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11th APRIL 1964

Fabulous

GETS SPRING FEVER

11 KING SIZE FULL COLOUR PIN-UPS

BEATLES SEARCHERS SHADOWS FREDDIE ETC



IT'S FAB

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

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STARGAZING WITH JOHN LEYTON



This week's *Avans* have strong characters combined with a disarming gentleness. This year may prove a turning point in their lives.



CAPRICORN (Dec. 21—Jan. 19). Be firm with a demanding friend. Do not overtax your patience.



AQUARIUS (Jan. 20—Feb. 18). Your personal popularity should soar with a sudden stroke of luck.



PISCES (Feb. 19—Mar. 20). Take your time over an exacting task—it will be fatal to hurry things.



ARIES (Mar. 21—Apr. 20). Happy week only clouded by a domestic problem, but you cope with it well.



TAURUS (Apr. 21—May 20). News from afar may reach you by post—don't delay in your reply.



GEMINI (May 21—June 20). Jealousy caused by two friends upsets you—try not to get too involved.



CANCER (June 21—July 20). Head-way made with a plan involving money. Fun at the weekend.



LEO (July 21—Aug. 21). Be honest with yourself and tackle an emotional problem with forthrightness.



VIRGO (Aug. 22—Sept. 21). The future occupies your thoughts a lot—think more of the present.



LIBRA (Sept. 22—Oct. 22). A gay and airy week but get the routine tasks done.



SCORPIO (Oct. 23—Nov. 22). Someone very much in your thoughts needs a helping hand.



SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23—Dec. 20). Break new ground and get out and about more.

HEY THERE!

Cor! This week this place has been a flipping madhouse. "Let us," I said, "do an issue called 'Fab gets spring fever'. Let us think of the zaniest, whackiest, scattiest things and make this a real nutcase of an issue."

The gang, I have to inform you, have gone completely bonkers. They went much too far. When I found June standing on her head in the corridor and asked her what was up, she said: "My feet. How about printing the paper upside down this week?"

Well, I firmly stopped that idea. But when I found Sheena had been offering herself up as a human sacrifice for the Druids at Stonehenge I decided that things had gone way too far.

Well, we've had a giggle and we hope you will too, but next week Gerry, of Gerry and The Pacemakers, will edit the issue.

He had the whole place in an uproar. But more of that next week. Love and stuff.

The Editor



Cilla Black don't some parker meter peekin'



KEITH SAYS:

With all this Fab Spring Fever about I thought I'd get in on the act so I rang some top popsters for their favourite funnies. I mean, you can't gag a good giggle Anyway here are some — have fun

From *The Fourmost* we have four riddles.

Billy Harrison: "What weighs 400 lb., eats 70 lb. of raw meat a day and can sit on your hand?"

Answer: A 400 lb. Budge **Brian O'Hara:** "What's green, lives in the bottom of a jar and weighs 5,000 tons?"

Answer: A Moby pickle **Dave Lovelady:** "What's dangerous and lives in a tree?"

Answer: A squelch with a sub-machine gun.

Mike Milward: "What's blind and comes out of the ground on two wheels?"

Answer: A mole on a bicycle.

Billy J. Kramer heard his favourite funny from **Ray Jones** of *The Dakotas*.

A very old man is wandering around Trafalgar Square, in London, throwing white powder all over the pavement and road. Having observed this performance for some minutes a policeman walks over and stops him. "What do you think your a don't of?" he asks sternly.

"I'm putting down a powder to keep the elephants away," replied the little old man throwing another handful into the air.

"Don't be ridiculous," replied the worthy constable. "There's not an elephant for 5,000 miles."

"Effective isn't it?" replied the little old man.

Jazzman Kenny Ball who admits he likes blowing his own trumpet gave us this one.

There were three Eskimos out for a paddle in their canoe. Suddenly a storm blows up and the boat is blown out to sea. After a week out in the open with no food, one Eskimo weakens and falls overboard. After two weeks the second Eskimo dies from hunger and he falls over. The third one is a bit smarter and sails the hole that the boat is made of. Eventually he chews his way through the bottom and drowns. With only goes to prove, you can't have your kayak and eat it!



Tommy Quickly



Rolf Harris

Fab!



