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8th JANUARY 1966

Fabulous

WRITTEN BY YOU

Every word by Fab Readers

**KING SIZE FULL COLOUR PIN-UPS OF
RYAN BROTHERS • DUSTY • MERSEYBEATS • BILLY FURY
P. J. PROBY • FORTUNES + SPECIAL COLOUR OF STONES
+ PART I GIANT BEATLES' POSTER—THIS WEEK GEORGE HARRISON**



hi there. Now aren't you all clever girls! Every word except the odd bits and pieces of introduction from the FAB gang in this issue has been written by YOU—our readers. And a marvellous job you've made of it.

So much so that I don't want those of you whose work isn't in this issue not to be disappointed. The standard of what you had to say was so high that WE WILL BE RUNNING ONE "READERS' WRITE" PIECE A WEEK FROM NOW ON. So—keep cheerful, those of you who don't find your work in the following pages. You might be lucky soon. . . .

And congratulations to you all.



Luv and stuff,
THE ED.

HIT-AB!



FABULOUS, of course) and my camera. I knocked on the door and heard an animal-type growl and footsteps thundering down the stairs.

The door was opened and there he stood. He looked startling, dressed in a brilliant red polonecked sweater and white trousers with that gorgeous black hair falling over his deep grey eyes.

For a moment I was stunned into silence, not believing that Dave Davies was right there in front of me. I managed to speak: "Please can you sign this picture—you-know-my-brother-I-think-you-latest-record-is-great." I mumbled all in one breath, producing a comic cheque that he and Ray had written out specially for me.

He studied it for a moment, a faint smile crossing his face. He handed it back then asked for a light for his cigarette. I handed him a box of matches with KINKS FOR EVER printed on them. He started to ask me something but just then his mother called to him to come and have his dinner. At this I must have looked pretty sad, because he said in a kind voice: "Come back later on."

So, later on I went once again to his house. This time he had on a white shirt and a black sweater but he wasn't quite ready so he showed me into the front room.

I looked around the room eagerly. On the settee lay two identical white guitars and a large pile of sheet music. Turning to the fireplace, I noticed an unopened letter addressed to Dave and above this four felt Gonks with each Kink's name embroidered neatly on them.

Then Dave came back and interrupted my gazings.

"Where's that picture you want me to sign?" he said. I gave it to him and he began to write "To ———". Then he looked up. "I'm sorry, I've forgotten your name."

Well, I'd heard he is always forgetting things so it was quite understandable. "Jayne," I replied,

"with a Y." Then he signed "To Jayne, lots of love Dave Davies. xxx" I noticed the three kisses on the bottom and silently wished they were on me and not the paper.

Then I asked him if I could take a photo of him and he said: "Sure love." So I took two photos.

I walked away from Dave's house sadly, but I still had the signed picture and the photos. My favourite star, and I'd met him! I'd actually met him!

Rita Firman who is sixteen wrote to tell us about the way she was late for work.

Every morning I take the tube to work, she says, and one morning I shall never forget is the morning I got in the train, sat down, and found that sitting right

opposite me was—Paul Jones. He was reading a newspaper and I could hardly believe my eyes.

I sat there wondering if I should make a fool of myself if I asked for his autograph and it turned out that he was just somebody who looked very much like him.

My wondering was brought to a standstill when Paul stood up and prepared to leave the train at the next station. I had another two stations to go and was becoming flustered, wondering what to do, but as I saw the doors glide open, I found myself dashing after Paul.

I called out his name and he stopped and turned round. I asked him for his autograph and very nicely he agreed. I gave him a biro and my book and he started to make his way up the escalator. I called to him: "I can't come up there." I wasn't supposed to get off at this station, really.

He laughed and came back. As he attempted to sign I noticed he was having trouble with my biro. He was clicking it frantically but just couldn't get it to work. I shall never forget the amazed look on his face when I took it, gave it one click and gave it back to him in working order.

Eventually he gave me his autograph, complete with a Ban The Bomb symbol, and before having to dash off, he spoke to me for a few minutes. Soon I realised I was late and he waved to me as he went up the escalator—I still found it hard to believe that I'd actually met him.

Listen to what happened to a friend of sixteen year old Annette Gray's. Annette comes from New Malden.

ONCE upon a time a friend of mine was driving down one of the roads in London in her firm's green Mini when this large black car pulls out of a turning and dents the side of her car.

Well, she thought, CHEEK, and

I've been fired! ! ! ! (But only temporarily, thank heavens!) I've been taken over for the week by two Picture Editors from Chesham in Bucks. As this is "Readers' Only-type" issue Maureen O'Brian and Pat Brackley (see pic above) chose all the photos while I just sat and twiddled my thumbs, and made them coffee, and got the files out for them, and . . . I've never worked so hard in my life! Still, back to normal for next week.

SHEENA

THIS WEEK YOU TAKE OVER OUR GOSSIP

I WENT up to London on Thursday to meet one of my fave raves, writes fifteen year old Jayne Anderson from Abingdon, Berkshire. It was Dave Davies of The Kinks. Luckily my brother was living round the corner from Dave at that time and knew him well.

I walked up the path leading to Dave's house armed with a giant double-page pic of Dave (out of



Fifteen year old Kate from Leicester sent us this cheerful picture of her with Geoff Turton from The Rockin' Berries. She tells us that she has Geoff's chip paper and the pic as a souvenir.



Christine Edge from Maes-y-Bryn, North Wales, is nineteen years old. She sent us this very professional piece about The Merseybeats. Christine is the lucky winner of a ten guinea cheque.

MERSEYBEATS

WONDER whether The Merseybeats have ever considered changing their name... to MerseyEATS!!! Nosh certainly ranks high in their own personal charts and throughout the last time I met Tony Crane was one of the main topics of conversation.

A Merseybeat day, I found out, begins when they regain consciousness after being shaken violently and continually. All four have getting out of bed and have to be dragged bodily from their place of slumber. Being partial to an early morning cup of tea, a consolation cuppa awaits them on rising.

"We're spoilt really," said Tony. "But we're so marked at having to get up that it's a necessity!"

"I'm told no-one resorts to the cruelty of a wet sponge but the occasional starting pistol fired by one of the group ends any hope of 'five minutes more'."

Rising time is generally in the nine or ten o'clock region though sometimes it has to be as early as five if there's a long journey ahead. Tony was obviously not keen as the latter happened judging by the face he pulled.

Having eventually and reluctantly got up, drunk the tea and come round to join the world of the living, the first movement is towards a wash basin or preferably, if possible, a shower, if more acceptable.

Suitably refreshed and clean, and having donned the first clothes to come to hand, it's down to breakfast with a rush. Tony can generally manage four or five poached eggs while the other three indulge in egg, bacon, tomato, sausage, etc., etc., all followed by a considerable quantity of toast. (Don't invite The Merseybeats to breakfast. They eat too much!)

"We're always hungry at breakfast," claimed Tony. (An understatement if ever there was one!)

An hour or so later ("It always takes us about an hour for breakfast," he said), having eaten their fill (figuratively—I mean for the moment) they can usually find time for a spot of shopping.

A tour round the local shops buying anything that takes their fancy and "generally wasting money" (Tony's words, not mine) results in the purchase of the oddest items. On one trip they returned with four bugles and two duck-billed horns (which Aaron kindly blew down my ear). I'm still waiting for the introduction of bugles into The 'Beats' repertoire.

Do they always do their own shopping?

"Yes, apart from shirts which we have specially made," answered Tony. "Most of our money goes into the two limited companies we have. From our weekly earnings we allow ourselves about £50 each for spending. This mainly goes on clothes, again nothing special, just anything that takes our fancy."

