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Fabulous 1st 208

**"HANG
ON TO
YOUR
SKIRTS"**

SAYS DAVE DEE

"GOD?

**WHO
KNOWS?"**

ASKS KENNY EVERETT

**MOVE-
IN
CLOSE
UP**

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HANG ON TO YOUR SKIRTS!

IT'S bad enough that we're only just emerging from an icy frozen-up, chilly sort of winter. But there are other things that send a cold blast of wind through my bloodstream. Like the news from the Paris fashion houses that the boss-men designers have decreed that your actual mini skirts are on the way out . . . and trousers are in!

Trousers? I'll wear the trousers, thank you very much. My legs look much better encased in velvet or mohair. I know that means you can't see 'em, but that's the way I like it. But girls' legs are there for purposes other than walking. They're there, I submit, because we blokes like looking at them.

And the more the merrier. Some weeks ago I said that I'd get back to the subject of mini skirts and here I am, up on the soap-box, yelling to the world that I'm in favour of them. Maybe my voice won't make any difference to the dictates of fashion, but I'm always amazed at the way girls follow, sheep-like what they're told to wear by the top designers. Just as a matter of interest: I've met some of the male designers, and they're hardly the husky types you could win a James Bond role in a movie, so I can't really see why they should carry so much authority. After all, surely it's true that girls dress mainly to please men, not other women. Or am I wrong about that?

Mini skirts must stay. They look great on a girl who happens to have the right sort of shape. I've seen a load of beautiful girls with fabulous faces and hair, but who are wrong-shaped from the waist downwards. If they get into mini skirts, well they just don't look right at all. It all adds up to the old argument—make the best of your good points and kindly do what you can to hide the bad ones.

Trousers? Ugh! Never have liked them on girls and I'm sure I never will. What's more, I've conducted a sort of public opinion poll among my mates and hardly any of them have a good word to say for the trouser suits that are becoming the rage. Even our editor passes on the tragic news to me: "Quite a few of the FAB Gang are in trousers these days," and I sigh with deep regret.

Mini skirts are exciting and a much better invention than sliced bread! And it's a British idea, what's more. We led the way and I don't see why we should give up the lead without a right old struggle. But I'm not advocating that we latch on to other revealing things like see-through blouses.

Sometimes I wonder if there is a bit of the Victorian dad in me, but the fact is that I don't like a girl I'm with to make a big show of herself. If a strange bird across a crowded room happens to wear something that shows nearly all, then I might permit myself a quick look-see. But if the girl with me is like that, I just feel like cringing with embarrassment.

For me, the ideal DEE-lightful appearance is a mini skirt, long Barnet (that is, hair), and something dead simple like a virginal white blouse. That turns me on. I just wonder what the psychiatrists would make of it. What a girl chooses to wear, or not wear, in private is a different matter. . . .

Actually I don't hold the view that the human body, completely nude, is particularly attractive either. Sometimes it revolts me. Where women are concerned, it's not the parts that are revealed that turn me on, it's the parts that are hidden! In other words, let's keep a bit of mystery about the opposite sex, but let's also hang on like grim death to the mini skirts.

It's the same for the girls, you know. A bloke wears skin-tight trousers . . . well, okay. Some girls maybe will go near enough beserk, but others will simply not know where to look. But with, say, topless dresses, you might as well hurl your imagination out of the window. There's nothing left to imagine.

I suppose basically my objec-

tion to my 'date' wearing all-revealing clobber is that she appears to be going all-out to 'pull' the lads. It may make me look at least once, but it also makes twenty other blokes do the same thing and I can't stand competition from all and sundry!

Mind you, I suppose it has been pretty cold for the mini-skirted girls as they've ploughed their way through the winter. Still, the British girl is tough and prepared to make sacrifices for the young gentlemen of the country.

Up with mini skirts, then. That is my message for the week. I was going to say: "Down with trousers", but I'd better not. I can see how that could easily be misunderstood.

DAVE DEE

Address your letters to Dave, c/o FAB 208, Fitzroy House, Farringdon Street, London E.C.4. (Please do NOT enclose a stamped, addressed envelope as Dave won't be able to answer any letters through the post, though he will read every one and discuss some in his column.)



LIVE WIRE

It's our Janey out in Hollywood cabling another detailed report on all your faves there.

THE MONKEES ARE COMING

HERE'S more news on the *Monkees* tour. They leave here in mid-March and begin the tour through the States.

After that they leave for Europe. It is definite they will be playing in London and will be doing other shows throughout England, although I can't say where at the moment. They're still waiting to be told by their British agent what would be exactly the right time, so I would say watch for them in May.

They plan to make this tour very different by performing in smaller places but doing more concerts, and they're forming a review including several other acts. Would you believe one of those acts is a fire-artist? Honest! You know the *Monkees* always into something new, not to mention something good.

Have I told you that Peter Tork was seriously thinking about starting his own group? But he decided not to because his brother, who goes to college at the Mid-West, wouldn't come out to California and join it. Had he started one, his girl-friend Rainie would have played the drums. I really look for Peter to get a group going. He was so very active for so long that it's going to take a lot to keep him busy and satisfied. He is working on his own record company and film etc., but he's basically a performer and I think he'll find it impossible not to get back into just that. Besides, there's something very groovy about being part of a group.

and then ran frantically back to the office and did same. I didn't even have time to think about being miffed at Gary and about an hour later my phone rang and a deep, handsome voice said: "What have I done?"

It was Gary, of course, and he'd completely forgotten our appointment. At least he was enough of a groovier to admit it and not tell me he'd run into a giraffe on the freeway. At any rate, we're going to try it again next week. Gary is still recovering more and more mail from Britain and sends you love and more love.

I did manage to have lunch with someone very super this week, however. Namely, Cesare Danova. He's a marvelous man and I'll be telling you all about him in the story I'm doing for *Fabulous*. He, too, is being flooded by mail from Britain and is working hard at getting the letters answered. He has someone else do the envelopes for him but he likes to sign the pictures himself and won't let them be sent out any other way.

SWIFTIES

LAST MINUTE THINGIES: If you want to send *Brendan Boone* a present, remember he collects English bulldogs made of china, etc. . . . *Gary Clark* has one of the ten best waxes of humor in Hollywood, and in this town that's saying a lot. . . . *Henry Darrow* beat everyone on the *High Chaparral* set last week—at the chess board, that is. . . . *Group Therapy* was beaten up by a gang of toughs when they visited London. . . . *Jim Morrison*, famous lead singer of *The Doors*, has a suit made entirely of lizard skin (shudder). . . . *Jim Drury* broke his glasses when they fell off his horse (fortunately, he didn't fall off with them). . . . *Doog McClure* bought all kinds of groovy clothes in New York. . . . Gotta go! Love,

JANIE MILSTEAD



JOHN AND YOKO LOOK

YOKO Ono and John Lennon appeared on the cover of the American magazine *Look*. Inside they talked about their lives and futures quite frankly and openly and I know that this will help personal lives of their favorites, especially if that favorite happens to be John Lennon, who I consider to be about the most honest person walking around.

Congratulations are in order! Sonny and Cher have had a baby girl and named her Chastity. This is also the title of the new movie they've just completed. Cher acted and Sonny produced so it should be quite a film. They say it's about "a girl of today".

York thing and hit all the famous night spots. Wouldn't you know that Melinda's favorite place was a pizza stand on Broadway? No wonder Mark married that girl!

CHRIS CAREY —SUED

CHRIS Carey's play has opened and has been very well received. He's had an offer to televise it for Educational TV, which would really be a wonderful break.

He too is having troubles. During the filming of *Garrison's Garden* a studio employee was accidentally wounded by a faulty gun. He is now suing Chris for half a million dollars and so Chris will have to sue the studio.

LUNCH WITHOUT GARY

ALONG about noon yesterday, I felt like having Gary Clark over the head with one of my snobby old notebooks. We were to meet for lunch and after I'd sat at the otherwise empty table for about half an hour, it began to dawn on me that he wasn't coming. Actually I was so busy, I sat there and corrected something I had to type later



SNOWBALLING MARK SLADE

MARK and Melinda Slade have been on a trip to the East coast to visit Mark's relatives. Melinda has never level around snow and she had a great time pelting her gorgeous husband with huge handfuls. One time her snowballing caused her to miss out on meeting Mark's old girl-friend.

They were about to enter a supermarket when Melinda reached down for more snow. At that very moment, Mark's old flame came out through the door, flashed a look at Mark and went on her way. Melinda missed the whole thing so she didn't even get a glance at her former competition!

Mark did introduce her to a lot of his own school mates, however, and she is no longer firmly convinced that he has a tendency to make up stories to entertain her. After meeting his friends, she believes every word of their adventures!

While back East, they did the New

Leonard Whiting has wanted a beard for ages but until recently he was busy shooting *Royal Hunt of The Sun*. In this he plays Martin, a young clean-shaven page, and a beard just wasn't on. Now he has one (back cover) but, just to be awkward, we've printed here pix of him without it . . . don't tell anyone, but we prefer it!

SINCE landing such a wonderful part in *Romeo and Juliet*, Leonard Whiting hasn't gone big-time and wacky. He hasn't changed a bit.

