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13th MARCH 1966

Fabulous

WISH COME TRUE

9 KING SIZE FULL COLOUR PIN-UPS

KINKS · DUSTY · CLIFF BENNETT · CHARLIE WATTS
PJ · FOURMOST · BOBBY JAMESON · CLIFF RICHARD



HEY THERE!

The Fab Gang have enjoyed this week terrifically, being busy-busy making wishes come true - for our favourite stars, and you, our readers.

It's been fun - and we've acquired a nice virtuous glow. We feel GOOD. And we hope you like your FAB this week as much as we've enjoyed planning it.

Incidentally, I hope that you all realise that we're here to HELP. If you want any information - write to our Mo. If you want personal help - I'll be glad to assist. If you want to know about fashion and beauty, our Betty is a walking mine of information.

We want you all to look upon us as your mates - and write whenever you like. All we ask is that you send along an S.A.E. for your reply.

We all look forward to hearing from you.

Love ---- THE ED.



The Fourmost

Threemost said to that - but it started them on the same track

"I wish I could be in a crime film, playing a really tough detective character, like Mike Hammer. Brian decided

"James Bond for me." Billy Halton chipped in, but didn't say whether he actually wishes he were James Bond or whether he'd just like to play the part in a film.

Dave Lovelady? He wishes he were a pirate, and when last seen was stomping around trying to look as though he had a wooden leg, yelling "To the plank with em!"

I think the other three had better keep an eye on Dave.

Hi-Fab!



BY SYLVIA STEPHEN



The Moody Blues

Y'know, it's surprising the things pop stars wish for. Wouldn't you for instance, take it for granted that **The Moody Blues** dearest wish would be to keep hitting Number One with their records? But it isn't.

"Our one and only wish really," Graeme Edge told me, "is to make a place somewhere in the charts. We don't mind if it's in the top five or the bottom five, so long as we're in there."

I don't think they'll find it too difficult to make that modest wish come true

Wish

Cliff Bennett, however, may find it a little harder to make his favourite wish come true. He wants a house, not just an ordinary little semi-detached though. Oh, no! He wishes he had a house standing in an acre of ground and complete with swimming pool and tennis court.

I wouldn't want it to be too far out in the country where no one could

find me," he said, "but neither do I want to be right in the middle of London. Something just on the border between London and the Home Counties would suit me.

Only trouble with making that wish come true is the problem of finding an acre of land on the border between London and the Home Counties that doesn't already have a house on it.



Cliff Bennett

Wish

Of course I knew **The Fourmost** would come up with some really wacky wishes and they bless 'em, didn't let me down.

"We wish," said Brian, after they'd discussed it for a while, "that we could try snails for lunch with one of the FAB staff. After all," he said, "the FAB gang promised they'd take us after we all went to France for a day. Snails weren't on the menu at the restaurant where we had lunch."

"Do you prefer any particular member of the FAB staff?" I smiled graciously, sure they'd answer "Yes, you." But they didn't.

"Yes, Mo," they chorused.

"Oh," I said, then, less graciously, "Granted. (See page 18.) Any other wishes?"

More thought. At last, Mike said, "I wish I could play a marshal in a Western. I've always thought I'd look pretty good in a Western."

We'll draw a veil over what the other

Wish

Twinkle doesn't really have a wish. She has a dream, and a very romantic one. "I dream of spending my honeymoon on a small island with sunny, sandy beaches and lots of good night clubs. It must be warm and there must be a breeze. Usually I hate wind, but I'd like my honeymoon island to have just a nice, soft breeze, because it suggests to me rather lonely bays and coves.

"I'm not sure where I'll find this island, maybe in the Bahamas. I know though, that I don't want a place that's been spoiled and is over-run with tourists."

Twinkle is seventeen and doesn't even have the smallest idea of getting married. But there's nothing like planning in advance.

Wish

Dave Berry has only one wish, and it's a very big one.

"I wish I could visit the Orient."

The difficulty is finding the time. After all, the East is hardly the place you go to for a weekend. But I think Dave will see to it that his wish comes true eventually.

And when it does come true and he makes that longed for trip to the East, my wish will be to go with him. And it won't be a secret wish. I'll make sure everyone knows about it!

LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENED TO FAB NEXT WEEK



Tonks

Wish

George Fano's wish came true when Fab 'n' number one, because it enabled him to buy a new electric organ.

"How I wish I could afford to buy a new electric organ," he said. "I wish I could afford to buy a new electric organ."

"I wish I could afford to buy a new electric organ."

George Fano



COLOUR CONTENTS

PAUL McCARTNEY photographer RALPH HOWARD
 P. J. PROBY photographer STEVEN THOMPSON
 THE KINKS photographer JULIAN HANN
 DUSTY SPRINGFIELD photographer BILL FRANCIS
 CLIFF BENNETT photographer MAX STEINER
 CHARLIE WATTS photographer MICHAEL DARLING
 THE FOURMOST photographer DEREK BERWIN
 BOBBY JAMESON photographer FIONA ADAMS
 CLIFF RICHARD photographer PICTORIAL PRESS

Yeah, we've turned into bloodhounds, we've really tracked down the stars who take to the lonesome trail and the stars who make crime their (showbiz) business . . . with the aid of microscopes, tape recorders and the late, lamented Mr. Sherlock Holmes we've nailed down two types of te— SEAN (007) CONNERY and MICHAEL CAINE . . . delved into Burke's Law with GENE BARRY caught up with the elusive, exclusive ALBERT FINNEY . . . THE MERSEYBEATS backstage . . . we've scooped the pool with the first colour pix of Ringo's wedding . . . and doggone if we haven't roped in JOHN LEYTON, and CLIFF RICHARD as well as pin-ups in FAB Kingsize colour of FRANCOISE HARDY, JOHN LEYTON, SEAN CONNERY, BRIAN JONES (the second giant pic in your poster size series of The Stones), STU JAMES AND THE MOJOS, MICHAEL CAINE, CLIFF RICHARD, THE BEATLES, so do a bit of smart detective work and find out the near-est newsagent to sell the fab fab FABULOUS

ON THE TRAIL



EXCLUSIVE RINGO'S WEDDING IN COLOUR



1/-

ON SALE MONDAY

IN COLOUR
 EXCLUSIVE
 RINGO'S
 WEDDING



PJ's PIPE DREAMS

A wish came true for THE MESSENGERS when they went to live afloat on the Thames—a wish has still to come true for P.J. PROBY—a houseboat!



"You ain't neither 'til a found die!"



"So that when work is done..."



"Wishful P.J. dreams of his houseboat..."



"... He can relax in nautical comfort."

ABOUT a year ago the pop world trembled with the impact when an American stick of elegance labelled "P. J. Proby" landed on the time-washed shores of this scepter isle.

Apart from being a first-class writer and helping to bring to us our English Rose, P.J. turned out to be a lad with a love for historic beauty, the beauty of medieval England, for damsels and knights in armor.

He wanted a castle, he announced. And he just liked to live like another Tom Jones in his own world of sea-scurking splendour.

Oh course, he said, he would even accept the mist and shorebridge— even an old, stately mansion would do. After all, an American's home was his English castle.

But it turned out that P.J. was building castles in the air.

Nothing that there were no fortresses to let. P.J. decided to come down to earth and live on the coast (if you see what I mean).

Now our friend of the busy bridge has set his heart on a houseboat.

Must be a big one, he says. In fact one that resembles a castle— afloat.

