

4th FEBRUARY 1967

Australia 1.00 New Zealand 1.00 Malaysia 1.00 West Africa 1.00 East Africa 1.00 South Africa 1.00 Mexico 1.00 Spain 1.00 Portugal 1.00 Italy 1.00 France 1.00 Germany 1.00 Netherlands 1.00 Belgium 1.00 Luxembourg 1.00 Switzerland 1.00 Austria 1.00



Fabulous



208

WIN A 10 DAY HOLIDAY FOR 2
● ALL EXPENSES PAID ●
ON SPAIN'S COSTA BRAVA
SEE INSIDE



STAR HOLDS

KING SIZE COLOUR PIN-UPS OF ● BEACH BOYS ● TROGGS
DONOVAN ● FRANCOISE HARDY ● BILLY FURY ● PLUS NINTM
PART OF OUR GIANT 1967 CALENDAR—THIS WEEK THE
WALKERS ● ALSO YOUR RADIO LUXEMBOURG PROGRAMMES FROM 31st JAN — 6th FEB

hi-there Working on this issue has started the whole FAB-208 gang dreaming about their own hols. Me too! It's also made us green with envy. Stars have so much money to blue visiting exotic places that for anyone who yearns to travel, it's kind of spit-making. Not, mind you, that we begrudge them one little bit—for the pleasure they give us. Still, having discovered their

tastes, we've tried to find cheap ways of doing the same sort of thing. And it's surprising how cheaply you can have a holiday abroad. So—start saving your pennies and the best of globe-trotting luck! You might, of course, be the lucky one to win our competition. In which case—no need to save. Just wait to be whisked off into the sunshine. Have a go. Remember—someone has to win! Luv and stuff—Unity—**The Ed**



OUR WAVELENGTH ON OUR WAVELENGTH
OUR WAVELENGTH ON OUR WAVELENGTH
OUR WAVELENGTH ON OUR WAVELENGTH



Christine Osbourne tunes you in with the Stars' best-kept secrets—where they spend their holidays...

MONKEE Davy Jones had planned to give his father a surprise. He was coming home for Christmas unexpectably for about six hours. Davy sat on the plane. All the way from The States, he thought about the welcome he'd get. With a big smile our Davy arrived on Dad's doorstep. And Dad said: "Go and get your hair cut!" He did, too, before he or his luggage crossed the threshold. That was the Christmas before last. Davy came home last Christmas, too. But this time, before he knocked on the door, he put a big cheque through the letter box!



MINDBENDER Bob Lang greeted me over the Manchester phone wires this week with a mournful cry. "I haven't had a holiday for eight years," he said. But when I'd finished administering, he admitted: "This year is going to be different." "I'm driving down to Southern Italy with some friends. I know 'dressing' sounds a bit like a woman's holiday, but I always fly

everywhere and you never see anything that way. I've been to America three times and I can honestly say all I know are airports and hotels!" "This time I'm travelling slowly so I see everything. I'll be meeting up with an or scope friend in Italy, but we're not arranging a time yet." "I don't want to have to be anywhere at a set time, so I can take a week to get there if I like. Then I'll spend the rest of the three weeks just lazing in the sun."

"Or," he added, "I may even change my mind en route and drive straight on to Poland, or even India, just to do something silly like that." "And as I don't plan on being recognised, or have anyone point at me long hair when I'm on holiday, I shall have it all cut off before I go!" "After a sacrifice like that, he deserves a good holiday."



CAT STEVENS has lost his heart—to Greece. Cat in half-Greek, of course, and two years ago, he spent five weeks on holiday in Athens with his brother, who manages a hotel there. "It was so marvellous being able to laze in the sun. I used to take a boat out and dive off into water so clear you could see the bottoms. It was a bit awkward at times—when I got a sea urchin stuck on my bare toe!" "What I loved most was going for a mid-

night swim, and then to a club right on the beach which was open all night." "It was warm right through the night, and I would sleep out on the patio looking up at the stars." "My ambition is to build a white marble temple—only a small one. I'd have it on a hill overlooking the sea, and furnish it with silk hangings and red silk cushions." "All I bet, after reading this, Cat isn't the only one with that ambition!"

AMERICA, said Mick Avery, "is just somewhere everyone should go." "There's a completely different atmosphere about it. I'm not saying I'd like to live there, but everyone should visit the U.S.—it really broadens your outlook." "Pete Quail and Mick holidayed on the West Coast of America for two weeks after a Kinkis tour there."

"What I liked about it so much was there was always something to do. You don't have to sit on the beach all day." Mick recommends Hollywood's Dunesland, Knottsbury Farm (an old Western-style ranch with fake robberies, etc.) and The Haunted House!



"It's a new club just off Sunset Boulevard, West Hollywood," Mick told me. "It's all cheap. You go in and a man rumps out at you. The stage is on the shape of a huge monitor, with steam shooting out of the monitors. Great!" "And I hope that inspires you to start saving!"

YO! might think the picture above doesn't quite fit in a holiday issue. But isn't it the thing mandarinay for prisoners to help over the wall and take a holiday whenever they feel like it? And people are always saving prizes like holidays, cameras, watches!

Actually, the man above is just a convict on a special. He's Ray Clamson, singer, and he doesn't mind us breaking in, but it's his choice!

The record is owned by Davey Gwynne, aka Davey Gwynne Actaway. And if you want to find someone taking the most out of this convict's prison system, give them a visit!

SEEING that The Easybeats found their fame in Australia, I suppose I should have guessed where their fave holiday spot was! "Green Island off the North Queensland coast," Little Stevie said promptly when the million dollar question was asked. "It's the most beautiful island, only sixteen miles out to sea and perfectly round."

"There's absolutely nothing there, just one hotel, one store and a handful of cottages. A boat visits there occasionally if you want to go to the mainland."

EVERYONE who wants a very active, very cheap holiday this year, please take note. The Youth Hotel Association offer you a range of the most unusual holidays anywhere. Take a look at this impressive list: Aquaplane diving, canoeing, sailing, pony trekking, cat-skiing, mountaineering, archaeology, bird watching, rural crafts, painting and sketching, photography, brass rubbing and orienteering. And all the holidays or camps are incredibly cheap. Interested? Then contact the Y.H.A., Trevelyan House, St. Albans, Hertfordshire.

COLOUR CONTENTS

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- Page 1: (Clockwise) Davy and Steaks; (front) Mick, Tick and Dave Dee by (left) Roy
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- Page 10: Princesse Hardy by V.P.
- Page 12 (3): The Walker Brothers by Films Adonis
- Page 15: The Beach Boys. L to R: Bruce Johnson, Mike Love, Carl Wilson, Dennis Wilson and Al Jardine by (left) Alan Ford
- Page 24: Billy Fury by Neil Francis



● Georgie Fame is a skiing man! Georgie went to Seefeld in Austria, two years ago, enjoyed himself so much—in spite of all the bruises—he went back again last year. But this year, the skiing bit might have to be missed—he's busy. The price of Fame, you might say.



Adam Faith ● is one of the few people who have holidayed in Tangiers. FAB took him there years ago, for four days. He loved the 'Fantastically' absorbing atmosphere, still wears his Tangiers' robe as a dressing gown, and has promised himself a trip back there some day.

WHEN we mentioned holidays to Michael d'Abo, he said: "It's the most beautiful suggestion I've heard this year, but it's just not possible at the moment."

Which sounds quite heart-rending until you remember that less than two months ago, Michael and the rest of the Manfreds were on a glorious three-week cruise!

Manfred told me all about it. "I enjoyed it very much. We only played about three evenings

out of the three weeks, so we lazed about in the sun most of the time.

"If you wanted to be energetic, you could. You could play deck tennis, table tennis, and there was a marvellous heated swimming pool.

"We docked and went ashore at some places—Madeira, Tenerife, Trinidad, Martinique and Barbados. We were too lazy to alight—just flopped down on the beach, but if you were the energetic type, it was marvellous!

"The only thing really that would stop a teenager enjoying this sort of holiday is that there weren't many aboards.

"You have to be tolerant and learn that older people are not all terrible drags. There were a lot of middle-aged people with us and we got along with them very well."

I hope everybody's taking these words of wisdom to heart!

CLUB MEDITERRANEE is a French organisation which aims to give people a holiday in complete contrast to their everyday lives—a carefree holiday in the open air and sunshine. The Club has its own summer villages—usually of straw huts—in the most exciting places. There are villages in Israel, Morocco, Sicily, Tunisia, and Greece, and in June their new village

Focus opens in Turkey. Entertainment is out of the ordinary, too. You can try aqualine diving, mountaineering, and snorkelling. Or you could take a boat trip and spend the night either on board or beside a fire on a deserted beach! Two weeks holidays range from £50-£135, but off-season, you can have three weeks for the price of two! Address for all the details is: 40-41 Conduit Street, London, W.1.

CHRIS FARLOWE is keeping his fingers crossed that he manages to holiday in Egypt this year. "Why? Because he's mad about history and archaeology. "I studied archaeology for six years at college," Chris told me. "When I was very young, I wanted to be an archaeologist. Now I've decided it's not worth it—unless you're either very lucky or don't mind being very poor!

"Anyway, I'm a dealer in wax pieces—I run a mail order business, although really I'm more interested in buying than selling.

"Apart from the fact I've a yen to see the pyramids, there must be loads of wintertime things just lying around in Egypt just waiting to be bought! Should Chris ever leave the business, he plans to open an exclusive 'collector's shop' in London's West End.

NEXT WEEK FAB-208 IS FULL OF SUPER

FAB FANCIES

- ● DAVY JONES ● ●
- ● SCOTT ENGEL ● ●
- ● ALAIN DELON ● ●
- ● TOM JONES ● ●
- ● TWIGGY ● ●
- ● & GENE PITNEY ● ●

Five new fabulous costumes in a... ● ● SANDY SHAW ● ●

● We've a super double pack featuring the Monkees, with pop and facts too! It's all new! It has been made into a tape by order of our distributor. It's Twiggy a young man's favourite! Who? Jackie! Alan Delon, an FAB's assured fashion genius. And lots, lots more about the fashion and movies. Fashion is full of Fancy Fancies with Sandy Shaw and Anthony (The Fashion Fantasy) and... If you want to know a lot more about the... Luxembourg on professional services... and facts. Fancy not ordering your copy of I AM A... do this time. On sale Monday... 14...



sunshine superman

When FAB took Donovan to Gibraltar he spent an afternoon playing with the barbary apes that run loose on the Rock. A lot of monkey business went into that game.



▲ It's quite fun at first feeding the apes. This one turned out to be a definite barbary nut case, but Donovan bore up bravely. So did the ape! (Wouldn't you?)

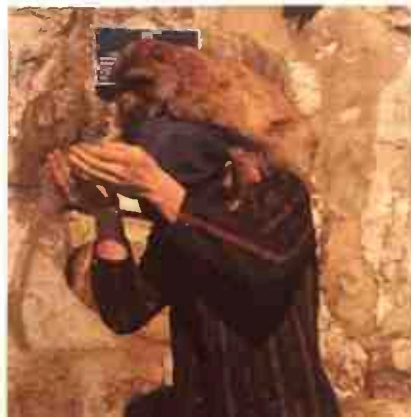


▲ "Okay," says Don. "I'll swap my handkerchief for your fur coat, winter's cold in Great Britain."



