

# Fabulous



WIN A TRIP TO  
HOLLYWOOD & MEET  
**DAVID McCALLUM**  
& **ROBERT VAUGHN**

SEE PAGE 19 FOR MORE INFORMATION

# 208

# UP THE REVOLUTION

PLUS KING SIZE FULL COLOUR PIN-UPS OF



STEVE  
WINWOOD

GARY  
LEEDS

STONES

DAVID  
McCALLUM

BEATLES



The Moody Blues

**M**OODY BLUES new single *This Is My House* gets released in the States this week. Not here. The boys have something else up their collective sleeves for us.

The Moodies are thrilled because their name has been used to christen a brand-new type of luxury motor cruiser. You can now take a holiday on "The Moody Blues" on the Norfolk Broads. It's the first boat of its kind to have an all fibre glass super-structure.

**B**AD news for any Sonas fan who has managed to con Brian Jones telephone number out of anyone. Brian—the friendly Stone—can't bear the sound of his telephone bell and therefore the telephone is currently out of order. Has been for some time, in fact.

Cunningly, he's only half busted it. He can make calls, but no one can call him. Drives his manager potty, but Brian is determined to hang on to the ingenious method of getting a bit of peace and quiet.

By the way, we won't be seeing much of The Stones for some while. They're scattered around various parts of the Continent—Italy, Spain. And at the end of June they're off to Canada and the States for a five weeks tour.

**A**LAS, at—off the air as from next Wednesday goes *Whole Scene Going*—the TV show which really did do a not-so-quiet bit of revolutionising! Liz Cowley, the go ahead TV producer who ran the whole thing was always giving Auntie BBC ulcers with the subjects that she tackled on the show—armed at us.

We didn't think that *Whole Scene Going* was a complete knock-out, quite honestly, but we did think it had courage. And, for once, it did have a bit of original thinking and talked to young people as if they had a brain or two; not as if we were all a bunch of steaming nits!

Giving the BBC just enough time to soothe their ulcers, the show should come back later and host, Barry Fantom will be back there, too.

Meanwhile, he's concentrating on his painting and waiting for the final results of his first single "A Little Man In A Little Box." And—he's doing some work for FAB—208 which you'll be seeing in a couple of weeks time.

**R**EVOLUTIONARY! A new "reel-to-reel" cassette which holds twelve tracks of music in a space about 2x4 in. You could string enough music to last an all-night party in a kind of cartridge case around your wrist. The "cassette" plays on a mini-tape recorder; costs a few shillings more than an ordinary LP. Some are already coming in from the Continent; British titles won't be on sale until later this year. They could, eventually, make your record-player obsolete. And the tracks can't scratch, can't spoil or warp. The music truly canned, lasts for ever.



Marienne Faithfull has a new disc out. *Yessaw's Calling*—looks like a winner!

Marienne says the only musical instrument she can play is the telephone! But she's decided to start piano lessons.

Barry Fantom



Simon Scott

**A**LL the Gang have been awarded an Oscar! No, we haven't been secretly turning ourselves into fanstars. The Oscar, I'm talking about is a real life poster with blue eyes and blond hair. Quite a dash.

For weeks we were bombarded by postcards informing us about winning Oscar, and as you can imagine we got very curious. Last week when a whole load of little plaster busts arrived at the FAB-208 office we got to the bottom of the mystery.

Oscar's manager Robert Stigwood, has spent the huge sum of over £8,000 to launch the boy into orbit. There's been an enormous press campaign and the little busts in Oscar's image which are now sitting on our desks are part of it.

About two years ago the same management spent a similar amount of money to launch Simon Scott. He appeared on all the magazines, every TV show, they even sent out little busts of him, too. But although his record just about managed to make the Top Fifty no-one's really heard of him since. Pity. He is a doll.

Hope the same doesn't happen to Oscar!

Oscar



**S**DYLIX Tens... the new new big smoking group... told... "Shove it!" I'm doing protest songs!

**H**AVE you heard the LP... film *A Man Called Ove*... recording the music... ten weeks... fantastically much... burg, Germany... that the blue-eyed... Bert, who looks more like a... hand doctor than a musician... very unlikely bloke.

It was Bert who... Besides back in the days... were playing in Hamburg... then under personal... made a couple of discs... backing a big star in Germany... Tony Sheridan.

"The Beatles hated Hamburg," he told me, "and after they left, it was hard to get together... them again to make more discs... But I was convinced they were great."

"Then, one day, out of the blues I heard from a man called Epstein who asked me how much I wanted to release them from the contract. I wrote and said 'nothing' if he could help them more than I could, that was OK by me."

We said that Brian Epstein must have been delicious with joy. "I really don't know," said Bert. "I never got a reply."

And the unadorned cut of all. His daughter thinks Bert's music "warms me" and is potty about—The Beatles.

Diane Ferris and Nicky Scott

The FAB-208 gang would like to put a large and lethal bomb under whoever it was in the U.S.A. who first stopped Diane Ferris and Nicky Scott's visit there. Why? Because Diane's coloured and Nicky's white. Makes us sick.

**COMMUNAL**

On your marks! Get set! CHARGE!!! For it's 'Up The Revolution' this week. The FAB Gang, which now includes the Radio Luxembourg lot, are jolly pleased about the exciting and controversial things young people are making happen these days. A brand new, better world is being created, and we're all having a bash at getting it really going!

**CHRISTINE BOWLER**

Trogs Reg Presley.



Trogs Chris Britton.



Trogs Ronnie Band.



Trogs Pat Staples.



**F**ANTASTIC new group. The Trogs, didn't mind at all when The Stones' new single, *Paint It Black* leapt ahead of them to No. One in the charts. They all agreed it was a knock-out disc!

"We think it's so great that it should go even higher than No. One!" Chris Britton, lead guitarist of The Trogs told me.

The boys, who start an eight-day tour of Scotland, on Friday the 10th of June are overwhelmed by the sudden rise to fame their own super disc, *Wild One*, has brought them. They're just about getting the feel of what it's like to leap all over the land doing one-nighters. On top of that they've been hard at work on an LP.

One person, however, doesn't share The Trogs enthusiasm about The Stones' *Paint It Black*. Luxembourg dee-jay, Stu Grundy, told me he thought it was a load of old rubbish!

"I hate this disc," he said, when we were chatting about the current scene. "In fact, there's a lot of rubbish reaching the top which doesn't belong there. In my opinion a disc has to do something—has to communicate. I think The Stones reached their peak with *Satisfaction*. I also think some of the tracks on The Stones' new LP, *Aftermath* are rubbishy, too," he said.

"Actually, we've all been having loads of arguments about this Indian influence at 208. I've been listening to Indian sounds for years, but this mixing it with pop is dreadful!"

PRODUCING an LP, is not quite as simple as you'd imagine. Not just a case of popping into the recording studios a few times with a damn or so tapes.

Dave Dee, Doty, Besky, Mick and Tich, whose first LP, is out this week, will definitely back me up on this.

Tich, the tiny one with the blond hair, had done a solo version of a song "007" written by the boys' recording manager, Steve Rowland. At the last minute Steve discovered there were copyright problems over using a James Bond number! What a drag!

But Steve speedily did a re-write job and whizzed the group back into the studio. On the record Tich can now be heard singing Double Agent.

There's also a solo for Besky—Moose for trouble. Is someone sending him up?

**I**'VE just had incredible news from the States! The Americans are sub-titling British film!

The reason for this strange procedure is that with films like *ANs*, with Cockney characters in them, Americans are finding it terribly hard to click with Cockney slang. It's all foreign to them!

Lulu hopes this won't be happening to her very first film. She's just started rehearsals for her part as a Cockney girl in *To Sir With Love*. And to avoid puzzling the Americans, yet again, she's being taught Cockney with a very mild accent!

## NEXT WEEK Feb-208

BRINGS

# NEWS FROM U.S.A

with full colour pin-ups of ELVIS PRESLEY, THE LOVIN' SPOONFUL, JOHN WALKER, THE BEACH BOYS, CHER and GENE PITNEY.

PLUS what you've all been waiting for... a SUPER DOUBLE PAGE COLOUR PIC OF LEE-MAJORS.

There will be lots of State-side news on your favourites, like The Lovin' Spoonful, George Hamilton, David McCallum, Elvis Presley and Mohammed Ali, plus Cassius "World Champ" Clay.

There will be delving into the new U.S.A. sound with The Mama's and The Papa's (the Monday, Monday people), Simon and Garfunkel and lots of others.

For all you Walker fans—Part 1 of JOHN WALKER's life story in our series starts with John as a baby, with lots of lovely baby pix and news from his mum. Cool!



# & BIGGEST AND BEST

THERE IS OUR FAB COMPETITION TO GO TO THE STATES TO MEET DAVID McCALLUM AND ROBERT VAUGHN. This is your very last chance to have a go, SO DON'T MISS IT!

Don't forget that FAB is your 208 programme guide, too, with all the inside gen straight from the folks at Luxembourg.

