

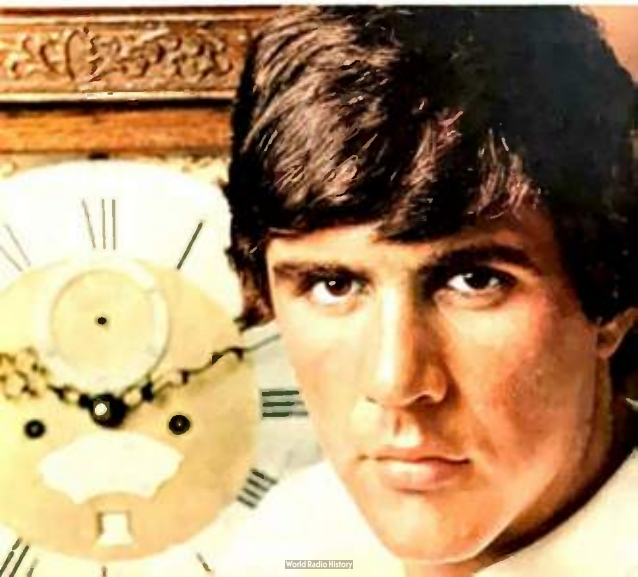
WORLD'S POP STARS IN COLOUR COLOR COLOR COLOR

1/-

# Fabulous

*around the clock*

**KING SIZE FULL COLOUR PIN-UPS OF  
BRIAN JONES · DUDLEY MOORE · WAYNE & MINDBENDERS · BILLY J  
GEORGE MAHARIS + COLOUR PIX OF DONOVAN · MERSEYBEATS  
ETC. PLUS JOHN STEEL 3RD ANIMAL GIANT PIN-UP POSTER**





Michael Aldred takes over the gossip this week.

hi there.  
It's been a breathless week with everyone populating a clock. Hope you like the results.  
Apart from pop personalities, we've had some lovely people to see as lately from Copenhagen came Bent Madson. He had the great idea of running a Fab Fan Club in his home town and it's a huge success. Then came two members of the top Swedish group, The Tages. Our Jane thinks Tages Tommy looks rather like Gene Pitney who is one of my great favourites. Lilo and Iro (from Norway) called in, wearing super bright orange awaraka and Andrea Rain came visiting (from Ontario, Canada) and stayed for the afternoon.  
Next week, beware! It's Halloween time when spirits and ghosts are around. Till then, love and stuff.  
THE ED.



"We're doing a 'Fab Around The Clock' issue." I was told by Fab's Editor, Unity. "And each page will have something to do with different times of the day." There was a pause. "And I'd like you to do something to kick it off with." Another pause. "How do you feel about getting up in the mornings?"

Ask a silly question, I said to myself, and you might get a silly answer, but I muttered not a word.

"I thought so. . . . Can you find out what some of your friends feel about the subject and write the Hi-Fab column for me?"

And this, ladies and gentlemen, is the "don't ring before eleven—call me back I'm still asleep—I had a very late night this morning—are you mad, do you know what the time is?" view of some of your favourite posters.



Getting up early in the mornings seems to be just about the biggest drawback in pop stars' lives. For some reason groups seem to suffer from the affliction more than others. Maybe that's 'cos groups seem to outnumber solo artists four to one or whatever the odds are.

The Byrds found getting up in England was just as bad as getting up on the West Coast where they all hail from. When they toured England, not so long ago, they brought with them their manager, Derek Taylor. It was left to him to get the lads up at the crack of dawn in order to travel from gig to gig.

One bright and cheerful morning (you must be joking!) the group were all in Manchester. They had

to catch a plane back to London before noon. Knowing how much his proteges enjoyed the comforts of their beds, Derek undertook the unenviable task of arousing them at first light.

Mr. Taylor, amid torrents of unrepeatable abuse and cursing awakened Jim, Dave, Gene and Chris. He left Mike Clarke deliberately until last, as experience had taught him that Mike was the most difficult to get out of bed. Derek was buzzing away on the phone trying to awake the still very much asleep drummer. This went on for a full five minutes.

Derek decided to take a stronger line of action. He got a maid to unlock Mike's room, with the intention of shaking him into a coherent state.

The phone was still ringing away when Derek walked into the darkened room. He arrived just in time to watch Mike groping blindly for the phone. And to see him knock it over onto the floor. And break it into four pieces. And Mike crawl out of bed in the general direction of what had once been a perfectly functioning, ringing type telephone. And calling "Derek, Derek! Where are

you?" When Derek told him he was right behind him, Mike jumped to his feet and groaned "Mike, that was quick!"

So endeth the story.



Dana Gillespie says she finds getting up early in the morning very easy. I asked her what time is easiest for her to rise.

"Oh, I normally get up between seven and seven thirty," quoth she. The mind fairly boggles (I'd forgotten that those hours still existed!) "But if I've had a late night, I like to lie in."