They have a group van, driven by Robbie, for transporting the gear round and a car for transporting themselves, but John bought himself a natty automatic Jag and Tony treated himself to a Ford Galaxie (which I believe is his third car).

Only occasionally do they have to trouble British Railways as they usually find the car satisfactory although where possible, plane transport is much quicker and simpler.

Before setting out on a journey, they stock up well by spending about 10s. each on sweets and chocolate "just to keep us going," if there is a chance of stopping for a meal, so much the better.

"Always Chinese food," Tony told me. (Hint to Readers: Next time you are in a Chinese restaurant, look around. There may be a Merseybeat sitting nearby!)

"We like to arrive at a venue about two hours early, then we can set up the gear and go for a meal," he continued. "This group is always thinking of their stomachs," I thought, then Tony remarked, "We only usually manage to get one good meal a day... I must say little thoughts of diaboliel run through my tiny mind."

After the concert when all the screaming fans have gone home and all the autograph hunters at the stage door have been satisfied, The Merseybeats head for their hotel.

Tired? Worn out? Exhausted!

Not them! They spend a few hours playing records and drinking gallons of tea. Can't beat the ole cuppa cha!

Eventually they do turn in for a few hours kip, before setting off to conquer fresh fields, TV appearances, interviews, or perhaps a lightning visit home which they manage to fit in every fortnight or so.

"Nothing to match the substance of good, home cooking," concluded Tony.

Where's my Mrs. Beeton's!



This article was sent in by fifteen-year-old Marion Stimpson of Leamington Spa, Warwickshire, who wins herself a ten guinea cheque, which is very nice!



WHEN I first saw Dave Berry on "Top of the Pops," at the time *The Gypsy Queen* was number one on the charts, he didn't appeal to me at all. I did not think I could like him—but then I had not been lucky enough to meet him.

I had a surprise meeting with him a few weeks later, just over a year ago. My first introduction was in his dressing room, he was sitting alone with his head in his hands, very tense before going on stage, wondering if he would go down well. There was no need for him to worry, everybody agreed he was great, and he certainly made a hit with me.

We arranged to meet the next day to look around the shops in two nearby towns. We visited the ruins of the old castle, where I took some photographs. Dave bought a sweater and looked, without any luck, for a pair of size twelve shoes. Then we had a meal together.

Dave was recognised and asked for his autograph. He was very polite and signed for everybody. Luckily for me I did not fall madly in love with him because he was a famous pop star. I was quite at ease with him, and treated him as I would any other boy.

Then to my great dismay that time came for him to go. He had to appear in another town more than a hundred miles away. We exchanged addresses and telephone numbers, and parted, I thought probably for ever, and that he would turn on the charts with some other girl in the next town.

I saw Dave again about ten weeks later, when he appeared at a local theatre. In the meantime he had phoned, and I had written to him. It was arranged that I should meet Keith, his road manager, in the foyer. Dave drove us home to my house where he stayed overnight. As usual he was hungry. We devoured a chicken and salad, and as Keith didn't want his salad Dave got paid to do a stew.

He is very fond of his mother and his sister, Julia, he always phones them as soon as he arrives at my home. He worried a great deal over his mother's recent illness.

He spent a week-end with us in December, and promised another visit on New Year's Day. I received a telephone call to say that he was not feeling well, and wouldn't be coming, what a disappointment! A few days later I had a lovely surprise.

Mother opened the door to find Keith standing there and Dave sitting in his car, perched over his car collar. He left later with my sister's old school scarf as he had lost his own and was feeling the cold.

It would take too long to tell of all the happy times I have had with Dave. He loves long walks, and always finds a long stick to take with him. He comes to life in the early hours of the morning, and loves to listen to his current car in records.

Last March he spent three week-ends running at my home. He had been for two week-ends (very proudly showing off his new car), and he promised to come the next week. It was during that week that he was unlucky enough to lose his driving licence, so I was not really expecting him. Dave is very sincere and would not let anybody down in spite of being very busy. He arrived just like he said he would. His group dropped him at my home, and Dave took a taxi to his next engagement, thirty-five miles away.

I have many happy memories; photographs, and a close-film taken on one of his visits. How my friends envy me!

I saw him at the end of June, recording "Thank Your Lucky Stars," in Birmingham, and singing, *You've Got This Strange Effect On Me*. He told me that he was going to Belgium to take part in a song contest. Due to his success in that contest he has become a great star on the Continent.

I have not seen him for a few months, but I am glad that he has made it above all. It was not his big ambitions. He is a nice, unaffected boy with a unique set and great personal charm.

Almost his last word to me were: "I'll telephone you when I am coming to London with you again."

I'm sure his will, because he always keeps his promises, and has never let me down.

So let it be soon DAVE.



These pix of Dave Berry were sent in by nineteen-year-old Valerie Johnson of Queensbury, Yorks. She wins £3 3s.

Tony Crane with seventeen-year-old Priscilla Davies of Stokeham, South Devon, who sent us this picture. It was her a handy three guineas.

Eighteen years old
Came a way of
Chelsea, London, sent
us this story—it wins
her £10 10s. 0d.

It was funny really, how I came to meet my "Sigh Guy" Billy Fury...

My friend Linda and I would never have met Billy if we hadn't gone to Great Yarmouth to see the last show of his summer season and if we hadn't paid a visit to Larry Parnes' rented house there. Billy wasn't home, but a fella at the house chatted to us and much to my delight, he gave me a long strip of Yarmouth matches which belonged to Billy. Linda then wanted something of Billy's and set her heart on having his cricket bat from the back of the house! So we wasted nine hours just for the bat... but the fella still wouldn't give it to her.

We made up for that disappointment by telling us that Billy would be at Shepperton Studios the following morning to that Monday. We went to Shepperton. (It was determined to meet Billy that took all my Fury records, autograph book, pile of him plus the matches!) We arrived at the studios at eleven o'clock and the stereo looking guard outside the gates informed us that Billy had left.

This we refused to believe, so we set ourselves down on the grass outside and waited. Each time a car passed us to go into the studios, we held up my records for them to see and shouted, "Tell Billy we're waiting!"

Five cars drove on for an hour, and then another studio guard told us Billy was filming in a field a mile away. So we set off... and we walked... and walked... and walked. After having walked miles we decided that the guard must have been trying to get rid of us. So we walked back to the studios. Exhausted, we sat down on the grass and held up the records to the passing motorists again.

About three o'clock, a car stopped and the driver asked us what we were doing. We explained we were waiting to see Billy and wouldn't budge until he had. He told us that we were wasting our time. He'd driven

Billy to his location spot early that morning. It was at Barkers Farm, with a Church Steeple nearby. We didn't have the energy to walk another step, so we got a lift. We easily spotted the Church Steeple but no one had heard of Barkers Farm! Fortunately we found it, though, and standing outside, we saw lots of big cameras and spotlights and things, and people everywhere.

I was too scared to walk in, so Linda said, "I'm going!" She later told me she marched straight up to Billy, looked at him and then burst into tears. He told her to sit down and not to worry. When she told him it was waiting outside, too scared to go in, he told her to fetch me.

After a bit of a struggle, she dragged me in, and we started to watch Billy filming until six o'clock that night.

During our stay Billy came over to us and chatted whenever he wasn't needed on the set. By this time I couldn't make out whether or not I was dreaming—I'd gone pitchless.

And it was almost too much when a photographer on the set asked us if we would pose for some photographs with Billy!

