

WORLD'S POP STARS IN COLOUR COLOUR COLOUR



Fabulous

WRITTEN BY THE STARS

PLUS KING SIZE COLOUR PIN-UPS OF
MICK JAGGER AND BRIAN JONES • HERMAN • GENE PITNEY
HOLLIES • ROBERT VAUGHN • CHRIS ANDREWS + **PART 2 GIANT**
BEATLES' POSTER—THIS WEEK PAUL McCARTNEY ALSO BONUS
PIX JOHN LENNON • ERIC BURDON • CHARLIE WATTS • DONOVAN



hi there.

What gave us the idea for this issue was when Moody Blue Graeme Edge crept into my office and said in a small voice that he wanted to write for Fab. All the readers were at it, he said, why couldn't he? So I said what I always say when someone says they want to write—which is: "Go away and write something." Graeme delivered a highly professional piece of copy! Feature No. 1 For Fab written By The Stars was in hand! If Graeme could do it, I thought, why not some other top-pop boys? And they could write as well as sing, I found. Here are their efforts. Hope you like 'em!

Love and stuff,
The Ed.

MIAMI ALDRED WITH STARBUCKS

FAB

"FAB By The Stars" is what the issue is called," said the Ed. "And since you've been doing 'Pop The Question' on Southern Television, I suppose we can stretch a point, call you a star and let you do the Mi-Fab...."

Overcome with joy that my contribution to the major arts and culture of British Tele hadn't, after all, been overlooked, I readily accepted to undertake the task! And I faithfully promised that I would do my utmost to ensure that my copy would be delivered on time. Or at least as near to on time as I could make it.

Some weeks ago, the show's director, one Mike Mansfield, asked me if I'd like to be the adjudicator on a pop quiz programme that he was doing. He said I could also do a couple of introductions and interview the guest stars. We've had Dusty on; Marianne Faithfull; The Hollies; Adam Faith and others "too numerous to mention," as people say when they can't quite remember everyone they should.

Mr. Mansfield is one of the most painstaking directors in television today. He goes to a great deal of trouble to let you know exactly what he wants and why he wants things done in a particular way.

All the people on the show, though, have nothing but praise for his brilliance and deceptively easy going manner, including FAB's Ed, who appeared on the show in November.

Like I said, part of my job is to verify the answers to the quiz. I thought you might like to be a "Pop The Question" contestant for a few minutes and worked out a little quiz of my own. The answers are at the end of my gossip. And no cheating!

1. Name Marianne Faithfull's first record release?
 2. Who produced it?
 3. What is the name of the lead singer with The Small Faces?
 4. What was Sanda's show's first record called?
 5. Who wrote and sang the recorded version of 'Call It Ours And Ours'?
 6. What is the name of The Yardbirds' full name?
 7. What is the name of the record Dusty Springfield's biggest hit? I just don't know what to do. You're kidding, aren't you?
 8. What is Dusty's last name and what was her first name?
 9. What was the J. J. Walker hit which started it all?
 10. Who wrote 'Mystery A' and 'Love and Sings' who produced it?
- Write to me, please, at the address below. I'll be glad to let you know the answers. You're getting a starburst!
- Ed. Flamingo Publications, 100, The Strand, London WC2R 0NH



Stephen.

I WAS shopping in John Stephen's in Carnaby Street the other day, when I saw this bright, bright orange patterned shirt walk into the shop. I must admit it was ever so bright and gaudy looking. Then I recognised the wearer. It was our Donovan himself. I remarked that he was sporting a pretty wild shirt.

"Yeah man!" he expostulated (I've been wanting to use that word since I saw it in a dictionary when I was at school a couple of years ago. I was at school for the benefit of those who weren't quite sure.) "It's kinda groovy don't you think? It's so cold these days that I like to wear somethin' colourful to brighten up all these gloomy surroundings. And you know somethin'? I really do feel a lot more cheerful for wearin' it. And a lot warmer too."

I told him that I thought it was a crying shame to hide it under a grey jacket, particularly as the colours were so striking and the pattern so vivid.

"Well, it doesn't keep me that warm," he said. "It might warm my mind, but I've got my body to think of as well, you know!"

And now you know!

TONY JACKSON seems to be a very busy lad these days. I did finally manage to get through to him on the phone the other day. Normally his phone is either permanently busy, out of order or else there's no-one in.

His first remarks however, to me were, "Well, if it isn't the Scarlet Pimpernel I've been trying to get hold of you for days." (I

know the feeling only too well. Tony!) I asked him what he had been up to, as I hadn't seen or heard from him for a couple of weeks.

"I've been busy decorating my tatty villa when I've not been out on the road working properly. And I can tell you after all this decorating lark, I'd sooner work in a salt mine."

Apparently, at the moment, Mr. Jackson doesn't admit to being the world's most brilliant interior decorator. Let alone plumber.

"I put some wallpaper up last week. After three days it fell down again. Then I fell off the ladder and spilled paste all over a brand new carpet. And found that when I'd fixed the sink, every time I turned on the water taps, it came gushing from pipes underneath the thing. In the end I had to get someone to do everything for me and it cost nearly twice as much as it would have done if I'd had things done properly in the first place."



Billie Davis.

SOMEONE else who believes in this do-it-yourself lark is Billie Davis. She has recently turned impresario and started to promote her own concerts.

"It's great!" she enthused. "I ring up all the people who do the bookings and arrange everything. I put on a funny voice and try to sound very efficient. I've been round sticking up posters on hoardings. That was a laugh. One night we all went out in the dead of night with buckets of pasta and two hundred posters. You should have seen us. We set off as soon as it was dark and didn't get back until nearly three in the morning."