That, I said, sounded much more civilised. "Until about nine o'clock," she added. Ugh! the thought of it. "My head's an automatic alarm clock, so I never have to worry about getting up."

Miss Gillespie says she doesn't normally eat breakfast, but when she does she likes fresh peaches or a piece of underdone steak. Not for her the snap, crackle and pop of common-or-garden cornflakes.

"I hate staying in bed. I feel a compulsion to get up. When I do, I just sit around reading Private Eye and Fabulous. I



The Byrds

NEXT WEEK we're all riding broomsticks because it's FABULOUS at

HALLOWE'EN time





Dana Gillespie

can't go a week without getting it."

At the minute she is decorating her flat, which is just a coke bottle's throw away from The Cromwellian Club. "But I seem to be getting along very slowly," she giggled. "I can't sustain myself long enough to a slosh paint all over the place."

I asked Dana just how she managed what I consider to be the almost impossible task of getting out of bed at such unearthly hours as 7.30.

"I do a lot of water skiing and have done since I was quite young." (She didn't say that she is still only sixteen!) "And when I'm in training I have to leave home at 8.30 a.m. So you can see that I'm quite used to it."

You have to admire the tenacity of these bold athletic types, don't you? Catch me getting up at 7.30 a.m. Or any a.m. come to think of it!

Talking of Dana brings her very close friend, Frank Allen of The Searchers to mind. Frank and Dana are a frequent twosome when they decide to hit the night-spots, like the fabulous Scotch of St James. Admittedly that isn't very often, as neither could really be described as being very social people. Frank much prefers popping down to his local with a group of mates to visiting one of the "in" places to be seen at.

Frank gets up quite early—at about eleven. But I'd hardly describe it as a pleasurable experience," he laughed. "I wish I could get up earlier, but I don't have the strength of mind. I don't go much on clubs anymore. I used to be a mad clubber, but I've got on all that. I'm too much of a homebody nowadays. I go

through these phases. One minute I'm smitten by the party bug and the next I've decided that this ain't all a drag and that they are all too tamey.

Frank still lives with his parents and relies on his Mum to get him out of bed. "I'm very good about it really. I'm terrified of being late. I get so nervous about missing appointments."

Frankie's breakfast consists of gallons of tea, but nothing to eat. "I only feel like breakfast when I'm asleep." (Get you, Mr. Allen!) And that's only because I feel I ought to take advantage of what I'm paying for. I'm mean.

Like me, Frank leaves little notes scattered all over the house when he has to be up particularly early. The only time I forgot to do so, I was nearly late. I woke up just as they came round to collect me. I had to get half dressed and run out of the house with a coat over me. I finished changing in the coach, much to everybody's amusement. And my embarrassment.



Frank Allen



Most of The Yardbirds live with their parents, too. And like most of us, they hate getting up. They work very, very hard and put everything they've got into a performance. When a day's work is done, they all go home to their little beds and sink into oblivion until it's time to begin it all again.

"I make myself a couple of huge sandwiches before I go to the land of nod," Keith Reiff confessed. "Sometimes I wake up so hungry in the middle of the night I have to have something to send me back to sleep again. You could say that I eat my breakfast between the hours of two and five in the morning. When I have to get up to go out on a job, I don't much feel like having anything to eat. I like a couple of glasses of cold milk and then stop for something to eat out on the road later on."

Jeff Reck confesses to being "just about the world's worst person" for getting up in the morning. "In fact," he said, "if it were left to me I wouldn't get up. I'd like to be able to insist on being wheeled on stage in my bed and play like that. But it's not really very practical, is it?"

Jeff also reckons that he sleeps like a log once he manages to get his peepers shut. I reckon that is something of a slight understatement. Travelling through the night after playing a late recently, Jeff was asleep in the van when one of the tyres blew out. They averted violently until they managed to get things under control. Jeff slept on. They even changed wheels without him waking up.

Later on, when he did come to, he started talking about how boring long journeys were because nothing out of the ordinary ever seemed to happen. He was promptly pummelled over the head and told to go back to sleep.



I'm not too sure if The Animals have trouble getting up in the morning. I'm not even too sure whether they do get up in the morning. Let me explain. Eric Chas and Hilton seem to be such right people that they never seem to go home to bed. And if you try nging them chances are they won't be in.

I remember a certain member of a group who used to go to bed at about eight in the morning and sleep until about nine at night. Then he would get up and get ready to go out at eleven for a race. It took him weeks to re-adjust himself when the group started working again after their holiday. So much so, that he had to have alarm calls three hours before he was due to get up in the mornings at regular intervals, so as not to be late. Oh they're a funny lot these groups.



Keith Reiff

# WHO'S WHO AND COLOUR CONTENTS



We invite you to join in our Halloween Party along with The Byrds, Jonathan King, I Winkle, Mopsybats, Unit 4 Plus 2, etc., eating toilet paper, sharing a Halloween Dumping, bobbing for apples and getting with all the spooky rites of the season.

