

THE WORLD'S STARS IN COLOUR COLOUR COLOUR ALL THE WAY **1/-**

Australia 1/6 New Zealand 1/3 South Africa 15 cents FEBRUARY 1st 1964

Fabulous

MEETS THE TOP OF THE POP BOYS

11 KING SIZE FULL COLOUR PIN-UPS

CLIFF ELVIS BILLY J. SEARCHERS GERRY



IT'S FAB-

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

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STARGAZING WITH JOHN LEYTON



Folk with birthdays this week love the unusual, are never square but must learn to be tolerant of older and usually wiser pals! Once they learn patience they will mature quickly.



CAPRICORN (Dec. 21–Jan. 19). Jealousy rears its ugly head—play it cool.



AQUARIUS (Jan. 20–Feb. 18). Personal appearance needs more care, so watch it!



PISCES (Feb. 19–Mar. 20). Time for a change of attitude about that certain someone.



ARIES (Mar. 21–Apr. 20). Lucky streak this winter must be fully exploited.



TAURUS (Apr. 21–May 20). If you feel good you'll look good so snap out of the blues.



GEMINI (May 21–June 20). No change in your routine but socially you go places.



CANCER (June 21–July 20). Don't compete so hard for someone's attention.



LEO (July 21–Aug. 21). Get money-wise and don't give way to a certain extravagance.



VIRGO (Aug. 22–Sept. 22). Private ambition gets a boost but you need courage.



LIBRA (Sept. 23–Oct. 22). Be calmer about a romantic problem. It'll right itself.



SCORPIO (Oct. 23–Nov. 22). Delayed decision needs quick action.



SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23–Dec. 20). Sentimental journey makes this an above-average week.

HEY THERE!

Last chance coming up to enter our Fabulous competition and win yourself a trip to Hollywood and a meeting with Richard Chamberlain. The entry coupon is on page 26. We've gone way out on the Top of the Pop boys this week—those dishy characters who've whizzed their way to the head of the Hit Parade. And the arguments in this office on who was going to see who! I (I said) would supervise The Beatles photographic session. And the Cliff Richard session. And the Billy J. Kramer session. Then I fled for my life, nearly breaking a leg on the stairs while the Gang came after me like a pack of hound-dogs! I'll say one thing—I may be a fraction older than the rest of them, but I can run faster—particularly when Cliff Richard, The Beatles and Billy J. Kramer are waiting at the other end! See you next week—when we've a terrific surprise for you. We've gone STATESIDE!

Bye now, THE EDITOR.

P.S. I'd better let in the gang on this page. Might stop them refusing to talk to me.

HERE'S KEITH . . . Most envied man in the office (come to that the only man in the office!) We're envious because he gets every new record that's pressed. And the old manie hasn't given any of us a top of pop one yet. His judgement's that good he knows exactly what to hang on to, and what to give away. The one's we get never make the charts!

Keith's comment:
"How kind. Why only last week I gave Gill a copy of 'Does Your Mother Come from Ireland' by The Massed Bands of The Welsh Guards and it was at number 1 in The Outer Mongolian Hit Parade."



MEET GILL . . . Our fashion expert, and so good at her job that some of the girl stars have asked her to go shopping with them. She'll even come with us on occasions to stop us making ghastly mistakes. Hope you like her page. We think it's terrific.

Gill's comment:
"I wish someone would let me go with Keith to stop HIM making ghastly mistakes. Like I said—he needs a bit of Beagle grooming! (Has he seen the new Beagle wig?)"

There they are—the whole bunch . . .

KEITH SPEAKING . . . "Kenny Lynch's recent acquisition: F.M.P. (Field-Marshal Pigeon.) Kenny was on the way to Radio Luxembourg when he found F.M.P., staggering around Pica-dilly with a broken wing. Into a box went the wounded F.M.P. and off to Luxembourg's studios with Kenny, then home with his new Daddy, Why Field-Marshal? Kenny's actor pal, Harry Fowler, adopted a pigeon called The General."

GILL SPEAKING . . . "The girl that all the British Top of the Pop boys slip is definitely Dusty Springfield. So come with me to Dusty's pad in Baker Street. The first thing that hits you is everywhere there are piles of records, seldom in their sleeves. And a huge collection of clothes. They're all hung up tidily. But she's running out of cupboard space. There's also a set of bangs. Dusty is very dramatic. Don't know whether you know this, but when she and

brother Tom were very young, they used to make music in the front room. Tom played a bit of piano and Dusty would accompany him on any part, and you like she could find lyrics about. 'I was the one-man percussion section,' she says.

In fact, she has always loved Latin American music. That's what she listens to when she wants to relax. In fact, she's got bossa nova LPs by artists even the experts haven't heard about. For pleasure, Dusty's disc tastes run to rhythm and blues, by the kind of groups that The Beatles dig so much—The Miracles, The Marvelettes and Mary Wells.

Another thing about Dusty. She's always on the phone. Mostly after midnight. If she calls you on an impulse after twelve, you can bet your boots. The first thing she'll say is: "Where you asleep?" And, of course, by that time, it's too late! Dusty's clothes lists, incidentally, include very vivid colour dreses. She

Hi-fab!



MEET SHEENA . . . I'm going to have to be particularly nice about Sheena this week. She's the member of the gang who stands in on all our photo sessions. But as I said before (see letter from me) she can't run as fast as I can. So, she's the youngest and the prettiest of us all in the office. She's a WONDERFUL girl, honest. Sheena—I mean it. I do!