▲ These apes have certainly got heads for heights, and this one is on the up and up.

▼ Things are beginning to get on top of poor old Don. Hairy things that just won't stop apeing around. If you ignore it, it might go away.



▲ "I think I've had enough," says Don. "This ape has pinched me hat, pinched me handkerchief, and now he's after me coat. Still, we've had a sizeable

DONOVAN loved it—the big craggy Rock of Gibraltar—which is now all set for a really swinging summer season under the hot Mediterranean sun. A holiday perfect for young people.

In Gibraltar it's very much an outdoor life with up to fourteen hours of sunshine every day, and a temperature in the 80's. So sun bathing, swimming, water ski-ing, sailing and shark fishing (Donovan and The Fourmost had a go) are the popular sports. All the locals are beautifully suntanned from Easter onwards, but it's quick and easy to catch up.

Although Gibraltar's beaches are small (the Rock itself is only 2½ square miles), they are numerous and pretty, ranging from golden sands gently sloping down to the sea, to rocky little coves, studded with caves, just perfect for underwater exploration.

Donovan actually preferred the heights—he spent hours right at the top of the Rock, watching the birds—the feathered variety of course.

"It's so peaceful," he enthused, "I could spend days and days alone up here."

To get to the top of the Rock is now an exciting experience on the newly opened cable car which whisks you the third of the mile along the Rock face. Spread before you is a fab panorama—across the Straits is mysterious Morocco in North Africa, and as far as the eye can see the golden beaches of Spain's Costa del Sol.

ON the way down from the heights, Donovan visited the famous Barbary Apes, which live half-way up the Rock. Soon he was surrounded, and as you can see from our pictures, inquisitive little paws busily searched his pockets for chocolates and peanuts.

Legend has it that if the Apes ever leave the Rock of Gibraltar so will the British. Naturally this makes the thirty odd Apes not just a tourist attraction but very important residents. Particularly at the moment!

Night life this summer will be hectic. With discotheques springing up like crocuses in the spring, the Rock groups (and they're good) face a heavy season.

The very newest discotheque, and also the most luxurious, with low intimate lighting, is La Caverna, just opened in the cellars of the Queen's Hotel.

Another night spot which is becoming popular is the Fox and Hounds which boasts belly dancers from Morocco amongst its attractions! (If you like that sort of thing!)

NEARLY all Gibraltar's night life in the summer is centred out of doors on the beaches. It's so warm in the evenings that what could be better than dining and dancing under the stars, at any of the attractive little places which are studded along the coastline?

What will it cost? Really less than you think, considering it's over a thousand miles away, and your currency allowance is not affected. Gib is British—tarrah!—and this year B.E.A. and B.U.A. are offering a return fare of £35 2s. 0d. London-Gibraltar when travelling mid-week night tourist.

DOREEN GODWIN

People

This week Neil Aspinall, road manager to The Beatles, continues his story with an account of John's trip to Spain when he was filming in *How I Won The War*.

ON the evening of Saturday, 8th October, John Lennon celebrated his twenty-sixth birthday in a block of flats at Almeria, Spain.

Before thousands of readers put pen to paper demanding an apology from me for giving out a false date for John's birthday, let me make it clear that the Saturday was his Birthday Eve.

Officially he was twenty-six on the Sunday (9th October) but the party

took place the night before because John was about to move house.

At the time, we had been in Spain just over three weeks for location work on the Richard Lester film, *How I Won The War*, in which John plays the part of Private Grippeded. He's the faithful, solemnly and slightly cowardly servant/butler of Lieutenant Goodbody (Michael Crawford) of the British Army.

The entire production unit got an open invitation to the birthday shindig and, believe

me, it was quite a wild night.

The party at Almeria is a pretty remote spot, minus most forms of conventional night life. So that party was one of the few really successful social occasions of the month, as far as the cast and crew were concerned.

The block of flats in Almeria was owned by Baron Alexander Gillman, the sort of local seigneur in those parts. He was head of the regional tourists board and a buddy of hundreds of big-name picture people who have rented his flats during film-making.

By this time, John and Cyn had become very friendly with Michael Crawford and his wife, Gabrielle, who were renting another flat in the same block.

Already the Crawfords were finding themselves a bit cramped because they had their lovely baby with them and a nanny.

And Ringo had arrived with Maureen for a holiday, three days before the party.

"You know what we ought to do," suggested John one evening just after we'd heard that Ringo and Maureen were coming out to Spain. "We should all get together and rent one of those fantastic old villas outside the town."

The Crawfords loved the idea and the move was organized without delay.

The flats were by no means unattractive—they had a wonderful view looking out over the sea and they were very comfortable. But everyone wanted more space to move around in and larger "get-together" rooms for entertaining.

So, on the Sunday of John's birthday, we moved into the Villa Corjo-Romera, a magnificent rambling, old Spanish villa on a hill outside the town.

"I'll take days to explore this place," declared John.

We walked from room to room in an initial conducted tour of the villa. We admired all the heavy woodwork, the huge, superbly decorated ceilings and the tapestries hall.

"Just like something out of a film," Ringo decided. "You expect all kinds of heroes with swords to come swinging round the corner on a charger!" And what a great place for parties!

"That's it," replied John. "A party! It's my birthday. We should have one."

"We had one last night," I replied weakly.

"Well, we'll have one again tonight," said John firmly. "It'll be called a villa warming-up you like."

"Hey—you've got a garage room," discovered Ringo. "Let's have a go at table tennis later."

That night's "villa warming-up" party coincided with one of the worst storms Almeria had ever experienced.



Next week, Neil Aspinall tells of the big electricity failure at The Beatles' Spanish Villa.

Bird watching is a hobby common to most members of the male sex of all ages. But Billy Fury is a different kettle of fish in this respect. He's a bird watcher too but concentrates on the feathered variety which fly through the air.

If ever there was a competition to find the pop star most interested in animals and wild life, Billy Fury is a pretty safe bet to be the winner.

He's a member of several animal and wild life protection societies, and if he's got any spare time, he's certain to go wandering around the local wilds rather than packing a suitcase for foreign parts.

Billy's retreat is "a cottage somewhere in Sussex." This is where he goes whenever his show biz commitments permit, and he's taking great pains to ensure that its exact location remains a secret.

"I go off for a whole day whenever I can," he said. "Sometimes I get to the Romney Marshes at six in the morning. Birds seem to be on the move more early in the day.

"I've always been interested in ornithology ever since I was small, and now I'm able to do something constructive about it."

If Billy's only got a short time off, he confines his bird watching to the Sussex regions. But when there's a longer break, he likes to get to the Norfolk Broads or even Scotland for observation and photographing. "I'm doing fairly well," he remarked, "and I hope to get enough photographs and data together for a book eventually. I especially want to get to the Orkneys one day soon, and try and snap the great hawk and the marsh harrier."

PATIENCE is a prime necessity for bird watching. Billy conceals himself in the right area, and might have to wait for two or three hours before the right birds come along. The weather is an additional hazard.

"The weather is a real drag quite often," complained Billy.



"It's not very comfortable waiting around in the pouring rain or a cold wind, and if it's dull, it can spoil the light for photographs."

Billy's interest centres on British birds only, and he has no desire to rush off abroad and lie in wait for overseas birds. He's concentrating on the rarer species here, and apart from watching them and taking their photographs, he's active on their behalf, via the societies, to prevent the various breeds becoming totally extinct.

"Birdwatching gives you the feeling of being absolutely alone and cut off from the world," he said, "and that's what I like once in a while." **NIGEL HUNTER**

BILLY'S BIRDS!



There's an air about Paris. Everybody says it. People fall in love with her, come back from a first visit raving. It's the place you're always being told you MUST go and see.

THE TROGGS are among the "There's nowhere in the world quite like Paris" ravers. And they've only been there twice—once for a day, the second time for three days.

The Troggs like everything about Paris. They like the discotheques, they like the small, gay restaurants and the old and beautiful ones, and they like all the Paris sights. And the girls...

"Everyone says French girls are beautiful," they say. "But they're not. It's simply that they know how to dress and make-up. Even the ordinary girl-in-the-street has this something, in fact, well-groomed girls is the first impression you have of Paris."

And they all agreed, the French capital has a "peculiar atmosphere." "Particularly at night. It's inexplicable. Perhaps a poet could put it into words, but we can't. It just seems to have a spirit of its own."

If you wish to walk where Troggs' feet have trodden, read on...

Return fare by rail and boat is £12, by air (day) £17 lbs., (night) £12 7s.

Fully inclusive holidays work out much cheaper and everything's arranged for you. One week costs roughly £18, two weeks from £30.

If your pocket demands you take only a mini-holiday this year, some travel agents do really super ones.

Clarksons, for example, offer marvellous value. A one-day champagne flight—champagne on the way back—costs from nine guineas, includes lunch at a typical Parisian restaurant, a tour of the sights and three hours free for shopping or sightseeing on your own!

Clarksons also do a weekend in Paris from eighteen guineas, and four days from twenty-one guineas.

Alternatively, you could try B.U.'s "Weekend Parisien." This includes return transport from and

to London, by the Silver Arrow four and a half hour rail/air service, two nights bed and breakfast at a top hotel, and a theatre ticket all for £19.

Paris on the cheap is possible. You can stay in a youth hostel if you belong to the Y.H.A. here, or an ordinary hotel from as little as 4s. 6d. bed and breakfast. You can obtain details of these by writing to Federation Unie des Auberges de la Jeunesse, 11 bis, rue de Milan, Paris (9e).

Pensions are comfortable and cheap, and if you don't mind living a wee bit rough, there are numerous camping sites in the Paris area. For a tent or bungalow holiday village, try the French Travel Service, 48 Brook Street, London, W.1.

Right—now you're there, and you can visit all those places you've heard about. The Eiffel Tower, Notre Dame Cathedral, the Arc de Triomphe, the Sorbonne and the Louvre. You can visit the fascinating antique shops in the old streets of the Left Bank, visit Versailles and Fontainebleau, and wooed

St. Germain with its old castle.

You can dine up a tree at the Sceaux-Robinson... or aboard a Bateau-Mouches launch on the Seine watching Paris slip by... or splash out on a night-clubby evening—under £2 a head complete with two floor shows and a quarter bottle of champagne thrown in.

Now for the bit we know will be most interesting to FAB readers. Clubs. The Club Princess, rue Princesse, St. Germain, is one. It's known among the in folk as "Cass"—and that's exactly who you'll find there—the in folk. Another club is the *Bibouquet* also in St. Germain.

The clubs are probably too expensive for you, but if should be worth a wait outside. You'll see anybody there from Johnny Hallyday to George Fame or The Stones. The French equivalent to London's Tiles is the *Louisonette*, under the Moulin Rouge cinema at the Place Pigalle. It costs about the same as Tiles, and they get the best of the English groups there. Also if anything's happening while you're there, try the Paris Olympia. It's worth a visit if only for its fame!

And if after all that, you're still stuck for somewhere to go, drop in at the *Welcom*. In formation Office in Paris, stays open from 9 a.m. to midnight, and can tell you everything that's happening.

The place that can help you most before you go is right here. It's the French Government Tourist Office, and they will send you a list of pensions, hotels, camping sites, hotels, cheap restaurants, places to go, things to see.