Billy told us we could go back the following day, so we went and stayed there from ten-thirty in the morning until seven-thirty that night. Before leaving, Billy gave Linda his box of matches to keep to make up for his cricket bat, which he said she could have had if he'd known she'd wanted it so badly.

Yes, Billy Fury's definitely the nicest person I've met, and I am likely to meet. Whenever I look at my autographed pic on my bedroom wall, play my records and look in my autograph book and see written the words "All my love and thoughts, Billy Fury!" I know that no matter what happens, he'll always be in MY thoughts.

Nineteen year-old
Brenda Vera Eagles of
Kenil Risa, London,
sent us this feature—
she wins £10 10s. 0d.

P.J. PROBY

● How I met P. J. Proby was really an incredible stroke of luck; my friend and I had been great admirers of his talent for over a year.

Managing to obtain his address which was then at a Chelsea Mews Cottage, we decided to try and pay him a visit. Not really dreaming he would be at home we set off at about 6.30 p.m.

It was on a very cold night of last winter. After travelling for about three hours in the snow we arrived at about 9.30 p.m.

Gingerly we knocked on the door. We had hoped for a glimpse or maybe an autograph from P. J., but our amazement who should answer the door but P. J. personally! He said: "Holy mackerel! You gals sure look mighty cold. Come in and warm yourselves."

We were so thrilled that we could easily have fallen down in our tracks.

As we sat down by the huge roaring fire getting warm again, we felt exhilarated by the warmth of P. J.'s kindness.

We looked round the elaborately furnished lounge. Every piece of furniture was a superb antique. I felt as if suddenly I had stepped into a page of history with P. J., as a Knight of the Round Table. Only one thing brought me back to reality and that was two guitars in the corner, but I quickly imagined to myself that they were lutes so nothing would be spoiled.

from the yardbirds

YOU have just been invited to join a photo-session with five of the grooviest guys in showbiz. You are going to meet the YARDBIRDS at Speakers' Corner's o'clock. Sharp.

Well, there you are at three o'clock. Sharp! No Yardbirds. You are standing alone in the middle of the big concrete square. It's blowing a cold, wet wind and Speakers' Corner has never before looked so awfully big and empty.

Three-fifteen a reporter arrives. No Yardbirds. Three-thirty another reporter arrives with a few friends. Still

no Yardbirds. Three-forty-five, by now a big crowd has gathered. They must have sensed something is going to happen. So they all stand around waiting though they don't know for what. But you know and you are getting more and more impatient.

Hey, wait a second! You see a big yellow man on a pair of blue-clad shoulders. Isn't that Keith Relf? And the dark-haired boy with him? It must be Jeff Beck. It is! At last, they have arrived.

You walk over and say "Hello" and you are met by big, friendly smiles. Who cares that they were over an hour late!

Now they are here they start the action at once. A saxophone is played under the dripping trees and Keith jumps up on it with a megaphone in his mouth. The subjects under discussion are many and various. Then someone mentions that Keith Relf should get the M.B.E. before

Mick Jagger. Waa! It's Keith Relf's voice saying that?

The sun breaks through the clouds and the photographer snaps away like mad. The onlookers are standing at a respectful distance, but you find yourself standing between Jim McCarty and Chris Dreya having a nice chat. You look up—straight into Keith's gorgeous, smiling eyes. Very discreetly, you pinch yourself in the arm just to make sure you're not dreaming.

But time passes fast and suddenly the session is over. The boys rush off to another appointment, the onlookers drift away and soon Speakers' Corner is empty again. But now you don't feel the cold wind or mind the rain. You just feel the warmth of five nice smiles, five sweet personalities, five really talented guys. And it isn't a dream either. It could happen to you. After all, it happened to me. I'll never forget them.

The GREAT Yardbirds.



Picture sent in by Ian Stewart of Co. Derry, Northern Ireland. It wins him 3 guineas.

Sipping a hot drink we fired questions at P. J., all of which he answered with great patience and confidence.

One question I asked was did he get constantly bothered to the point of exhaustion with fans like us calling. He replied: "I owe my career to my fans, and if I can't show a little hospitality when they go to so much trouble such as you have to come and see me, then really I do not think I could live with myself."

How different P. J. was from all the things papers have quoted him to be—such as being abusive, selfish, arrogant. One knows after meeting him that he is none of these things. He is kind, polite, thoughtful and gentle. In other words he certainly is "Gentleman Jim."

When we left, we walked through the blinding snow not noticing it was cold or hot because inside we felt so happy—who would not be after meeting such a gentleman as "James Marcus Smith" alias P. J. Proby (our idol)?

Christina Davidson,
20, from Gothenburg,
Sweden, wins £10 10s. 0d.
for her story about The Yard-
birds and £3 3s. 0d. for her pic.





BEATLES

Nineteen-year-old Ruth Ann Moore from Kansas City, U.S.A. and her sister Judy, tell us about the time they flew from Kansas City to Chicago to see The Beatles in action. They win two Guinness.

"The alarm clock shattered my dreams with its viciousness, and half asleep, I groped for it, rubbed my eyes and sat up straight. "Judy," I pounced my sleeping sister's shoulder, "wake up, you sloth. We'll miss the plane."

"Plane?" she mumbled. "Plane? Oh, good gravy The Beatles!" she yelled. "We're going to see The Beatles today!"

The clock hands pointed to four-thirty. Outside the sun hadn't begun to gild gold on the buildings. We dressed hastily, clumsily, hearts pounding, mouths dry. My hands shook as I pulled on white lace stockings, black mod dress, slanted on a gold suede John Cap and standing up, thrust feet into square toed Mr. Beetles. Judy's outfit was identical to mine. We could have passed for twins.

"Things were almost too hectic as we rode in the cab to the airport, fog beginning to lift from the skyscrapers of Kansas City. Paul. My heart was already beginning to beat hard at the thought of Paul.

I did love him.

Judy poked me. "Oh, stop moaning. You'll get but yet. Wait and see."

I hoped she was right. We'd nicknamed Paul "But" after that scene in *Mardi Days* *Night* where Paul is reading Ringo's invitation and says "Champagne buffet" and looks adorable.

We caught the plane at 6:45 and settled back for the trip to Chicago. Neither of us had flown before and Judy was petrified. I thought the whole thing a real giggle, especially the Honey-Buns for breakfast. "Paul's my honey-bun." I said and received a dirty glance. "Well, I know for a fact you love Whoopy Crane Harrison," I said. Judy looked morosely out of the window.

"I know I love that insane Crane, I love, love that Crane."

It was almost 9:00 when the plane landed in Chicago. We found a newspaper which surprisingly enough told the motel at which The Beatles were staying, so we got a cab and went out there.

The motel was far from downtown Chicago, almost in the country.

There were no kids there and only one extremely tall, rather forlorn looking policeman in the lobby, although we did spot signs proclaiming BEATLE RECORDS FOR SALE HERE.

We walked around to a newer addition in back, past the empty, cold swimming pool and finally discovered about fifty or sixty girls and boys, all mod-types and long-haired. They were gazing adoringly at the top windows. About six burly armed policemen were guarding the glass doors that led inside, and nothing in our power could get us inside.

We crept around to the back, but only more policemen were there; it seemed that every door and window that led to this Ivory Tower was not only heavily

pedicoted but guarded as well.

So daunted and sick inside, we joined our group at the window. Suddenly on the roof appeared a tall skinny boy in purple lacy Merseybeat-style shirt, with a ladder and two girls. We watched with held breaths, hoping they'd make it, and I think they would have if a little sweeper hadn't run to the policemen and told on them.