"Mind you, we didn't stick up all the posters 'cos we couldn't find anywhere



THE WALKER BROTHERS by Piana
Adam, Leo, John, Scott and Gerry



HERMAN by Bill Proctor
Leo, Karl Green, Barry
Whinnam, Dave Lockhart
and Keith Hayward. Scoring
Herman



CHRIS ANDREWS
by Michael
Proctor



THE HOLLIES by Bill Proctor
Leo, Alan Clarke, Graham
Newman, Tony Hunt, Bobby Elliott,
Leo Newbould



PAUL
MCARTNEY
by Bill Proctor



MICK JAGGER and BRIAN
JONES by Michael Darling



ROBERT
VALUHN by
Cy Hammond



GENE
PITNEY by
Bill Proctor

to put them. So we decided to go back the next night and put some more up. Only when we got there, we found that someone had been rushing around after us, tearing them all down again. So really we wasted a whole night. It was so funny. We stuck them up again in practically all the places where they'd been before. Only the next day we received a letter telling us that if we plastered any more advertisements anywhere, then action would have to be taken.

"Do you know anyone who needs a hundred posters?" Any offers, I'm sure they'd make great wallpaper!



Billy J. Kramer

I WAS walking past the Palladium two or three days ago, head down, staring at the ground in one of my stultifying moods, when I heard a voice shout out: "Oi! Don't say hallo, will you? Big time, huh?"

I looked up to see a skinny Bally J. Kramer grinning at me. How on earth can anyone look so well and so obviously glowing with health at this time of year? I asked myself. There must be something organically wrong somewhere I thought. With me that is! Being incredibly nosey, I started to probe into his loss of weight.

"Oh, it's easy, man," he explained gleefully, "I just cut out all carbohydrates." (Oh really!) "And stick to things like cheese and salad and meat. It's great. I've decided to keep to my diet 'cos I feel a lot better for it." I told him that I thought he was singing much better too, especially on that knockout disc of his, *Neon City*.

"A lot of people said that," he said. "But I'm not so sure." I'm going to reverse Mr. Kramer's diet and see if I can put on weight. I'm so skinny I almost slipped down a drain the other day!

Marianne

I WAS round at Marianne Dunbar's house the other day. It was about three o'clock, but the former Miss Faithfull hadn't long been up. There came a knock-knock-knocking at the front door. Marianne went to answer it. She was wearing a long, heavy dressing-gown, carpet slippers, no make-up and her hair was slightly dishevelled. There were two young American girls at the door.

"Is Marianne Faithfull in?" they asked brightly.

"I'm afraid she's in the bath," Marianne said.

"Do you think that she would give us her autograph?"

"I'm sure she would," and off went Marianne into the kitchen to sign a couple of pictures. Smiles all round.

"Thank you so much," chorused the two girls. "And thank Marianne too! Her baby is just beautiful!"
Enough said.



Paul and Barry Ryan

PAUL and Barry Ryan appeared on "Pop The Question," doing *Don't Bring Me Your Heartaches*. They look so much alike that I'm still not quite sure which one is which. And it didn't help matters any when they decided to interchange their identity. One minute I found I was talking to Paul, who was really Barry, who later became himself again. And vice versa. It was highly confusing, I can tell you.

Later, when we were all on our way back to London, we stopped off in a roadside cafe which was open all night. The twins were

recognised and some of the folk there started asking which one was which.

They looked at each other and winked "I'm Barry!" they echoed, with spirit timing. And then they started a mock argument.

I now call them both Mr. Ryan, Sir. It's much easier.

Well, that's it from me for this week. I'll see you when "FAB Goes Eye Spy," week after next. Taaa!

ANSWERS TO QUIZ

1. An Verso by 2. Andrew Oldham, 3. Shirley Horn, 4. So Long So Young Happy, 5. Bobby Byrd, 6. Marlin Marver, 7. Fantasy Heat, 8. Mary Queen, 9. The Beatles, 10. It Doesn't. My answer's real name is William Andrew Kramer from a phone book and the J was added to give it class. 11. Jackie B. Valden and Sunny Bono. Jackie B. Shillineau.

NEXT
WEEK

FAB GETS THE POP ART CRAZE

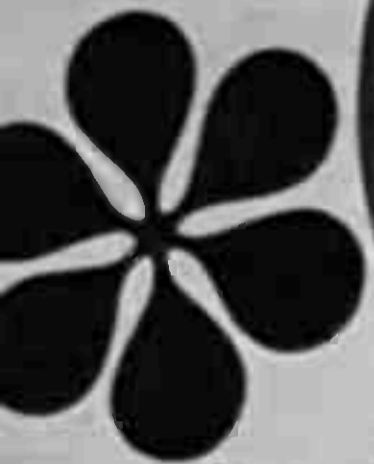


We'll be splashin' around with brushes and colour and things painting the town red with dazzling, off beat, eye art and showing you how to set about "free expression" pop art, with Eric BURDON doing the demo pic. THE WALKERS will be booming right there on the target; there'll be super' new art talk and Paul Jones explaining pop art seriously. The fashion team will have found the hottest is op art gear. Big pop art colour designs will include THE BEATLES, THE MOODIES, THE MANFREDS, KEITH RICHARD, THE WHO, RINGO, THE WALKERS, CILLA BLACK, PETER AND GORDON. For the most way out, fantastic FAB of all time get the POP ART number, out next Monday





Fab



by Cilla Black.
FAB Ed., Unity
Hall, asked Cilla
to list all the
things that
make her happy.
So Cilla dutifully
put some paper
in her typewriter
and this
is the
result. . . .

"What HAPPINESS means to me"

HEY, Unity, did you give everyone a hard subject like this to write about? Or did you keep this one specially for me? How on earth can I list all the things happiness means to me on one page of FAB? I don't reckon I can but I'll have a go anyway!

HAPPINESS can be people or it can be places. It can be doing things or even thinking things. Happiness to me involves people. I'm not the sort of girl who can enjoy being alone for very long.

My ideas of happiness have changed a great deal over the years. As a kid happiness was all kinds of things from going swimming to Sundays. One of the best times of the whole week was Sunday afternoon when I went to visit my aunty. I loved that. Partly because I loved seeing nancy and partly because she made cakes that tasted smashing! I enjoyed everything to do with Sunday—particularly going to church where I could sing my head off and nobody would tell me to shut up because they were watching telly or trying to hold an adult conversation like might happen at home.