Everything, in fact, right down to what to do if you want to fly to Paris in your own plane! Not, of course, that we seriously think you'd want to know that, but for everything else, the place is 178 Piccadilly, London, W.1.

CHRISTINE OSBOURNE



This is not a view everybody knows but it is the Eiffel Tower—one of the sights that made The Troggs love Paris



1967 Z801

Dave Berry, very popular on the Continent, tells Nigel Hunter why the Continent is so popular with him.

TRAVELLIN' MAN

DAVE BERRY is a travellin' man on frequent occasions throughout each year. The Berry voice and the Berry stagecraft appeal to a lot of people in Europe as well as here. Thus he gets a chance to see other countries more regularly than most, and keeps his eyes open for places that look suitable for enjoyable holidays.

"Switzerland is a favourite place of mine," he told us. "It's got a pleasant atmosphere which you notice as soon as you arrive.

"It was there on a working visit, but I got an opportunity to look around a bit, including a whole free day in Lucerne. It's a lovely country, and so spotlessly clean everywhere. The people are marvellous and easy going, and genuinely hospitable."

Dave was in Switzerland in the autumn, but didn't have sufficient time to do any skiing.

"I'd like to go back for a proper holiday some time," he said. "Then I'd probably keep away for a long while. I don't like going back to the same place twice because there are so many other areas I still haven't seen."

Dave's last holiday was in Portugal near Estoril. He went on the off chance he would like it, and not because anyone had recommended that country.

"I did like it very much, mostly because the countryside is so similar to England. All green and lovely, in spite of the heat. In fact, the temperature up in the eighties all the time was the only part of the scene not like home!"

"I'm going to Madeira later this year, in the Canary Islands. I've got some friends there, and from what I've heard, you can't go wrong there for holidays. Swimming, sun-bathing, eating, drinking the lot. I'm going to look around for some of this Madeira cake too while I'm there."



Dave Berry steers some fellow pop stars along the seafloor at Knokke in Belgium.

YOU start as a *Grames*, *Line Up*, wait for a *Howdy*, then *Take Off*, and if you're lucky you might even be *Stoked*. You can try *Hanging Five*, maybe *Hanging Ten*, a *Rail on the Doggs*, end up *Psych-Out*.

"What's it all about? You might well ask, as I did. But it's chat that goes with the Surf Sound, and music and wares, are The Fenmen.

Surfing is going to be the IN holiday sport for 1967, and you don't have to travel thousands of miles to Malibu Beach to do it, for the breakers are just as good on the shores of little old England.

The Fenmen came along to the Fab offices to tell us all about it.

Said Fenmen drummer, twenty-one year old Jon Povey, from the lofty height of his 6 ft. 2 in. "Surfing's just great, it's dead easy, you can learn in about a week."

"Which is just what the four Fenmen did last year.

The Fenmen who have been playing the Surf Sound from the Fab offices to tell us all about it were appearing in Newquay, Cornwall, the town which is just about the home of surfing in England.

Since then they have managed about six weeks surfing in between appearances, and are now something of experts. But as every other surfer they started as *Grames*—in surf language—beginners.

"We hit our *Matt* (surfboards) when we first started," explained the twenty-one year old guitarist Wally Allen, who likes food, fast cars and girls, but hates big-headed people; "but now we have our own made-to-measure mats."

For the information of all the *Grames* (which includes me), mats are 10 ft. long. "And you can do 20-35 miles per hour at maximum trim," said guitarist Alan Judge, one of the four Fenmen voices of experience.

At first, The Fenmen, as all other *Grames*, coasted along the crest of the waves lying down on their mats, but it didn't take them long to get the hang of the thing, and within the week they had their sea legs and erect as guardmen on their *mat*

were soon hurtling along on to the golden Cornish beach.

They were lucky to start surfing in Newquay, for there they found an excellent teacher in British Surf-board Champion, Rod Sumpter, who rated fifth in the World Championship. He's resident instructor there, ship.

He introduced the group to skate boards—which look rather like an overgrown roller skate—on which you balance both feet and sail down any convenient road or lane to practise. This helps you obtain a sense of balance for when you take the plunge and ride the breakers.

"If you can stay on the skate board," said bass guitarist Eric Willmer, "there's no reason why you shouldn't stay on the mat." Although I really can't see that it would worry twenty-one year old Eric 'co he says one of his likes are wet pavements (funny) so a slaking in the sea should be pure bliss.

During the six weeks spent surfing which The Fenmen have managed to squeeze in since last August, they have not only learnt to surf but also picked up the lingo.

"What you do," said guitarist Alan Judge, "is to paddle out on your mat to the *Line Up*." That means you take your surfboard, lie on it, and using your arms and feet paddle out to about 400 yards from the shore.

"Then you wait for your wave," he added. "It might be one of the *Hotters* (which at Newquay can be between twelve and thirteen feet high); Jon cut in, "but normally they are about six to seven feet. You could come across a *Dumper Wave*, which is one which breaks quickly."

"Well," Jon continued, "when you have chosen your wave, you *Take Off*, if you're lucky you'll be *Stoked* (meaning great, with good weather conditions), then as you surf you can try a *Kick Out* (nearly-degree backward turn), or *Hot Doggs* (reverse on mat), *Hanging Five* (means having five toes over edge of mat) or even *Hanging Ten* (all ten toes hanging over the *Rail*—edge of mat), but if you're not careful you'll probably get a *Wipe Out* (detention, losing your mat *Unpersonally*)."

A word of warning from Wally. "If you hear someone calling you a

Hodad, it means you can't really surf but say you can."

"Of course you're bound to be *Psych-Out* in the end," Eric pointed out, which means you've had enough, but can also mean that the weather is too rough for surfing.

What does it cost? About an hour at Newquay, with hired surfboard and instructions, and there are other places offering similar facilities.

Newquay for The Fenmen is their Fave Surfing Spot, but they're hoping to try Aberystwith for a surfing holiday next month.

Really Cornwall comes high on their list for surfing, some of the possible places are Perranporth, Portlaois, Prah Sands, St. Ives, Tintagel and Polzeath. At most of these resorts you can hire your surf board whenever you feel like a spin over the waves.

Experts say the best surfing is normally on beaches facing south-west or north-west, where there are wide flat beaches with big breakers—so that you can land high and drop on the beach.

Rivalling Cornwall in the surfing stakes are Devon and Pembrokeshire who boast the same beautiful beaches and big breakers.

From what The Fenmen tell me just about everyone in Newquay is surf happy, there is even a factory making the mats, not only in England but for export too. The only thing is, the workers are so keen on the sport that they tend to work all kinds of odd hours so that they can get in their surfing when the weather is right, without slowing down production or spoiling the export trade.

During the winter The Fenmen often wear protective rubber suits to keep them warm while surfing, but in the summer they take to their *Baggies* (rather long, Hawaiian type shorts), their *Jams* a narrower version of the *Baggies* or their *Kix* (quite narrow shorts with a white border).

Well, The Fenmen say surfing is easy, in fact everyone tells me it is terribly simple. One comment was: "Any fool can do it." Said our Ed: "That's quite true. Even I can!"

A *Psych-Out* Wally is saved by Jon

THE Beach Boys started it. That great surfing sound and now the sport that goes with it is really catching on and you don't have to travel thousands of miles to Malibu Beach to try it out. The Fenmen went down to Newquay in Cornwall to appear in a show last summer and ended up trying out the surfing sport. They had a few ups and downs but thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Here they tell Doreen Godwin all about it.



Wally getting in his ^{head} practice on his skate board

All set for surfing. (L. to r.) Alan, Eric, Jon and Wally



Wally

Alan

MAKING A BIG SPLASH



A fast right hand turn at maximum trim by Wally



Jon Hanging Five while Eric wallows



● Francoise Hardy is the mademoiselle most 'in' with the international jet set. This isn't very surprising, for a girl who travels the world singing. Yet Francoise takes her friends on holiday to the South of France instead of far-flung millionaire sun-spots

ALL OVER THE WORLD

... but especially in the South of France



At Christmas, Francoise Hardy was seen water-skiing in the brilliant sunshine of the Lebanon. Soon, she hopes to be in the heady atmosphere of the Orient. She regards London as a second home, and knows most of Europe as well as she knows her own home near the Elysée Palace in Paris.

But most of Francoise's time off is spent with her friends in the South of France. The playgrounds of the very rich, the very famous, and the very gay are there. Beaches are vast, waters are never bluer, evenings are endless.

The resorts are for people who want sun, sailing, and to be seen with swingers. The swingers are the "in" crowd of the jet set, or movie stars or pop singers.

Francoise is basically a quiet person who loves lazy quiet days with friends. But she adores letting her hair down in the evenings in plushy discotheques.

She takes her friends to St. Tropez because it gives her the best of both worlds. With people like Sylvie Vartan and Johnny Hallyday, and Franco's current rave, comedy protest singer Jacques Dutronc, Francoise dances into the night in St. Tropez clubs, and spends most of the day on quiet beaches outside the town.

"There are fabulous beaches just up the coast from St. Tropez," she says. "They're free, unlike the St. Tropez beaches, which are very expensive and crowded. And really, they're very quiet beaches.

"There are no smart shops or bars or night clubs there, so we move back to town in the evenings. But during the day, it is much nicer there. For young people trying not to spend too much money, it is perhaps a good idea to buy food in town and have picnics on the beach."

France—especially in the south—is for the young, or at least the young in heart. The French Government Tourist Office (178 Piccadilly, London, W.1—HYde Park 3171) is a super-efficient office, which has information on all sorts of fun holidays.

You can go to sailing schools in France for as little as £18 10s. 0d. all-in for two weeks, which includes accommodation, meals, and sailing tuition from qualified instructors. (Write to Union Nautique Française, 2 Rue Lacuze, Paris 12e.)

Camping in tents or hatted villages, is organised by Camping Club de France, 218 Boulevard Saint-Germain, Paris. Accommodation in youth hostels can be arranged through your own Youth Hostel Association office, or through Fédération Unie des Auberges de Jeunesse, 11 bis, Rue de la Mian, Paris (9e).

There are all sorts of possibilities for student exchanges, sports holidays and educational visits, which the French Government Tourist Office can tell you about.

Travel is easy enough. British Rail can arrange everything for you. Or you can go to Paris then catch the Paris-Riviera coach service to your resort. (Information from: The Fédération Nationale des Transports Routiers, 44 Rue de la Bienfaisance, Paris.)

Bonne chance!

JUNE SOUTHWORTH

Gene strongly recommends Italy as a place for a holiday of a lifetime. It's his second home. He loves the food, the people, the climate, the cities.



MR. PITNEY has lost his heart to Italy. It's sunny and romantic.

There's sand and glistening sea. There's history in the old buildings and piazzas and a new swinging night life in the clubs.

Gene thinks the Italian birds are wonderful, the human variety of course.

He'll be doing his usual Italian tour this summer, playing at such places as Rimini and Viareggio where the audiences are about fifty per cent British holidaymakers. His itinerary for 1967 isn't yet decided. It will probably be a two-week tour but exact dates have yet to be fixed.

He likes working in vast open-air dance halls. Anyone listening to Gene singing in the warm Italian night will know a new experience.

Rome is Gene's second home. He adores it. Somewhere along the line he has Italian blood in his veins and speaks enough Italian to get by.

His Italian accent is impeccable. In Rome he enjoys wandering around. It's a city of sights. St. Peter's, the Colosseum, the Vatican.