Sheena's comment:

"Run faster indeed! Little does she know that I'm digging a concealed elephant trap-pit at the end of the corridor!"



MEET SYLVIA . . . She says that if we're not careful, that telephone will attach itself to her ear on account of the fact that Sylvia gets most of our teledates. And jolly well, too. She has a soft, pretty voice that really gets the lads chatting to her. Always did say that a pretty voice was one of a girl's best assets.

Sylvia's comment:

"Actually, I don't really mind if the telephone does become attached to my ear. Neither would you if you had all those gorgeous pop stars on the other end of the line. Right now, I'm sitting here glancing at the phone waiting for Paul McCartney to call."



MEET JUNE . . . She's been finding what goes on to report for the week after next Special Beatles Edition of Fab. She says just when her hair was looking like a bird's nest from diving into their FANTASTIC fun real—in walked The Beatles themselves.

June's comment:

"Some people would call that hard luck. All I can say is, I wouldn't mind these *gorgeous* Beatles walking in on me if I looked like Frankenstein. Okay, so who's going to say it?"

Over to them with the week's news

goes in for off-beat suits. Likes leather. But only up to a point. In fact, she likes leather trimmings on her suits. Her tastes in jewellery are also extremely off-beat and wild. And for her, it's jeans in preference to pants."

SHEENA SPEAKING . . . "The Rolling Stones are mates of The Beatles. Nothing annoys them more than suggestions that there is any rivalry between the two groups. When The Stones and The Beatles play dates together, their gear is interchangeable and they help each other all along the line. When the boys meet their conversation consists, for the first five minutes, of apologies all round for insulting remarks they haven't said! Speaking of envy, Brian Jones has the only green guitar in the country."

SYLVIA SPEAKING . . . "After every TV appearance, Dave Clark has hundreds of letters from boys asking where he buys his shirts. In fact, Dave is one of the shaggiest dressers in the

business. He claims—and his friends say it's perfectly true—that he was wearing what came known as Beatle boots all next eighteen months before John, Paul, George and Ringo made them a "must" for male fashion fanatics.

Dave, of course, used to fill in time as a film extra. And if you still haven't seen the Liz Taylor-Richard Burton "The V.I.P.s" or the star studied "The Victors", go along and see if you can spot Dave's handsome face somewhere.

JUNE SPEAKING . . . "Joe always washed his hair to lie down. Years of failure, then along came What a Crazy World. He took a few weeks off, let his hair grow a bit, and there it was. The style to knock the girls sideways. But after the film, Joe had to go back to the stage, and the hair kept flopping in his eyes. He tried everything short of wearing a cap. No use. Off to the barber, and back to Joe's original cactus cut."

Fab next week's pin-ups



LOOK OUT U.S.A. . . . HERE COMES FABULOUS!

It's true, FABULOUS is winging Westward, Atlantic bound to bring you all the latest from Popsville, U.S.A. We've explored the scene from New York to California and we've planned a terrific swinging Stateside issue of FABULOUS for next week. You mustn't miss all the great colour pin-ups of the dreamiest American stars. There's Elvis . . . and a super feature all about the American King of Beat. There's Richard Chamberlain . . . and a FABULOUS Special on How It'd be on a Date With Him. There's Trini in colour and talking. . . . The Everlys, and even news about our own fabulous British boys on Broadway. All in next week's Stateside issue of

Fabulous

The greatest pop magazine in the world. Order your copy today without fail. On sale Monday. Price one shilling.



"YOU must be potty," people told me, when they heard that I proposed to manage The Beatles "They'll be the biggest pop music sensations since Elvis," I replied. Today I think they agree

I'm prepared to go even further and predict that The Beatles are going to become the biggest theatrical attraction the world has ever known. That's the measure of confidence I place in the staying power of John, Paul, George and Ringo, the four leather-clad young men I met for the first time at Liverpool's now-famous Cavern Club in 1961.

That first meeting and the great impact which these four boys made on me will stay in my memory for the rest of my life

My recollections of meeting other artists now under contract to Nems Enterprises are equally vivid

Gerry came across as an exceptionally talented young singer and most amusing personality. I had met him before in Liverpool, but the full excitement of his wonderful performance really knocked me out when I saw him at the Star Club in Hamburg, when I took The Beatles to Germany, at a time which coincided with one of Gerry's early appearances over there

Billy J. Kramer was wandering in a Liverpool side street near the Cavern Club when I met him. He was doing a show at the Iron Door Club and had slipped out for a breath of air. We went into a street-corner pub to talk about his troubles and he told me he was torn between leaving British Railways and taking his chance as a singer, or being sent off to continue his engineering apprenticeship at Crewe, miles away from all his mates in Bootle

I told him I thought Nems Enterprises might help him to make a go of it as a whole-time professional. He went away looking much happier and after a long chat with his parents, he phoned me to say he'd like me to become his manager.

The Fourmost took longer to make up their minds. Not because they didn't want to try their hand at making hit records. But all four of them were quite determined to complete their studies and qualify for their professions before leaving home

I admired their courage over this. It has meant that they have entered show business as much more mature, sensible young men—even if it has delayed a bit their chances of hitting the Big Time

Sensible might seem like an unsuitable adjective to use about four characters with such a zany sense of humour as The Fourmost. But believe me, in between all their gagging and hoaxing Brian, Billy, Milka and Dave are very, very sensible when it comes to working out new material.

