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26th DECEMBER 1964

Fabulous

HAPPY TRAD XMAS

9 KING SIZE FULL COLOUR PIN-UPS

HERMAN BEATLES STONES CILLAZOMBIES



IT'S FAB

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

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STARGAZING WITH JOHN LEYTON



Capricornians with colds this week like to forge shield under their own steam and are confident and persistent. They make faithful partners.

CAPRICORN (Dec 21—Jan 19)
Play it cool in romance—don't wear your heart on your sleeve.

AQUARIUS (Jan 20—Feb 18)
Atmosphere is greater than usual so make the most of the week.

PISCES (Feb 19—Mar 20)
Progressive step in a friendship should make you feel happier.

ARIES (Mar 21—Apr 20)
Avoid being too frank and you will avoid making an enemy.

Taurus (April 21—May 20)
Stop being moody and enjoy yourself. Weekend full of possibilities.

GEMINI (May 21—June 20)
Use your charms and you will make a success in your social circle.

CANCER (June 21—July 20)
Don't be ruled by your emotions when you see a very special person.

LEO (July 21—Aug 21)
Make light of a minor upset. Hectic times throughout a busy week.

VIRGO (Aug 22—Sept 22)
Close acquaintances make this a week you should remember.

LIBRA (Sept 23—Oct 22)
New ventures few successful if you don't expect too much from others.

SCORPIO (Oct 23—Nov 22)
Firmly trouble draws in the carefree party atmosphere.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov 23—Dec 20)
Make allowances for a friend's indiscretion and be generous.

Hey there,

And a happy Christmas to you, and you and you, from all of us, here at FAB. We've been asked by masses of the stars if we'll say "Happy Christmas" for them, too, as they don't get the chance to be in touch with you all.

The stars all love Christmas (they're all sentimental softies at heart) and joined in the fun of planning this Christmas issue.

But spare a thought for them over the holiday when you're nosing into the turkey and taking it easy. Lots of them will be rushing around the country—a long way from home—to entertain us all.

Still, we know that they want all their fans to enjoy Christmas, and that's what we at FAB want for you too.

So—happy Christmas, and God bless,
Love, The Ed.



Hi-Fab!

FAB'S MAUREEN TAKES OVER THE GANG GOSSIP

Well, it's the season of good will once again. So now is the time for all good FAB staff to show some good will, and I've been finding out what some of your favourite stars want for Christmas. Here goes . . .

The Fourmost want to spend Christmas at home with their respective parents. Which I think is nice. BUT when I heard the Christmas presents they wanted I wasn't so sure their parents would be all that pleased.

Mike Millward wants a horse and he doesn't mean a clothes-horse either. Billy Hatton would like 7,000 tons of liquid candy floss. Eh?!

Dave Lovelady wants 500 non-iron, non-wash, non-crease and non-dirt shirts plus 500 pairs of non-press trousers.

And Brian O'Hara would like some strong locks to keep out girl reporters who ask too many questions. I just don't know why.

Lionel Merten of The Four Pennies wants a new watch. That doesn't sound unreasonable. But the watch he wants mustn't be thicker than a sixpenny piece.

Alan Buck wants a 22 carat gold identity bracelet with his name engraved on it. He would also like to spend Christmas in London.

"There's so much to do in London at Christmas time," he says. "I like the lights and the enormous Christmas tree in Trafalgar Square."

Mike Walsh would like an electric train set (home). He says the Canary Isles is the place he'd choose to go to for Christmas . . . all that sun and sea air would do him good. Me, too.

Fritz Fryer wants to go to Australia for Christmas. To crown that, he wants a Wallaby or a Koala Bear for a present.

Let's go mad and suggest he wants a Kookaburra. That should keep him quiet any old Christmas.

Apart from the fact that Fritz might go to Australia and have all sorts of weird animals, he has just spent over £200 on a new Gibson guitar. That is a Christmas present in any man's language. He has also bought himself a new Vauxhall Viva car. That's nice. Money and I don't stay together very long, and I am always borrowing from Sheena . . . still that's another story.





ring out the bells!

next week Fabulous presents its very own

new year's honours



Stones Mick Jagger and Keith Richard would like all the things back that their fans have pinched or borrowed from their flat. Keith says he once had a lovely assortment of hats. They have disappeared mysteriously one by one. So for Christmas, he'd like another one to boost his dwindling collection.



Adrienne Poster had a simpler wish... she just wants to visit all her friends and neighbours at Christmas (and spread some seasonal goodwill. Good on her. But she'd also like any musical instrument to add to her collection. I offered to buy her a comb and paper but she didn't sound very keen.



Kenny Lynch, that lovable lad from Stepney, London, saw a Ferrari at this year's Motor Show and that would suit him fine, thank you. Kenny says that on Christmas morning he always has to get together with his old school-friends. Then he goes home and has Christmas dinner with his Mum (and twelve brothers and sisters. Christmas afternoon. Kenny usually goes to a party or a shindig of some sort, where he whoops it up and thoroughly enjoys himself.

I heard a fairy tale type story the other day about Mike Leroy. Last Christmas he was completely down on his luck. He had been to different coffee bars and restaurants singing. Almost being a wandering minstrel.

One day he was standing outside an Indian Craft shop, when the Manager, who vaguely knew Mike, came out and asked him how he was getting on. Mike told him that he was completely down, and needed just one opportunity to do something and get some here. The Manager asked him what he would like to do. Mike said he would like to open his own restaurant, but he would need at least £500 to do so. The Manager went back into his shop—and gave Mike £500.

Mike found a small transport café in Beluise Village; and within a week he was in. Mike decorated it all himself, even as far as making all the furniture. He called it The Strolling Guitar. Mike paid back the money to his friend, with much gratitude. Mike says that this Christmas will be a whole lot different from the last. It will be happier and much more eventful.

Our Ed said she would like a completely new FAB staff for Christmas. I don't think she meant it though. WE don't want a new Ed. She's the best Ed in the world.

Well, that's it. Only remains for me to wish you all, on behalf of the Staff, A Very Merry Crimbo (Christmas).