So put your order in now, on sale next Monday. Price 1s.

Flintway Publications Limited, 1966

**Hi there, as you can see we're feeling a bolshy this week. Right off all sorts of people, and I've an idea that they're probably the same kind of people you're off, too. We've felt at FAB-208 for ages that there's a lot of injustice as far as young people are concerned. They natter about your behaviour in public. What about, though, I ask you, the behaviour of a football crowd consisting of so-called responsible adults? There are dozens of other examples, but you'll find that the gang have sorted them out throughout the issue.**

**We're not being too bitter about it all on account of the fact it's all a bit of a giggle, really, isn't it? But let's all make a solemn resolution not to be all twisted about the young when we're old. Terrible thing is, I bet we are! Lav and stuff, The Ed.**

World Radio History

## COLOUR CONTENTS



L-R: Besky, Doty, Tich, Dave, Ronnie  
Dive and Nick by Fanny Adams

Raiding Stones by Michael Darling  
Robert Vaughn by Camera Press



Steve Winwood by Fanny Adams



Gary Lewis by Fanny Adams



David McCallum by Bill Francis



The Beatles by Bob Whiteaker



Feb 2001

# we're too young



They say it's great to be young, but is it? There are times when it's awful to be sixteen . . . when you're not a child and people won't accept that you could be anything else . . . when people won't take you seriously . . . when you're ready to shake the world and the world doesn't want to know. But not think this is a problem you can't share. Some of the biggest names in pop have been through exactly the same frustrations . . .

**A** MONTH ago, Stevie Winwood passed his eighteenth birthday. Stevie celebrated long and hard. It was a day he had looked forward to since he was six years old. The day when Stevie finally grew up in the eyes of the world.

Stevie didn't feel any different than when he was seventeen the day before. But people looked at him differently. Instead of calling him the boy wonder, they gave him the respect they would give a mature musician. Suddenly, he could go for a drink with his mates without fear of being turfed out by a letter-of-the-law landlord. Suddenly, he was someone.

But if seventeen had been a frustrating age for Stevie, sixteen had been even worse. The worst year of all. There he was, playing seven nights a week in clubs, doing a man's job, yet people would still say, "Of course, he's marvellous for his age." Stevie didn't want that. He just wanted to be accepted as a musician. He was disappointed because he had always thought that sixteen would be the turning point away from all that.

Stevie has been playing since he was six years old. He always wanted to be older. Even then, he wanted to be accepted on equal terms.

When Stevie was thirteen, his brother Muff formed The Muff Woody Jazz Band. Muff played banjo, and Stevie joined him on piano. Often, the group played in pubs. Stevie would hide behind the piano so that no-one would spot his short trousers.

Stevie wore his hair long, and there were words said about it at school. His parents backed him up. They didn't consider that people should be judged on how they wore their hair. And when people hinted that it wasn't good for Stevie to be out late at night, Mrs. Winwood retorted that if Stevie was a Boy Scout he would keep late hours at Scout meetings. ((Good for her!))

Of course, Stevie wasn't old enough to drive the group van when The Spencer Davis Group first started. The others would take it in turns on long hauls, and it was very tiring to watch Stevie blissfully sleeping in the back.

Sometimes the group would have to turn down good bookings because Stevie was under-age . . . so many party boys laws held them back.

When the group was offered bookings in Germany, Stevie had to go to court to ask for permission to make the trip. (George Harrison didn't when The Beatles first played Germany, and was deported for being under age!) The judge very graciously allowed

Stevie to go to Germany on condition that he reported to The British Consul on arrival, and appeared in court on his return. Just to prove that he was still in one piece.

All that is over now. Stevie can go wherever he likes, when he likes. He drives his own car, he passed his test first time—and in his own boss. Life is great for Stevie at sixteen.

Another showbiz Stevie has a right to revolt about the prejudice that seems to exist against the young. For Stevie Marriott, being a Small Face has increased the problem he already had to handle. The problem of being small and young-looking and not-to-be-taken-too-seriously. Stevie is nineteen now. His days as a child star are behind him . . . the days of *Oliver!* and drama school.

Stevie was a star at twelve. You can imagine what faws there were to "protect" him then. It was, don't do this, don't do that. There were laws going right back to the days of child labour in the mines! Today's young star just isn't exploited like that . . . there are too many sensible people around to see that doesn't happen.

It's great that the law protects the interests of the young, but must they go so far? Aren't you allowed to grow up at sixteen, and be responsible, and prepare to give something to society?

There are two showbiz Stevies who think you should.

**AND IF YOU THINK BDYS HAVE A PROBLEM**, think how hard it is for GIRLS to grow up in showbiz. When Lulu cuts her hair, it's a national event, with thousands of people saying what a sweet little girl Lulu had been with her long hair. Lulu didn't want to be a sweet little girl. The whole world has watched Hayley Mills grow up. Even now, people want her to play child star roles. Helen Shapiro is making a comeback . . . at nineteen!

When Helen was fifteen, she had two No. 1 hits, and topped the bill wherever she appeared. Yet Helen could never close a show. Yes, you've guessed . . . she wasn't allowed to be in a theatre after ten o'clock because she was under sixteen.

Now that dynamic Welsh miss Deano has the same problem. A *Juke Box Jury* panel reduced her to despair when they judged her record on her age instead of her talent.

People seem to think it wrong that her parents should allow her in show business at thirteen. Yet Deano is never left alone . . . Her parents are always with her . . . her tutee keeps her hard at work . . . she is never allowed to do too much.

"Why won't people let me do what I love to do," says Deano. "I'm not too young. No-one is."

**JUNE SUDTHORTH**  
*Deano.*

Corinne Richman, aged 15, of Sincclair Avenue, Banbury, Oxfordshire, sent us this exciting piece about Keith Relf of The Yardbirds. It wins her ten guineas.

## KEITH IN ACTION



**T**HE single spotlight threw a circle of dazzling white on to the slender figure standing at the central mike. All around was noise, harsh, raw, compelling sound, the sound of the blues. In the middle of the stage stood the ringer, pale gold hair fluffing around his shoulders, thin body bunched forward so that his mouth was barely two inches from the microphone. This was Keith Relf.

The first time I saw him was at Coventry in May, a long time ago now—all of four months. The Yardbirds were then part of The Kinks' tour, closing the first half of the show and The Kinks the second half. The Yardbirds came on stage to a poor reception, which was saddening as they were easily the most exciting group in the show. They swung into their opening number.

From the first note the complete atmosphere changed as the dim, smoke-filled hole that was the theatre snapped alive in an electric, pulsating sound. The close, humid atmosphere crackled with raw, vibrant life; wall of harp, thump and pound of bass, crash and thunder and hiss of drums and cymbals, staccato thrum and twang of guitars, one lone voice crying the lyrics over faulty microphones and amplifiers. The stifling air seemed to dance and throbb with pure blues, fluid notes. The most blue-sounding were in action.

The only reward they got was a spasmodic burst of lukewarm applause and a few stifled screams.

Still they went on, the sharp noise of their music cutting the air like a knife. The wall of the harp as the notes slid shrieked in the metallic vibration of the mike. The sound played weird tricks with my pulse. A flickering shadow danced behind Keith like a grotesque puppet as he moved, silky hair forming a halo around his white face, his eyes closed as he dug himself into the effort of making the audience respond, tell him they liked what he was doing.

I wondered if Keith had seen me, but then in the darkness I was only another face in the crowd. And I thought of the times when he had sung his heart out in the London clubs, going on when he knew he should stop, until finally he collapsed once too often, victim of a perforated lung.

With fame has come the screaming. People know that The Yardbirds are good, that they are worth listening to. Their records are reasonably commercial, but their stage material is rhythm and blues. "The Soul is a word you hear a lot these days, but it can't be copied or faked. Soul comes from inside, something you can't explain. And soul is Keith Relf."

Stevie Marriott.

# PART 2—THE LIFE STORY OF THE WALKER BROTHERS

This week Gary's girlfriend tells us—and him—a few home truths about what it's like dating a Walker. Also, more info from his Ma back home in California U.S.A.

ONE of the nice things about The Walker Brothers, is that each in turn seems to be the most popular. Sometimes it's Scott, sometimes it's John and at the moment it is Gary who seems to be gaining ground.

He was very good at maths at school, and mathematically speaking he explains why The Walkers are the top. "We came up with K," he said. "It's always there but you never know where it is."

Gary's a very brainy boy and he used to study aero-space technology until his ambition to become an airline pilot went kaput.

But that doesn't mean he's the studious type. Far from it. "I'm always fooling around," he says.

That's Gary's way of relieving the tension that always shrouds a top pop star.

The day we met he said he was feeling "very strange" but that was probably because they'd had to get up "early"—at one o'clock—for a photo call.

"I thought I wouldn't get along with the other two when we first joined up, but I used to share a one-room flat with Scott and we got along perfectly."