Meet Cher, the most bewitching witch of them all. Get caught up in the spells of top fashion witchcraft. Enjoy the king-size colour pix of The Byrds, Cher, Cliff Bennett and The Rebel Rousers. Unit 4 Plus 2, Brian Poole and The

Mer cybats, also special Halloween colour pix of Twinkle, Jonathan King and Donovan plus the fourth of the Giant Colour Poster Pix of The Animals—Eric Burdon.

It's a Fabulous Halloween Next Week for **FAB—Price 1s.**



Of all the awful things that have ever happened to me, I think the worst was when I heard the phone relentlessly ringing at 8:00 a.m. on a Monday morning and realized that I would have to get up to answer it.

**Hitchhike**

I heard a Hello from the line. Back then the sort of dirty reply that makes you want to curl up and die at 8:00 a.m. on a Monday morning.

"Come over and have breakfast with me," it sounded like Brian Jones's voice.

"What's for breakfast?"

"Whatever's in the fridge."

"What's in the fridge?"

"Pancake you should remember."

"I'd be sure with the bacon and eggs."

"And a tea-served."

"Tea-served?"

It was at that point that suspicion reared its ugly

head, but when I do argue at 8:00 a.m. on a Monday morning, I do argue at 8:00 a.m. on a Monday morning. Off I went cheer Jones.

Changing my morning paper, my tea-served, and my breakfast, I arrived on Mr. Jones's doorstep and the familiar head appeared at the bottom window, confronting my worst fears. He wasn't even up!

"Half-an-hour later, the door rasped open. 'You'll have to excuse the mess,' said Brian. The familiar cause was trotted out with a particularly disarming smile. It became even more disarming when I headed for the kitchen.

"I hope you're prepared for a shock," he said quickly. "Things have piled up a bit..."

"Ah," is the only word to describe what I felt when I saw the shambles that was once a kitchen. The sink was a rookery of crockery, and the draining board supported a three-week supply of milk in various stages of decomposition. "Interesting, isn't it?" said the master of the house, with a sickly smile.

I think I agreed for him to get out, because he disappeared very abruptly. Since there was no point in making breakfast if there was nothing from which to eat it, I attacked the washing-up.

After five minutes, Brian wearily poked his head round the door, told me what a good job I was, and asked very sweetly for a cup of tea. He didn't get one.

Another five minutes passed, then he gently dropped a box of matches on the stove. I think he was hinting at something. Wearily, I put the kerf on, thinking I could sit down with a cuppa and read the paper.

"Can I borrow your paper, please?" asked Brian, walking off with it. I dumped an overflowing cup of tea beside him without a word. The phone rang. Nothing so simple as a local call. This one came from California. I went back to the washing-up.

I had just emptied the tea-pot when a pathetic voice informed me that his tea had gone cold while he'd been on the phone and could I possibly make another cup.

"Of course, Brian," I smiled sweetly.

"Is anything wrong?" he asked. "Do you want me

bring I had time to declare with thanks, there was a flap of mail through the letter box. Brian was on it in a flash. Who could resist a stack of letters telling you how lovely you are? And he is, too, but I suppose to be nice with him in this story, so I can hardly say so!

It now occurred to me that I might be late for the office. I asked Brian the time.

"Nine o'clock," he said, without looking at his watch. Making a dash for the by now I found that his watch registered ten, and I collapsed in fear and trembling.

"It's all right," said Brian. "I just phoned your editor and said you were helping me on a project."

"Cooking the breakfast?"

I decided to throw in the tea-served. Picking up the phone I tried to tell the office I was on the way. At the moment I got through Brian chose to put a new Rolling Stones LP that I hadn't heard on the record-player. Rather loud. I think I must have been concussed at that point. Whatever I said, Brian says to the record-player and turned down the volume. Just in time for me to hear that he had not, in fact, phoned the ED, and she was waiting for me with a better than thunder.

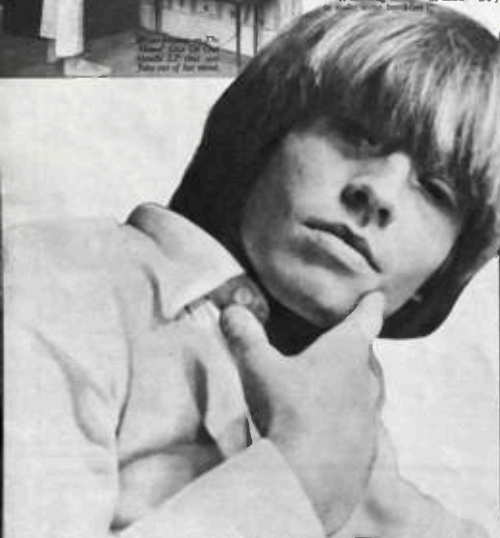
I put down the phone and stared helpfully at Brian.

"I thought you'd like to hear the record," he said, drooping sadly. Trying not to notice that he was, most appealing face, and the most winning smile, and the most kind eyes, and the most silky hair in showbiz, I reached for my coat and headed for the door.