Lenny is just as open and friendly as he was at the start, when he certainly didn't expect big-time directors to shower him with million-dollar film roles at the drop of a hat.

Working with lots of other newbies was one thing, but acting alongside old hands like Robert Shaw and Christopher Plummer was another matter altogether.

Not that Leonard is shy. He's a joker, he's funny and he's fun, and talking to him you soon get the message that he's up on all the important things too.

Once they got to know him, everyone else on the set liked Lenny a lot and to him it was an invaluable experience to be able to sit, watch and learn from the other actors.

He loved their first location, Madrid. No wonder, when everyone treated him like a king. There were meals with Robert Shaw and his wife Mary Ure at their hotel house (which belongs to Orson Welles), there was a huge American-type car whenever he wanted it and a chauffeur thrown in for good measure.

The pace of work was fast and furious during the day, but in the evenings Lenny and his friend Sam Edwards (practically the only other young person on the set) would sit off together and go dancing or to a restaurant with a couple of girls . . . English girls, French girls, Spanish girls—they flaked by the dozen!

It was the same on their next location at Lima in Peru and Lenny couldn't get over his surprise at being recognized so far from home.

To make the film look even more authentic the crew went from Lima to Cuzco, the actual spot where the Spaniards met the Incas King and conquered him. It was like another world.

Their little plane touched down on the rocky old township runway and a bamboo band tacked out in full force to greet them. If the band wasn't exactly Senny style, it was comfortable. On the fringe of the

jungle, in the wilds of the desert and on the heights of the Andes (the highest mountain range in the world), the atmosphere was exotic and breathtaking.

Lenny loved riding but in the 16th century that was left to the masters not their page. However, he got his chance one day when the whole crew was invited to a hacienda (Peruvian country estate) to watch a special riding display by Peruvian racing horses. At the end Robert Shaw and Leonard were invited to try for themselves and for twenty minutes they tilted and cantered to the applause of everyone else looking on.

Of course Lenny was far too wrapped up in the things he was doing to feel homesick but, after months on location, a holiday at Montego Bay and a trip to New York, it was great to get back home again.

ANNE WILSON

LOVELY LIVELY LENNY



IT WASN'T long ago there was a group around called Tony Rivers and The Castaways—you've probably heard of them. They were well liked in the pop business and respected for the type of sound they produced, but sadly lacking in hit records. For the uninitiated I must explain that this group is extinct, for they now go under the name of Harmony Grass. Theirs is a different story altogether—the first record they made was a hit, they appeared on Top Of The Pops, and the record was played like mad on Radio Luxembourg and Radio 1.

"We all got to believe there was a psychological thing against The Castaways," Tony said. "It was almost as if the people concerned saw a record of ours and put it at the bottom of the pile, simply because they knew we'd never had a hit before."

It was Colin Johnson, the group's manager, who suggested they change their name. "We hated the name of Harmony Grass," they told me. "We thought he must be joking. But the record (Move In A Little Closer Baby) began to bubble under in the charts. We didn't know if it would be a hit or not, but we thought it would get the new name over."

There are six in the group. Tony, Ray, and Ken who are all married, and Tom, Bill and Fergy who are not. All of the group come from the Essex area—and I must add have their own Essex brand of humour! Tony Rivers is naturally pleased they've now got a hit but said: "I'm still sure every record we made was a good bet for the charts. But the important thing you need with each record is the promotion."

Despite the fact that The Castaways were going for seven and a half years without a hit record Tony, for me, never thought of giving up and trying something else. "It's easy to say you're going to pack it in—but you try giving up your whole way of life."

Tony's only interest, other than music, is football. "I'm a mad footballer and I'd love to play for West Ham. Sometimes I tell the others I'd rather play for West Ham than in the group!" But then Tony is only joking (I think). See what I mean about the sense of humour?

JULIE WERN

IT'S HARMONY NOW

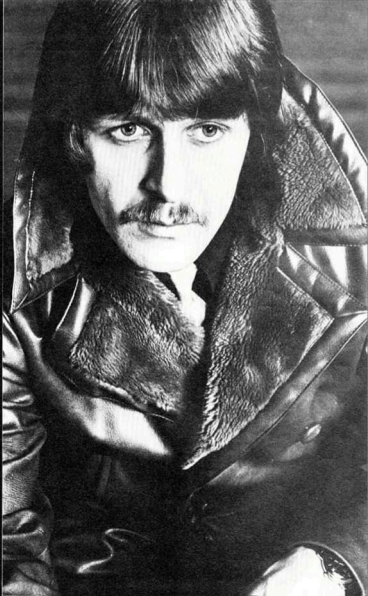




YOUR MOVE

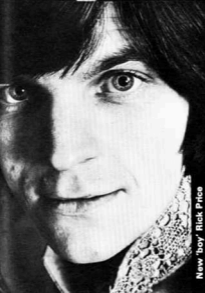
Presenting Roy Wood, Carl Wayne, Rick Price and Bev Bevan who together make up your Move. It wasn't so long ago that the group nearly split up—but then a number

one hit with *Blackberry Way* made them change their minds. Thank goodness. Stay around on the scene for much longer, Move, and give us another number one!





Genius songwriter—Roy Wood



New 'boy' Rick Price



Quiet, cool drummer—Bev Bevan



Junior is the comic of the group and pulls all sorts of facts at all times. But he's not a stupid goof, he's read about his music and is writing even vaguely connected with the group.

"MUSIC IS what I'm interested in most of all. I haven't got a 'favourite' kind of music—I like any kind as long as it's good. I love listening to records. I've just bought a stereo radiogram and play Beethoven LPs when I've got the time. Oh I like to sit with my tape recorder and guitar. I'm also trying to write songs.

"I LOVE RECORDING STUDIOS, being there on my own. It's dead relaxing just sitting there playing the piano. I'm still learning to play the piano—on stage I play lead guitar.

"FOOTBALL IS something else I enjoy. I'm in the Top of the Pops football team. I used to play for the school team and once got a trial for Glasgow, but I wasn't very good so forget it! Now I'm living in London I like to go and watch Arsenal play. There's not much time now for football, but sometimes before a gig I nip out of the car and have a go in a field. It passes the time!

"MY CAR IS a white MGB with a tape recorder inside. It's got electric windows too. It's a great car, but I don't tinker with it because I don't really know anything about cars. I'd love to have a go at Brands Hatch one time and I may do when the summer comes up. I'd love to get a Ferrari—that's my ultimate in cars.

"HISTORY BOOKS are my favourite and it was my favourite subject at school. I'd love to have lived in early Victorian times. You can learn a lot from books and I really appreciate them now that I've left school.

"CORONATION STREET is one programme I love. It knocks me out! People stare the programme but it's typical of northern life. Something I never miss on the television is football—Sunday afternoons at three! Yes, I'm a TV addict!

"I DON'T SLEEP very much when we're traveling but as soon as I hit the hay I've had it. I'm quite convinced I could go to bed for a week and not wake up. I love dreaming and I have weird ones. I once dreamt I was dead but it was a funny dream!"

JULIE WEBB

This week we turn the spotlight on the funny man of the group—Junior Campbell. He's never short of things to do—whether it's playing football, listening to music or sleeping!



JARMALADE SPREAD OUT

LOOK at Kenny Everett and you see a short, curly-haired, comical figure. But look closer and you see eyes that show sincerity and a depth of character. Underneath that radio Puck there is a young man, looking at what is often a rotten world, but trying always to be bright and gay. He says he doesn't let things like Vietnam get him down, but if you question him about it he looks aside as he says: "There'll always be wars. I can't worry about them all."

But one thing in his life did concern him very much at one time, and that was religion. He was brought up in a

the grounds around the college, and the mole-catching, and this sounded much better than school to a thirteen-year-old.

He trained for the priesthood for just one year, but the friend that bragged of mole-catching hadn't also told Kenny about the hard work.

"That was the trouble," Kenny told me. "You have to be clever for this priesthood lark. I flunked every exam except English and so I was sent back to school."

But he'd already begun to think about religion and what it really meant. "The college was well equipped for brain-washing," he said. "It had its own chapel

and we went every day. I think it was all that kneeling down and sitting on hard benches that really got me thinking. One day I just asked myself: 'What is all this about?'"

By the time he was seventeen he had straightened his mind out and decided he was not going to accept everything the Church said. In fact, when he and I first started talking about religion he said: "I used to be a Catholic, but I'm not now."

"I definitely believe there is something after death," he explained, "and maybe what you will be up there is a result of what you have been down here, so I'm



ASKS KENNY EVERETT

Father Maurice Cole never quite made his station in life, and as a teenager turned his back on a career as a priest and on his Catholic religion. We know him now as Kenny Everett, and he still has a lot to say on the subject of religion.

not going around murdering anybody. I believe Jesus existed, just as I believe Charles II did, but whether he was the Son of God is another thing. I don't know, who does? But when I was a kid I accepted that he was, like I accepted America is across the Atlantic, I didn't really think about it or question it.

"Perhaps this religion thing is just to keep us all in line. It's like blackmail really: you're told that if you're good you'll go to heaven, and if you're not you won't. But all those wooden benches and the silence and doom in churches, it just struck me as unnecessary.