Still it was a funny sight to see the overweight cops chasing those kids over the roof. We cheered when they escaped.

So we resumed our staring and fidgeting about. I remember at one window a large tabby cat appeared and perched on the sill. "Ooh," Judy said, "that's Tom Jones' Pussycat. He was here not long ago, you know. Maybe he left the cat." So we gave him a slightly off-key rendering of "What's New Pudding?"

Oh, won't they come? My heart swelled up with misery and I wanted to cry. I said: "Paul, come and take me away from all this." He didn't, so I casually began inspecting the limousine that was to take them to the show, and a policeman told me to leave. "We at last began singing: "We love you Beatles. Oh yes we do. We love you Beatles and we'll always be true."

The crowd was getting larger now, and we knew the boys would have to come out for they had a three o'clock show to do, and by now about three hundred or more crowded round the glass doors.

More policemen came, and I was hot, and cold, sticky and shaking. Then someone screamed and as if in reaction we all began to push. I didn't mean to. I wouldn't hurt them for the World, but I shoved and clawed my way up, near the front, and then it was as if we were all animals, crying, pushing and screaming.

It was a horrible feeling, but I couldn't stop. In that minute I would have died to see Paul's eyes. The policemen pushed us back, but the crowd was much stronger and we almost smashed through the glass doors. I caught a glimpse of John's face inside, not smiling, his eyes cold as if daring us to come on. Then suddenly we were quiet, and they were shouting: "O.K. kids you can leave. They've gone."

We wouldn't believe that they had gone, but they had, out the back where there was less chance of them being hurt.

I cried for a little while, and we went inside, and after a while decided to go down to the stadium early. Our tickets were for the 8:00 show, but we went anyway. It was crowded, cops and kids everywhere. I was nervous and anxious to see Paul, my darling crinkle-eye Paul.

The cops—some of them who remembered me from earlier, grinned and I made faces and laughed at them, loved the music of the great Sounds Inc. and kept waiting for THEM. Finally when they did appear my

heart stopped, for one split second, my stomach flopped, my knees trembled and then I screamed.

We'd planned on not screaming, but with Paul and John and George, Ringo behind, well, we screamed. Nothing could be heard in that crowd of scores of thousands, not Paul's introductions, John's witticisms but forever, Ringo's drums, nothing but a solid, imagination defying roar; the policemen moaned and shook their heads.

I remember crying so hard I couldn't see what I'd give my life to look at; great horrible hysterical sobs, that shook me and made the policemen sigh.

"Paul I love you," I whispered. I couldn't scream any more. "But, my own But," and unable to see him, yet so close, actually near me, his hair flopping, his guitar flashing in the lights, his booted feet stamping the stage, I felt my heart break in tiny pieces. I couldn't give him up. Not Paul. Anyone in the world but Paul.

Somewhere, even in a situation like this, hysterical and tear sploshed, I saw the humour in it and stood up on my chair shouting, "Somebody's buzzing." Some of the kids laughed, most of them were crying, and I collapsed in tears again, my brief moment of bravery waned, and sick inside. I couldn't stay, I got up and ran outside, trying to drown out Paul's words of love. Not for me, not ever for me. At that moment, I even hated him.

I cried during the trip from the stadium back to downtown Chicago, where we were to catch the bus going back home. I don't know when I ever felt so forsaken, riding through the windy night, when all I wanted to do was to fly back to Paul's arms.

That's about my story, then. I'm not one of those lucky girls who've touched, or talked to or kissed their favourite Beatle. I'm still among that majority of girls who have never touched Paul, who would give anything to touch his hair, his hand, see his eyes. I am still listening to his voice, and missing his pictures, and when I let myself, dreaming about him.

I hear his voice all times. "She gives me everything, and tenderly, the kiss my girl brings. . . ." "Why she had to go I don't know, she wouldn't say, I said something wrong, now I long for yesterday. . . ."

I love you Beatles, yes; I love you Paul.



M. Claude Jeannaux, from Paris, sent us these pix of The Beatles on one of their Paris trips. Claude says he is a mad pop fan and when groups and stars go to Paris he follows them around to take as many pix as he can.

These pix were taken in and around the exclusive Grande Cascade restaurant in the Bois de Boulogne.

Seventeen-year-old Claude wins £3.3k, for every one of his pix we have published on this page.

Congratulations, *mon cher!*



MORE MONEY-MORE FUN-IF YOU DON'T SMOKE



10 cigarettes a day cost £30 a year or more
15 cigarettes a day cost £45 a year or more
20 cigarettes a day cost £60 a year or more

This is the first in our game line poster of THE STATICS. They are using atmosphere to make a word out of their name. (Can you tell what it is?) First name is GEORGE, last name is PAUL. (Doesn't that mean the name is the same?)



Fab George Harrison



THIS fantastic picture of Mick Jagger was taken by reader Christopher James Morphet, of Leicester. He wins £25 £35

We've raised even more from this Write For Fab competition who sweet the popstars are to the fans... just read this about a meeting with Mick 10... for which fourteen-and-a-half year old Helen Ross of Aberdeen wins £10.10s.

Hazel Robertson is a lassie from Gilmlerton Bykes Drive, Edinburgh, who has just started work as a Junior reporter on a Scottish paper. She is seventeen and has sent us this account of her first interview with the Fab Rolling Stones. She wins £10 10s.

My pulse raced, my muscles tightened. I felt myself breaking out into a cold sweat as I approached the guarded glass door that separated The Rolling Stones from their milling mobs of fans. I was en route to gathering information for the first article I had ever written and my subject was Mick Jagger.

Mick was surrounded by popping flash bulbs when I first set eyes on him. The flashing bulbs soon halted and the reporters began to fire questions at him. This was my cue to start work, but I decided that I was not going to share my first meeting with Mick, so I patiently waited until the newspapers moved on. I did not wait all that long, but in that time I had become so tense that I stammered out my opening words.

What struck me first, was that Mick was so polite. He ushered me away from the noise being made by the various other people in the room, asked me to have a seat. Then he grinned when he realised that the only non-occupied thing in the room to sit on was a table. So we perched ourselves on that.

Mick answered all of my questions fully, not once did he hesitate to answer to something I'd asked, frequently he gave

me tips on how to write up the article. Many times he laughed when I mis-spelt a word, little did he know that it was him sitting beside me that made my pen go wrong.

He asked me questions also, about my work and about the funny hairy animal-cum-gonk thing I had taken with me. (Actually I carry it everywhere, but I didn't tell Mick that.)

All too soon I had all the information I required. Mick took me over to the other Stones and sort of introduced me to them. From then on it was laughter all the way.

Brian started mimicking personalities and TV adverts. Keith sat producing interesting pieces of tunes on his guitar. (Just think, I may have heard the makings of next Panake Dandy's chart topper.) Through the fun I managed to refrain myself from letting go too much, but I finally split my sides when Brian Jones decided to sip a bottle of our national drink through a straw. Brian is a born comedian, and if he does not watch out, our golden-topped and puppy-dog-eyed Stone will be in the running for the next complete of the London Palladium.

"Then the Stones decided to prepare for their performance. Before they made a bee-line for their dressing room I said goodbye to each of them, but my words were lost in the "Stranambe" being created by the audience outside.

As I made my way back I thought how lucky that crowd were, they would see the Stones performing—I had only met them.

It was a Friday evening in July. That day, thunder and lightning had raged in the skies above London, where I had just arrived for my annual holiday.

