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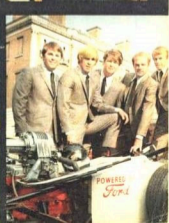
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4th DECEMBER 1965

Fabulous

ON THE MOVE

KING SIZE FULL COLOUR PIN-UPS OF
PAUL McCARTNEY • YARDBIRDS • BOB DYLAN • HEDGEHOPPERS
SANDIE • 4 PENNIES + SPECIAL COLOUR PIX OF BRIAN JONES



hi there
 Excuse me, but I'm in a bit of a flap. Something nice is happening but, oh dear, what a performance it's been arranging it all.
 You see, I'm off to Paris for a couple of days with (hold your breath!) THE WALKER BROTHERS. We were all set yesterday when suddenly the boys remembered that they hadn't any passports. The Walker-permission-to-travel was buried somewhere in the depth of the Home Office. Well, the telephone was red-hot by the time I'd finished, and some darling lady in the Home Office produced them—so—we're off. Yippee!
 I'll be telling all about it the week after next. Swoon—swoon—swoon!

Lan,
 The Ed.



HI FAB!



JUNE SOUTHWORTH TAKES OVER THE GANG GOSSIP THIS WEEK.

I don't know about everyone having gone to the moon, but pop people certainly get around, so I've come up with some moving stories this week.

MOVING SIGHT ... The Seekers, driving down Baker Street, waving madly at Dusty Springfield, who, thinking they were fans, waved back and hurried on her way without stopping.

THE Walker Brothers—all together girls, scream!—stopped at a garage on the M1 recently on the way to a date in Derby. Unfortunately, the mechanic didn't put the bonnet of their car back properly. Consequently, when The Walkers were doing a steady 98 m.p.h. down the motorway, a gust of wind caught the bonnet, which smashed the windscreen before wrapping itself around the roof of the car.



The Walker Brothers

No-one was hurt, and the offending bonnet was removed, leaving the engine exposed. They drove on to Derby, dashed into the theatre, and left the car outside. The fans moved in for souvenirs. By the time The Walkers emerged from the theatre their car was without an engine. Every last nut and bolt had been whipped!

ZOOT MONEY, who heads up the showbiz League of the Looned, was not only looned, but marooned recently. He was doing a gig in the Highlands at Kinross (a pig, not a jig), next door to a top secret, hush-hush, naval station, when he found that his band had headed for the next town leaving him behind. Forgot him completely.
 Zoot searched his pockets and found the princely sum of two shillings. He started to hitch it. Somewhere in the middle of nowhere in the middle of the

WHO'S WHO AND COLOUR CONTENTS



HEDGEROPPERS
 A N O N Y M O U S
 Dash, John Lund, Les Ray, Homeshall and Mick Tindley
 ... Photographer Fiona Adams

SANDIE SHAW
 ... Photographer Bill Francis



THE FOUR PENNIES
 Lonnie Murray, Mike Walsh, Dave Graham and Alan Bach
 ... Photographer Fiona Adams

PAUL MCCARTNEY
 ... Photographer Hugh Berman



THE YARDBIRDS
 I.e.: Jim McCarty, Sam Smith, Chris Dreya, Jeff Beck and Keith Relf
 ... Photographer Fiona Adams

PADDY, GIBSON and KLAUS
 ... Photographer Fiona Adams
BOB DYLAN ... Photographer Pictorial Press



night, he was pounced upon by a member of his Kinross audience, who was somewhat surprised to find the star in this predicament. He smuggled Zoot into his place of work... which just happened to be the naval station. Past all the patrols, the tracker dogs, security alarms... the lot. Zoot had a comfortable sleep there, and at 5.30 a.m. everyone had a whip round and sent him on his way.



The Ivy League

MOVING SIGHT ... The Ivy League singing in the choir stalls at a wedding. It hasn't happened yet, but it is now the chief ambition of The Ivies, following their Christmas carolling on their EP The Holly and The Ivy League.



FAB SHOUTS U.N.C.L.E.





Marianne Faithfull

THERE has been much moving around in the flat occupied by Marianne Faithfull and husband John Dunbar to make way for their baby. John is currently lecturing at London's Central School of Art among other things, but his spare time lately has been devoted to decorating the nursery. Around the flat are his usual interesting but frightening works of art... a bit of distortion here, a bit of horror there.

But in the nursery, all is sweetness and light. Darling little ducks sail on funny little ponds past absurd little houses. Marianne and John figure that by the time their offspring is able to crawl out of the nursery and explore the rest of the place the child will be emotionally adjusted to it!

ONE of the most talked about newer groups in the London club scene is The Ramjam Band... for your information, they're not Indian Rajahs bearing the name of The Flamingo on elephants. They found the name on a pub sign some time ago. Anyway, The Ramjams recently played a club called The Studio in Westcliff-on-Sea.

After the gig, one of their fans was on the way home when he was involved in an accident. In an acute state of amnesia, all he could tell the hospital was "gotta see the Ramjam Band, gotta see the Ramjam Band."

When the hospital couldn't find any other means of identifying their patient, they found out where the band had been playing and eventually traced his family through club members who recognized their description of the patient. The next time The Ramjams played the club, they were greeted like lost friends by one fan swathed in bandages!

THE Roving Kind, whose first record, *Ain't It True* is on the market, experience more difficulties than most groups in roving around. They have a twelve-year-old Vanguard, which has just about had it, and they're too sentimental to drive it to the nearest scrap heap.

This is quite a problem. For instance, when they play a Sunday date in Torquay, they have to leave London on Friday. At one stage, they could only park it on a hill, otherwise it wouldn't start.

Quite often, the nearest hill would be a half-hour trek from the theatre, which isn't funny when you have to carry the gear with you.

Recently, they were hurrying to a recording date in London's Kingsway. They went to park the Vanguard in a split-level garage. In their haste they actually managed to drive in on the upper level, and straight on to the lower level. And there was quite a drop between them.

Water poured out of the radiator and flooded the garage. The funny thing was that when the car had cooled down, it went better than ever before.



Mick Avory

MOVING SIGHT... Kink Mick Avory, in the pouring rain, arriving in Germany, falling from top to bottom of the stairs leading from the aircraft, in front of hundreds of welcoming fans and two brass bands.