"Please say," his voice drifted behind me. "I want to make space breakfast and talk to you for hours."

"There's a gap of ten in the pot," I said, heartlessly. Then I closed the door behind me and tore to the office. Unbreakfasted. But at least I had the consolation of knowing that he was unbreakfasted, too. And if you think I'm mean, you should have seen the look on my face when I sat starving, listening to Brian on the phone later that morning saying what a lovely breakfast he'd just cooked for himself.

There are dumb...



Breakfast with a Rolling Stone . . . sounds marvellous, doesn't it? Intimate chats over the buttered toast, and all that. But when June Southworth breakfasted with Brian Jones it didn't quite turn out that way. . .



# BREAKFAST WITH BRIAN JONES

Fab | **1960s** | **1960s**



# CARNABY ST. W.I.

If the stars don't come to you, the next best thing is to go to them. And the best place to find them is about 11 o'clock in the morning while they're doing their shopping in London's Carnaby Street, the centre of all clothes lines.



▲ Just a couple of birds looking at gear... it's Jim McCarty and Jeff Beck of the Fab Yardbirds, of course.

Shop talk in Carnaby Street as John (Who?) Entwistle and Pete Townshend meet up with Jeff and Jim.

**O**OH, smokin'—a whole morning out of the office wandering round Carnaby Street with Fab photographer Fiona looking for groups looking for gear! What could be lovelier, eh?

## CARNABY ST.

There is only one place for a man to get the right sort of clothes—from the many little boutiques scattered in and around the narrow little lane just behind Regent Street.

Pete Townshend walked into Lord John's boutique drinking a pint of milk which he'd horked from his manager's dozer. He'd had no breakfast.

Half a dozen assistants scuttled around pulling out different jumpers, coats and trousers for The Who to try on. Their efforts were rewarded as Pete left with three pairs of trousers and a shirt, John with two pairs of trousers and two shirts, and Roger a three-quarter courtjany coat, a crew necked sweater, an order for a suit made to measure and six pairs of special trousers. Over £100—just like that! Keith Moon was in Bourne-mouth but I'm sure he'll make up for his absence next time he's in town.

## CARNABY ST.

Aysha was downstairs in Lord John's trying on loads of sweaters but couldn't find anything she liked so she trotted down to John Stephen's largest boutique at the other end of the street and tried on some hats instead. It just wasn't her day and she didn't find anything she particularly liked.

## CARNABY ST.

Outside John Stephen's store we ran into Graham Nash, leader of those fab Hollies, besieged by autograph hunsers. One enterprising young lady even photographed the seat of his pants! She wanted to get a picture of the Levi's label on Graham's white jeans. Some people!

Graham was making up for his lack of breakfast by eating carrots, peaches and raw peas from Berwick Street Market just round the corner.

Just then Jimmy Tarback dashed past, yelled "Hello" to Graham who replied with "Congratulations on your new job" and kept on eating his carrots, etc.

With John, Roger and Pete of The Who we trudged back down the street to a shoe shop, Topper, for John to try on some casual light coloured shoes.

## CARNABY ST.

Just going into the shop when a car raved past—bombs popped out of the windows and pulled in John—it was Jeff Beck and Jim McCarty of The Yardbirds with their manager.

Autograph hunsers crowded on the three Who and two Yardbirds and we didn't see them for another ten and I had to pass the shoe shop, arranging to meet all The Yardbirds in the boutique next door.

Next stop we found Keith Reid trying on a pair of dark grey trousers. Jim tried on a coat like the dress trying several pairs of grey trousers and trousers which Jeff and I saw him see—laughing and laughing.



Just take a look at the clothes they bought. Enough to keep my wardrobe full for a year.

## CARNABY ST.

As this was where we came in, more or less, Graham and Aysha staggered out laden with carrier bags which they'd collected from a sale at one of the boutiques.

Graham couldn't resist looking at a shop called Goss which had a wonderful wooden table that he fancied very much. Aysha went for a splendidly bright red kettle. We thought they'd be browsing for hours so we left.

Crossing the road I just happened to glance round and see John, Steve and Dick Taylor of The Pretty Things at Palmistons Boutique accompanied by Kiki Dee. They were really having a ball, but by now I was and I were so tired with using camera and carrier bags that we just waved feebly and staggered down the road to the nearest tube station. Oh, to get back to the office and put our feet up!

SHEENA MACKAY

Try these for size. Hmmm, perhaps they're a little bit too long, still the boutique may alter them while you wait, sir.



11 A.M.



*Aysha tries on a smashin' red hat in John Stephen's Hiss Clothes.*

*Putting on a happy face... Aysha at Lord John's boutique.*



*Graham Nash and Aysha happily sifting through the goodies to be found at Gear in Karamdy Street. Umm, tastes good!*



*He's found himself a sale bargain at John Stephen's. Don't you think the colour suits him?*



*▲ Lads who we found in our travels—those two Pretty Things, John Stax and Dick Taylor with dolly singer Kiki Dee.*

*End of a long morning—Graham and Aysha slowly trundle off home.*





1 p.m.