...over thousands of you sent in the coupons we published in our 17th October issue (FAB GETS THE VOTE) and we've been able to make our own TOP OF THE POPS (as well as TV and Films) ... we don't want to give too much away but in this truly FAB issue you will find just why THE BEATLES ... THE ROLLING STONES ... PAUL JONES ... ELVIS PRESLEY ... DUSTY SPRINGFIELD ... SEAN CONNERY ... CILLA BLACK and P. J. PROBY received YOUR awards ... and you'll also get KING-SIZE ALL FAB-COLOUR PIN-UPS of them (see below) ... so make for the shops NOW—your next FAB is a knockout and all because of the HUGE response YOU gave us ... on sale next Monday, price 1 shilling, the one and only FABULOUS



Pop people have big hearts. They care about others who are not so fortunate. And so, for our Christmas issue, as Christmas should be a happy time, we decided to bring some happiness to the twenty-four boys and girls at the St. Agnes Home for Children at Thames Ditton in Surrey. It was FAB's Margaret's suggestion. "Let's take some groups to an orphanage to sing carols, give presents and spread a bit of Christmas cheer," she said. And no sooner said—done! I said we should ask at least ten groups to come along as it was unlikely that more than three would be able to make it. Sheena got on the phone. I was wrong. We finished up with Brian Poole and The Tremeloes, Lulu and The Luvvers, The Fourmost, The Banshees, The Four Pennies, Cliff Bennett and The Rebel Rousers, plus The Naturals. All had given up their first free Sunday in ages to give 24 orphan children pleasure. As I said—pop people have big hearts.

THE ED.

Sheena tells the story...

Well, how would you take 64 people carol singing? We hired a bus. A big red one leaving Fleetway House (our offices) at two o'clock on Sunday afternoon.

Our bus was filled with refreshments for the lads and a great assortment of gonks, trolls, dolls and books for the children who were waiting eagerly for us at the other end.

We'd like to say thanks, incidentally, to the makers of the Trolls, Gonks, life-like Treasy dolls, etc., for giving us their products out of the goodness of their hearts.

Outside the orphanage our choir took over... could it be the most expensive choir ever!... We all stood there in the grey afternoon, the boys lustily singing *God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen*, followed by *Silent Night* and *The First Noel*. Slowly the



Great fun was had by all as you can see from the pictures. On the left we're all in the dress and... Above you'll find most of the boys with the trains and right with the rocking horses in the...



y Gentlemen



children—all sizes, all colours, all ages, crept forward into the group to join in singing.

Brian Poole swooped down and a little girl was perched on his shoulder. Cliff Bennett found a new mate, aged around five, who hove suddenly around his knees until Cliff lifted him up for a flying angel. Lulu was enchanted by a fitness-haired lass of about seven whom she said was the spitting image of her own little sister. And the bigger boys and girls from the orphanage went around with autograph books as soon as the carols had stopped.

The big moment was giving out the presents. The darling Mike Millward of The Fourmost was in a terrible fix—because, as the pop stars outnumbered the children, he didn't have a present to give.

"If only you'd asked me," he kept saying, "I'd have bought something." And even the fact that there was a present for every child wouldn't console him—so we

punched a gong from Lionel of The Four Pennies (who wanted to give away two) and gave it to Mike to present.

Sister Katherine, who is in charge of the orphanage, asked us all into the nursery where the pop boys and girls played with the children on their rocking horses, and took over the super enormous train set (a present from Hughie Green).

After a marvellous tea, The Trems and Four Pennies found a piano—and the carolling started again.

It was a wonderful afternoon for all of us, and our new little friends were happy, too. But came five when everyone is having fun. We all had to go.

But all the boys—The Luvvers, The Trems, The Fourmost, The Pennies, The Rebel Rousers, The Banabears and The Naturals have asked me to say to Sister Katherine: "Thanks for adopting us for the afternoon. And please say, we come again!"

A big thank you to Francis, Day and Hunter of 138, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2, for supplying our carol books.



The left little and the last picture on the bus. Bottom left, Mike of The Fourmost is shown how to ride a rocking horse. Above, some of the children with their toys.





Fab

A Christmas Carol

The True Story

What the Dickens, you may ask, is this? Well, it's a modern ghost story, to keep the party spirit alive. And if you don't believe in ghosts you'll believe in Christmas after reading the true story of A Christmas Carol. Our version isn't meant to be taken seriously so have fun . . .

JACOB MARLEY, Ebenezer Scrooge's business partner, has for seven years when Dickens' immortal story opens, had Christmas Eve and the miser Scrooge rejects the seasonal cheer. His nephew, Fred, and the clerk of his counting house, Bob Cratchit, are the only ones who try to cheer him up. That evening, the ghost of Marley appears to Scrooge and tells him, without the visits of three spirits Scrooge cannot escape his own fate. First, the ghost of Christmas Past appears and shows Scrooge the people he loved as a young man before he became a mean old miser. Then the ghost of Christmas Present shows him how good Christmas can be, even for Bob Cratchit.



MAD Jim Scrooge keeps an eye on his beautiful secretary, Delilah, to see that she doesn't slip off a minute early on Christmas Eve. It's business as usual at Scrooge Unlimited.



LATER, as Scrooge counts the loot he's collected from The Dirty Kings' season at The Luton Palladium, the shape of Jacob Marley appears. "Worcher, Big Daddy," says Jake. "You too can have a no-body like mine. I've seen through you, mate."



IT is the ghost of Christmas Past taking Scrooge aboard. Six years aback. Jacob "rocks 'em in the aisles," until Scrooge screams for his money back.



IN desperation, The Dirty Kings become pavement artists. Anything to get their own goose to cook. At least Scrooge can't take 90 per cent of their takings—they don't mint farthings anymore, anyway.



NOW the ghost of Christmas To Come shows Scrooge his shining future to be among the shiny Dairbs. But when man takes on machines, anything can happen. Scrooge sees them turn on him. They just don't like his face.

family to support, including a cripple child called Tiny Tim.
 Lastly, the ghost of the future, the Christmas yet to come, materialises. Scrooge
 fears what people will say about him when he is dead, what contempt they will have
 for his memory.

So it is that Marley and the three Spirits have shown Scrooge how empty his life is.
 Scrooge befriends Bob Cratchit's family and becomes a second father to Tiny Tim.
 At last the miser knows the true meaning of Christmas.

And as Tiny Tim observes, "God Bless Us, Every one."
 Well, that's the way Dickens saw it. We had different ideas--1964 ones!

CAST: JIM SCROOGE.....JIMMY SAVILE
 JACOB MARLEY'S GHOST.....DUFFY POWER
 BOB CRATCHIT.....ARTT SHARP OF THE NASHVILLE TEENS
 SCROOGE'S NEPHEW.....PHIL MAY OF THE PRETTY THINGS
 THE DITTY KINGS.....THE PRETTY THINGS
 THREE GHOSTS.....LORNE GIBSON TRIO
 SCROOGE'S SECRETARY.....ELKIE BROOKS
 TINY TIM.....LONG JOHN BALDRY
 ROBOT GROUP.....THE DALEKS (OF BBC'S DR. WHO SERIES)



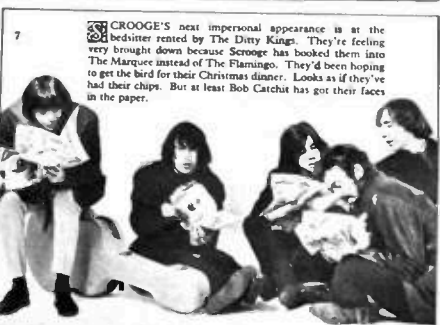
2
BIM's publicist, Bob Catchit gives Delilah an affectionate peck. "A Christmas Spirit doesn't extend to my secretary," screams Scrooge.