"We are at a funny stage right now—it makes me nervous." But it was only the strain of constant one night stands that was beginning to tell because in general The Walkers get along as well, if not far better, than if they were really brothers.

Everyone says that Gary is the easiest to get on with, the least temperamental and the one with his

feet planted most firmly on the ground.

And his mother, Mrs. Violet Leeds, who let us borrow these terrific pictures of him, says, "We are very proud that Gary is our son because he has always shown us the greatest consideration, he is well-mannered, he has the ability to make friends and keep them, and he will almost always consider the welfare of other people before his own—something which has often made him come off worst."

Gary Leeds started on the road to becoming a Walker long before he left school.

The first group he formed was called The Beltones and the school newspaper headline was "Beltones Making It Big!"



Gary, seen here with his friend, American composer, Soupy Sales, whilst on holiday in Palm Springs, U.S.A.

Gary has always loved music and used to play at night clubs all the time he was at college.

"He used to be in the school bands," his mother says. "And he could hardly contain himself and not play what he wanted."

"One day while he was playing the drums in the band at a football game he gave in to this urge!

"After that he formed a group of his own and was able to express himself at the proper time and place."

It sounds as if Gary's always fooling around but that's not strictly true, as his mother told us. "He has a serious side which he seldom reveals to anyone outside his family."

"One example which is very clear in our memory is that one Christmas when he was asked what he would like he said he would like a Bible instead of toys. So we gave him one."

Last week I mentioned how good he was with animals and how keen on sports he used to be, but they aren't the only hidden talents of this particular Walker. Gary is a good photographer and, like Scott, is good at art. Naturally his Mum is dead proud of him and here's what she has to say:

"We feel Gary is much too modest for a person who has so many talents, music, flying, art, photography, etc. Gary has always had the ability to accomplish anything he sets his mind to do."

And that will include marriage when he makes up his mind to take the plunge.

"I would like to get married," said Gary. "But finding the girl who can take it all... they crack up after a few months when they really start liking you... it's difficult... I can't stand it when they start acting up... and getting mad."

"I think 'Get out! Get out!' And with a lot of girls you wonder if they like you or like what you are."

"I prefer to stick with one girl, you get more out of the relationship."

I met the lucky girl Gary has been going steady with for a year now in the front room of her parents' flat just round the corner from Gary's.

She's a sweet girl nineteen this month and used to work as a hospital laboratory assistant. She's got lovely long blonde hair and wears mini skirts and false eyelashes but no other make-up.

"I met Gary through a friend of mine who knew Scott. She just phoned me up one Sunday afternoon to make up a foursome. It was a blind date and there was another girl there when I arrived so I nearly went back home!"

"This girl friend of mine used to annoy me because she was always talking about all the pop stars she knew."

"At that first meeting I was acared and I felt very embarrassed because I could not understand his accent, but he was so easy to get on with."

"I liked him but I didn't think he would see anything in me so when he phoned a few days later I was surprised... and thrilled, too!"

"He's a terribly generous person. At Christmas he bought me a beautiful black and white fur coat and when we go to the pictures—horror ones mostly—he gets loaded up with chocolate and nuts and things."

"At first my parents were a bit dubious about me going out with a pop star but he charms everyone. Now he often comes round here and chats to my mother."

"I don't know why we get on exactly, but we do, very well. We're laughing most of the time, he's great fun."

"He's always playing jokes like wearing hairy masks and imitating monsters."

"If I ever get annoyed he won't argue, he will keep me quiet and make me lose my anger. He is never argumentative."

"I would never ask him not to go out with other girls. I try, as he puts it, to play it very cool."

"But I tell him honestly what I think when he is on teary because I don't think it is right to butter him up. You really know, maybe I can help."

"He is honest, too, about my clothes and he's making me grow my hair as long as I can. Also he teases me about being fat."

"We've never talked about marriage but he's the sort of person I would like to marry."

**Next Week: It's John's turn, and the spotlight will be on him. With another great scoop of pictures and inside information from his family.**

It's Christmas morning in the Leeds home, and teenage Gary is seeing what Santa Claus has brought him.

HEATHER KIRBY

going  
with  
GARY



WHO is television for? The pinnied ninnies who watch *Coronation Street*? Or the Darby and Joan age tearaways who get their kicks out of *Dixon of Dock Green*?

Now before anybody starts shouting let's make it quite clear that WE don't care two hoots what they or anybody else watch. Everybody is his own taste.

Just look what the telly men are doing to us at the moment.

Scrapped—*Danger Man* because it's such a success. They can't have that you see.

Axed—*The Avengers* with the grooviest chick on TV, Diana Rigg. Maybe it'll come back. Maybe with Diana if they pay her what she's worth. If they won't she don't. Good for her, I say. Why should she get less than some nincompoop appearing on the *Eamonn Andrews Show*?

Cancelled—*Lee Majors*, handsome, rugged, straight, and of course popular otherwise we'd still be getting him like we still get Lucille Ball.

Written off—Alexis Kanner, the only thing worth watching in *Sally Sofky*, one of the softy softest programmes about the police we've seen yet. But, because between us we wrote about 700 letters a week to him, he had to go.

Coming—*U.N.C.L.E.* Yes! Even the most fabulous show of all is taking a holiday. How long will it

# DOWN WITH SMELLY TELLY

last? The B.B.C. say, "Don't know."

Well, they'd rotten well better find out quick because it may come as a shock to them, but we love illy summer and winter alike.

More nasty news. *Top of the Pops* is nearing the end of its run and *Juke Box Jury* goes back into its box this month. Not that we're saying these were tops, but they were on our wavelength.

Now I know why a television set is called an idiot box. Do the idiots who control our viewing think we all leap around a tennis court just because it's June?

Or perhaps they imagine we're all lying back in boats being paddled by beaux in boats?

Clearly they don't think at all. Clearly they're a crummy bunch of weirdies who are so old they think records are something kept in the British Museum.

And that's where I'd like to stick some of their so-called family entertainment shows. It's always those ones that seem to get into the Top Ten.

In my opinion the families who watch them must have minds like *The Munsters*.

Why don't you come out of your dim, dark holes you telly bosses and see how gay and young the world outside your 21-in. screen is?

What's the matter? Scared to face the pop-music? Or do you think we're going to pelt you with a few home truths?



Neil Aspinall, road manager to *The Beatles* continues his story.

## THAT BEATLE TOUR

There are no strikes in the Beatle camp, everyone works hard—especially when the boys are starting off on a nationwide tour.

"I'll continue with my day-to-day diary. This is Wednesday, December 1st, 1965, and *The Beatles* are starting off tomorrow on a tour of the U.K. They're already rehearsing hard for nearly five hours and they'll be hungry."  
"How's your kitchen there, Neil?" hinted George.  
"While they get on with it's *Can Work It Out*, I started cooking a lot of eggs and bacon. The idea was to get together eight eggs, plenty of bacon and some chips."  
"I'm no expert when it comes to being chef and I had to start shoving stuff in the oven to keep warm while I tackled the rest part of the meal."  
"Then things got out of hand."  
"I'll just take a couple of eggs from the oven," said Paul, grabbing a plate and getting the name.  
"Ringo popped his head round the door and followed Paul's car as all the eggs were disappearing faster than I could fry them."  
"I was trying to do twenty thousand things at once."  
"Bubbling bread... boiling water for the tea... peeling more potatoes for the



chips... breaking extra eggs into the pan. It was chaos!  
"Suddenly, just as I thought everyone had been satiated, *Paul* came into the kitchen."  
"Where's my noah, then? Don't I get anything to eat?"  
"But I thought..."  
"No, I didn't get any."  
George joined in: "I've only had three eggs."  
"Where are the chips, Neil?"  
"For the next two hours, I just kept on was cooking more and more food until there was nothing left."  
"Each plate was emptied as fast as I filled it!"

At seven thirty the boys stopped work to watch themselves on television's *Top Of The Pops*. It was an insert they'd filmed for the programme a week earlier. *During the Day Tripper* sequence, Ringo had grabbed a saw and started breaking up the four boys fell about with laughter!  
"It's time we got on the road."  
"No more chips?" asked John.

"When we get to Scotland," I replied. The rehearsal instruments were loaded into the boot of the Princess which wouldn't close properly because of all the baggage.  
"Just for the record I'll list all the stuff we're taking to Scotland—including the equipment which Mal took with him."  
George has three guitars, including his 12-stringer. John and Paul are taking two each. We're taking six complete sets of suits with extra pairs of pants.  
There are six amplifiers and six huge loudspeakers, including spares of each.  
We've got a total of forty shirts, two dozen sets of square drumsticks, Ringo's drum-kit with complete accessory store which has spare stands, whigs, pedals and so on.  
There's the special "change-rings" ambulance fitting which Ringo had made up yesterday—he'll need that for one number only and that is *Day Tripper*.  
For the first time on a British tour we've got an electric organ for Paul's *Yesterday*. John uses it on *I'm Down* and *My Car Won't Run*.  
Incidentally, the very first time the boys ever used an organ to concert was at Shea

Stadium in New York last August.  
Because of snow warnings, Alf has got hold of chains for the Princess. Also an assortment of picks, shovels and ropes.  
"Every time we go on the road I load up an electric kettle, a toaster and a hairdryer. We're not to use them, because food got a tad on all the theatres!"