The fact that all our artists have such a wonderfully good-humoured outlook on life makes my job a much more pleasant one. So far as practical jokes are concerned, however, I doubt if even The Fourmost could match some of The Beatles' efforts.

On more than one occasion "Mr. Brian Eppy" has been paged throughout the length and breadth of large hotels to take a "most urgent" telephone call which never existed!

I'm sure there are lots of people who think some genius of a scriptwriter thought up that marvellous John Lennon quote for the Royal Variety Performance last November. "If you're sitting in the cheaper seats," said John, "just clap your hands. If you're in the dearer ones, you can rattle your jewellery!"

But John thought that one up for himself on the spur of the moment, during the final rehearsals at the Prince of Wales theatre!

To make sure the camera crews knew exactly what to do, The Beatles did a short rehearsal for Juke Box Jury before they filmed the programme at their Northern Fan Club Convention last month. Their impersonations of other famous JBJ panel guests during that run-through had the BBC boys in great fits of laughter.

"I think that record stinks," began John, with a big grin, "the tune is awful. The singer hasn't got a voice. The backing sounds like someone carving up tree trunks. But of course, Mr. X is a great friend of mine. I'm sure he won't mind me being unkind and saying what I think. "This record, I am sure, will be a big, big hit!"

BRIAN EPSTEIN

himself

SPEAKING . . .



Top to bottom: Les Maguire, Freddy Marsden, Gerry Marsden and Les Chadwick.

The man behind the biggest names in Showbiz

NEXT WEEK

I'll have some great news of our Stateside activities. What Gerry will be doing in America and some fabulous details about the fantastic requests we get at the London fan club.

BILLY J. K.

has no secrets from FAB.



Mrs. Sarah Ashton, Billy's with a mum.

Billy J. Kramer—he's Liverpool's own solo star. He'll be challenging Cliff, Billy Fury, Elvis, Frank Ifield, Adam for the Star of 1964 title.

Billy J. is still new to some pop fans. So FAB has gone way out to present a Super Special on him for you. This is a Report, a Documentary, a This is Your Life enquiry into Billy J. K. FAB has talked to his parents, his school headmaster, his backing group, his managers, all the people who know him best. That's why we think we can say BILLY J. K. HAS NO SECRETS FROM FAB.

Billy's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ashton, still live in the house where Billy, their youngest, was born, in Bootle, Liverpool. Mrs. Sarah Ashton, that's her in our pic on the left, is a mum who's definitely with it. She says:

"Billy was always singing, even at Primary School at Orrell Park. He was in the school choir. The skiffle craze began when Bill was at Secondary Modern and he got smitten. He saved his pocket money for a guitar. Then I gave him one for Christmas. It cost £3. He loved it, and got a group of classmates together to form a skiffle group."

Brian Epstein, the gentleman with Billy in the bottom left pic (that's him again with Billy, The Dakotas and The Beatles in our other FAB pic, below right), signed Bill a year ago to the contract that made young Mr. K. a professional singer. Let's hear what manager Brian has to say about Billy.

"We first met when I was asked to present a special prize to the boy who'd been voted top amateur artist in a Mersey Beat popularity poll. I'd already signed The Beatles and Gerry and the boys but as soon as I heard Bill—for he was the boy who won the poll, of course—I lost no time in signing him too."



This, of course, is her son.



Billy with manager Brian Epstein.



Billy, Brian, The Daks and guess who?



Fab

BILLY J. K. has no



The house where Billy was born.

Everyone on Merseyside knows Bob Wooler. He's deejay, compere and booking manager at The Cavern. In our pic, top compare and booking manager at The Cavern. In our pic, top compare and booking manager at The Cavern. In our pic, top compare and booking manager at The Cavern.

"I first saw Billy," says Bob, "at an audition at the Aintree Institute. He played guitar and sang. I felt he should concentrate on singing. He formed a group called The Coasters, and they were really something. They came to The Cavern around the end of 1961, and it was then that Bill changed his name. He'd also taken the line I'd suggested some months earlier. He'd become the singer of the group."



Billy in his school days...



And now, with friend.



Mr. A. M. Fletcher. Billy's headmaster.

Billy's headmaster at St. George of England Secondary Modern School remembers Billy well. But Mr. A. M. Fletcher (left), didn't think Bill would go into show business.

"Billy was a quiet lad, keen on anything to do with singing or the school plays. But he never thrust himself forward or sought the limelight. He played football and was useful with his hands. I'll show you what he did for our stage lighting system in the school theatre."

Pictures of Billy at a boy and the sea with The Beatles on Page 6 of the team from MEET BILLY J. KRAMER, published by Southern Pressworld Publications Ltd.

secrets from FAB.



Bob Wooler and Ray McFall of The Cavern.

If Bill was quiet at school, he was anything BUT at home, and Dad, Mr. Oliver Ashton, picture below, left, with Mrs. Ashton, remembers that not all Billy's noise was musical.

"We had a plumber in once to mend a pipe. Billy watched him, very interested. Next day, we found him bashing away at a pipe over the kitchen sink. He'd nearly flattened it before we rescued it. It wasn't entirely because of Mr. Wooler's suggestion that Bill became the singer with The Coasters. It happened when, after a lot of saving, he bought a £60 guitar, and someone stole it. Bill didn't say much, but I knew he was heartbroken."