On my way to Battersea Fun Fair, I was standing at a bus-stop on Pall Mall when I notice a cream-coloured Mini drawing up on the other side of the road. I watched a girl with long, brown hair, dressed in a fab trouser suit get out of the car. I looked at her, and remarked to myself about how much she resembled Christie Shrimpton. I thought how funny it would be if Mick got out, too.

I saw a bloke get out of the other side of the car. At first I could only see his back. He certainly looked like Mick. Then he turned round and smiled at the girl—I got the shock of my young life. My eyes were surely deceiving me—but no, they were not.

After picking up my handbag, which I dropped in surprise, I charged across the road after him. I followed them up Waterloo Place and on Regent Street. Believe me, it was no laugh. I chewed my thumbnail thoroughly, and had the most unusual sensation of "piss and needles" all over me.

About halfway up Regent Street they

stopped, and were deciding whether or not to go into a cinema. I made a trembling approach, and asked Mick to sign his autograph.

He did so and gave me the most gorgeous of his birthday presents in my bag. I took it out and gave it to him. Still with that fantastic smile on his handsome face, he thanked me. Filled with emotion, I muttered (more or less to Christie, who was also smiling) "Sorry, but I must!" With that I flung my arms around him and kissed him.

Those were the most marvelous moments of my life. We then said goodbye.

Then I burst into tears and told myself it was all an illusion. I had dreamed of a happening often. I looked at him carrying my present, then I realised that it had actually taken place.

I ran into the nearest café, and cried my eyes out over a cup of tea. The rest of that evening I wandered about in a daze.

That night as I lay in bed I started to cry again. I had actually achieved my life's ambition. After trying so hard for so long, I MET MICK JAGGER.

LETTERS FROM FANS

Catherine Gibson from Sevenoaks in Kent is seventeen years old and a Stones' fan. She sent us this exciting feature about the first time she ever saw Mick & Co. In action, and wins herself ten whole guineas with her first piece of writing.

One Sunday in 1963, I went to a big Pop Prom. The Beatles were topping the bill. And bringing up the rear were a new, but already notorious group, The Rolling Stones.

Two months previously they had made their TV debut on Thank Your Lucky Stars. A short appearance, but enough to send shivers of apprehension down the backs of parents, the B.B.C. schoolteachers, policemen and anyone else who stood for good old conservative respectability. Some horrified adult wrote to a daily paper: "I have seen the most disgusting sight I can remember in all my years as a television fan. The Rolling Stones..."

Most of the musical papers had made the start of something big, however, and had run articles on the boys. There was, as usual, a mix-up over names; up until about January, 1964, I thought Mick was Brian, and Brian, Mick.

I remember reading my programme and gazing in fascination at the only picture of the Stones that seemed to be in existence at that time; five boys dressed in a selection of rather ill-fitting clothes, standing on a flight of steps and gawking ferociously into the camera. And their hair, which wouldn't merit a glance, look today, was in 1963 positively car-camouflaged.

The Stones were given the task of opening the show. And to an Albert Hall packed with Beate hives! The show finished on the lights dimmed. I was so sure that they'd

been literally shaking in their Chelsea boots, but they didn't show it. Charlie settled down at his drums. Keith, Bill and Brian took up their positions. Mick fiddled with the microphone and as the music—the loudest ever, brass Stones beat-filled the Albert Hall for the first time, the screams started. They increased as Mick's broken bottle voice cut through the backing and his piercing confidence, he executed a few of the Jagger gyrations.

I can't remember now many of the numbers that they did. I think their set included *Passion Fruit*, *Paint My Face* (number 1), but what hit me was the tremendous excitement they generated, the way everyone present, like or hate what they were seeing and hearing, could not tear their eyes away from the group on the stage.

These acts must have lasted about ten minutes; I spent the whole of that time hanging dangerously over the edge of my box, in an effort to get closer to these five wonderful people, only moving to snatch up my programme and wave it frantically as they finally left the stage.

The Stones have had a lot of mud slung at them during the past few years, but in spite of this they have emerged as the most popular vocal group in Britain. As they themselves put it: "All we set out to do was to play our music to people who wanted to listen... and so long as we can go on doing that, we'll be happy" as will I.

From Elsa Smith of Halford Way, Dartford, Kent, another £10 10s. winner

Have I ever met a pop star? I once met a future one when he was about ten, and I was stand-in for his form-master. I don't know why I remembered so well the boy with the engaging grin, whom I thought was the liveliest and most intelligent boy in the class.

Then, years later, all the rulers and notebooks of my fourth year French classes came out in a rush of photos of The Rolling Stones, especially Mick. So one evening I tuned in to *Little Red Rocket* and was properly hooked.

I looked around for a way of expressing my own feelings about it, and found it in painting. I must have done about forty portraits of Mick now. I have tried to re-create his every mood and one day I'll do something really good. But it won't be for me—it'll be for Mick.



This is the Stone Age and our picture editors for the week chose action pix of The Rolling Stones. 'Ready Steady, Live' gave us the chance to get these Fab colour shots of one of the most exciting pop groups around—on stage



Get Off My Cloud—Mick ruses as Keith strums and Brian, Bill and Charlie provide an exciting backing.



Brian gets fully adjusted while Bill takes a very welcome break.



Keith in action with that broodin' coming up to boiling-point look.



Hail to the chief Stone — Mick. He's not really mad with anyone.



"That's the way I like it — yea, real cool" look from the Jones boy.



Fab | Dusty Springfield

DUSTY SPRINGFIELD

It was on a Tuesday afternoon when two girls, Diane and Michelle, knocked on the door of a Baker Street flat. We did not know who was going to answer it and we were quite prepared for any disappointment coming. Then SHE opened the door... and we nearly fainted as we saw her gorgeous face beaming down on us.

"Hullo," she said cheerfully, "are you going to stand on the door-step all day?" We quickly came down to earth and walked inside.

As usual her hair was in the latest fashion. She was wearing light blue denim jeans and shirt to match. "Would you like a cuppa?" said a goony voice. "If it's no bother," we replied sitting down.

"Well," she asked, "how do you feel now, recovered?"

"Yes, thanks."

"I do like your denim suit, Dusty," said Michelle. "I saw you on R.S.G. last Friday and you were absolutely gear," said Diane.

"It's..."

She unexpectedly offered to show us her wardrobe, and we followed her into a fabulous bedroom. Along one wall there was a whole row of fitted wardrobes. The first one, we were told, was for everyday use. In it were slacks, skirts, blouses, sweaters and a few shirts. The rest of them were for stage and TV appearances and parties. Each dress was lovelier than the one before, and we stood there imagining her in every one.

Along another wall was a wardrobe with one side for drawers and the other side for coats. The one that caught our eye most was the fabulous fur one which FAB photographed. The wardrobe next to it contained "in-between" dresses such as the one in the TV Times with the flowered coat. Hanging outside the wardrobe in a plastic cover was that gorgeous pink beaded dress, all ready to put on as she was doing a cabaret act that night.

At that moment we smelt something burning. "Help!" she cried, and dashed into the kitchen. We heard a scream, and rushed inside to see

what was the matter. She held up a burnt lettuce. "I forgot the water," she chuckled. We looked at each other, then at Dusty and then exploded!

After about half an hour's goony nonsense with her, we sadly decided it was time to go. After fond goodbyes we went home and told everybody about our fabulous afternoon.



Fourteen-year-old Michelle and Melin of Finchley, London, and Diane Godfrey of Mill Hill, London, win £10 10s. for this story about their idol.

Sent in by sixteen-year-old Louise Denstley of London, N.21, who wins £10 10s.