WE drove straight up England through the night, heading for Berwick-on-Tweed which is less than a hundred miles from Glasgow. We'll complete the last lap of the journey tomorrow.  
"During any long car journey, the boys try to stay awake. They have falling asleep because they feel worse when they open their eyes again a couple of hours later."  
"Everyone is too tired for deep discussion, so it is light small-talk conversation all the way."  
We keep the radio on until the last of the late-night stations goes off the air.  
"The extra armchair fitted in the back of the Princess isn't a total success. To make use of the arm rests you need to be a contortionist who likes to ride with one elbow stuck way up high in the air!"  
In a final attempt to stay awake, the boys keep a dim light on in the back.  
"I wish something exciting would happen," mutters John.  
"Yes, where's all the snow the effect told us about?" asks Ringo.  
"That would be great. I'd like to see a bit of snow," agrees John.  
"I think we're missing it," shouts Alf from behind the steering wheel. "I've read to take the best route."  
"Suddenly a big truck behind us starts flashing his lights like mad. Alf pulls us and gets out to see what's wrong."  
"Didn't you hear it fall off?" yells the lorry driver.  
"What?" says Alf.  
"One of them banjo things. It fell off the back of your car a couple of miles back."  
John, Paul and George look at each other.  
"Hell!" says George. "It'll be it's my 12-stringer."

Neil Aspinall will be continuing his diary the week after next, so look out for it.

Next week: A report about *The Beatles* and their American fans by their U.S. Fan Club Sec.



**T**HE Kinks were doing a ballroom date at one of those places with pop art decor and fancy facilities. But backstage there was just one dressing-room. The minute The Kinks rolled up, the resident band leapt into the room, took out all their belongings and piled them on the stage.

When The Kinks asked why, they were told that the band had heard they thieved things, set fire to curtains and threw mikes across the stage. When The Kinks were convinced it wasn't all one big tasteless joke, they complained bitterly to the management for allowing such rumours to circulate unchecked. They received a polite apology. But it really didn't help.

Their pride had been hurt because people had thought badly of them before they had even met. They can be hurt, you see. Something which older people seem to forget.

Pete Quaife, who is a fair-minded, honest person, sometimes finds it hard to take.

"They have so little tact, the older people," he said. "Young people would never say some of the things the older generation say to us."

I don't have much contact with older people—it hardly seems fair to comment—but they seem bitter when they see young people running around enjoying themselves. Most of them have never been farther than Boulogne, and we've been round the world twice already. It must make them feel they've missed out.

"There aren't many older people where I live. They usually like doing the looking behind curtain bit, and they give me funny looks if we meet in the street, but that's all."

"The most famous guy in this business, when groups talk together, is the stage door keeper. They're always very old guys. Usually, they're courteous, but you can see you've only to put one little

toe out of line and there'll be trouble. We deliberately put our whole body out of line.

"Perhaps we shouldn't. But some of them go a bit far. You're outside the stage door being torn to pieces and they won't let you in because you haven't got your little pink ticket. I get angry then."

**T**HE older people get, the more sensitive they seem to be. Take the day The Kinks dropped into The Blue Bear on their way down the M1 from Manchester to London.

"There were three of us," said Pete, "Me, Mick and our road manager. People were walking round with their braces showing, and we were quietly taking the mick among ourselves. Rude, perhaps, but we didn't mean people to hear."

"Suddenly, a bloke behind us started on about 'we won the war so that people like you could come to places like this.' We all laughed. Then we ignored him. He left. When we went out a few minutes later, he was waiting for us on the motorway in his van—a van just like ours. We set off, and he drove alongside us, trying to push us into the verge, and that sort of thing. It was so childish. We put our foot down and shot away."

We won the war for people like you... the same old cliché. Pete, bending over backwards to find some excuse for the

oldsters' attitude, thinks "the war" is responsible for much of the intolerance of the old for the young.

"They had a bad time. But it's a bit of a drag for us. We don't know anything about the war. We weren't here."

And while the old ones are reminiscing about the last war the young are doing something constructive by their concern to avoid another one. They really care.

Pete Quaife is someone who really cares. He cares about being liked ("I hated all that bad publicity we had"); he cares about his career (We did *Dedicated Follower* as a humorous thing and some old bloke whose idol was probably warbling away at a piano twenty years ago wrote 'what-ever happened to music?'); and he cares about being the butt of comedians' dated jokes.

"Some of them do really funny send-ups that make us laugh. But some comedians are forty years out of date. They're still reckoning we're at the rocker plus one stage, that we can't sing, and that we play three chords. They're losers."

"When Eskimos start fading off, they walk out on to the ice and wait for death. I'm not suggesting we do that. I think we need more understanding between young and old."

"You must give older people licence. I'm sure you'll just like them!"

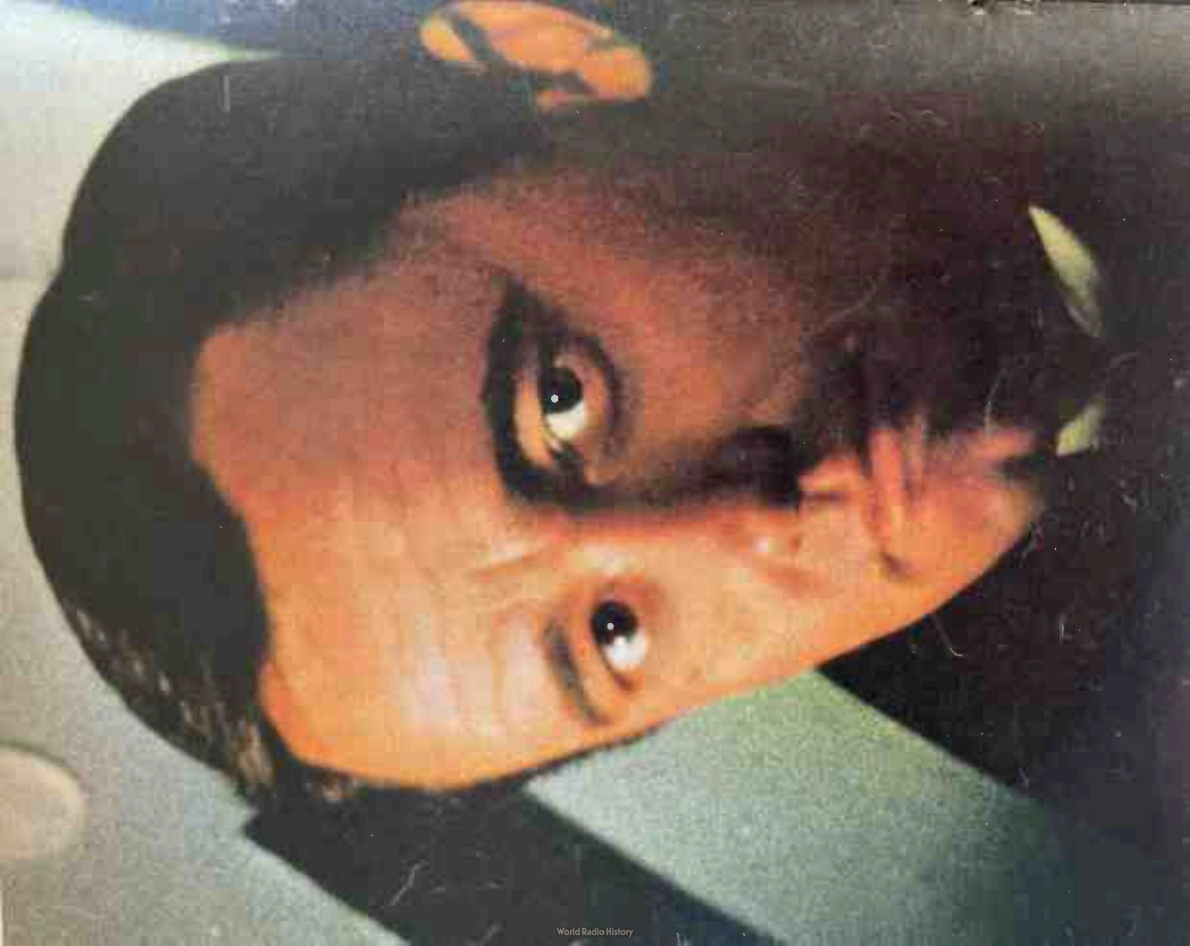
# WHY DON'T THEY UNDERSTAND?

**I**T'S been the cry from the heart of young people since time began. The cry that asks why don't they understand? "They" being the older generation, who sometimes don't seem to understand at all. Most older folk come to terms with the young, but there are some who don't try. These are the ones who pick on the idols of the young as if they are symbols of everything they hate in young people. The Kinks have been particularly hard-hit by this, and Pete Quaife has plenty to say about it all...