HAPPINESS used to be waking up on Christmas morning to find a big fat nylon stocking filled with gifts at the foot of my bed. I used to lie awake as long as possible on Christmas Eve but I never did find out who filled that stocking. You know I'm sure there WAS a Santa Claus!

Then when I was a bit older, happiness was a boy turning up on time for his first date with me. Waiting around has always been one of my pet hates but I seemed to be really unfortunate with dates. The boys I'd arranged to meet would go and miss buses or fall off their bikes or get hurt playing football. If they turned up at all it was an hour late when I'd just made up my mind to clear off home. Or they'd arrive smothered in band-aids and say: "I broke this at the match" or "I sprained this at work". So happiness was my date being there on the dot and I'd say: "Are you sure you're O.K.?" and he'd look at me in a funny way as if to ask if I was O.K.

Nowadays happiness means new things. One of them is coming off the motorway—either coming off the M6 at the Liverpool end or coming off the M1 at the London end. Maybe it's more about relief than actual happiness. It's always great to reach any destination point. I sigh and think: "Well, I'm nearly home."

If it's London-type home I'm usually looking forward to my bed after driving South in the middle of the night. If it's Liverpool-type home I know I'm going to see my parents and get some good meals. God, that sounds funny doesn't it. When they read this they'll think I starve or something in London. What I mean is that my mum cooks the best leg of lamb and the best roast potatoes in the world.

HAPPINESS is when my two lovely little sisters call me "Auntie." That's Gina who is six and Leslie

who is only four. I thought at first that being called "Auntie" would make me feel odd but it doesn't!

Being really satisfied with something I've recorded is happiness, too. It's a wonderful feeling to sit in the control room at the recording studio and listen to playback tapes which have worked out just as I wanted them to.

Long before I say anything George Martin will look at me and know what I'm thinking. "You don't like that backing," he'll say. Or "You're not happy with your last note are you?"

HAPPINESS is when the voice is O.K. and the orchestra sounds just right.

Quite often I get invited to visit hospitals. It's a marvellous feeling to chat to someone who isn't too well and realise you've managed to make them smile.

But that's not all. Afterwards I always realise how lucky I am to be feeling well myself. It's not the sort of thing you think of until you see somebody else who is feeling down in the dumps.

What else makes me happy? Just being English, I suppose. That sounds odd, doesn't it—and I should have said "being British" because I don't mean to be rude to FAB people in Scotland and Wales and over in Ireland! No, what I'm getting at is the interest foreigners show in you as soon as they know you're from Britain. I'm very patriotic in my old-fashioned sort of way and I think it's great when I meet people abroad who have good things to say about us.

HAPPINESS is driving a car on the beach—that's one I nearly forgot. Nobody will let me drive on the road just yet because I haven't taken the test. Hey, I suppose it IS legal to drive on the shore without passing a test? Anyway Cilla Black is definitely the best sandy shore driver in the country. (If I'm not supposed to write puns like that, Unity, you can cross out the last sentence!)

Painting. I love painting—not pictures but doors and things. The best thing I ever painted was a white bathroom door at home in Liverpool. Painting relaxes me. Maybe if I had to do it I'd feel differently but just the occasional dabble makes me feel good.

Soaking in a bath, cooking something successfully, getting indoors on a bitterly cold day and feeling warm again . . . they all mean happiness to me.

I'm sure I could go on for ages listing other things—some simple ones and some important ones—but I've come to the end of my page. (That's reminded me of one more—typing). When I had to type every day it didn't make me quite so happy but I don't get the chance to work a typewriter very often these days and doing this piece has reminded me of all the friends I knew in my office days.)

Before I finish just let me wish YOU in 1966 everything that means to you—HAPPINESS.

TO WHOM IT CONCERNS..

CHRIS ANDREWS
wrote this for FAB

I DISCOVERED myself at the age of eleven. I was singing around pubs in the Romford area (where my parents lived) for the sum of one pound a night. My big number was *Don't You Rock Me Daddio*, after which I passed around the hat. I was making about £5 a week. Which is not bad money for an eleven-year-old but then I was a heavy smoker!

I've always been quite interested in money. Not that I'm greedy—it's just that I like it. After my infant singing career came to an end my next big project was running dance halls at the age of sixteen.

First of all you hire a hall for a few guineas a night—then you put your Dad on the door and your Mum in the refreshment bar—then you go and sit in the bar and collect about £15 a night.

Shortly after that venture I joined a group and we went to Germany where I met my wife Roswitha. We spent all our money very quickly and ended the honeymoon drinking tea out of a lemonade bottle in a Belgian police station—we were broke!

On returning to London I formed a group called Chris Ravel and The Ravers. We played a few dates and even made a record but nothing big happened for me.

About two years ago I met the most wonderful bully in showbusiness—Adam Faith's manager, Eve Taylor. Both she and Adam were impressed with my song writing efforts and when Adam recorded a composition of mine *The First Time* and shot into the hit parade, even I was impressed. Together with *Long Live Love* which I later wrote for Sandie, that record has made me more money than any other. It's my favourite record.

After that I could not go wrong. I wrote *We Are In Love* and *I Love Being In Love With You* for Adam and *Girl Don't Come* and *I'll Stop At Nothing* for Sandie. They were all big hits.

Some people have asked whether Sandie or Adam ever take a hand in the writing of my compositions. The answer is no. They might say that they want a fact of a slow number but they leave the rest to me.

Sandie has a theory that she always sings my numbers better the first time she hears them and quite often will not even look at the music before we get into the studio. It is also often the case that when we are looking for a number for the flip side that she will not like any of the other material I have brought along but I'll suddenly be tinkering on the piano and she'll say—"I like that"—and that will be the song.