Well, P.J., FAB has news for you.

For our special "Wish Come True" issue we have decided to try and make YOUR wish come a step nearer reality. With a little advice from a pop group who have spent years on the Thames— The Messengers.

We asked The Messengers to give us all those professional hints, all the dos and don'ts of living afloat.

And here they are:

Firstly, from bass guitarist, twenty-four-year-old Bob Lewis, who lives on a 30 ft. wooden cabin cruiser moored at Richmond.

Life afloat is not the shambles people think it is. In fact there's much to be said for it. It is more like living in a compact little home, where everything is where you can find it.

"The people around you live much the same sort of life, and there is no such thing as a nasty neighbour in the houseboat world. You may well find neighbours clambering over your boat at any time during the day and night— because they have to in order to reach their own boat.

The big snag—at least, as far as Mr. Proby goes—is the loveliness of ceilings, and all the little tiddly bits that stick out from beams and rafters, and have a habit of finding your dome, says Bob.

P.J. might have difficulty in getting his 5 ft. 11 in. frame through the narrow hatches. But, Bob points out, there'll be no draughts coming under the doors, if there are— he'll seal.

Bearded, happy-go-lucky Bob gives P.J. just one important tip. If he intends sailing his house out into tidal waters, learn about navigation.

"I nearly became a Robinson Crusoe through forgetting my navigation homework," said Bob.

"What happened was, the tide suddenly turned while I was cruising on the Thames Estuary off Vint's stable, Kent, and I was stranded high and dry on a sand bank for four hours.

"But that was after I nearly lost the boat. In the end the tide came in again, and I was lucky enough to get the thing off."

Rhythm guitarist Ron Kane was a carpenter before he joined up with Bob. Then lead guitarist Don Leather, twenty-six, and his blonde wife Steve, aged twenty-four, the group's vocalist, joined them to form The Messengers.

Ron, who is also twenty-six, makes his twang guitar. He has made more than a dozen.

When he first started shaping lumps of wood into stems and bodies, Ron was living aboard a 75 ft. house barge, which started life as a grain-laying vehicle, and finished up disguised as a houseboat.

"P.J. did better bring along his paraffin stove and hot water bottles," warned Ron. "Especially if he's intending buying a large boat. There're so cold the toilet forms leeches underneath while the tapeworm is being done."

But he thinks P.J. is just the right type to live on a big houseboat. "He's just the sort of off-beat character to take to the water," he said.

Ron says the best part about a house with a rubber's that you can move it anywhere at the drop of a white, braided seaman's hat.

Life afloat is life in full, Ron points out. It is a world of different people. Friendly people, who talk much the same as you or I, but who hold a wealth of smarts and understanding in their hearts.

Ron now lives in a quiet little bilgee not far from the river at Twickenham.

No, his appetite for the river has not been sated— just sprinkled with a little seasoning. And after a while misadventure as a landlubber, Ron may well go back on the boats, living the life he loves.

Well, P.J. What do you think?

"It might be worth paying The Messengers a visit one time. I'm sure they'll be able to convince you so much better than anyone here at FAB could."

FRED WENNER

The suffering Messengers (left to right) Ron Kane, Steve, Don Leather and Bob Lewis.





Fab



FLYing high

The Kinks wanted more than anything else to fly a plane so it was certainly a wish come true for them when FAB sent them into orbit... SYLVIA STEPHEN takes wings with some plane speaking...

THE Kinks just couldn't believe it.

"FAB's arranged for us to fly a plane—in Australia?" they exclaimed.

Even when they were again assured that it was true—that even in Australia we're able to arrange things—they couldn't believe it. When, however, they actually found themselves climbing into the cabin of the plane at Williams Town Airfield, Newcastle, New South Wales, they had to believe it.

"Wonderful," they murmured. "It's a wish come true."

That, of course, is why we saw sidles whizzing back and forth between England and Australia. We know that the boys wanted more than anything else to fly a plane. Pete's been seriously considering the idea of joining a parachute club in Hertfordshire. Mick once had to be restrained from taking a flying leap from his Press agent's window.

"I love flying," he yelled as the P.R.O. went pale green and hung on to his hair. "I love it so much, I bet I can even fly without wings."

Well, after that, what could we do? I mean, we can't have Kinks flying around without wings, can we? So we laid on some wings with plane attached and

let Mick satisfy his yen to soar in the blue.

And in Newcastle the blue really is blue. The temperature out there often rises to 110 degrees, and even in winter it seldom drops lower than 50 degrees. The town itself is a hundred miles north of Sydney, surrounded by really wild, rugged countryside.

"When you're working," Dave pointed out, "all that heat can be a bit much. Still, there are some terrific beaches there, so it's easy enough to cool off."

A visit from The Kinks was a real event for Newcastle. They have live cinemas and an amateur theatrical society, plus a radio station which plugs pop all day and every day, but they rarely see real live stars.

They didn't see three real live stars for very long, either. The Kinks were there for only a short while. Then it was into the plane with FAB's Australian representatives and off over the plains and mountains to Sydney.

"I'm always pleased to be able to fly," Mick murmured, glancing down at the pillow of cloud beneath them, "because it gives me a chance to air my wows."

Three Kinks groaned and discussed the possibility

of making the fourth get out and walk. This second, however, that it might be a little difficult finding a replacement drummer in Sydney at such short notice, so abandoned the idea—alas!

The Kinks were disappointed that I had such a good time to reach Sydney. They were main anding themselves in that plane. Dave, with someone fastened over his brown hair, really turned out to be a skilled operator. Ray and Pete had a great time with music and charts, starting courses to "secret" about. As for Mick—well, he was in heaven in most ways then one.

They took the whole thing very seriously. So I they'd been piloting a Comet, they could have looked more solemn about it. This is a real job pilot these days.

All too soon, though, they were receiving certain instructions from the Airport at Sydney. Down the come and out they climbed slowly, that right. Ray smiled. Four representatives for Australian R.A.F.

"Thanks very much," the Kinks chorused. "We've granted our wish of all rights."

Some speaking? It was a pleasure.



It really was a wish come true for Marianne Faithfull. Fab let her loose in Norman Hartnell's, the most famous fashion house in Britain—where the Queen chooses many of her clothes. And Marianne became Princess for a day...

Marianne's super dinky shirt in wavy black velvet is all up the side to show the midriff. The eye-catching tunic top in velvet has a black yoke edged with lace.

NOTHING BUT THE BEST



Arriving at Norman Hartnell's Marianne wears a herringbone tweed suit with pigskin buttons and straps on the sleeves from Mary Quant of Bazaar.



WE'RE awfully good at waving magic wands around the FAB office (forgive us for blowing our own trumpet) and when we asked Marianne Faithfull her idea of absolute bliss, she said:

"To have the most beautiful clothes that have ever been made. Gorgeous and glamorous—and expensive!"

Fab heads got together and all came up with the same answer—Norman Hartnell, the charming man who has been the greatest name in British fashion for many years; who makes clothes for all the grandest characters in the land who have oodles of lolly. And who made one of the most beautiful dresses ever

designed—the one our Queen wore for her Coronation.

"That's it," said Betty. "Let's take Marianne along to Hartnell's in Mayfair to try on anything and everything she fancies."

Mr. Hartnell, who is a real Sweetie agreed, and on one cold and frosty morning, a peak checked, excited Marianne arrived at his Bruton Street salon, and swept in, feeling like a fairy-tale Princess.