You can buy a guide book and see for yourself—or take a conducted coach tour. There are charming squares, narrow streets and fountains. Gene loves old places and things, provided they aren't just museum pieces.

The Roman shops are gorgeous. It's a super place to buy shoes and clothes with a strong Continental look.

Gene goes for the restaurants. Specialties for him are whole baby octopus in sauté sauce or veal done in one of the delicious Italian ways, served with their rich red wine.

Venice is a place he thinks is a must for a visit. (Rita Pavone puts it high on her list, too.) It's a city full of beautiful buildings set on the canals.

You can stay by the Venice Lido and be close enough (a short steamer trip) to visit the old towns by day and by night.

Like everyone, Gene was shocked when the Florence floods did so much damage and he hopes to be able to raise some money to help the recovery.

Florence (home of Michelangelo,

though not a seaside resort, is very well worth a call.

Rita Pavone is a Florence lover.

"But it is a city—not a place for a summer holiday," she says.

"I love Ischia. There you can wear a bikini and bathe in the sun." Ischia is a gem of an island, smaller than Capri, off the coast of Naples.

"Naples is good, too," says Rita. She plays the big Italian resorts, so holidaymakers have a chance of seeing her during the high season.

Anyone catching a glimpse of a very slight glint on a bright pink E-type Jag with several dogs, can be fairly sure it's Rita Pavone.

She had the car sprayed specially. Pink is her favourite colour. Currently her favourite dress is pink with pink shoes to match.

Rita's personal choice of the perfect place in Italy is Rome.

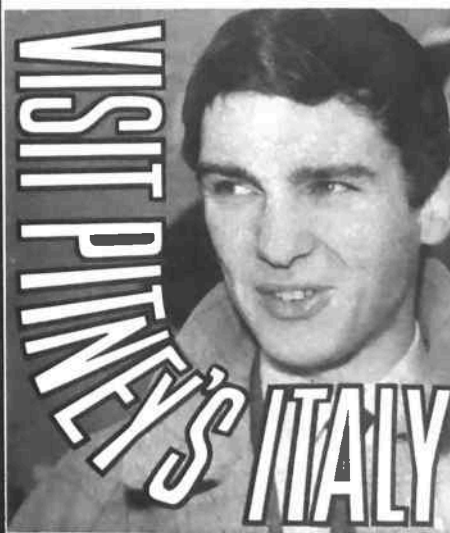
"Because Rome is where my new house is. It is my home. I call it a Little Rome. There are twenty-six rooms. When I walk up to it I say, 'This is mine' and I like that."

When Rita was last here she found our climate not much to her liking and went out and bought some warm sweaters and slacks. With these she wore her very lush pink coat.

Clothes to take on holiday in Italy are cotton skirts and dresses, plenty of beachwear and Rita says bikinis are perfectly okay—whatever you may have read in some newspapers.

A cardigan is useful for when the sun goes down in the evenings. A scarf to tie sightseeing in churches, and helpful when you need protection from the blazing sun. Sandals will take you everywhere. Flat for beachwear and day time, something more sophisticated for night time.

People wanting to book in the sunny Italy of Gene and Rita can find out more about it from the Italian State Tourist Department, 291 Regent Street, London, W.1, or from Youth Hostels Association, 29 John Adam Street, London, W.C.2, who have exciting tours; among them are the Coasts of Italy; 1 resources of Italy; and Sorrento (set among the Italian orange groves). Bellissima!



Fabulous 208 CALENDAR 1967



(Feb 208) The World's Best

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30



Orange towelling suit from Dorothy Perkins also comes in green, lime and white. Trousers, 39s. 11d., top, 29s. 11d. and skirt (right) 29s. 11d. Orange canvas boots with white laces, Lotus, 45s. 11d.

▼ The perfect travelling companion, flowered towelling suit with a flared mini skirt. Travers Tempos, £5.95. Worn here by new singer, Danielle.

Beautifully cut Julie Driscoll in ditto black and yellow towelling dress, ideal for souvenir hunting. By Travers Tempos, 5 gns.

TOWELLING is big news this year so if you are planning to take a trip you can't do better than put a towel, made up first into one of the super outfits we have here, in your travel bag. Towelling is a good traveller because you can wash it easily, it will dry in the sun without losing any of its colour and it doesn't show the creases. What more can you ask for a happy hol? Don't tell us—we know—but you'll have to find *him* yourself!

If you're going to be serenaded by Latin lovers you've got to wear the gear, like this long orangey pink towelling dress with pink satin bodice by Hem and Fringe, approx. 6j gns.

Fashion Ed HEATHER KIRBY
Pictures by DAVID RADLEY
For stockists write, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope, to: Flattery House, Haringey, 4400 Street, London, E.C.A.

◀ This is a sort of a bed or beach thing in soft towelling trimmed with white lace. It comes in turquoise, pink, lilac and white, from Neatawear, 59s. 11d.

Super soft towelling track suit without legs! It's by Duke Sportswear, 52s. 6d. Beige, orange and navy beach shoes by Lenard, 25s. 11d.



HAVE TOWEL WILL TRAVEL

WHEELS WITH DOUG PERRY

Hi there, folks. Wow, this cold weather really is setting in, isn't it? Bet when you get into your lovely warm house after school or work you don't really want to go out again—and, who can blame you? Still, if you have a transistor then you're O.K., 'cos that can bring you a whole lot of enjoyment—providing, of course, you're tuned into the right station. Radio Luxembourg, what else!

★★★★ TUESDAY 31st ★★★★★



All you disc fans must be very familiar with the name Lee Hazlewood, 'cos he's the guy who wrote *Boots for Nancy Sinatra*. Well, it's another of Lee's compositions that gets our *Pick Of The Week*. The song's called *Run Boy Run* and it's been recorded by a very talented duo called Jeff and Jon.

These two boys have been singing together for about two and a half years and although this is their first release in England they did have a disc in 'The States' some time ago. And if you're wondering how that rather strange event came about, let me tell you that Jeff and Jon themselves were slightly puzzled.

Most of their work is in cabaret and Jeff tells me they spend an awful lot of time on the club circuit in the north of England.

"It's a great scene up there," he said. "Can't understand why their aren't clubs like that in the south."

Jon says that reaction to the record has been pretty good—and, of course, they're both hoping for a first time winner.

You can help them achieve that ambition by taking a listen to the disc along with David Jacobs at 11.00 p.m., and then snipping out to your record shop tomorrow and spending your seven and however much it is!

★★★★ WEDNESDAY 1st ★★★★★

OUR four resident DJs out in the Grand Duchy had "cosy" visitors from London office last week, when our General Manager Mr. Everett and his assistant Joy Nicola went over.

Joy brought the pic of the boys back for you all, and although you can't see it, there's more than a thin layer of snow on the ground.

Actually, when I spoke to Colin Nicol (he's the one doing the Lord Nelson bit in the pic) recently, he told me that the last time he went out in Don Wardell's car he spent half the time inside and the other half slogging away to try and free the car from the ridiculous snow drifts they managed to get stuck in.

Ah, well, it's all good exercise Colin, my boy!

Anyway, let's hope the drifts don't get too big, 'cos our boys have to get along to the studio to bring all those great shows to you.

Colin, Don and Tony Brandon will all be on 208 tonight—and Stuart Grundy will be having a little rest before he takes the air tomorrow.



Colin Nicol, Don Wardell, Stuart Grundy and Tony Brandon

★★★★ THURSDAY 2nd ★★★★★

MIKE RAVEN, who introduces his *Soul Supply* show at 7.45 p.m., could be a man in the money very shortly.

You see, when Mike first heard *The Four Tops'* disc of *Standing In The Shadows Of Love* he decided at once that it was going up to the number one position in the hit parade.

Well, certain people in the business had other ideas and so Mike took a little bet on with each of them.

News of the record is, that it entered the charts at number fourteen, and by the end of last week it had zoomed up to number four.

Will *The Tops* disc make the top? Will Mike Raven become a millionaire overnight? Can all those in the know people possibly have miscalculated?

Tune in next week! Same Bat-page—same Bat-man!



★★★★ FRIDAY 3rd ★★★★★

SIMON DEE'S *Simon's Scene* show was one year last week, and to celebrate the anniversary Simon invited a few guests along to the studio for a lovely birthday party.

Wow—some party it turned out to be too!

Paul Jones, Graham Nash, Kenny Lynch, Alan Mooney, Barry Benson, Easybeat Steve, Very Long Legs and many others turned up to say hello on the show and to also sample the champagne that someone so kind had provided.

Whoever made the birthday cake ought to have a recipe copyrighted, 'cos within seconds of Graham or Paul cutting it, every single slice disappeared.

The afternoon was rounded off by everyone joining in a knock-out chorus of *Happy Birthday*—sung, I thought, in about forty-seven different harmonies and as the guests went away having thoroughly enjoyed their time.

What can I say, except roll on the next anniversary!



Graham Nash, Paul Jones, Barry Benson, Easybeat Steve, Very Long Legs, Alan Mooney, Kenny Lynch, and many others

TUESDAY 31st

- 6.30 PETER ALDERSEY SPINS YOUR WAY
- 7.00 TUESDAY'S REQUESTS Introduced by Tony Brandon
- 7.45 SOUL SUPPLY Introduced by Mike Raven
- 8.00 ALL-TIME HIT PARADE Introduced by Alan Mooney
- 8.30 DON MOSS SINGS THE AMERICAN SIDE
- 8.45 RADIO BINGO SHOW Introduced by Tony Brandon
- 9.00 BRIAN MATTHEWS' POP PARADE
- 9.15 Time to meet KEITH FORDICE

- 9.30 SAM COSTA'S CORNER
- 10.00 THE JIMMY YOUNG SHOW
- 10.30 TEEN & TWENTY DISC CLUB Introduced by Jimmy Savile
- 11.00 THE DAVID JACOBS' SHOW
- 11.30 POP TILL MIDNIGHT Presented by Alan Freeman
- 12.00 MUSIC IN THE NIGHT with Alan Dale
- 1.00 MUSIC IN THE NIGHT
- 2.00 a.m. Close Down

WEDNESDAY 1st

- 6.30 PETER ALDERSEY'S TRANSLUCENT REQUEST-BAG
- 7.00 WEDNESDAY'S REQUESTS Introduced by Colin Nicol
- 7.30 TUNE-TO
- 7.45 THE LON COLEMAN SHOW
- 8.00 NEW TOP TEN CHARTS Introduced by Tony Brandon
- 8.45 RADIO BINGO SHOW Introduced by Colin Nicol
- 9.00 TIME TO MEET KEITH FORDICE
- 9.15 TOPICAL TUNES - 1st Colin Nicol

- 9.30 DAVID JACOBS PLAYS
- 10.00 THE PETER MURRAY SHOW
- 10.30 TEEN & TWENTY DISC CLUB Introduced by Jimmy Savile
- 11.00 SPIN WITH THE STARS Introduced by Don Wardell
- 11.15 TIME TO MEET DAVID GILL
- 11.30 POP TILL MIDNIGHT Presented by Alan Freeman
- 12.00 MUSIC IN THE NIGHT
- 1.00 MUSIC IN THE NIGHT with Alan Dale
- 2.00 a.m. Close Down