Fab 208 | The Beatles







# STAR WALKER

If you want to be really on the ball regarding all the latest discs, start reading right here. Our up-to-the-minute disc columnist, Ken Bow, has sorted out all the latest and best of the Editorial side of FAB-208. Luxembourg and freelance DJ's make the 208 choice, too. And don't forget to fill in YOUR Disco-Tip right now. Results next week.

● Just relaxed—a long-awaited new record from those fantastic Walker Brothers. The boys have recorded an EP *I Need You* (Philips) and it's so good that almost any of the four tracks could have been "A" side singles. Favorites are the sensitive *Looking For Me* by a wonderful American composer called Randy Newman and beautiful *Young Man Cried*, which Scott wrote with his recording manager Johnny Franz.

● Jimmy Winston, who used to be one of The Small Faces, makes a likely-sounding solo debut with *Sorry—She's Mine* (Decca), written by Kenny Lynch, who, as usual, has as much success with this as he did with *She La La La Lee*.

● Gene Pitney is, of course, a good bet for the charts with *Nobody Needs Your Love* (Stateside) and I feel his records are showing a tendency towards sameness. He could do with another *Tuba*.

● Also dipping into the rewarding Italian song bag is Cilla Black whose *Don't Answer Me* (Parlophone) shouldn't break the winning streak she's been on lately. Wonder if she'll do as well as Dusty did with her recent best-seller, which also originated in Italy?

● There's going to be a battle of the Batmans as the companies rush in with records to coincide with the beginning of the television series, which will definitely become the new "in" programme. There are big-band versions of the theme from *Nelson Riddle* (Stateside) and *Neal Hefti* (RCA), a teen-beat arrangement from *The Marcels* (Poly) and a vocal version from *Jan and Dean* (Liberty). Which one will be the most popular is anybody's guess.

● Man everybody in the pop business is talking about these days is the Indian Ravi Shankar, whose star playing has caused *George Harrison*, *Brian Jones* and *Jeff Beck* to record this strange multi-stringed instrument on record. *Ravi*, currently visiting this country, has his first-ever single released, entitled *Song From The Hills* (Fontana). It's weird, but not too way out, and I don't be surprised to see it sell.

● I have a hunch that *Susan Maughan* might soon find herself back in the charts. She's never sold as good as *Bobby's Girl*—until now, that is, for she has recorded a fantastic new *Burt Bacharach* song called *Come And Get Me* (Philips). At first hearing it sounds too complicated to be a hit—but wait until you've heard it a few times. It really is a winner.

KEN BOW



**TONY HALL'S CHOICE**  
*River Deep, Mountain High— Ike and Tina Turner (London)*  
Tony says: Believe me, this is a real knock-out record and I reckon it's Phil Spector's most creative production and since he came up with *The Righteous Brothers* You've got to register him in our charts. I've got a feeling that this could be the disc to give him the breakthrough that they more than deserve. I'll be doing it—hope you will too!



**PETE BRADY'S CHOICE**  
*Don't Answer Me—Cilla Black (Parlophone)*  
Pete says: Well, cousin, I'm not a rich man, but I'm ready to state my last penny on this one. Man, what a voice Cilla has. Every time she puts a disc out you say to yourself that it just can't be as good as her last one and then as soon as you hear it you find you're wrong again. Anybody calling at the Pete Brady homebased is gonna find *Don't Answer Me* playing on and over again and if it doesn't make the top three then there ain't no justice left. So c'mon, cousins. Let's make it a big one.



**DON WARDELL'S CHOICE**  
*Sunny Afternoon—The Kinks (Poly)*  
Don says: This just has to be a big one—not only because it's The Kinks, although with a fan following as large as theirs it's almost impossible to make a miss, but also because it's a knock-out song. Reminds me of *The Lovin' Spoonful* in parts as it moves along at an easy-going pace, and like all Kinks' records it's excellently produced. *Sunny Afternoon* makes you think of the summer sun and all nice things like that, but in my book it's a great big hit whatever the weather!



**SIMON DEE'S CHOICE**  
*Nobody Needs Your Love—Gene Pitney (Stateside)*  
Simon says: Must admit that I wasn't too keen on Gene's last hit, *Backstage*, but I loved this one the first time I heard it. As usual, the song is given a very emotional treatment by Gene and I can see all the Pitney fans making this a real chart breaker. Thinking back I just can't remember the last Gene Pitney record that didn't get into the hit parade and when you hear discs like this one it's not hard to realise why. Take my word and buy it—it'll be money well spent.



**TOMMY VANCE'S CHOICE**  
*Baby's One—Graham Bonney (Columbia)*  
*Super Girl* had her wings clipped in full flight and crash landed, but not before putting the name of Graham Bonney into the pop lights. Graham's latest is *Baby's One* and like hair, it grows on you. Starts rather slow and then goes on to build into a very powerful beat ballad. Should win the Bonney boy a lot of new fans and once long the song in their minds it should take a very smooth trip up the charts. Also like to remind you about Graham's first LP, *Super Girl*—it's a gas!

- 6.00 THE WORLD TOMORROW
- 7.30 DISC DRIVE  
Introduced by Tommy Vance  
(The Records Ltd.)
- 7.45 LET'S TAKE A SPIN  
with David Jacobs  
(E.M.I. Records Ltd.)
- 8.00 YOUR DATE AT EIGHT  
with David Jacobs  
(E.M.I. Records Ltd.)
- 8.30 THE BOB HOSS SHOW  
(E.M.I. Records Ltd.)
- 9.00 BATTLE OF THE GIANTS  
Presented by a reference  
contest on record between  
GEOFFREY PAME  
versus  
JAMES BROWN  
(Innocent Records Ltd.)
- 9.15 KIDNEY YOUR MONEY  
Introduced by Hughie Green  
(E.M.I. Records Ltd.)
- 9.45 SPOTLIGHT A STAR  
Presented by Pete Brady  
(Vick Commercial)

- 10.00 TOP POPs  
Presented by Peter Murray  
(Vocal Hit Drawing)
- 10.30 Oooooo... IT'S MONDAY  
AND TIME FOR  
HIT PARADE  
Introduced by Jack Jackson  
(Columbia-Parlophone)
- 11.00 THAT BOY,  
THOSE GROOVES  
with Dean Wright  
(D.O.D. Co. Ltd.)
- 11.15 PEPSI-COLA CLUBLAND  
(The Pepsi-Cola Bottling Co. Ltd.)
- 11.30 POPS TILL MIDNIGHT  
(Presented by Alan Freeman  
(Mercury Ltd.))
- 12.00 MUSIC IN THE NIGHT  
with Stuart Green
- 3.00 a.m.—Close Down

**PETE BRADY** hits the top at 8.45 tonight, when he'll be spotlighting the one and only fab four Beatles and, of course, spinning their fantastic new disc, Paperback Writer.

John, Paul, George and Ringo have been hard at work during the last few weeks filming their TV spots to promote the disc (not that they'll have to rely on this as a hit—there must be thousands of Beatles' fans who would buy the record without even hearing it) and one of the location spots chosen was the grounds of Chiswick House, London.

Seems that within minutes the news of the boys being there had spread rapidly and before long there was a crowd of around a hundred and fifty clamouring to get a glimpse of the elusive Beatles; and who can blame them. We see so little of the boys these days, that it's almost a national event when they make an appearance.

Quite a number of the fans were school children, who by some strange coincidence just don't feel well enough to make it back to school that afternoon (Beatle accident strikes again).

When the recording was over The Beatles spent some time chatting to fans and were only too pleased to sign autographs. Here's one group that success hasn't changed.

Wonder what apology for absence notes some school teachers received the next day?

# THURSDAY 9th.

**THE** second SPOTLIGHT A STAR show of the week will be on our transmitters at 9.45 this evening and you'll get the chance to catch up on the smooth surfing sounds of the fantastic Jan and Dean.

Actually the two boys are somewhat of a mystery over here for although their discs sell in big quantities they haven't yet been over to let us catch what everyone says is a knock-out stage act.

Jan and Dean, full names Jan Berry and Dean Torrence have been top names in The States since about 1958 and to get the sound they wanted on their discs a lot of their earlier recordings were done in a garage in Los Angeles.

Not a bad gimmick eh? Quite recently, as you'll probably know, the two boys were involved in a very bad road accident and, in fact, Jan was seriously injured. I'm sure you'll join Pete Brady (who presents tonight's show) and myself in wishing him a very speedy recovery and let's hope he'll be back on stage very soon.