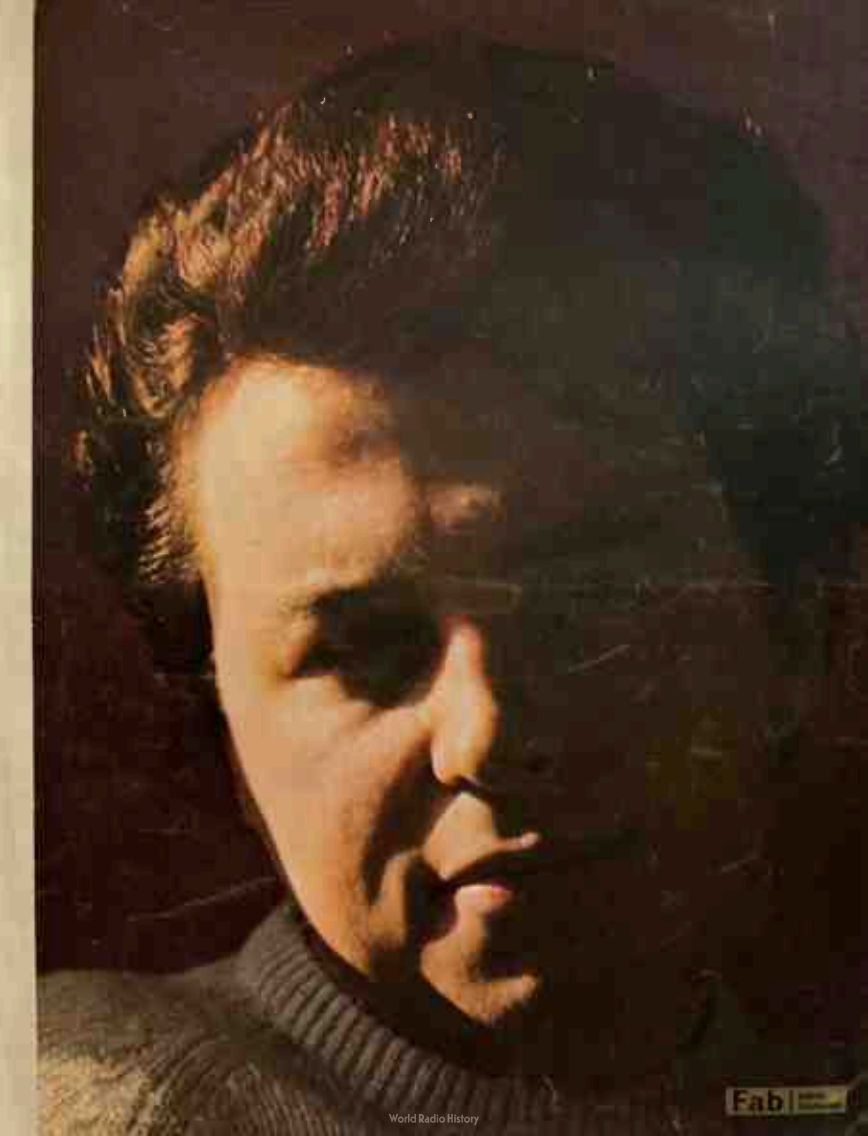
People are often surprised when I tell them that I have never sold a song in my life. I work strictly on a royalty basis. That is, a percentage on each disc which is sold with one of my compositions on it. I have just bought a brand-new Jaguar car on the strength of that policy—would you it doesn't go and spends most of the time in the garage but you can't have everything, can you?

Probably my greatest thrill has been to get into the charts with my own compositions *Yesterday Man* and *To Whom It Concerns*. No matter how perfect another artist may be in the interpretation of your song, you always feel that you are the only person who knows how to do it perfectly.

People used to look at me when I walked down the street and say, "There goes that bum song writer." Now they look at me and say, "There goes that bum singer."

Seriously, I love it. I love having someone ask for my autograph. People knew me by name before but now they know my face. Marvellous.

You see, I'm completely stage-struck.



ROUND THE EDGE

Moody Blues'

Drummer Graeme

Edge writes for FAB

ALONE I sat at the Pad, the rest of the boys had split into town shyness. I watched the smoke rise from my ciggy and thought: "I like this life, it's peaceful."

The silence and my serenity were unashed by the phone. Then I goofed, I answered it.

"Nancy from FAB here," she says. "Is Graeme there?"

"Yes," say I.

"Can I speak to him?" says Nancy sweetly.

"Speaking," says a worried Graeme. Everybody worries when Nancy talks sweetly—she wants something.

"We've had a fab idea," she enthused (and enthusiastically).

"Lenny pun," I interjected (busted in).

"Wrap up and listen," she said sweetly. (She's the only girl I know who can say "wrap up" sweetly.)

"We thought it would be a great idea if someone from a pop group wrote about the scene from the inside. And as you are such an intelligent, witty and charming person, you immediately went to housework @ace on our list."

"What about the other thirteen?"

"Chadler," she said simply. She always talks simply—she's simple.

So am I—I accepted.

For two days I struggled. Then I had a brilliant idea. I'll ask the boys! I convinced Denay in the study, which he has commended for song writing. He was wearing open-toed sandals, blushed jeans and a top hat.

"Denay, what's the business like from the inside?" I asked.

Denay looked back for a moment. Then he said, "It's got green walls, red upholstery and will do the trick."

Then he struck a chord and carried on with his squawking under-the-moon-in-June stuff. Great huh?

Mike's the man, I thought. He

was in the dining room, which he has converted into a small recording studio. (We eat in the kitchen.) I found him with his head in the innards of a tape recorder. He was wearing open toed socks, trousers and a hairy chest.

"Mike," I asked, "what's the business like from the inside?"

"Hmmm," hummed Mike as he sat back thoughtfully. I held my breath expectantly. "If I connect the crystal dial to a resistor and then increased the signal from the potentiometer that should increase volume."

He looked at me triumphantly and burnt his hand on a soldering iron. No joy!