3
FERRY Christmas, Uncle," says his nephew. "Bah! Humbug!" snarls Scrooge. "What's Christmas? A time for giving Charity Shows and reviewing contracts."



4
HE who should appear in the show of Christmas Presenting Scrooge sees Bob and his boy, Tiny Tim, singing Good King Wenceslas.



5
SCR O O G E ' S next impersonal appearance is at the bedsitter rented by The Ditty Kings. They're feeling very brought down because Scrooge has booked them into The Marquee instead of The Flamingo. They'd been hoping to get the bird for their Christmas dinner. Looks as if they've had their chips. But at least Bob Catchit has got their faces in the paper.



6
AFTER all that Scrooge sees the light on Christmas day. He gives the freedom of his office to The Ditty Kings. Delilah isn't included in Scrooge tears up The Ditties existing contract and writes one another one giving himself a small pension and full custody of Delilah. Fair's fair.



7
SCR O O G E ' S ideas for launching Tiny Tim as the next r'n'b idol are sponged from the record. With Delilah and Bob Catchit he takes the little lad carol singing. For money. Ah well, there's no business like shoe business.



HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO FIND HERMAN IN YOUR STOCKING?



What would you do if you opened up your stocking on Christmas Day and found Herman inside willing to spend the day with you? Fair, most probably. But what sort of a day could you expect to share with a bundle of fun like Manchester's merry Herman?

Ideally, Herman would like to start "a great big party—anyone can come—on Christmas Eve spending £1,000 on food and drink and keep it going right through to New Year's Eve." But, of course, as you're only coming into his life on Christmas Day, he'd have to forget that idea.

Herman likes to be up at nine, so if you open your stocking round about then, it would help. He's very much in favour of kissing under the mistletoe—or maybe he's just in favour of kissing—so that would take up an hour or two.

His only experience of buying presents for girls has been with his sisters ("I'm a lousy chooser, so I take them out and let them find some clothes or something"). So don't expect too much. Give him cufflinks ("I always lose them") or ties ("I haven't got any. I'm always having them ripped off. Very painful it is, too").

The Christmas dinner wouldn't be chicken or turkey—That's dead, isn't it? I mean, every year you have the same thing. Soft run pudding and cake that they baked months before just for that one day.

Herman would like Afghanistan's steak, without a sweet to follow. "I never eat pudding, anyway."

The afternoon is the real let-down of your Christmas Day. Herman is a football fan. He'd be off to Old Trafford to watch Manchester United. Since he doesn't think a football ground is the place for girls you'd be stuck at home with his Mum for two hours. He has a very nice Mimi, but that hardly compensates.

Incidentally, last Christmas she gave Herman his favourite present ever. A baby sister.

After tea, he'd take you to a show. He has best suggestion for this year is to slip across to The Royalty Chess, where he just happens to be playing the title role in *Dick Whittington*. ("I'd have played the cat, but I can't dance.") And then the day would wind up with an all-night party.

The idea of an all-night party is one that goes on for as months. If you showed that you're a go-go girl, you might end up with a Goodbye kiss... but only after seeing that there are egg and chips waiting on the table at home for his supper. What a way to round off Christmas Day. But then, if you're a romantic, you're in for a very bad time with the dove-to-earth Herman. You have to be as happy-go-lucky as he is to really get a kick out of his way of spending Christmas. Anyway, if Herman's head should pop out of your stocking, try and give him a good Christmas at home. He usually goes to Switzerland skiving with his family.

"It's Dad's idea," he says. "I don't think he likes Christmas."

So what you're up against? JUNE SOUTHGORTH

CRACKERS

Continuing in our spirit of "Christmas crackers" here is a selection of festive funnies taken by force from our top pop people which are guaranteed to make the pud go down the wrong way and you curl up with anguish in your own Christmas stockings. It's easy to pick out the best. They are those which make you cringe the most. On your marks! Get set! CRINGE!

Daughter: "I need a new riding habit."
Father: "Sorry dear I can't afford it."
Daughter: "But what will I do without a riding habit?"
Father: "Get the washing habit."
(Joe Romaine of The Rusties)

Jack: "This is a terrible party. Let me take you home."
Jill: "No thanks."
Jack: "Why not?"
Jill: "I'm here."
(Billy J. Kramer)

"I don't care what your name is for these reasons off my road."
(Chris White of The Zombies)

Teacher: "What goes in a Christmas Stocking?"
Boy: "I don't know."
Teacher: "A Christmas log."
(Phoned in by Billy Hutton of The Fourmost)

Patent: "My friend is ill."
Faith Healer: "He's not ill, he's dead, he's ill."
Patent: "My friend is sick."
Faith Healer: "He's not sick, he thinks he's sick."
Patent: "These thoughts bother."
Faith Healer: "How's your friend?"
Patent: "He thinks he's dead."
(Gerry threw this one at us)

Party Guest: "Would you like to hear a couple of ditties?"
Host: "Yes."
Party Guest: "Dilly I Dilly."
(Phoned in by Dusty Springfield)

Christmas is 2 dills which are 2 show after which are 2 feed 2 learn 2 work and 2 looks not 2.
(Christmas "daffynition" from Cilla Black)

Boy: "How about a kiss?"
Girl: "I don't like boys on first dates."
Boy: "How about two dills?"
(From Mark Wynter)

Playboy: "But I thought you said there was something about me that you liked."
Hooker: "No, but you've got a good one."
(Polar Joy of The Swallow)