Marianne looks like a princess, too, with her soft blonde hair, delicate features and big grey eyes, and Mr. Hartnell was obviously enchanted by her.

She, in turn, thought he was pretty super and his clothes—well—FAB!

It's not so very long since

Marianne was at a convent school, and she had never before been in a showroom like Norman Hartnell's. The carpets to sink into, the enormous chandeliers and the sheer luxury of the place made her big grey eyes open even wider.

And when the model girls, tall, willowy and very glam, began to parade, Marianne leaned back in her chair feeling very swish indeed.

"I'd like to see lots of glittery clothes, please," she said. "My dressmaker makes me very simple things. Fine for now. But it would be wonderful to see the really super clothes I'd wear at a premiere or if I was getting married in Westminster Abbey."

Benevolently, Norman Hartnell fixed it! On came a series of super dresses—all worth hundreds of pounds—for Marianne to choose from.

And then she had the most super trying-on spree—as you can see from our pictures.

"I had no idea that clothes could be so beautiful," she said, when it was all over. "Honestly, I felt just like a Princess."

And what Mr. Hartnell didn't tell her was that some of the clothes she preened in around the salon had been designed for real-life, honest-to-goodness Princesses.

But none as pretty as Marianne, we bet.



Norman Hartnell approves! This white silk shifty dress has a swirly hem of ostrich feathers dyed green. The matching green coat is raw silk lined with white and has a band of feathers round the hem.



The ravishing pink topcoat has wide sleeves that end just below the elbow and is worn over a dress with pearl embroidered bodice. Price 355 guineas.

◀ "Swirl!" a swiny little-girl suit with peat pleated checked skirt and brief loosely-fitting jacket.

Sailor beware, as Marianne says good-bye to the House of Hartnell. Her striped blazer jacket is worn over a simple, sleeveless navy linen dress. ▶





Fab

*When it's button
your lip*



*when you're
raving, slaving*



*no dice on
the puffing*



*or bending
the brain box*



**You need
Anglo Beatmint
chewing gum!**



**EIGHT BIG PIECES FOR 3^p
GET SOME ANGLO
BEATMINT SOON!**



*"and Beatmint
helps look after those
pearly whites!"*

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What a marvellous idea! A shampoo with its own built-in setting lotion!

It's called LINC O LIN BEER SHAMPOO because that's exactly what it is - A delicately perfumed creamy shampoo, but, with REAL BEER added to do the "setting" and "body building" for you. Now, at last, the millions of women with fine, fluffly "can I do a thing with" hair really have the answer - LINC O LIN BEER SHAMPOO literally "thickens" your hair every time it's washed - actually "banks on" to your hair shaft giving it more body, bounce and manageability! And, of course, the millions of other women who already use separate Beer rinses to get highlights and sparkle - can now get the same results just by shampooing!

It's all so excitingly true the makers willingly say: "Have your first LINC O LIN BEER SHAMPOO on us." Just post the coupon below to Linc-o-Lin (Dept. B07), 208 Hook Road, Chessington, Surrey, for a Free One to try! But - if you just can't wait, any Chemist can let you have LINC O LIN BEER SHAMPOOS at only 10½d for a Sachet or 2 6d for a Baby Barrel.

Please send me a Free Sample of Linc-o-Lin Shampoo.

NAME

BLOCK LETTERS

ADDRESS

817



Fab | Cliff Bennett

DREAM DATE with Cliff



Debbie Delaney's the most ardent admirer of Cliff Bennett. How do I know? Well, Debbie is always writing to Fab's Letterbox asking about information on Cliff. The correspondence is terrific so Fab's fairy godmother thought it would be a super idea to arrange a date with Debbie and Cliff. Debbie's not a fanatical fan. She's a sincere admirer of Cliff's so their date was really something . . . MAUREEN HART

WHEN Fab photographer Peter Mullett and I sat in NEM's office, Debbie was already quietly weeping. She was a very dolly young girl, with the biggest blue eyes I have ever see & long hair.

A full second soon after to and all introductions were made. I could see Debbie was completely knocked out by Cliff from the start.

Debbie and Cliff's date was a slip up since at the Leicester Taverna Restaurant in Romilly Street, the very heart of London's West End.

There and Lorry went along to make sure everything went all right. But Debbie was so enveloped in Cliff's charm, that we might as well not have been there.

Debbie had a host of



things to ask Cliff, but she found that he was writing her name on the questionnaire.

"It was as if I was the deity," she said. "He was so interested in my ambitions, that I found myself talking him all about them."

The setting of the restaurant was very nice. The lights were dimmed and there were pretty windows with coloured glass which gave the place a super romantic glow.

Prior to her meeting Cliff, Debbie had asked me what she should say to him. She had hinted that she was very scared of meeting the one boy she had always dreamed about. But Cliff came up to all her expectations. I have never seen anyone so happy and enjoying herself as Debbie did that day.

The meal was marvellous. Both Debbie and Cliff raved on to big steaks, with lashings of chips and peas. Frankly I don't think Debbie would have minded what she ate. Just being with Cliff made her day.

Cliff was enjoying himself very much, too. He said that Debbie was his favourite fan and

he was going to make her an Honorary Member of his fan club.

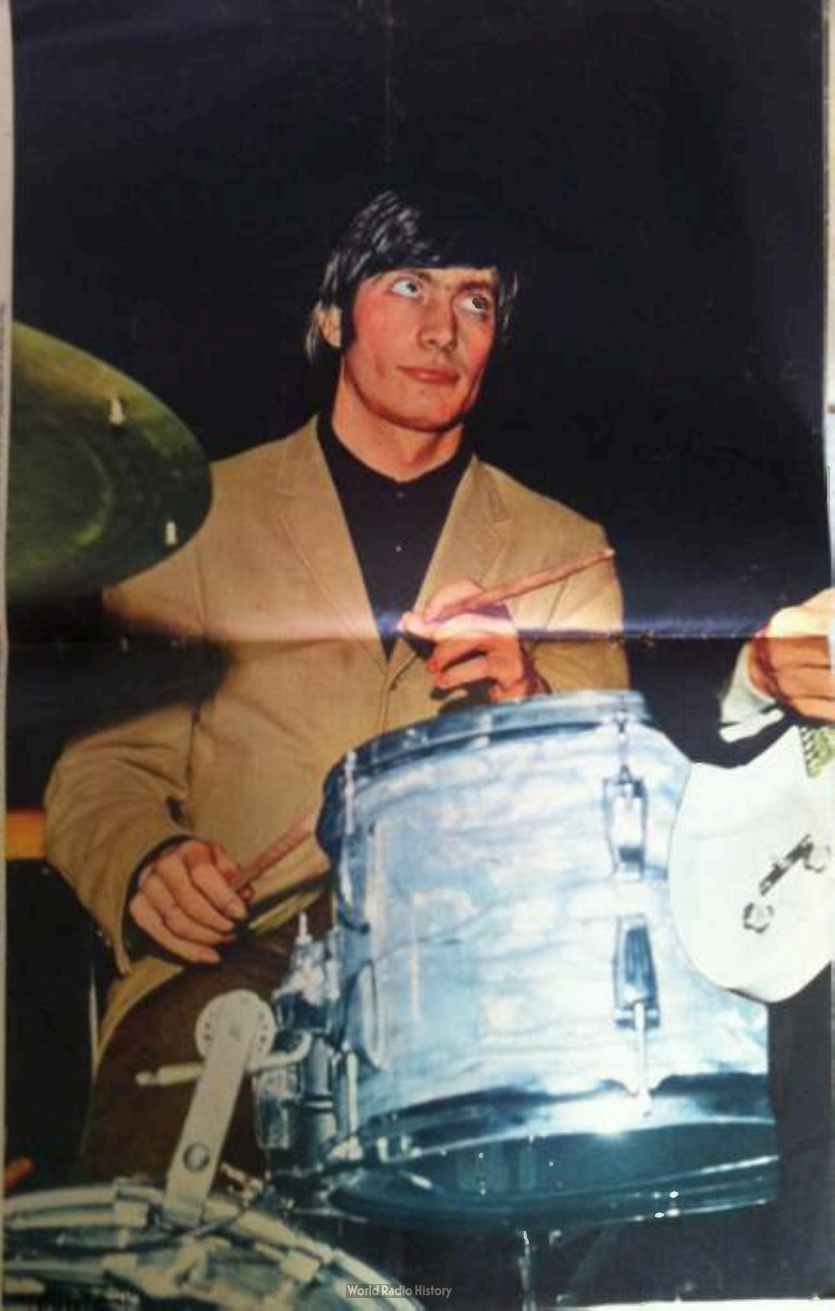
Debbie did manage to ask Cliff about his new Jaguar. "It does 120 m.p.h.," he said. "A bit different from my little old Mini." Debbie gathered Cliff is a keen car mechanic, and he likes tinkering with the engine.

