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4th APRIL 1964

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Fab | The Fourmost



Fab | The Searchers

Discover the blessings
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this month



Meet Joanna,
she's 23, single,
lives and works in
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to a sales
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"I used to find my job a bit of a strain at certain times. I could never be quite sure of my sanitary protection—you know how edgy and self-conscious that makes you feel. So I tried everything and now I always use Lil-lets. Why? Because only Lil-lets give me complete internal protection. When a Lil-let is in place I can't feel it—but I know it expands gently until it fits me perfectly—protects me completely. With Lil-lets odour can't form; so I always feel nice and fresh. Now you know why I choose Lil-lets—they give me complete confidence when I need it most."



Meet Susan,
she's 17, lives in
Birmingham, goes
to the local grammar
school and wants
to teach.

"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."



Meet Carol,
27, housewife
and mother of a
two-month-old
baby, lives in
Brighton.

"I was worried—I knew I needed extra protection since baby arrived. Then my chemist told me about new Lil-lets Super Plus. She said they were the most absorbent tampon of all, specially made for people like me who need that extra protection. She explained that when a Lil-let Super Plus is in place it expands gently sideways until it fits perfectly, protects completely—Lil-lets Super Plus have given me complete confidence. Now I buy them each month—and they're cheaper, so I save a few pennies too!"



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ANOTHER  PRODUCT

Fab Reporter

Mark Day says . . .

The FAB four travel



farthest of all YEAH YEAH YEAH! THE BEATLES TOOK THE LONGEST ROAD OF ALL—TO NEW YORK

NEW YORK! A seething, bustling, business-like city. And never more chaotic than when The Beatles hit town. Crowds gathered everywhere the boys were expected to be. A police chief, shaken and white-faced, muttered: "It's mad. Just plain crazy. . ."

Sightseeing was cut to a minimum for The Beatles, but the boys cast bemused glances over Times Square, Greenwich Village, Broadway—and the Empire State Building. Said John: "We'll buy the Empire State and use it to store Cilla Black's clothes!"

They were winded and dined at the 21 Club by record executives. It's the most exclusive "calf" in the States. A menu a mile long—but The Beatles, having asked in vain for "chip butties", settled for chops and chips. A proud manager showed them over the wine cellars, stacked high with bottles. Ringo inquired, dead-pan: "Have you any vintage Coke?"

Sleep? "Never heard of it," said John at 4 a.m. in the Playboy Club. Shapely girls, dressed as "bunny rabbits", served them drinks . . . Cokes, usually. "To think I used to EAT rabbit pie," said a bright-eyed Paul. By 5 a.m. the boys were in the Peppermint Lounge, home of "twisting".

Special cabaret attraction was a group of four lads who crammed Beatle wigs on their heads and did a

"send-up" imitation of *She Loves You*. John, Paul, Ringo—poor George was in bed nursing a sore throat—laughed louder than anybody.

Press photographers and reporters were everywhere. Literally! An exploding flash-bulb UNDERNEATH a table gave away one picture-guy's hideaway. Questions, questions, questions. The Beatles coped admirably. One reporter charged in on the boys and said: "Which worries you most—the atom bomb or dandruff?" Said Paul: "The bomb. . . we've already got dandruff!"

At the Plaza Hotel (total bill for the four boys came to about £120 A DAY), the police chief called and complained that the boys were causing pandemonium even by looking out of the windows. Fans were smuggled in and two girls even arrived in a crate. From then on, The Beatles used to escape down a tiny elevator-hatch to the kitchens . . . and then out the back way!

Two concerts at Carnegie Hall—both sold out! Incredible success at the studios for the Ed Sullivan Show on television. Ed Sullivan glared at the not-rising audience and snapped: "Keep quiet, or I'll get a barber into The Beatles."

At a later party, at the British Embassy, a guest did snip a lock of Ringo's hair. Ringo was not amused. Throughout their week in New York, The Beatles had

no peace even in their suites. Disc-jockeys telephoned, cameramen barged in, room-service waiters were on the go all the time. Said George: "This place is more like Lime Street Station, in Liverpool." Two disc-jockeys came to blows after arguing about The Beatles—and the loser departed with a reddened, flattened nose.

Said John, in one momentary lull: "We knew it'd be hectic. We've seen little of New York . . . but the fans and the skyscrapers are fab! But I reckon the streets are a bit dirty—just hope they don't blame us for that!" The Beatles refused, throughout, to become Americanised—they stuck to steaks, chips, scrambled eggs. But they developed heavy deep-south accents which baffled some of the interviewers.