The Daks with A & R man George Martin.

The Daks already knew Bill by sight when Brian Epstein suggested they should become his backing group. With them in the pic above is their A & R man, George Martin. The boys say:

"Bill knows what he's on about. At our first practice he said, 'You're playing the wrong chords.' Lots of singers wouldn't have noticed."

Kenny Ashcroft, bottom pic, the first road manager for B.J. and The Daks. He has this to say:

Billy thinks all the time about his act, his songs, the group. He's dedicated, is Bill."



Proud parents read son's Press cuttings.



B.J.'s first road manager, Kenny Ashcroft.





yea! yea! yea!



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WHAT KIND OF GIRL DO THE BEATLES LIKE?

The Beatles have millions of gal fans. But only one lucky gal has been dated regularly by a Beatle.

Who is she? What is she like?
Step forward actress Jane Asher... Jane and Paul McCartney have dated many times. And all The Beatles have been entertained at some time or another by Jane at her family home.

She likes Paul and he likes her. And all The Beatles think Jane is tops. She's their kind of girl!

Up in Liverpool some fans have already put two and two together to make 73. They even said that Jane and Paul were SECRETLY WEDDED!

She lives with her parents in London's Wimpole Street. Her dad is a doctor. So I popped round to see her.

Said Jane: "We aren't engaged. We certainly aren't secretly married. We're just dating!"

"I like Paul. He is very nice. But it is impossible to date him without everyone spotting him. He wears his hair the same way all the time. And whenever The Beatles pop round to my father's home, the street soon fills up with people. We don't get much chance to be on our own!"

Jane first met The Beatles when they appeared in a music show at The Royal Albert Hall about a year ago. When asked to comment on their act she exclaimed: "WOW!"

Afterwards Jane and the lads had a chat-up in the dressing room. Then Paul began dating Jane.

Recently she was reported to have cooked bacon



ANSWER: A REDHEAD NAMED JANE ASHER



Daughter of a doctor, Jane pictured above—twice for luck—loves show business and isn't afraid to say so. Paul McCartney is top of her hit parade, but both say the romance isn't serious. According to Paul, his visits to Jane's home were taken up by oboe lessons. He says Jane's mother is teaching him to play it. Who ever heard of *Twist and Shout* being played on the oboe?

and eggs for The Beatles when they visited her at her father's home. "Does Paul prefer his eggs turned or sunny-side up?" I asked her. "I wouldn't know," Jane answered with a grin. "I didn't fry the eggs—I made omelettes."

Jane appears on *Juke Box Jury* regularly. She is successful because she usually has something more to say than just "it's a hit" or "a miss."

She once said of a record: "I think it's muck but I think it will make the hit parade." It did.

She thinks The Beatles are great. In fact whenever they are mentioned, Jane's green eyes light up with excitement.

"Each of their records is different... they do change," she told me. "And I think they'll last long after the others have faded out. Their following is so enormous and girls would buy their discs whatever they sounded like, because The Beatles are... just wonderful," she exclaimed.

"What I admire about them," she went on, "is their honesty. They say exactly what they feel. I think that's a good thing."

"For example?" I asked.

"Well, they don't hesitate to come right out and knock a girl's hairstyle if they don't like it," she explained. The first thing you notice about Jane Asher is her hair. It is long and bright red. And The Beatles think her hairstyle is tops.

But unlike some gals, Jane is willing to admit: "I'd go straight home and change my hairstyle if a boy didn't like it—that's if I really thought he was worth dating again!"

Jane, like The Beatles is honest, too. She also says what she thinks. For example, The Beatles along with a lot more fellows, often refer to the gals as "birds."

"Personally, I don't like being called a 'bird,'" Jane told me. "In fact, I hate it."

What sort of person is she?

She has been stage-struck since the age of five when a friend of the family saw her dressing up and trying to act. She thought Jane was good and advised her mother to "take her to an agent".

Soon afterwards, Jane got her first film part as a deaf mute in *Mendy*.

From then on Jane tended to be the youngest everything—the youngest Juliet in a TV production of *Romeo and Juliet* (at sixteen), the youngest Alice in *Wonderland* on discs (at twelve) and the youngest Wendy in *Peter Pan* (at fourteen).