However all good things come to an end, and Debbie began to realise that her dream date was almost over.

"I didn't really thank you for arranging such a wonderful surprise for me," she told me afterwards. "Thank you so much. I'll never forget what a marvellous time I had. Isn't Cliff the nicest person you have ever met?"

"Scuse me while I go and polish my wand."





SNAILS ARE THE (FOUR) MOST

WHEN FAB took the Fourmost to Dunkirk last summer, their only disappointment was that there were no snails on the lunch menu. Ever since then they have been dying to try some. To make matters worse when Cilla went to Paris with FAB's Margaret they had some snails, and kept telling the emulous Fourmost how tasty they were. Our kind-hearted Ed thought it would be a nice idea to curb the Fourmost's curiosity if a lunch was arranged—with

some nice juicy snails as the first course. The chosen restaurant was the Dolce Vita in Fifth Street, London. A favourite with many pop star names, for the simple reason the food is good and there's lots of it. However, once the Escargots (snails to you, mate) were in front of the famished Four faces dropped and noses went up. This was going to be a feast to remember.

MAUREN HART



"It's not that I don't like snails", said Brian. "It's just that I had rather a lot of Sugar Puffs for breakfast and they have left me a trifle full. Thanks for the offer anyway."



Brian doesn't look very well. I wonder if it has anything to do with Mike's slug stories. It's no use telling Brian edible snails are specially cultivated. A snail is a snail...



Billy is the Chairman of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Snails. That's why he's shedding those crocodile tears.

Mike loves them. You would think after four platefuls he would feel a little sick. He's tougher than I thought.

The STONES had a very special wish . . . to meet the Righteous Brothers . . . and their wish really did come true . . . "FAB's" JUNE SOUTHWORTH lets you in on

THE STONES GO RIGHTEOUS!



THE Rolling Stones are considerably hip people. They always know what Tomorrow's scene will be. Today, and if there's anyone worth knowing on the scene you'll find them within whistling distance of The Stones.

It wasn't at all surprising that The Stones were "in" on The Righteous Brothers before The Brothers—who are not brothers but are very good friends—hit the top with *You've Lost That Loving Feeling*.

The Stones saw The Righteous Brothers on US-TV's *Shindig!* last year and thought them "fair", which is The Stones way of saying "fantastic", "knockout" or "too much". The Brothers, Bobby Hatfield and Billy Medley, give a very soulful performance, ending up on their knees and all that. This goes very well with their faces, which are lean and hungry-looking. They sing like the best of the coloured bluesmen.

You've Lost That Loving Feeling was recorded in Hollywood with a backing of nine girl singers and fifteen musicians.

The record reached No. 1 in America and Britain . . . a feat which was predicted by Andrew Loog Oldham, who attended the session. Andrew dashed back to Britain and told The Stones that their mate "Uncle Phil" had done it again.

The Stones had taken Phil into their circle when he came over with The Ronettes, who toured with The Stones. They had crazy sessions at Regent Sound Studios in Tin Pan Alley where they cut sound records with Andrew and Phil and everyone joined in and hammered up the whole business. But they never stopped taking Phil's work as a hitmaker seriously. They never had any doubts about The Righteous Brothers making it.

Naturally, they wanted to meet The Righteous Brothers ("Righteous" was what Negro fans called their music, and the name stuck).

They had to wait until The Brothers came to Britain to promote their record. Not that the boys needed the publicity—on arrival they found that The Stones had done their job for them! Everyone knew about The Righteous Brothers.

The Five met The Two at various places. They did a *Ready, Steady, Go* together, and The Stones turned out in full force to watch them at rehearsals. Mick, Brian and Keith went to a party in their honour at Decca and talked for hours about Phil, and the American scene, and having hit records.

But even The Stones couldn't have foreseen a No. 1 hit for the boys in the face of such strong opposition from Cilla Black's *Loving Feeling*. They were in Australia when the news came through that the Americans had crashed their way to No. 1.

Bet the news had them standing on their heads. . . .



Fab The Beatles

Famous Four NEW FACTS

Every single day you ask us for more facts about The Beatles so here really is a wish come true... lots and lots of NEW facts about the famous Foursome... 50 facts to be exact



1. John flew to Hong Kong wearing pyjamas.
2. Paul has a four-year-old stepster
3. John is a cat-lover.
4. Ringo spent much of his childhood in a Cheshire hospital.
5. John used to envy his cousin Stanley's Meccano set.
6. Brian Epstein hesitated a long time before taking Ringo as a replacement for Pete Best.
7. George Harrison is frightened of flying.
8. John Lennon—the non-driver Beatle—is taking driving lessons
9. George Harrison has bought a bow and arrow.
10. He is buying a swimming pool for his Surrey home.
11. Patti Boyd didn't like The Beatles before she met them on the set of "Hard Day's Night."
12. John's father was a singer on pre-war Atlantic liners.
13. Ringo's stepfather, Harry Graves, sings Beatles songs at family parties.
14. The Beatles never visit a barber.
15. Paul washes his hair each day.
16. The Beatles turned down the offer of an appearance on the 1964 Royal Variety Show.
17. Ringo cannot swim, except for a brief "dog-paddle."
18. Brian Epstein made the Beatles have their hair cut short after he signed them in 1962.
19. They are never photographed with their hair "up."
20. Paul ate cornflakes and bacon and eggs at a champagne and caviar luncheon in December in London. Music publisher Dick James was host.
21. The Beatles didn't want to go to Australia without Ringo when he was ill. But Brian Epstein persuaded them to change their minds.
22. Paul has a Mini as well as an Aston Martin DB 4.
23. George's sister, Louise Harrison Caldwell, who lives in the U.S., has a networked radio programme in the States.
24. George's personal Xmas Card was a photograph of him scowling at camera-men
25. John never saw an audience properly until Dundee on the October Beatle tour. Then he wore contact lenses for the first time.
26. Alun Owen, the Liverpool author, is not writing the new Beatle film script, although he wrote the first one.
27. An American firm wrote to The Beatles asking if they could market their bath water at one dollar a bottle.
28. The Beatles refused the offer.
29. Each week, George Harrison's mother is phoned for a Beatle bulletin by a Los Angeles disc jockey, Dave Hull. He broadcasts the conversation "live."
30. Their road manager Mal Evans was once a bouncer at Liverpool Cavern.
31. Neil Aspinall, their other road manager, was given a Jaguar last Xmas—a present from The Beatles.
32. Paul drinks coffee for breakfast. The other three drink tea. Even in America
33. Ringo had his new clothes designed by a woman—Caroline Charles.
34. Jane Asher bought Paul a record player for his Aston Martin.
35. Brian Epstein says "America discovered Ringo."
36. Paul believes he is not a very good guitarist
37. None of The Beatles drink Scotch and Cokes. They now dilute the occasional spirit with lemonade.
38. John told an American girl journalist that U.S. fashions were five years behind the U.K.
39. The Beatles never really liked jelly babies. They just said they did for a joke.
40. They carry a crate of bottles of "pop" in the boot of their Austin Princess
41. Their new chauffeur Alf Bicknell used to drive David Niven and Cary Grant.
42. Burt Lancaster wanted to send Ringo a set of pistols. They became friends in Hollywood.
43. Burt let them use his home for a showing of Peter Sellers in "A Shot in the Dark."
44. Edward G. Robinson and his grandchild twice joined the queue to shake hands with The Beatles at their Hollywood garden party
45. So did Mrs. Dean Martin and her five children.
46. The Beatles have no pockets in their trousers and only two side pockets in their jackets. Paul designed them.
47. All they carry on them in the way of money are a few banknotes.
48. John has bought his mother-in-law a house near his own in Surrey.
49. None of The Beatles wear vests, or "undershirts."
50. Paul wants to buy a farm.