FAB'S GREAT NEW CHRISTMAS

TEMPTED BY
EDEN HANE.
Go back two.
29

YOU'RE A
PRETTY GOOD
THING.
Move up two.
31

SEARCH FOR
THE
SEARCHERS.
Go back two.
32

ARE YOU
KINKY?
Miss a turn.
34

YOU'VE
PASSED THE
BO STREET
RUNNERS.
Miss a turn.
28

YOU'RE
ROLLING WITH
THE STONES.
Move back three.
25

LINGER
WITH LULU.
Go back one.
7

FOLLOW
SANDIE'S
FOOTPRINTS.
Move back four.
23

* SHOWBIZ LINGO FOR
ELECTRIC GUITAR

HAVE FAITH IN
MARIANNE.
Move up one.
21

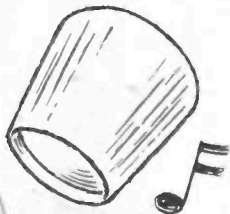
ZIP WITH
THE ZOMBIES
Move up one.
16

STOP TO PICK
UP A
ROCKING
BERRY.
Miss a turn
20

YOU'RE
HOOKED BY
JOHN LEE.
Move back three.
18

MILLIE'S
HER LOLLUP.
Move back
14

S GAME



**START
HERE**



**BOY'S BEEN
A PRETTY
WOMAN.**
Move up one.
36



**YOU'RE BEING
SHADOWED.**
Miss a turn.
38



**PAUSE
FOR PAUL.**
Go back three.
40

**YOU'RE ON TO
SOMETHING
GODD.**
Move up one.
3



**FEED THE
ANIMALS.**
Miss a turn.
5



**COLLECT
SOME HOLLIES
FOR XMAS.**
Go back three.
9



RULES

1. Cut out The Rolling Stones. If more than five people play cut the counters in half, as required, turning them into pebbles.
2. Players must throw a six to start, then throw again to move round the board.
3. Players must throw an exact number to finish.



**BOUNCE
WITH THE
BEACH BOYS.**
Move up two.
11

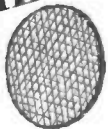


**HURRY ON
WITH HEINZ!**
Move on two.
41

**YOU'VE
FAILED TO
ORDER TAB.**
Go back seven.
44



HOME





Gilla Sparkles



By Betty Hale



If you want to be a specially sparkling Christmas belle, see how one of the most attractive girls in the world makes-up for the festive season.

I'M treating myself to a fab wig for Christmas. No, it won't be like my usual hair. I'd be wasting my money, wouldn't I?"

"Will it be blonde or brunette, Cill?" I asked.

"Oh, I'll stick to red, I think."

"Are you having it shorter?"

"No, a couple of inches longer, so it'll look different."

She'd just tramped through London's West End from her hairdresser to the Palladium. In the evening rush hour, she hadn't been able to get a taxi and she was feeling that always going to have her hair done was a drag. But her hair looked great.

"A wig will be a help when I can't spare the time for a personal hand. After all, I can wash my hair myself and wear the wig on top for a proper gear set."

The wig will cost about seventy guineas and of course, she will send it regularly to be dressed.

WHEN talking to Cilla, to begin with I find it hard to concentrate on what she's saying. The reason is that I love the way she speaks and at first I just listen to her voice, not the words, and enjoy it.

For Christmas, Cilla won't be sprinkling sparkle on her hair or doing anything special with it. "Sparkly stuff isn't me." She's not very keen on lacquer either, though she does use a little.

While we're enjoying a damp, cold December, she probably will be far away sunning herself on a beach, taking a well-earned rest.

She said "It'll seem funny not being home for Christmas. I don't want to go away, really. But the sun will be marvellous."

When we talked, her destination was a secret—even she didn't know where she was going. It was all being looked after by her personal manager, Bobby Willis, and kept as a Christmas surprise.

ASKED if she'd ever been winter sporting. "I've never been able to afford it" (How that she can't hasn't the time.) "But I love the fur trimmed hoods, the pants and anoraks. It's fab. I'd like to try it myself." Let's hope FAB will be around with a camera if she does.

"I'll buy a party dress for Christmas but I haven't had



Black eye liner... for blue eyes

time to look around the shops yet." With it, she says she may wear one of those sleek lacy "bonnets" and almost certainly lacy stockings. She wore black ones the day I met her. For daytime she also likes long white socks. "I have lots of pairs."

She may be running barefoot on the sands on the 25th, but if she was home she'd be wearing very wet- or footwear. It was patent bar shoes with medium, fairly chunky heels the last time I saw her.

"I never have any special make-up for Christmas. I like to look my best always, so Christmas doesn't make any difference."

She was making-up as we talked. All her cosmetics were laid out in front of her. She tries all the new ones that come along, new eye liner brushes, shadow, combs—the lot. She's terribly careful about keeping them all "hospital" clean and tidy.

Cilla uses a lipbrush—and likes pale lipstick

The famous red hair is burnished with brushing



CILLA'S festive make-up will go like this: In the way she always does it. First a tinted foundation, applied carefully, a d evenly with a sponge. She smooths this down her neck to the neckline of her dress. Then she puts on her powder. She never uses foundation is enough on its own. Next comes eye shadow

—a very little. She sometimes uses silver or gold for evenings.

Using a magnifying mirror she dresses in her eyeliner with absolute precision, keeping a fine point on the brush. For Cilla, it's cake liner for day and liquid after dark.

She likes false eyelashes and brushes on mascara to make them look dark and full.

Final touch for Cilla is a kiss of colour. She applies it high on her cheeks with a large soft brush and does it so expertly I had never guessed before that the bloom on her cheeks wasn't natural.

Super feminine Cilla uses lots of toilet water. For big dates she likes spicy, sophisticated perfume—some thing with a tang—which isn't overpowering.

She likes light nail lacquer on her long nails and pale lipstick. "An orangey one for a cold day."

I asked if she liked having cosmetic Christmas presents.

"Oh yes, I can't get enough bath or toilet water perfume and talc. I don't mind having tins and tins all the same. I love it. I can never have too much."

Personally, knowing how fantastically popular Cilla is, and taking a rough guess at how many hundreds of presents she will receive, I doubt that. But we'll see—or rather she will!

Wishful thinking for Christmas

"Here's the Christmas turkey," we said to dozens of top poppers. "You've managed to get the wishbone. Now pull it and wish." And they did. This is what they wished for.

Dave Clark Five, Dave and Spike Jones
"We wish we could spend Christmas quietly with our families, and wish a bit of luck, the wish'll come true this Christmas."

Brine Pooles
"I wish I could see Father Christmas at a big store and collect a surprise parcel, and I wish nuclear weapons and hunger and poverty would vanish from the world."



Marianne Faithfull:
"I wish I had a horse called Flea, ropes and ropes of beautiful pearls and a wash rag in which to wrap myself when I get out of the bath."



The Searchers:
Fran Allen: "I wish I had lots of money so I could buy everything I want."
Mike Proder: "I wish for a happy Christmas."
John Mc.Nally: "I wish I had another turkey."
Chris Curtis: "I wish I had a subscription to FAB."

Dave Berry:
"I wish I had a leather suit."

Die Dervics of The Paramounts:
"I wish I had a train set."

The Four Pennies:
Patsy Byrne: "I think I wish for poverty. You seem to be happier when you're poor."
Alan Hull: "I wish I had a wild gold identity bracelet."
Lambert Aspinwall: "I wish I could have the front cover of FAB all to myself."
Mike Wicks: "That's was anything."