Ray next. I cornered him in the garden. He was wearing open toed woollen Wellingtons, Bermuda shorts and an African sun hat. I pipped the question about the business to him and he stood with one hand on his hips, his lips pursed pensively for a moment. Then he said, without pausing at his task of watering the rhubarb tree, "I wish this rain would stop."

It's making me behind with my job."

I left Ray trying to get the watering can off his head and went round to Clint's pad.

Chris, his wife, let me in holding a pink Lee in one hand and a nappy in the other. "Clint is in the garden," she said thru' a mouthful of plants.

I found Clint wearing an open toed ten gallon hat on his five gallon head. "What's the business like from the inside?" I asked.

"I don't know," came his muffled reply, "but it's dark in here."

As I left the house the ambulance had just arrived and Chris had stopped crying.

So that's it. Not one bit of sense out of the crazy, idiotic, lovable schizy-brenic messianic. Still, that's the people in the business and that's the business.



Young Gene Pitney after a fishing trip with some men. His catch, his mother remembers, was these two pickerel. The men caught nothing.

This is the first part of Gene's own life story which he's written specially for FAB. The pictures were sent to us from the States by his mother from the Pitney Family Album.



At a very early age in the garden of his home in Rockville, USA, where his parents still live.

IT'S crazy. Can you imagine someone connected with pop music today who was born in a place called Rockville?

Well, I'm that someone. I was born in Rockville, Connecticut.

What is crazier, no one has ever said, "Hey, how about that! Rockville, huh?" Maybe the gag's too obvious.

What is less obvious is Rockville. It's no more. A few months ago I drove into town from one of my jobs and found that they had levelled the entire metropolitan area. Believe me, that was quite a shock.

It was a town within a town, literally surrounded by a place called Vernon. So everything was duplicated—two fire services, two police departments, double taxman.

NOW the two towns have amalgamated. They have just one town council and Rockville is no more.

The residential part of Rockville still stands, however. They stopped tearing down buildings just two streets away from our house—11 Hammond Street—which stands on the top of one of the three hills on which the town was built.

My Dad and brother Francis—at twenty-nine he's five years older than me—both work as United Aircraft.

Two sisters—Shirley is thirty-two and a housewife with four children, and Nancy is twenty and works as an I.B.M. operator—and another brother, Dennis, who is fifteen.

Gene Francis Pitney bowed in at Rockville on February 17, 1941. At the age of six I went to St. Bernard's school out far from our house on Hammond Street. It was a church

M

by GENE PITNEY



The little man in the hat is Gene Pitney and the bashful young lady is his sister, Nancy.

A shot of Gene in his first year at High School. He was a top-class scholar.

school with Sisters of Mercy as teachers. I got on pretty well and—if you'll pardon me saying it—I was a bright kid.

I guess my brightness was in doubt on occasions. Like the time Sister Mary Fidelis broke her red ruler—her favourite red ruler—over my head. She had written up on the blackboard the figures 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30 and so on and asked one kid: "What table is that?" He said it was the 10 table.

Clearly exasperated, she turned to the bright young Pitney and said: "Tell him, Gene."

I was playing it strictly for laughs and said: "It's the 15 table." She reached me in a flash and POW! that red ruler smashed down on my head and broke clear in half.

In the third grade we had a teacher called Miss Thorne—because of the shortage of teachers there were a few who were not nuns—and she did most to instil a sense of fervour into learning than could ever come out of a text book.

MISS Thorne initiated an incentive programme. It was very simple. If a boy answered a question correctly, or did his work properly, Miss Thorne awarded him a star which went up on the blackboard alongside his name. At the end of each month the boy with most stars sat in the first desk by the door, the boy with the next highest number in the second desk, and so on. I managed to make that first desk several out of nine months, and the second desk for the other two months. The whole scheme was a lesson in social classness—you just didn't want

to appear an idiot and have to sit in the last desk.

I used to sing at school in the choir but was much too scared ever to get up and do the solo bit. Mathematics and music were my favourite subjects. Careerwise, first off I wanted to be a guide in Alaska!

I've always gone for the Great Outdoors. Rockville's got its share of it—there's a lot of farmland around there and they go on for the growing of tobacco in a big way.

THERE was a guy down our street who taught me to hunt and fish and I used to go out shooting with him. He became like another brother to me.

We went out to trap mink, muskrat and raccoons. It was financially worth while, too, at least as far as mink was concerned. A mink skin fetched 14 or 15 dollars and that was a lot of money for a kid of nine.

We had to set off at four in the morning. And that sure is early enough for me. It was cold, too.

The trapping season there starts at the beginning of November—so I'd put on at least three sets of clothes. I had a lot to learn about trapping—my first trap I set in four feet of water at the bottom of a river bank. How on earth I expected to catch anything with that I'll never know. That trap would have been there yet!

It was the trapping that led to my other big interest—taxidermy. That, of course, is the high-flying word they use to describe the practice of stuffing animals. The hunting magazines carried taxidermy ads and that's how I first got to know about it.

I learned taxidermy the hard way, too. By just doing it. My first pheasant looked like a muskrat by the time I had finished with it.

At the same time I was bitten by all the usual collecting bugs—including coin and stamp collecting. And rock collecting. (Rock collecting in Rockville, how about that then?)

I followed up anything that looked like being interesting. I read a lot, too. For a time I thought about becoming a priest when my schooling was all through, but that gave way to electronics or anything with mathematics in it.

I was thirteen when I went to Rockville High School and this, I guess, is where singing began to take over. Rockville High had one of the best glee clubs in the State. It was the custom for the teacher responsible for it to come along to St. Bernard's to listen to the school choir—to get an idea of the voices likely to be of interest to the glee club. Apparently my high tenor was one they said they could use.

So I went to Rockville High—and sang with the glee club. It was about this time that I began to notice girls. You know how it is—studies were interrupted, suddenly the glee club didn't seem so important. And I was worried about my voice.