TIMOTHY QUINN

These colours are as cool as crochets in the crocheted pattern of the garment.



POWDER BLUE



PASTEL PINK



TUROUISE BLUE



FRENCH NAVY

HEY! GO CROCHET

two piece jumper suit
with crochet collar
and sleeves
cut out **39/6**

It's the chart-topping suit for Spring. It's designed for you, cut out for you, just right for you. Made from a new suit-weight fully washable fashion fabric. Great colours! You can choose: Pastel Pink, French Navy, Powder Blue, Turquoise Blue, Bermuda Beige (as illustrated). And here's the big plus that's really hot-selling. The three-quarter length sleeves and Peter Pan collar are already crocheted for you - all you have to do is sew them in the normal way. For the switched-on look this Spring, go crochet! This is a top value offer at an amazingly low price and includes easy step-by-step fully illustrated sewing instructions, all necessary interfacings, two zips and ready-made collar and sleeves, plus free postage and packing. Closing date for this offer is 15th April 1965 so send off now to be sure of your first colour choice.

BE THE FIRST THE TRENDSETTERS

Illustrated Bermuda Beige



SIZES PRICES	BUST				
	32	34	36	38	40
HIP	34	36	38	40	42
PRICE	39/6	42/-	44/-	46/-	48/-

CROCHET JUMPER SUIT OFFER. Simply fill in the coupon with BLOCK CAPITALS in ink, and send it with a postal order or cheque for the correct amount to: De Trevi, Crochet Offer, 30 Hanway Street, London, W.1. Cheques and postal orders must be crossed and made payable to De Trevi. Please print your name and address on the back of all cheques. The closing date is 15th April 1965, so hurry!

If you do not wish to cut out this coupon from the magazine, simply make an exact copy, fill it in and send it as above.

YOUR PRIVILEGE ORDER FORM

Please send me cut-out packs Bust size

I enclose P.O./cheque value

Colour choice 1st

2nd

3rd

NAME

ADDRESS

To toast Stu James, her crisp guide, Sue Deal is whisked into a hip-swinging strawberry pink linen dress with a high collar in real Chery lace. (Sambo, L3 19s. 8d.) Nice also in navy, beige, pale blue, black or turquoise.



A wish came true for 'Cinderella' Sue Deal, stranger in London—when, with the wave of a wand, FAB conjured up dandy Stu James to show her around the switched-on places in town... and a dream wardrobe, too... as if by magic.

Off to lunch with Stu James. Sue's in a half-half-sleeved, figure-flattering, ruffled dress transformed with an eye-catching sailor collar and white lace. (19s.) She carries the matching color-ful jacket (19s.), both by the same designer. (Lillemor Brown, 39s. 11d.)



WITH THE WAVE OF A WAND

So who's fooling who? She's sixteen. She's a real dishy dolly who hopes to become a model dolly. Yet, when we caught up with Sue Deal, she was curled on a couch, all alone and day dreaming.

It's simple really. "Cinderella" Sue has just jetted into London from New York—and she's a stranger in town.

"I wish, I wish," sighed Sue, "that I knew some nice boys over here. I just haven't had the chance to meet any and I don't know my way around. In New York it was different."

She thinks British clothes are "Much better than the clothes they are designing for teenagers in the States just now."

Sue's mum, Pat Goddard, was a top fashion model. So Sue knows better than most what clothes look good on a girl.

So FAB played fairy godmother, waved its wand and introduced Sue to that swoony character (and part time courier), Stu James.

"I'd like to get rid of all my own gear," said

Sue, "and start off with a nice new wardrobe. I would have all the right clothes for sight-seeing."

So whoosh went that wand again while we fitted Sue up with a super-swinging wardrobe of spring gear.

Then Sue went out on the Town for her first modelling job in Britain.

Stu introduced her to some of London's most switched-on eateries.

She showed Stu what in-girls will be wearing this spring.

In-girls play it safe with a no-nonsense dress like Sambo's fine beige wool with sassy half-belt marking a lowered waistline.

In-girls at lunch with a handsome escort play it flirty with a dress which has an eye-catching neckline.

In-girls play it sporty with one of the new trouser suits. With hers, Sue wears two-tone idlers in black leather and suede. They have a big leather and suede buckle. (Doicis 59s. 11d.)

Eating at Nick's Diner—one of the most switched-on places for nooking in London Town, clever Sue makes sure Stu haaps his eyes on her. The daffodil yellow jersey tust has a wussy neck-line and fluted cinches (Etrava, £6 19s. 6d.)

If you want to know what you can buy from a girl's clothes maker see Fashion Week 8 (Fashion Magazine) Fashion Week 8 (London £ 2 8)



Hey presto! And Sue's changed into a granny print dress which is very shifty, very red and ends in a bunch of frills at the hem. In a crisp, cool cotton, choose also from blue with a pink print and green with a pink print. (Etrava, 4 gns.)



Walking on air—Sue and Stu visit Battersea Park. Sue wears her tweed trouser suit. Slacks (£4 19s. 6d.) are in the same fabric as her lunching dress. The jacket is the same as the one she carried over her arm (5 gns.). There's a tweed skirt (£3 19s. 6d.), too. (All by Majesty.)

More magic puts Sue in a dress with a military air. Sambo, £5 19s. 6d.). It comes in a fine wool. Choose from dark brown, camel, beige and cream. The Jackie Coogan cap is in brown hessian. (Edward Mann, 25s. 11d.) Other colours available.



In-girls know the value of a no-sleeved, high-necked dress for giving a dolly a fragile look.

In-girls play it sentimental this spring with a gay Naughty-Nineties look. So for man appeal Sue settles on a jumper suit in a yummy daffodil yellow jersey.