Whenever they planned to leave the hotel, one hundred policemen were lined up outside, with mounted police patrolling in front of the anti-crowd barriers. And the hotel telephone operators, plagued by fans ringing every minute of the day, were rewarded with specially autographed pictures of the boys. Ringo summed it up: "The pace in New York just burns you out. But it's the most exciting place I've seen."

Now turn to page 26 to find out how the famous foursome relaxed in Miami.

Ed Sullivan relaxes with the boys before the show







Snoozy py-jams at the regdy, Gerry Marsden is set for dream-land.

SHHH SLEEPING STARS IN

Kipsville

by Paul Fry

A LOT of travelling, usually cramped in a mini-coach. A one-night show with all the panic and the screams and the autograph-signing. Then, maybe, a long trip back home... or a night in a hotel.

And KIPSVILLE! Sleep—the one thing the top popstars can't get enough of.

But HOW do they sleep? Do they dream? Or do they toss restlessly?

First with Freddie Garrity, clowning guv'nor of The Dreamers.

"Wanna know what I wear in bed? Easy. You know how Monroe used to say she wore just Chanel Number Five. Me—I just wear hair tonic!

"No trouble with me about getting to sleep, either. I always have a cup of hot milk, which helps me relax and unwind. Just as well it's milk, really—because we're doing a lot of publicity for the National Dairy Council.

"You get used to sleeping in different beds in this business. That's why we like to get into a big hotel... it's comfier. Once I AM asleep, there's only one other problem. That's waking up.

"Funny thing, I don't dream a lot but it's usually the same old dream. We've got an organisation called 'Toads'—an award we make to people who've helped us in the past. So my dream has me sitting in a big forest, surrounded by toads; only they've all got human heads. And there's a lovely princess and she's scared. So I end up going round pulling the legs off all these toads'. Fantastic, isn't it?"

Come in, now, Dave Clark. Dave the rave says:

"I'm usually so knocked out that going to sleep is no problem. I don't even bother to take a book along with me. Just a cup of hot milk drink, straight into my pyjamas (trousers OUTside the jacket, by the way) and that's me away for about eight hours.

"They reckon everybody dreams some time or other. Well, I can never remember if I have a dream or not. I don't smoke or drink... so maybe that's got something to do with it. There's just one time. I'd just finished making *Glad All Over* and we'd got the first recording ready. At the play-back, the needle had jumped right across the grooves—so it meant starting again.

"And that night, for the first time as far as I can remember, I dreamed. Dreamed of that perishing needle hopping about on the disc!"

And now Gerry Marsden, of The Pacemakers.

"A hot milk drink for me—every night, no matter where I am. I take a long time to decide to get to bed, but I take even longer to decide to get up the next day.

"Normally, I'll sleep in pyjamas. But quite often I forget to take them on tour with me. So it's back to the old underpants and vest.

"I used to lie in bed and smoke. People used to say I'd fall asleep one night and burn myself to death. Now I've packed it up.

"Now I just read horror stories. Or Agatha Christie. I just love this kind of stuff. No, it doesn't make me dream. I don't dream. You'll find me kipping away about an hour after getting to bed—with the pillows halfway under my body."

In comes Frank Ifield, another keen "sleeper."

"I'm a nut about buying pyjamas," he says. "If I see a brightly-coloured set, I just have to buy them. I must have dozens of pairs. But the problem is... I never seem to wear them. Either they're not handy, or I forget them—or perhaps I just reckon it's easier to sleep in the raw.

"Always a cup of coffee before I get to bed. People say this keeps you awake. But not me. I just drink it slowly and sort of feel myself relaxing. But don't ask me about dreams. Gosh, I could talk for hours about them. I really believe in dreams as omens and things to give you guidance."

Cliff Richard? He buys plain-colour pyjamas and invariably does wear them. Sleeps like a log—and reckons he hardly moves once he's away in the land of Nod on his left side.

"Just an orange juice for me before going to bed," he says. "It used to be milk. But I went on a diet. Sometimes it's difficult getting to sleep, especially if I'm worrying about a new song, or something. When that happens, I like to read science-fiction. It fascinates me.

"But I don't dream. I just sleep. As a kid I sometimes went to sleep in school."

All of 'em said they couldn't get enough sleep. All of 'em denied both that they ever snored. But the mother of one DID say she's heard very strange snoring noises coming from her son's room in the middle of the night.

The noise-maker: Freddie Garrity. His explanation: "I was chatting with The Dreamers!"

Happy dreams, boys!



Devoted fan in bed with Billy Fury... doggie fan, of course!

Woe Willie Winkie has nothing on The Dreamers! And Freddie is around to read a bedtime story!