CAROLINE CARTER is, to say the least, unusual. She thinks that if you put certain colours next to each other they move. If you have an orange wall and you stick a purple couch in front of it, the violent colour combination will give the room the appearance of movement. I interpret that as meaning that anyone who happens to wander into the room will quickly wander out again.

When faced with the problem of whether she should open a tin of beans or peas to go with scrambled egg, she is quite likely to choose peas because green goes better with yellow than orange would.

As far as food is concerned, she has a mania for garlic bread. She insists on having it with everything. If friends invite her to their homes for dinner, she usually insists on nipping off to make some garlic bread. Consequently, relations between Caroline and her friends are becoming a little strained. It's not the taste they mind. They can't stand the smell.

MOVING SIGHT... Folk singer Shawn Phillips trying to persuade me to accept a lift on his scooter. Incidentally, Shawn's father is writer James Attlee Phillips. Shawn told me: "My Daddy lives in Bentonville, Arkansas. But don't ask me where that is. It took me two weeks to find it myself!"

SHOOTING across the River Avon recently were two violent motor boats. Clive Lea of The Rockin' Berries was in one, and Bobby Thomson was in the other. As it happened, one boat was going upriver and the other was going downriver, and there was quite an interesting explosion when they met.

Into the river went Clive in a dive. Emerging—with a fish in his mouth—he headed for the bank and hauled himself ashore. Covered from head to toe in mud, he contemplated how to make the two miles to his home. Taxis are very unwilling to transport a muddy people. So guess who had to walk home looking like something the tide just washed up... .

MOVING SIGHT... Georgie Fame, at a press reception in his honour, accompanying Chris Farlowe on melodica (a sort of flute, with a piano keyboard), with one leg stuck up on a bass drum. He had sprained his ankle falling down the steps at London's Pigalle, the day before. Georgie recently moved to a new house, which restricts him from going out at 4.00 p.m. Whatever he does, he mustn't go out then. Why? It's next door to a girls' school.

WHEN The Sorrows were in Germany, they arrived at the Belgian border in their van and were told they didn't have the correct visas to go across. They couldn't just get through. They had a think together, and eventually, The Sorrows got out and started walking along the border. Meanwhile, their road manager put on a great show of "me no talk German" and got through on the pretext that he was just dropping some stuff over the border, and would soon be back. The Sorrows hopped over the boundary fence and met him on the other side. Those frontier guards are in for a long wait.

MOVING SIGHT...

Hulie Allan Clarke met Fab's Sheena at the BBC TV Centre, and offered her a lift from Shepherds Bush into town. Unfortunately, he didn't have a car and couldn't find a taxi, so they were forced to use



Allan Clarke

The Underground. As they were passing through a subway, Allan suddenly put on a foreign accent and pretended to attack Sheena, in front of several passers-by. Sheena dutifully screamed, while Allan did his big act. No-one took a blind bit of notice.

Next week FAB joins forces with U.N.C.L.E. . . . we've turned the office into an U.N.C.L.E. base, tracked down the stars and come back with top secret info! on ROBERT VAUGHN (alias Napoleon Solo), the low down on how U.N.C.L.E. is made complete with pix of U.N.C.L.E. men at work; we've even turned some of our favourite people into spies . . . see if you can detect who they are. Enter our GO NAP competition and win a super prize . . . enjoy the king-size colour pic of DAVID McCALLUM, ROBERT VAUGHN, DAVE BERRY, BOBBY SHAFTO, CILLA and THE WALKER BROS . . . PLUS a double size pic of DAVID McCALLUM and special BEATLE pix. So hunt down your copy of FAB and become an "U.N.C.L.E. person" . . . on sale Monday—Price 1s.





It's Good News Week for all fans of that strangely named lot Hedgehoppers Anonymous. Fab's June Southworth moved as far as Wittering, Northants., to catch up with them on one of their last days in Her Majesty's Air Force.

It isn't every day that the staid old RAF throws up a pop group. It's even more bang on and top-hole when the group cuts a hit record. And when the group is called Hedgehoppers Anonymous — "Hedgehopper" is an "in" name for V. Bombers — and the disc is as controversial as *It's Good News Week*, it all, as they say, bears investigating.

Consequently, I found myself on the way to RAF Wittering one day, in the pouring rain, wondering if it was all worth it. Then I met Hedgehoppers Anonymous for the first time, and discovered that it was. For the Hedgehoppers are anything but Anonymous.

I met them in the security office, when I signed on. (For one day only!) They gave me a security tag, V23, and I felt very proud of myself.

They stood there, smiling, with their hands stuck out in a friendly sort of way, and I knew at once that this wasn't a stuffy short-saltie-three-times outfit.

They were just five nice, uncomplicated, down-to-earth (as down-to-earth as any Air Force man can be) boys... three in the RAF at that time, one out of it, and one never in it.

Mick Tinsley, the lead singer had been discharged from the RAF on medical grounds, the main medical ground being that he and the RAF were incompatible. He has soft fair hair fringing a defenceless sort of face, with china blue eyes and an all-enveloping smile. All very endearing.

Lead guitarist John Stewart has the sort of wry good looks that beam down healthily from RAF recruiting posters. He was not, at that moment, entirely happy with the RAF, having been posted to a camp 120 miles from Wittering, which made life more complicated for everyone. However, he soldiered on. (Fact was never my strong point.) He has a lot of curls and confidence.

For a reason that becomes obvious once he opens his mouth, bass guitarist Ray Honeyball is known as Gordie. He was born near Gateshead, and was then stationed at Wittering, as a storeman. He has Beattie hair and Beattie bounce. He is also a honey. For all his big innocent eyes, there's a delicious naughtiness about him that is irresistible.

Alan Laud is the rhythm guitarist. He's the one who wasn't in the RAF. He worked in the pathology lab of a Peterborough hospital, a somewhat doomy job that I felt sure he would be happy to turn in to go fully pro. There's an appealing modesty about him.

True to tradition, drummer Les Dash doesn't say much. He's quite happy to sit and agree with the others. He has a very sweet face, with a quiet, shy smile.

Having met The Hedgehoppers that day, they thought I should meet the Hedgehoppers that fly. In an enormous hangar, I was confronted by a gleaming monster that took their breath away. Let alone mine!

