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8th AUGUST 1964

# Fabulous

## ON A HOBBY HORSE

11 KING SIZE FULL COLOUR PIN-UPS

**B.J.K. CLIFF 4 PENNIES BRIAN POOLE ETC**



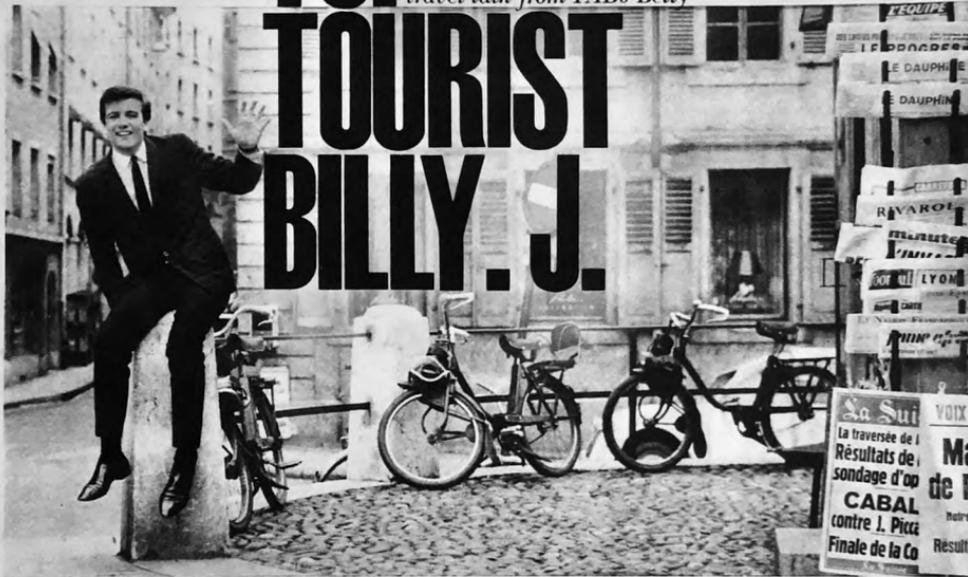


# TOP

travel talk from FAB's Betty

# TOURIST

# BILLY. J.



**N**EW faces, new places, different climates, unusual food, local wine, foreign languages, strange customs—they all fascinate Billy J. Which makes his favourite hobby—sightseeing.

I know! You could call it first hand knowledge from the time when I was on a FAB trip to Switzerland with Billy and he volunteered to show me round Geneva. It was chilly and drizzling, but nothing damped B.J.K.'s enthusiasm.

Wonder number one was a very special  
 Who'd want to do a "swan" dive with  
 Billy around?



clock. He rushed me along, explaining on the way that he had to be there on the hour precisely. It was worth all the hustle. The clock struck and then played a tune. Out came a pageant of historical figures who marched along a little catwalk and through a tiny door. Billy was thrilled—partly because he could see I got a kick out of it, too.

That over, I was hurried to the second wonder of Geneva—an enormous flower clock by the lake. It was a mass of blooms and had hands about three feet long. I'd just had time to take a brief look when I was whisked into a nearby shop which had walls hung thick with cuckoo clocks. Billy very carefully moved the hands on some of the clocks so the miniature birds popped out and in. He was in his element as he listened intently to about two dozen cuckoos. Eventually he singled out the bird that most pleased his musical ear and bought it as a souvenir.

After clocks it was the artists' quarter. On the way we passed the mosque-like Russian church with its golden domed roof.

"Came straight from Moscow on a magic carpet," Billy explained. Well, it looked as if it had anyway!

"You can't come to Geneva and not go to the United Nations Palace," B.J.K. said, and hailed a taxi.

He had a word with the man in the U.N. lodge and we sauntered up the main drive. Nervously I wondered if Billy would expect me to know all the latest about the World situation. But luckily he seemed more interested in the peacocks which were strutting up and down the lawn. He found some bread



FAB's Betty looks on approvingly 'cos Billy's reading a truly FAB mag!

in his pocket and a quick peace pact was made, despite the language barrier. The treaty was sealed by a display of the magnificent tail of a peacock.

Later, on the lake shore at Morges, Billy clambered down to the water to sing to a Swiss swan.

He took me to Chillon Castle—very old and very romantic. Then we went up into the mountains, with Billy pointing out things of interest all the way. I was shown vineyards, the new motorway, a cable car and the magic world of the high peaks. I'd have been thrilled anyway but with Billy's giant size grin I was doubly excited. Nothing shook that wide smile. Not mist or rain or meals that we missed.

The meals that we had were fab. Billy ordered up all the lushest Swiss dishes and exotic wines. "I like trying all the local specialties," he said. "No point in going abroad and eating steak and chips."

He wants to have holiday homes all round the world so he and The Dakotas can call in when they're within reach. He'd like a cabin on the shore of a Swiss lake and a chalet in the mountains.

Last time I saw him he was just off to Hawaii. But even if he only got as far as the Isle of Wight, he'd have had a knock-out time. Travel is Billy's hobby. The more strange and new a place is, the more it gives him real kicks.





**Fab** | Mike Berno

# THE BEATLES

are coming to breakfast



Get the official Fan Club badge...  
with *Kellogg's* RICE KRISPIES

**The Beatles say:** Don't miss this chance of getting your hands on the official Beatles Fan Club Badge. If ever anything was gear, this is it.

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

**Kellogg's say:** The badge is charcoal-grey

cloth, with the Beatles' names in gold round a red guitar. To get it, all you need do 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?



To: Kellogg's Beatles Badge Offer, P.O. Box No. 38, Manchester, 3.

Please send, post free \_\_\_\_\_ official Beatles Fan Club badges. I enclose cheque/P.O. No. \_\_\_\_\_ value \_\_\_\_\_ made out to "Kellogg's" and crossed "& Co." and \_\_\_\_\_ Rice Krispies packet tops.

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NAME  
(PLEASE PRINT)

ADDRESS







“TITFER TAT or IF YER WANNA”  
GET A ‘EAD GIT A ‘AT

Besides hitting the target at Archery, Mark Wynter collects hats as a hobby. He's certainly got the 'gear' to match his moods!



This is the Percy Thrower look . . . Bill and Ben have got nothing on Mark. Oi think the answer lies in the soil.



This is real "gear" man, scooter gear in fact . . . one slight problem . . . Mark hasn't got a scooter. Shhhhh!



I wonder what would happen if Mark got his head stuck . . . I know a good telephone number for a decapitation unit.



You could never call Mark a Red Square in this number . . . eh! Tovaritch? Most certainly not . . . do you mind!



'Is 'at come from Flea Market. . . No, it 'as not got Fleas. . . 'Ere 'e is 'aving an eyeful at L'Eiffel.