I SHALL always bless Rediffusion Television for inviting The Hollies to Five O' Clock Club, which was broadcast from Trafalgar Square. Dragging my reluctant brother, who for some reason was not so keen on meeting The Hollies as I was, I arrived at Trafalgar Square. It was beautiful weather—for a polar bear—with a hint of sleet and a definitely cold wind.

Just as I was debating whether to sacrifice my looks by wearing my glasses or just hope I got autographs from the right people, I tripped over somebody. Whilst I was smiling sweetly and apologising profusely, my brother, who had been prodding my back for the last five minutes, put my glasses on the end of my nose. I gazed at a retreating back in dismay. I had just tripped over my favourite Hollie, Tony Hicks, and I hadn't even recognised him!

I let out a shriek that sent the pigeons, who were waddling in miserable groups, flying off in search of safer perches. Running in the direction that Tony had taken I saw someone holding a guitar, and I thrust an autograph book under his nose. Pleased and rather proud of myself, I gazed with admiration at the page, and carefully wrote: "Hollies", and the date, at the top of the page.

"That's funny," said my brother, sarcastically, "I didn't know Brian Poole had joined The Hollies."

With a well-I-know-all-the-time-I-was-just-seeing-if-you-did-too-look I crossed out Hollies, and joined the crowd behind the barrier.

Then I saw them, Tony and Graham in tweed coats,

Allan looking like a Canadian lumberjack, in black and red checks, Eric in a blue suede anorak (and a red nose) and Bobby in a navy reefer.

From an hysterical scream, I gathered they were about to play—now where did you put my glasses? After crawling through a forest of legs, pausing for an argument with a pair of purple ones (which I was losing), I found them in someone's turn-up. After a final tussle with purple legs I rose triumphantly to hear the last guitar chord of *We're Through*.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw the last Hollie slip out towards a strategically perched car. Muttering "They're not getting away with this time," I followed. Fortunately for me, and unfortunately for them, the keys had been lost. I gave my autograph book to Tony (or was it Graham?), whoops, wrong again, it was Bobby.

Tony Hicks was doing a war-dance on the pavement, trying to attract the attention of a man. He certainly attracted some people, but not, unfortunately, a cruising taxi. When he had signed my book we settled down for a chat, which was slightly impaired by my complete inability to understand a Manchester accent. After five autographs were completed I was in a daze of happiness, until I saw my pen being put absent-mindedly in Eric's pocket. Hollie or no Hollie he was not having my one and only hero.

I stood in a daydream, until rudely awakened by my brother, who demanded to know what I was doing staring into space, and couldn't he go home as he was starving?

Some people seem to lack all the finer feelings.

HOLLIES



Tony, Graham and their road manager. Picture sent in by seventeen-year-old Chrissie and Connie of Munich, Germany, wins them £3 3s.

Sent in by fifteen-year-old Suzy Beckenbuch of Pacific Palisades, California she wins £10 10s.

WHEN the names, Sonny and Cher, are mentioned someone will always say something like "What species is that?" These people make their statements after only seeing them in a picture. Well I'd like to let the world know what they're really like.

Sonny and Cher are the two nicest people in the world, as far as I'm concerned. The first time I met them was at a charity show about three weeks after I Got You, Babe was put out on the west coast. I didn't care about them or even know who they were when I first saw them.

I was at the concert to see The Byrds. After they had performed I decided to try to meet them, but by the time I worked my way back-stage they had left. That was when I ran into Cher. She was sitting and

reading a newspaper, so I sat down next to her. I found that she wasn't at all like so many people who are friends with everyone. When she is with Sonny, even off stage, you can tell that she's in love.

I asked her if she ever gets tired of the fans and she answered: "I don't get tired of the fans, I just get tired." To me this statement shows more loyalty and love for fans than anyone can have. Since the time that I ran into them, more or less by accident, I have seen and talked to Sonny and Cher both at concerts and at their home, so what I'm saying isn't based on one "put on" job at a concert. I won't let you think that they know me well, or even by name for they don't. But they know my face and always have a big "Hi!" ready when I see them. Even though I'm only a fan, they treat me like a good friend.

They lead a plain simple life and live for love and just to be living. They want to be themselves and they don't care if the world doesn't understand. They understand each other and their true friends understand them. To them, these are the important things.

Once I asked Sonny if he could give some advice to the kids who were trying to decide how they feel

about the world. He thought a minute and then said "Always be yourself, and always try to love everybody." That pretty well sums up to love your husband and wife team feel about each other and about life and why so many people love them.

So if you one of those people who condemn them for the way they look, stop and think for a minute. Are looks the important thing?

SONNY & CHER

BLONDES! BRUNETTES

Choose a shampoo made specially for you!



Choose—and be astonished! when you discover the one shampoo meant truly for you. For every shade of darker hair, the one and only shampoo is Brunitex. For every fairer shade, the one and only is Sta-Blond. So choose. And be astonished—tonight!

Sta-blond for blondes

Sta-Blond is the special shampoo formula which restores rich golden tones to all shades of fair hair. Prevents hair from darkening!

Brunitex for brunettes

Brunitex is the special shampoo formula which deepens richness of tone, brings out the full colour of all shades of darker hair.



AT BOOTHS, WOOLWORTHS and CHEMISTS everywhere

Some Colliery, my 11 from Birmingham fell through the time she slipped out in the rain just as she could meet her number one man

JIMMY TARBUCK



I WENT. Dad rather reluctantly in tow, up to Great Yarmouth to see Jimmy Tarbuck. We arrived outside the Pier Pavilion and the thing that sticks most in my memory apart from meeting Jimmy, is the rain! However, that wasn't Jimmy's fault; unless he put a voodoo on us.

Well, anyhow we arrived outside of the theatre, and after I had asked Dad if my hair was all right about five times, we discovered some other girls waiting outside too. So there we were, five of us getting thoroughly drenched.

I was just beginning to get rid of a rather strange "before the death" feeling when I sighted a rather wind-swept person walking up the pier with a girl about my age.

"No it... couldn't... be... It... I... Dad!"

All of a sudden I had a feeling that my tongue had become just plain Jim.

I couldn't have asked if I was Dad! Jimmy came walking along chatting to the girl. He had a coat on with the collar turned up to shelter him from the rain and I was ready to collapse, when he finally reached us.

Before I quite knew what was happening Jimmy was asking me where I came from.

"Birmingham," I replied.

"Oh, you must be nice!" he said, "I remember you mentioned in one of your letters you were coming up to see the show."

"Y-yes," I replied wondering how he'd remembered my letters and my name.

"How did he know you?"

"Oh, er, OK!" I cried, still wondering how he remembered.

"Come on. You are in the fan-club, aren't you?"

"You bet!"

"Well, come along. Is this your Pop?"

"Yes, that is Dad."

In a few moments we were at the stage door.

"Come on, folks," called Jimmy and led us through. He sprang up a flight of steps and I tottered up followed by Dad.

"This way," he said and we walked across the stage. The curtains were open and I looked at all the empty seats.

"My goodness!" I thought, "Fancy facing them when they're full!"

Eventually we reached a door which had JIMMY TARBUCK written on it.

"Come in, folks," he said "you're at home," he cried. I looked around the room. There was a long dressing-table down the right-hand side of the room covered with parcels and letters. On the mirror was a picture of Jimmy and his wife and children. Behind us were suits hanging up. A cassette was on one wall, the familiar colours of Liverpool.

By now Jimmy was sitting on the chair by the dressing-table.

"Mind if I take my coat off?" asked Dad.