YOU see, I got to thinking that my high tenor was crazy. There were times when they were short-handed—or should it be short-necked?—and I was able to take over an alto part. So the bell whist that, I thought, I'll force my voice down to bass. Which I did.

But the teacher, a Miss Lewis, put me right. She told me to stop messing with my voice, and pointed out that if I went on to university my tenor would be in demand. So I went back to first tenor. But I'm convinced it was this juggling with my voice that helped to give the wide vocal range I have today.

In my second year at Rockville High the glee club performed the Hallelujah Chorus from *The Messiah* with the Harford Symphony Orchestra at a Christmas concert. I had a tenor solo part to sing. I certainly got a kick out of that.

BEFORE I graduated from Rockville High in April, 1950, I formed a band. I'd bought myself a guitar and had a few lessons on it and I used to front the band and sing. We had two guitars, drums, piano and tenor sax and we played the hits of the day at church socials, school concerts and record hops.

Then one night when we were playing at a roller-skating rink a guy called Martin Kugel came up to the stand and asked me if I was interested in making a record.

I was sure was interested in making a record and I told him so. To me that was a million-dollar deal. I didn't know it then but, like the song says, that was the start of something big. It was also about to collect a whole heap of problems, too.

Gene writes more about himself in FAB next week.



Fab

A few words from Graham to all Hollies' friends. For anyone on the outer circle, we'd better explain that 'Arold is Allan Clarke and Greg Haydock is Eric H. There is no good reason. It's just the Hollies' way.



Graham with his "I'm-a-pop-star" disguise.



Graham gives little sister Sharon a pick-a-back ride.

HALLO all you lovely fans rave FAB readers! It's old Hollie heads here at the end of the trip-writer E, type writer!
So, hello, folks... oh, no, I already said hello. Anyway, how are you all? All right? Good. Then I'll begin!

I was a bit divided with the Ed, asked me to write something for you in this special issue of FAB. And if no-one else reads it, I know me young sister Sharon will. Reads everything about me, she does. But she's also right thrilled to see that picture of herself with me and our other sister, Elaine, in this magazine about two months ago. She told me all the kids in her class at school bought a copy!

Do you know a brand new film the other week. It's a sort of deep maroon colour—the same colour as Hickie's actually. So now The Hollies have got five films and two 1100s between us.

There's three and Hickie's got two (but his last ones like if three), and Gregory Haydock just topped his Simca in for two Miras. Greg class one and his wife. Plan the other. Our 'Arold (the lead singer in the group) and Bobby have now got 1100s.

I used to have a Lotus sports car, but it had an agreement with a bridge. The bridge was through the Lot—and only the bridge was there!

When I got driving near my home in South near Manchester, the wife says she can't get into the car to get into our shop in Manchester itself. She said, "You're a nice Manchester, but the boutique which Hickie and I own. It's called 'Pyramite', which by the way, does not mean that it is owned by male pigs! And while I'm on a driving word, please note that I live in Shyco. Oh, yes, Keesie's used to living in style! Outch!

Anyway, the comments about living in style is that it's only two minutes along the road from Ringway Airport. And since I have to stand about half way the travelling in planes from Manchester to London and London to Manchester, that can't be bad. You know, I meant you see that route so much, we must know every stretch and how many that ever worked for B.E.A.

It's all in the stage now that we heard the piano and created of the piano. Good evening, so' praying we get "Oh, it's you big name!" But like others of us think, well, being Keesie's name B.E.A. says it's business "leave one" unless all groups, plan to film, and he thought it only seems so. There was a rumor recently that he'd changed his name of Shyco to "Shyco" in Shyco!

Well, what else can I write about? Oh, yes, I'd better give a plug to

our road managers—or they'll shoot me. We've got two road managers, one of whom, Rod Skalkis, is our personal one, and the other, Johnny MacDonald does all the heavy work, like unloading the equipment, setting it up, loading into the van again, and driving it up and down the countryside. Rod drives us up and down the country in our Zodiac, and looks after the accommodation and makes sure we get to our films and appointments on time. They've both been with us a long time, and we wouldn't change them for the world!

Three cheers for Rod and Johnny Mac!

And while we're on the plugging scene, let's have a big hand for The Miras. This is the North London group for whom Hickie, 'Arold and I wrote a song called "Go Away," and which was produced by me and Hickie for C.B.S. records. Did you hear it? Smashing group, they are and really nice people, too. Jim!

When we opened our boutique, The Miras took a day off working, and drove through the night to be at the opening. We invited them to the celebration party we were having at the Phonograph Club, so they came to that, then drove back to London—through the night again! Lovely people!

Well, it's now 1968, and we've got a lot of travelling to do outside the year. We're supposed to be going to—well for a—Poland, Holland, Finland, Turkey, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Austria and New Zealand! There's a few more to do! What will that and looking after the boutique and writing songs, and recording groups, and playing in Britain, and writing features for FABULOUS (!) looks like being a bit busy this year!

But we'll see you soon. Bye!



Graham Nash

GRAHAM NASH'S PAGE





it makes me

MAD!

says
Roger Daltrey

who, besides being a Who, is one of the most open, outspoken people in showbiz. Easygoing though he is, there are some things that Roger just has to explode over . . .

It makes me mad when a man puts on a uniform and thinks it makes him a little god. I can't stick hotel doormen who call you "Sonny" then start telling you what you can do, and what you can't. I hate traffic wardens.

I don't mind policemen. They're only mods in uniform. The Law in London is great, I think. Maybe it doesn't mean so much in little country places. There they're just like traffic wardens all over again.

It makes me mad when people put down kids. I love kids. They're so open and honest. I love watching that TV programme where the kids put on their own plays. They used to have kids from about five doing it, and they were so funny and nice. Really funny.

It's a shame that people aren't as open when they grow up. It brings you down when you leave school and go out into the big bad world. At school, they always made it sound like a fairy tale. It's not, is it?