# FAB'S maureen goes TABLE

# HOPPING

Fab's Ma decides Peter McKinney's a real dish, not to be eaten because he's much too gorgeous.



Jim Dale goes back to his salad days and Ma watches him with awe—now lettuce get on!



Film studio restaurants and canteens are the most exciting places to visit. You never know what famous names you might see chumping their grub like ordinary mortals. So much so that the place looks like a cross section of a showbiz who's who. It's all out at 1 o'clock for lunch at any film studio and the Ed suggested I appear on the scene to do a spot of table-bopping.



John Leyton tells Ma about the one that got away—me! that she wanted to go away with what if would John's chasing her up?



THE first table-booking stop was at Pinewood Studios, where I had a quick lunch date with Jim Dale, Jim's covering of *Carry On Cowboy* and when he walked into Pinewood's rather plush restaurant, he looked every inch a rather plain landowner. He was dressed in a very plain suit with a full-skirted jacket and some very nice, but very ordinary, for his money, shoes. He's a divert in the film.

"What's in it for me?" said Jim, in his mock cowboy accent. "What's in it for me?"

Fiona, Jim's photographer, and I asked for some and some. When the waitress came to take our orders, Jim ordered, and how!

"Two steaks, medium rare for the young ladies," he said. "And the same for me. Two ordinary sized drinks and one extra large one in a large bowl."

After the waitress had gone, Jim explained. "The reason I have a large salad in a large bowl is because I like to chop it up—it's not because I'm a glutton."

When the food arrived, Jim's large bowl of salad would have been sufficient for the three of us, but he managed to struggle through it all by himself.

After the first course came Dudley Minter (not to be confused with the young ladies), to have a party with Jim.

"Hello," said Dudley. "How's the mad film going?"

"Not too bad," said Jim. "Why don't you pop over to our studio and see us sometime?"

Dudley, going into a cockney character: "Chub, how'll I come over and 'ave a giggle wiv yer?"

Then Dudley, singing *Goodbye*.

While Fiona and I were polishing off some fruit salad and cream Jim was called back to the studio, so we sat at our table gazing round the restaurant, frankly gawping at the film stars having lunch.

There was John Mills and his wife, dinky Richard Johnson, Sir Ralph Richardson and Peter McEnery.

Peter came up sitting alone and asked Fiona and I to join him for coffee. We were there like a shot, and I was terribly excited because Peter's always been a live ray of mine. He was dressed in a very dark suit. It was dark green, sort of Robert Handish, with leather trimmings. His hair-do was Beechey-cried and a ginger colour.

"I'm working on a film called 'The Fighting Prince of Donegal'," said Peter. "It's about the Irish uprisings after the English have captured the prince."

Peter's the prince.

"This get-up I'm wearing is a bit uncomfortable for acting in. Mind you, it would have been worse if I had been wearing the hatcher that goes in the bag."

Peter showed us the quiver type object strung across his back. It looked big enough to carry ten bows.

"Do you like my wig?" he asked.

"I thought it was your real hair dyed," I said. "Gentleman!" said Peter. "I couldn't dye my own hair because I have to do some Shakespeare plays during the week, as well as this film. The wig is a bit uncomfortable sometimes, because I think I'm going to lose it. I can just imagine my wig coming off in the middle of a big fight. Sounds like a sensation if nothing else."

Two cups of coffee and ten minutes later Peter had to go back to his film set, so Fiona and I were left with the empty coffee cups in an empty restaurant, but with the memories of an exciting lunch hour.

THE next day, Fiona and I popped over to Tuckersham to see John Leyton, who the film unit of 'The Idol' was on location.

It's great fun having lunch on location because you never know where you are going to eat. Could be anywhere—in the road, in a tent, sitting on the kerb-side.

However, with John we ate in a church hall. But first of all we had to queue up at the van, which is a sort of grander mess-canteen where, if you're a quaver, want-meat, crust, camera man, even the stars.

The food was fine with lots of choice. John, Fiona and I had steak with peas, carrots and chips. Mine of the other film people were standing round the van eating their lunch, but as it was a bit dis-



we went inside this church hall, where there were tables and chairs set out. It looked like a Boy Scouts meeting. People were rushing around, grabbing mugs of steaming tea and coffee, and balancing their bread and butter expertly on their dinner plates.

We finally selected a table, and sat down hungrily and munched.

John thought my steak looked bigger than his and spent about five minutes trying to get me to swap with him. I wouldn't—I was hungry.

"Lunch all right, girls?" asked John.

"Very nice, thanks," I said, thinking how polite and natural he was. "How's the film going?"

"Marvelous," he said. "And it makes such a change that it's not about us."

"You may remember John in 'The Great Escape' and 'Van Ryan's Express'."