"It must have been hard to break away from the Catholic religion," I said.

"It did cause rows at home," he admitted, "but people can't make you believe in something and eventually it all died down."

Kenny doesn't really stick his neck out either way, and although he isn't religious he doesn't categorically say there shouldn't be religion.

As he said to me: "If there is a God and a heaven nobody down here knows, and if they say there is they are only guessing."

PAMELA TOWNSEND

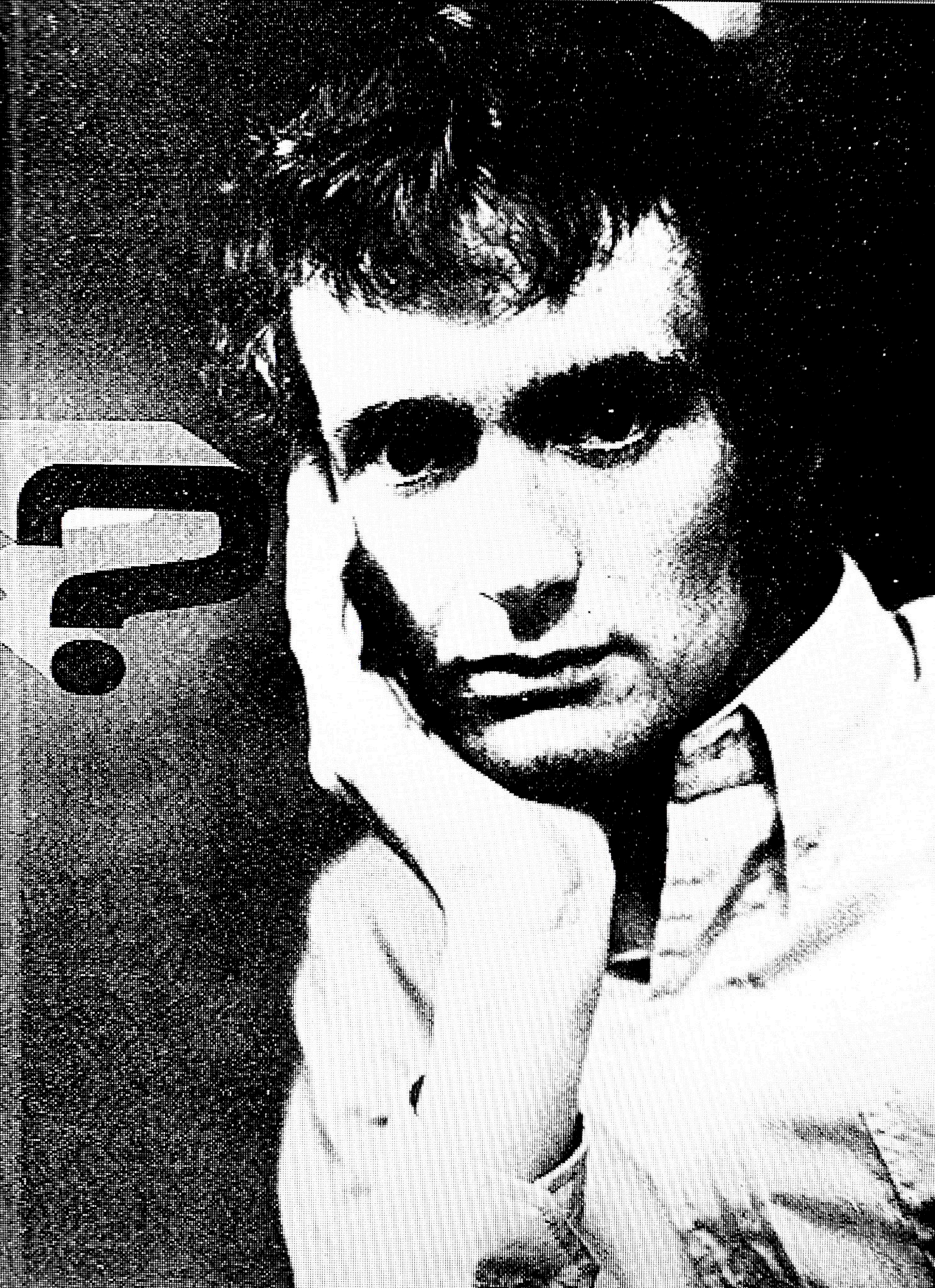
Liverpool Catholic household and went to a Catholic school which he says taught him nothing.

"I left school at fifteen but I'd have left at thirteen if I could, I hated it so much," he remembered.

During these unhappy childhood days, one thing was being drummed into him at school and at home: religion. His dad, captain of a tug on the Mersey, and his mum were both devout Catholics.

He went to church every Sunday, confession about every three weeks, and never questioned the Catholic beliefs. At eleven and twelve he quite enjoyed going to church, after all it did mean an outing on Sundays. At fifteen he left school and went to St. Peter Claver College to train as a Roman Catholic priest. He was all for that move as school life was so unbearable.

"The other kids petrified me, they spent all day planning how they could bash someone up without teacher seeing," he said. So a move away from school got Kenny's approval immediately. And apart from that, he'd heard what a good time could be had at the religious college. A friend had told him about the games they played in



the amazing glory brown

by Jo Dawson

With the worry, first of Con's behaviour and now of Frankie's sudden disappearance, Julie felt there was no one in the world she could turn to for help. Could she rely on Paul or not?

Julie was happy with her boy friend Con who drew a newspaper cartoon called *Glory Brown*. But then her cousin Frankie came to stay and Con had to make a sudden trip to London. When he returned they went to a party with Frankie and her long friend Paul. Con got drunk so Julie left, but Paul followed and kissed her. Next day Con proposed to Julie, but she refused him. Returning late to the flat, she discovered that Frankie had vanished.

I WAS dreaming. In the dream I was with Con and Frankie on a railway station. All the trains had runners on them, rather like sledge runners, instead of wheels and Con kept saying it was because of the stones . . . And then he said:

"I know I owe you some sort of explanation, Julie. But I'm not ready yet."

And all the time Frankie was giggling and skipping round an advertisement board and although I knew she was Frankie really, she looked just like *Glory Brown*, in a white plastic jump suit with her black hair flowing down her back. Every now and then she'd reach up with her long brown hands and stroke his cheek. And he'd keep saying:

"Oh don't!" and he'd look annoyed with her, but then she'd giggle again as he pulled her to him and held her very close.

When I woke up it was still dark and the dream was very clear and very depressing. But after a moment or two I remembered that it was me Con wanted, not Frankie. Only a few hours before he'd said he loved me and wanted to marry me. I swallowed hard at the painful memory of what had happened afterwards.

Then, with a jolt, I realised that Frankie had run away. I lay in the darkness and turned all the questions over and over. Where to? Why, for heavens sake? and the biggest question of all, who will? Not Con, that was for sure. However much she liked him she didn't have any pull on him because he wasn't that interested. I was certain of that now.

I remembered the little drawings he'd done of her . . . So what? He was an artist, wasn't he?

I was going to be very tired in the morning unless I got some sleep soon. I dragged back the eiderdown from the floor and shut my eyes tight, trying to forget it for the time being.

Next time I woke the sun was streaming through the window and my clock said a quarter to nine—and I'd told Marty I'd open up the shop today! I flung myself out of bed and caught sight of Frankie's neatly made duvet and remembered all over again. I felt the beginnings of a headache as I splashed through a hasty wash and then flung my clothes on.

It was twenty past nine when I put the keys in the

shop door and thanked my stars that Marty hadn't got there first. He can't stand it when I'm late.

The phone was ringing as I rushed in. I ran to it and picked it up, still gasping for breath: Marty? Checking on me?

Pips and then the clang of a coin.

"Yes?" I was too dazed to realise for a moment.

"It's me . . ."

"Oh, Frankie! Where the heck are you?" I sat down slowly.

"In a call box of course." She answered lightly. "I just wanted to make sure you don't go rushing to mum or anything like that!"

"It's exactly what I'm going to do," I said hotly. "Unless you move right back to the flat at once!"

"Nothing doing," she said softly. "And it's no good telling mum. You'll only worry her and nobody in the world will make me come back now . . . Not you or mum or anyone!"

"But why, Frankie?"

"I told you," she said impatiently. "It's not good enough for me. I want better things than your flat over a grocer's shop. And I can find 'em on my own."

"You and who else?" I was shouting a bit though I knew it was pointless.

Frankie laughed.

"Wouldn't you like to know?"

I tried another tack:

"But what about your pocket money that your mum's sending you. Where'd you like me to send it?"

"Uh uh! You don't imagine I'm falling for that one, do you? My address from now on is my secret. And I don't need any money thanks. Keep it if you want."

"Frankie," I sighed desperately in the end. "Just what am I supposed to have done?"

"Nothing, love. No hard feelings. I'm just happier on my own. See you?"

"Is Paul in on this?" I asked sharply. But she'd hung up already. I closed my eyes and rested my aching head in my hands. So she didn't need money. My thoughts stayed with Paul. He was the only one she knew that had any money. And hadn't he said he could do anything with Frankie? Was he trying to prove it, or something? Last night Frankie had told me he was calling for her. He was the only man who probably knew something about it. My lunch-time plans were made already.