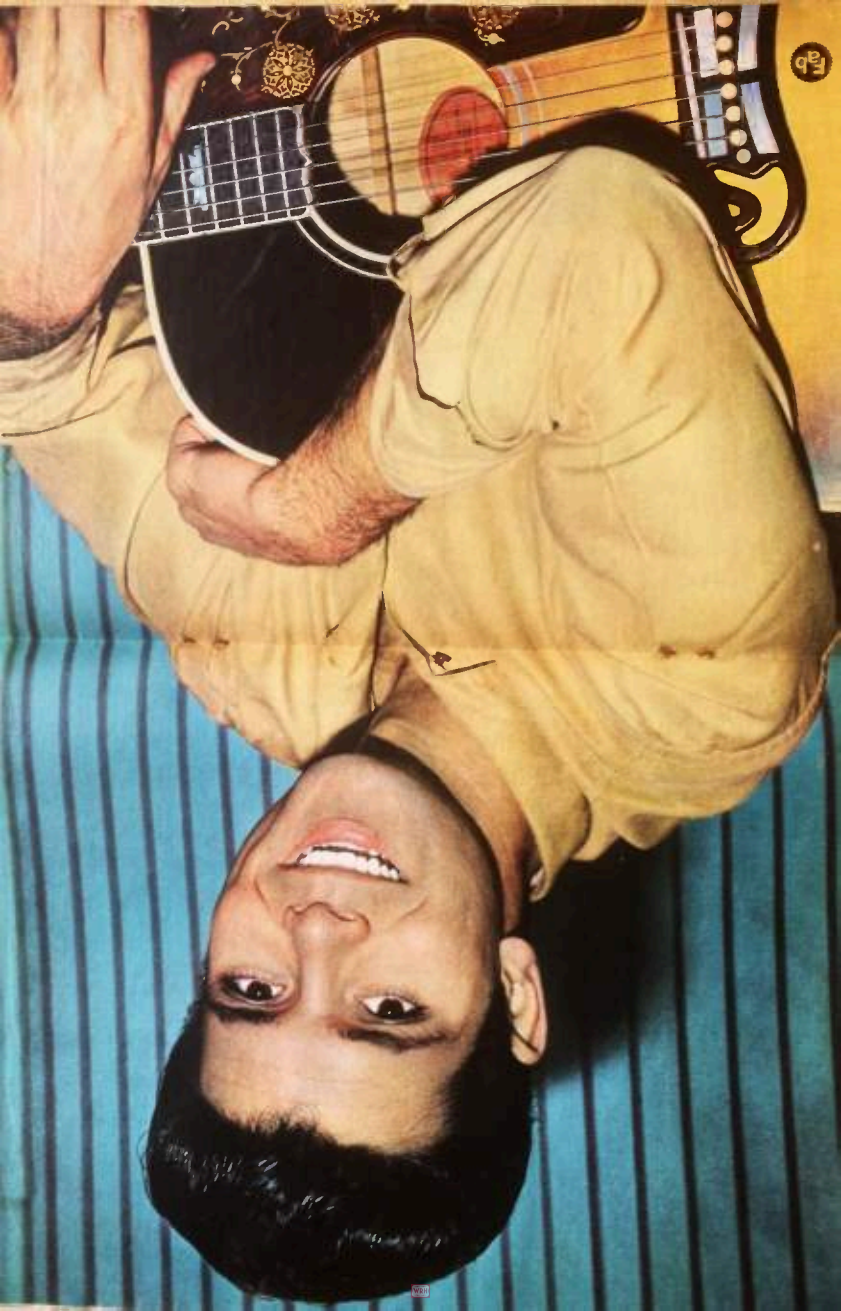
She has lately been making her first horror film! Jane is a girl with many hobbies. "I'm always taking something up and then dropping it," she told me. She is a good cook, can speak some Russian and she is an all-round-the-year swimmer.

At the moment she is learning to play the flute. Her favourite pets are cats. But she also collects china—and porcelain cats. She has seventy of them in her bedroom.

I formed the definite impression that Jane likes being dated by Paul McCartney (what girl wouldn't!). But like the wise gal she is she prefers—as the saying goes—"to play it cool".

P.S. When I asked Jane to give me a tip from a gal on how to keep a boy interested she replied: "Play hard to get. Don't be too eager. Don't phone him. Let him phone you!"

BY FRANK FOX



I like MIKE

FAB'S SYLVIA
FOUND MIKE SARNE
IN A MOOD TO
SPEAK TO HER



I knew Mike Sarne wasn't in his usual wisecracking fooling mood the moment he walked into the office. Sure, he greeted me with: "Sylvia darling, how are you? You look beautiful." To Mike, all women are beautiful, even me. But the greeting wasn't accompanied by the customary bear hug.

Silently, he sat down and accepted the cup of coffee I offered, sighed, then leaned back.

"Life hectic at the moment?" I asked.

"Yep. As well as the usual sing, be interviewed, be photographed bit, I'm trying to get the book finished. I'm in the middle of working out a new act, too.

"I've just got back from France, you know," he said. Mike has a habit of switching the conversation from one subject to another. "Wasn't a very successful trip, though. I didn't meet one nice girl. Not one! I went to a dance in Chartres and wound up doing the Madison with a female who was about six feet two inches in her stonced feet and aggressive with it. I escaped and started talking to a man about cars but she came and yanked me off to dance again. I finally got home about dawn."

The spark of cheerfulness suddenly died. He rose abruptly and paced aimlessly round the office.

"I haven't really much to show for my life," he muttered at his scuffed, ancient shoes. Mike doesn't like wearing new shoes. "Keats and Mozart did fabulous things before they were twenty, and I'm twenty-three. I should have done more before I reached twenty."

I suppose I should have disagreed with him. After all, he's lived in every capital city in Europe, played in a German version of *Hamlet*, learned to speak six languages, had his own *deejay* programme in Munich, and came near to getting his B.A. degree at London University.

"Let's go and have a hamburger," he suggested.

Naturally, we couldn't get out of the building without being mobbed. It's amazing how people just mysteriously appear out of nowhere when a pop singer's around. One sixteen year old looked at him in silence for a few seconds, then said: "Aren't you tall? You look small on TV."

Mike swung round to me.