THURSDAY 2nd

- 6.30 PETER ALDERSEY PLAYS MUSIC FOR OPENERS
- 7.00 JACE JACKSON'S JUKE BOX SHOW
- 7.30 RADIO REVELLE SHOW with Brian Matthews
- 7.45 SOUL SUPPLY Introduced by Mike Raven
- 8.00 THE ALAN FREEMAN SHOW
- 8.15 IT'S POPPY TIME Introduced by Danny Facey
- 8.30 TUESDAY'S REQUESTS Introduced by Don Wardell
- 8.45 RADIO BINGO SHOW Introduced by Stuart Grundy
- 9.00 DAVID JACOBS' STARTING

- 9.30 THE CATHY MCGOWAN SHOW
- 9.45 NEW TOMORROW with Simon Day
- 10.00 THE JIMMY YOUNG HOUR
- 11.00 BRIAN MATTHEWS' POP PARADE
- 11.15 JIMMY SAVILE'S 'JP' SHOW
- 11.30 POP TILL MIDNIGHT Presented by Alan Freeman
- 12.00 ROUND MIDNIGHT
- 1.00 MUSIC IN THE NIGHT
- 2.00 a.m. Close Down

FRIDAY 3rd

- 6.30 PETER'S POP SHOW with Peter Aldersey
- 7.00 SPIN-ALONG with Tony Brandon
- 7.15 RADIO REVELLE SHOW with Brian Matthews
- 7.30 DISC DRIVE Introduced by Tony Brandon
- 7.45 FRIDAY'S REQUESTS Introduced by Tony Brandon
- 8.00 JIMMY SAVILE'S TUNE-A-MINUTE SPOT
- 8.45 RADIO BINGO SHOW Introduced by Tony Brandon
- 9.00 THE ALAN FREEMAN SHOW
- 9.15 THE PETER MURRAY SHOW

- 9.45 FRIDAY SPECIAL Introduced by Tony Brandon
- 10.00 SIMON'S SCENE Introduced by Simon Day
- 11.00 BRIAN MATTHEWS' MUSIC SHOW
- 11.15 POP TILL MIDNIGHT Presented by Alan Freeman
- 12.00 MIDNIGHT WITH CASH Introduced by Dave Cash
- 1.00 SATURDAY MORNING with Lesle Boyle
- 1.30 THE TONY HALL SHOW
- 2.00 TEEN & TWENTY DISC CLUB Introduced by Jimmy Savile
- 2.00 a.m. Close Down

SATURDAY 4th

- 6.30 PETER ALDERSEY'S 200 DISCOTHEQUE
- 7.00 SATURDAY'S REQUESTS Introduced by Colin Nicol
- 7.45 SOUL SUPPLY with Mike Raven
- 8.00 PETER MURRAY'S LP PARADE
- 8.30 TOP POPS OF TODAY
- 8.45 RADIO BINGO SHOW Introduced by Colin Nicol
- 9.00 SOUNDS AMERICAN with Simon Day
- 9.15 THE CHRIS DENNING SHOW

- 9.45 BATTLE OF THE GIANTS Doug Stanley refers a contest on record between Ray Orbison and The Beatles
- 10.00 THIRTY MINUTES WITH JIMMY YOUNG
- 10.30 THE TONY HALL SHOW
- 11.00 TIME TO MEET KEITH FORDICE
- 11.30 JACE JACKSON'S BIRTH ROUND-UP
- 12.00 GUY'S, GALS & GROUPS
- 1.00 MUSIC FOR SOPHISTICATES
- 1.30 MUSIC IN THE NIGHT
- 2.00 a.m. Close Down

SUNDAY 5th

- 6.00 MUSIC SCENE '87 Don Wardell
- 6.30 TONY BRANCON
- 6.45 RADIO BINGO SHOW
- 7.00 TONY BRANCON
- 7.15 DON WARDELL
- 7.15 I WANNA BE WITH Jimmy Savile
- 7.45 CURRY'S CORNER with Tony Brandon

- 11.00 TOP TWENTY Introduced by Don Wardell
- 11.30 MIDNIGHT WITH MATTIEW Brian Matthews
- 12.00 MUSIC IN THE NIGHT with Stuart Grundy
- 2.00 a.m. Close Down

MONDAY 6th

- 6.30 HAPPY MEMORIES with Peter Aldersey
- 7.00 BLAST OFF
- 7.15 HONDAY'S REQUESTS
- 7.45 SOUL SUPPLY with Mike Raven
- 8.00 YOUR DATE AT EIGHT with David Jacobs
- 8.15 SWINGING POPS with Stuart Grundy
- 8.45 RADIO BINGO SHOW with Stuart Grundy
- 9.00 THE DAVID JACOBS' SHOW
- 9.15 BATTLE OF THE GIANTS Doug Stanley refers a contest between two girls

- 9.45 LINE ENGAGED with Keith Forzye
- 10.00 TOP POPS Presented by Peter Murray
- 10.30 Omelette, IT'S MONDAY AND TIME FOR HIT PARADE Introduced by Jack Jackson
- 11.00 THAT BOY WITH GROOVES with Don Wardell
- 11.15 PERI-COLA CLUBLAND
- 11.30 POP TILL MIDNIGHT
- 12.00 MUSIC IN THE NIGHT
- 2.00 a.m. Close Down

★★★★SATURDAY 4th★★★★

BIGGEST thing to hit the charts in recent weeks is, of course, Tom Jones' *Green, Green Grass of Home* and that success behind him I confidently expect Tom to win tonight's *Battle Of The Giants* contest against Roy Orbison.

Tom's disc proved one important point to me—it's not only you young people who are buying the records these days, but also your and dad.

And, why not? With such lovely songs as that round it seems only right that the whole family should get enjoyment from today's pop scene.

No doubt our good Stateside friends will give Tom a fat old run for his money—and we mustn't forget that Roy is a very consistent chart artist over here.

This time however, I think the opposition is just a little too strong, so it's Tom to coast through to the next round in my opinion.

Don't forget one thing though—I could be wrong! Find out for yourself by tuning into Doug Stanley's show at 9.45 p.m.

★★★★SUNDAY 5th★★★★

SUNDAY can be a nice day—after all it's supposed to be the day of rest. Then again it can be a drag, 'cos when Sunday comes you suddenly realize that the week-end is nearly over and tomorrow it's back to work or school.

If, however, you're a 208 listener then Sunday is a great day—and, to make it even better we have a brand new record for you tonight.

It's *Wanna Know* (10.15 p.m.) introduced by the one and only Jimmy Savile who's first airing tonight and let me tell you that Jim really has some knock-out surprises in store for you.

Each week you listeners are asked to write to Jim with questions you'd like to ask your fav star and our good friend Jim will reply to you with the info, but also the artist's latest hit.

In addition there'll be a star letter each week and the artist who it concerns will be right there in the studio to answer the query personally. The writer of that letter wins the week's Star Prize, which could be a trip to London for two, with a visit to a recording of *Wanna Know*—and a prize for good measure.

So, get onto the scene tonight—and then it's all down to pencils and paper out!

DISCO

● Latest disc from Herman's Hermits is *Some Kind Of Hash All Over The World* co-written by Geoff Stevens of *Am Chester* (Catalonia) label, and musical director Les Reed. Herman describes it as the best thing he ever done! I agree and it should end up near the top (Columbia).

● Regular readers of this column will know that I've blundered the merits of Cliff Bennett and The Rebel Rousers, ever since their first disc (they finally broke through to the Big Time last year) and they keep up their consistency in good standard with another lullie called *I'll Take Good Care Of You* (Parlophone).

● The Lords who wear the longest hair I've ever seen are to the Germans what the Beatles are to Britain—and they show what all the fuss is about with a mighty catchy *Oant Mince Mellets* (Columbia).



● Elvis Presley may not have the following he had a few years ago but in *Inescapably Blue* with a superb backing from The Jordanaires he shows he is still a force to be reckoned with (R.C.A. Victor).

● Most original approach of the week comes from The Knacks with *The Man From The Theme* (Management And Advice Bureau) (Piccadilly).

● A new group of five long-haired gent's of the Sixties called The Spodwich. Came has one British member, 19 year old London born Murray Beard who plays the Bisk guitar. This debut on the Kama Sutra label will give him what's very easy on the nose without being too square.

● American group The Tams who have twice hit the number one spot. Dawn Upshaw is the UK hit, but they've been creating a buzz in the States and are touring London. They're about in Britain with an exciting new LP *Bring On The Rain* (Columbia).

● Riff Raff bring another disc to the charts with *Bad Boy* (Parlophone). The new *Bad Boy* and *Parlophone* are the new labels of the Columbia Group.

● Artie Shaw's *My Old Shave* (Mercury) is a new release. E.M. Seal's *My Old Shave* (Mercury) is also a new release. C. J. Taylor's *My Old Shave* (Mercury) is also a new release. D. Taylor's *My Old Shave* (Mercury) is also a new release. E. Taylor's *My Old Shave* (Mercury) is also a new release. F. Taylor's *My Old Shave* (Mercury) is also a new release. G. Taylor's *My Old Shave* (Mercury) is also a new release. H. Taylor's *My Old Shave* (Mercury) is also a new release. I. Taylor's *My Old Shave* (Mercury) is also a new release. J. Taylor's *My Old Shave* (Mercury) is also a new release. K. Taylor's *My Old Shave* (Mercury) is also a new release. L. Taylor's *My Old Shave* (Mercury) is also a new release. M. Taylor's *My Old Shave* (Mercury) is also a new release. N. Taylor's *My Old Shave* (Mercury) is also a new release. O. Taylor's *My Old Shave* (Mercury) is also a new release. P. Taylor's *My Old Shave* (Mercury) is also a new release. Q. Taylor's *My Old Shave* (Mercury) is also a new release. R. Taylor's *My Old Shave* (Mercury) is also a new release. S. Taylor's *My Old Shave* (Mercury) is also a new release. T. Taylor's *My Old Shave* (Mercury) is also a new release. U. Taylor's *My Old Shave* (Mercury) is also a new release. V. Taylor's *My Old Shave* (Mercury) is also a new release. W. Taylor's *My Old Shave* (Mercury) is also a new release. X. Taylor's *My Old Shave* (Mercury) is also a new release. Y. Taylor's *My Old Shave* (Mercury) is also a new release. Z. Taylor's *My Old Shave* (Mercury) is also a new release.

★★★★WHERE THEY'RE AT★★★★ 31st Jan. 6th Feb.

THE FOUR TOPS package continues its pilgrimage in the North, Scotland and the Midlands, and American visitor Herbie Goins is moving about the country now, including a date at the Royal Albert Hall with some interesting effects. And the talked-about Cream have a Sunday session at the Saville Theatre.

SCOTLAND

Four Tops, Mercy, Madeline Bell, Rene & Barry Hall, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 31st; Fay Hallowell, 3rd; Glasgow, Manchester, 31.

NORTH

Four Tops, Mercy, Madeline Bell, Rene & Barry Hall, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 31st; Fay Hallowell, 3rd; Glasgow, Manchester, 31.

Boyz n the Bz, Boyz n the Bz, Wishful 31-41; Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich; Alan Price Set; Liverpool, 31-41; Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich; Alan Price Set; Liverpool, 31-41; Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich; Alan Price Set; Liverpool, 31-41.

Wayne Fontana and The Mindbenders, Liverpool, 31-41; Alan Price Set; Liverpool, 31-41; Wayne Fontana and The Mindbenders, Liverpool, 31-41; Alan Price Set; Liverpool, 31-41.