AROUND eleven, while I was persuading a girl not to have a dress that was two sizes too small, I was suddenly aware of someone else standing in the shop, watching me. I turned and saw Con. He was leaning against the counter idly, just waiting. His lips curved into the glimmer of a smile when he

caught my eye. He did a mime of drinking up a cup of coffee.

"I can't," I said as I went over to him, after I'd finally given in and let this girl buy a dress that made her look like a battleship. "Marty isn't here and can't leave the shop."

I went round to the other side of the counter and leaned on it, just opposite him.

"Oh, it's been a terrible morning, Frankie—"

He put a hand out and covered my arm and somehow made me break off in mid-sentence. For a long time I just stared down at that hand that I knew so well.

"What I said last night, Julie, I still mean it. You can get married . . . in a little while." He was whispering, although there was no one else in the shop.

I looked up at him, but it was an effort. I saw the same Con, same pale eyes, intelligent and shrewd. There was something different though, but it was in me, not in him.

"Say something, lover."

I opened my mouth several times to speak but nothing came.

He pressed my hand.

"Julie, I must have an answer."

"We've got to think about it a bit more, Con," I pleaded. "I mean, there's lots to think about . . . I knew I sounded very weak."

He reached over and his face was very close to mine.

"I must have a yes or no answer. Now!"

"But Con—surely—"

"Julie, this is very important. Do you understand that? It's much more important than you think because there are things you don't know about." He spoke very slowly and clearly as if I was a child.

"Perhaps if you'd told me before . . . the things I don't know about. I mean, I don't think there'd be any doubt about my answer," I said in a low voice. My eyes had filled with annoying tears. There was a long silence.

"Yes or no, Julie?" He was holding my hand very tightly.

I shook my head.

"I can't answer, Con. Not yet. I've got to think about it."

Abruptly he straightened up and let go of me. He took a couple of paces back and looked at me for a moment. Then he turned and walked out.

I ran to the door after him and then stopped in my tracks because a voice inside me said no. He walked down the street without looking back. From the back he looked as if he was a man in a hurry and his stride was light and springy. But I guessed that his face would be closed and miserable.

And as I watched, I suddenly knew what it was that had made me hold back last night and again today. Con and I were on a downhill run. The best of our love was over. Perhaps because we'd known each other too well, too long. I don't know.

LATER Marty came in and told me to take my lunch hour. Then I remembered my plans.

Paul was hard to find. I didn't want to ask any of the other man working on the bridge site, so I sat on a bench about fifty yards away and waited a bit. After a while I spotted him. He was way up at the top of the scaffolding, sitting astride an iron girder that was to form the beginning of the bridge.

His feet dangled carelessly into space and below him was a hundred foot drop to the water. I thought it was him but I couldn't be sure. He was wearing goggles to protect his eyes from the gush of sparks that came from the welder.

I wasn't sure, but I thought that once he turned and looked down at me. Anyway, a little later he stopped working and began the long climb down. When he reached the ground again he came straight over to me, pushing the goggles up from his eyes. Surprisingly he looked uncertain of himself.

"I'm looking for Frankie," I said straight away.

He shrugged and gave a half laugh.

"You think she's shifting muck on the site or something?"

"Oh come on Paul, you know what I mean."



The last day or so had been so awful that I did just what I'd wanted to do for hours. I cried my eyes out.

"He stuffed his hands into the pockets of my jacket and took a step towards me. 'I've got an hour for your dinner and I'm hungry. I haven't had any for riddles.'

"I had a heart that suddenly felt lighter, I began to talk to him. He hadn't a clue what I was talking about.

"He's gone. Run off. Last night. And you were here last night. What happened?"

"I kicked a stone carelessly with one muddy shoe and couldn't see her."

"I said you were calling for her."

"I said he hadn't the grace to look a bit awkward. I couldn't make it."

"I said you stood her up! And I suppose she's round all evening waiting . . . and brooding how hard done by she was—and that's why I'm off!"

"I couldn't look at me like that. If she needs a keeper she'd be in the zoo!"

"I burst out suddenly. 'Trust you to be full of sympathy. Can't you see I'm desperate. I'm never am I going to tell her mum?'"

"I took my arm then and began to walk me along the path, very fast.

"I'm not going to tell her anything—yet. We'll

find her and make her come back. We'll go to that college place first."

"I'd never thought of that. Of course . . . We'd be able to see her there!"

Ten minutes later, Paul was striding across the nice burgundy carpet in the college entrance hall and knocking on the principal's door.

Only the secretary was there and our interview with her was short and sweet.

"Miss Frankie Tyler?" She looked down her book. "She has attended here precisely one morning—the first morning of term. She hasn't been seen since!"

She snapped the book shut and I saw her take an old-fashioned look at Paul's working clothes and muddy boots.

"That's all we want to know," Paul said and we turned and walked out again.

"Lives in a fantasy world, does your little cousin Frankie," Paul said when we were on the street again. "The things she's told me about the work she's doing at college."

"Me too," I said gloomily. Neither of us spoke again till we'd reached the river front.

A strong wind was blowing up and caught at my hair. The sky was purple grey and the gulls looked very white against it. Paul looked up and down the

street slowly, still thinking hard.

"So she's got a job," he said after a bit. "And what kind of job could she get? Only the kind where they don't care very much about cards or references and all that."

"Such as?" I asked wearily. I hadn't eaten all day and my head was beginning to spin.

"Clubs mainly. The sort of places where you wouldn't be seen dead."

"Who says I wouldn't?" I started irritably. He was giving me a sideways, taunting grin.

"O.K. then, I've got company. We'll do a tour tonight . . . all the clippest joints I know, right?"

I nodded. He touched my cheek then, quite gently but teasingly and he walked away. I bought some sandwiches and hurried back to the shop to eat them.

THE clippest joints Paul knew turned out to be a drag. Mostly they were gambling places and we moved from fruit machines to blackjack to roulette tables, till I was sick of the sight of pound notes on green baize and cheap little tokens pouring out of slots.

Everywhere we went we had a drink, mostly coffee for me and halves of warmish bitter for Paul. And everywhere we went he asked the same questions about Frankie. I'd even brought along a tatty snap of her on the beach with me four years ago.

And the answer everywhere was the same: no one knew Frankie. Or if they did they weren't letting on. In the end I couldn't have cared less about Frankie. It was only the thought of her mum's face if she found out that kept me going.

When we came up for air from our fourteenth cellar dive I was sleepy-eyed and gasping with boredom. Paul seemed well pleased though as he patted his pocket.

"Frankie should run away more often. It brings me luck!" he said, laughing.

We cut across Wellington Square and in the middle, where there's a bench and a patch of grass and a few stunted lilac bushes, he sat down. I stood there watching as he spread his arms along the back of the seat and yawned.

"Are we giving up now?" I asked.

"Just resting. Come and sit down. It's free."

I did as I was told, but grudgingly. He leaned his head back lazily and stared up at the tree, where the buds shone green in the lamplight.

"It's spring," he said. "Must get out into the country and shake the dust off a bit . . . How long since you were in the country?" He turned his face to me, eyebrows raised over wide, enquiring eyes.

I could remember a couple of days on the coast with Con last summer, that's all . . . I shrugged.

"I don't think you care a damn about what's up with Frankie," I said.

"I don't!"

"You don't! Then what the heck are you doing here now?"

"Helping you find her of course."

"But you don't want her back?"

"Mmm . . ." he put his head on one side, considering the thing. "I wouldn't say no if she asked me nicely. Hope she stays away till after next Sunday. I'm having my day out in the country then and she'd be a menace to drag through the woods!" He laughed to himself.

At that moment something seemed to collapse inside me.

"Oh jokes, jokes, jokes. Can't you take anything seriously?" I put my head down and just howled. I didn't care that black mascara tears were dripping onto my new pink coat. The last day or so had been so awful that I did just what I'd wanted to do for hours. I cried my eyes out.

"I'm worried about her," I sobbed. "She could get herself in all kinds of trouble. You know what she's like!"

There was a surprised silence from him and then I felt his arms go round me. He pulled me close to him. I leaned my head against his chest. He smelt of nice clean white shirt.

"Sorry," I heard him whisper. He was stroking my hair and kissing the top of my head. "Don't cry like that. I didn't know you felt so bad . . . she'll be all right, promise."

continued on page 20





CLIFF & VALLI'S LETTERBOX

Hi folks! Valli here. Very down this week 'cos I've put on four pounds—that's cold weather boredom for you! Anyway my mind's made up: no more sweetie gazing when I think no one is looking(!); and I've worked out that if I do a hundred more of your letters a week, I can't fail to lose weight. Who knows, Cliff might even lose the title of Fab's extra-skinny-bean to me!



CLIFF'S DEPT.

SOUTH TOWN
Please tell me something about Joe South's musical background. Hearings Games People Play, Marian Spearman, Hadley Wood.

Joe, who was born on February 28th, 1942 in Atlanta, Georgia started playing the guitar when he was aged eight. He became a DJ when he was still at High School. Joe has played guitar on most of the recording sessions for Simon & Garfunkel, Bob Dylan, Aretha Franklin, Solomon Burke and Wilson Pickett, and also writes and produces his own records.