Is that the Hound of the Baskervilles or Dr. Livingstone . . . Elementary our dear Wynter. Where's my spy-glass gone!

# in record time

★ Ask any beat musician who he rates as one of the greatest rhythm 'n' blues artists in Britain and it's ten to one he'll answer: **Georgie Fame**.

Although Georgie and his group, **The Blue Flames**, have not yet hit the jackpot I reckon it's only a matter of time before they become a top attraction.

For the past few months they have been packing the customers in at London's Flamingo Club and more and more musicians and fans from all over Britain have been making a pilgrimage to hear them.

For a great example of the group's distinctive,

jazz-flavoured sound listen to their latest, *I'm In Love With You* (Columbia). It could be a winner.

#### BEST OF THE REST

★ **The Temptations**, from the same stable that produced **Mary Wells** and as exciting a vocal group that I've ever heard, could have their first big British hit with *I'll Be In Trouble* (Stateside).

★ **Dionne Warwick** is sure to shoot up the charts with the emotion-packed *You'll Never Go To Heaven* (Pye).

★ **Jody Miller** discovered singing in an Oklahoma coffee bar by **The Limelitters**, has a second tilt at the British charts with *The Fever*, one of the most original-sounding vocal discs I've heard in months (Capitol).

★ Liverpool group **Chick Graham and The Coasters** (they used to accompany Billy J.) sing and play a catchy ditty called *A Little You* (Decca).

#### JAZZ SPOT

*Jazz For Playboys* (Realm, LP), features a small group of key members of the **Count Basie** band plus guest guitarist **Kenny Burrell** in a happy session of swinging and inventive music. Exciting solos, too, from **Joe Newman** on trumpet and **Frank Wess** on flute and tenor sax.

KEN BOW



Fab | Mark Wynter

\*\*\*\*\*



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But Tampax was! It was invented by a doctor for the benefit of all women, married or single, active or not. Because it's worn internally, it adjusts, conforms, never chafes or irritates, never creates odour. The Tampax applicator ensures its correct and hygienic insertion.

Because it's personally pleasing, young moderns choose Tampax. It all but takes the difference out of days of the month. And of course you can bathe wearing Tampax. All year long, you'll feel cool, clean, fresh.

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Havant, Hants.

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**WITHOUT DISTURBING YOUR SET!**

Water and grease won't mix! That's why—if you've got greasy hair—ordinary shampoos really aren't much help. Two days later back comes the grease and the "lank, floppy" look. All that money for an expensive set and now it's ruined!

Here's the answer! Fabulous AERO Dry Shampoo! Five minutes each day and you'd never know your hair was greasy! Just puff-on AERO and then brush out. AERO removes all the grease (and dirt and dandruff too) leaving your hair softly manageable, radiantly lovely and—because you're brushing your hair instead of wetting it—you're preserving your set instead of ruining it!

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The new Annette looks as with it as you feel and yet it's approved schoolwear—passed by Headmistresses. This is because Annette is either gaberdine or the fabulous new "Teensheen" cotton fabric is a classic—just the coat you look best in—with a belt to wear when you want a waist. The Annette is available in all sizes in gaberdine—larger sizes only in "Teensheen". Snug Courtelle fleece and Borg fabric detachable linings in winter white shade (washable) are available as optional extras.

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You'll love it. And you  
can make it yourself. Send  
NOW for our easy  
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and jerkin front with woollen-  
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HERE'S WHERE TO FIND WHAT YOU WANT . . .

PAUL McCARTNEY.....	COVER
<small>PHOTOGRAPHER MICHAEL DARLING</small>	
HI FAB/STARGAZING WITH JOHN LEYTON.....	Pages 2/3
IT'S GEAR! CLIFF ON CARS.....	Page 4
FAB PIN-UP: CLIFF RICHARD.....	Page 5
<small>PHOTOGRAPHER DAVID STEEN</small>	
BEATLE HOBBIES/FOURMOST WEIGHTLIFTING.....	Page 6
FAB PIN-UP: THE FOURMOST.....	Page 7
<small>PHOTOGRAPHER FIONA ADAMS</small>	
JUNE ON PHOTOGRAPHY.....	Pages 8/9
FAB PIN-UP: BILLY J. KRAMER.....	Page 10
<small>PHOTOGRAPHER BILL FRANCIS</small>	
SIGHTSEEING WITH BILLY J. BY FAB'S BETTY.....	Page 11
FAB PIN-UP: MIKE SARNE.....	Page 12
<small>PHOTOGRAPHER BARRY MARKHAM</small>	
FAB PIN-UP: THE FOUR PENNIES.....	Pages 14/15
<small>PHOTOGRAPHER FIONA ADAMS</small>	
TITFER TAT MARK WYNTER & HATS/ RECORD TIME.....	Page 16
FAB PIN-UP: MARK WYNTER.....	Page 17
<small>PHOTOGRAPHER FIONA ADAMS</small>	
FAB PIN-UP: JOHN LEYTON.....	Page 19
<small>PHOTOGRAPHER DEREK BERWIN</small>	
LOOK! THEY'RE ALL YOURS FOR A SONG—FASHION WITH GILL.....	Pages 20/21
FAB PIN-UP: THE UNDERTAKERS.....	Page 22
<small>PHOTOGRAPHER FIONA ADAMS</small>	
HAIRSTYLE FASHIONS (continued from page 21)	Page 24
WHAT A CATCH! SYLVIA FISHES with THE FOUR PENNIES.....	Page 25
FAB PIN-UP: ADRIENNE POSTER.....	Page 26
<small>PHOTOGRAPHER DAVID STEEN</small>	
MAUREEN'S LETTER BOX/WHO'S WHO THIS WEEK.....	Page 27
FAB PIN-UP: BRIAN POOLE AND THE TREMELOES.....	Page 28
<small>PHOTOGRAPHER BARRY MARKHAM</small>	

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## STARGAZING WITH

# JOHN LEYTON



Leo folk are often stubborn but they never bear a grudge and are very lovable. New opportunities are bound to come their way in the coming months.



**CAPRICORN** (Dec. 21—Jan. 19). Overcome moodiness by facing up to your problem fairly and squarely.



**AQUARIUS** (Jan. 20—Feb. 18). Make more effort to be sociable by getting out and about.



**PISCES** (Feb. 19—Mar. 20). Good week for correspondence but some friction in the home.



**ARIES** (Mar. 21—April 20). Luck is on your side with a personal project so don't hesitate to forge ahead.



**TAURUS** (April 21—May 20). People are well disposed to you but don't try to force your ideas on them.



**GEMINI** (May 21—June 20). You will be able to cope more and the week is sunny and serene.



**CANCER** (June 21—July 20). Favourable time. Make the most of your current wave of popularity.



**LEO** (July 21—Aug. 21). Mixed week in which you would do well to take advice from someone.



**VIRGO** (Aug. 22—Sept. 22). Get out of your present rut by shaking off that "couldn't care less" feeling.



**LIBRA** (Sept. 23—Oct. 22). Push ahead with plans but let romantic matters take their own course.



**SCORPIO** (Oct. 23—Nov. 22). Satisfaction from most activities. Catch up on correspondence.



**SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 23—Dec. 20). Financial affairs need stricter budgeting. Watch your spending!