Billy J. Kramer



Dusty Springfield



Kenny Ball

Dusty Springfield goes in for comedy routines. Her favourite one usually starts on the phone and goes like this:

Dusty: "Knock, knock."

Me: "Who's there?"

Dusty: "Ammonia."

Me: "Ammonia who?"

Dusty: "Ammonia a bird in a gilded cage!"

Cilla Black told us this amusing little showbiz story.

A struggling theatre manager trained his two dogs to do a new act. He took both the animals along to an agent who asked them to perform.

The little mongrel walked over to a piano stool, stood on the seat and played the piano. The poodle opened its mouth and began to sing in a beautiful soprano voice, *Oh My Beloved Father*.

"That's wonderful," enthused the agent, clapping his hands. "I'll sign them both up for a five year contract."

The little manager looked a bit ashamed. "I can't go through with it," he cried. "You see it's all a trick?"

"What do you mean," asked the manager.

"It's the mongrel," confessed the manager. "He's a ventriloquist. The poodle can't sing a note."

A "quicky" from Australian star Rolf Harris.

There are two starlings sitting on a telephone wire. One is hopping up and down and squeaking loudly. He turns to his mate and says, "Cor, don't these long words tickle your feet."

Tommy Quickly likes the tragic tales.

Like the one about the worm who fell in love with his own tail. It was just a vicious circle!



"I'm the one"

Gerry Marsden informed us. I edited Fab. So we took him at his word and I next week FAB IS EDITED BY GERRY.

The result is great—gear you can read Gerry's own confidential (but hilarious) gossip. Cilla Black's personal column AND fashion pages. Dave Clark talking about some very manly hobbies. Cilla's talking to her mate, Helen Shapiro. PLUS a new look at the famous Cavern Club (how could Gerry leave Liverpool out of his very own FAB?). So disc over this unique FAB for yourself NEXT WEEK.

The fab fab fab FABULOUS is on sale Monday price 1 shilling





JULIUS CAESAR
The Undertakers tackled the screen roles of *Julius Caesar*. We let them 'Rome' around an ancient monument and enact the death scene. One thing can be said about The Undertakers version of Shakespeare's play—they certainly murdered poor old Julius.



D'ARTAGNAN
Eden Kane fancied himself as the dashing D'Artagnan from *The Three Musketeers*. Let loose among the chimney-pots all he managed to do was scare the feathers off the pigeons. "S' funny," quoth our Eden, "D'Artagnan always managed to get the BIRDS."

ANACLETO
Singer-actor Jess Conrad went for that Mexican bandit character which Dirk Bogarde played in *The Singer Not The Song*. We threw in the headgear and let Jess practise his draw. Three bullets in one titter is good shooting. Wait for it folks here comes the punch line—it was a hat-trick!



those were the days

The heroes of daring deeds and dreadful doings have always fascinated our top pop stars Eden Kane, Jess Conrad and The Undertakers. Being the fairy god-mother types we let them all have a go at playing the parts their own idols had in films from the past.



GOOD ON YER COBBER!

(Rolf Harris needed it after touring with the Fab Four.)

SPRING FEVER doesn't have to be in the air when you meet Rolf Harris. He has his own built-in brand all the year round. But when Rolf toured with The Beatles for three weeks the fever in the air revolved around the Fab Four. Rolf himself received a medal . . . for bravery on the field of action!

"Everybody had been telling me what it would be like, sport," Rolf told me. "A packed audience, impatiently waiting for THEM to close the show. And I'm the turn before THEM.

"To say I was panic-stricken and in a cold sweat is to put it mildly. It kept me awake at nights, working out the best way to cope with the problem. I mean the problem of going on immediately before The Beatles.

"I was completely new to working with such a showbiz sensation. I usually work in the comparative calm of night clubs.

"Anyway, I decided 'if you can't beat 'em, join 'em.' And I worked out some funny lines to include Paul,

George, John and Ringo in my own songs. It was a good idea, as ideas go, except when I mentioned the boys names the reception was deafening. I almost screamed myself!

"And in *English Country Garden* I stressed how people wearing hob-nail boots should be careful or they'd stamp on a 'beetle.' Judging from the audience reaction you'd have thought I'd actually trodden on Paul's tootsie.

"So there I was, lying awake at nights, trying to kid myself I was a tough Aussie with an all-round technique—gags, singing, playing the guitar, draw anything, but NOT a bigger draw than The Beatles.