HENRY'S DOGGIES
Does Henry Darrow own any pets? Cheryl Adams, Blackheath.

Henry has two dogs, Puff and Joe.

RANDY ROAMED
I'd love to know how old Randy Boone was when he left home. Shirley Manning, Sale.

Randy left home at seventeen, with a knapsack and guitar on his back. He travelled all over the States and for two years had various jobs singing in bars, cafes and on street corners.

READ ON
I'm going to buy some after-shave for Darryl Read on his birthday but I don't know what type he likes! Brenda Goodwood, Harlow.

Darryl uses Faberge Brat after-shave, but you'll have a long wait 'cos his birthday isn't till 13th September!

FAB JOEL

Is Joel Fabiani who stars as Stewart Sullivan in Department 5 married? Geraldine Shaw, Waltham Cross.

Joel is married to actress Andrea Rao.

BIG CHANGE

Who have replaced Pete O'Flaherty and Tony Hanley of The Big Sound, Simon Dupree's backing group? George Turner, Scarborough.

New members of The Big Sound are: Martin Smith (drums), and Gary Ken Worth (bass).

SOUND WISE

My brother swipes my Fab every week. Anyway, he's a great Jimi Hendrix fan and he would like to know what make of guitar Jimi plays. Carol Robinson, Hartford.

Tell your brother that Jimi's guitar is a Fender Stratocaster and also to buy his own copy of FAB!



MOCKING DISC

Please tell me the number of times the Inez & Charlie Fox classic disc Mocking Bird has been re-released in this country. Gayle Porter, Hale.

Mocking Bird has been released four times, and the 'B' side titled *Nurt By Love Three Times*.

PERFORMING MICK

What is the name of the character Mick Jagger plays in the film Performance? June Lennon, Eastbourne.

In Performance, Mick plays Turner, a former pop singer. In a dream sequence in the film Mick also plays Harry Flowers, a racketeer and gangster boss.

GARRICK GEAR

Where does David Garrick buy his fantastic shirts? I haven't seen any like them around to buy. Martin Coleman, Kensington.

It seems David's shirts are somewhat unique. Martin, for they are designed and handmade by his aunt!

DOUBLE DEBUT

What was Paul Jones' first stage appearance as an actor? Karen Cox, Hartlepool.

Paul's stage debut was at London's Open Space Theatre last month. He took the leads in two plays, *Musicals* and *Fun War*.

NICHOLLS KNOW

Whatever happened to Sue Nicholls, the girl who used to be in Crossroads? She had a fit. Where Will You Be, did she make a follow-up to this? Les Roache, Bristol.

Sue's follow-up single to Where Will You Be was released in January and titled *All The Way To Heaven*. She now divides her time between acting and cabaret, although she still considers acting as her main interest.

VALLI'S DEPT.

KNOCK ON WOOD!

I think Edward Woodward is absolutely wonderful as Callan. I've seen him in other plays too, but can you tell me if I can see him act on stage any more, also how old is he? Carol Marlow, Litherland.

Edward, who is thirty-five, opened at The Palace Theatre, London on February 27th, playing the tragic role of Sydney Carton in Dickens' *A Tale Of Two Cities*. This is a musical drama and you can see Edward sing (we're told he's got a smashing voice!). He has also released a record from the show, titled *Only A Fool*.

LIVERPOOL SOUND

Has Bill Kenwright ever been in a group? Rosemary Chester, Reading.

While at The Liverpool Institute, Bill had his own group The Chevrolet!

GEN ON JIM

Info please, on Jim Kelly, the new member of The Moneybus. Gloria Jones, Cambridge.

James Kelly was born in Dundee on 19th December 1946. He's 6ft. tall, has brown eyes and brown hair. He likes golf, steak, beer, milk and women.

WILD BOY

Has super Jack Wild got a fan club? Sue Wright, Bristol.
The address is: c/o Marilyn Collins, 35 Nicholson Road, Thundersley, Benfleet, Essex. Don't forget the s.a.s.

TONY'S NUMBERS

How many records did Tony Blackburn make before it's Only Love, and when is he due to compare Top Of The Pops? Melanie Slade, Windsor.

Tony released five records prior to it's Only Love, and he is scheduled to compare Top Of The Pops in April.

SHARE A BIRTHDAY

WITH A STAR

Here is our weekly list of star birthdays, check and see if you share yours with: Colin Patterson (See Gene)—24th March, Neil James (Aman Corner)—25th March, Andy Bowen (Hard)—27th March.

NAME GAME

Does Scott like to be known as Scott Engel or Scott Walker? Rosemary Newby, Falmouth.

Well, Scott's friends just call him Engel, but to everyone else he is known as Scott Walker!

OGILVY GEN

What about answering these questions on fantastic Ian Ogilvy for me? How old is he, what is his height, what are the colour of his eyes and hair, and where did he study acting? Also, was he ever in a Love Story episode? Pauline White, E. Kilbride.

Ian is twenty-five, 6ft. tall, has green eyes, brown hair, and studied acting at R.A.D.A. As yet, Ian has not appeared in a Love Story episode, however he has been in one of the *Boy Meets Girl* series.

DEFINITELY DRUMMOND

I've heard DJ Pete Drummond is very good-looking, but have never actually seen a picture of him. Please give me some gene on him, and a picture if possible. Stephanie Newman, Eccles.

Pete was born on 29th July, 1943 and brought up in North Wales. He is 6ft.2in. tall, has brown hair and blue eyes. Before DJ-ing, Pete was an actor. He took a three-year course in Speech & Drama and eventually went to America. Here he turned to DJ-ing on an American station, and returned to England in '66 to broadcast on Radio London.

ODYSSEY ALBUM

Is it possible for me to buy the music to the film 2001: A Space Odyssey? I've seen the film, and think the music was sensational. Jeannette Dean, Nottingham.
The soundtrack album to this film is on MGM, number C 8078.

AMEN CAR

What is the registration number of Amen Corner's Dalmatian and how many people does it seat? Carol Davis, Onger.
191 FLY can carry up to nine people.

More letters next week. The address to write to is: Cliff and Valli, Fab 208, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London E.C.4. Please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope if you want a postal reply.

Only the Grand Duchy's regal ruler could have such bad luck all in one day.



HIVA m'harr! Spring is in the air—being!—and yer royal ruler's living very bouncy.

In the park outside our office window in the Grand Duchy is a couple of squirrels jumping from tree to tree, closely followed by Noel

A couple of squirrels jumping from tree to tree were closely followed by Noel Edmonds. He's mad keen on nuts...

Edmonds. He's mad keen on nuts and is trying to discover whether or not they have any left-overs from their winter store.

A few minutes ago something very funny happened. We were all casually chatting when suddenly Paul Burnett said: "Will you look at that then?" We did look and it turned out to be a real classy-looking bird who was waving to us. Paul immediately opened the window and made conversation.

"Parlez-vous anglais?" (which means "do you speak Welsh?"). "We," I mean me, we she "are you see disc jockey?" "Yes, I'm with the English Service," chatters Paul.

Before you know it she asked who he was and, when he told her, she whooped with delight and asked for his autograph. Paul then dashed out of the office to chat her up and we gazed at this beautiful French birdie, full of ovey at the thoughts of Paul maybe taking her out.

"He's on his way down to see you," I shouted through the window. Just then from round a bend in the path (which is hidden by trees), came

The carriage I chose to sit in was blonde, about nineteen years old, with blue eyes.

this fella pushing a pram with a three- or four-year-old child holding

his hand. "Perrr!" the cried. "Come quickly and meet the English disc jockey!" Well, we just collapsed on the office floor as Paul came striding round

Don't let them think you dig them too much until it's too late.

the corner. If you could have seen his face—it has just the same expression when we put silt in his tea!

Paul has just arrived back in the office and is currently turning the volume as high as it will go on the record player, so that he won't be able to hear us talking the micky.

The other week I went to Cologne in Germany. It was during the Carnival season and a club called the Scotsman had employed me to spin the records in their discotheque. I had a fantastic time and I'll tell you there are some very groovyness German daddies.

Mind you, I almost didn't reach Cologne because I was originally going to drive there, but snow on the mountains made me decide to go by

When the guard arrived at our compartment I was still banging my head against the window.

train. I caught the 10.00 a.m. out of Luxembourg and, after walking the full length of the train, I decided on which carriage I would sit in. It was a blonde carriage about nineteen years old with blue eyes and it spoke English. Luck was with me 'cos no one else came into our compartment and I was working very well, even if I say it myself. She too was going to Cologne and had no one to take her to the carnival that evening. So I invited her

He gently persuades me to leave the compartment by my trouser seat.

to be my guest.

"Why," says she, "would be no less than delighted to join you, but I must be home for 5 in the morning."

"Vperrerrerrrr!" says me, only under my breath so that she wouldn't think I was too chafficious. (That's one of the first rules of a Luxembourg playboy: don't let them think you dig them too much until it's too late!)

I was just about to take her phone number when the train stopped. "Ah the border," said the dolly.

"The border?" thinks I, "THE BORDER!" thinks I!

When the guard arrived at our compartment I was still banging my

head against the window. "Passport please!" he said. "Look Sir," spiketh me "My name is Tony Prince from Radio Luxembourg and I am English and I have forgotten my passport and I must reach Cologne tonight" pant, pant, pant.