"Not at all, Pop," replied Jim, getting up and packing up a record of Hepl! and putting the record on to the record-player at full volume. Jimmy began to open a parcel.

"Do you open all your mail?" shouted Dad.

"Pardon?" said Jim turning down the volume.

"Do you open all your mail?"

"Yes," said Jimmy, "when I can."

Here he broke off to give us a vocal rendering of Hepl! "Though sometimes I get fifty letters a day and I can't get through them all but I try."

"I think you've answered all that I've ever said," said Dad.

"Yes, probably. I try to answer all the letters from the kids in the fan-club... sorry, young ladies of the fan-club."

He laughed.

I grinned back at him as he opened

some more mail and he and Dad grinned as he held up some "On Her Majesty's Service" ones.

"How old is Cheryl now?" I asked pointing to the picture on the table.

"Four years old and Lisa's eight months."

There was silence for a moment.

"I think you've superseded her love of The Beatles!" laughed Dad.

"Oh, what I'd like to say! The Beatles are great, wonderful, FAB," I gabbled.

"Have you met them, Jim?" queried Dad.

"Yes," he replied. "But they're so well guarded even their friends sometimes have difficulty seeing them."

"WHERE are you staying, Jim?" Dad asked him.

"At a flats I've rented for a while," said he. "I got a good write up in a magazine a few days ago. I'll get it for you," Jimmy said. Getting up he crossed towards us. "Excuse me, could you get up, please?"

"We got up and he went burrowing under the chair seat."

"I knew it was under the seat somewhere," he cried and handed it to me.

"It's a great write up," I said when I had read it.

"I'm usually bombarded with deaf questions like, what colour are your eyes and what is your height?"

"I know all those sort of things," I told him. "When does the season end?"

"September," he replied.

"Then what?" queried Dad.

"Palladium," replied Jim with a smile. "Of course!" cried Dad, "I forgot about that. Congratulations!"

"Ta."

THERE was a pause and then Jim looked at his watch and sighed.

"Well, I'm sorry, folks, but I really must get changed for the show."

Dad started to get into his coat. I started to pick all my things up.

"Let me," said Jimmy and held my coat for me. I hastily got into it.

"I bet you'd have been too bashful to have spoken to me if your Dad hadn't," laughed Jim.

"Yes," I agreed.

"Thanks for seeing us," said Dad shaking the hand Jimmy held out.

"Pleasure. Come and see me again when you can and do write," he said.

We went out and I glanced to see if my hair was all right.

"I've got to go that way," said Jim. I let him lead the way for I would have got lost.

"Thanks for seeing us," I said again. He put his hand on my hair and ruffled it.

"By Tatty-cad!" he cried as we went out. "See you, love."

"You bet," I laughed and went out into the rain.

"Well, your hair looks a right mess now!" said Dad.

"Who cares!" I shouted.

And who would have!



Gay Sheppard, age 16½, from Tunbridge Wells, wins £10 10s. for telling us about the fabulous time when The Searchers came home for supper.

Searchers

WHAT a night! The Searchers were coming to supper after their show in Tunbridge Wells.

I had proudly met them at a photo session in their flat. I collect wrapped sugar and as two of their hits had been Sugar and Spice and Sweets For My Sweet there was a link-up and a photograph of The Searchers, my sugar and I appeared in the Evening News.

But this was wonderful! Four Fab boys in my own home.

Their van was rushing past the end of the road, but after coming and pulling, it backed to outside our house. Chris, the first out, promptly tripped on the path, but all was well. Mum did not have to administer first aid. We were very pleased that Mike's wife, Mary, was able to come, too.

They soon tucked into cold chicken and salad, washed down with "Coke" by Chris and cider by the others except Bill, the Road Manager, who preferred beer. He, in opening the bottles, split it down John's back, but he assured us it was O.K. Hope he did not smell too boozy.

I didn't know what the food tasted like, I was too excited, but John informed us, in his lovely deep voice, that he liked the tomatoes. When it came to the sweet

course, Chris was pleased that we had his favourite pudding—caramel, but of course! The others tried trifle tart which they had not had before, voted it tops and called it "toffee cake," they all had second helpings while Chris polished off the remnants of the cream caramel. Mike seemed disappointed that Mary could not make "toffee cake" so Mum gave her the recipe.

We adjourned to the sitting room for coffee and the boys signed autographs for my friends and were very interested to see my scrapbooks of them, and told us about some of the photographs. Chris enquired about my sugar collection and gave me a handful he had collected for me while they were in U.S.A. We is so thoughtful!

My young brother, Martin, joined us as he had some records of train sounds he wanted Mike to autograph and Mike disappeared with Martin to look at his model railway. We was thrilled to find that Road Manager Bill had actually driven trains.

Much too soon it was time for them to go, Mike and Bill had to be dragged away from the train, Chris in search of them found the piano, but there was only time for a few chords. Mary gave our cats and lustans a final stroke and they were off calling out goodbye to us as they drove up the road, and I—went to bed—to dream!

It had been a lovely evening, one I would remember and dream of for ever and ever.



Jackie Cargill, age 14, from Wood Green, London, sends us this pic of Pete Quisife that the took while he was busy autographing books for her friends. Pete looks quite dangerous—it's only in fun, though. We think.

Ten guitars for Sylvia Squires age 18, of Enfield, Middlesex, for this story on Cliff Richard.

CLIFF

WHEN my cousin and I read in the national newspapers that Cliff Richard had bought a large house, hidden in the Nazering countryside and not far from our homes in Enfield we were naturally curious to find it. Cliff had been a "local boy" and we had always been great fans of his. We were encouraged by the fact that Cliff had said that anyone who took the trouble to find the house was welcome to an autograph.

We started our great search in February 1964 not knowing exactly where the house was. We travelled many roads and lanes in Nazering, excitement building up at every large house we thought might be Cliff's. The following weekend we continued our search and found the house. But alas Cliff was not at home.

In all we made about nine visits to the house sometimes reaching the door and sometimes waiting patiently outside the closed gates in rain, snow, sleet and hail hoping every second that Cliff would appear. He never did.

This did not deter us though, and on one visit in July, to our delight, Cliff was at home! His polite manner and charm came out on us at once. He signed autographs and willingly posed for a photograph. You can imagine how we felt—having our photograph taken with CLIFF!

After seeing how much of his precious free time Cliff gives up to meet his fans we felt that we would like to show our appreciation and give him something special. So, the evening before Cliff's birthday last year we made another visit to Rushwood, this time with a birthday cake. We had this made by a local bakery, in blue and white with the message: "Happy Birthday To Our Boy Cliff." With this we give him a birthday card bearing this appropriate and sincere greeting: "Here's hoping you have a

"Wonderful Life" and "Constantly" be "The Young One." On this occasion he autographed the enlarged photograph taken on our previous visit.

Two friends, at my office, who are just as dotty over Cliff as myself asked me to take them along to his house.

Wondering whether we were becoming as nervous we set out. Cliff was in and, although he was busy, he signed various LP's and programmes from *Aladdin* and posed for movie film and photographs. This time we were on film with CLIFF.

After seeing Cliff in *Aladdin* once, my cousin, two friends and myself booked a box for a performance about three days before the last show. Being rather keen on needlework and designing I decided to dress a twelve-inch doll as a replica of Cliff in one of his *Aladdin* costumes. I finally decided on the red velvet tunic and black trousers he wore during one of the numbers with The Shadows.

I wanted to give this doll to Cliff as a souvenir of the show and knowing this I photographed it as a souvenir for myself.