It makes me mad to see young people exploited. When I left school at fifteen my first job was working on the construction of a new block in Victoria, in London. I worked thirty floors up, and I was terrified. I cried my eyes out every day. At the end of a forty-two hour week I took home about two pounds, and I gave my mother a pound of that.

At school, they don't always teach you the things you really want to know. I went to a grammar school. I studied German for four years. Now I can't remember a word of it. But I loved school. It's like a holiday camp.

IT MAKES ME MAD

When people get personal. If I'm talking to someone about politics, I don't like them to say things like, "Well, you would say that, with your background." I just walk out and slam the door.

I don't like people who go out of their way to make you feel uncomfortable. You see someone you know, and say "Hello" and they look right through you. They think it's cool or something. It isn't cool. It's just rude. And I hate the rumour

spreaders. They never tell you to your face. If they did, I would admit it, if it was true. At the moment, I think I'm supposed to be walking out of the group, deep in debt, and living on pills! Which I am not, incidentally.

It makes me mad, some of the programmes they put on the radio or TV. B.B.C. music—Irish gigolo bands or whatever they are—is awful. And I hate TV quiz shows. I run to switch them off as soon as the music comes on.

And I do wish old ladies wouldn't go out to play bingo. It becomes a way of life for them. They start living by numbers. Speaking of old people, I have nothing against them. But I wish they wouldn't drive. It's not right. You see an old man in the street, and he can hardly walk. Then he heaves himself into his car and drives off. His reactions must be so slow that he endangers other drivers. It gives me nightmares, just thinking about it.

IT MAKES ME MAD

When big people push little people around. When we appeared in Paris, we came off stage to find a big flash French bloke showing off his strength at the expense of our road manager, Neville, who's about four foot high. All this bloke's mates stood around laughing. Suddenly, he turned on me with the karate bit, and chopped me in the mouth.

Well, it was the wrong time to do it, because I was very tired, very wound up after the show, and very ill from eating too many snails. I just hit him over the head with the nearest chair. His mates went mad cheering me on. Eventually, they hoisted me up and chaired me off in triumph!

It makes me mad trying to control my hair in the mornings. I have so much trouble, you wouldn't believe it. My hair is naturally curly. If you see it on television, you'll notice it's reasonably straight. Well, don't laugh, but to get it like that I have to spend an hour on it every morning. I keep wetting it, pulling it straight, then drying it quickly.

Some mornings it just won't go right. I've smashed three mirrors throwing the hair-dryer

at them, but I am not really that violent. It makes me mad when I can't buy clothes to fit me properly. I only have a twenty-six inch waist. Ridiculous! I have all my clothes made for me. I really care about clothes.

I hate to see a new group on television looking scruffy, wearing old jeans they've been walking around in for weeks. The Stones were scruffy at first, and it worked for them, the scruffy bit, but it can't work twice. It pays off to take a little time and trouble over your clothes. You see a group on TV looking so drab and dull. If they just wore a white shirt instead of a black sweater, they would look as if they were making some effort. Some of them wear old leather waistcoats. Anything is better than that.

IT MAKES ME MAD

To see people living in places with wallpaper hanging off the walls. Nobody needs to live like that. There's always something else you can stick up in its place. You can usually fix anything for a couple of bob, anyway. I don't like people who don't make any efforts to pull themselves up.

Girls who have good looks and don't know how to use them annoy me. I see a pretty girl, and her hair's all piled up the wrong way. Or a little fat girl in a trouser suit. I have to say what I think of them, because they're losing out when they don't make the most of themselves.

It makes me mad when fans take things. I bought a scarf once. I needed it to wear on Top Of The Pops. I had it for about ten minutes then somebody whipped it. If they'd asked me for it, I wouldn't have minded. I wouldn't have given it to them, but I wouldn't have minded! I would probably have given them something else, because I know they only wanted a souvenir.

But what really makes me mad, is when people get at our fans. They're great, you know. There are some girls in Manchester who write every week and always meet our plane when we go up there to do Top Of The Pops. They're fantastic. They know more about My Generation than I do!

the stones

We warned you last week that your own efforts at writing for FAB had been so great that we were going to print lots more. Here's an appreciation of the Stones by Jocelyn Rivers who lives in Islington, Ontario, in Canada. Jocelyn is sixteen and we're glad of the chance to print something by one of our Canadian readers.

THERE'S something inside of you that says MOVE! You reach out to grasp this thing. To feel it. You know it's there. But what is it? Is it Mick, with his shaka? Keith, with his fantastic sounds? Brian, with his wailing mouth organ? Charlie, with his driving beat? Bill, with his pounding bass? Or is it the hot, sweaty atmosphere, created by thousands of people churning inside with the sound of a Stones concert? Sound, yes it's the sound! It's the music, rhythm'n blues. It's something that reaches inside of you and shakes you for all you're worth, until there isn't any of the old person left in you. You're transformed!

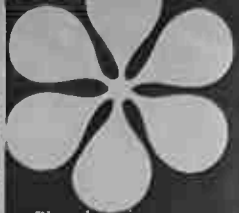
The fever passed on to you at a Stones concert builds up slowly. Then soon you're moving ten, now fifty, now one hundred miles a minute. The Stones are there spurring you on. You're on the point of hysteria. But you don't care. Tomorrow never comes, yesterday was a million years ago. It's now, it's here, it's the music. That's all that matters.





✿ Anne Nightingale is riding out of an A1. Her backer that serves as a hat stand in her SNOB boutique. Her dress is casual and has a big tip button below the pulch and flimsy. From SNOB, 4 gns. Anne's bangles are for 3d, a set of 3 plus just being rings. (Dress and bangles available by post.)

✿ Durable SNOB Anne's wears up in the de-ellurated look which means it's a softness up against her. The pavers are pearl shaped and there is a hip belt. Made in soft West of England silver grey wool only. From SNOB, 7 gns. Anne's riding P.V.C. bag also from SNOB (10s. 6d.).