- 6.00 RADIO BIBLE CLASS
- 7.30 DISC DRIVE  
Introduced by Barry Albin  
(Poly Records Ltd.)
- 7.45 LET'S TAKE A SPIN  
Introduced by Stuart Greenly  
(E.M.I. Records Ltd.)
- 8.00 TONIGHT'S SPINALL  
Introduced by Barry Albin  
(E.M.I. Records Ltd.)
- 8.15 TOP POP-TITE TOP NEWS  
Introduced by Danny Ferry  
(D.O.D. Co. Ltd.)
- 8.30 THURSDAY'S REQUESTS  
Introduced by Stuart Greenly  
(E.M.I. Records Ltd.)
- 8.45 There's a meet  
KEITH FORDyce  
9.00 DAVID JACOBS  
STARTLINE  
(E.M.I. Records Ltd.)
- 9.30 THE CATM MCGOWAN SHOW  
Goodman's Comic  
(Temp Post)

- 9.45 SPOTLIGHT A STAR  
Presented by Pete Brady  
(Vick Commercial)
- 10.00 THE TINKY HOUR HOUR  
(E.M.I. Records Ltd.)
- 10.30 WALKER BROTHERS  
(Poly Records Ltd.)
- 11.00 BRITAIN'S NEWSPAPER'S  
POP PARADE  
Introduced by Brian Hawthorn  
(D.O.D. Co. Ltd.)
- 11.15 JIMMY SAVILES' "15"  
with W. Morrison & Co. Ltd.)
- 11.30 POPS TILL MIDNIGHT  
Presented by Alan Freeman  
(Mercury Ltd.)
- 12.00 MUSIC IN THE NIGHT  
with Tommy Vance
- 12.30 MUSIC FOR SOPHISTICATES  
with Alan Oat (E.M.I. Rec. Ltd.)
- 1.00 MUSIC IN THE NIGHT  
3.00 a.m.—Close Down

## DISCO-POP

### FABBIES-JOIN THE TOP POP PICKERS!

EVERY week FAB is going to print YOUR special Top Ten chosen by YOU, the FAB readers! Just fill in the title and the artist of the best new single you've heard this week—one you think MUST make the charts. Stick this form on a postcard and send to: FABULOUS, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. We'll be printing your top DISCO-TIPS regularly from next week.

CUT AROUND DOTTED LINE

### MY TIP FOR THE TOP 10

(TITLE)

(ARTIST)

Usual Signature

ITS 66

(Each FAB-208 reader is allowed only one vote. Past your form to arrive by THURSDAY, 16th June, to qualify for inclusion in the voting.)





**SSH!**  
**TOP**  
**SECRET**  
**STUFF!**

Fl, fie, fo, fum, the girls are on the trail.

They're snitching HIS alter shave as a body lotion. All zingy and crap. They're taking HIS talc—so sensible and fresh without being cloying. They're even stealing HIS shampoo

—the one packed in the mock cartridge case. Very exciting. It's even better on a woman's hair. Goes by the manly name of 12 Bore. (Lovely loot, lolly-wise each item's 7s. 6d. After Shave and Talc are also packed in mock cartridge cases.)

Secretly, the girls are slipping a couple of drops of Eye Dew into each eye for added sparkle and refreshment. It also gives the whites a blue tinge and highlights the natural colour. (They don't tell the boys a word of this. It's super confidential.)

For little girls who like the Modesty

Bleise combat gear, there's a new Modesty Pink lipstick (Boots Number Seven, 4s.) and nail colour to go with it (3s.). It's a cool pink with a flash of dangerous red.

In emergencies, go girls use a man's razor (manual or electric) for removing leg and underarm hair. Very quick, very dandy.

Tomboy types who are girлие girls at heart will welcome Supernatural nail colour. It's creamy and natural-looking, specially if you only use one coat. Comes in Creamy colours of Natural, Pink, Candy, Beige and Tan. (Miners. 1s. 9d. each.)

Bravest girls borrow grandad's pair of hairbrushes and brush their locks with those. Does the job double fast and it's exciting—because grandad might catch you!

BETTY HALE

● Best girl, Diane South, in a man's paisley suit, raises her straw trilby to the "opposition." In the person of Mick Evans, of The Action, who looks on appreciatively—even though he may think it would look even better on a man. Both outfits by Brent. Paisley jacket costs £6 19s. 6d.; trousers, 69s. 6d.; Mick's Jubilee blazer, £9 15s.; mohair trousers, 99s. 6d. Hat by Cecil Gee, 25s. Ear-rings by Jewcraft, 10s. 6d. Inset picture reveals Diane's sweater from Brent at 65s.



● It's no good arguing with a traffic warden, even if she's wearing a shirt—and you are in trousers. Diane makes a bold attempt, aided by fellow Best Girl, Felicity Colby. Diane is in a linen knit shirt with pink bohemian wreath pattern, both from Cecil Gee. Pants, 5 gns; shirt, £4 9s. 6d. Felicity's cap is also from Cecil Gee. Pants, 5 gns; shirt, by Sabre, is 39s. 11d. The girls' ear-rings come from Corcoran, Diane's 12s. 6d., Felicity's, 7s. 6d.



Pictures specially taken for F&A-201  
by Cal Thompson

They used to chain themselves to railings and generally make a scene. But fashionable suffragettes are fighting a bloodless revolution without banners, noise or fuss, the girls are moving in on what used to be the boys' domain. All the clothes on these pages were made by man . . . with man in mind. And look who's wearing them—super girls!



# OUR BUTCHERY MANAGER



● Close up of Felicity's Op art "T" shirt with the big black target motif.

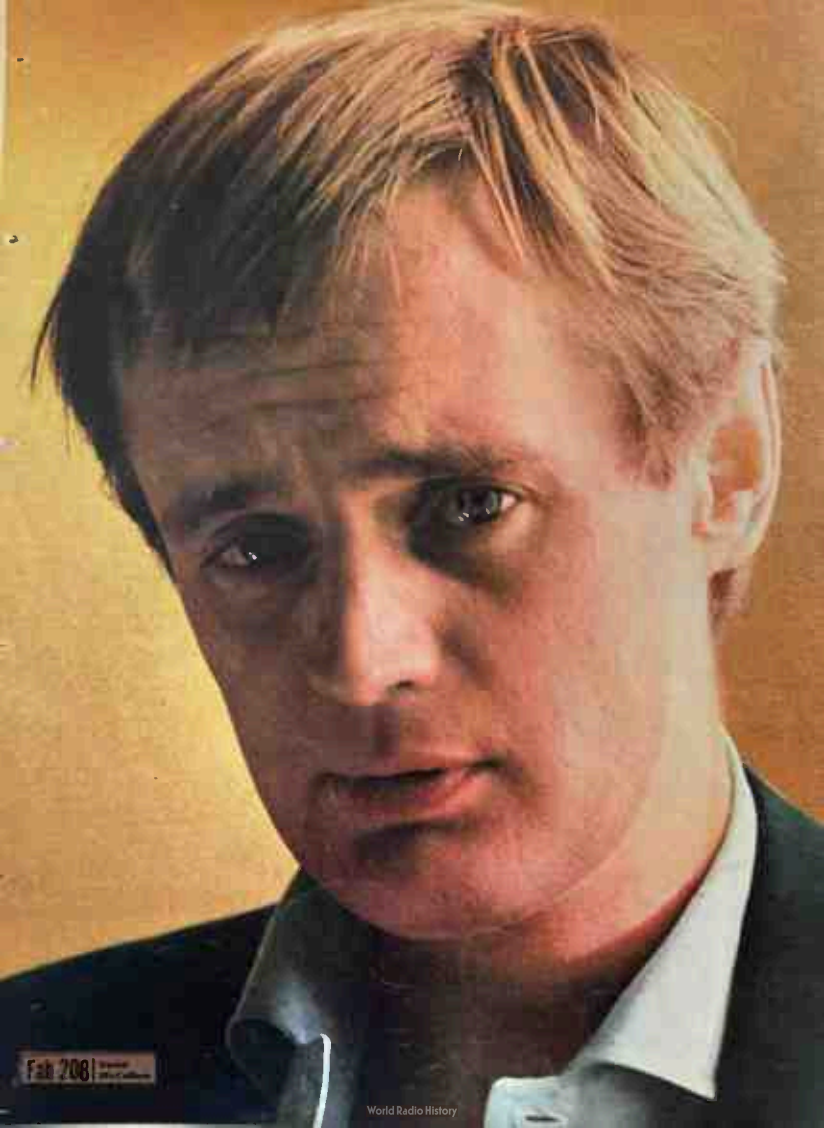
● A butcher-boy may handle an axe with more aplomb, but he would not look so good as Felicity in her butcher trousers, traffic signal "T" shirt and boater. All by Brent, trousers cost 59s. 6d.; shirt, 12s. 11d.; boater, 42s. 6d.

*For rockists of these boys' clothes, write to the Fashion Desk, Fabulous-208, Fire-tway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.*

Fashion Ed. Jill Evans, last seen goose-stepping it, with bomb in hand—and man in mind.



**DANGER!  
WOMEN  
AT WORK**



Feb 2081



# FLY WITH FAB TO HOLLYWOOD

and a warm welcome from  
David McCallum and  
Robert Vaughn, famous  
U.N.C.L.E. stars—  
travelling BOAC, of course!