Fiona went off to get herself some apricots and custard, so John and I had a chat over coffee.

"What's this film about then?" I asked.

John explained that 'The Idol' is his mother in the film, played by Jennifer Jones.

"And I'm the one who idolizes her," he said. "She's a very dominating character, and the whole time I'm locked under mummy's thumb. However, my idol image is shattered when she decides to take off with my best friend, and I become an angry young man! The film is full of drama, but I am enjoying it very much."

Fiona came back to say that the custard wasn't cooked so she had just plain apricots.

John's most startling features are his eyes. They are light blue and very beautiful. He has an uncanny knack of looking straight into your eyes when he is talking to you. It made me let my apple-pie go quite cold.

John went on chatting about his film, and I was almost frozen to my chair—those eyes of his were too disconcerting for words. Eye had better get meet John Leyton, wear dark glasses or something, to shade the glare!

Lunch over, John had to get back to his film and Fiona and I to the coffee.

Another marvelous day. I've decided table-booking is my latest hobby!



John Leyton tries to get me to swap steaks. Steak your chips on it, she kept harping and she wasn't swapping!



# HAIRDO for Julia Foster

What is there to do at two in the afternoon, if you're a lovely actress with time on your hands, before an evening performance? Just got time to nip into the hair-dressers' and in JULIA FOSTER's case it's an 'all on top'.



This is how it all began at Raphael and Leonard's beauty salon in Grosvenor Square, in London's West End. Julia was doing an interview as usual and just came in to get her hair.



Julia normally does her own hair, which is left reasonably short, but on stage and on the films, she uses several Julia puffs matched to her own ash blonde hair.



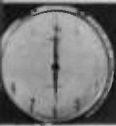
Michael combed Julia's own hair back and rolled it into a little bun on top, to which the false bit was attached. Then he started arranging the twists and twirls.



Each piece of hair is individually back-combed, rolled into waves, pinned lightly and the top layer of hair combed smooth. Each piece slightly over-laps.



The finished product. Julia is all ready to dive off. You can see her in 'Alfie' with Michael Caine, and judge for yourselves whether or not it's her own hair. I couldn't tell, honest!



## meeting with moore

6 p.m. Time for a quick drink and who better to have it with than cuddly Dudley Moore?



to expect—neither the cloth-capped dreamer of his "Dud and Pete" sketches with Peter Cook nor the talkative, wise-cracking comedian.

"What sort of car do you have?"

"A Maserati, black, with cream upholstery." The eyes lit with enthusiasm. "It's a wonderful car, such a lovely shape. I wanted a Mini really—well, I was torn between a Mini and a Maserati and had almost decided on a Mini when I happened to pass a showroom with the Maserati in the window, and that was it."

Dudley has been trying for ages to write an opera. "But I never seem to get round to it. I don't know, the things I really want to do, I never seem to settle down to. Yet—" and the mobile face brightened—"the things I don't settle to somehow usually end up as being the things that I do. So I'm hoping it'll work out that way with opera."

Maybe that means that he never settled to being a film star; because he's working on a film with Peter Cook. Maybe it means, too, that he never settled to being a dramatic actor, because he's taped a highly dramatic TV play. And there must be lots of other things he's never settled to, either, because he's also a writer, a comedian (it's hoped that *Not Only... But Also* will be back early next year), a jazz pianist who has his own highly successful trio and a composer—even if he hasn't got around to that opera yet.

"So how would you describe yourself?" I asked. "As an actor, a comedian, a musician, a writer?"

"Yes," he said seriously, then laughed. It was the nearest he came to a joke all the time we were talking; although, come to think of it, it wasn't a joke at all. Dudley Moore really is all those things.

And wonderfully, warmly nice with it.

SYLVIA STEPHEN

"SORRY I'm late," Dudley Moore said. "I couldn't find anywhere to park the car."

He wasn't that late and we settled ourselves in the quiet bar of The Fitzroy Tavern in London's Charlotte Street.