"Hear that, Miss Stephen? I'm not a midgit, I'm tall. Make a big thing of it in your story."

Okay, Mike Sarne is no midgit. He's six feet tall and looks it. If we had the space, I'd print it in block capitals for him.

Mike became silent again when, finally escaping from the crowd, we headed towards Ludgate Circus. Hands dug deep in his pockets, blond head bent, he wandered along with me.

"Shall we go in here?" I asked, indicating a well-known tea shop.

"No!" he almost yelled. "I used to work in there."



"You didn't," I laughed. "When?"

"It was in my student days. I washed dishes. Sometimes I served as well. I wasn't bad at it, except when I had to serve coffee caramel. I always dropped it, usually over a customer." He stopped outside a coffee bar. "Let's go in here."

"You said earlier that you're trying to get your novel finished," I reminded him.

"Yes. It shouldn't take much longer now. It's caused me a lot of pain, this book. I know it's good, though it's not brilliant. But I think it's original!" He sighed and shrugged.

"Why don't you write your life story, Mike?" I suggested. "You've had an interesting life."

"No. I'll never write my autobiography. I think you take yourself too seriously when you write about yourself. And you give too much away about yourself. I hate having to be so serious. I like to be free, to clown about, to do what I like. I'm very scared of settling down. The idea of having a house, a garden, children, frightens me. But you can't be a *gay* bechelor forever. I know I've got to grow up and start being serious about life."

"One day," he said softly, "something's going to happen that'll bring me down to earth."

I expect he's right. Like he said, you can't flit around forever. Nevertheless, I was very glad when, at a party a couple of weeks later, Mike bounded over to me, the infectious grin back on his face, hugged me enthusiastically and exclaimed, "I say, darling, I think I'm rather good at this party, don't you?" before vanishing into the crowd to continue being "rather good". Ten seconds later, I heard roars of laughter.

The cause of the din? Mike was clowning again.

in **RECORD**
time



Fab's Keith with Ringo

Crack of the week from Ringo, who I met at a recent London party. He introduced *deejay* Alan Freeman as "Extra special agent WM7," to all the other celebrities.

Talking to Ringo afterwards I found out that a good friend of his, Mike Maxfield of *The Dakotas* has beaten him to a life-long ambition.

"Yep," said Ringo, "Mike has just bought a hair-dressers' shop in his home town of Stockport. But I'm still going to get my own one of these days."

From the guy who spends all his nights and days drumming up a storm with *The Beatles* comes a special message for you all. Quite simply, he said, "Send all my loving."

That, folks, was the commercial for *All My Loving* is the title of the new Beatle EP on Columbia. In addition to the title track are *Money, PS, I Love You* and *Ask Me Why*. Top Twenty here it comes!

Good for a giggle is an amusing little beat ballad by Australian, Frankie Davidson who sings the sticky saga of the trading stamps, *A Lickin' and a Stackin'* on HMV.

If you ever watched that amusing TV series starring Leslie Phillips as the Vicar of St. Marks, you may well have seen a talented beat group called *The Classmates*, who played in his church on one occasion. Now recording for Decca, they have a new single called *Morocco*. Touch of the Eastern beat!

If you liked *Nino Tempo* and *April Stevens* with their revised version of *Deep Purple* you should also go for *Whispering* on London.

Michael Goodman is only sixteen but he puts over a very polished performance with his first disc, *Did You? on Pye*. Michael played Joe Brown's younger brother in the "What a Crazy World" film.

Three years ago a young fair-haired boy would lug his guitar round to our offices at Fleetway Publications and play a few tunes. All the girls loved him and fell over themselves to make him a coffee. They were sure he would be a star one day. They were right, Mark Wynter has already had a string of hits and must surely add to them with *The Boy You're Kissin'* on Pye.

One for the road and it's a swinging version of *O Sole Mio*. Perhaps better known to you as *Surrender* when Elvis made it a hit. This version is by Chris Barber's jazz band on Columbia.

Keith Altham

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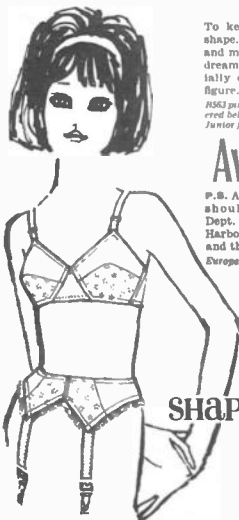
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URGENT



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FABS STAR CHOICE FOR SPRING

'64

HIT

Hit it high fashionwise and make your Springtime mark in these new and smart casual clothes. They're picked for tops both design-wise and colourwise by the Most man-about-Town himself—Mike Sarne, and that crazy hip singing group, The Searchers. Wow! So if you want to be a way-out 1964 girl, head for the wide-open spaces and follow the smart cult—travelling fast. And travel in these gay and go-ahead outfits. Come on, swing it sister—you're on a cool route and who knows WHO might be at the other end?

BY FAB'S GILL



HIT



HIT

Hit a striking pose and stop the traffic in Slim Sweeney's beige woaden polo-necked dress, approx. 9 gns. worn under sleeveless button-through overcoat, in beige and brown, specially checked for herk, approx. 9 gns. (Can be bought separately or together.) It's gay and frankly fun—just ask The Searchers!