"Sorry Sir, no passport, no Germany!"

"But,"

"OH!"

"But,"

"OH!"

"But I,"

"Immediately,"

"But the girl", as he "gently" persuades me to leave the compartment by my trouser seat!

And that was that. Yer royal ruler died the death again and the last I saw

I ran out of platform and ended face down in a five-foot-snowdrift.

of the dolly was through the train window. As it was slowly chugging out of the station I suddenly got an idea. If she opened the window I could yell for her phone number.

So, above the noise of the engine and while rousing down the platform, I signalled to her to pull down the window. She got the message and pulled at the window, but then morning my luck ran in one direction—downsville! The window was stuck and just as she finally jerked it open I ran out of platform and ended face down in a five-foot-snowdrift.

When I had returned to Luxem-

That morning my luck ran in one direction—downsville!

bourg, changed into dry clothes, picked up my passport and caught the afternoon train, I eventually arrived in Cologne and had one of the grooviest evenings for a long time. Andy Fairweather-Low was in Cologne with the rest of Amen Corner and, although I missed seeing him, he did phone me next day and sent his love to you all. So do I.

LISTEN! Tony's on JOE EVERY night at 7.30 (capt Sundays).

POP NEWS SPOT

Don't miss 20th's pop news every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 9.47 and 11.47—compiled by PAZ 208.

the amazing glory brown

Continued from page 15

"You think so?" I was trying hard to stop crying as I looked up at him, hopefully.

He pulled out a hanky from his top pocket and carefully dabbed my eyes with it. He looked so—so different all at once . . . Almost awkward, as if something new had happened to him and he wasn't sure what to do next.

What he did was kiss my nose, lightly. Then he drew back, his head cocked sideways again to see my reaction. He was smiling very gently.

"I'll make it all right, Julie," he said softly. "Come on, I'll see you home. You're worn out."

He steered me along with one hand loosely over my shoulders. We didn't talk much but I felt happier than I had done for ages. Because I believed him when he said he'd make things right. I suddenly knew that Paul could work anything if he wanted to.

I still went on believing he was going to find Frankie even though I didn't hear from him for a couple of days. Then, one morning, he rang me at the shop.

"Julie, I've found her." Just that. He didn't even bother to ask how I was or any of the usual stuff. I knew for the moment he spoke that whatever he had to say he wasn't pleased about it.

I felt my heart sinking during the little silence that followed.

"Where Paul? Where is she?"

He cleared his throat and hesitated.

"You're not going to like this Julie. I've got to tell you, but you're not going to like it at all."

Read more about the Amazing Glory Brown in next week's FAB.

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THE RIGHT TIME!**



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tick away!
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TV OPERA POP BY KINKS

RAY DAVIES of The Kinks has been commissioned to write a pop opera for Granada-TV.

The pop opera will be a full-length work and will be called *Arthur*. Ray's brother Dave Davies will be helping Ray with the music and the group

will perform most of the soundtrack.

ITV are introducing a colour service in the autumn and it is expected that the pop opera will be one of the first colour programmes.

Further details on the idea are not being disclosed and both The Kinks' agent and Granada TV say: "No further details on the programme are known at present."

Meanwhile the group, who haven't had a record out for a long time, hope to release a new single on March 28th. Called *Plastic Man*, it was written and produced by Ray Davies and is the first Kinks' single with all four members of the group singing.

You can expect to see them present the number on TV dates now being arranged.

FOLLOW THE RAINBOW

TOMMY STEELE'S happy-go-lucky Cockney blarney fits in well with the whimsical Irish lilt of *Finn's Rainbow*.

The result is a cheerful musical—fun, funny and packed with good songs. Tommy plays an Irish leprechaun and Petula Clark—a domestic Irish cousin. Fred Astaire appears, too, as a battered but amiable tramp, seeking his fortune in America with his pretty daughter.

Tucked under his arm is a crock of gold "boreased" from the leprechaun. It doesn't multiply as it should, but it does bring romance and happiness to a lot of people.

And that is just what *Finn's Rainbow* is—a happy show set in beautiful countryside, with gay dancing and singing. So follow it to your local cinema—I am sure you will enjoy yourself.

STONES' SINGLE SOON?

THE Rolling Stones are still in the recording studios working on their new single and album. They expect to be working on the single for a few more weeks and hope to release it as soon as possible.

Release date for the album is not known, as the delay of their last LP *Beggars Banquet* has put them behind schedule on album releases.

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Lil-lets

Lil-lets are specially made to gently expand widthways, to shape themselves to you



Ray Davies



Dave Davies

WANTED

We will forward your reply to any request in this column if you write to the appropriate number, c/o Fab 208, Fleetway House, Merrington St., London E.C.4.

I AM LOOKING for photos, info, etc., connected with The Incredible String Band, in exchange for various pop photos. Write for details—June Megraw, Box 206.

WANTED DESPERATELY—Andy Fairweather-Low. I would pay a high price for quick deal—Pamela, Box 267.

ROBERTSON'S paper golfswags or golfswag badges required. Will try to swap for pop pix—L. Ogden, Box 268.

ARE YOU WILLING to send me old English or American magazines, or Montee pix? I'll send you German magazines which have lots of colour photos. Write first—Derler Hansens, Box 269.

DOES ANYONE HAVE copies of the Record Song Book (pre-1969) which they will sell or swap? Please write with details first—Christine Pratt, Box 270.

I WOULD LIKE to contact a girl of about fifteen who likes horses and would go with me on a riding holiday for one week in August. Preferably from South of England—Sue, Box 271.

Sally Coates (Box 235) sends this message to all those who replied to her request for old Beatles and Stones records. "I've had over 100 replies but I will get in touch with every offer I have chosen, or with anyone who enclosed a S.A.E., as soon as I can. Thank you to everyone who wrote to me."

So you have an ad, you would like to put in our "Wanted" column? Then write to "Wanted", Fab 208, (address above) and we'll print as many as possible. But don't forget to enclose the special coupon here.

FAB 208

WANTED

TOKEN 29.3.69

STATUS FOR STATES?

STATUS QUO bring out their new single next month. Entitled *Abe You Growing Out Of My Love* it was written by Anthony King who also wrote Amen Corner's *High In The Sky*.

The group, who tour the Continent in April, are also negotiating for a trip to the States later this year.

Hot Line

Cassals missed plane to Italy last week... **John Rowles** and **Cliff Richard** bumped into each other at Hamburg Airport recently...

John Rowles gives a special "celebrity" status to the Maoris on his recent New Zealand trip... **Tam Jones** reckons he'll earn more in America next year than he's earned in the whole of his show-biz career in England... **Cassals** new record out April

Foxt Day, will be Joker Production and is tentatively called *Foxt Paradise*... **Peter Wyngarde** just recovered from "flu"... **Robbie Dale** (the Admiral of late Radio Caroline) has his own TV show in Holland

Congrats Linda and Paul... On recent month-long tour of Continent **Barry Ryan** received gold discs in six countries for *Elite*... **Mo Bason** looking for a house in Welwyn Garden City area. He plans on spending £15-20,000... **Jimmy Justice**, (remember *When My Little Girl Is Swilling*) makes a comeback this month. He releases *I'm Running Out Of Time* on March 28th...

The Alan Bown just signed a new three-year contract, this time with Decca. Mean they'll go to the States soon... In Ireland yet again are **The Trems**... **Harry Gibb** hopes to move out of his London penthouse flat and buy a house out of London...

KID JENSEN ON THE LUX LINE



To celebrate the success of his new 'Underground' programme on 208, Kid Jensen talked on the Lux Line this week—despite repeated interruptions from a certain Noel Edmonds!

DRIVING home with Trogg's manager Larry Page from seeing our team—Chelsea—win convincingly at Stamford Bridge, we caught an hour of the "Kid Jensen Incident" on the car radio. Amongst other discs played was the first solo disc by Trogg drummer Ronnie Bard.

Later that night on the Lux Line I was able to inform the Kid he was coming through loud and clear and talk about some of the records on the show.

"That's a nice record of Ronnie's," said Kid. "I don't know too much about the Troggs but his is a very pleasant song—it should do him a lot of good. The American single by Sly and The Family Stone *Everyday People* is a strange one. It's been at number one in the American charts for almost four weeks but not moved here. It disappeared out of our 'Sound Survey' a few weeks ago but now it's coming back again."

At this point we got some interference on the line—namely one Noel Edmonds who seemed to think it was his turn to chat anyway! In fact he was dead right, but as we have Kid in glorious Technician in Fab this week we thought we would rearrange the schedule. Noel finally got off the party line with a shy start about Kid being hard up for girlfriends and needing the publicity. The Kid reckons Noel's jaundice was because he is still just one of the black-and-white crowd.

"How is it that all the Fab photos have been making me look like Frankenstein's monster anyway?" he laughed. "I'm much more the Son of the Werewolf type!"

Seriously though folks, and it's almost impossible to be serious talking to these Djs, our Kid is now into his "Underground" thing.