In-girls take the dance floor in gay "granny" print dresses with swirly hemlines. They give a girl a gorgeous girl-shape.

For lunch, Stu sat the male pace wearing a reefer jacket (8 gns.) in beige needlecord with epaulettes on the shoulder and slightly waisted, and hipster slacks. From His Shop £3 5s.

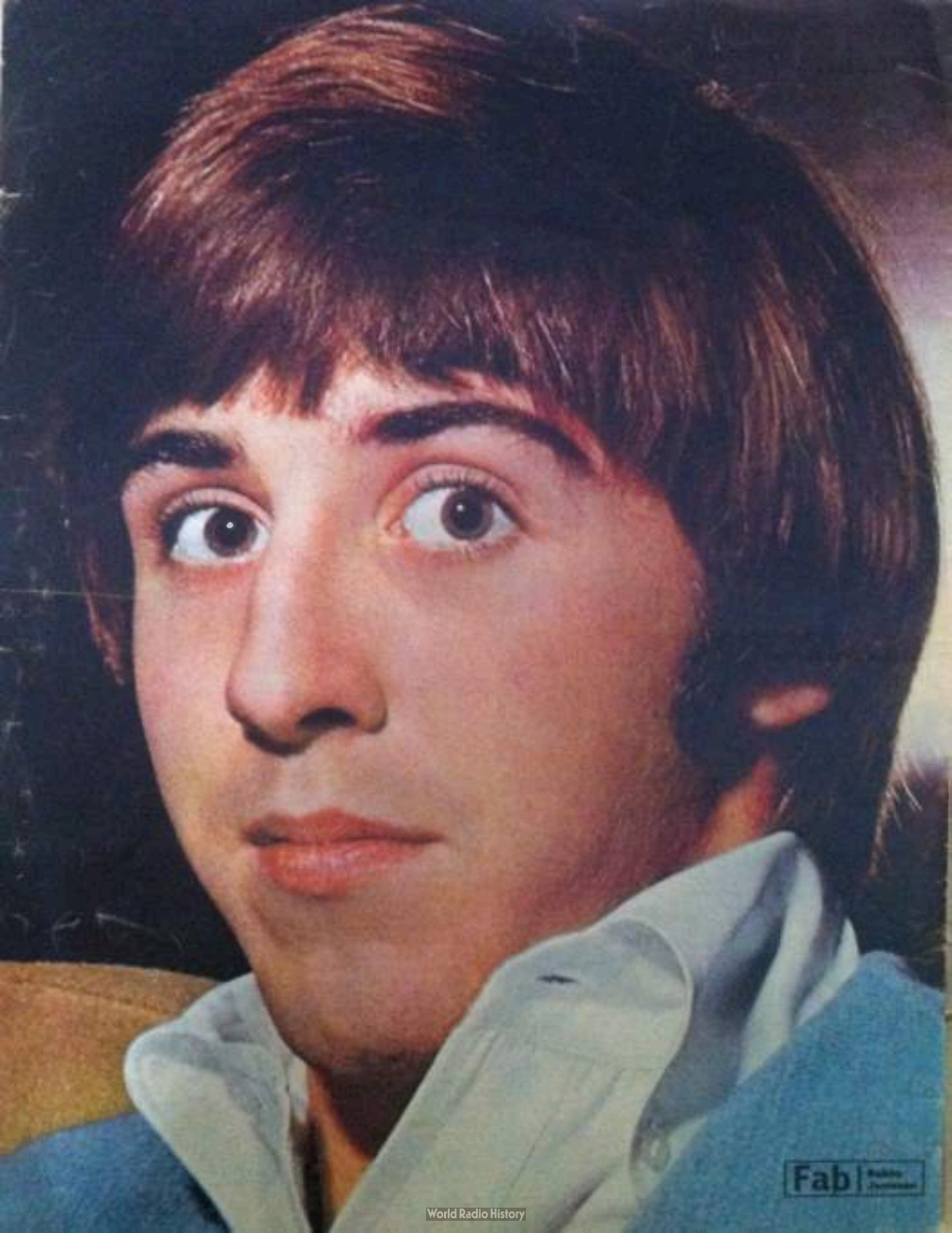
They ate at the Casserole, in London's King's Road, Chelsea, the dinerie where The Stones like to nosh.

Later, when they ate at Nick's Diner, Stu looked fine in a mod-style suit of pale grey. (His Shop, 29 gns.)

The result of all this magic was that they both looked happy ever after—and Sue had discovered the switch-on spots in town.



Pictures specially taken for FAB by Roy Round.



Fab Produced by
[unreadable]

HIGH HOPES FOR BOBBY JAMESON

This is a kind of a two-way wish come true. Ever since BOBBY burst on the pop scene in Rediffusion's *Ready, Steady, Go*, you've been writing to FAB for pictures of him, so here is dishy Bobby in colour (opposite) and the wish *he* would like to come true... by FAB'S SYLVIA

BOBBOY JAMESON'S biggest wish is to be a star. It's his wish for 1965. It was his wish for 1964. It'll be his wish for 1966—even if he does make it this year. Because no matter how big a star he becomes, he'll want to be bigger. That's how ambitious Bobby Jameson is.

Well, will Bobby's wish come true? Just how much chance does he stand of making it? He's only nineteen now, which leaves him masses of time to get to the top. But Bobby is impatient. He'll be there soon.

Not long ago, knowing that Bobby was going to be featured on *Ready, Steady, Go!*, I asked a teenager working here at Fleetway House to rush home, watch the programme and let me know what she thought of Bobby, as I'd be unable to watch myself.

"Just put your head round my office door on Monday morning and tell me what impression he made on you," I said.

She didn't wait until Monday. She dashed round to my house on Saturday morning to gasp at a still half asleep Sylvia, "He's fab! Absolutely fab!"

What did Bobby himself think of the performance?
"I was fairly satisfied with it," he told me, "but I can do better. Next time I will."

If confidence equals star quality, The Beatles had better move over right now.

But whatever it is that makes star quality, I think Bobby has it. Listen to his analytical summing up of one of his own records.

"It all happens on this disc. I think too much happens. The sound's a bit too big for my voice. I get rather lost."

Anyone who can stand back and look at their own work as clearly as that won't go far wrong. He notes his mistakes and you know he won't make the same mistakes again.

The way-out personality of this boy is no gimmick. The image of the soul searcher who sets his deepest thoughts down in pages of poetry isn't something dreamed up by a smart publicity man. Bobby really is like that. He's different. Show business has always been the right business for people who are different.

But even without this "difference" that makes him so interesting to talk to, to listen to, I'd still stick my neck out and say that this tall, slim American with the soft, fine brown hair and warm hazel eyes will make the star stakes; because the main thing a star needs is talent. That, Bobby has in spades.

Yes, I reckon 1965 will go down in Bobby Jameson's diary as the year his dearest wish came true.



The Messengers

in RECORD time

THEY call themselves The Messengers—three boys and a girl who are trying to bring back to the British pop scene the folksy kind of sound that's been missing ever since The Springfields decided to disband.

Their first disc, *I'm Stealin' Back*, created a lot of interest and I'm betting they'll do better with their latest, *When Did You Leave Heaven?* (Columbia), in which blonde girl singer Shizie Leather really "shines."

Remember Astrud Gilberto, the unknown girl who popped up unexpectedly on a Stan Getz disc, called *The Girl From Ipanema* in the middle of the bossa no craze last year?