Alan Bowe Set; Tubernack Club, Shochport, 31-41; Alan Price Set; Liverpool, 31-41; Alan Bowe Set; Tubernack Club, Shochport, 31-41; Alan Price Set; Liverpool, 31-41.

Kenny Ball's Jazzmen; Variety and Social Club, Chester-le-Street (3); Club Carousal, Chester-le-Street (3); Club Carousal, Chester-le-Street (3).

Herb Lubiano; Country Club, Kirkcaldy (3); Alan Price Set; Liverpool, 31-41; Alan Price Set; Liverpool, 31-41.

Small Faces; Plaza Ballroom, Huddersfield (3); Alan Price Set; Liverpool, 31-41; Alan Price Set; Liverpool, 31-41.

New Vaudeville Band; Oasis Club, Manchester, and Country Club, Warrington (3); Alan Price Set; Liverpool, 31-41; Alan Price Set; Liverpool, 31-41.

Jimmy James and The Vagabonds; Leeds Spencer, 31; Canham Hall, Reckar, 31; Will City Club, Chester (3).

Cliff Bennett and The Rebel Rousers; Sounds Inc.; Bakersfield, Hull (3); Eric Burdon and The New Animals; Durham University (3); Alan Price Set; Garrod Club, Warrington and Towers Club, Leigh (3).

MIDLANDS

Four Tops, Mercy, Madeline Bell, Rene & Barry Hall, Birmingham (4); D. Montford Hall, Leicester (3).

Bystanders; Bains Hall, Birmingham (4); Jimmy Cliff; Golden Torch Ballroom, Southport (3); The Seekers; Colours; Park Hotel, Wetherhampton (3).

Gene Washington and The Ram Jam Band; Leicester (3); Alan Bowe Set; Gloucester (3); Alan Bowe Set; Gloucester (3); Alan Bowe Set; Gloucester (3).

Herbie Goins; Elbow Room Club, Birmingham (1); Queen's Ballroom, Wolverhampton (3); Chris Farlowe and The Thunderbirds; Leicester University (3); University Park, Nottingham (4).

Johnnie Young; City Ballroom, Birmingham (4); The Larnaby Club, Leicester (4); Long John Baldry; Box Club, Levet Bridge (3).

Brian Poole and The Tremeloes; Birmingham University (3); Royal Ballroom, Ripley (3).

Graham Bond Organisation; 11 Kinola Ballroom, Leicester (3); Jimmy James and The Vagabonds; Club, Derby (3).

Action Winter Gardens, Malvern (3); Sounds Inc.; Union Working Club, Nottingham (3); Eric Burdon and The New Animals; Run Runner Club, Birmingham (3); Lakes Ballroom, Grimsby (3); Alan Price Set; (Sons) Club, Derby (4).

LONDON

Cream, Edwin Starr, Sandie Neville; Royal Albert Hall, 31-41; Herbie Goins, New Vaudeville Band, Dave Cash; Royal Albert Hall, Kensington (4).

Cliff Richard, Shadowfax; Grosvenor Palladium, Argyl St; Lulu; 31-41; The Good, Wimbledon Theatre (3).

Chris Farlowe and The Thunderbirds; Coventry St. (3); Jeff and Jack of Clubs, Bristol St.

Bystanders; Fies Club, Oxford St (3); Jimmy Cliff; New All Star Club, Anfield (3); Herd; Tiger's Head, Cardiff (3); Marquee Club, Windsor St (3); Carl Stevens Road House, Chalk Farm St; Mover; 11er Club, Oxford St (3); Flamingo Club, Whitehall St (3); Alan Bowe Set; (Sons) Club, West Hampstead (3).

Tuesday's Children, Anach; Wimbledon Palais (3); Zoot Money and The Big Roll Band; Bluebird Club, Market Place (3); Herbie Goins; Royal Albert Hall, Festival, and Flamingo Club, Windsor St (3).

Masonic Bowling Bar; Nials Club, King's St. 11, 21; Ram Jam Club, Bromley (3); Long John Baldry; King's Klub, West Hampstead (3); Cow's Foot Inn, Edmonstone (3); Zambesi; Southlands Canteen, Wimbledon Common (3); Jimmy James and The Vagabonds; Marquee Club, Windsor St. 31; Action; Marquee Club, Windsor St. 31; Cliff Bennett and The Rebel Rousers; Colours; Colgate (4).

SOUTH, SOUTH-EAST & EAST

Manfred Mann; Southampton University; Spencer Davis Group; Town Hall, Fish Wymond (3); Fortunes; Tony's Club, Folkestone (4); Pinkettes; Colours; Cera, Epsom, Bedford (4).

Gene Washington and The Ram Jam Band; Sains; Bournemouth (3); Herd; Alpha Ballroom, Shogun (3); Star Hotel, Colchester (3); Windsor Road Club, Guildford (3).

Mover; Pavilion, Worthing (2); Trade Union Hall, Waltham Cross, Essex (3); St. Mary's Club (3); Fenners; Leamington Spa, Warwick (3); Herbie Goins; Bowe-Lion House, Strivenham (3).

Zoot Money and The Big Roll Band; Leicester Ballroom, Leicester (3); Loro (3); Colours; Colgate (4); Central Hall, Birmingham (3); Alan Price Set; Liverpool (3); Alan Price Set; Liverpool (3).

Jimmy James and The Vagabonds; Dunsborough, 31; Canham Hall, Reckar, 31; Will City Club, Chester (3).

Cliff Bennett and The Rebel Rousers; Sounds Inc.; Bakersfield, Hull (3); Eric Burdon and The New Animals; Durham University (3); Alan Price Set; Garrod Club, Warrington and Towers Club, Leigh (3).

Gene Washington and The Ram Jam Band; Leicester (3); Alan Bowe Set; Gloucester (3); Alan Bowe Set; Gloucester (3).

Herbie Goins; Elbow Room Club, Birmingham (1); Queen's Ballroom, Wolverhampton (3); Chris Farlowe and The Thunderbirds; Leicester University (3); University Park, Nottingham (4).

Johnnie Young; City Ballroom, Birmingham (4); The Larnaby Club, Leicester (4); Long John Baldry; Box Club, Levet Bridge (3).

Brian Poole and The Tremeloes; Birmingham University (3); Royal Ballroom, Ripley (3).

Graham Bond Organisation; 11 Kinola Ballroom, Leicester (3); Jimmy James and The Vagabonds; Club, Derby (3).

Action Winter Gardens, Malvern (3); Sounds Inc.; Union Working Club, Nottingham (3); Eric Burdon and The New Animals; Run Runner Club, Birmingham (3); Lakes Ballroom, Grimsby (3); Alan Price Set; (Sons) Club, Derby (4).

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ANSWERS TO 208 QUIZ.

1. Simon Day
 2. Cliff Richard
 3. The Searchers
 4. The Searchers
 5. Cliff Richard
 6. Cliff Richard
 7. Cliff Richard
 8. Cliff Richard
 9. Cliff Richard
 10. Cliff Richard



The part of California where The Beach Boys live is the ideal place for a holiday. It's hot, sunny, vast. There's the Pacific for surfing . . . and lots of very famous names to every square mile in the area . . . like The Monkees, for instance.

THERE'S no doubt that the carefree West Coast atmosphere has helped The Beach Boys music along. (Though they do have been pretty wonderful in any climate.)

Dana Wilson is the sportsman of the family. He's the most expert on a surf board, a keen swimmer, horse back rider, hunter and fisherman.

He's also a pretty cool driver of wild sports cars. Around and about Hollywood there's marvelous countryside for open air things.

Most people have pools and gardens of their own for parties and barbecues. But there's the beach for everyone.

Malibu Beach, though a bit of a drive along the freeway from central Los Angeles, is an enormous place. The fine sand stretches right round as far as you can see. And there's the gigantic old Pacific rolling in all the time.

All Jardine goes in for tennis, badminton and golf played in the California sunshine.

He's also a bit of an astronomer. It's hard to resist taking a special interest in the stars when you live in the hills around Hollywood. The sky is a fantastic galaxy at night and from high up (where all the best houses are) you have a very wide view.

If you were in Los Angeles, in one of the rather exclusive canyons, you might hear melodic notes wafting out into the warm night air.

It could be from the disc player of a Beach Boy. With the doors and windows open, the sounds of a disc party carry far and wide.

The house would be full of fellow musicians and friends, talking of new sounds to record—while relaxing in a super Californian home.

IN the day-time you might catch a glimpse of a couple of boys on Honda motor bikes. It could be a couple of The Monkees. They're all got Hondas and all ride them.

Dory Jones also has a baby blue convertible and a jeep. Micky you might find photographing the sunset over Santa Monica, Mike zimming along on his skate board and Pete wandering round in a very gay red or orange shirt.

Dana's home is at the Beverly Hills end of Sunset Strip. If you're going hunting for where The Monkees live, it'll be a big job. They all have separate places and Los Angeles covers a big stretch of country.

You might meet a big name in one of the twenty-four hour supermarkets. Plenty of Hollywood people are nightbirds.

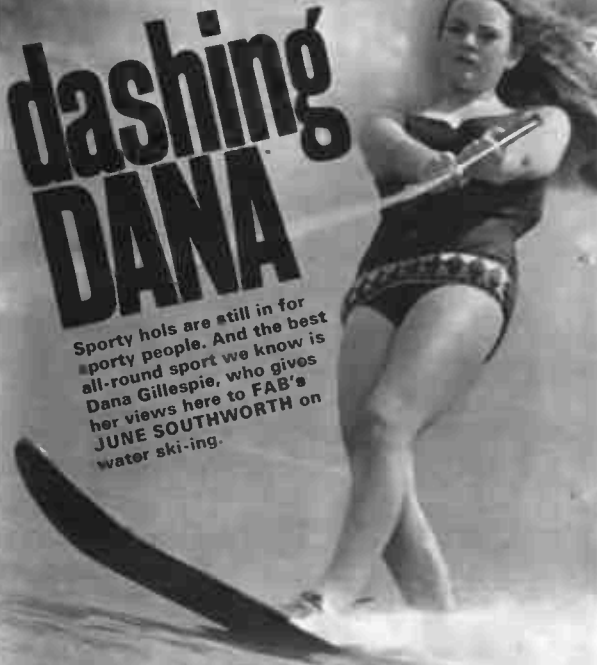
Incidentally, everyone wears casual gear. In L.A. That includes Monkees, Beach Boys, David McCallum, Lee Majors, Noel Harrison—and you if you're on a visit.

BETTY MALE

BEACHBOY COUNTRY



Beach Boys (left to right, top row) Dennis, Mike, Al and (bottom row) Bruce and Carl



Sporty hols are still in for sporty people. And the best all-round sport we know is Dana Gillespie, who gives her views here to FAB'S JUNE SOUTHWORTH on water skiing.

“THE first time I actually stood up, water-skiing, it was the most fantastic feeling. To go whizzing along, with your hair flying out behind you. You feel as if you're standing on the water. It's cold, but a delicious cold.”

The spartan lady who hnds water ski-ing “deliciously cold” is Dana Gillespie, who knows all about such things because of her status as Britain's Junior Water-Ski Champion.