I wondered if the sight of a V. Bomber brought home to them the full meaning of the words on their record, which is, as you know, about the feelings of people who drop bombs and the feelings of those on whom the bombs drop. My unasked question was answered later in their RAF club, as we talked over coffee in the big recreation room.

"I just try not to think about the words," Mick admitted frankly. "I have a terrible suspicion that I wouldn't agree with them if I thought too hard about their meaning."

The words were written by that funny individual from Cambridge University, Jonathan King. He found The Hedgehoppers at The Cambridge Corn Exchange (of all places!), and before they knew what had hit them, they had recorded his song at London's Regent Sound Studios.

The RAF never having had four-fifths of a pop group in its ranks before, seemed caught between looking kindly on it all as an aid to recruiting, or frowning on the indignity of it.

The Hedgehoppers were treated like any other men in uniform. It might, however, have become an embarrassment to the RAF if hundreds of fans had started converging on the camp, autograph books in hand.

With this in mind, The Hedgehoppers asked to be released from the RAF. This was not, however, as simple as it sounded. Les, Ray and John still had at least three years to go. The waiting list for discharges usually takes about six months to clear.

THIS was all rather limiting, but it didn't make life impossible for the boys. They admitted to having "a fairly cushy time," with week-ends free and every evening after five at their disposal. And if they asked nicely, they could get the odd day off, if they made the time up at the week-end.

They were not allowed to wear uniform on stage, but the outfit they designed for themselves was in keeping with the design... dark blue slippers and trousers, with light blue shirts. Air Force blue shorts.

"People in the RAF laughed at us when we first formed a group," said Ray. "They kept asking us what number we were in the hit parade. They're quite proud of us now, I think."

"See that juke-box standing over there? Our record went in the day it was released, and people are always playing it. Very embarrassing it is, too!"

"Makes you feel a bit funny when you hear it played," added John.

A JUKE-BOX wasn't the only sign that the RAF — at Wittering at least — knows how to make its men comfortable. The club was recently modernised at no small cost, and was an eye-opener to someone like me who thought the RAF was all frigidly austere.

There was a huge ballroom, with king-sized posters of couples dancing the "in" dances. There was a beautiful lounge with soft lighting, plushy furniture and romantic arches (very useful when the public are allowed in at week-ends). And there were bare, table tennis, and snooker rooms, a television theatre and a sort of nightclub with a fantastic stage where groups like The Hollies entertain on Saturdays.

This is what The Hedgehoppers wanted to give up. They just couldn't wait to leave it all behind to play in tottering theatres with draughty dressing rooms. They wanted to be a hit group. Suddenly, all the obstacles were cleared. The Hedgies are now out of the RAF and raring to go.

They've certainly had a jet-propelled start.



HOPPING
AROUND
WITH
THE
HEDGEHOPPERS

Someone who is really on the move—up and up and up in two entirely different worlds is boxer Billy Walker, who also happens to be singer Billy Walker and will no doubt in time become actor Billy Walker, with his looks. How does Billy manage all this? JUNE SOUTHWORTH has a bash at finding out. . .



Fab's June with the singing boxer

WE were halfway through a delicious steak-and-salad lunch when boxer Billy Walker suddenly grabbed my arm, roared with laughter, and choked:

"Wouldn't it be the funniest thing if I had a hit record?"

Billy's assorted sparring mates and friends around us stopped talking football momentarily and nodded agreement. It would, indeed, be funny to them if Billy had a hit record.

They know him for the sweet music he makes with his fists.

Billy had just been to the weigh-in. It was "big fight day." All the weeks of training had led up to this, and tomorrow it would all be over. For better or worse. He sat beside me, a big man, with a marvellous head. They call him The Blond Bomber. Not only does he have beautifully-kept fair hair, but his unblemished skin is fair, too. Positively peachy, in fact. His eyes are a clear, sparkling dancing blue, and his ready smile discloses even, white teeth.

He is haunted by the fear that if his face takes more punishment in the ring it will become a scarred battleground and Billy is said to be somewhat haphazard when it comes to keeping punishment away from that handsome face.

If you tease him about two lovely black eyes he will laugh, but there is an uneasiness behind it, and the laugh doesn't quite stretch to those blue, blue eyes.

It is partly because of his face, and partly because of the money he can make out of it, that Billy has traded on the popularity he earned through boxing to carve a neat little sideline for himself in showbiz.

"I want to make a lot of money," he told me. "You know, when you come from a working class background, all you can think of is pulling yourself up. We had a nice little council house, and you couldn't say we were poor, but I wanted to have enough money to do something with my life."

"I came into boxing quite by accident—I went to a gym to keep fit, and someone pulled me into the fight game—and I've already made more money out of it than most boxers do in a life-time."

"Then when you have the money, all you can think about is keeping it. You don't want to go back to a council house. You don't want your father to be a lorry driver again. You want to hold on to what you've got."

"When someone asked me to make a record, the

THE 2 SIDES of BILLY WALKER

first thing I asked was if I would make money out of it. Now that doesn't matter so much. I love going on TV. It's work, but it's a relaxation for me, compared with boxing. I don't have any nerves . . . just a few twinges on a 'live' show, wondering if I'll forget the words. I always think that."

Billy's two records have both sold in eyebrow-raising quantities. He has family appeal, you see. The first one, *A Little On The Lonely Side*, sold to Dean Martin fans. The second, a much better item, *A Certain Girl*, had bigger sales and brought him a mass of TV appearances.

The record took him only two hours to cut . . . both sides. He has contemplated making an LP . . . "but I only know two songs, and I've recorded both of those."

He has a sneaking fancy for a showbiz career. Already, he has poured some of his well-earned cash into a hit discotheque called Dolly's in London. He loves the glamour of showbiz, and—I think—underestimates the hard work behind it.

"I'd give up boxing tomorrow if I thought I could make as much money singing," he said. "Three weeks on the road, singing twice a night, and you're well away. And you don't have to train for it, either."

"Boxing brings me an average of £5,000 a year, and I have been having six fights a year. But I can't tell you how hard it is. For a month before the fight, I'm in training. That means no drinks, no parties, no girls. 'No girls' is the hardest."