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germs that cause the trouble, then gently soothes and heals. In just a few days your skin is clear, fresh and healthy again. Valderma isn't greasy. It doesn't show. You can wear it all day—even under makeup. At chemists tube 2/6. Jar 2/9. Try Valderma today—it's the effective remedy for those embarrassing skin troubles.

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Fab | Mike
Berry

'You ain't 'alf ignorant.'

If you don't know this
is Gill's Fab Spring Collection . . .

All set to hit the road? Then here are six pointers to set you on the right track. It's easy to pack up and go when you know how. For instance, before you pack one single thing, should I then write out just what you'll be doing on your trip, and plan your basic needs for each occasion. To travel light, take essentials only. Make a master list of what you'll take and check off each item as you pack. The first in a case should be heavy or bulky gear, like shoes, packed heel to toe as they come from the shop, stuffed with socks or stockings to go with them. Next, arrange your smaller items of clothing like

sweaters, blouses etc.; knitted or non-wrinkling items like underwear can be rolled rather than folded. Big items like dresses, skirts and jackets go in last, with as few folds as you can manage. Don't forget to use tissue paper to line hobs, and plastic bags to your trip, and plan your basic needs for each occasion. To travel light, take essentials only. Make a master list of what you'll take and check off each item as you pack. The first in a case should be heavy or bulky gear, like shoes, packed heel to toe as they come from the shop, stuffed with socks or stockings to go with them. Next, arrange your smaller items of clothing like

cut twice as quickly, just line them along the inside of your case. And put the dress belt in your suitcase as you pack the dress. As for all your cosmetics and beauty creams, always pack these in special containers, and keep them inside a plastic bag. Keep these in your suitcase pockets, with things like toothbrushes, fannel, soap etc., not forgetting to take a packet of soapflakes with you for any washing of smalls. Particularly if you're going abroad where soap powder costs the earth. Last minute reminder pop in your handbag a tin of Quikies, you'll find them invaluable for freshening up while you're travelling. Handbag size 14 9d.

Ready in fashion with its 30's look, is this casual dress in gold and bronze from Wally Shopp, 13 gins. An elegant traffic snapper in this grey dress made with its low along belt from Wally Shopp, 13 gins. Other eye-catching colours are grey, turquoise, gold and pink.

See the price in an all grey wendell coat from Wally Shopp, 13 gins. Other fab colours are lake, rose, navy and sage. See right for travelling in this all weather three piece suit with its capes too, from Cash Avenue, 13 gins. Colours to choose are plain white and navy, red and navy, green and navy.

"I'm all right, Jack," says Cliff Bennett.

Trust us to be fab bakers. What a carry on!

"We've got a real handy here," says Carol.

Good Pop! Fab's new boy, should it's all a load.

"How do you do," says Elizabeth G.C.

Cliff Bennett's 13 makes him the all right.



IT'S FAB

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

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STARGAZING WITH JOHN LEYTON



Still with Aries people this week. Colours especially associated with those born under this sign are red and white. They're the colours associated with my cars, too. I once had a red M.G.A. now I have a white E-Type.



CAPRICORN (Dec. 21—Jan. 19). The return of a friend will make you feel very happy.



AQUARIUS (Jan. 20—Feb. 18). Fun comes from entertaining a circle of friends.



PISCES (Feb. 19—Mar. 20). An old friend will feel hurt if you go on neglecting him or her for a new one.



ARIES (Mar. 21—Apr. 20). Keep plans on a simple basis and don't make any violent changes.



TAURUS (Apr. 21—May 20). Minor benefits in the home but you must disregard idle gossip.



GEMINI (May 21—June 20). Lull in important activities but handle financial matters with care.



CANCER (June 21—July 20). Your nearest and dearest may give you some irritating moments so be prepared!



LEO (July 21—Aug. 21). Change may involve an occupation or a very close relationship.



VIRGO (Aug. 22—Sept. 22). Delays may shadow the week but there should be a sparkling date involved.



LIBRA (Sept. 23—Oct. 22). Try to make the most of your personality and don't be so withdrawn.



SCORPIO (Oct. 23—Nov. 22). Happy surprise in store—could be to do with a new pal.



SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23—Dec. 20). Worrying time will be overcome if you use tact and patience.

HEY THERE!

You know one of the reasons that my gang say they like working for Fabulous is not only because they get to meet all those dishy pop stars, but because they can get away from eagle eye.

This week they have had a ball! I don't think I have seen one of them for more than 5 minutes at a stretch. June's been whizzing up the M1 with one of our most attractive photographers, Campbell MacCallum, to cover the night life at the Blue Boar—the cafe where stars stop to eat.

Keith's actually been on tour with the stars, chasing from this one night stand to the other. He says he never wants to see the inside of a coach again.