## HEY THERE!

What an energetic bunch of pop stars! Cor! Fair makes you tired even thinking about all their hobbies. What with Dave Clark and his boxing; Mike Sarne who swims like a champion, John Leyton who loves messing about in boats, preferably, he tells us, in a high wind and Brian and Billy of The Fourmost who gaily pick up weights that weigh positively pounds. No one in the pop world can be said to be a layabout!

For the past week FAB has been joining in on their various hobbies and quietly having a ball. Sylvia got the best assignment—going fishing with The Four Pennies. As for the rest of us—I've news for you—our hobby for the next week is SLEEP! (But then, that was always mine!)

Love and stuff . . . THE ED.

# Hi-Fab!

## KEITH TAKES OVER THIS WEEK'S GOSSIP

It's not strictly true to say that all The Fourmost are keen weight-lifters (see page 6) Mike Millward, the genial giant of the group is the odd man out. He says the heaviest weight he lifts around is himself and we believe him.

Mike does have another hobby. He buys those artist kits where you fill in the picture by painting the numbered squares. He has just completed his fourth flying duck masterpiece—declares it's a great way to relax.

Billy Hatton also has a very unusual second hobby which he informs us is "losing my camera." He has an expensive movie projector which he has a bad habit of leaving around. Mike picked it up one evening backstage at the London Palladium and hid it to teach Billy a lesson. Billy was not amused when it was found—he had just phoned Scotland Yard to report the theft.



Keith with Brian Poole

Brian Poole and his group The Tremeloes are go-kart enthusiasts. Brian first caught up with the sport in South Africa.

"They have a huge twisting track out there where you drive for greater distances than the tracks in this country," Brian told me. "We had a race but I came last. I think someone doped the kart."

Athletic hobbies are a big thing with The Tremeloes. Apart from Brian, who plays basket-ball, there is Alan Blakely, who gets in the odd game of rugby in winter, Alan Howard who likes horse riding and Ricky West who was a very good badminton player. Drummer Dave Mundel was a boxing champ at school. He only thumps drums now.

Incidentally, Brian and the boys are in our great POP PROM on 20th September. Tickets are on sale from 8th August and are £1, 15s., 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d. and 3s. 6d., from the usual agencies and The Royal Albert Hall, Kensington, London, S.W.7.



Mike Sarne

Mike Sarne is a swimming type. He has several awards for the sport from his school-days. In fact, there's quite a lot to Mike altogether. He's been a supporter of Oxfam for a long time—gave all his winnings from Rediffusion's "Double Your Money" a few months ago to help hungry people overseas. He's taking a lot of interest in the Oxfam-Fab Beat Contest, natch, and hopes to be present at the North London Regional Final in a couple of weeks' time. Latest report from Lydia Cornell, the contest secretary at Oxfam H.O.

is that things are going like a bomb, with terrific enthusiasm all over the country. The first regional centre to have a Beat Heats for Oxfam is Bristol, running now at Victoria Rooms, Bristol, 7 to 11 p.m. every night except Sundays, 3rd to 15th August. FAB readers who live down that way can go along and join in the fun!



10s 10d



25s

Only 10s. 10d. and it's in . . . in . . . bang in fashion and frankly fun, that's our super knitted dickey with its roll neck, and made from only 3 oz. of Lister's Lavenda 4-ply in white plus 1 oz. each of two contrasting colours. It'll look real fab with your FAB cut-out jerkin, 'specially in white with dark and pale blue bobbles. Or if you really want to knock 'em cold, try it out in ice pink and black or midnight blue. So c'mon dolly, have yourself a night in and get out those knitting needles—it's too easy. Show it off under your coat or a v-neck sweater. Under a pinafore dress it's a gas. Dollybirds mustn't miss out on this one. Send right away for our free pattern. Just enclose a stamped addressed envelope to: Fashion Ed. Gill, FABULOUS, Fleetway Publications, Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London E.C.4, we'll send you the instructions—FREE!

25s. that's all you need for this sugar dolly blouse. It'll look absolutely fab under your FAB cut-out skirt and jerkin, or you can wear it on its own with the skirt. All you need is about three yards of material. We chose a white Optical crepe for ours, which we think looks real super (approx. 7s. per yard) but the choice is yours. If you want to make a big splash colourwise, then get really with it and make it in a mad, mad print. You'll find the blouse so simple to make—even that big, big Tom Jones bow. Our pattern is McCall's Fleetway No. 7385, costing only 3s. 6d. plus 3d. postage. See coupon on page 24. Also on page 24 you can see my FREE hairstyle offer leaflet. Now you can look a real Fab dolly for five pounds—that's all it takes for the jerkin and skirt, blouse and dickey combined. This time—you've got it made!

Hurry, hurry, hurry. Fill your coupon and post it right away. There's no time to lose. We'll do our best to send your pack within ten days or as soon after as possible.

**HOW TO ORDER YOUR SKIRT AND JERKIN**

Fill in the double coupon shown here with your name and address in block capitals. Send it together with a postal order for 61s. 3d. to FABULOUS Skirt and Jerkin Offer, P.O. Box 653, 96/97 Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Cheques and postal orders should be crossed /& Co./ and made payable to Fleetway Publications Ltd. If paying by cheque, please write your name and address clearly on the back. Closing date is 29th August, 1964, and the offer is available only to readers in Great Britain and Northern Ireland. When ordering your skirt and jerkin, please quote colour choices in order of preference and bust size required.

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If you're between 17 and 28, post this coupon today for the free illustrated booklet 'Serve with the Royal Navy in the W R N S'. Chief Officer Joan Cole, O.B.E., W.R.N.S. Dept. FPS67/A, Old Admiralty Building, London, S.W.1.

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Are you a handy little Tess with the swinging ten-pin touch? A disarming charmer, adept at 'strikes' and such? Then, to bowl the men over like skittles, you need a smile as straight as your throw—from Gordon-Moore's. That's the fabulous cosmetic toothpaste that polishes your teeth bright as the curve of a bowl, tints your gums a match-making pink.



She's a honey and so with-it. That's why we've chosen model gal Pattie Boyd to show you just how she sets that natural gold-blonde hair of hers.