"It's early to bed and early to rise. Every day, I go for a run before breakfast, then I work out in my gym at home."

"Most afternoons I go over to my brother-in-law's farm at Pisea in Essex, and work on the farm for hours. Really hard work. You never get used to it. You never reach a point where it becomes mechanical. It's all aching muscles and building yourself up for that one big night."

He obviously thinks that singing is a piece of cake after all that lot.



Billy, the blond bomber, in fighting mood

Boxing has, however, brought him obvious rewards. With his brother George—who is also his manager—he owns three garages. He has an Elizabethan rectory standing in an acre-and-a-half of beautiful gardens at a place called Fobbing, in Essex. It has its own gymnasium and swimming pool. At twenty-five, Billy is a little sad about his inability to keep a steady girl.

"When you meet a girl, it isn't love at first sight. Not just like that. You have one date, then one date leads to another. Before you know what has happened you start missing her. And every time when I reach that stage I have to go into training for my next fight for a month. And as I said, that means no girls."

"After that month apart, things are never quite the same."

BILLY dresses well, and has stunning good looks . . . but that's only a part of it.

He has charm, which is a quality you don't expect to find in a boxer. His voice is gentle, and he doesn't seem to realise how endearing it is when he occasionally lapses into Cockney. He is extremely funny, but his humour, like his manner, is mild. Not savage at all.

He has no desire to go round thumping people unless it brings him money, though he did once spank a girl in public. They were having a verbal argument which she was losing, and she childishly slapped his face. He promptly put her over his knee and whacked her. For gentle though he is, Billy is no pushover.

I was sad when lunch was over and Billy had to go off to prepare for his fight. I hoped that he wouldn't get too bashed about.

"Don't worry," he said. "If I get a black eye tonight, I'll wear dark glasses tomorrow. Then everyone will think I'm a pop star!"

The reason for that gorgeous Sandie smile in FAB colour? Could be because Sandie has recently been on the move to Paris, where she appeared on a big television show. Sandie's always travelling—her world wide popularity sees to that—and where Sandie goes that pretty smile goes, too.



Alfred Lynch is constantly on the move. Not from place to place, but from time to time. Five days a week he goes to the TV studios to film the BBC's marathon serial 'Hereward The Wake' and immediately moves back nearly 1,000 years . . . right back to 1066 and all that!

EVERY Sunday, a rough little man with rough clothes and rough manners fearlessly fights his way into a million homes. He is an eleventh century hero with big talk, big ideas and a big heart. He is, of course, Hereward The Wake.

And every Sunday, actor Alfred Lynch sits in front of his TV set in a basement flat in London's Bayswater lovingly watching this character who is currently dominating his life. A character who, in a poetic sense, is very real to him.

Alfred Lynch will switch on around 5.30 p.m. every Sunday until the end of the year. Every blow against Hereward will be a blow against him. Every triumph for Hereward will be a triumph for him. And by the end of 1965, thousands of girls will have written him fan letters . . . half of them addressed to Hereward.

And the curious thing is that Alfred Lynch, by playing an eleventh century hero, has become a typical twentieth century hero . . . the actor with fan appeal. We all want to mother him, because his twentieth century face, beat-up and sensitive, has the waifish charm of a little paper boy on a street corner in Stepney.

I called in on him one evening when filming was over for the day. He ran to open the door, welcomed me in from the rain, took my coat and poured me a drink. He laughed endearingly when an affectionate bundle of letters scattered the contents of my handbag. Alfred immediately got down on his knees and picked everything up.

"He's got used to all my things," he said, with an apologetic smile. "He used to rest the place apart when I was out. Now he only gets satisfaction out of other people's things. I call him Hickory. He's rather a nut."

With all the security of one who knows he is loved, Hickory slobbered all over me. Alfred seemed pretty well resigned to the fact that he will always be upstaged by Hickory.

Disentangling myself, I expressed my relief that Alfred hadn't actually grown a beard for Hereward.

"Just you wait," he grinned, a wide gate of a grin, "that beard I wear at Hereward gets longer and longer as I get older and older!"

He is quite unlike Hereward in real life. He is gentle and mild and mannerly. His clothes are casual, but spotless. He talks in an elocutionist Cockney, and waves explanatory patterns in the air with slender, well-shaped hands. He is absolutely fascinating.

It isn't surprising that he plays funnyside roles the best. He has a trodden-on face, with cavernous hollows, a bashed

nose, and exceptionally bright, alive eyes in a somewhat tired setting. A mass of floppy yellow hair frames this curious collection of features. It is the way they are collected that just knocks you out. It's one of the most vital faces I've ever seen.

The flat is just as individual as the owner. Great curving archways separate a series of rooms. There isn't a door in sight. The whole room has tremendous character.

The kitchen is his favourite room. Friends buy him cookery books for Christmas. Cookery is his one big interest outside acting. He has row upon row of jars containing obscure spices like flaked pepper. . . . "I would hate to be put off cooking a dish by not having an ingredient on hand."

WHEN he has guests, there is little in the way of entertainment for them. Artificial entertainments are quite unnecessary with Alfred Lynch around. When he isn't doing a Chaplin take-off, he impersonates old-time movie star Buster Keaton.

Alfred obviously loves to talk . . . not for the sound of his own voice, but because he has vividly interesting things to say.

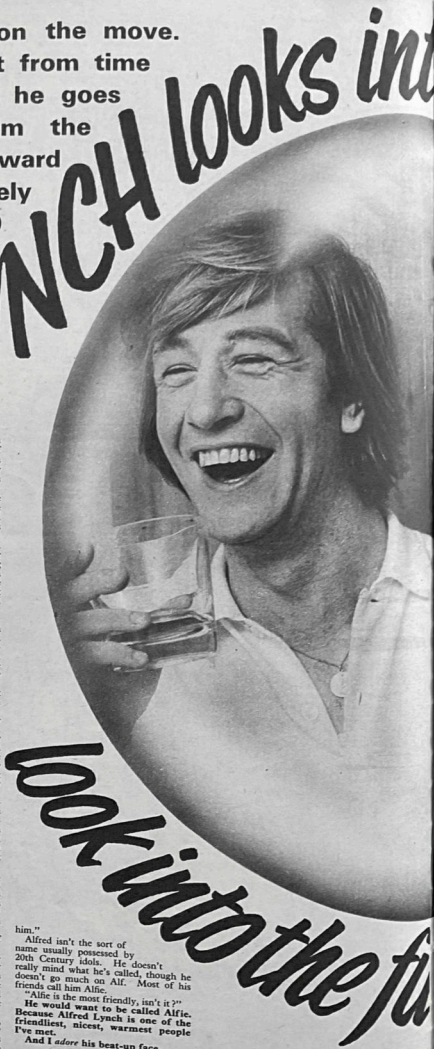
"When critics talk to me, they say 'Where are you from?' The East End. 'What school did you go to? Secondary mod., and I left at 14. 'Do you come from a typical Cockney family?' Yes. I have three brothers and three sisters, all older than me. The critics accept all that. Just as long as I don't try Shakespeare. They think I'm not the type."