Do hope you enjoy this issue of Fab. We've had great fun preparing it.

See you next week.

The Editor

KEITH TAKES OVER THIS WEEK.

It's been all go this week. Up and down the country following with and in the wake of The Rolling Stones, The Ronettes, Heinz, Marty Wilde, Dave Berry, The Swinging Blue Jeans, Linda Doll and Danny Rivers. Here are just some facts and stories from those shooting stars.



Heinz with Keith

Novel way of escaping from the theatre. Heinz could be seized by a huge crowd of fans looked wildly around and shouted, "Look, over there—The Rolling Stones!" Heinz got away, The Rolling Stones did not.

Found out from The Swinging Blue Jeans that they have been swinging longer than most people realise. Years ago they were the first group to become residents at the famous Cavern Club.

"In those days," recalls lead vocalist Ray Ennis, "we would employ guest groups to work in the intervals. The Beatles were one of those guest groups and Gerry and The Pacemakers another."

Ralph Ellis who looks like a double for John Lennon and promised to shoot me if I printed it, told me they have already made their first film: *A Look* again.

At Life: "We come out as all-round personalities, showing how we behave offstage as well as on. Sort of a Circolrama," he cracked.

All time record, by tour manager Hal Carter. Constantly harassed and worried about his artists getting on stage he threw out of the door by mistake in quick succession, the manager's wife, pop star Linda Doll and me. He was full of apologies after and you can hardly blame him for wanting to keep the stage clear. A tour manager's lot is not a happy one.

Linda Doll left the key to her dressing room in the Aylesbury Granada inside the room, then she slammed the self-locking door behind her. Danny Rivers and the manager had to help her break it down in order to get in again. Linda was very red-faced. It's lucky she's such a doll!





Fab | Joe Brown



Fab | Gerry Marsden

Mark Day went to Miami and said . . .

RELAXEZ VOUS... BEATLE STYLE

MIAMI BEACH! Sunshine centre, millionaires' paradise—with so snooty an atmosphere that even The Beatles thought they'd be overruled by the lushness, plushness and bulging wallets.

But The Beatles took over. Based at the Deauville Hotel—"It costs five dollars to use a door-mat," said John—the boys were given the run of a house near the beach.

A barbecue set up in the garden . . . and the boys grilled the hugest steaks they could find. Three servants, part of the house-owner's staff, fetched iced drinks for the boys at regular intervals.

THIS was holiday time. Blue skies, blazing sunshine—the time to learn water ski-ing. Ringo and George noted the speed the motor-boat cut through the water . . . and cried off. But John and Paul, plus road-manager Neil Aspinall, became "pretty good." Cynthia Lennon, too, swam a lot—but John was the expert. He swam two lengths of a private pool without coming up once for air.

George went fishing. He said: "It gives me time to think. Trouble is the fish bite better in the shade, so I'm not getting as tanned as the others."

And George hired a smooth M.G. two-seater and

often went off on long, lone night-time drives, soaking in the cool air. In Miami, the others drove into a drive-in cinema (a Jayne Mansfield movie was showing) . . . but drove straight out again. "Just wanted to see what it was like," said Paul.

Del Shannon, an old chum of The Beatles, drove two hundred miles just to spend half-an-hour with them in their hotel. The police didn't recognise him and he had to argue loud and long before he was allowed near the boys' suites.

The Beatles were also loaned a luxury house-boat, owned by a Mr. Bernard Castro. Captain and crew were included! First trip out—and a stowaway couple, reporter and photographer, were discovered hiding in a cupboard. They were put ashore.

PAUL didn't forget his work. He locked himself in the spacious lounge, poured some iced orange-juice and worked at the baby piano for an hour on a new song. As the boat neared shore, the boys noticed that fans had written messages to them—"We Love The Beatles"—in the sand.

Lots of swimming, lazing, eating. But Ringo admitted: "I don't like the water much. I'm a paddler, not a swimmer."

Millionaires approached the boys for autographs. But the boys managed some privacy because of the efforts of their police bodyguard, Sergeant Buddy Bresner, a hugely muscled fan of The Beatles' discs.

DURING their stay, The Beatles changed "houses" three times. Local businessmen offered the hospitality . . . and the boys had to move on because the fans gathered as soon as word got round where they were staying. And Ringo crashed one motor-boat—"I just lost control," he said. The owner refused his offer of paying for the damage!

For the one show they did in Miami, there was a panic scare that John Lennon had been kidnapped. Newspapermen checked . . . but John was merely snatching a short sleep on some stage curtains at the back of the theatre.