Another  
opportunity  
to make your  
dreams  
come true!



Our terrific competition is still open, and whether you entered last week or not, you can still use the coupon on this page to try for that trip of a lifetime.

PLEASE NOTE...

The final entry coupon will appear next week, giving you extra opportunities to win this wonderful prize. You may save the coupons and send them in together if you wish!

The winner goes flying off to Hollywood in a BOAC Jet-Bone 737 jetliner next October or November. A complete FABULOUS 208 staff to set as travelling companions. A complete guide to spend several days in that fantastic city of entertainment. But it's not all the things that have been dreamed of. The trip will be the one in U.N.C.L.E. stars in person!

FABULOUS 208 pays all the bills—travel, hotel, out-of-pocket, the lot, and even provides the winner with some new clothes and personal spending money. And there's £50 in other prize money for the runner-up. Read the instructions very carefully and get busy, someone has to win, and it could be you!

CUT ROUND HERE

## FABULOUS—208 TRIP TO HOLLYWOOD

Number your answers 1 to 10 DOWN the columns. Entry Fee: 6d each column attempt, or 6 attempts for 2s.

Good looks	Sex appeal	Charm	Reliability	Humour	Courtesy	Friendliness	Determination	Intelligence	Kindness

6d. 6d. 6d. 6d. FREE

I enclose a postal order, serial number

In entering this competition I agree to the rules as stated and binding.

Signed Miss Mrs. Mr.

Full Address

**HOW TO ENTER** Fill in the entry coupon and fill of the questions illustrated with David McCallum. All you have to do is to write the number you think the most likely to be the answer. U.N.C.L.E. stars. For example, if you think "reliability" is David McCallum's most outstanding quality, write 1 in the space opposite that in the first column. Then 2 in the same column opposite your first choice and so on up to 10.

The entry fee is 6d. for each column attempt—but if you make three attempts, the fee you are entitled to two extra attempts free.

Remittance must be made by postal order, made payable to Farnham Publications Ltd., and crossed at Cash. Complete the coupon and send it to the Editor with your full name and address. Cut round the bottom line and post the coupon with your money to a bank or post office (see below).

FABULOUS 208 Trip to Hollywood

U.N.C.L.E. Publications, Farnham, S. C.

Enter or make serial and money order, dated Tuesday, 24 June 1966, the closing date. Entry attempts will be reckoned on the date indicated on the coupon when it is drawn. The prize will be sent to the winner's home address. In the event of a tie, the runner-up will be selected by a random test will be held among the entries.

The winner will be notified and the result published in FABULOUS 208 in the next issue. Entry will be limited to those living in the United Kingdom, excluding possessions of the Isle of Man, published in last week's issue of FABULOUS 208 dated 4th June 1966.

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Post to: Fabulous 208 Trip to Hollywood  
16-17, Farnham Street, London E.C.4  
Closing Date: Tuesday, June 21, 1966

## WALKER BROTHERS ON PALLADIUM

The Walker Brothers are to make an appearance at the London Palladium on Wednesday night. And they are very likely to give a good account of themselves.

Cliffie Williams has written a new tune for the Walker Brothers. It is called "The Walker Brothers' New Tune" and it is a very good one. It is a very good one.

## NEW BABY SISTER FOR HERMAN

Stephen's parents got their fourth daughter, Eve Herman, a new 9 1/2 baby sister on Wednesday May 11. When things are going well, she is a very good girl.

Other two are Diana, Frances and Susan, who's new, a model and she can hold a match fan and from The Stars to Big Brother!

## BIG MOMENT FOR PETE

Big moment for Crispin St. James as he took his first steps (19th, 10th, 10th, 10th) for money. He is now a very good boy. He is now a very good boy.

R.S.R. RETURNS

Good news for all fans of *Ready, Steady, Radio!* The show will be returning on Radio Luxembourg on Sunday, 12th June, at 9.45. There will be a new concept to introduce the programme but at the time of going to press no details had been decided upon.

# THE GREAT BATMAN MYSTERY

Where and how do you see Batman? The buzz says he's coming all over. He will be the biggest thing since U.N.C.L.E. and all that jazz. But Batman—who is Adam West and Robin who is Burt Ward—are going to make their appearance in fits and starts.



Burt Ward as Robin and Adam West as Batman in a scene from one of their adventures

If you live in the Midlands and North the area covered by ABC-TV's weekend programme then you have never seen *Batman* since 21st May. You're the ones in London and the South (not him later, and Scotland as well). But before the autumnal cheer in *Batman* will be on all screens.

In New York the *Batman* boom is enormous, borders of silent fans go out at in a matter hours for four hours straight watching the adventures of *Batman*. Two new happenings at the *Camden Cinema* in London. The TV show is a fast paced adventure with Robin and Batman scaling walls, leaping over cars on fire, and being at times outnumbered by a sinister character known as the Penguin.

Tigers will be featured in one of the episodes and for poor Robin (Burt Ward), they nearly were his undoing. Two of the tigers of the film used *Batman* as his lamp helpless and suspended a few feet above them. For real! The TV show comes complete with balloons captives of ZAT, BAM, UGH, BOOM and SPLAT whenever a fight scene takes place.

The programme is completely satirical and hints up the *Batman* situations with both *Batman* and Robin walking up the side of a building. But smart old you will be able to tell that it's done by a camera turned at an angle from the floor.

In America the show's so big that there are cat bompers (sticklers) which bear the legend, "*Batman*"; everyone goes around copying the show's expressions like, "Sbc was a poor misguided girl."

The balloon captives are funniest when you see a fight scene with the captives in comic style filling the screen. Be assured, *Batman* is coming to England—fast!

## TOP GIANTS VERSUS TOP GIANTS

At first... The long awaited result of the Beatles v. Stones on Luxembourg's *And The Beatles have it. But only by a narrow margin!*

Results were Stones 3,252, Beatles 3,975

## ERIC ILL

The Hollies may be losing Eric Heycock. For the last three weeks The Hollies have been using Bernard Calvert on bass guitar during Eric's illness.

Bernard used to play with Tony Hicks as a previous group in Nelson, and is currently appearing with The Hollies in Scandinavia.

Eric's future is uncertain at the moment. He is suffering from nervous strain and is considering leaving the business to spend more time with his wife.

## FASTEST ACTOR

Steve McQueen, the fastest actor on two wheels, graduates to four on his new film *The Day Of The Champagne*. Filming begins in location at Owlton Park on 11th, July then switches to Nurburgring, West Germany.

# WHERE THEY'RE AT

Watch this space every week for FAB-206 to tell you where your favourites are at. We're rounding up news of the movements of all the pop world to keep you informed on where they can be seen. By the way this is the week when the Summer seasons start.

## SCOTLAND

Troongs: City Hall, Perth (10th); Drill Hall, Dumfries (11th); Mc Maggo's, Edinburgh (13th); Ice Rink, Ayr (13th).

## NORTH

Merrays: Market Hall, Carlisle (10th); Spa Swimming, Bradford Spa (11th); Major Club, Sheffield (12th); Kookees Floral Hall, Gosport (11th); Dave Dee etc.: Galaxy Ballroom, Grangeby (10th); Oauls, Manchester (11th); Top Tuxedo Club, Droytendes (11th); Top Rank Ballroom, Newcastle (12th).

Freddy and The Dreamers: Club Mirabelle, Middlesbrough; Club La Bambie, Darlington (5th-11th); Club Latine, South Shields (12th-10th).

Manfreds: Queen's Hall, Leeds (11th); Rockin' Berries: Backlog North Fair Ballroom (Summer Season); Small Foces: Top Rank, Doncaster (9th); Top Rank, Sunderland (15th); St. Louis Union K D Club, Billingham (9th); Marine Ballroom, Middlesbrough (11th).

Clubs Backlog ABC (Summer Season opens 11th).

Sturmonts: Gerrick Club, Leigh Towers Club, near Warrington (12th-10th).

Sounds Inc.: College of Science and Technology, Manchester (12th); Faculty College of Technology, Manchester (11th).

Cliff Bennett: Greenborough Social Club, near Rochester, Yorks. (12th).

10th); Moody Street Locarno Ballroom, Burnley (9th); Zombies: Leeds University (10th); Colquhoun St. Peters: 99 Club, Birmingham (6); Searchers: Civic Hall, West Kirby (11th); Troongs: Market Hall, Carlisle (11th).

## MIDLANDS

Merrays: Gay Tower, Birmingham (6th); Manfreds: Civic Hall, Wolverhampton (10th); Small Foces: Top of the World Ballroom, Stafford (10th); St. Louis Union: Public Hall, Huddersfield, near King's Lynn (11th); Moody Blues: Plaza, Haverworth and Plaza, King's Heath, Birmingham (12th); Hedgehoppers: Loughborough Town Hall (11th); Troongs: Town Hall, Kidderminster (9th).