Cliff Black:
"I wish to find the same happiness in my career in 1965 that I've found in 1964."

Artt Sharpe of The Nashville Teens:
"I wish I had a multi-colored battleship."

The Kinks:
Dave Davies: "I wish I had a castle in Knighthbridge."
Ray Davies: "I wish I could go to Arabia."
Peter Quince: "I wish I could get out of this business. I'm only doing bones!"
Mick Avory: "I wish I were old enough to retire."

Peter and Gordon:
Peter: "I wish someone would buy Gordon a pair of socks. He's been wearing the same pair for three weeks."
Gordon: "I wish we were as popular in England as we are in America."



The Merseybeats:
John Crane: "I wish it would snow at Christmas."
John Gunning: "I wish for a really great party at home in Liverpool with my closest friends."
Alec Williams: "I wish I could spend Christmas at home wearing my pyjamas and the most expensive velvet smoking jacket I can buy."
John Hanks: "I wish for a Christmas spent in Liverpool and only Liverpool. There's no place like home."

Lulu:
"I wish for enough money to buy my parents a house in Scotland and myself a flat in London."



And the 1 A.E. crew wish they could wake up on 1 Christmas morning in a smoking hot popstar.



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Brunitex protects and improves the natural highlights of all shades of dark hair. Deepens the richness of tone, and brings out the full colour.



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man! millie's jamaican christmas is the most

IT'S CHRISTMAS MORNING! There are presents hidden away for the children. There's a stack of food in the larder. But there's no Yule log, no roasting fire, no icicles or snow. For this is Christmas morning in Jamaica, home of sixteen-year-old pop girl Millie. And Jamaica's festivities are always bathed in hot sunshine. . . .

Let Millie tell you about a typical West Indian Christmas. She turns her knees up under her chin, beams the fairestest of girls, and just chatters on.

"It's the greatest time of the year back home. You never did see such a colorful time, not anywhere else in the world. We make Christmas a time for the whole community. Not just for each individual family.

"Like I used to wake up early every Christmas day. Sometimes I was so excited I'd get a better start a week. But you could hear the chiming from the church bells, outside the bedroom window. And it sounds no matter how early that EVERYBODY is already awake.

"Maybe I have a nice, long cool drink. I give soda water back home. And it's hot, all right, over the fence that time of the morning that I call ever remember it being in London.

"Pretty soon you can notice things that tell you that this really is Christmas. Like somebody will let off a firework. We have a lot of firework displays over Christmas, though mostly late at night.

"But we get ready to go off to church and visiting our friends. On go our most colorful clothes, our real

Sunday best. All big smiles and shaking hands and making friends. For back home, this spirit of Christmas is for everybody.

"Maybe soon you hear a big marching band, very in the distance. The music goes louder and louder, and nearer and nearer, and we all line the streets. These color marches . . . well, Christmas wouldn't be Christmas without them. . . . And when they get real close, we all reach out to the end and give marching bells with the musicians. You watch people doing little dances in the street. Oh, boy! it's real colorful, believe me. It's just like the one great big carnival.

"We all get to singing and dancing, and meeting our friends and having a real ball. Like we're all fitted with a brand new enthusiasm when we wake up on a Christmas morning. I remember EVERY Christmas since I was just a little kiddie. Always there was something special about every single one.

"So the day goes on like this. You hear calypso being sung and sometimes I get right in the centre of a lot of people and sing out. All joyful, like everybody had a real sense of what they were celebrating. But soon, it's time to go back to the family party.

"Now with us, man, this WAS a party! My mum and dad, plus five brothers and four sisters—it was like a mass meeting of something or other. But remember we go in for big families back home. You hardly ever see a couple with just one child. By the time a few aunts and uncles and cousins and so on had come round—well, our little house was just about filled.

"Maybe it was the only time in a year that the whole family could get together like this. Then

Ma'd bring on the food. Man, this really is a feast!

"What did I eat? I always was crazy for chicken and rice and peas. I could go several huge helpings of rice. But sure, I know you can eat that all during the year, but this was still my favourite at Christmas time. Washed down with lots of soda water, while outside would see some of the fireworks being let off.

"See, a lot of the things are the same as in Britain, but it's all in this real hot climate. Then, when we thought we'd really bust, we'd get on with opening our presents. Course, I never had much money—but sure, I'm gonna buy all my folks a lot of souvenirs this year.

"But now with the pop-kinging and my career, I missed two Christmases at home. I look at all the Xmas cards, with the snow and the mistletoe and the holly, and I think of those hot, sunny Christmas back home. Know something? I'd never see snow here in my whole life, until last Christmas in Britain.

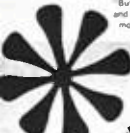
"I just woke up one morning and there it was. I got so excited I rolled over and over in it.

"I miss my family like crazy when it comes up to Christmas time. But like I said, I'm sending 'em all something real good this time, just to say how much I think of them over Christmas.

"Guess it's the same all over the world. Christmas is for families. It's for being together.

"But I bet there won't be as many balloons and coloured streamers in the wharfe of London as there will be in our neighbourhood back in Jamaica on Christmas Day.

And Millie stretched cat-like . . . and got on with wrapping up some more of her "almost too late" Christmas presents. **PAUL FRY**



jamaican style



Millie's sunny greeting is by St. Bernard (30 pgs.), reaching for halibut (36), 114.

english style

4 Gee, it's hard to believe it's 25th December when you're basking in temperatures of eighty degrees. Who wants roast dinner!

Boyl This is more like it: Millie has to make like an Eskimo with all her furs to keep warm



Fab MUSIC

007

For Christmas, the glitter of gold is the most devastating, irresistible fashion. Use gold ammunition to slay your Mr. Wonderful

If you want to slay your Mr. Wonderful this Christmas, try throwing a little gold dust in his eyes. Remember, the girl with the special quality that 007 goes for uses ammunition that glitters with pure gold.

Scores are lining their armouries with the "Goldfinger" glitter look for girls who want to be real killer killers during the festive season. Corn coloured girls look great in gold; brunettes do, too. Blondes and redheads gold clad have even the dishiest men, like Sean Connery, laying down their arms for them.

The girl wearing gold has the gleam that gets all private eyes looking her way. Just watch next time a golden girl crosses your sights. Girls who want to appeal to 007 will get the message and follow suit.

The rendezvous is 25th December, at the time arranged by Mr. Wonderful. "M's" orders to 007's type of girl: load up with gold and go out and slay him.

We asked sugar sweet model, Jenny Wilson, to show you how it's done. Her dashing, smashing, dazzling accomplice is Kenny "007" Lynch.