The Beatles extended their stay in Miami. Said Paul: "We couldn't resist all the sunshine. We're still waiting to hear the result of our negotiations to buy Miami Beach and ship the whole darned lot back to the banks of the Mersey. . . ."

Gorgeous George snaps into action. And, girls, what a picture he is!



Ringo scowls, but it's just the sun in his eyes! Remember the sun?



Having a wonderful time. Every day a sun-day in Florida.



Fab | George Harrison

Carol's Letter Box



Screaming Lord Sutch

Hi there! Gosh, this has been an awful week! I tried to be helpful, and it back-fired! I made the gang's coffee... and thought I'd be nice to the Ed, while I was at it, so I made her some, too. But just as I got to her desk, SMASH! there was coffee and broken china everywhere. The Ed, just wouldn't believe me when I told her I tripped trying to avoid a beetle...

Sally Norman of Durham writes: Please can you tell me if Screaming Lord Sutch has real hair or wears a wig?
I went along to see "Sutch" and he assured me his locks were home-grown. I wasn't convinced, so I gently tugged... and a loud yell proved his point!



The Rolling Stones

Betty Wolf of Reading wants to know: Which of The Rolling Stones has the longest hair?
This was a difficult one. I had the job of rummaging through each mop to find the face! Anyhow, the face under the longest locks was Mick Jagger's.

Marilyn Howes of Liverpool asks: Are Peter, Paul and Mary, the folk group related, please?
No, they're not, Marilyn.



Dave Clark

Gwen Southwood of Norwich writes: Why don't Dave Clark and the boys wear proper ties? I love the way they dress. But I also like to see men in ties.
Well, Gwen, Dave says the collars and tab ties they wear are comfortable, and they like the fashion. But to keep you happy, Dave says to tell you he and the group do wear "proper" ties off stage!

June Penford of Staffordshire writes: I'd like to change my doctor and was wondering if I could have Dr. Kildare... is he on the National Health scheme?
Fraid not, June. This is a favourite request from Dick (Dr. Kildare) Chamberlain fans. Dick says that he might not be able to make it from America in time if you needed your doc in a hurry.



Brian Poole

Judy Lance of Catford writes: Is it true that Brian Poole and The Tremeloes used to play at a dance hall in Lewisham?
Quite true, Judy. And Catford is only next door to Lewisham... but you're kicking yourself for not going to see Brian, aren't you?

Barbara Nelstrop of Sheffield wants to know: Who has a temper out of the four Beatles?
They're all happy-go-lucky boys, so the answer is—none. But I think John can be a bit temperamental—in a nice way of course.



Freddie Garrity

Kathleen Biggin of Doncaster writes: Could you please settle an argument for me. My brother says Freddie Garrity is thirty, I say he is younger. Much younger, Kathy. Freddie is twenty-three, and was born on 16th November, 1940.

Denise Patterson of Huntingdon writes: Please can I have Dave Clark's fan club address?
Sure, Den. C/o Lorraine, 60 Bancroft Road, Enfield, Middlesex. Please don't forget your stamped addressed envelope for your reply.

ANYTHING YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW, JUST DROP ME A LINE ENCLOSING A STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE. THE ADDRESS IS...

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

IN RECORD TIME



Keith with Cliff Bennett

Cliff Bennett can't get a hit because he is too good! Sounds crazy but it's true. Cliff and The Rebel Rousers have been on the scene for several years now. Hit makers like The Shadows, Peter Jay and The Fourmost all reckon that "The Rousers" have a fantastic sound and are technically the best.

"It's nice to get the compliments from other rock units," said Cliff when I met him last week. "But it would be nicer still to have a big hit." Cliff thinks that he might have found the missing sound for the hit parade with his new organist, Roy Young. "Since Roy joined we've got a new drive behind the band," said Cliff. You can hear the result now with *Got My Mojo Working* (Parlophone). Anyone else remember Roy from his old days on a TV show called *Drumbeat* when he did a raving Little Richard routine? Yes it's the same guy who now plays with Cliff.

The honey and sand sound of Nat King Cole gently caresses a new ballad, *My True Carmie Cole* (Capitol). It was a big one in America for Nat but over here I'm not so sure. Still a wonderful song for the collection.

Bobby Vinton is one of the most successful American stars over here and one of the unluckiest. His are the hits that never were. Bobby's last disc sold 40,000 copies in this country. Ordinarily that is enough to make an impact in the charts, but the sales spread over several months and not in a short period of weeks which register numbers in the Top Twenty. It's been the same with most of his other releases here. *My Heart Belongs To Only You* (Columbia) is his latest. It grows on you.

The group The Beatles all rave about, The *Marvelettes* have that swaying, shaking rhythm and blues beat on their new single, *He's A Good Guy*.