HIT

Hit it right—yes, that's Mike to a T in an E type. Trust him to sport two glam models on his travels. It's enough to turn any man's head. Just watch it, Mike, we've heard all about Lover Boy, but this is ridiculous! Suit to cut a dash (see below) is Slimma's gold linen suit with gold and white check tie blouse, approx. 7 gns. Other colour is navy with navy and white blouse



Hit it lucky and possibly land yourself a free trip with Mike Same, in Mansfield Shetland wool. Approx. suit, approx. 93 gns. Mike's absolutely chuffed about it—says it's the colour that caught his eye. No wonder, it's Flamingo Pink! Other colours include, Natural, Turquoise and Jade. Hat by Edward Mann in Moc Croc. 35s.





tele date

WITH ADAM FAITH



One thing that Adam Faith and I have in common is a love of talking "shop". When we start nattering about show business, it's a job to get us to stop. Sometimes we get on to other subjects but—well, eavesdrop on one of our 'phone conversations and see for yourself what I mean.

ADAM: Hello, Sylvia. It's me, Adam.

SYLVIA: Now, of course, I could be horrible and say "Adam who?" couldn't I?

ADAM (laughing): All right, Miss Stephen, why don't you?

SYLVIA: Right, you asked for it. Adam who?
ADAM: Adam Jones.

SYLVIA: Then I'm afraid you have the wrong number. I don't know anyone called Adam Jones. Goodbye.

ADAM (indignantly): Hey!

SYLVIA (giggling): I'm sorry, Adam. I just couldn't resist it.

ADAM: Okay, I can tell you're sorry from the way you're giggling. How are you?

SYLVIA: Very well, thanks. Ooh, Adam, have you heard about Sinatra's new film?
ADAM: Which one?

SYLVIA: *Robin and His Seven*

Hoods.

ADAM: Robin and his—that'll be FABULOUS!

SYLVIA: Thanks for the plug.

ADAM (laughing): You're welcome. But what a title! I bet that'll be great. I suppose Sammy Davis, Dean Martin and the rest of The Clan will be in it?

SYLVIA: I think so, yes. How do you like The Beatles' latest disc?

ADAM: It's great. They knock me out. They really knock me out. That sound of theirs is something great.

SYLVIA (suddenly realising we haven't talked about Adam yet): I haven't seen you for ages, have I? Not since I came down to the house—oh, a year ago. You didn't have the furniture in then. Remember?
ADAM: I remember. It's all furnished now, with antique stuff, Louis XIV. Looks great, even if I do say so myself. You must come down and see it sometime.

SYLVIA: Thanks. I'd love to. But don't you get lonely all on your own in that big house?



ADAM: Sylvia, you can be lonely in Piccadilly Circus on New Year's Eve. I don't mind living alone. In fact, I like it. Anyway, I'm not alone all the time. My family and friends come to visit me.

SYLVIA: Yes, of course. And when you're living alone you can make as much noise as you like without disturbing anyone, can't you?

ADAM: Yes, so perhaps you'd better start living alone.

SYLVIA (indignantly): Adam Faith, you just wait till I catch you alone! Everybody knows I'm a quiet, well-behaved girl.

ADAM: Oh, yeah?

SYLVIA: What do you think of girls dressed in black leather?

ADAM: Wait a minute, we were talking about—

SYLVIA: Never mind what we were talking about. We are now talking about girls dressed in black leather, and I want to know what you think of them.
ADAM (through a grin): I think it looks great, especially on Honor Blackman. Leather clothes are FABULOUS.

SYLVIA: Thanks for another plug! I can see you're going to be our favourite pop star. In fact, you already are.

ADAM: I bet you say that to all of them.

SYLVIA: Of course I do, because they are.
ADAM: Huh?

SYLVIA: Work it out later. Are you working hard at the moment?

ADAM: No. At the moment I'm talking to you on the telephone. But when I'm not talking to you on the telephone, I am very, very busy.

SYLVIA: About how many hours a day do you work?

ADAM: I suppose, on average, eighteen, but it varies. Some nights I only get two hours sleep, other nights I get ten hours, but it all depends how busy I am.

SYLVIA: You used to wear blue jeans on stage, didn't you. But now you wear suits. Which do you prefer?

ADAM: Suits, on stage and off. They're smarter, and the fans prefer them. I'm sure that one of the reasons why The Beatles are so popular is because they always dress so neatly.

SYLVIA (wistfully): I rather like jeans.

ADAM: Trust you to be different!

SYLVIA: Do you still run your Jag Mark Ten?
ADAM: Yes, and I've got an MG sports car as well.



SYLVIA: Have you done the ton yet?

ADAM: Do me a favour, I haven't had the chance! Like I said, I'm busy right now.

SYLVIA: Well when you get the chance let me know, and I'll come along. What do you think is the most important thing to a pop

star, Adam?