Because Pattie's hair is so long, she only sets the ends, and for this she uses bobble ended rollers at sides and back as shown in our diagram. You can see just how easy it is to set. The rollers are secured with a plastic bobble, and are by far the best type to use for long hair.

For combing out, Pattie uses a brush, back-combing slightly on the crown for height, then the ends are flicked out all round. Finally, she uses a very light spray of lacquer for holding her hair in place.

Would-be golden gals can go lighter with Dubarry Hair Brightener, 2s. 9d., from the new Dubarry range of products.

## A SWINGING DOLLY HAIRDO JUST FOR YOU!



Send today for Gill's absolutely Fab hairstyle leaflet, with four super hairstyles from which to choose. They're the Kookiest out. Write to Gill, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope, Free Hairstyle Leaflet Offer, FABULOUS, Fleetway Publications Ltd., Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

**Absolutely super. That's our sugar dolly blouse, shown on page 21. Make it for yourself right away. Don't delay. Send for your pattern NOW. Just fill in the coupon below, and post at once.**

The pattern address: Fill in this coupon, then cut it out and send it with a postal order for 3s. 9d., made payable to Fleetway Publications Ltd., and crossed 'A Co.' to FABULOUS Pattern Department, P.O. Box 653, 95-97 Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

The pattern cannot be supplied without the voucher.

McCall's-Fleetway Pattern	
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Name.....	
Address.....	
FAB 8/8/64	
Please cut round dotted rule.	

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**NEW**  
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### BEAUTIFUL PICTURES IN GLORIOUS FULL COLOUR

What a line-up! The Dave Clark Five, Cilla Black, The Bachelors, Dusty Springfield, Gerry and the Pacemakers, The Searchers: all these fab singers feature on Waddington's new Pop Stamps. Buy some today! Use them to 'sign off' your letters—or swap 'em with your pals! Ask for them at your favourite record store or sweet shop!

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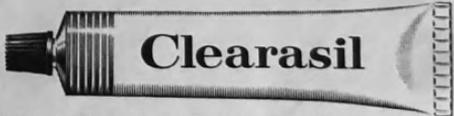


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**B**OYS! Boys! I've caught a fish!  
Lionel, Fritz, Alan and Mike, The Four Pennies, crowded round me.  
Alan exclaimed: "Well, don't lean over so far or you'll fall in. What are you trying to do—catch it with your hand?"  
Lionel took my fishing rod—the boys and I were in a boat anchored off Torquay, fishing—and started winding in the line. We all leaned over the side, trying to be the first to get a look at Sylvia's Catch. The silence was awesome. Then, with an expression I could never describe in words, Lionel took my hand palm upwards and placed the end of my fishing line in it.

I looked at the round, studded, metal object dangling from the line and said, puzzled: "What is it?"  
"The weight they put on your line to keep it under water," Lionel explained.  
"Are you going to take it home and fry it for you tea, Sylvia?" Mike teased.  
I frowned at the weight.  
"I was sure it was a large mackerel," I said.  
My grinning fishermen just returned to their rods. Some peaceful minutes passed and, believe me, that's quite an achievement with The Pennies around. Then a sudden yell from behind me almost threw me overboard with shock.  
"I've gotta fish," hollered Lionel.

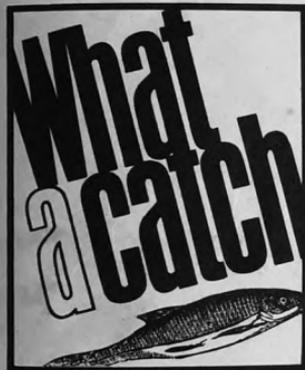
Mike climbed down from his perch on top of the cabin. The rest of us scrambled across the deck and waited.

"I think it's a big 'un," Lionel gasped, struggling with the rod.  
At last he hauled his "fish" aboard. We studied it thoughtfully.  
"It looks like a squid," said Lionel. But he didn't sound too sure.  
"It looks like nothing on earth to me," Fritz commented.  
"It might be a baby octopus," I contributed.  
Alan was doubling up with laughter. And the boat's skipper was having a quiet chuckle.  
"I think," he said, "you've caught your bait."  
Know something? He had, too. All his protests about something pulling on the line were useless.  
"You must have caught your line on a piece of rock," pointed out the skipper. "There's a lot of it under the sea here."  
We all returned to the job in hand. Then another of those excited yells sent us dashing round the deck. It was Fritz this time.  
"Have you caught something, Fritz?" I asked.  
He nodded, smiling.  
More struggles with rod and line, then Fritz landed his prize—a piece of rock.  
"Well, at least it wasn't an old boot," he said, throwing the rock back in the sea.  
By the time that Alan exclaimed that he'd got

a bite we were getting sceptical. Mike stayed on top of the cabin, Fritz and Lionel just wandered over casually and watched while Alan yanked and tugged. My rod flew out of my hands and I nearly followed it into the water. Alan had caught my line.

"I think I'll go for a swim," I said, and measured the distance between the edge of the boat and the water, ready to dive, when Mike yelled: "I've got a shark."  
"Shark?" I said nervously.  
The Pennies nodded at me solemnly.  
"Thought you were going swimming," said Fritz.  
"Oh sure," I retorted, heading for the cabin to change out of my swimming gear. "All my life I've wanted to serve myself up as a shark's Saturday afternoon tea."  
In the cabin a thought struck me and I stuck my head through the skylight.  
"Hey, Mike," I yelled, "maybe you've caught Moby Dick."  
"Yeah!" shouted back a wildly excited Mike. "I'll be the only fisherman who ever caught a whale off the coast of Devon."  
I shook my head and returned to the deck.  
Did Mike catch Moby Dick? Well, he reckons he did and it got away.  
He's joking, of course. I think.  
SYLVIA STEPHEN.

## Fab's Sylvia Goes Fishing With The Four Pennies



Hey, look what Lionel caught—Himself!



Mike's catch puzzled him. It puzzled us, too.



Ah, my hero. When my kookie hat blew overboard, Alan rushed to the rescue.



We had a terrible time convincing Fritz that he wasn't skipper.



Guess who the fifth Penny is?



**Fab** | Adrienne  
Poster

# maureen's letter box



**Hi! Thanks a lot for all those letters, Keep writing! It keeps me busy—and makes a marvellous excuse for not making the Ed's coffee. Besides I like hearing from you... meanwhile back in the Fab offices...**

## PARENT NAMES

**Jane Sexton of Grays asks: What are Buddy Holly's parents first names please?**  
Buddy's parents names are Ella and Lawrence, Jane.