"Somehow I'd work up a little confidence by the time I arrived at the theatre. But then I'd pass through the crowds waiting for The Beatles and the self-boosting act would sag again."

Rolf paused to doodle a human-looking kangaroo—on a menu card.

"Imagine writing in the wings to go on face-to-face with Beatlemans. The first time I tried to believe it

was all for me. The second time I had to call a halt to the microphones and just LOOK at the audience."

Rolf paused again and added a few more lines to the kangaroo.

"And the third time?" I asked.

"My thoughts ran away with themselves. I just hoped the fans wouldn't rush the stage, their patience exhausted!"

"Is that why you got a medal?"

"More or less," Rolf grinned. "And on the last night of our season together, The Beatles handed everybody on the show a miniature transistor radio. I got one—as well as the medal.

"They didn't HAVE to do it, you know. It only gives to show, once again, what a damned generous bunch of boys they are."

Rolf put the finishing touches to the tail of his doodled kangaroo. He called it 'The Lad's Far Dintum'.

That goes for Rolf, too.

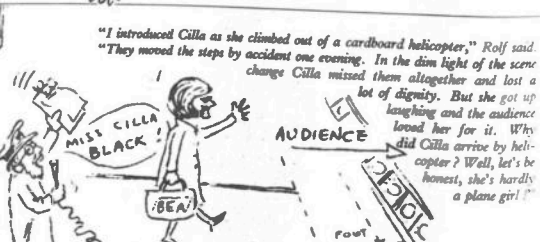
PAUL FRY



Rolf Harris has already made a big name for himself in this country as a singer and entertainer. Here's another side of his talent. Cartoonist extraordinary, Rolf drew these sketches from his memories of The Beatles show he completed.



It was all go for The Beatles on stage. They wore themselves out prancing around in fancy dress. It was 'snow' joke!



"I introduced Cilla as she climbed out of a cardboard helicopter," Rolf said. "They moved the steps by accident one evening. In the dim light of the scene change Cilla missed them altogether and lost a lot of dignity. But she got up laughing and the audience loved her for it. Why did Cilla arrive by helicopter? Well, let's be honest, she's hardly a plane girl!"



"The worst moments for The Beatles were getting away from the fans after the show. Ringo sneaked off quickly before they could catch him," said Rolf. "I've never seen four boys move so fast in all my life as The Beatles when they made for their car with the fans after them. With his coat collar turned up and gripping a zip holdall, Ringo must have the world record for the 100 yards sprint. John borrowed a commissioner's coat to sneak off in one night. George bought a cloth cap and a second-hand raincoat which wore him fine until someone photographed him in it and he was seen in all the papers!"



CARRY ON HOLLIES!

in Fabavision

WRITTEN BY KEITH ALTHAM
Produced by Fleetway Publications
CAMERAWOMAN FIONA ADAMS

THIS IS THE STORY OF THE HOLLIES' GREAT RISE TO FAME. NEVER TOLD BEFORE. NEVER TO BE TOLD AGAIN (NOT IF THEY CAN HELP IT)!



3 Soon they were in touch with Eric Hapgood, who was still at school and not keen on joining a group. Eric was a keep-fit addict.



1 If it wasn't for our hero, rhythm guitarist Graham Nash, there would be no story to tell for it was on his sixteenth birthday that he had a bicycle NOT a guitar. He chose well.



4 Tony Hicks, their lead guitarist, proved invaluable. He had been an electrical engineer and anything that went wrong Tony fixed—immediately.



5 Their first disc Just Like Me was a failure: the band recorded an all-time record of 5,000 copies sold in one day. So the chance the boys were in the shop that particular day was...



6

Meanwhile Bobby Elliott was still working at the Coal Board until he got the sack—and joined the boys.



9

Due to their overnight success they had to turn down offer after offer—job after job. But fame was easy to take.



10

An extensive, nation-wide tour was arranged. The Hollies hit the road to glory and they bought the last word in luxury travel.



7

Now success had arrived money was no object. The boys could get the best instruments that lolly could buy. Musicians to their finger-tips, they welded as a group at last.



11

Now The Hollies are at the top, mobbed by fans wherever they go. Sometimes they manage to escape their eager pursuers, sometimes they don't, but as they would be the first to agree, that's showbiz.