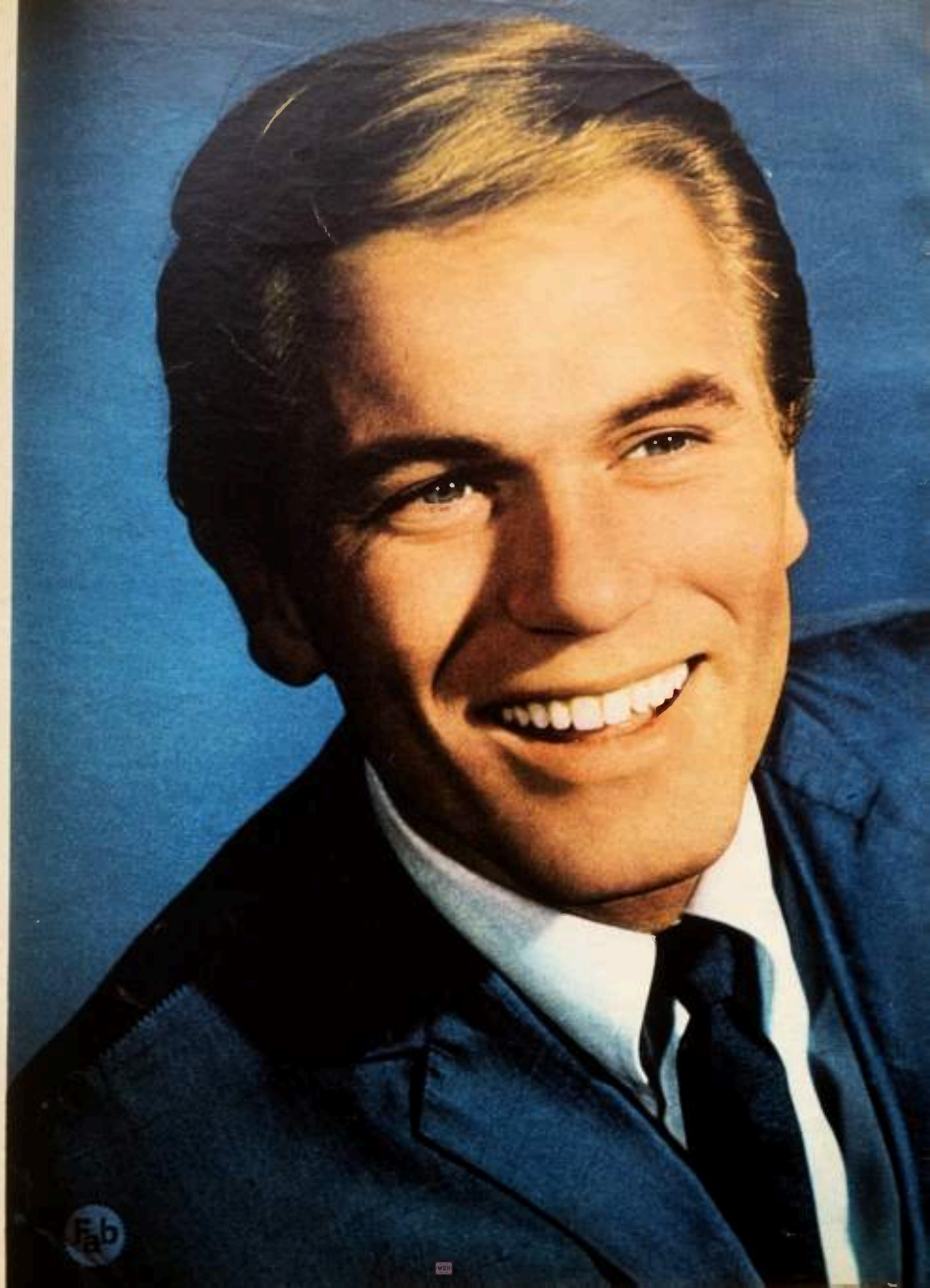
ADAM: To have a record in the Hit Parade, definitely.

SYLVIA: And what do you think makes a hit?

ADAM: If I could answer that, I'd have a number one with every disc. No one knows, but the song itself is very important. The song counts every time. You can get all the plugs in the world. But if the public don't like the song, they won't buy the disc.

SYLVIA: But Sinatra always records good songs, and yet—

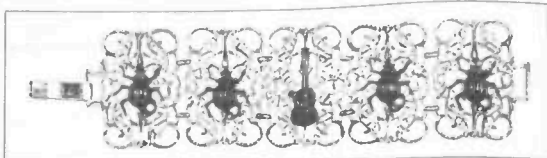
And we were off again, discussing show business. There's nothing I like better than talking shop with someone who knows what he's talking about. Like Adam Faith, for instance.



Fab

WTH

HEY BEATLE FANS!



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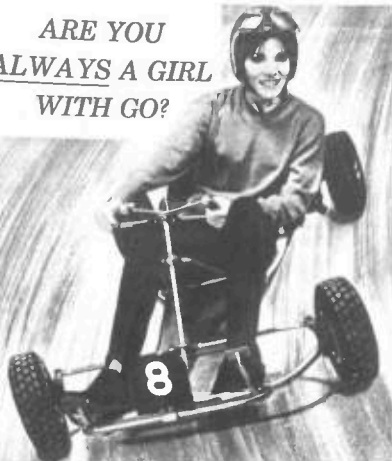
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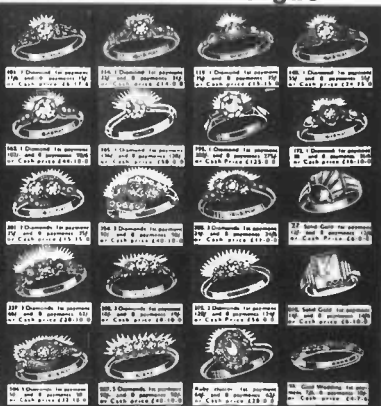
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