## HAYLEY FAN

**Yvonne Lester of Northumberland writes: You've made a mistake, there is a Hayley Mills Fan Club, it is run by Miss Janice Love of 33 Alders Avenue, Wood Green, Essex.**  
You've been hiding your light under a

bushel, Yvonne! Sorry, I had not heard of this club until you wrote and no-one else seemed to know of it either. But thanks very much for the address. I am sure our readers who are fans of Hayley will be very grateful.

## ELVIS'S LADY

**Una Stallard of Buxley Heath asks: Is the leading lady in Elvis's film "Kid Galahad," the same girl who played opposite him in "Blue Hawaii."**  
Yes, Una. Joan Blackman is the name and she played opposite Elvis in both films. Lucky girl. Huh!

## PASTIME

**David James of London asks: Could you tell me Freddie Garrity's favourite sports, please?**  
Our Freddie tells me he prefers golf and football. Anyone for tennis?

## BRUVER'S GEN

**Penny Stevenson of Upminster, Essex asks: Could you give the names of Joe Brown's Bruvers, please?**  
(All cockney like) Yerse! There is free of 'em. No. 1 is Peter Oakman. No. 2 is Tony Oakman, Peter's Bruver, and the uvver bruver is Ron Parry. These boys have their own Fan Club as well as their one with Joe. It's run by Mrs. Pam Doonan, 283 Alice Street, South Shields, Co. Durham.

## FIFTH BEATLE

**Gillian Pring of Nottingham asks: Could you please tell me the name of The Beatle who died in Hamburg.**  
His name was Stuart Sutcliffe.

## ANIMAL LOVERS

**Penelope Langley of Aberdeen asks: Have The Animals got a Fan Club, please.**

They have not an actual Fan Club formed as in *inaugurated* (Keith... that's a big word for a little girl!) Quiet, Keith! As I was saying before I was so RUDELY interrupted, there is not a Fan Club but you can write to The Animals care of E.M.I., 20 Manchester Square, London, W1.

## HENRY, YOU DOG!

**Melanie Hammond of Shanklin, writes: Is it true that Millie's song entitled "Oh, Henry" is about her little dog?**  
This is perfectly true, Melanie. (My dog's name is Figaro, and you can imagine how daff I feel when I have to stand at the back door and call him in... people think I have taken up opera).

**Don't forget I'm supposed to be here to help with your requests. Drop me a line at MAUREEN'S LETTER BOX, FABULOUS, Fleetway Publications, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4, and PLEASE enclose S.A.E. for reply.**



## FABWORD

BULLY	BEEF	EATER
SAFETY	VALVE	RUBBER
SOLID	SILVER	WEDDING
GRAVEL	VOICE	BOX
WASP	WAIST	BAND
THUNDER	CLAP	TRAP
WHEEL	BARROW	BOY
FALSE	SCENT	SPRAY
STRING	TEST	POCKET
WILLIAM	TELL	TALES
LINCOLN	GREEN	FINGER
ROYAL	NAVE	BLUE
MOUNTAIN	FISH	WEDNESDAY

To solve the puzzle, simply complete the diagram with words such that each word can be added to the word printed on the left to form another word, well known phrase or name. In the same way, if your word is placed in front of the word on its right, this will also make a well-known word, phrase or name.

For example, the first missing word is BEEF which, when added to the words on its left and right, gives BULLY BEEF and BEEFEATER.

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

# THE BEATLES

UNBEATABLE BEST FROM FABULOUS!

In the news shops now is the greatest BEATLES' souvenir book of all-time called "THE BEST OF THE BEATLES FROM FABULOUS" and that's what it is! The greatest pictures of the THE BEATLES at work and at play—all in rich full colour—straight from the hard-to-get weekly issues of FABULOUS and now all in one unique, special souvenir book! If you haven't already got "THE BEST OF THE BEATLES FROM FABULOUS" see if you can get a copy today!

## THE BEST OF THE BEATLES FROM FABULOUS

24 MONTHS ONLY 2/6

## THE BEST OF THE BEATLES FROM FABULOUS



L-R: Dave Lovelady, Mike Millward, Brian O'Hara. Front: Billy Hatton.



L-R: Alan Howard, Ricky West, Dave Munden, Alan L-R: Lionel Morton, Mike Wylsh, Blakely. Front: Brian Poole, Alan Buck. Front: Fritz Fitzer.

## WID'S WOM THIS WEEK?



Jackie Lomax, Geoff Nugent, L-R: Alan Howard, Ricky West, Dave Munden, Alan L-R: Lionel Morton, Mike Wylsh, Blakely. Front: Brian Poole, Alan Buck. Front: Fritz Fitzer.

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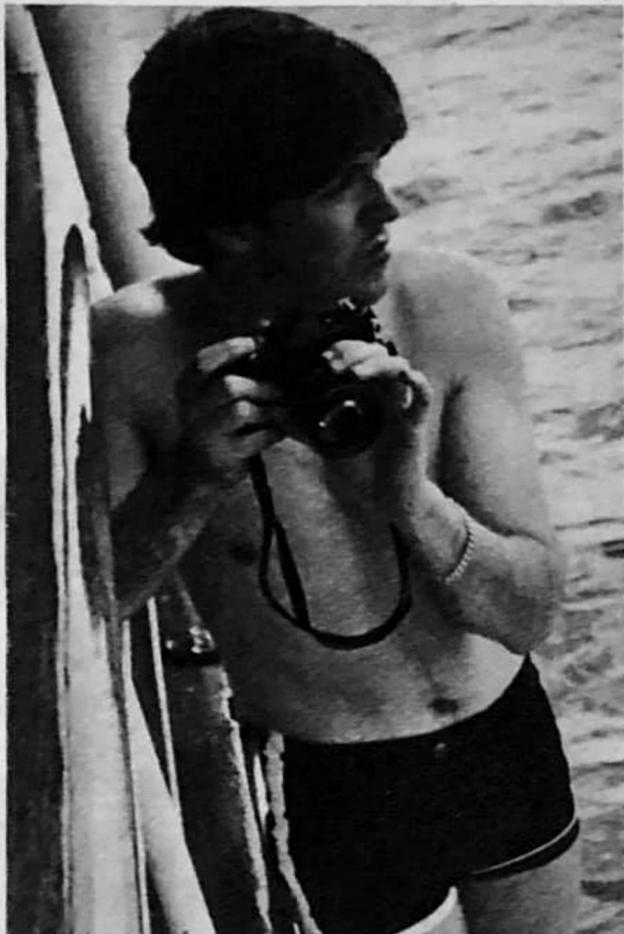


**Fab** | Brian Poole and The Trampoloes

John Leyton had a very special boat on the Norfolk Broads called the *Mary Brigette*. It was on board this boat with his manager Robert Stigwood, that John first heard his record *Johnny Remember Me* had reached number one in the charts. So it's a very special boat and its name has been "borrowed" by a girl. How come?