8

The next step was to hire the finest arranger in the business. This was their finest hour, they were booked for the plushiest one-night stand, as you can see.



12

But they're still the same unspoiled boys they always were back in the good old days. Money hasn't made any difference to their standard of living, and they travel in a simple but moving way.



Fab | Freddie
Garrity

THE DREAMER IN FREDDIE GARRITY

BY FAB'S SYLVIA

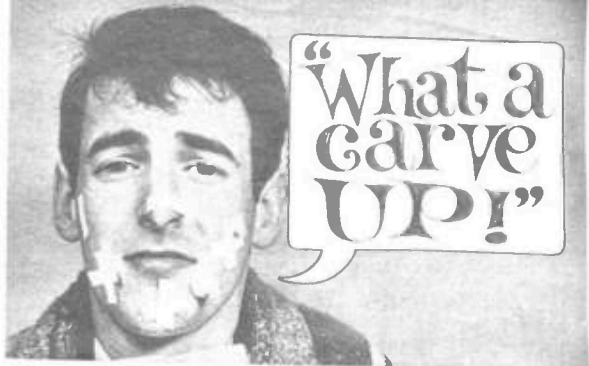
HAVE you ever seen Freddie Garrity fly through the air with the greatest of ease on TV? Have you ever seen Freddie Garrity fall flat on his face on a stage? You have? Then chances are you'd get a terrific shock if you were to meet him, because off-stage, this is one of the quietest, shyest boys I've ever met.

Sounds fantastic, doesn't it? You'd never believe that the crazy boy who fronts the equally crazy Dreamers, the boy who'll do anything (well almost anything) for a laugh, on-stage, knew nothing better in real life than to sit quietly in a corner and think. I've seen him do just that. In fact, I thought I'd found the wrong Freddie when I caught up with him backstage once. While The Dreamers wandered around shooting everyone in sight with pea-shooters, Freddie just sat in a corner quietly thinking.

"Nice to see you again," he said. "Sit down." I sat, and waited for him to do or say something funny. If I hadn't got fed up with it, I'd still be waiting. He talked seriously about golf, which he enjoys very much, confided that he's really a bit shy and said that his favourite pastime is "being peaceful."

But I must admit, I like him even better off stage than I do on, which is saying something. He may not be so side-splittingly funny, but he's one of the kindest people I've ever met in showbiz.

That second thoughts are second thoughts!



Have you ever had that hair today, gone tomorrow feeling? Seems the Bachelors have every intention of staying. So much so that they thought Con needed a bit of star grooming to make it big with *Charmaine and Diane* and all those other cute little colleens who've been chasing up the charts. "It will only be a simple operation," chorused Dec and John. But they hadn't been snipping for more than two minutes when it began to look like a major piece of surgery. Anyone for a Beattie cut? Hair permitting.

On with the face-lift. Touch of the Sweeney Todds here... or were they just rehearsing for another TV soap opera? Con got quite an eyeful, anyway. They say an Irishman can talk his way out of a padded cell. Talking through lashings of lather proved more difficult. (Not being *Flowerpot Men*, John and Dec couldn't translate his flah-jah-blanney.) "Ladier him than me," chorused Dec. "Getting a bit cut up?" John giggled. Judging by Con's agonised expression, their cracks were the most painful part of the whole business.



The boys obviously believed it had got to be a close shave for Con. But they were big about it. They let him have a razor himself. At least it gave him a chance to hit back. They were careful to point out that they were doing it all for him. They'd line up some gorgeous girls for the new Con, they said. So they had. But when the time came, "That hair," yelled Dec. "That face! All chipped. You can't meet the girls looking like that. We'll just have to go without you." They went, smirking.

Con? He went looking for a barber.



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it's all rite!



It's only the Druids at Stonehenge... (where else?)



1 Left to right: Jeff, Geary, Brian and Ken get warmed up for the sacrifice.



2 It must be a nightmare! But Messrs K. Keweenaw, B. Mizen, J. Kane and K. Gifford took real enough to the

The Ed said: "Sheena, you'll find the Druids at Stonehenge."

And she was right. There they were, in the middle of Salisbury Plain, surrounded by stones thirty feet high. But only one of them, Ken, reached the six foot mark.