She comes up with a new disc this week, a lovely, dreamy ballad called *Funny World* (Verve)—the most fascinating piece of singing I've heard in months.

BEST OF THE REST

Georgie Fame, who I tipped for the top more than once in this column, finally made it with his last disc, *Yeh, Yeh, and I predict that he will be just as successful with his latest, *In The Measure*—a swagy rhythm-and-blues number which I like even better.*

The Four Pennies come up with their strongest chart entry since *Juliet*—a very catchy little ditty called *The Way Of Love* (Philips).

They've slipped in the popularity stakes but *You're My Girl* shows that the Everley Brothers are still singing as well as ever. Warner Brothers.

Bo Diddley's *Hey, Good Looking*, Chess and *Born To Be Together* by The Ronettes (Decca) are a couple of electrifying performances.

American Vikki Carr, who knocked everyone out in a recent Sunday Night At The London Palladium show—displaying her enormous talent in *Forget You*, Liberty and newcomer *Adrienne*. Porter makes a really impressive disc with *He Doesn't Love Me* (Decca).

Also worth spinning are Petula Clark's *I Know A Place* (Pye), *Just For The Boy* by Lesley Duncan (Mercury) and *A Song Called Soul* by the Laurie Jay Combo (Decca).

KEN BOW

FABWORD ...

GAS					BLACK
TOM					NAIL
FRENCH					PIT
PRINTER'S					WORSHIP
CART					CHAIR
POLAR					GARDEN
PEAR					OFF
HOT					COLLAR
LIVE					WORM
STAFF					MAID
TEAR					RING

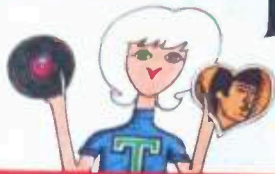
To solve the puzzle, simply complete the diagram with words such that each word can be added to the word printed on the left to form another word, well-known phrase or name. In the same way, if your word is placed in front of the word on its right, this will also make a well-known word, phrase or name.

For example, the first missing word is JET which, when added to the words on its left and right, gives GAS JET and JET BLACK.

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



SIX MORE POP PICTURES FROM Ty-Phoo TEA!



Thousands of people have already obtained framed pictures of their favourite pop stars and won 'Top Six' discs. Now there are six new pictures to choose from!

SIX NEW PICTURES TO CHOOSE FROM!

Because of its fabulous success we are extending the run of this special free offer. Here are the six new top pop stars or groups which are now included in the series. Choose your favourites.



See full details on the side of every Ty-Phoo Tea packet. Here is the offer:

FREE FRAMED POP STARS

A colour print of any of these 12 pop stars or groups in a heart-shaped frame free from Ty-Phoo. Just collect numbers 1 to 12 of the heart-shaped symbols on Ty-Phoo Tea packets and send them in.

WIN A 'TOP SIX' DISC

With every framed Pop Star print there is enclosed an entry form for a simple Pop Competition. A different competition every month—two 'Top Six' discs to be won each time.



Full details on every Ty-Phoo packet—start collecting now!

ONCE
UPON
A WISH COME
TRUE FAIRY STORY
by Sylvia Stephen
TIME

there was a boy with white-blond hair. His name was Peter. He lived in Manchester and he wanted to be famous.

He had a very happy life at home with his mother, father and elder sister. Dad was an accountant and life was quite comfortable. One day, Peter's dad bought him a toy horse with pedals. It was white with brown markings, and the pedals were red. Peter loved his horse, and all the other children envied him such a beautiful toy. But Peter would have traded in the horse willingly, if doing so would have made his name known all over England.

"One day," he used to say to himself, as he pushed the red pedals up and down and guided the horse along the street, "I'll be really famous. Everyone will know me."

His mum and dad didn't laugh at his dreams. Dad may secretly have wanted Peter to become an accountant like himself, and certainly both he and Peter's mum planned to give their son the best start they could. . . . But so long as Peter was happy, they didn't mind what he became. (note read on)



There was a gramophone at the house in Man. Peter and Peter loved to watch the records go round and round on the turntable. He loved to listen to the music and try to learn the words of the songs. One evening, long after his parents had gone to bed, Peter sneaked to the gramophone and switched it on. Far into the night he sat there listening to the records. They were all discs by the then very popular American group called The Ink Spots. By the time Peter finally crept off to bed, he knew every word of every song on every one of those records.

A few weeks later, he got the chance to show what he'd learned. His parents took him to Wales, and there was a talent contest at a nearby hall. Peter entered the contest. All of five years old, he stood up on the stage and sang *Tidly Winkly Winkly Winkly, Wink*.

"When he I sung, he climbed from the stage and ran to his mother.

"I'm going to win," he told her confidently.

"Then I'd be famous!"

His mother parted the white-blond hair and said, "Of course, dear."

But Peter didn't win. A man who'd done a

with puppets did. Peter was very disappointed.

He had quite a long journey to school each day, especially when he was going to St Bede's College. Three buses he had to catch—the 23, the 53 and the 62. He'd sit in the front seat and stare out of the window at the people on the pavement.

"One day," he told himself, "they'll know who I am. I won't be able to travel on buses then. Everyone will recognise me and it would be embarrassing to have them all staring at me."

Still, he didn't know what kind of fame he'd have. He remembered enjoying that talent contest a few years ago. He hadn't been at all wowed when he I stood up to sing. Maybe that would be interesting. Show business, anyway.

The idea was strengthened when he started attending Manchester School of Music for piano lessons. It was strengthened even more when Granada TV, searching for a young boy who could sing, came across Peter and put him into an episode of *Kismet Evans*.

At last, Peter was on his way. Another acting part on TV followed, and he also rounded up with a pop group called The Heartbeats. They got themselves a manager, who changed their name, found them bookings, and sent a cable to a recording manager in London.

"Come to Manchester and discover a great group," the cable said. With it was a return air ticket to Manchester and a hotel reservation.

The recording manager rose to the bait and went to Manchester. He heard the great group soon afterwards, he recorded them. The disc went to Number One in the charts. Peter's wish came true. He was famous.

Oh, there's one thing I forgot. The group called The Heartbeats—their name's now changed to The Hermits. And Peter changed his name too—to Herman.

And they all lived happily ever after.



TONY HALL'S LETTER BOX



Hi! Tom and Mo here, what a week we have had here. Now all our Fab Nights are over we can get down to some real work again. Just who am I trying to kid? We always have a ball here; mind you we do keep our noses to the grind, otherwise Mo gets stuck beneath a pile of your letters, and it takes us a week to get her out. Never mind, on to this week's batch.

CHARLIE THE BIRD

Anne Dodds of Bradford writes: Could you please tell me the name of the book Charlie Watts of the Stones wrote?

The book is called *Our Lu A High Flying Bird and is about Charlie Parker the late great saxophonist. The book is published by Best Publications and is only 75p. Charlie also did all the clever illustrations in the book as well as the writing. One Charlie about another eh?*



SHAVER GERRY

John Coates of Dunstable writes: Does Gerry Marston shave with an electric shaver or not?

Yes John, Gerry does use an electric razor. It is a battery-operated one because when he is on tour he doesn't have to worry about plugs and things.



HERMAN HEARTBEAT

Herman's back again with a letter from Miriam Levine of Manchester. She writes: Can you tell me if Herman's record *Can't You Hear My Heartbeat* is on the L.P., and what is their E.P. called please?