"We got Jack Bruce—the ex-vocalist with Cream—to introduce the new series," he said. "We've some nice sounds coming your way. I got Taj Mahal's new album *Natch 'N Blues* in the other day which has some fantastic new slants on the old blues. No wonder Mick Jagger has included that group in his *Rolling Stones TV Circus* production.

"Another group to watch out for are the Led Zeppelin. They are very high in the American album charts at present and some people are tipping them to take over where Cream left off. The lead guitarist is ex-session

man, ex-Yardbird Jimmy Page and together with vocalist Roger Plant they have a fantastic understanding."

In view of the fact that the Kid is probably the youngest Dj operating on the airways, I asked what advice he could give to aspiring newcomers. "I started in on things when I was only nine," he said. "I used to mock up my own programmes by fading records in and out on our radio sets and listening to the Djs on the various Canadian stations. The big difference in style between them and ourselves is that they tend to talk at their public while we try to talk to them. Really the only way to learn to be a Dj is to practise—read newspapers out loud—anything to project your voice. Try not to sound like Noel Edmonds!" There was a shrill, sharp cry of "I heard that," from the nether regions of the studios.

We had a brief pause while I had a scratch. Perhaps I should explain that while working in the garden the insects had got at me and I was a mass of irradated bits. I explained to the Kid who sympathised.

"We have some real monsters out here called 'May-bugs' who eat you whole without swallowing," he said. There was a terrible bellow in the distance. "That was a May-bug in terrible pain," explained the Kid. "It just tried to bite Noel!"

Meanwhile back at music.

"Still getting the revised forty fives that are a bit of pain," he said. "I mean there really is plenty of good new material—we played a Ronettes disc today when Phil Spector used to create that fantastic big sound."

"Oh, have you noticed how all the Djs are making records? There are singles out by Simon Dee, Tony Blackburn, Barry Mason and Kenny Everett. I think I like Tony Blackburn's *It's Only Love* best. I used to be the lead singer in a group called The Strange Movies back home in Canada, so maybe I'll make a come-back!"

There was a cry of agony from a certain Noel Edmonds in the background.

In passing we referred to Tony Prince. "I wouldn't say he exaggerates," said the Kid. "but you know he told you he was going to Miami for a week? Two days in Clacton-on-sea!"

A bit hard on his *Royalties* I thought! Next week the May-bugs' best friend—Noel Edmonds.

JOHN KING



I don't care what Mick and Marianne say, being married is groovy! So is getting married and even going to a wedding. In fact we all love going to wed-ins (as you can see from the faces of the Fab Gang opposite—and that was only a pretend one!). The bride's biggest headache on her biggest day is rarely: "Do I love him?" but usually: "What'll I wear?" So just in case you are in this happy quandary around now, here's a reminder of how the pop girls solved it. If, like the Gang (with the exception of Sally who has gone and got hitched), you are planning nothing more mother-shattering than being a guest at the hitch-in, then opposite are some super examples of what a good guest should look like.

For where to buy the good guest look, write to: FAB Fashion, FAB 208, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London E.C.4. Please enclose a s.a.e.



Pattie, wearing one of the first red fox furs in London. Pretty, practical and she looks lovely. What bride could ask for more?



Another traditionalist is Susan Hampshire. Now here's an idea you could copy if you've got a bit of patience. Even a dead plain dress would look pretty stunning with these phoney flowers seven on.



Lulu looking like Little White Riding Hood in her milk. (Irronned moire coat [you could substitute bunny], white boots and white moire.



Samantha Juste went slightly Victorian, although what intrigues me most about her wedding outfit is her hair halo. How did she keep that on?



Cilla, wearing her two-year-old ES velvet dress. (The same material, by the way, as one of our Fab Offers, so those of you who bought it could obviously wear it on your wedding day!)

Going To A Hitch-In?

R.S.V.P.



July, the 22's do, look super in the golden suit by Skaneateles, 1490. Mustard jumps than by Wilson, 120. Pure silk suit 115 from Skaneateles.

This is dress, our Art Department gives in a fur coat, 275, and white jumpsuits, 1490, both from Skaneateles, Connally Market, London, W.1.

Next is our Phaedra's garden, (they're all going!) Ann Gilchrist, in a crisp white suit checked with black and grey, by Gladys. Each item sold separately. Jacket 1190, skirt 590, blouse 590. Skirt 112 from Lilly of Skaneateles.

Another Art Department garden, Catherine, is wearing this year's No. 2 white/yellow. Cotton suit with white and black and white. Dress 2115, 62, skirt 2115, 62, hat 2115, 62. Single set pants also 2115, 62. From Lilly and Skaneateles.

Ray, the Art Department's junior gives 21 to wearing a great white skirt with polka dots, the June 70, 114, and a crushed velvet jacket 2115, 62, both from Lord John.

Ann Wilson, our 20 and 19 level, looks lovely in this pink-collared dress V' pure cash, nylon by Skaneateles. Fluffy white hat 1490 by Edward Munn. Bag 290, 112, and gloves by Lilly from Skaneateles. Skirt 112 from Lilly and Skaneateles.

July, the Fashion Department's right-hand girl, is looking very building in this blue dress and coat, 2115, 62, from Skaneateles. Fluffy white hat 410, 114, by Edward Munn. Skirt 1190 from Skaneateles. Handbag 112 from Skaneateles.

No need to mention our last walking pair, Cliff of the Fall Group is wearing a black 42x44-100-100 jacket, 2115, 62, from C. D. A. Skaneateles 410, 114, from Lord John, white skirt 2115, 62, from C. D. A., and skirt to 110, 62, from Lord John.

THOSE SHORT- SIGHTED MEN!



Above: Black frames with a yellow inside rim and grey lenses, from Boots 7s 11d. Centre: Black frames with blue lenses with a slightly rounder shape, from all branches of Boots 3s 11d. Right: Tan glasses with the same coloured frames and lenses. By Coscraft, 15s 6d from Miss Selfridge.

GLASSES with beautiful coloured lenses are at least on sale all over the place for people like you and me to go out and buy. They used to be only the property of pop stars, film stars, etc., but now we too can spy the world through re-coloured specs. However, all is not rosy as far as boy-friends are concerned.

So you go and buy your coloured specs and groove around in them, girl-friends race out to copy you

and buy a pair 'not quite the same'. Then, wearing your grooviest outfit and with your glasses glistening, you go and meet 'him'.

"What do you think you're wearing?"; "Take those stupid things off!"; and: "It's all right at the top of the Post Office Tower, but not when you're with normal people". That last comment came from the beloved of one of the FAB gang.

But if they see pix of Hayley, S.S., or any groovy dolly wearing them, not a murmur. Just a gaze!

It's time to put our feet down, but hard. We may not be quite as super-looking as London's top models but please let us have a try. After all, trouser suits look as if they were made for Françoise Hardy alone when you see her wearing one, but thousands of other girls look good in them too.

So stand firm, sisters, we shall not be moved to putting away our groovy glasses. Here's some ammunition to keep you going...

BOYS ONLY

If you are a boy and you have any comments on this subject, why not write and tell us what you think? Defend your side or come over and join us, either way write and say! The address is **FAB 208 Beauty Desk, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London E.C.4**. If your letter is really interesting, we'll print it and pay you 7 gn. as it's worth writing. Okay, gits, you can join in too—7 gn. if we print it.

SALLY CORK

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| 3. Medium Brown | 10. Golden Blonde |
| 4. Light Brown | 11. Medium Ash Blonde |
| 5. Ash Brown | 12. Light Ash Blonde |
| 6. Dark Ash Blonde | 13. Silver Blonde |
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Peter Sarstedt doesn't like to think of himself as a star, nor does he like answering stupid questions, but he does like to talk about his songs and his music.

Peter, the Great



If you ask me what colour socks I wear, I'll tell you that my mother put all my socks in the washing machine and each one came out the same colour. A sort of dull, neutral grey."

I gathered from Peter Sarstedt's opening remark, when I saw him last week, that he didn't really want me to ask him a lot of meaningless questions. As you may have noticed, Peter is not the average type of pop star. In fact, he doesn't consider himself a star at all—in spite of an enormous hit with *Where Do You Go To (My Lovely)*. He can't understand why people should want to know the colour of his socks, what he eats for breakfast, or even what he wears in bed!

"I'd rather have someone know the colour of my eyes—eyes are living. There's nothing very exciting about the colour of my socks!"

So, although he won't tell you himself, Peter is very

modest, unbelievably polite, has a terrific sense of humour, and is tall, dark and—you guessed it—handsome!

I found it difficult to hold a sensible conversation with him because he would insist on making me laugh. However I did discover that, as far as his work is concerned, Peter is completely serious.

"WORK is my hobby and everyone is serious about their hobbies," he explained. "Nearly every thought that goes into my head comes out in the form of a song—so consequently I'm working all the time.

The trouble is that it's a tradition in our family to spend every penny we get—sometimes before we get it!" Which might explain the fact that—his record or not—he hadn't a penny when I met him.

If, by some strange miracle, he ever found himself with a lot of money, I asked Peter

what he would do with it.

"I would buy eight things," he said, and then hesitated. When asked what these were he wouldn't commit himself, but continued mysteriously. "They would be normal things that people with money can afford. A car, for instance, I would buy them and use them as my own, but always with the knowledge that I could give any of these possessions away to friends whose need was greater than mine.