Apart from Jenny's golden gear (see below), there's plenty more gold stuff for single minded sleuths. Anything golden is great, from a slim golden belt for 5s. to a glittering nylon housetoat for £7 5s.

"Goldfinger" girls are recognised by their gold leaf hairslides (4s. 9d. each); gilt kid bows (13s. 9d.) with hairbands to match (12s. 11d.) and gold tinsel Alice bands (17s. 6d.). "M" approves of all these badges of office, provided they are worn discreetly and not all at once.



Jenny (alias Pussy Galore) Wilson shows the best way to lure the true facts of the case out of the enemy, watched by Kenny (alias 007) Lynch. The gear she chose for this delicate operation is golden from its subversive polo neckline to its close narrow hem. (By Simon Massey, £7 17s. 6d. approx.)



Pretty Jenny Wilson strikes a fatally charming blow in a slinky Lurac evening dress which sneaks down to the ankles and costs £7 12s. 6d (By Shubette.) She pads around in elastic-sided boot-ties which she tracked down in D. W. Evans (£1 9s. 11d.) For a dolly with no lolly, spray old shoes with gold glitter (2s.) First use conditioner and dye (10s.) All by Shu-Mak. Up which will dye any colour to any colour.

For carrying make-up swag there's a
 all-around glitter purse (6s. 6d.).

For outdoor assignments, gold Lures
 (plastic) gloves are recommended (all the
 best gloves wear gloves to save leaving
 best gloves). 21s. 6d. Gift chain belt
 (14s. 11d.) will double as a gentle
 reminder or make do for handcuffs in
 an emergency.

The "Goldfinger" girl adds glitter to
 her hair with Streaks 'n' Tips by Nestlé's
 (7s. 4d.). The perfect disguise for parties.

For an all-over gold effect, an excellent
 cover-up, pull on Stormist by Steiner
 (6s.). When our Pussy Galore comes
 back to her pad she can brush out the
 gold must or shampoo it into oblivion.

The girl who 007 goes for glids her
 eyes her after-dark with gold Mi-Fi eye
 makeup stick (Max Factor, 7s.), or uses
 maximum Gold eye shadow pencil (Coty,
 6s. 6d.). Either will help hypnotize her
 victim.

She paints her lips with Glitter Frost
 lipstick (5s.) and uses Glitter Frost nail
 polish to match (6s. 9d.). Both from
 Max Factor.



This is the confession bit. They're each working
 to slay the other—by order of the dreaded "M."
 Our girl gets ahead of her rival in cracking Pussy
 Galore pants (5 gns.). She pairs them with a
 matching blouse (£2 9s. 6d.). Both from Saville
 Sportswear. 007 stands transfixed in silent
 admiration.



Strong arm boys abound, but Miss
 Galore steals the scene, wearing
 Jerry Gildan's party sheath of boldly
 checked glitter Lures. (£3 14s. 11d.)
 It's the perfect foil to disarm the
 toughest enemy agent.



Wham! Our boss-girl Jenny's been swotting up her "007."
 She shows Kenny what a spot of unarmed combat can do,
 Her "Goldfinger" suit buttons up the back and has tight
 sleeves that flare into trumpet cuffs. (£7 approx.) By
 strictly gear. (£3 14s. from D. H. Evans.) 007 is knocked out,
 charmer. She stands triumphant—at the feet of the glittering
 golden girl—all powerful, shiningly attractive, beautifully
 look. She's won the day with a look... the "Goldfinger"





Fab | Cilla
Black

it's all in the mind

"Tell us a ghost story for Christmas," we said, showing a tape recorder under the noses of WAYNE FONTANA and his mates THE MINDBENDERS.

So they did and the only excuse we can offer is that it seemed like a good idea at the time. Here's a blow-by-blow report of what we found on the tape after they'd all gone home.

WAYNE FONTANA: Hello, there this is Wayne Fontana.

BOB LANG: Hello, Wayne.

WAYNE: Silence. I'll begin again. It was one ghostly night in Manchester where I have lived for the past nineteen years.

ERIC STUART: Happy Birthday to you, Happy Birthday to you, Happy

WAYNE: Anyway, I know this house with all this moss stuff growing on it in Matthew's

Street where I live and anyway, and, er . . .

BOB: Well, I live down the road from there and Ric lives round the corner and I don't know what I'm doing so back to Wayne Fontana.

WAYNE: Once upon a time there were three bears—that's true for a start, so over to Eric.

ERIC: Part one—'Infinity'.

WAYNE: And this is where the story really begins.

ERIC: It all happened in the quaint little village of Finity. In Finity there stood an old mansion on top of an old hill. It was all very awing because people were seen to go in but never come out.

RIC ROTHWELL (In Background): Ooooh, Buddy Nick nack paddy wack, give a dig a bane.

ERIC: Living in Finity was a sterling young lad called Sidney Crun. Sid was the village playboy but determined to make something of himself (like a corpse) he decided to solve the mystery of the dreaded mansion. And so it was that young Sid set him.

BOB: All lies—he came fifth!

WAYNE: Deferably! And this is where the story really begins.

ERIC: During his last part of midnight snoozes, young Sid set out for the mansion. He reached down the winding path to the huge doorway. All the time he could feel a presence beckoning him.

RIC (Singing): Backus! Backus!

ERIC: It was Eric—and I tell you, folks, Talking of evil, here is Wayne Fontana to continue the story.

WAYNE: Inside the mansion Sid came upon the horrible sights of the victims who had come before. A man hung by his neck from a chandelier.

BOB: He had a very long neck.

WAYNE: Another with a military bearing which he tossed and caught in the air was found at the bottom of a lift shaft.

RIC: Was there a lift in this place?

WAYNE: There was definitely a lift in this place.

BOB: Deferably.

WAYNE: Onward trod our Intrepid Sid and stumbled over the body, another victim of the



benders ghost story

...and horror. The body was stiff as a poker, and leashed it and it fell over with a clang.

WAYNE: It was a pulse.

WAYNE: Sid shuddered and moved on along the shiny wood floors and up the stairs to the attic. A stair creaked.

RIC: Creak! Creak! Creak!

WAYNE: Suddenly Harry fell down the stairs and broke his neck.

BOB: How did Harry get into this?

WAYNE: Oh er... It was Sid. He was a split personality our Sid.

BOB: Well, he can't break his neck. He's the hero.

WAYNE: Right. He broke his leg and collapsed up the stairs.

BOB: With a broken leg?

WAYNE: He was limping, mark you. He reached the attic door and flung it wide.

BOB: And this is where the story really begins.

WAYNE: Flinging wide the door, Sid stood stricken. Never had his strick been so "en."

There in front of him was...

RIC: "Who's red and lies at the side of the road?"