## WEST

Merrays: King's Hall, Aberystwyth (4th); Fourmots: R.A.P. Locking, Weston-super-Mare (10th); Sounds Inc.: Student's Union, Bristol (11th); Cliff Bennett: Student's Union, Bristol (11th); Moody Blues: Student's Union, Bristol (11th).

Seekers: Time with Crispin St. Peters ABC Ballroom (10th); ABC Easter (11th); ABC Plymouth (12th); Troongs: Pavilion Ballroom, Bath (6th); Corn Exchange, Bristol (8th).

## LONDON

Kookees: In Place, Hackney (10th); Ray Ci Tiles (9th); Whisky a Go Go (9th); Stevie Wonder, Tiles (10th); Georgio Famos: Run Jan Club, Brunel (11th); Spencer Davis: Mummy House (10th); Top Rank (11th); Graham Bond: Marquee (6th); Gary Farr and the T-Hones: Marquee (10th); Small Foces: Locarno Strathmore.

## SOUTH, SOUTH-EAST & EAST

Dave Herry: Top Rank Ballroom, Southampton (9th); Merrays: Crayford Town Hall (7th); Winter Gardens, Chesham (9th); Locarno Severnside (12th); Dave Dee: Supreme Ballroom, Ramsgate (6th); Georgio Famos: Majorca Ballroom, Reading (9th); Manfreds: Pier Ballroom, Worthing (7th); Fourmots: Lewis Cliff Hall, Folliscombe (11th); Gerry: Royal Aquarium Theatre, Gt Yarmouth (Summer Season from 10th); Sounds Inc.: Imperial Ballroom, Eastleigh (12th); Cliff Bennett: Christchurch College, Canterbury (10th); Paddy, Klaus and Gibson: Witch Doctor Club, Hastings (10th); Zambert St. Mary's College, Twickenham (11th); Hedgehoppers: California Ballroom, Dumstable (10th); Troongs: Dursey Ballroom, Cambridge (7th).

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# Mo & Do's LETTER BOX



## ● MERSEYS' FAN CLUB ●

I would very much like to become a member of The Merseys' fan club, can you give me the address to write to?

**MADOLIN JOSEPH, ASTON, BIRMINGHAM.**

(Don speaking.) You can join the boys' fan club by writing to Anne Kelly, 46, Aspinall Street, Rusholme, Manchester, 14, Madeline. And if you don't mind me saying so I think you'll be joining a club for a very successful group. Let's hope so anyway.

## ●●● INFO ON NEIL ●●●

Please give me all the info you have on my new favo rite, Neil Christian.

**STYLIA THOMPSON, STRATFORD.**

(It's Mo jumping in quick to get this one, 'cos I'm a big Neil Christian fan, too.) Neil, whose real name is Chris Tidmarsh, comes from Hoxton in East London and is twenty-three. Although *That's Nice* was his first big hit, Neil has been on the pop scene for quite a long time and made his professional debut back in 1961. He has light brown hair and hazel eyes and when he's not chasing round the country on one-nighters you're most likely to find him in his favourite haunts—the antique shops in and around London.

The reason is that Neil's hobby is collecting guns (there must be a proper name for that like guniatology or something—but I don't know it!) so he spends a lot of time around the back street shops looking for new pieces to add to his collection.

Neil likes steak, girls and good music (not altogether of course) and his main dislike is people who go to cinemas and then natter away all through the film!

*Quite right, too.*

*Mo* reached the top of the charts, I read that it was her first number one, but I always thought that *I Just Don't Know What To Do With Myself* was her first chart topper. Am I right or wrong?

**WENDY GIBSON, SOUTHAMPTON.**

(My tum again.) I'm afraid you're wrong by just one place, Wendy. See *What's I Just Don't Know What To Do With Myself* reached the number two spot.

## ● HEDGEHOPPER JOHN ●

Is John Stewart of Hedgehoppers Anonymous married? If so, can you tell me his wife's name?

**PAULINE JUDD, NUYTOR, LIVERPOOL.**

(Don's tum.) Yes, John is married, Pauline. Mrs. Stewart's name is Christine, and, if I may say so, a very pretty brunette she is, too.

## ● ARTWOODS LINE-UP ●

I've recently become an ardent fan of The Artwoods and I was wondering if you could name me the boys' names and tell me which instruments they play?

**LYNN HUBBARD, LUTON.**

(Don here, Lynn.) Glad to hear you like the group. I think it's only a matter of time before they notch up their first big hit. The boys are Art Wood (vocal), Derek Griffiths (lead guitar), Malcolm Pool (bass guitar), Jon Lord (organ) and Keef Hartley (drums).

**STAR & BIRTHDAY**

WITH A STAR

Here is weekly list of star birthdays. Check to see if you share with:

Nancy Sinatra	June 8th
Billy Hutton	June 9th
(Fourmost)	
Reg Presley	June 12th
(Troggs)	

Well, that's it for this week, folks. Don't forget we're here to answer your queries, so drop us a line to: Mo & Don, *Fabulous*, Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4. Don't forget a stamped addressed envelope if you want a postal reply.

SOME people say that you can only have a super holiday abroad. But Michael Crawford says "you don't have to be stinkin' rich to have a good holiday" and tells you about his best hols which were in an English holiday camp.

It's at about this time of year that everyone starts dreaming about desert islands, blazing sun, hot sea, and bronzed bodies. All of which are supposed to be the ingredients of a great summer holiday.

Big deal, but the fact still remains that the best holiday I ever spent was at a holiday camp in Shroton—on an island, I admit, but I never saw any blue sky, let alone sun. The sea was like a defrosted fridge, and there wasn't even a body, let alone a bronzed one, to be seen on the frost covered sands!

Actually this is just my monomaniacal way of saying on paper that you don't have to be stinkin' rich to have a good holiday.

I was skinn, my girl-friend had just ditched me, and so on and so on as every play, film, and opera, not to mention the commercials, had been cast for the next hundred years.

Not exactly the greatest way to start a holiday. So off I set with my bathing towel, trunks, sunglasses and camera to sunny Shroton.

Well, the nicest part was that all the other kids were in exactly the same mood. Everyone made a point of it with whoever was willing to be friendly, and within two hours, we had a great gang, and it spent a fantastic fortnight.

I've never had a better holiday. I've been out of the country enough, but it's always been to work. But you still have all these fancy gadgets that what happens over the Channel but could never possibly happen here.

For a start, if you're a girl, I wouldn't even consider going before you're sixteen, unless you go in a party.

Can't, unless you speak the language of the country. I've seen some of the gangs jabbering between the dozen and swain their hands about. They're completely incapable of understanding you—and you can't understand them.

Just as an example, a girl I know was walking through a street in St. Tropez in a black dress—to see the least bit of gaudy dame (policeman, that's just to impress you all) comes up to her and demands to see her papers. She doesn't port etc. Well, I've seen that before, and believe me, you couldn't even hide a pair better, let alone carry them!

But y'see, they saw her wandering on her own, she looked young, and so they thought they'd see everything they could. She spent two hours in the shoe-store. When they were talking about, another two hours collecting her papers, and the rest of the day with the British Consul explaining that the hadn't fled the country—in a holiday!

So if your parents seem a bit touch about letting you go off, just think that it would take a lot of walking and swimming to get to you if you run out of money and you were on your own.

It's not so easy to evade the opposite sex when you can't get the back door to shut in their face, and it can run ANYWHERE.

So unless you can afford to pay £50 for a week in the pouring rain, not daring to put your nose outside cause of the wolves, I'd all trot off to Clacton.

Play safe till you can cope with these things, which believe me are only a quarter of the problems of a foreign country.

I met great friends with a travel agent. So... ya next week. **Te Te**

Drop me a line if you're feelin' cheery. The address is: Michael Crawford, FABULOUS, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Please include a stamped envelope if you choose me to write back—and please don't expect me to be any expert about it. Like they say, I'm a busy busy man—but I love reading letters.

Hi! 208's Don Wardell and I have decided this revolution bit has gone just a little too far. Well, just because I accidentally put salt in the Ed's coffee instead of sugar—she says I'm revolting. Darn it! Don agrees.

## ● NEW SEARCHER ●

Can you tell me a few things about the boy who has taken over from Chris Curtis with The Searchers? I'm afraid I don't even know his name.

**DOBER HOUSEMAN, CHESTER.**

(Ladies first, Doreen, so I'm going to answer your question.) John Blunt, who comes from Croydon, is The Searchers' new drummer man.

John was previously with a group called The Tree but when he saw that The Searchers needed a new drummer he wrote off for the job and after auditioning with loads of others he was chosen as the replacement for Chris.

John is nineteen, stands five feet ten and has fair hair and blue eyes. He says that his only real hobby is drumming and names The Who and The Beatles among his favourite artists.

Fans of the group have been quick to give John their support, so it looks as if Mike, John and Frank have made a wise choice. Let's wish him lots of luck with his new group.

## ● DUSTY'S HIT ●●●

When Dusty's disc you *Don't Have To Say You Love Me*



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