for a while to their London penthouse apartment.

It really is a FAB flat they have. It's got all mod. cons., including a zebra crossing right outside the front door. The block in which it's situated also has a front door where you push a button and a voice booms over a loudspeaker, asking who you are. You give your name and the door is then opened from the flat you are seeking and in you go. The Searchers naturally, have great fun with this gadget.

I'll have to have my office rigged up with one of those. It'd be great for keeping Keith out.



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Fab | Dave Clark
Five

DAVE CLARK gets
the lowdown on
PARIS from
HELEN SHAPIRO



Dear Dave

So you're going to Paris mate! Having played there three times I can tell you it's a ball. The audiences are much more excitable than English audiences and mostly boys. This is true even for male performers like The Beatles. The boys really turn up in force. Halfway through a number they set up a big chant for their favourite song. It can be a bit disconcerting at first, with thousands of feet stamping out a chant for "Don't Treat Me Like A Child" when you're singing "Little Miss Lonely". However you soon realise it's just their way of expressing appreciation of your top hit.

Frank Ifield and I took in a couple of swinging Twist Clubs when I was over there last year. They were Club De L'Etoile and St. Hilare. The Lido is a famous night club with a great cabaret. We saw Sid Millward and The Nitwits when I was there—quite a laugh!

I'm not crazy about the food over there. Everything is just a little too fancy. Monsieur Coquatrix, who is the owner of The Olympia, took us all out to dinner in Paris. He is a real expert on French cuisine. I enjoyed the meal, but I'm one of those terrible people who like their eggs plain boiled and not minced up in a rare French wine and served with a dollop of cream on top.

One particular area of the city I enjoyed visiting was Montmartre where the white Basilica of The Sacred Heart looks down on the City. Montmartre has always been a favourite spot for French painters. I spoke to one particular gentleman who replied, "Parlez-moi d'amour" (speak to me of love). My French isn't too good but I knew what that meant. I moved on in a hurry.

The thing I definitely disliked was the garlic. I just can't stand the smell. But the country has so much beauty and the people are so friendly that this very small drawback hardly matters.

We found that the audiences out there prefer the faster numbers. Ray Charles is the high priest of the beat over in France and anything with that rhythm and blues feel goes a bomb. They were particularly pleased when I made my announcements in French. I came top of my class in French, when I was at school. But I was shaking like a leaf when I made those announcements. I felt sure that no one would understand me.

Probably the most confusing thing in France is getting used to driving on the right hand side of the road, if you have a car. We were involved in a small brush with a mini cab, while driving down the Champs Elysees. Believe me those French taxis really do like a ton up.

One very important thing that you ought to watch out for are the showers. They have a rather complicated method of turning the taps off and on. My secretary, Greta Warden, came with us on the last trip and she flooded out our room. Poor girl, she just couldn't get the things to turn off. Finally we got one of the porters who came up and switched them off but not before we had been part of the room under water.

I'm sure that you will have an absolutely swingin' time in Paris and your kind of beat will really knock them out. If my impressions were of any use you're welcome to them, but I can't see you going wrong, whatever you do.

from
Helen with love

Our Sylvia's
French isn't so hot
but she had lunch
with the hottest
thing in French
Popbiz

JOHNNY-NEE 'ALLEEDAY



THERE was something about the boy sitting in the centre of the crowded long table at the back of the restaurant that was vaguely familiar. The blond, gently curling hair, the blue eyes, the strong face with the beautiful bone structure—I'd seen it all before somewhere.

For several seconds, I stood staring, thinking. Then the penny dropped. Johnny Hallyday. The hottest thing in French showbiz.

Taking my courage in both hands and hoping like crazy that his English would be better than my French, I went over and introduced myself. Johnny rose, towering above me, and shook hands.

"Why don't you join us?" Johnny invited. I couldn't think of one reason why I shouldn't. So Johnny moved up and made room for me to sit among the group who were lunching with him.

A waitress appeared like magic. Johnny took a menu from her, and handed it on to me with a smile. "Ah, well. Here we go again," I sighed.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Whenever I order from a French menu, I end up with a plate full of the chef."

"Let me help," he laughed. For five minutes, we browsed over the enormous menu, Johnny explaining every item to me. We eventually decided—well, he eventually decided. I wish I always had Johnny Hallyday to order my food for me.

"Why are you in Paris?" Johnny asked me. I explained I'd come along for the trip with The Beatles. Then from my extreme left came a terrific gasp of

excitement from the fabulous Johnny Hallyday. "Les Beatles!" he exclaimed, lapsing back into French. "Ils sont—is sont—"

He just couldn't find words to describe them. He drew a piece of paper from his pocket.

"I know The Beatles," he said, "I was with them the other night. John—he is so funny—gave me an address in London where I can buy boots like the ones he and the boys wear. You can't get them here."

He showed me the paper. On it in block capitals John had written the name and address of a well known shoe shop in London's West End.

"I got the boots I'm wearing in America, when I went to Nashville to record some numbers." Johnny went on, lifting the table cloth so that I could admire his black leather, elastic sided footwear.

Johnny and the boys had already finished their lunch before I joined them. So after politely asking my permission, they lit up almost black French cigarettes and started discussing, of course, show business.

"I would very much like to be well known in England," Johnny said. "I like very much the English audiences. They are much warmer than French audiences. Here, people do not scream and cheer when you sing. They clap."

"And I like, too, the British girls," he added. "They're very charming."

On behalf of all of us, I took a bow. Johnny, as you may remember, came over here last year to appear on *Sunday Night at the London Palladium*, so he knows quite a bit about us.

"Did you learn to speak English at school, Johnny?" "No, but I lived in England until I was six, and anyway, Bobbie—" he nodded to his drummer who is British—"won't speak to me in French, even though he does speak it very well."

Johnny reached inside his blue and white striped shirt and pulling out a thick gold chain, started fiddling with the little figure dangling from it.

"What's that?" I asked curiously. "A lucky charm."

He showed it to me, a tiny gold Egyptian mummy. "My manager has one, too. We always wear them." Suddenly catching sight of the time, he jumped up, nearly knocking the table for six.

"I'm sorry, we have to go. We're doing a TV show this afternoon, and we have rehearsals now."

He held back the table for me to get out, helped me on with my coat and escorted me outside.

"It was very nice to meet you," he said, shaking hands and bowing. "Perhaps we'll meet again some day."

"I hope so, Johnny. Thank you for the lunch." I watched him vanish round the corner, tracked by the eyes of a couple of girl fans.

I must tell The Beatles how nice it is to have a man bowing over your hand when he says goodbye. Maybe they'll start doing it. Can you imagine what it would be like to have the four of them lining up to bow to you and kiss your hand.

Oh, I don't know, though. They're rather nice the way they are. And so is Johnny Hallyday.

AND HERE'S WHAT HAPPENED TO JOHNNY AFTER HE LEFT SYLVIA



His TV programme showed him being interviewed, and, of course, plugged his discs, especially his version of *I Saw Her Standing There*. Here he's rehearsing the interview (far left).

Johnny finds being made up for stage and TV a bit of a drag, but he still has to have his fair eyelashes darkened (left).

While waiting for the TV show to start moving, Johnny and drummer Bobbie Clarke listen to guitarist Claude Djauoui laying down the law about what else?—music (below).





Fab | Johnny
Hallyday

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