Water ski-ing is always tagged on the end of expensive holiday ads., as a sort of final recommendation that you're going to be in the lap of luxury for a fortnight.

Usually, it belongs to exotic places, but Dana learned her ski-ing right here in Britain.

When she was thirteen, Dana competed in the British snow-ski championships, and was about to reach the conclusion that she would perhaps never make the very top, when someone suggested she should take up water ski-ing. Water ski-ing was less competitive.

“I'm the sort of person who likes to be best at a thing,” said Dana. “It was certainly easier than ski-ing on snow. “At the time, I was at

ball school, so I didn't find the tricks too difficult. I had the balance, you see.

“I like to be good at something. Hate to be useless. If I was learning to water-ski now, I'd keep on and on until I could do it. I'd never give up.”

Dana doesn't recommend weekend ski-ing for absolute beginners, because the top ski clubs are crowded out with pros.

“If you're just a family-type every day sort of skier, you don't want lots of good people sitting around watching your mistakes.

“BUT if you go to my club on weekdays—even when it's very sunny—there aren't many people around. And there's a marvellous Austrian called Rainer there who drives the boats and helps you if you're new. He doesn't get impatient if you keep falling over, and that's important when you're a beginner!”

Dana's club is The Princess Water-Ski Club in Ashford, Middlesex. It is one of the two main clubs where champions train. The other is The Ruslip Water-Ski Lido. There are about seventy water-ski clubs up and down

this sequestered isle, and subs vary enormously.

On top of the membership fees, you must be prepared to pay for each “run” you make, lasting from ten to twenty minutes, depending on the club, with costs ranging from 3s. 6d. to as much as a pound.

Then you could have to lash out a great deal of money on protective clothing. Not forgetting hiring the skis. Some clubs provide equipment free to members.

To find the address of your nearest water-ski club, you can write to The British Water-Ski Federation at: 14 Stratton Road, Chertsey, Surrey.

Water ski-ing is an expensive sport, and a tiring one. It brings muscles into play that haven't been used for years, and it shows. But the thrill is the thing.

“It's the most exhilarating feeling,” said Dana. “When I talk about it . . . the clothes you have to wear sometimes—all terribly unattractive—and the aching muscles . . . and the cost, I know people must wonder why I do it.”

“But you can't know until you've tried what a marvellous, marvellous feeling you get, flying across the water. You feel like a goddess.”

FREE!

WIN A 10 DAYS' HOLIDAY ON THE GLORIOUS COSTA BRAVA AT CAT STEVENS' FAVOURITE SPANISH RESORT



HOW TO ENTER: Listed on the Free Entry Coupon are eight considerations which could make a holiday on the Costa Brava a truly happy one for you and your companion. All you have to do is put them in your order of importance. For example, if you consider "Splendid beaches, perfect for sunbathing" most important of all, put 1 in the space beside it, then 2 against the next most important, and so on up to 8.

The coupon must be completed in ink or ball pen, with your full name, address and age. Cut out round the broken line and post it in a sealed envelope (4d. stamp) to:

FABULOUS-208 Happy Holiday Competition,
1-2 Bear Alley,
Farningham Street,
London, E.C.4 (Comp.).

Entries must arrive not later than Friday, 10th February, 1967, the closing date of the competition.

The result will be published in the earliest possible issue of FABULOUS-208. Message from Cat to the Winner—"Have a Ball!"

1st PRIZE:

**A HOTELPLAN
SLEEPCOACH
HOLIDAY IN
SPAIN (FOR TWO)**

**WITH SPENDING
MONEY**

2nd PRIZE:

**A SOLID GOLD WRIST
WATCH, PRESENTED BY
RADIO LUXEMBOURG.**

6 OTHER AWARDS:

**L-F RECORDS TO THE
WINNERS' CHOICE.**

WHO'D like a FREE 10-day holiday to Spain's famous Costa Brava—Cat Stevens' favourite holiday resort—where the sun and the fun are GUARANTEED?

That's what we're offering as First Prize in this ever-so-easy competition... and if you're the winner you'll be able to take, also free of charge, a companion of your choice. How about that, then, eh?

Away from the queues and the frazzle you'll have no worries, for Hotelplan, the famous international travel organisation, will take care of every detail. You travel to Llorret de Mar in one of their new Sleepcoaches, the last word in coach comfort for seeing the country in style. For the night part of the journey, the seats convert into bunks over six feet long.

At Llorret, the gay seaside resort, you will stay at a well-run, friendly hotel only a few minutes from the beach and the shops. Rooms are with private bath or shower.

All this—and we provide £20 pocket money, too... so read the instructions quickly and have a go!

FULL RULES There is no entry fee, but each attempt must be completed in ink or ball pen on the printed coupon sent from FABULOUS-208 and must bear the entrant's correct name, address and age.

Every attempt will be examined and the First Prize winner holds on the Costa Brava, organised by Hotelplan Ltd., for the winner and an approved companion, with £20 spending money, will be awarded to the competitor who, in the opinion of the panel of judges, has put the right holiday considerations in the best order of importance.

The prize holiday may be taken at any time during the 1967 holiday season subject to accommodation being available in the chosen time and subject to Exchange Control provisions. If the winner is under 18 years of age, written parental consent in the trip will be required, otherwise it will be offered to the tender of the next-best score. The award is not transferable and an alternative cash payment will be made. The other prizes will be awarded for entries judged the next best in

order of merit, no entrant to receive more than one prize. In the event of a tie or ties for any of the prizes, a further elimination test will be held by post between such tying competitors to determine the successful or winning order.

Any money received after the closing date will be dispensed, as will any prize money, mutilated or illegible, incomplete or containing alterations or more than one number in each space. No responsibility will be taken for entries lost or delayed to the post or otherwise. The judge's decision, and that of the Editor of FABULOUS-208 as to all other matters affecting the competition, will be final and legally binding. No correspondence can be entered into.

The competition is open to all readers in Great Britain, Northern Ireland and the Channel Isles—except employees and their families of the printers and proprietors of FABULOUS-208 and associated companies, or of Hotelplan Ltd. (and their associated companies), all of whom are ineligible.

Sharon Woolf, aged 17, of Maida Vale, London, sent us this report on the Italian Pop Scene. It wins her 10 **ms.**

WHEN I visited beautiful Italy I realised how fabulous Italian pop stars are—male and female.

Two examples are Gianni Morandi and Rita Pavone.

The Italian boys and girls just rave over La Pavone (as they call her) and all their stars. Instead of screaming they just go mad by clapping and cheering.

While I was in Italy I heard many British and American stars too, such as The Beatles, The Animals, Petula Clark, Gene Pitney and Paul Anka.

Italian records are just great too. As you may know many British songs are translated from original Italian versions. Unfortunately, some Italian records are quite difficult to obtain in this country. If you can, they are quite expensive, but they are well worth it.

If you are lucky enough to go to Italy in the future, try to go at the same time as the San Remo and Napoli song contests. The first is in January and the latter in July.

These are fab and, as well as having Italian pop stars, have British and American stars competing too.

Gene Pitney is very popular in Italy. His songs always reach a very high position in the charts which obviously pleases him immensely.

ONE thing that I noticed about the male stars is that they are literally tall, dark and handsome, especially handsome! A group called I New Dads, which are an up-and-coming group in Italy, fit this description perfectly—dark hair and gorgeous big brown eyes, mmmmm...

Sales increase rapidly for a colourful pop magazine called *Ciao Amici*. This is the equivalent of FABULOUS-208 and is very good.

Every week *Ciao Amici* has a large pin-up in the centre and numerous articles about the lives of many pop stars and their friends.

All Italian teenagers are very clothes-conscious and *Ciao Amici* often publishes many articles on fashion.

I hope that you'll visit Italy soon **CIAO.**

**FREE ENTRY COUPON—
FABULOUS-208 HAPPY
HOLIDAY TEST**

Number
1 to 8
in this
column
▼

My order of importance for the eight holiday attractions is:

- Warm, clear seas, ideal for bathing
- No petty restrictions—do as you please
- Lots of shops with wonderful bargains
- Good weather, with glorious sunshine
- Romantic atmosphere and night life
- The novelty of a holiday in another land
- Splendid beaches, perfect for sunbathing
- Interesting sightseeing trips

In entering this competition, I agree to the rules as final and legally binding.

(Signed) Miss/Mrs./Mr.

Address

Age

CUT OUT ROUND THIS LINE—

SHOWS BRIGHTON!

By JUNE SOUTHWORTH

BRIGHTON rocked like nobody's business when our **FAB NIGHT OUT** swung into town at the Top Rank Brighton Suite.

The evening's happenings were expertly compered by our Luxembourg friends Dave

FABSAYS

THIS EDITION centres on holidays, and this subject is looming large in most people's minds at this time of the year, currency restrictions notwithstanding.

WERE all poring over travel supplements and brochures, wondering where to go, when to go there and whether we can actually afford it. Whether we can or not, we usually go anyway, because a good holiday here or year is something everyone needs and to which everyone should be entitled, and blow the expense.

HOLIDAYS bring problems, however, especially for girls in overseas resorts. In some European countries there is a numerous corps of seaside Casanova's, who hang around during the season and see how many foreign girls they can add to their tally of conquests.

And British girls are high on the list of their priorities because British girls are alleged to cast off all their inhibitions when listening to soft talk under the moon in foreign parts.

The soft talk is 99 per cent hokum, of course, and is served up on each and every appropriate occasion.

DECLARATIONS of undying love, marriage proposals for ever are whispered into female ears with well-accented passion, and end with the line about seeing how compatible we are physically right now.

ONE MUST NOT accuse the Continental Casanova without remembering our own British boys on holiday as well. They too can shoot a romantic line with the aid of wine and glamorous surroundings, and make the same false promises on a long-term basis with a short-term objective in mind.

INHIBITIONS fade swiftly when you're a long way from home, when you're not near your female, and you can say a lot of preposterous things you don't mean—or listen to those same things and use them as an excuse for what might follow.

ENJOY YOUR HOLIDAYS this year, folks, but keep your feet on the ground. Figuratively speaking at least. Holiday romances are great, but they seldom survive after the holiday is over. How far those romances go is entirely up to the individuals concerned.

But one should never see marriage mountains where in fact only holiday sandcastles exist.

CAT ON PALLADIUM

Cat Stevens is to appear on **Sunday Night at the London Palladium**. The date will be either the 12th or 19th of February.

Cat's British hit, **Matthew and Son** is to be released in the U.S. on 10th February.

Cash and Doug Perry (complete with a yo-yo and lots of yeah-years), and a groovy time was had by all.

Pete Brady introduced guests from the balcony, and chatted about their latest activities.

Gibraltair's H.T. group introduced themselves, their road manager, and their pet dog, and all of them ended up miming to their record. (The dog fell asleep before the end.)

The Moody Blues strenuously denied reports that they have broken up, are about to break up, will ever break up. And they introduced Henry Laine's replacement Justin Hayward to prove their point.

Chris Denning talked about life as a DJ, and The Nashville Teens drew the raffle for us. The Easybeats' Snowy, who had bravely turned out on his own, explained that the rest of the boys were recording, and asked everyone to cross fingers and touch wood for the resultant record.

On stage, Georgie Fame and his band went through the whole set of musical moods, and got the hands clapping on *Sitting In The Park* and other Fame favourites.