Tommy Bruce puts his gravel-like tones to good use on *Let It Be Me* (Columbia). I'm sure Tommy could do a Tommy Steele if someone only gave him the chance on stage. He has that same Cockney charm and personality plus which made Mr. Steele an entertainer rather than just a singer. Anyone with a break for Bruce?

The new Karl Denver album, *With Love* (Decca) has some of Karl's smoothest singing since *Still*. I liked and I'm sure you will.

KEITH ALTHAM

WHO'S WHO THIS WEEK

A key to this week's group pin-ups



L. to r.: Tony Jackson, John McNally, Mike Pender. Front: Chris Curtis.



L. to r. back: Ralph Ellis, Les Brind, Norman Kohlie. Front: Ray Ennis.



L. to r.: Dave Lovelady, Mike Millward, Billy Hutton. Front: Brian O'Hara.



L. to r.: Charlie Watts, Mike Jagger, Keith Richards, Bill Wyman. Centre front: Brian Jones.



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you've
been
up to...



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Fab

Dusty
Springfield

Hi-fab!



Keith Richard



Marty Wilde and garage attendant

The Stones have a secret weapon in their band wagon. Road manager, "Stew" (Ian Stewart) who used to play piano with them. Stew knows every trick and turn of the road, just how and where to avoid the huge crowds that greet The Stones. In addition to which he has composed quite a number of tunes for them.

Stew's nastiest moment, when a brick hurtled through the window of the coach off the tail board of a lorry in front. Stew's proud boast is that the boys have never missed an engagement since he has been driving them.

The Stones, The Ronettes and Marty all agreed about one thing. They vote the M1 the most boring road in the world. Marty suggests they write a story line on the side of each bridge you go under. For example, "Jack and Jill," written on one bridge and three miles on. "Went Up The Hill," on the next bridge. And so on and so on.

Dave Berry absolutely astonished to find The Rolling Stones eating egg and chips in the dressing room.

"I've never seen food back stage of a package show," he declared in astonishment. "I'd sell my right arm for some of that." Someone offered to chop it off for him and eat it, but I'll mention no names.

The Ronettes most thrilling moment on their tour over here was being asked to attend a party swung especially for them by those fabulous Beatles.

"Ringo taught us a new dance, called The Nitty Gritty," said lead vocalist, Ronnie. "It was even more of a knock-out when we had a special party at the end of the tour and George Harrison flew back from Paris especially to attend again. That was a real compliment."

Lead vocalist Ronnie stayed on in England after the others went back to the States. She's working on a completely new sound with arranger Phil Spector. Should be hearing this shortly.

Marty Wilde has a special "pick-me-up" in his car. He has a taped version of the time he played Santa Claus to his youngsters, Kim and Ricky, last Christmas. Whenever Marty gets those far from home blues he just plays the tape over in his car.

"The laughter and fooling around from those youngsters," says Marty, "it just chases all the blues clear away."

It's a MAD MAD WORLD

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In next week's Kookie Krazy issue we have THE DRUIDS at Stonehenge (where else?)... ROLF HARRIS with his way out drawings... THE UNDER-TAKERS... FREDDIE GARRITY... THE BACHELORS and THE HOLLIES in a mad FAB film so order your FABULOUS, and strait-jacket, without delay... TODAY!



ON SALE MONDAY PRICE ONE SHILLING



Fab | Billy Fury

There are some people who can still jump to a juke box at 2 a.m. Brian Poole and The Tremeloes make a habit of it.



Fab's June stops for **supper on the**
M1
 with the **Big Beat Stars**



YOU'RE driving through the night, when it rises suddenly beside the black motorway, like a lighted greenhouse filled with people—the Blue Boar—the place where you can meet the stars for the price of a cup of tea.

You'll find it at Long Buckley, on the Birmingham end of the M1. The all-night café that the stars head for, after one-nighters in the Midlands. Sunday is star-spotting day. You'll find most of the next Saturday's *Thank Your Lucky Stars* guests

relaxing there after recording the show in Birmingham.

Relaxing—but not away from the bright lights. The Blue Boar is a great, sprawling mass of light. Fronted by a filling station and acres of parking space, it divides itself into a café (where long-distance lorry drivers and ton-up boys swap stories) and a grandly signposted cafeteria (where the stars meet and eat)

It's a big, brash, cheerful place where you can shake to the juke-box or just quietly

sit the night away watching through the vast expanse of window the comings and goings of the cars on the M1.