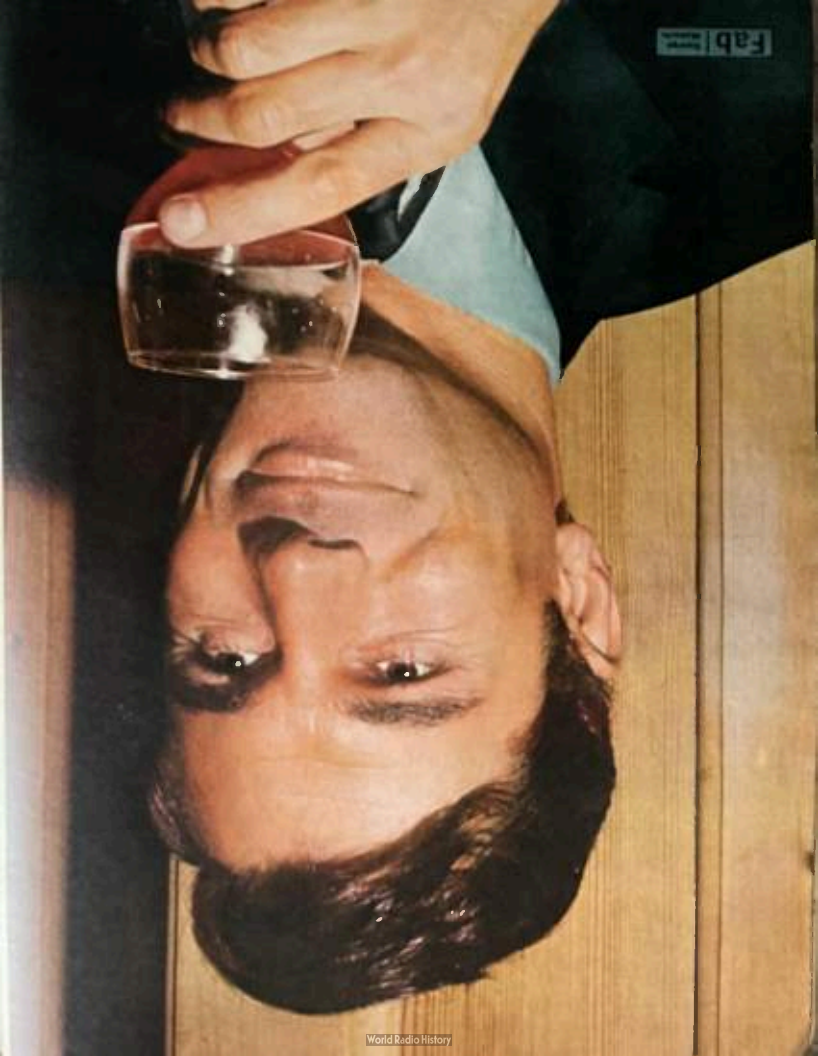
I waited—waited for the hysterically funny TV personality to start bursting and fizzing all over the place. But there was no burst, no fizz; just a quiet, very beautiful smile and spaniel-brown, long lashed eyes that looked at me with an expression that said: "Well, what do you want to talk about?"

So I asked if he'd had a holiday this year. "Yes. I managed to get a few days off and I went to Corsica—when was it?"

He yanked a small, black diary from his pocket and flipped through it. The pages were crumpled with heavy, determined wringing, even around the edges.

"Here it is. June. Very nice there in June. Not too many tourists."

The diary went back into the pocket of his neat brown suit. The brown eyes waited. The warm smile asked "What's next?" He really wasn't at all what the TV image would lead you



Fab



the latest  
idea  
in fashion...  
**TIMEX  
FASHION  
WATCHES**

says Tanya Halesworth



**FOR  
DAYTIME  
WEAR**

1. Classic style, gold-plated case, leather strap 75/8 with expanding bracelet 25/6
2. Rectangular gold-plated case, leather strap 65/7
3. Classic watch, gold-plated expanding bracelet 25/6 with strap 75/8



**FOR  
LEISURE  
WEAR**

4. Gold-plated case, expanding bracelet 145/6
5. Gold-plated case, expanding bracelet 145/6 with strap 85/9
6. Waterproof plastic case, leather strap 75/8 in gold-plated case 85/8



**FOR  
EVENING  
WEAR**

7. Gold-plated case, diamond-set case, leather strap 75/8 with leather strap 85/8
8. Gold-plated case with half-strap bracelet 115/6 with strap 85/8
9. Gold-plated case with leather strap, leather strap 85/8 with expanding bracelet 115/6

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FAPB

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IT'S A FACT—that drummers are invariably very interesting people  
IT'S A FACT—that John Steel of The Animals is no exception  
IT'S A FACT—that these are all the Fab facts on John

# the drumming animal...

## JOHN STEEL

... is 5 ft. 8 in. tall

... weighs ten stone

... was born in Gateshead, County Durham, on 4th February, 1941

... John Steel is his real and full name

... takes size 15 in. collars and 8 shoes

... dislikes phoney people and bad service in bars, restaurants and hotels

... likes genuine people and "Anything good—good music, good food, good films"

... favourite food, steak (good steak, of course), roast beef and Yorkshire pudding

... favourite drinks, beer, vodka and milk

... parties where he can circulate please him—  
"I can't stand these '3,000 on the floor' room  
type parties. I like the ones where the numbers  
are limited, everyone dances everyone and there's  
lots of good rewards and good food"

... when he's not working, he likes to relax at home with his wife, play records, go to either the Scotch of St. James or The Cromwellian or to a pub with friends for a few drinks

... started playing drums "So long ago that I can't remember when it was"

... basically, he's a self-taught musician, but he did have six months of lessons in reading music, reads enough to get by

... was educated at Gateshead Grammar and Newcastle College of Art and Industrial Design

... thinks he couldn't have liked school much because:

"I can't remember anything about it, and I'm sure that if I'd liked it, I would be able to remember what it was like"

... his best subject at school was art, he was extremely bad at maths and he cut out before taking his G.C.E.