"Hello," said the bass guitarist. "I'm Geary." "And I'm Jeff," admitted the drummer. "Call me Ken," said the rhythm guitarist. "Don't forget me," piped up the chubby lead guitarist. "I'm Brian, the baby of the group."

Have you ever questioned people who like lying flat on the ground at Stonehenge? It's quite an experience. "Have you been playing together long, boys?" I asked.

"No, but we like it here," yelled Geary. "It's different. Come on, lads!" And they all sprang at me from a great rock.

"I wanna go home!" I screamed as they did a war dance round me. "It's a dream. It must be. This can't be happening"—but see for yourselves in the pix!

"Wonder if the Ed's trying to cut down on staff?" I thought as the dancing got faster and faster.

All at once there was a sharp blast on a whistle. The Druids stopped... slumping.

"Oll!" said a little man in uniform. "This is an ancient monument."

"It's not an ancient monument. It's Sheena of Fab," said Brian.

"Wait till I get love," I yelled. "Hey! Where are you going? Please come back boys. I promise to buy your records... I'll even give you a couple of copies of Fab!"

It was no use. The youngest group in showbiz had gone, leaving me to a stony grave. Ah well, that's showbiz...



3 I'm too young to die! You'll break those lovely Gibson guitars and Premier drum!



4 The Druids just had to have a rest. Here they are reclining amongst the fallen stones.

P.S. from Sheena: "What if a real Druid should come along and find me? I'd better start screaming. 'Scuse me folks. Help! Hel-I-I-p! Hel-I-I-I-p!'"



***** FURTHER 11/4/64



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CHRISTMAS!

 Give yourself fabulously long eyelashes with Revlon's Fabulash, approx. 18s.

 Still with the eyes is Miners Dark Liquid Liner, in black brown and super grey, 1s. 6d.

SPRING SPRING
SPRING SPRING

 Sensational for Spring is Dorothy Gray's new perfume, 18s.

Spring has Sprung. And look who's got a touch of Spring-itis—it's that whacky group, the Kinks. Wow-e-e! Merrill's beige and white check gingham coat, 6 gns., is worn over brown woollen crepe dress, 6 gns. Available separately or together from Basement Boutique, 302 Westbourne Grove, London, W.11. (Postage extra.)

Hey you! Pass the Pogo stick, then I Why should you boys have all the fun! Smiles for Springtime in Linzi's chic little dress with its gigantic black and tan sunflower. Sensational in white or black Pingma cotton £6 6s. Sported by one of the most glamorous gal DeoJays in the Biz, Feb. Lisa herself. Eyes right for Sambo's blue denim Hoot-N-Anny dress, 4 gns.

IT'S SPRING

And Gill's got the
fashion fever bug!



Featuring new Spring hair colours
is Steiner's Copper Light
'Colour Highlight shampoo,
1s. 2d. a sachet.

How to get that Springtime zing

Suddenly it's Spring glorious Spring, and isn't it a great and fabulous feeling! It's the time when a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love and time, if you're going to be smarter than smart, that you started thinking about lookin' your prettiest—just for HIM

So come on—get that Springtime zing—it's time you looked really super-duper! Spring off to a good start by having a fragrance that's all your own, and please, please do try to keep your soap and talc matching, and your perfume, if possible, as otherwise you'll find all the different fragrances will cancel out one another. One good matching set is Yardley's in the Flair perfume, Matching talc, 6s. 9d., soap, 2s. 11d., bath oil, 12s. 8d.; dusting powder, 13s. 5d.; cologne, 11s. 6d., and perfume, 12s. 7d. Get that Sweet as Spring Look with a regular facial—you'll feel positively glowing afterwards, and it'll work a treat for your skin. Just mix one tablespoon of lemon juice with two tablespoons of Fullers Earth, then add Anne French Cleansing Milk, 2s. 0d., enough to make a smooth paste. Spread generously over your face and neck, leaving only your eyes uncovered! Make eye pads of cotton wool soaked in cold water and leave for fifteen minutes. Then rinse off with cold water. Now get that vital tingling feeling.

Finally, cut a dash with a new, gay 1st. 1s. like Elizabeth Arden's Golden Apricot 1 stick retil, 7s. 3d., which is a gorgeous shade and just right for Spring!