Maureen: Well I'm afraid I can't tell you. Herman's new LP released in L.P. and S.P. format is a full 20 of our first burst. Herman's E.P. is also available on a 10 gram 45. It is a 45 version of a single in this disc either. I think you that the fans will buy record. E.P. 99.

RINGO RING

Madeline Cramer of Bedfordshire writes: What size ring does Ringo wear, please?

Maureen: It's a pity Madeline that we don't buy Ringo's sizes. If she sees a ring in a shop and she likes it in he goes and tries it on. If it fits he buys it, but if not he just has it made smaller or bigger. He actually doesn't know his finger measurement!

PENNY CAR

Felicia Matherson of Middlesex writes: What type of cars do the Four Pennies drive, please?

Maureen: Lone Motor has an electric blue Jaguar. Fritz Fryer has a white Vauxhall van. Alan Duck has a Morris 1000 and Mike Walsh is still in the throes of buying himself a new one.



WORDS AND MUSIC

Sylvia Moor of Eastbourne asks: In the Lennon-McCartney song team, who writes the music and the lyrics?

Maureen: It varies Sylvia. If Paul strums out a couple of notes on his guitar and John can follow it, it soon turns into a tune. The same with the words. John might mumble something and Paul fixes it to the tune. It is a very varied set up, but I am sure you will agree that it's great!

LANCASHIRE FAME

John Rigley of Preston, Lancs. writes: In one of your issues you stated George Fane was a Mancunian, well he isn't, he was born in Leigh, near Wigan!

You are perfectly right John. George was born in Leigh.

Everyone seems to want to claim George now, including London who say they discovered him in the dancing club. So who's right?

Going on about George, Mary Wells of Northumberland wants to know what sorts of animals

George likes, whether he reads a lot and what sort of books he likes to read.

Maureen: Well, George goes in for unusual things, like old films and bush babies. He hasn't any strong opinions on things like that. Though he has always wanted a bush baby.

As for his reading, George reads extensively, but he likes to read fiction, books on the great jazz musicians, some novels, and books about James Bond. It's James Bond too, which is another thing we have in common. How about it?



WHOOPS! WE'VE BOOED

Boy, are we in trouble with fans of The Poets! So did how it happened. I could be we've a short of space and some wasn't printed that week (as you may have noticed) some weeks we have more than others. But we've missed meeting the Poets. So to please fans we've got to do something. As fans of Motherwell's a bit like the Poets, I'd like to see us well mentioned in the next issue.

Tony Miles a rhythm guitarist with The Poets. He is also the brain behind the band's last arrangements which make their music sound so different. That's because Tony and The Stones' recording manager, Andrew Oldham, got their heads (all hair) together on Poets disc dates.

Tony is just five and a half years old (born 11th January 1943) and the oldest Poet. I drew Oldham let me Tony's other great asset to the group is the fact that he is an accountant. He helps out with the other boys' tax troubles. Think they'll need him more than ever soon. It is the way they're going they should soon be earning lots of lovely loot. Tony comes originally from Douglas Isle of Man and is 6 ft. Quite a bit!

Affraid that's all... you can write to us at FABULOUS, Fleetway House, Farnborough Street, London, E.C.4, but don't forget a S.A.E.

WHO'S who this week

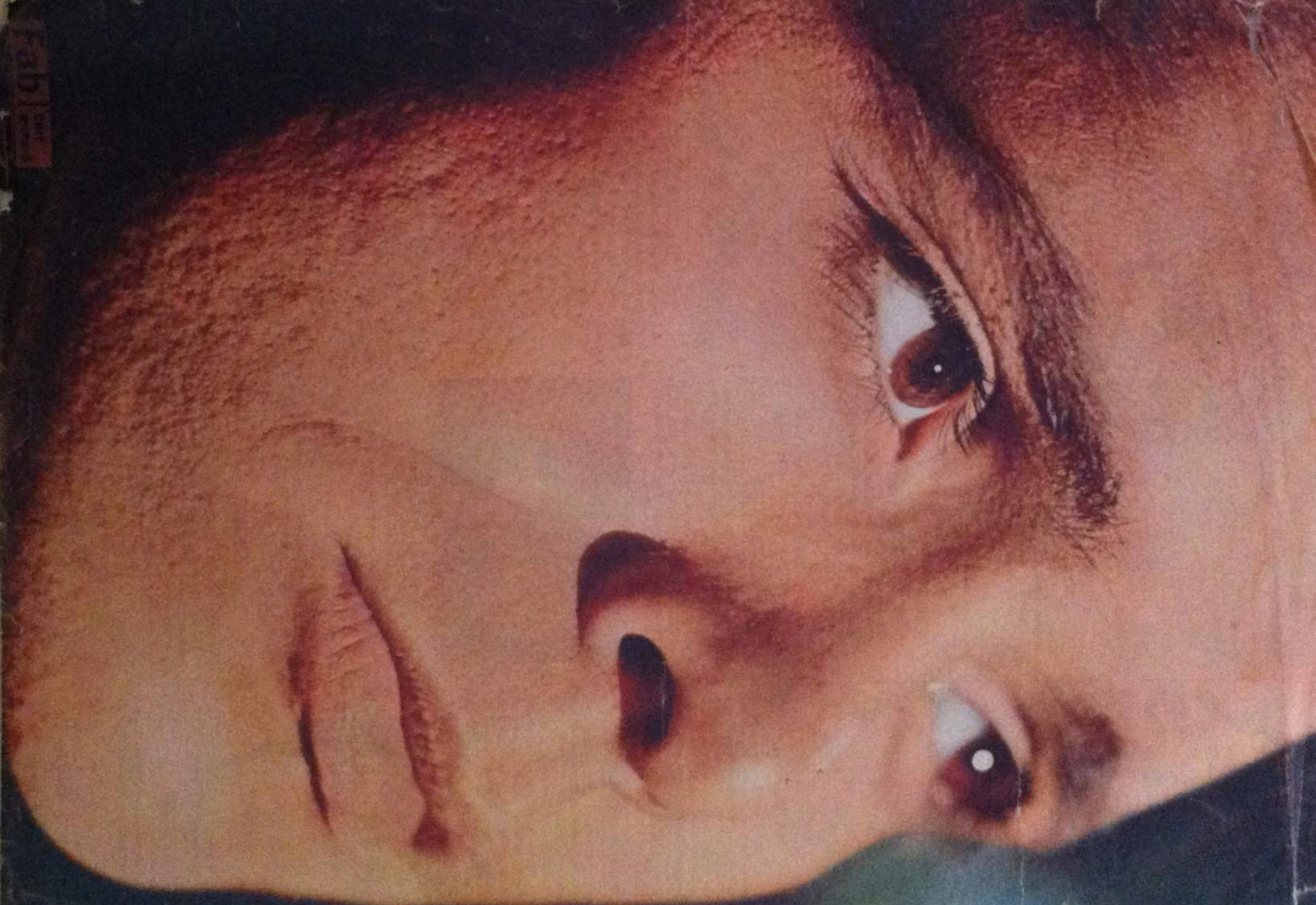


THE ANIMALS
Left to right: Alan Price, Dave Davies, Eric Burdon, Ray Davies



THE FOUNDATIONS
Left to right: Bill Wyman, Billy Preston, Steve Cropper, Mike Bloomfield

THE ANIMALS: Left to right: Alan Price, Dave Davies, Eric Burdon, Ray Davies. THE FOUNDATIONS: Left to right: Bill Wyman, Billy Preston, Steve Cropper, Mike Bloomfield.



1950