If Alfred has any lofty ideas about acting, he keeps them to himself. He seems content to play parts to his own satisfaction. He's not impressed by what critics think. It's the people who pay to see him act who matter to him. If just one person appreciates the way he plays Hereward, it will all have been worthwhile.

"I'm getting fan mail now," he said, in wonderment. "I never had that before. I had a letter from a class of girls in a boarding school, who said that they watch me every Sunday. Then they have tea and all sit around talking about me. What a frightening thought!"

He sees Hereward as a combination of Cassius Clay and Mick Jagger. "He's that 'I am the greatest' outlook, you know. He's really too big for any actor. Mick Jagger could perhaps be that wild look with an animal magnetism. He can still look attractive when he's being loud."

"As for the way Hereward looks. Well, that's Sonny, isn't it? Everything Sonny puts on looks primitive, but he succeeds because it obviously comes naturally to



him."

Alfred isn't the sort of name usually possessed by 20th Century idols. He doesn't really mind what he's called, though he doesn't go much on Alf. Most of his friends call him Alfie.

"Alfie is the most friendly, isn't it?"

He would want to be called Alfie.

Because Alfred Lynch is one of the friendliest, nicest, warmest people I've met.

And I adore his beat-up face.

JUNE SOUTHWORTH

to the past



WE had really only just ordered our lunch when the gypsy appeared, a bright red scarf hiding wrinkled thin hair, her face wrinkled like an old apple. Her skirts were long and she wore a surprising modern cardigan which she clutched around her.

The Walker Brothers stared at her fascinated as she made purposefully towards our table. I don't think she even asked permission to read their palms; perhaps their interested expressions gave her the clue that she wouldn't be refused. She just pulled up a chair, leaned across the table and without a word took hold of Scott's hand.

Scott has a neat, well-made hand with tapering fingers. It looked to me barely lined at all. The old woman stared at it for a moment or two and began to drone in a low monotone. She spoke in French and with a Romany accent. I had to strain to be able to translate. She obviously had no idea who the Walker Brothers were.

"You are 22" (a year out). "You have been very lucky very young," she said. "You have made a great deal of money and become very rich at a time when other young people are hardly started. You will become very famous, and you will stay famous all your life."

"What you are doing now will cease in two years time. You will become an artist which is your real ambition." Scott's mouth was gradually falling open as she talked and when she mentioned that his real ambition was to be an artist, he said: "Man. She's fantastic."

The gypsy was droning on. "It will be a new start as an artist and you will be a student again. It will happen slowly, slowly, slowly but you will one day be as famous in your second career as in your first."

"You will travel a great deal and you will marry a foreign girl—someone not from your own country. You have a good heart," she added, "but you try to hide it."

She dropped his hand, and Gary who was sitting on Scott's left wordlessly thrust out his. A stronger, harder hand than Scott's. It looked as if he might have done some manual work at some time.

The gypsy gave him a very shrewd look. "You are 22" (again a year out), and you do not have enough confidence in yourself," she said. "You must learn to be more confident. You, too, have great luck and much money while you are young but you will change what you are doing in two years time. You will become an actor."

Gary nodded so sedately at this that I wondered perhaps if the gypsy had hit upon a buried ambition of his.

"You too will marry an étranger (foreigner) and you will have three children," she said. She then gave him a big smile, revealing an almost total lack of teeth. "You are a very kind boy," she said. "And you will always be lucky. You, too, will travel very much."

She had to move to take John's great big paw and she looked at it and tut-tutted to herself.

"You take affairs of the heart too hard," she said. "You will be hurt. . ."

"It's true, I do," John said, looking surprised.

"But your marriage will be a long and happy one. . ." (now how could she tell that John was the only married Walker?) "but you must have more trust and not take things so much to heart."

She peered into his hand and then looked up at him.

"You have been lucky in your youth," she said, "and do not need money, but in two years time you will be very rich," she said, "and will be with your family. Your life will be very easy." Then she repeated—"You will be very rich. And you will live to be very very old."

Her scarf had slipped down over her forehead and she stood up, retired it, while waiting to be paid. The boys groped for a note in stunned silence, then she gave each of them a talisman—a tiny piece of hard material which she tied into the corner of their handkerchiefs. She told them to choose between love, money or happiness—

—to sleep on the talisman and they would gain their heart's desire.

Then she wandered off.

And we were all very thoughtful while we finished our nearly cold lunch. There didn't seem to be anything to say.

THE ED.

Future with THE WALKER BROTHERS.

Nobody can resist knowing about the future and when a fortune-telling gypsy came into the Walker Brothers' life one day, they obediently put out their paws for her to read. And here's what she had to say about their misty futures . . .



This is the fortune-telling gypsy—in person.

Fab | The Four Pennies



We at Fab have always flipped for The Four Pennies. Now they're on the move again with Until It's Time For You To Go and The Four Pence are flipping for you on a Bongo Board.

(Bongo Board, price 12.16p. 6d., by order of Liffordham, Possibly Green, Lond

Four jolly Pennies on one Bongo Board—try this yourself and have some fun. The real purpose of the Bongo Board is to strengthen leg muscles for sports like skating but it also makes fabulous pics!

4 PENNY FLIP

Alan Back

Mike Walsh

Dave Graham

Lionel Morton

Pennies' drummer Alan Back is better at hand exercises as you have to be a really good drummer, but we made him have a go just to show the other Pennies that he could do it.