"Well we had to think of a name for our fan club secretary," said John. "So our Sylvia Taylor became *Mary Brigette*, our fan club secretary."

I've heard of boats being named after girls but a girl that's named after a boat is a neat switch.



Paul McCartney

You might wonder how people as busy as The Beatles find time for hobbies but they do. Paul is a photo fanatic and has an impressive library of black and white stills. When the group has a visitor you'll find Paul clicking away continuously. It's almost a standard joke with the other Beatles that whenever he sees anyone he's photographed he says: "I've taken some great shots of you. You must see them."

Ringo says there's only one snag to this—Paul has no filing system and can never find the "great shots" anyway!

Paul had one particular shot of which he is very proud. It's a shot of John taking a shot of Ringo who is taking a shot of George who is taking a shot of the camera man who is taking a shot of them. The Beatles are very confusing but they're very nice.

I SAY OLD CHAP WHAT'S IN FAB NEXT WEEK?

YOU SHOULD KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN LOOK DOWN THERE!



And sunstroke has produced the whackiest and funniest FAB EVER... we've found JUNE going out of her mind with THE MINDBENDERS... KEITH spending a kinky day at the races with THE MOJOS... a BACHELOR flat that DEC CLUSKEY and STEVE BERRY find unique, so will you... And to really set the place alight we decided to make our own film... supported by a cast of FAB extras it stars FREDDIE GARRITY, LOUISE CORDET, THE MERSEYBEATS so get FABULOUS next Monday, only one shilling.



The Undertakers

Those bikes you can see The Undertakers riding on page 22 are Japanese Hondas and they can go up to forty miles an hour.

Chris Houston who is the group's lead guitarist was the brain behind acquiring these little nip-about. He saw them advertised in a magazine and figures they would be just the things for avoiding traffic jams. The idea was to put them in the group wagon and take them out and ride on to dates should the boys get caught in traffic jams. This doesn't always work out but the boys have fun on them anyway so who cares.

Main trouble is that one of the boys always gets lost on the way to FAB's photo sessions. Took three days to get them all together for this pic.



Adrienne Poster

You'll see from the colour pic of Adrienne Poster on page 26 that her big hobby is collecting dolls but she also has two other interesting sidelines.

"I collect rings and words," she told me on a recent visit to the Fab offices. "All kinds of rings from diamond to metal." About the word collection I was a little more curious.

"What kinds of words?" I asked. "Words I make up like 'Memish' and 'Squidgy.'" She couldn't explain them to me so I asked her to put them in a sentence.

"Elvis is 'squidgy' and Cliff is 'memish'." she offered.

Just for the record I asked which I was and I'm "memish." So there!

This could be the start of a whole new language. Her friends and school mates are busy spreading the word.





# IT'S THE GEAR *says car crazy* CLIFF...



If you should see a fabulous black Cadillac with the licence number 7 AYN on the road—look inside. Chances are the driver's Cliff Richard.

YOU probably all know that Cliff's main hobby is photography... that wherever he goes his cameras are never far from his side.

But Cliff has another hobby nearly as important to him—in fact it would be as important if he had the time to give to it.

And that hobby is—his cars!

Cliff has always been a keen driver—right from the beginning of his career when he bought a motor scooter with the first of his earnings. It wasn't long, however, before he graduated to four-wheel transport by buying a sleek-lined sports car.

Like everyone who buys a car for the first time, it was Cliff's pride and joy! At every available opportunity he would be out cleaning it, polishing up the chrome and generally keeping it spotless.

At the moment, Cliff has two cars—and this isn't because he's greedy.

One, the black Fleetwood Cadillac, he uses for long distances or for trips from his home to the studios. It's a big car, of course, with a left-hand drive, but Cliff is quite at home in it—he's had it now for more than three years.

CLIFF'S other car, a Corvette Sting-Ray, he bought just before his summer show in Blackpool last year.

You'd have no trouble spotting it even without an index number, because it's a silver-grey sports car, sleek and shiny as a bullet—and would go just about as fast if he ever had the chance to really let it rip! Cliff uses it mainly for town driving because it's a lot smaller and much easier to park than the Cad!

There aren't many Sting-Ray's in this country yet as it is an exclusive American car, so it should be even easier to spot.

Cliff likes music while he's driving, so apart from the radio he has a small record-player under the dashboard in both cars. In this way he can hear all the latest hits as he drives.

The Sting-Ray is a fast car, really fast, but Cliff hasn't had much chance to see what it can really do.

But one Sunday last year during his season at Blackpool he drove down to London for the day and back the same evening; that's some going, too, because the journey each way is about 240 miles.

Cliff will never let on exactly what speeds the car touched, but his road manager, Mike Conlin, says it was a ride which he, personally, will never forget!

On the bonnet of the Cadillac, Cliff has an emblem which commemorates his first-ever Gold Disc, for *Living Doll*. It was presented to him by his recording company and he has proudly transferred it to each new car he has bought.

The Sting-Ray isn't quite so famous yet, but if he uses it too much around town, then it won't be long before it's a landmark.

Cliff is a pretty careful driver, never speeding unless he has plenty of open road without much traffic around to bother him, but if there's any time he

doesn't like driving, it's during the winter, and especially when there's fog about.

HE had an experience during that terrifying winter-before-last which didn't seem particularly funny at the time but which he has laughed about quite a bit since.

He was due at the studios one evening to do some special recording for *Summer Holiday* and was motoring out from London. It was a night of thick fog, really dense, and Cliff found himself behind a long line of traffic which was inching its way forward on the North Circular Road around the outskirts of London.

Cliff stayed in line. He figures that while he had traffic in front and behind him he couldn't get lost!

The traffic kept nosing forward slowly, and Cliff—ever patient—moved just as slowly along with it. And after what seemed hours the car in front turned a corner. Cliff breathed a sigh of relief. Now he was on the main road to the studios. . . . But before he had gone another few yards he had a shock coming to him!

He wasn't on the road to the studios—he was in a car park!

The first car in the line had turned in, and all the others had followed automatically!

After that little mess, Cliff decided to go home. The recording session could wait until the next day!

If you drove with Cliff you would notice his relaxed air, watchful eyes and the instant reflexes when he has to brake, turn or make a quick signal.

This showed through particularly just before he went to Greece for *Summer Holiday*. He had one morning in which to learn how to handle the big, red London Transport bus which was used so much in the picture. At the London Transport Training Centre Cliff was put through his paces by an instructor and after a couple of hours or so he was piloting the bus as if he had been doing it all his life!

In fact, a L.T. driver said that if ever Cliff was out of a job he'd know what to do!

From a Cadillac to a bus—that's just one example of the adaptability of Cliff as a driver!