Two boutiques run by stars—Snob is Anne Nightingale's pop shop in Brighton, Sussex, for personal or postal shoppers. . .



✿ Lazing in a Victorian bath chair, Anne wears a trouser suit in black and white check with a man-size pirate belt on the hipster pants. (From SNOB.) Highlight Sports three-piece suit 6 gns., spiky brooch 12s. 6d., sun specs 1 gns.)



✿ In the doorway, SNOB Anne shows off her "go anywhere" grey flannel suit. (From SNOB, Mansfield suit, 7 gns.) Anne's super wide hosiery came from the Gerald McCann Boutique (in Houghal and Leonard of Mayfair, 12 gns.)



✿ Tony and Graham get pretty Sue Melaine modelling hats. They're in felt (25s) and come in all the colours of the rainbow. Sue's is in shocking pink and white. The boys hold one in black and white.



...pygmalia...

No. 3, BLACKPOOL FOLD, MANCHESTER, 2

Pygmalia is the Manchester boutique of Graham and Tony Hollie. The girls in charge are Maurcen Hicks (T.H.'s sister) and Rose Nash (G.N.'s wife) ✿



Maurcen Hicks in a medieval dress with slashed hem and sleeves (19 19s. 6s.). Rose Nash is in cord skirt (10s. 6d.), belt (10s.), and floral top and stockings (10s. 4d.). All from PYG-MALIA.



Two ✿ Hollies select a suit. It's in brown wool-tweed with a slotted belt. (By Susan Barry, 8 gns. from PYG-MALIA.)

✿ Rose models a luxury "Koney" shortie fur coat for Hollies Tully, Graham and Allan. (Brown PYG-MALIA made to order, 20 gns. approx.)

AUTHORS ALL

*They've all been
top of the pops...
and they have all
written a book*

A collection of music for the very best of pop
writing is given, by the words set to the beat!



Peter Cetera has made his name with his guitar, as his voice. But they haven't got the *Top Gun* movie either. They were the first pop instrumental band to be named in a television series of songs, in the films 'Body' and 'It's a Wonderful Life'. The *Movie!* series of authors are from London SW1E.



Pete Dinklage of the *Beatles* is someone who wrote the whole album, *Let It Be*, and has been listed over 1000 times in *Rolling Stone's* list of the 1000 greatest songs of all time. He has also written the *Beatles* song 'Let It Be'.

One of the most creative people in pop is Charles Martin. His first book, *Let It Be*, is a *Top Gun* movie. He has also written the *Beatles* song 'Let It Be'.

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DEEP
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DEEP Combats the greasy hair problem so often associated with shampooing. DEEP penetrates deeply to remove excess oil and restores natural hair balance. DEEP is a hair care product that works on the scalp and hair shaft. DEEP is a hair care product that works on the scalp and hair shaft. DEEP is a hair care product that works on the scalp and hair shaft.



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BYRD SONG



So many people have said that The Byrds aren't all they are cracked up to be that fab Anne Nighthingale tells you in black and white, why she loves these boys:



Jim McGuinn

W HAT I, 15,33 British Nighthingale, first wanted to see in a pop group was something that sounded like the music I'd heard on my tapes from the England of the 1960s. It was, I remember, a simple, irrefutable melody. People complained about their music, and they couldn't play, couldn't sing, couldn't dance. I met Jim, Dave, Perry, Chris and Mike before their first experience in Britain, asked to listen to their music, and I was blown away. I was blown away by the way they sang, their look, the way they played their instruments. I was blown away by the way they looked and smelled. Jim McGuinn roared to my knees.

Now they are 4,620 miles away at home in Los Angeles, but they still sound like the friends and neighbors of the neighborhood I grew up in. I remember the day they first took to America and they were like, "All right, we're here, we're here, we're here." I remember the day they first took to America and they were like, "All right, we're here, we're here, we're here." I remember the day they first took to America and they were like, "All right, we're here, we're here, we're here."

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The distinctive I remember that I always used to hear in the Byrds was the way they sang. They had that way of singing that was so different from anything I'd ever heard before. They had that way of singing that was so different from anything I'd ever heard before. They had that way of singing that was so different from anything I'd ever heard before.

I've seen the first time any of the Byrds had been made in English family groups, and that he should appreciate it in some ways. It's the story of the Byrds, and it's the story of the Byrds. It's the story of the Byrds, and it's the story of the Byrds. It's the story of the Byrds, and it's the story of the Byrds.

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Maureen's LETTER BOX

For the girls who want to be like Maureen...
Send a letter to: Maureen's Letter Box, P.O. Box 1000, New York, N.Y. 10001

CLAY'S SWIMMER

What a swimmer! In the 1960s, Clay was the only swimmer to win the 100-yard freestyle in both the 1960 and 1964 Olympics. He was also a member of the U.S. Olympic team in 1968. Clay is now a coach at the University of California, Berkeley.



ARTIST'S MUSE

She was the muse for the artist...
The artist's muse was a young woman who inspired him to create his most famous works. She was a model and a friend, and her presence was essential to his art.



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12 historical figures...
A collection of 12 historical figures, each with a brief biography and a portrait. The figures include various leaders, scientists, and artists from different eras.



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THE DO'S AND DON'TS OF TEENAGE SPOTS



TEENAGE SPOTS

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A collection of teenage spots, including short films and video clips. The spots feature various teenagers in different settings, showcasing their talents and interests.

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A collection of seven seasons, including books and audio recordings. The seasons are part of a larger series, each with its own unique story and characters.

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A collection of other items, including books, records, and more. The items are diverse and cover a wide range of topics and genres.

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A collection of seven items, including books and records. The items are part of a series and are highly recommended for their quality and content.

The...
A collection of items, including books and records. The items are part of a series and are highly recommended for their quality and content.

Seven...
A collection of seven items, including books and records. The items are part of a series and are highly recommended for their quality and content.

Seven...
A collection of seven items, including books and records. The items are part of a series and are highly recommended for their quality and content.

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