The Pennies arrived late from Stafford looking very jaded after two van breakdowns and poor Mike Walsh looked aghast when he saw our new toy. He fell off just after this smashing action pic was taken!

Poor old Dave Graham didn't even get off the ground in this shot. He soon got the hang of it though and executed some faultless back spins and catherine wheels before landing—flat on his back. The Bongo Board wasn't hurt. We can't say the same for Dave!

The dinky expert practising for his ski trip is really a bit of a cheat for Lionel Morton had been up to the office earlier for a smack practise! He managed to balance perfectly, to the envy of the other three Pennies.





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DON'TS OF
TEENAGE SPOTS**



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Do eat lots of salads, fresh fruit and green vegetables—but cut down on chocolate, cocoa and pastries. Avoid fatty and fried foods.



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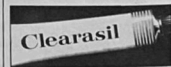


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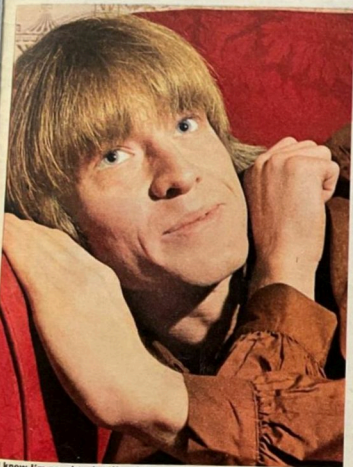
You really like me, do you? ▾

I'm not one for blowing ▸
my own hunting horn



▾ I know what you're really thinking.

▾ Naw ... you're just puttin' me on.



▾ I know I'm naughty, but I'm nice.

the mercurial Mr. JONES

This could be the start of something big. ▸



ZOOM out and buy a new lipstick. Try Pussycat Pink, Kitten Pink, Gingercat Pink, Tabbycat Pink. They're all as pretty as a purr. (Outdoor Girl, 1s. 8d. and 2s. 9d.)

SMOOTH travelling eyeliner brush... clicks into its own carrying case. (Eylure, 7s. 6d.) It's sable tipped and beautifully gentle.

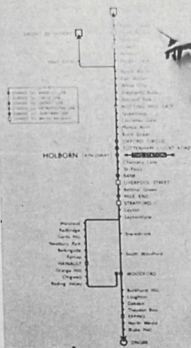
NO NEED TO CROSS THE CHANNEL to get perfume. It's rumoured that Mick Jagger gave some Mouchi to his girlfriend. (Flask and refill 18s. 6d.)

HAVE A SAFE JOURNEY, free from snags, in the latest 20 denier stretch nylons. (Keynote, 3s. 11d. for micromesh, 4s. 11d. for ladder resist mesh.)

RIDE ROUND THE TOWN INCÓGNITO after you've treated yourself to a special luxury hair tint. Turn Deep Beech, Glinting Beech, Autumn Amber or Black Ebony and the effect will last through about half a dozen or more shampoos. (The tint comes in cream shampoo form, Polycolor, 5s. 6d.)

CENTRAL LINE

PLATFORMS 1 & 2



PICCADILLY LINE

PLATFORMS 3 & 4 & 5



▲ THIS way, thattaway—whicheverway Bobby Shafto and Angela go, she's heading in the right direction in her beige sweater with the neck outlined with a wide band of crochet which is repeated at the edge. (By John Craig, £2 19s. 11d.) Her scarlet skirt has flattering flare. (From Etam, £2 9s. 11d.) Her boots are shiny white leather. (From Lennards, 59s. 11d.)

JUMP into bed with absolutely every trace of eye make-up removed. There's a super effective and economical liquid that's easy on the eyes. Apply a drop or two with your fingertip on your lids, lashes and brows and wipe off (Maybelline, 4s. 6d.)

◀ BOBBY and Angela are skimming down the escalator and she's in a beige knitted suit with crocheted collar and a simple straight skirt. (By John Craig, £5 9s. 11d.) Her white knitted Balaclava fastens snugly under the chin. (By Jaeger, £3 9s. 6d.)

TRAVEL hopefully and wonderfully with Chilibeau nail enamel—the deepest, brownest thing you've ever seen. Team it with a light lipstick like Tawny Pink. (Enamel, 5s. 6d., lipstick 6s. 6d., Revlon.)

A BREAK en route, and Angela has changed into a knitted pink wool dress, trimmed with hand crocheting in burgundy. (By post from: 4.30 Boutique, 430, Kings Road, World's End, London, S.W.10, in sizes 10, 12 and 14.) Her hat is by Jaeger, £3 9s. 6d.



So you want to get movin' and book someone special. Fab says it's easy. Catch him with a crochet book. The fastest way to Instant Fashion is to buy something with a hand crocheted look about it. It's meet 'n' sentimental. Crocheted collars, cuffs and yokes pretty up the most simple of knitted dresses and sweaters.

all hooked-up

ARRIVE epic and span with not a crease to be seen. For last minute ironing out of collars and tufts or crumpled cotton shirts, use spray starch and a travel iron. (Robin spray starch, 3s. 9d.)

KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN—or closed... and it doesn't matter who is opposite you on the bus or train if your eyes are pretty made-up. Glamorize the lids with Pearl Siegel stick shadow and Pearl White matte shadow, used together, one above the other to highlight your eyes. (Gala, 5s. 6d. each.)

JOURNEY IN COMPLETE DISGUISE wearing a wig. Special party wigs are available, made on net with crepe hair, in all period styles—including up to date ones. They take two weeks to make. (From Richard Conway, London, W.1, £2 70s.)

THERE'S a train in the station and Bobby and Angela are all set to get aboard. Her sweater is pink with crocheted top and sleeves. (By John Craig, £2 19s. 11d.) The grey flannel skirt has a trio of pockets and a matching belt. (By Etam, £2 2s.)



ON the move along the fashion trail, Angela escalates in a super sweater in maroon wool with a wide crochet collar and edges to the sleeves. (By Etam, £2 19s. 11d.) Her swinging mini-skirt is in pale grey flannel. (By Dorothy Perkins, £1 9s. 11d.)