JOHN WILLIAMS



TEX

# WANNA HOBBY?



*then get a guitar say the Beatles*

**T**HERE'S a completely new Beatle hobby—guitar playing. "New?" did I hear someone say in surprise. You'll agree that it's certainly new when you know that the guitar player in question is RINGO STARR! Although the other three have always branched out beyond the instruments they actually play in the group, Ringo has stuck with his drum-kit throughout, scarcely daring to finger out a few simple piano keyboard phrases unless he was feeling particularly adventurous. Now, however, Ringo is learning to play guitar.

His new interest came about during the shooting of The Beatles' first feature film for United Artists, which you can see at your local cinema now. At any film set there's a lot of waiting around to be done between takes.

The boys had tried playing cards, and other pastimes but the hours of delay were passing too slowly. Then at last producer Walter Shenson declared that everything was ready and the boys would be going before the cameras again within ten minutes. Ringo let out a very heartfelt whoop of glee—until he was told that the next scene involved Paul, John and Wilfred Brambell! This left George and Ringo with a bit more waiting to do.

**G**EORGE picked up his new 12-string guitar and began to pluck out some neat phrases. Ringo asked if he could try and the guitar strap changed shoulders. In no time George was leaning over Ringo explaining where the fingers of the left hand should be placed for various different chords. Ringo turned out to be an enthusiastic pupil.

Two hours later when Paul, John and Wilfred had finished filming their scene Ringo had mastered just a few passages from George's "Can't Buy Me Love" guitar solo. As soon as the day's studio activities were over Ringo

went streaking off into the West End of London to buy himself a guitar. He returned with a shiny new instrument and the other three spent the rest of that evening adding to Ringo's quickly-collected knowledge of guitar-playing. Since then George has continued with his unofficial new position as Professor Of Music To Richard Starkey Esq! He reports that Ringo has been a thoroughly enthusiastic pupil and the two boys fill in most of their free hours with two guitars these days.

**H**OW long will it be before a record by The Beatles contains a Ringo Starr guitar solo? "A long time," claims Ringo whose virtue is modesty. "It is all very well getting to know a few chords and practising basic theme tunes but it takes years to perfect your playing on a new instrument. John, George and Paul have been at it for something like seven or eight years. I don't want to run before I can walk—and, in any case, drumming is still going to be my main professional interest with guitar playing as a personal hobby. I certainly won't start taking my guitar on stage!"

Ringo finds the big problem with learning the instrument is the damage it does to his fingers. "The tips of my fingers on my left hand are really bruised," he says. George assured him that the soreness would wear off as his fingers hardened. Ringo then assured George that if they didn't he'd be the only drummer who held his sticks with his feet!

Since John and Paul are still keeping up their prolific output of new songs and George is reported to be increasing his interest in composing, it may well be that we shall be hearing Ringo Starr's first published tune in the not too distant future. "It would be impossible to write a tune on the drums," says Ringo, "but I might have a bash at songwriting now if I can get the hang of picking out tunes on the guitar!"

**S**O there I was, in the middle of this gymnasium, surrounded by weights and The Fourmost. What a place for a girl to be. Especially this girl. My idea of violent exercise is to make myself a cup of coffee.

"Now—on the count of three." Alec Murray, the Olympic team Coach, said. "One—two—three."

And up went the weights above four famous heads.

"Ugh!" I groaned.

The boys grinned at me.

"It's dead easy," Brian said. "I bet even you could pick up these weights, Sylvia."

Brian and Dave are the really keen weight lifters in the group. It's been a hobby of theirs for a long time. Mike and Billy aren't so expert, but had a bash.

"Everyone expects me to be able to do this easily, because I'm so big," Mike told me. "But I don't think I can be as big as I look."

He rubbed his arms ruefully.

"What are you talking about?" Dave demanded. "There's nothing to it. Look."

Up went the weights again. Mike pulled a face.

"It's all right for you," Mike retorted. "You're used to it."

"Sylvia," Dave said, "show him how easy it is. Pick those up."

He pointed to the weights he'd now replaced on the ground.

"You're joking!" I gasped.

Billy and Brian gathered round to watch. Alec encouraged me with, "Lots of girls can do weight lifting."

"I'm not lots of girls," I muttered. "I'm me."

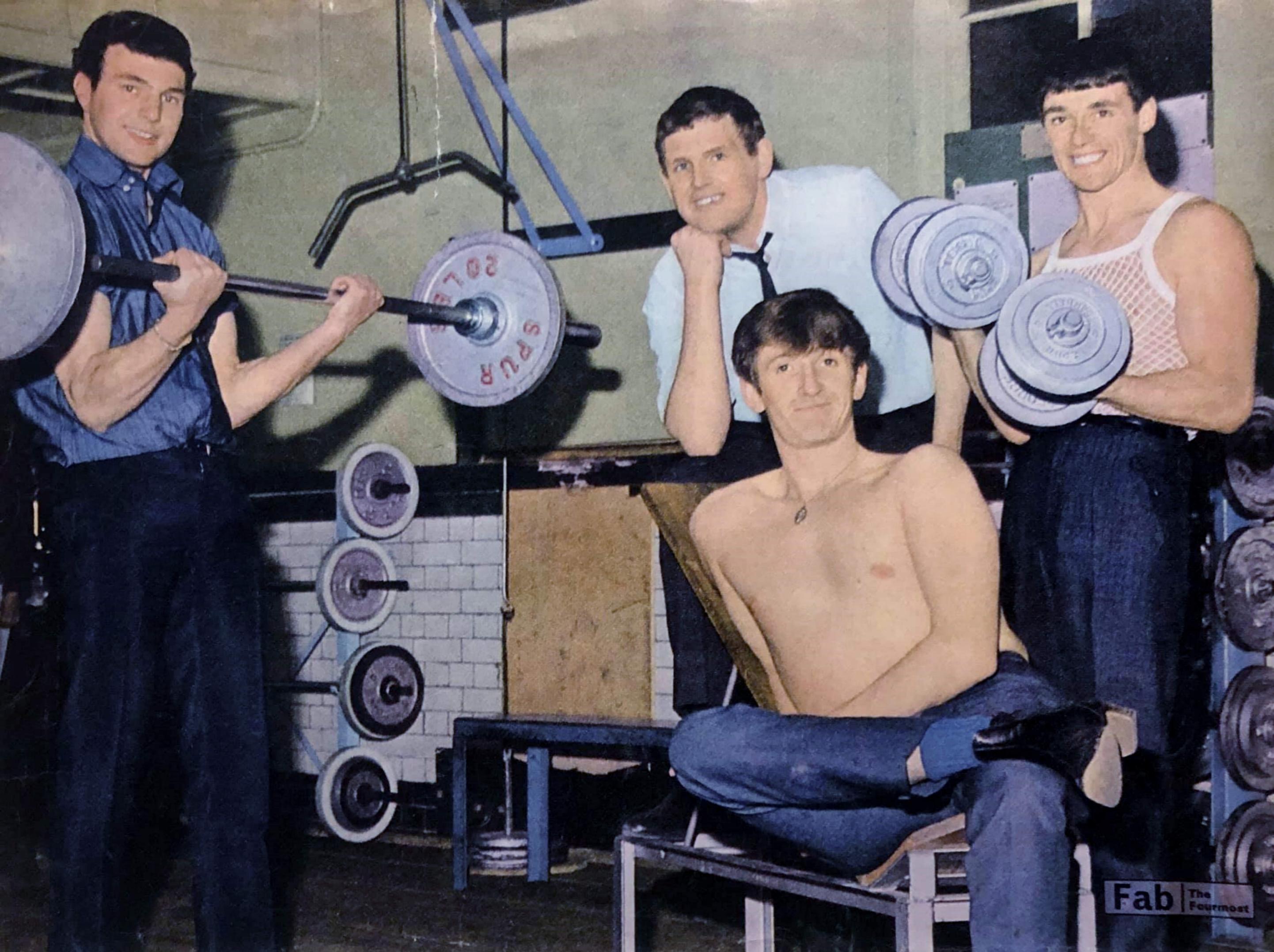
It is, however, very hard to refuse The Fourmost. By now they were all egging me on. Doubtfully, I took hold of the weights. I tugged. Nothing happened. I pulled. Nothing happened. I tried it with both hands. Nothing happened. And do you know what those boys did? They laughed. Still, they bought me coffee later.