WAYNE: I don't know.

RIC: A third but. Carry on.

WAYNE: Thank you. Sid stood horror struck far... It was Bob's turn.

BOB: He moved slowly across the attic floor to the used fireplace where a smouldering red and white heap lay lurking in the grate.

RIC: Great.

WAYNE: Yeah. Great, man!

BOB: This red and white heap lay...

RIC: I didn't put it there.

BOB: Suddenly the mass moved, raised itself on one sooty elbow and revealed it's hoary locks beneath the hooded head.

WAYNE: It was Elvis Presley.

BOB: It was not Elvis Presley, folks, it was none other than Father Christmas, who had been there a prisoner for nine hundred years.

WAYNE, RIC AND ERIC: Happy Birthday to you, Happy Birthday to you, Happy...

BOB: Drawing himself up to his full height of five and ninepence Sid looked Santa squarely in the knee cap and said:

WAYNE: "What are you doing in the fireplace, Father Christmas?"

RIC: To which he replies, "Well, you gotta make a living somehow."

BOB: No, he doesn't. Sid says, "Don't worry, Christmas, I will rescue you from your doom," and, drawing his Dan Dare ray gun from his pocket he strikes a gallant pose. Over to Ric for the final installment.

RIC: Sid drags Father Christmas to the door with his free hand and reaches for the door knob. Horrors! It is locked. Our hero looks for a way out. IT'S NO USE. IT'S NO USE, I TELL YOU!

WAYNE: All right, fellas—take him away.

RIC: Suddenly there was a rustling behind him.

BOB: Rustle! Rustle! Rustle!

RIC: Sidney saw to his horror that Santa had shed his robes. He was not Father Christmas at all but the dreaded ghost in disguise. He realised with terror that this was how all the other victims had been trapped. The ghost dressed as Santa had lain in wait in the grate disguised. Sid felt a sickening blow as the ghost belted him with a toy train set. Then he woke up in bed. His mother had just dropped the tea tray on his head. Sid vowed he would never eat cheese before going to bed again and they all lived unhappily ever after.

WAYNE: The moral of this story is, "Let sleeping Santa's lie or lay in the grate."





FIND of term report on pop 1964. The top-of-the-close position ended in a dead heat for four boys. Step forward, then Lennon, J., McCartney, P., Harrison, G., and Starr, R. Yes, The Beatles are definitely, obviously, clearly top of the 1964 tree... even more strongly than they were in 1963.

Any arguments? Then let's just recap on the achievements of the FAB foursome and the way they've burst-normed their way right round the world in a way that popsters NEVER, no NEVER, did before!

1964 kicked off with a newspaper award to John and Paul as song-writers. Top of the charts: *I Want To Hold Your Hand* with *The Love You* also enjoying a run of success all over again. In one paper's chart, the Liver-pudliness also had two EPs and an LP in the SINGLES rings!

And they were top just about every-

where else in the world, having completely captured Paris. Two Gold Discs in the States already—and the most ridiculous queues for Beatle appearances all over America.

A top American journalist wrote: "It's never been like this in our country. The Beatles are the biggest thing show business has ever known. If Ringo Starr stood for President, he'd get millions of votes..."

Point was that it was only just a year earlier that *Phase Four* had hit the top of British charts... with The Beatles going off to a little Italian restaurant in Soho to celebrate with manager, Brian Epstein. Even one year is a long time in the world of pop. Yes, The Beatles had even bigger triumphs to come...

Like having first and second places in the American charts, plus a sprinkling of everything else they'd recorded also listed.

Like going on to have places 1, 2, 3, 4 in the American charts. Like selling 1,600,000 on *ONE* LP there. They met the Duke of Edinburgh, triggered off millions of pounds' worth of sales on Beatle equipment; saw *Can't Buy Me Love* hurtle so fast to the top it scorched rival groups on the way through. Honours fell thick and fast. A Beatle birthday became almost a national celebration.

Like that film, *A Hard Day's Night*. A riot, the mid-summer premiere in London. Within weeks, something like 18,000 prints of it were showing to packed-to-the-doors audiences from Brighton to Boston to Bangkok. Every single thing the boys touched turned to gold.

Sure, there were niggles from the knocker. "They can't last," said some. The boys laughed it all off. Went their own way. I remember Paul telling me, "We just want to go on as long as we

can... as long as the fans are prepared to listen to us."

They just haven't changed at all. They still spend hours when in London visiting the headquarters of their fan club, reading through letters... often suggesting replies to some of the notes.

A mass of paper work is involved in just coping with the Beatle mail. And there was a mass more paper laid-on for their return visit to America—a take-away welcome, which is normally reserved for visiting heads of State. Announcement of dates for the boys' autumn tour in Britain led to crowd scenes throughout the country that had the police going stark, staring bonkers.

Was Beatlemania REAL? I'm slowing down? Course it wasn't! There were other groups appearing in the scene, sometimes going to Number One spot in the charts. But even those groups admitted to me: "There is no hope at all of becoming as big as The Beatles. Those boys are a once in a lifetime happening."

There were several TV documentaries on the boys, BBC's *John & Paul* had its first audience when Paul, John, Ringo and George gave their views.

Hard Day's Night hurled up the charts. All one could see in every direction was huge piles of money.

Of course, The Beatles are still way up there at the top of the tree. Maybe we'll have a different end-of-term report for 1965. But for now Beatle music is a common language throughout the world. Never has a group written so many FAB songs, both for themselves and for other artists.

They're the biggest, the greatest! Even Cassius Clay said they were NEARLY as great as he is! So let's give them three good cheers.

Don't blush, Harrison, Starr, Lennon or McCartney! Stop fidgeting—and give us some more songs!

PAUL FRY

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TONY HALL'S LETTER BOX



to you all! This is Tony Hall. And it's been another interesting FAB week of sorting out your letters and cards.

Send something to start you thinking. I notice that most of your queries are about either the very famous or the virtually unknown pop stars. Now the most fascinating part of the pop record business is that today's unknowns can be (literally!) tomorrow's big names. Now listen carefully....

OF ALL THE NEW RECORDING STARS—SOLO SINGERS OR GROUPS—AROUND TODAY, WHICH DO YOU THINK STANDS THE MOST CHANCE OF RECEIVING OVERNIGHT STARDOM... AND WHY?

Send your choice (and explain why in 25 words or less) on a postcard to me, TONY HALL, LETTER BOX, FABULOUS, Fleetway Publications, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4... and we'll give every LP's of your own choice as prizes to the best six answers to arrive by 31st December. **OR?** Then get cracking. Don't delay, write today! But first this week's letters....