SHALL we take another trip? Angela's all dressed up in a singing scarlet dress that looks like crochet. (By Jaeger, 5½ gns.) The breezy beret is in black and white coney. (By Jaeger, £6 16s. 6d.)

For readers of any of these clothes write to: Fashion Desk, Publishers, Flamingo House, Farringham Street, London, E.C.4, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope for our reply.



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hiltone



A 5356



Pick a number from 1 to 7 and see how Fortunes work!

Round and round the wheel goes and stops at number 3...

3



Round and round the wheel goes and stops at number 2...

2



Round and round the wheel goes and stops at number 1...

1



A lucky number indeed, for it was on the third day of April, 1944, that The Fortunes' lead guitarist and vocalist Barry Pritchard came into the world. Barry's the boy with light brown hair, bright blue eyes and an engaging manner that makes any girl go weak at the knees.

He hails from Birmingham, and when there's spare time: "I like to pop into the cinema—especially if there's a good comedy on—sit in the very front of the balcony, prop my feet up and eat ice-cream!"

The winning streak continues! The second of April, 1943, is when Glen Dale came into being in Deal.

Round and round the wheel goes and stops at number 7...

7



ROUND and round the wheel goes... where it stops, nobody knows... But with our Fortune telling game, everyone wins.

Round and round the wheel goes and stops at number 5...

5



Another lucky number! The seventh of January, 1946, was when drummer boy Andy Brown was born, also in Birmingham. He's six feet two inches tall, with blue eyes constantly faced with a few strands of his dark brown hair that keep tumbling down.

He's often heard making statements like: "Nobody loves me! Everyone likes me, but no one really fancies me! It's my ambition to have my name written with lipstick on our van some day."

Round and round the wheel goes and stops at number 4...

4



Ken! He's the boy with fair hair, blues eyes (that usually hide behind dark-rimmed glasses when he's off-stage) and he plays rhythm guitar and sings. Glen's another one who stands six feet tall.

Glen's the handyman of the group. "I get a big kick out of building and repairing things. Often I'll take something like a radio apart and then put it back together again—just for enjoyment!"

Round and round the wheel goes and stops at number 6...

6



Still another bit of luck! It was on the fourth day of August, 1943, in Leyton, Essex, that Dave Carr Fortunes organist, pianist and singer was born. He's a six-footer with brown hair, brown eyes.

His favourite occupation is sleeping. He says: "That's what I do whenever there's time. And

This was the luckiest number of all for The Fortunes. It was their fifth disc, *You've Got Your Troubles*—and their first smash hit. After two years of playing and four excellent records that never got anywhere, the boys were getting a bit discouraged. But number five disc brought them the attention they've deserved for so long!

Another great number. And it is a great number indeed—their sixth record, *Here It Comes Again*. And I, for one, hope The Fortunes keep coming out again and again. They're definitely winners all the way!

This Year, Next Year, a beaty ballad by The Honeycombs, featuring an attractive vocal by Honey Lantree (Py).

● I'm betting that The Shadows will zoom up the charts with a lively—and very unusual—instrumental number called *Warlord* which is the theme of a soon-to-be-released film of the same name starring Charlton Heston (Columbia).

● Just the disc for a swingin' party is *Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On* in which Jerry Lee Lewis whips up tremendous excitement and a pounding beat on fourteen tracks including *Street Light Strutters*, *John Henry* and *Lovin' Up a Storm* (London LP).

● Zoot Money's *Big Rock Land* is augmented by a three-trumpet, three flutes, three girl singers, piano and a twelve-string bass to accompany Paul Williams in *The Many Faces Of Love*, a number which Zoot and Paul describe as "an experiment with the big band sound." It works (Columbia).

● In his recent TV series Dudley Moore proved he was a great jazz pianist. To meet the demand for a disc of his playing comes *The Other Side Of Dudley Moore*, containing imaginative versions of *My Blue Heaven*, *Indiana*, *Autumn Leaves* and six others (Decca LP).

● Scots born Johnny Bev, a former member of Joe Brown's Bruvvers, is a highly successful songwriter. His most famous hits are *A Picture Of You* for Joe and more heady with *When The World Goes Away*, his own composition on (Columbia).

● Also recommended are *Pour Moi Tu Es La Saintes* (For Me You Are The Only One), by Johnny Halliday (the No. 1 pop idiom in France (Philips), *Slamming In Ruins*, more superior vocal fare by Lesley Bowth (Reprise) and *Amen*, a rollicking number by The Impressions (HMV).

THE KEN BOWTH

PADDY, KLAUS and GIBSON

If you went along to see the recent Evert Brothers tour, you'll also have seen on the bill that fab new trio called Paddy, Klaus and Gibson. Like 'em? Well then read on, 'cos here's all the 'gen on the boys.

Paddy (Patrick Chambers) and Gibson (Gibson Kemp) both hail from Liverpool—Klaus was born in Berlin... They first worked together in Hamburg, with a group called The Eyes, and then re-formed as a trio in London, earlier this year... Before he came into showbiz, Klaus was a commercial artist. He still paints in his spare time... Paddy and Klaus are both very keen on photography, Klaus also enjoys skiing... Gibson is known to friends as "Gibbi"... Klaus speaks very good English... All three of them would like to work in the States... They all prefer to wear casual clothes, although Paddy always wears a lot of leather gear... Paddy and Gibson both joined the pop world straight from school... They're three very easy going boys... Gibson loves roast beef and potatoes. Klaus goes for liver and onions... Gibbi comes from a musical family. His mum plays piano and lived in the Canary Isles for a time, and learnt to play classical guitar there... Gibson's a magnificent drummer, lives fan... Gibson also enjoys reading. Klaus says—most, while Klaus often talks around as if he's in a dream. No stage the boys wear sweaters and slacks... The Evert's tour was their first major tour. The audiences loved them, and so now it's all systems go for Paddy, Klaus and Gibson.

DISCS

● When P. J. Proby's record of *Somebody* was a year ago it was slammed by a lot of critics. Record buyers thought otherwise—the disc shot into the Top Ten. Now P. J. has recorded *Marie*, another outstanding song from 'West Side Story' (Liberty). He sings it straight—but in his own individual style—and I expect him to repeat the success. For some more choice Proby fare try an EP called *Christmas With P.J.* Included are original stylings of such standards as *White Christmas* and *Silent Night* plus a brand new *Rain On Snow* (Liberty).