The coach that you can see turning in from the M1 may carry a still-swinging jazz band, or a whole show of stars trying to snatch a quick meal before moving on to the next town on tour. They'll probably arrive at the theatre tomorrow about five after a day of travelling (or a few hours sleep) feeling absolutely ravenous, knowing

Continued on next page



Kenny Lynch ▶
 queues up for a
 cuppa—charming
 fella, this one!

◀ Four starving
 Stones left to
 right—Keith,
 Charlie, Mick
 and Bill—bridge
 that gap.



Even here, the
autograph-hunter
stalks Charlie Watts
and Mick Jagger.



The odd lord drops in now and then, to keep up the tone of the place, e.g. Screaming Lord Sutch

Fab's June stops for supper on the

M1

Continued from previous page

that they won't be able to eat until after the last show . . . so you can imagine how they're feeling. The Blue Boar must look like an oasis as they come hurtling down the motorway.

Or that van that just skidded to a halt outside. It could be The Searchers. It could be The Rolling Stones. Kenny Lynch or Brian Poole and The Tremeloes, whose boots come clumping through the doorway any minute now.

The Stones are on the road most of the

Kenny Lynch strolled in with Jean Lincoln (the most decorative manager in the business, judging by the way all the male heads turned) and Kenny's mates The Laurie Jay Combo. They joined the queue, like everyone else.

The restaurant runs to a steak at nine shillings, but one of the ladies who dishes up, a friendly Scotswoman called Kath, told me that the stars settle for sausage and chips more often than not.

"We had Frank Sinatra Junior in here when he was in England. Such a nice boy.

Sutch, with Savages in tow, heading for the food counter.

Not one of those ladies who work these crazy hours at the Blue Boar fluttered an eyelash. They've seen quite a few, too . . . Robin Hall (of the red beard) and Jimmie MacGregor (of the winning smile), Brian Matthew, The John Barry outfit, and Shirley Bassey (looking gorgeous and eating steak).

The commercial travellers, the teens going home from a dance in Birmingham, the family motorist . . . you'll find them at the

time, but they belt back to London at every opportunity, so the Blue Boar is a natural stopping-off point for them. Marty Wilde seems to practically live there. And you may see a Savage or two if Screaming Lord Sutch happens to drop in.

I remember not long ago I was going up to Liverpool, with FAB photographer Campbell MacCallum, when we stopped for a cuppa at this eating-place of the stars. We hadn't been settled for five minutes beside the potted palms (well . . . olive oil trees, if you must be accurate) when

And do you know, he could have had anything—well, look who his father is—yet he asked me for sausage and chips. Bless him. We get them all here. All the stars. They're usually very quiet. I suppose the poor dears are tired."

Kenny Lynch, who was not too tired to take the mickey, deposited himself and his sausage and chips at our table, and said I could pinch one. "Chip, I mean," he said firmly. I explained the sausage was safe, never did care much for them. I was just going to sneak another chip when I choked on the spot at the sight of Screaming Lord

Blue Boar, too. But if you go there at night, you'll find them heavily outnumbered by the showbiz set.

They'll sign autographs; they may ask you to sit down and talk. But the stars are strictly off-duty.

So if you're ever on the M1 between eleven p.m. and two a.m., and you see a thumping great van with guys and guitars hanging out of it going past you, flat out, you'll know why they're in a hurry.

They're just going down the road for something to eat.

Who's for supper with The Savages? (And one for the pot?)



You can even do a bit of Crystal-gazing at the Blue Boar.





NO GUITAR but will travel

says Fab's Keith
on the road with
The Rolling
Stones . . . for kicks
and pix! . . .

As a guitarist I make a good reporter
even when the guitar belongs to Heinz.



"How would you like a life on the open road with the stars?" asked our Editor. With a blinding look I immediately booted myself aboard The Rolling Stones' hand-sungas bound for Aylesbury and then on to Shrewsbury.

My illusion of the sweet life was shattered when I saw the inside of The Stones' van. They had a mountain of equipment piled at the back. Guitar cases, holdalls and drums were piled on top of one another till they hit the ceiling. I wedged myself into this little lot with our photographer, Adam.

Only four of The Stones made the start, for lead guitarist Brian Jones had phoned to say he was late getting up. (It was now the afternoon, but these boys keep late hours.) He said he would drive up in his own car and join us at Aylesbury.

After only fifteen minutes on the road guitarist Keith Richard leaped over in the front seat and slumped into Mick Jagger's lap.

"That often happens," noted Bill casually. "Keith's the Rip Van Winkle in the group, you can't keep him awake. He just flakes clean out and dozes off for a couple of hours."

At this point Charlie Watts, their drummer, turned on the wagon's radio and tuned into Luxembourg. The Beatles' old single, *From Me To You*, came blasting out over the car radio and Keith woke up in the front long enough to observe, "Here comes the fog," before he flaked out again.