Our special thanks to London's rave new group The Herd, who knocked themselves out to keep their audience happy. A lot of people who went to Brighton will be pleased to know that The Herd expect the release of their first record very soon.

A smooth-running, gently-swinging, happy evening came to an end, as all evenings will. But the memory of our **FAB NIGHT OUT** in Brighton echoes on.

WHERE THEY'RE AT SOUTH, SOUTH-EAST & EAST

(Continued from page 17)

Action! Dreamland Ballroom, Margate (4)
Billy J. Kramer and The Dakotas (4)
Celine Dion, Herod Heywood (1)
Sounds Inc.: Norwich University (4)

WEST

Seahawk: Cinderella, Hippodrome, Bristol (season)
Spencer Davis Group: (1), Pinyopol (3)
Gene Washington and Ram Jam (4)
Vielmo: West Enders, West-uper-Mare (4)
Cat Stevens: Music Hall, Shrewsbury (3)
Mavis Pavilion, Bath (8)
Long John Baldry: The Blue Bird (8)
Eddie and the Hotchkiss: Locomotive Ballroom, London (2)
The Memphis Soul Boys (3)
Overlanders: Grand Pavilion, Llandudno (1)
Walls (1)
Thee: The Peacemakers: Gateway Theatre, Dublin (15)



George Forme setting the mood for our FAB NIGHT OUT in Brighton.

Vaudeville TV Offer

THE NEW VAUDEVILLE BAND has been offered a thirteen week American TV series, to be shot in London. The series would be in colour, televised from coast to coast, and would be a cross between *The Monkees* and a variety show.

The group leaves for a three week American trip on 11th February, which includes appearances on *The Dean Martin Show*, *The Smothers Brothers Show*, and *The Hollywood Palace Show*.

They return to The States for a further six weeks on 23rd July. Vocalist Alan Klein has been approached by Burt Bacharach to sing the theme song from the new James Bond film, *Casino Royale*.

Peek-a-boo was released in The States this week. Advance orders for the disc topped three hundred thousand!

SPRINGFIELD ROYALE RECORDING

DUSTY is to record a number 1 especially for a scene in *Casino Royale*. There are no plans at present to release the number as a single—title unknown—but it is a Burt Bacharach number. The film is to be premiered in April.

Dusty's first West End cabaret season opens on 8th May at the Talk of the Town.

FILM SPOT

IT'S THAT CAINE AGAIN

IT'S a funny thing about Michael Caine, but you either love over him or he leaves you cold, not so funny is that it's usually just the men who are left cold.

As an actor he's no great shakes, but he certainly has a magnetism that is quite unique. As Harry Palmer in *The Ipcress File* he made a big impression, and he'll probably score again in the follow up, *Funeral in Berlin*. But so many he became, and still is, Albie.

The character he plays in *Gambit* (Rank, Cert. U), a charming crook called Harry Dean, is a rather more sophisticated Albie. Here he's not chatting up the girls but has an elaborate scheme for stealing a priceless bust from the wealthiest man in the world (Herbert Lom).

The film is full of so many red

herring, twists and false endings that it's impossible to give the story line. But Shirley MaLaine is delightful as the Eurasian girl that Harry Dean uses as bait, and the whole thing is carried through with a great sense of fun, plenty of excitement and some nice touches of humour.

From a film that is different to one that is very sorry. *Not With My Wife You Don't* Warner-Pathe, Cert. A, which has Tony Curtis as the husband, Vera Lynn as the wife and George C. Scott as the old pal who suddenly turns up in the middle of a domestic crisis.

There are some quite amusing sequences, but generally it's a dull, unimaginative and characterless little film that not even the talented George C. Scott can rescue from boredom.

TURKISH DELIGHT

THE FOUR PENNIES have taken Turkey by storm! Their British album, *No Sad Songs For Me*—which did nothing here—has jumped straight into the Turkish charts at number two—but it is a Burt Bacharach number, and the agent's guess has been flooded with offers from Turkish promoters.

The group leaves for cabaret dates in Istanbul on 14th February.



The Four Pennies.



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Or find out.**



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8-11-77 (Rev. 10/77)

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W & L's

LETTER BOX

Thanks for all your letters this week. Keep them rolling in 'cos we love to hear from you



KANNER

A few weeks back, Alexis Kanner made a one-man tour to Montreal, to see his folks. It was a pretty exciting trip, one way and another...

ACTOR INFO

For ages I have been trying to find someone on Tim Pierce, the actor. Can you possibly help, please, and tell me where I can write to him? Joanne Simmons, Chigwell.

Mo starts this week

You're not the only fan to write to Feb-'68 about Tim, Joanne. To get some first-hand info I phoned Tim myself. He told me he's 6 ft. 1 in. tall, has dark brown hair and blue eyes. At the moment he hasn't a Fan Club, but you can write to him, c/o Eric L'Epine Smith, at 7 Vigo Street, London, W.1. Tim did mention that he would like a Fan Club—any volunteers?

TWO MILLION

My friend says The Dave Clark Five's single *Blitz And Pieces* sold over two million copies. It sounds a heck of a lot—is she right? Jenny Har, Bradford.

(Don't argue.) She sure is, Jenny. Dave and the boys released this single in 1963 and it has sold a bomb. It's now featured on their LP *The Greatest Hits Of Dave Clark Five*, along with tracks like *Glad All Over* and *Do You Love Me*.

FAVE COLOUR

Do you two happen to have any clue to the *Yes* guys' fave colours? They are certainly top of my hit parade. Sue Eastham, Kent.

(Mo and Don together.) Yes, we do happen to know the answer to your query, Sus. It's black for Snowy, Little Steve and Harry, while George and Dick favour blue.

SHARE A BIRTHDAY WITH A STAR

Here is our weekly list of star birthdays. Check to see if you share with:
Normie Rowe 1st February
Graham Nash 2nd February
Dave Davies 3rd February

BILLY'S CLUB

Could you please print the address of the Billy Fury Appreciation Society for all his fans to note? It's c/o Roz Fleetwood at 66 Grosport Street, Derby. Membership is 5s. per year and for this you get lots of news. Kathy Purvis, Coventry.

(Mo this time.) Glad to oblige, Kathy. Billy certainly is a great artist and won one of *The Battle Of The Giants* contests on Radio Luxembourg. If you're not already a member, now's your chance. Don't forget a S.A.E. when you write, though, will you?

DISLIKE

Ronnie Bond is by far my favourite group—please let me hear anything you know of that he really dislikes? Kathy Chapman, Brighton.

(Mo closes this week.) I do know, Kathy, that one of Ronnie's pet hates are cheap drumsticks. Sometimes when the boys are on tour Ronnie loses a set of sticks (usually because fans take them as souvenirs) and he has to send out for new ones. Lots of small towns don't stock really good sticks so he has to make do with the cheaper variety. He really dislikes them.

Well, that's all the space we have this week, but don't forget to keep those letters rolling in. Our address is Mo and Don, *Fabulous-368*, Fleetwood House, Farnborough Street, London, E.C.4. Don't forget to enclose that stamped address envelope if you want a postal reply.

CILLA FAN

I thought I must write and tell you how great Cilla Black is in *Way Out In Piccadilly* the show with Frankie Howard. Please give me her Fan Club—she's fab. John Greenway, London.

Over to Don

Glad you enjoyed the show, John. It's a gas. Cilla's Fan Club is run by Valerie and Linda at 55 Babington Road, Handsworth, Birmingham, 21. Membership is 5s per year and when writing, John, please send a S.A.E.

WEO?

Please confirm that none of Dave Dee and Co. are married. I've bet my boyfriend 10s. on this one and thanks for the issue they edited. It was way-out. Valida Jones, Truro.

(Back to Mo)

Well, your boyfriend is certainly wrong on this one, Valida. Gain that 10s. pronto. None of the Dave Dee group are married.

AGE PLEASE?

I saw Cat Stevens at your Fab Night Out and boy, what a guy. He's an emper. Please tell me his age, I'd guess about nineteen. Diane Felton, Wexham, West.

(Don, takes over.) Almost right. Ernie, Cat will be nineteen on the coming 21st July.

I'M only just beginning to be able to describe what it was like being home a few weeks ago. I'd travelled so far and so long and been through so many airports, planes, taxis, stations, hotels, lobbies, all the while dragging my suitcase along until it was like a lead weight chained to my wrist, that it's taken until today for the "shock" to wear off.

The truth dawned on me: I WAS HOME... I hadn't been there for so long that I felt I was on some kind of tour (H), but the fact is: I REALLY AND TRULY WAS HOME! An amazing number of things, some big and some so small and trivial I never even noticed them, all cludded together to make me quite numb from *missing*, before I ever got there.

For instance, this minor little gem: I'm sitting in the plane, about seven miles up looking down at the clouds. A man in an airline uniform appears, sits down in the empty seat beside me, and asks if I'm comfortable enjoying my flight with the state of conversation, "Are you the steward?" "Yes, thank you," I reply. It seems to me my answer was a little abrupt so, feeling slightly guilty, I said, for the sake of conversation, "Are you the steward?" "No," he says, "I'm the pilot."

I really ought to know better at my age, but I can't help myself asking, after a moment taken to quiet down, "Oh. Then who's—then who's up there, out front, driving this thing, know what I mean? Your co-pilot? It must be your co-pilot, eh?"

"No, it's not actually. He's taking a nap." He looks at me. The expression on my face is like, well, like someone who's just chewed on a mouthful of razor blades and isn't sure, for a moment, what the best thing to do next is.

HE quickly decides I'm not going to speak and continues, "We're on automatic pilot. Absolutely safe..." I see, that's—interesting... By the way, I've always wondered where do you keep your fuel?"

"Oh, everywhere. Some here, some there, in the wings, the walls, all over." "You mean I might even be sitting on it?" (Razor blades again.)

"Yes." "How much do you carry?" "About 20,000 gallons." "Really. And how much does it take to get over the ocean?"

"About the same." "Really? Fantastic! Twenty-thousand gallons on board!" "No, just fifteen thousand."

"But... but—why?" (The razor blades are practically just steel wool, by now.) "We've got a strong tail-wind."

Smile slowly. "Well, I hope it doesn't die down, ha-ha. Or we might, heh heh, land in the wrong place, don't you see." He's not amused. I suddenly feel a little crazed and even a little unwell and can't stop

myself going on, "Did you ever hear the science-fiction story of the world's first fully automatic airliner, on its first trip, and all the passengers are on board and it takes off and when it's in the air a recording comes on and says, 'Welcome aboard on the first trip of this aircraft which is run entirely by machine. There is no crew on board at all and this is a recorded announcement. The time now is twenty-eight minutes past twenty-eight minutes past twenty-eight minutes past twenty-eight minutes past...'"

HE didn't think it was funny. "Oh, before I forget. When I arrived home, and they didn't know I was coming, my sister opened the door, nearly screamed when she saw me standing there. She slowly calmed down and quietly let me in."

I hid in the dining-room and took out my camera (borrowed and focused on the doorway, waiting for my mother. She came home from shopping through the garden door at the back and into the living-room and into the dining-room and saw me. I won't describe the next few moments. But at the split-second she saw me I took the picture. It tells the story, even if it's very good as a picture. I'm sure she wouldn't mind if it was printed here."

In the meantime: behave yourself this week, and I'll try to get it.

(He exits left, wondering what he's written.)

Alexis Kanner will be on the scene in FAB again next week.

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