Add a gorgeous glow to your face with Max Factor's new Sunset Finish Creme Puff in the mirrored compact, 6s.

SPRING

The Kinks? You might call it Spring Fever, but a zany case of Pogo madness is what we'd call it! Help!!!

SPRING
SPRING

Pretty onlooker is Sweden's top pop singer Gunilla Thorn, in her maroon ruffia linen sleeveless coat, 6 gns., worn over Broderie Anglaise dress with large ruffle sleeves, 6 gns. Available separately or together from Basement Boutique



Super Spring lipstick is Gold's Sun Sheen, 5s., with matching pearly nail colour, 3s. 3d.



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FLAT SPIN WITH THE



They can be quiet—sometimes. And when they are, The Searchers like to catch up on the news.



John and Tony leave their flat with a friend on the way to a record session.

SEARCHERS

BY FAB'S KEITH ALTHAM

The Searchers have a new toy. It's their pent-house style flat in Knightsbridge, London. I had heard weird tales of chaos in the kitchen, and disaster in the dining-room, from their publicist Keith Goodwin, so I decided to trundle over to their flat and view the damage for myself.

Fortunately I had met the boys before and knew what to expect—the unexpected. On ringing their front door bell I nearly shot several feet in the air when a voice bellowed out from a grill level with my ear. "Not today, thank you."

I bawled back that Elvis Presley was coming up to visit and the voice of Chris Curtis their drummer shot back: "Please leave one cottage loaf and a small brown, Mr. Presley."

I finally got some sense out of him and he told me to come on up. But to use the stairs as the lift was out of action.

The front door opened electrically, operated from upstairs, and I began the long climb to the fourth floor. Puffing up the last flight I met the lift coming down and the amused faces of Tony Jackson and Chris inside. They inquired if I had ever been had?

Then John McNally greeted me with "Have a drink." I cautiously asked for a coffee. John informed Mike Pender who was reading the morning paper, who informed Chris who had just come back from downstairs, who informed me that their coffee-maker, Tony Jackson was out shopping.

The boys are quite famous for their entertaining in the flat. Especially their cooking efforts.

Dusty Springfield dropped round for a meal one lunch-time and the boys prepared it with their own fair hands. Mike informed me it was called "roast pot" and it consisted of shrimps, spaghetti, beans, potatoes, carrots, noodles and peas. Dusty has not been round since.

The phone rang in the hall and John McNally answered it with the unusual greeting of "Hello, this is the Searchers' residence. Chambermaid speaking." He came back and informed Chris it was Val Parnell for him. Chris looked suspicious but went out to take the 'phone call.

I took a quick look around the lounge. It had four very comfortable armchairs and a settee. In one corner a small portable record player was plugged in.

All the boys sat around in open necked shirts and jackets. Chris especially dislikes ties and hardly ever wears one, even for photographic sessions. I asked them how they liked their own London flat.

"Marvellous," commented Mike, who very seldom comments at all. He prefers to keep in the background and let the others do the talking. "I only wish we were here more often. But what with being on tour and travelling up North for TV we're only in the flat on an average of ten days a month."

These chaps are always looking, but Tony returned to a serious note and put on a version of *Sugar and Spice* they had cut for the German market. Tony sings the lead in German.

"I picked up the lingo while I was over there playing at the clubs," he said. "It's a wonderful country."

Tony's the gentle giant of the group. Quietly spoken but quite big and broad enough to take care of himself. When the boys have difficulty getting through a crowd they just line up behind Tony who acts as a one-man battering ram. He's the handy man around the flat. He used to work as an electrical maintenance engineer on buildings around Liverpool.

Chris put a spoke in here. "Yes, only last week Tony completely rewired our cooker in the kitchen. Mind you it's a gas cooker, but he did it very well."

We got around to talking about how the boys amuse themselves in the flat and Chris told me their main pastime is sleeping.

"We did buy a Monopoly set the other week. The seal's unbroken. We just haven't had time to play with it. We did five photographic sessions here yesterday."

At this point he broke off, for they had just realised that they were late for a photo call at Pye records. As everything became chaos I thanked them and left, this time by the lift. I left the gate open on the ground floor which meant that one of them was going to walk down four flights of stairs to close it before the lift would operate again.

Showbiz has its ups and downs I'm afraid!



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