"That sounds a bit pompous, I know," he added, "but I'd just like to be able to help any of my friends—when necessary—who have helped me in the past."

HE did admit, however, that there was one thing he would like for himself. "A new guitar for my new songs."

Which brought us back to Peter's songwriting. Not only did he write *Where Do You Go To* and his first record, *I Am A Cathedral* but he has

also written all 13 tracks on his new LP.

"I wrote *Where Do You Go To* three years ago," he said, and although everybody said it was not commercial enough for the charts, Peter had other ideas.

"I always thought it was a hit song, but I was surprised it became a hit so soon. I thought it would take years of being established before it would be accepted. I think the reason people have accepted this song in particular is because it's got a kind of haunting feel about it. It's very cleverly produced in that you feel you can't get away from it—it haunts you so much that you are forced to go out and buy it!"

Speaking personally, I'm glad that thousands of people did go out and buy the record, because it gives us a chance to find out a lot more about Peter Sarstedt. And, as I discovered, there is just much more to him than just the colour of his socks!

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Our Pen Mate Circle is open to everyone who is a FAB reader. So if you want to join: on a card write your name, age, address, hobbies, your fave pop people, your ambitions and the sort of person you'd like to write to.

Please enclose the token on this page, plus a stamped, addressed envelope, so we can post you the card from whichever FAB 208 reader we think will make a good pen mate for you. Overseas readers should enclose an international reply coupon.

Address your application to: Pen Mate Circle, FAB 208, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London E.C.4. (And please don't forget your stamped, addressed envelope or we won't be able to post you details of your pen mate.)

THE ED.

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* Reg. Trademark Kimberly-Clark Corp.

WHERE THEY'RE AT

Here's where the big names are
March 25th—March 31st

NORTH

Gene Pitney: Variety Club, Batley (25-29).
Paul Williams Set: City Hall, Sheffield (26).
Cliff Bennett: Bay Hotel, Whitburn, Sunderland (28).
Engelbert Humperdinck/Mary Hopkin: ABC, Chester (25); Odeon, Newcastle (29).
Dave Dee: Fiesta Club, Stockton (25-29).
Aman Corner: Top Rank Suite, Sunderland (25); Skyline Ballroom, Hull (27); Casino Club, Bolton (28); Civic Hall, Nantwich (29).

SCOTLAND

Love Sculpture: The Place, Edinburgh (28); Regal, Bonnyrigg (28); Community Centre, Auchinleck (29); Grand Hall, Kilmarnock (29); Kinema Ballroom, Dunfermline (30).

MIDLANDS

Marmalade: Maple Ballroom, Northampton (28).
Paul Williams Set: Civic Hall, Solihull (29); The Place, Hanley (30).
Engelbert Humperdinck/Mary Hopkin: Coventry Theatre, Coventry (30).
Bonzo Dog Band: Mothers Ballroom, Birmingham (29).
Aman Corner: Top Rank, Leicester (26).

SOUTH, SOUTH-EAST, EAST

Alan Bown: Dorothy Ballroom, Cambridge (29).
Paul Williams Set: University of East Anglia (27).
Marmalade: Pier, Southend (29).
Locomotive: Clock House Club, Watford (25); Cat Trap Club, Norwich (26).

LONDON

Alan Bown: Northumberland Grand Hotel (30).

WEST

Alan Bown: Vandyke Club, Plymouth (28).

These dates are correct at the time of going to press, but we advise you to check with the places concerned before making your final arrangements.

WHAT'S ON Telly

25th: David Buck in *Out Of The Unknown*: "Target Generation" (BBC 2)
25th: Gene Pitney guest in *Scott Walker Show* (BBC 1)
26th: *Discotheque* guests Shirley and Johnny, Gary Walker, Lee Rich, Dave Davies (ITV)
26th: *Woman Magazine Fashion Awards 1969* (BBC 1)
27th: *Ronnie Scott in Jazz At The Mollings* (BBC 2)
28th: Val Doonican and Nana Mouskouri guests in *last Rolf Harris Show* (BBC 1)
29th: *1969 Eurovision Song Contest from Madrid*—presented in Britain by David Gell (BBC 1)



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**THE
WORLD
OF...**

Mandy Bennett

a week by week diary

Went up to town Saturday and found Dave's flat. In spite of all that broke bit, somehow I couldn't visualise his in anything less than a penthouse suite. But actually it was tiny - just one big room, a little kitchenette and a door leading off which I assumed was the bedroom.



'The loo's on the next floor,' said Dave. 'And take a chair with you - I share it with at least thirty-six others!' He was sitting at a table with a battered old typewriter in front of him and stacks upon stacks of paper all round. He barely looked up when I came in.

'Sorry - won't be long. It's just that I'm half-way through this bit and... I said, 'That's all right, I'll have a bit of a tidy up.' 'No!' Dave leapt to his feet. 'Don't touch anything. I know where everything is. Just leave it. Here, you can have a look at this.' He tossed a thick heavy manuscript at me, and I cleared a pile of papers off the corner of the sofa and slumped down to look at it. 'Here, this is good!' I looked up but Dave was tapping away doggedly with two fingers and didn't hear me. It was good too - a thrilling murder play, and I bet nobody could have guessed who did it until the last page.

After I'd read that, I didn't like to disturb him or his precious papers again so I crept out into the kitchen.

It was an absolute chaos, so I tiptoed about washing up, stacking things away neatly, and feeling very domesticated and housewifely. By the time everything looked vaguely clean again and I'd made some coffee, Dave was back on earth again. He blinked at me dazedly as if he didn't know who on earth I was, drained the coffee in one gulp without a word and started showing me what he wanted done. 'Here - that script you gave me to read.' I said, 'It's good. Why don't you send it to a television company or something?' 'I have,' Dave said cheerfully. 'Loads. I collect rejection slips like some people collect bus tickets. It's not what you write ducky, it's who you know.' Then he gave me a huge pile of neatly handwritten sheets and left me to it.

I was so busy reading everything, I thought I'd barely typed a thing, but actually by the end of the day I proudly handed him a nice neat pile of beautifully (I hoped) typed manuscript.

'Mandy - you're an angel,' he said, and whisked me off for a quick meal - a Joe's cafe sort of place this time. I insisted.

Wednesday was the 'thing' with Ricky. Decided right at the last minute that if 'everyone' was going to be there like he'd said, I'd better have something new.



so Midge and I rushed off to shop at lunch-time. Got back about an hour late but it was worth it. I got this super black crepe trouser-suit, and a blouse with the most monstrous sleeves ending just under the bra. Very sexy.

The 'thing' turned out to be a sort of reception party to launch a new singer and it wasn't Ricky. It was someone he knew vaguely and he'd edged himself an invite so's he could get to know a few Influential People who turned out to be the press.

'Good girl,' said Ricky approvingly when he saw what I was wearing, and I felt pretty marvellous until he added: 'That'll make them notice me.' I twigged then that I was just going along as a decoration.

Felt a bit better though when we walked in and I heard a couple of voices say 'Who's she?'

'Who's being laughed?' I hissed at Ricky and he nodded at a tall figure standing all by himself in the middle of the room.

'But nobody's speaking to him!' I said.

'Nobody ever does,' said Ricky, and disappeared to get us a couple of drinks. I had a good look round and honestly it was awful.

There was a great hum of noise and laughter, everyone was eating and drinking away, and the poor clod who was paying for it was standing there like a stick of celery watching them! I pushed my way through to him.

'Hello, I'm Mandy.' A look of relief partly wiped out the desperation in his face, and when he smiled it was quite stunning. He was called Kipp, and we talked for a bit - just trivialities really, you couldn't do much more in all that noise. Then an angry voice above me said: 'Here - you're supposed to be with me,' and Rick's hand on my arm dragged me away. 'I brought you - you remember that,' he said peevishly.

Almost everyone had drifted away when Rick handed me my coat and said curtly: 'Come on - we're going.'

He took me out for a meal, and I must say he was a lot nicer when there was nobody influential around to chat up. Went on to a club, then another, then another,



until I'd had so much to drink that everything was just a whirl.

When we left the last club it was incredibly late. Big Ben struck four and the shock dissolved quite a lot of the drink-haze. I'd got to get up the next day, and I did hope mum wasn't lying awake waiting for me as usual. Ricky was in a great mood by then, grabbed my arm and hailed a cab, and through a haze I heard him give his own address.

'Here, where are we going?' 'Well, Ewell's a bit far - it'd better be my place.'

'You must be joking - I'm going home.' I said it very quietly and very firmly.

'What do you mean, going home? I've given you a good time, haven't I? Aren't you grateful?'

I said quietly: 'Not that grateful.' 'I tapped on glass and the driver let me out at the Embankment, where I waited hours shivering for the all-night bus. Was hardly worth it, but I had to be present at breakfast, hadn't I?'

I was, too, but only just. Got in the kitchen just as mum came down, and did she look shocked. 'Good gracious - you're up early dear!'

I stifled a huge yawn and an equally huge grin. 'Yes, well, I didn't sleep very much.'

Well, it was true, wasn't it? I DIDN'T!

Mandy Bennett will be back in FAB next week and every week with more of her diary.

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