Janie Hopkinson of Luton, Richard Jackson of Manchester, 23, and Susan Stokes of Margate are all City Black fans. All three saw a recent article in a national newspaper in which Godfrey Winn had "got" Cilla. They were all upset by what they read "to Cilla really big time?" asks Susan. "I always thought she seemed so nice and natural."

Well, Susan, take my word for it: Cilla's a sweetheart. Just as you put it, she's nice and natural. In fact the least "showbiz" part of person there is. And though Godfrey Winn is a tremendous writing talent of his kind, he's probably Britain's best. I do think he misunderstood Max Black.

From what I can remember of the article one of the points he made was something about Cilla riding on a bus. Or rather, not riding on a bus. Because she's probably to take taxis.

Let's put it this way, Susan. If you (or any other FAB reader for that matter) were as famous as Cilla whose face is familiar, would YOU sit riding on a bus? I know I wouldn't. You'd be instantly recognised. And before you know it, you'd be mobbed

and there'd be a riot and you'd be trapped with no escape.

I honestly don't feel that it's wise—or necessary—for a star to have to place herself in such a predicament. By a strange coincidence I was with Cilla the very first time she experienced the price of fame. *Anyone Who Had A Heart* had just reached number one on the charts and Cilla was down at Southampton doing a try-run of our 'DISCOWIZ' TV series. I said I'd drive her back to London. As she stepped out of the Southern TV building some of these fans appeared from nowhere screaming for name. They started pulling at her hair and ripping her clothes. One got hold of her scarf and in his excitement nearly strangled her. These general weight knocked her over and in the confusion, she nearly got trampled underfoot. If it hadn't been for some frantic fast thinking by her road manager Bobby Willis, Cilla would have been seriously hurt. And that was before she became really famous. Just think what would happen NOW!



Golly I've gone on a bit about Cilla. But I won't apologise because I feel very strongly about the matter. Anyway there's just room for a couple of letters to over to Maureen. Known as Mo.

My Miles of London writes: *Could you please tell me the names and the instruments played of the Tea Time Four?*

Maureen: The group is new, and they'll all band King Elton. There's a Bud Barwell (sax and rhythm guitar), Rocky Browne (drums), Bernard Rudd (lead guitar) and lastly Benny Barton (bass guitar). The interesting thing about the group is that they have a little piece of fun which they take everywhere with them and they call it a 'Mo'. Same as me!! Well I hope the group find their 'Mo' brings them luck. I'm an their side anyway.

Jan James of Leicester wants to know if Marianne Faithfull has any brothers or sisters.

Maureen: The answer is Jan, that Marianne has one step brother and his name is Chris. He is a photographer and I should say he doesn't have to go far to find a pretty face to photograph.

QUICKIES

Brian Wilson of Welting Kent, wants to know the names of Brian Poole's Tremolos and what instruments they play.

That's easy Brian. Ricky West (who's 21) plays lead guitar. Alan Howard (23) plays bass guitar. Alan Blakeley (22) is on rhythm guitar and Dave Munden (21) is the drummer. Tell you one thing you didn't know, and that is the drummer Dave is a knockout singer specialising in falsetto. The Fan Club? Write to c/o Alan Smith Startle Artistes 41 Kingsway London WC2.

Anne Bonde of Capenhay wants to know if identified Manx has recorded an old blues number they do on their stage show called *Smooze LP*.

Yes Anne he has. It's on the box set HMV CLP1731. The Fan Club address: Mann. Fens 35 Curzon Street London W1.

Time to go time. That's it and that's all our next FAB day. Write to us at FABULOUS, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, E.C.4.

In RECORD time

Everyone seems to be getting on the pop music bandwagon... like Northern businessman Michael Berisford, former international athlete who still holds the record of being the fourth fastest mile in Britain.

He headed a group called *The Fitz and Startz* playing in a Manchester restaurant, was so impressed that he offered to manage them.

So far, so good. Then along comes Richard Reese-Edwards, former Gordonstoun (Prince Charles' school) schoolboy turned accountant, and he in turn is equally impressed with the group and offers to record them.

Result of all this is that *The Fitz and Startz* make their disc debut on the Parlophone label with a very catchy number called *I'm Not Running Away*.

Consisting of 17-year-old Terence Fitzharris (see where they got their name?), rhythm guitar, Mike Wroe, 18, bass guitar, Brian Hindley, 22, lead guitar, and Jimmy Bridge, 17, drums, the group has long been popular in Northern clubs and coffee bars and I predict that they will soon be adding to Manchester's honours in the Hit Parade.

BEST OF THE REST

● *One Step*, which was once a hit for Doris Day, is given a beat revival by a new group called *Earl Jayce and The Olympics*—and you may just want to recognise the tune! (Columbia).

● *Danny Davis* and *Byron Lee* lay down a real jazzy beat in *Night Train* from Jamaica, the most exciting sax-styled disc I've ever heard (MGM).

● *Stubbom End Of Fellow*, which was the number that rocked *Janis*, Motown artist *Mervin Gays* to fame in the States, comes up as a new version by *The Roulottes*, Adam Faith's backing group, and it's a real sizzler (Parlophone).

● The catchy *I Don't Want To Go On Without You* is only the second disc by Liverpool group *The Escorts*—and it's the one they could succeed with. (Fontana).

● From a bumper batch of new long-players this month choose your last-minute Christmas present (according to which group you prefer) from *Sounds Incorporated* (Columbia), *The Animals* (Columbia), *Blue Jeans* A. Smingy (HMV), *In The Hollies Style* (Parlophone) and *You Were Made For Me* by *Freddie and The Dreamers* (Columbia). Me? I like 'em all!

● *Formal Searcher* *Tony Jackson* could finally make it with *This Little Girl Of Mine* (Pye).

● From the film 'Every Day's A Holiday' *John Leyton* sings the melodic *All I Want Is You* and on the reverse is joined by *Mika Borne* and *Grazina* on the title song, very pleasant (HMV).

● From the London Palladium pantomime, "Aladdin," comes another song composed by *The Shadows* called *This Was My Special Day* sung by *Cliff Richards* with three bright young girls from the show, *Faye Fisher*, *Joan Featherstone* and *Audrey Bayley*. It may not be a hit—but it's very catchy (Columbia).

● And if you want to keep Dad happy this Christmas, give him *A Wizzaring* by *Mercerebin* and *Chris*. It's hilarious (HMV).

KEN BOW

WHO'S who this week



Left to right: Four Tops: Leif, Bobby, Robert, and Norman. Right: The Four Tops: Leif, Bobby, Robert, and Norman.



Left to right: High Ground, Paul Abraham, Chris White, Colin Brumpton, and Rod Argent.



Left to right: Paul, Keith Green, Lawrence, and Barry Whitmore.

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