● *What The World Needs Is Love* by Madeline Bell, the hot gopeller turned pop singer, was received too late for review last week but just for the record—I rate it one of the best discs of the year. Madeline is one of the tracks in the wonderful *Everything's Coming Up Durry* LP and Dusty repays the kindness by appearing as a backing singer on this one (Philips).

● *Mystic Eyes* by Them is bluesy and big-sounding (Decca) and among other group discs I recommend *Girls, Girls, Girls*, a novelty by The Fourmost, which recording manager George Martin tips for the top (Parlophone) and



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Maureen's LETTERBOX

It's jolly hard work trying to catch up with all those fab boys. They're always on the move—touring, travelling—all over the place. Still, when we do catch them it's great—'cos their absence makes our hearts grow fonder!



What a great picture of Kris Ryan in FAB the other week. Does Kris wear that sort of lacy gear when he's off stage or does he look completely different? Nina Wright, Manchester.

Kris dresses very conventionally for every day. For shirts

he doesn't care to wear anything wider than a mild check. Also he has had his hair cut, too, which makes him look more attractive than ever.

ALLAN CLARKE

What colour socks does Allan Clarke of The Hollies wear, please? Sandra, Cambridge.

When I asked Allan, he said white ones with luminous dots on them. He was only kidding. He really likes luminous socks with white dots on them. But as he finds them difficult to buy, he sticks to "dark black ones."

That's it for this week. Don't forget I'm here to help. Drop me a line c/o Maureen, Fabulous, Fleetsway House, Farringford Street, London, E.C.4. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope if you want a postal reply. Can't reply without one, sorry.

Are You Very Boutiquier?



Are you the girl to fish for fashions, does the latest boutique stir your passions? In lunch hours do you traipse for miles to see the very latest styles? And after pilgrimage, vehicular, show all the world you're quite particular in searching out that belt, and coat, that nylon-netted dress that strikes the with-it note? If you can dress the most and still surely won't forget your Gordon Moore's, the cosmetic toothpaste that shines your teeth as bright as fashion jewels, tints up your gums to please the men once more and yet again—poor fools!

B.J.K. FAN

Could you give me the fan club address of Billy J. Kramer and The Dakotas? I saw them recently on The Everly Brothers' tour. Susie Knight, Middlesex.

You can write to Billy and the boys c/o Miss Pat Strong, 13 Monmouth Street, W.C.2. Don't forget to enclose a stamped addressed envelope to be sure of a reply.

PAUL

Is Paul McCartney as nice as he always seems in his films and on the television? Sally Crow, Sidcup.

I have only met Paul a couple of times, but I find him charming. He is always ready to chat and is very interesting to talk to. He is the sort of boy you would be proud to take home to meet your Mum and Dad—because he always dresses so neatly and more so, because he has such very good manners.

SEEKER

Is it true that Bruce Woodley of The Seekers is thinking of changing his car? Ann Noakes, Slough.

It's quite true, Ann. He has a Jaguar XK 140 at the moment but he is thinking of buying—wait for it—a Stage 3—tuned Ferrari. Whatever that may be!

mo



One thing's for sure—I bet all the girls get a kick out of dancing with you.

is it? Cathy Gray, London.
Dave has a pale blue sports car and it's none other than an Aston Martin.

MOJOS

I met the Mojoes the other day and their road manager had the same surname as Lew in the group. His name was Bill Collins. Are they related in any way? Mary Duke, Cheshunt.

Yes, they are related. In fact Bill is Lew's father.

PYJAMAS

What colour pyjamas does Brian Jones of The Stones wear? Also what colour eyes has he and how tall is he? Stones Fan, Cardiff.

Brian wears pale blue pyjamas, and he has eyes to match. He is 5 ft. 8 in. tall.

CLIFF'S NAME

Does Cliff's family call him Cliff or Harry, and does he have a middle name? June Sanderson, Surrey.

Cliff's family call him Cliff, now. His full name is Harry Roger Webb.

ADAM'S FIRST

Can you tell me the name of Adam Faith's first film? Brenda Stewart, Acton.

Adam's first film was *Bear Girl*, in which he starred with the lovely Shirley Ann Field.

FOOTWEAR

What size shoes does John Leyton wear? Beryl Cope, Teddington.

Size 8, Beryl.



ZOMBIE

Can you please tell me if Colin Blunstone of The Zombies has a car? Also what is his ideal girl? A Zombie Fan, Leeds.

Colin hasn't a car at the moment, but he is hoping to buy a Mini. His ideal girl should have long hair, preferably auburn, with beautiful brown eyes. She must be the quiet type but with a good sense of humour.

HOLLIES

Please could you tell me when Tony Hicks (of The Hollies) birthday is and have The Hollies any gold or silver discs? Kathleen Thomas, Pembrokehire.

Tony was born on 16th December, 1945. The Hollies have two silver discs. One for *Just One Look* and the other for *I'm Alive*.



BACKCOMBING

Please could you tell me what boy pop-stars think of girls backcombing their hair? Valerie Gurnett, Kent.

Denny Lane of The Moody Blues likes girls to look natural. He likes the long-haired type who always look perfect no matter what. Backcombing is out for Denny.

John Lennon is another great fan of long flowing hair with no backcombing. Well, look at Cynthia, she always looks pretty and natural.

BEATLES

Could you tell me if Paul McCartney attended his father's second wedding? Joyce Tate, Middlesbrough.

Unfortunately Paul was unable to attend the wedding, Joyce.

SCOTT WALKER

Does Scott Walker wear ties and, if so, what sort? When is his birthday and how old will he be on his next? Madeline Bailey, Slough.

Occasionally Scott does wear a tie, and when he does he likes black ones. His birthday is on 9th January and next time round he will be 22 years old.

BACHELOR MICK

I have heard that Mick Jagger is secretly married—is this just another rumour? Wendy Faith, Oxford.

Another rumour hits the dust. As we go to press, he's not married!

DAVE'S CAR

I think I saw Dave Tremeloe driving a blue sports car the other day. Has Dave got a blue sports car? If so, what sort





Fab Bob
Dylan