But so far as I'm concerned, weight lifting is for the birds. And The Fourmost.

## the Fourmost have a **WEIGHTY PROBLEM**

*with FAB'S Sylvia*





Plenty of snap, not much crackle, but masses of pop appeal that's photography, the hobby that's become a habit with the stars. We found shooting stars all over the place!

ROLLEIFLEX

SNAP

HAPPY

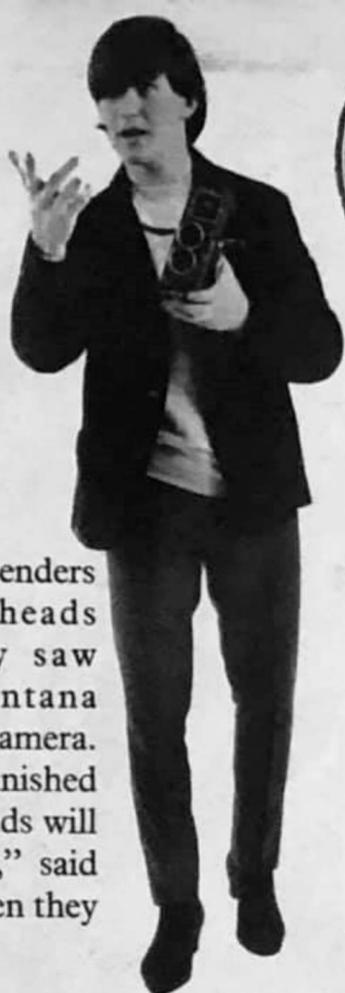


The Rolling Stones have a little game called catch-as-camera-can. They don't go much on having their pictures taken (they hate turning on cheese-type smiles), so when the camera boys descend on them for a group photo they always arrange to be one short. Unless the unhappy photographer can hold on to the four who *are* around while he finds the other one, he might as well give up. They often do. However, The Stones aren't camera-shy when they're on the other side of the lens. And here's Brian Jones (above) to prove it. The photo he took appears below. Snap-happy victims are his mates Kenny Lynch and Billy-boy Wyman.





The Mindbenders lost their heads when they saw Wayne Fontana loading his camera. This is his finished effort. "Heads will roll for this," said the boys when they saw it.



I DON'T know much about cameras. I hold mine the right way up, press a button and the picture comes out. Of course, I realise that there's more to it than that. The chemist who surveys my over, under and otherwise too exposed efforts is very fond of telling me.

The hours I've spent holding a flash gun aloft for our photographers, looking like a wilting Statue of Liberty! (Pat Boone said it made him feel "real at home," and offered to pay my membership fee for the photographers' union). Working on a magazine, where pictures go hand in hand with stories, we're all very involved in the photography bit. And it's caught on with the stars as well. They're all at it.

Gene Pitney's camera (actually it belonged to his long-suffering manager) I will never forget. This lovable nut Gene offered me a lift back to the office from his hotel, just off Oxford Street. Very kind, I thought. I just didn't know what I was letting myself in for.

Outside the hotel, a man inside a "Prepare To Meet Thy Doom" sandwich-board emerged long enough to say some rather unprintable things to our American friend. When I turned a big question mark face to Gene, he explained that he'd *only* asked the man to pose with him for a picture. I decided to let that one go, but when the taxi he tried to hail drove off in a cloud of dust with a fist-waving driver shouting more insults, I had to ask Gene what he'd been up to.

"Well," drawled Gene, with a face all hurt innocence. "I was in his taxi the other day and we were driving down this street . . . I guess you call it Whitehall? . . . when I asked him to stop for a picture. Wanted him to stand in front of that white building in the middle of the road."

"The Cenotaph?" I asked weakly.  
 "Yeah, that's the place. I don't rightly remember what he said, but he was none too nice about it."

As I said before, the stars, and especially the American stars, are great ones for cameras.

Gene's camera was a pretty super effort. It was a Polaroid job which develops photos on the spot in ten seconds flat. When we finally found a taxi that would accept Gene, he took photos as we sailed along Holborn. His first efforts didn't have much success—he was holding the camera upside down at the time—but by the time the office was in sight he'd got the hang of it, and asked me to have a go.

Photography's a "very nutty thing" as gorgeous Gene would say. He means it's just the thing for nuts like him. Other nice nuts I've known include Wayne Fontana and Bobby Rydell, who are both home movie addicts. Bobby films great psychological dramas where he ends up getting strangled in the shower, and Wayne makes "daft films, like old time movies speeded up."

Other stars who take photography very seriously are Cliff and The Shadows. They don't bother to tell people about their we-cover-the-world-trips any more. They just whip out a projector and let their films speak for them.

The Beatles likewise.  
 It isn't the most original of hobbies, but as far as the stars are concerned photography is the hobby horse that they most enjoy riding. It's clicked in a big way.

JUNE SOUTHWORTH



And here . . . for your nightmare enjoyment . . . Freddie is proud to present his picture of The Dreamers. It was approximately his hundredth attempt. At least, they all stayed around long enough for him to catch them.