I took the doll with me to the Palladium and after trying, unsuccessfully, to hand it to Cliff from the box I decided to wait for him at the stage door.

Dressing the doll gave me much pleasure but nothing compared with the pleasure we all had in giving it to him. It really was a great thrill to see Cliff take the doll with him in the waiting taxi and I often wonder if he still has it.

Knowing the pantomime was soon to finish we thought how nice it would be to see the very last performance. We managed to get tickets for standing room in the stalls. It really was a great show and proved by far to be the most exciting performance.

We really did enjoy meeting Cliff and he certainly deserves the many rewards he has received during his six years of success in show business.



Sylvia also sent this pic of her friends with Cliff outside his home.

10 1/2

FOR A

"SHAMPOO - SET"!

Here's a fabulous idea! A shampoo with its own built-in setting lotion! One sachet. One operation! It's called LINC-O-LIN Shampoo and here's the exciting difference! As well as an extra cream, luxuriantly lathering shampoo it has real beer added. (You'd never believe it if we didn't tell you because LINC-O-LIN has such a delicate perfume!) All YOU do is shampoo, but, as your hair dries, it automatically takes on real beer set and gloss—just as if you'd used—and paid for!—a separate beer rinse. The sheer "body," bounce and obedience this LINC-O-LIN Beer Shampoo gives to your hair, makes for an entirely new and thrilling experience.

Linc-o-Lin
BEER SHAMPOO

From all Chemists. Sachets 10½d., or larger sizes. Best hairdressers enthusiastically use and recommend LINC-O-LIN Beer Shampoo

SCS

by VICTORIA BROWN (Age 14), whose father is a disc columnist, picks some of THE YEAR'S TOP POPS. She says she is a lucky girl because she gets to hear things first and can take her pick.

● One of the best discs I've heard in a long time is P. J. Proby's *Marina*, which shone through the charts like a beacon. This is the type of song that the unique P. J. excels at. I dig especially the slow opening chords before Jim lives the tune up. His version is much better than the one on the *West Side Story* soundtrack recording—in fact, it is in a class of its own (Liberty).

● Another exceptionally good one is *My Life by The Animals*. It has a steady moving beat, goes on and on, you're dancing no matter where you are as Eric Burdon screams out the song, sounding as if he really is in need of help (Columbia).

Eric Burdon

● Marianne Faithfull's sincere and wistful sounding *Come And Stay With Me* is one of the top pops of this or any other year and I particularly like the dramatic ending—much better than the overdone "fade-out"—which leaves you wondering what the last words were! (Decca).

● The *Price Of Love* was a fab comeback for the two very talented Americans, Don and Phil Everly. And the boys promptly followed up with *Love Is Strange*, another good disc which consolidated their position in the British charts (Warner Brothers). And here is my choice of the top 10 of 1968.

● Help! offers fourteen great tracks of Beatle talent, I go especially for *Act Naturally* sung by modest Ringo who insists he can't sing! Well, this track certainly proves him wrong! Featuring the already famous *Ticket To Ride* and *Help!* by Paul and John, the disc also contains Paul's *Yesterday*, a No. 1 hit in America. This is the type of record that you'll still be playing years from now (Parlophone).

● What's His Did and What's His Did by Donovan is a smash in the eye for all these people that say that the Scots-born folk singer is just a carbon copy of Bob Dylan! Donovan wrote most of the twelve hair-raising tracks himself, including *Catch The Wind* which was the single that launched him into the charts (Pye).

● The Return of Roger Miller, a work of art and the best country-and-western styled disc I've ever heard! (Philips).

● Out Of Our Heads, made up of tracks which the Rolling Stones recorded in America, is the group's greatest-ever album with a liberal helping of outstanding *Mick Jagger—Keith Richard* originals (Decca).

● *Mann Made* by Manfred Mann features one of Britain's most versatile groups in a varied collection of swinging numbers (HMV).



BILLY THORPE FAN

Please tell me where I can write to Billy Thorpe and The Aztecs? I saw their photo in *FAB*, and think they are the greatest. Margaret Cullen, Guildford.

For you, and many other fans the address is, Sandra Osmond, 11 Hornsey Road, Forest Park, Perth, Western Australia.

STEVE'S AGE

How old is Steve Winwood of The Spencer Davis Group? Jane Gerrard, Crewe.

Steve was born on May 12th, 1948, Jane, which if my maths is right (that's a laugh) makes him seventeen and three-quarters.

CHRIS' PETS

Please tell me if my favourite drummer Chris Curtis has any pets? Gill Cole, Preston.

Although Chris is very fond of animals, Gill, he doesn't have any pets because with the group travelling most of the time he says it wouldn't be fair to keep one.

ZOOT MONEY

If I said what is Zoot Money's real name, what would you say? Linda Jameson, Southampton.
George Bruno Money, Linda



Zoot Money

KEN, JOHN AND PERRY

Do you know how John Carter and Ken Lewis of The Ivy League met up with Perry Ford? Lesley Power, Histon.

Actually, Lesley, Perry has known the other two members of the group for about five years, but it wasn't until October, 1964, that they became close friends. Perry was then running a small recording studio in London, and Ken and John went in there to try out some songs. They needed an extra voice, so Perry helped them out on the session, and they liked the sound so much that the Ivy League was formed. Certainly being successful, hasn't it?

Maureen's LETTERBOX

I think you deserve a big pat on the back for writing this issue all on your own. It's great. Only thing is, it's back to work for us all next week! Here's this week's batch of letters . . .

ANIMAL'S FLIP

Who wrote the other side of The Animals' record, *It's My Life*? Dianne Locking, Burnley.

The flip-side, *I'm Going to Change the World*, was written by Eric Burdon, Dianne.

PETE'S SPARE TIME

Please tell me what great deejay Pete Brady likes to do in his spare time? Jan Webster, Stone-on-Trent.

When he's not spinning the discs, Pete enjoys water skiing, motor racing and listening to folk music, Jan

Bob has brown hair and green eyes, plus a forty-four inch chest. Wow! He used to play football at College, but one day he lost his temper and floored two of the other team, so he was banned from playing. Not a man to argue with, I'd say!



Bob Henry

That's all from me this week. Keep writing. The address is: Maureen, *FABULOUS*, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Don't forget the stamped addressed envelope, if you want a postal reply. Can't reply otherwise.

Are You a Pussychat?



Are you the puss they all chat up? When they hear you're no do the boys what? Are you the one who knows what's new, do the others copy everything you do? If you're the puss who really knows the score, be sure you need the with it touch of Gordon Moore's, the cosmetic toothpaste that shines your teeth bright as cat's eyes glinting in the night, lints up your gums a pink of sheer delight.



Pete Brady

ROD ARGENT

Where was Rod Argent of The Zombies born? Dorothy Chilton, Hounslow.

Rod hails from St Albans in Hertfordshire, and he still lives in that part of the world with his folks.

MAIL FROM DENMARK

Kirsten Vilbadsen from Denmark sent us some photos of Unit 4. 2 which she took when she was over in England, and asks for the boys fan club address.

Thanks very much for the photos Kirsten. You can write to the boys, C/o Jenny Baker, 14 Melvyn Close, Gulls Cuf, Cheshunt, Hertfordshire. P.S. You forgot to put your address on the letter, Kirsten, so if you send it to us we can return the pics.

GEN ON BOB

Can you give me some info. on that fab American artist, Bob Henry? Joy Saunders, Kettering.

Well, Joy, you might say that most people look up to Bob. Usually they have no choice, 'cos he's six feet six tall!



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