Our speed dropped to about fifteen miles an hour and we crept along following the cats' eyes in the

Ronnie's crying 'cos Mum had driven off for petrol ▶
leaving the girls stranded in a café on the M1.
Keith Richards is the mainspring of rhythm and blues.



Mick Jagger swivelled and capered about the stage drawing screams of delight from the girls. ▶
The Cheynes who backed The Ronettes on tour get dug into their dinner at the M1 Café.



middle of the road. Mick Jagger, the group's vocalist, was elected navigator and yelled when he caught sight of a rear light in front.

I wasn't too happy about this, as Mick has the longest locks in the group and the best part of his fringe seemed to be over his eyes. I pointed this out: "Funny thing is we all have haircuts regularly," he said. "We like it long. But it needs trimming often to keep it in any sort of shape."

Then Mick and Charlie began talking over the odd days to kill the time. It sounded quite a life, in snatches.

"When we lived on fish and chips for a month . . . one and six to my name for two weeks . . . lived off my mums for two months . . . only stick of furniture—a record player . . . we even Roggud Stov's bike."

Our one hour trip by now had taken three and we were on the outskirts of Aylesbury when Mick shouted that Brian Jones's car was looming out of the fog and about to pass us. Brian was obviously totally lost and heading in the opposite direction.

We all yelled out of the windows but were unheard and Brian disappeared into the smog. That is why there were only four Rolling Stones on stage at Aylesbury that night.

By the time the First House was under way, tour manager, Hal Carter, was practically out of his mind. He had one Rolling Stone missing and due to the fog The Ronettes had not arrived at all. Hal switched the acts around and compere Al Page filled in a gap with a comedy routine. He got the night's biggest cheer with the announcement that The Ronettes had just

arrived, only five minutes before the end of the show. The girls went on stage in the outfits they had travelled up in and wearing identical pairs of calf-leather boots they had just bought.

Ronnie, their lead vocalist, stumbled off stage after the act and kicked off one boot. "Oh, my poor feet," she moaned. "The boots are great but they were never meant for dancing in."

The Ronettes are tremendous fun and well liked amongst showbiz people. In fact, one particular Ronette had a telephone call from a Beatle every night of that tour. Including one which lasted over two hours. Which Beatle and which Ronette? I think we'll leave you guessing.

Heinz, who was in a guest spot on the Aylesbury show, was particularly impressed.

"That twist routine they do is a knockout. I've never seen anything like it," he said.

The Stones caused the biggest sensation back stage at this show by managing to smuggle in some bacon and eggs.

Marty Wilde was astounded. "I've never seen anything like it. I'm lucky if I can get a packet of crisps."

Next day I travelled up to Shrewsbury with Marty in his M.G. and we stopped off at the "Fortes" cafe on the M1 for dinner.

Marty made up for his lack of bacon and eggs the previous night and washed an enormous meal down with three milk shakes, his favourite drink.

The Ronettes joined us and proved quite conclusively that they too get hungry from travelling.

"We haven't eaten since breakfast," Nedra said. "I'm starving. Have you got any porridge?"

Nedra is just crazy about the porridge here. She had never had anything like it in America. Unfortunately, "porridge was off", so she settled for a salad.

The Rolling Stones and The Cheynes joined the party and after they had eaten we all trooped out into the car park for pictures.

We had a little trouble getting Marty's car to start, so the cast gave him a push off. That must have been a record for a star-studded shove. You can see the picture on this page.

Once the show began at Shrewsbury, everything was organised chaos again back stage. Electric guitars and leads trailing everywhere, frantic hammerings on artistes' doors and cries of "You're on in three minutes."

People tore up and down stairs, in and out of dressing rooms, on and off stage and finally collapsed in the first available chair.

I spent most of my time trying to interview The Swinging Blue Jeans, who were intent on getting home to a plate of scouse in Liverpool. Oh, well, you can't win all the time. I retired to a darkened corner of the stage where a neglected chair awaited with open arms and fell asleep. I'd had about two hours' sleep in forty-eight hours.

"Had a nice cushy time, gallivanting around with all the stars?" asked my Editor on my return. "That's good! There are four days' paper work in your office to be cleared this morning."

Anyone know a quiet place where I can hibernate?



An all-star shove for Marty Wilde. Somewhere in that crowd are The Rolling Stones, The Ronettes, The Wildcats and The Cheynes.



The head waitress presented Marty with about 20 napkins which the girls in the kitchen wanted autographed.

Two Ronettes in typical pose—worn out. Both Estelle and Ronnie slept in the back of the car on the road.