... lives at a flat in the Earls Court area of London

... smokes "Erratically"

... has had a few holidays abroad—one in Paris, a couple in Belgium, one in Majorca

... he loved Paris

... when he's on holiday, he likes to "unwind," go to clubs, lounge around and "foller me nose"

... enjoys reading, likes contemporary books, especially those by Steinbeck, Sillitoe, Behan and Salinger

... doesn't read newspapers much, although he takes one morning paper "To find out what's on TV"

... he doesn't have a car, although he can drive

... usually travels by tube or taxi, doesn't get recognised because, he says, he has a "face you can't remember"

... his hair and eyes are brown

... his three sisters and his brother are all married

... although he's tried to write songs, none of them have been published or recorded because  
"To me, they seemed awful"

... to be a musician has always been his one ambition

... however, becoming a musician isn't always that easy, so he passed his time whilst waiting for the big break by working as a Technical Illustrator at an aircraft company in Hertfordshire

... after four months, he got bored with that, so he became a vacuum cleaner salesman—for two days—and then got a job in a store selling wallpaper and paints

... Ray Charles, Bill Evans and Chuck Berry were the artists who inspired in him his ambition to be a musician

... no-one, though, has influenced the style of his playing

... when he's listening to music, he likes to hear modern jazz—"I can listen to it or play discs of it over and over without getting tired"

... ask him about his favourite club and he'll answer "Well, all my friends go to The Scotch of St. James at the moment, so that's where I go. It's the people who make a club"

... he can cook "After a fashion—sort of dabbling with a frying pan you might call it"

... he has a temper, but it rarely breaks—"I've learned to control it—thank goodness"

... says he has two pets—his wife and daughter

... reckons he's not a very good musician but

he loves swimming in motel pools in America because the water's so warm, you can go in before breakfast

... he's been the proud possessor of two bikes, one a "Go to school" one, the other a scambler bike, a real rough one for cycling through real rough country

... sometimes has his clothes made, but he's not really fussy about gear. So long as it's comfortable, he's happy

... if he buys a sweater or a pair of trousers or something that he really likes, he wears it all the time

... says he's not a sports fan because he can't understand sport

... he can't stand violence, is anti-war

... if he were invited to let forth on Hyde Park Corner, he'd have quite a lot of things to spout about, but would probably choose to go on about the war in Viet-Nam

... nevertheless, he reckons he doesn't really take a great interest in world affairs

... thinks he's got a "pretty good scene. I'm in a famous group but I'm not really personally famous, so I don't have to put up with any of the disadvantages of fame, like having my home besieged by thousands of people"

... his parents are called George and Alice, and those married sisters and brother answer to Gladys, George, Jean and Doreen

... entered show business professionally at the age of twenty-two

... is one of our favourite people

Four Hits  
for a Miss by  
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Sizes A32-36 B32-38 12/11

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Are You Very  
Boutiquar?



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 recall what dressing's for, you 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!

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**Fab** | Wayne Fontana and  
The Mindbenders



# DEADLINE.

We invited popster Catherine Parr to play the part of a girl going out on a super date—and Tony Hicks acted the role of the perfect escort.

**BILLY FURY**  
Covers' chap in  
Camden? Saver

At least he doesn't bury cuts or splits there but occasionally he'll wander into the main area of 'laid land' to get a fix.

He's one something of a thing with Billy. He's recently bought a black leather jacket in black and when he goes out, he wears one and carries another.

Other recent Fury buys are two new suits, a light grey and a dark blue, which he had made up a little piece he goes, just off the ordinary Avenue. He also lashed out on a shirt because "I like the colour."

How much did it cost? 7s. 6d.

**THE MOJOS**  
Have new stage  
suits in spin-  
weight, sandy coloured  
material with a touch of  
Norbik style jacket.

**STUART JAMES**

What he has is a fantastic pair of trousers made at John Peckham's shop in Camden. They're black, brown, and white (big south coast) and when he stands up, they look normal. Then he takes a step and—boom! They whizz into the air and fall to the ground.

There's an answer sheet on the outside of the bag which identifies the items to the items.

There's also a list of the items to the items. He's also a list of the items to the items. He's also a list of the items to the items.



All date and party preparations begin in the bathroom with a nice refreshing splash. Catherine used a spray-on deodorant (Miners Mod Mint, 3s. 6d.) after slipping on a snappy gingham check pantie girdle (29s. 11d.) and matching gingham bra (21s.). (Both from branches of Neatawear.) Pretty underwear gives a girl a little extra confidence. Catherine puffed on a little talk to keep her cool and crossed one leg over the other to help the girdle to slip on more easily.



Over her girdle and bra, Catherine wore a snappy, short navy poplin slip, trimmed with white lace. (She

could have had it in pink, blue or white.) It's specially short for today's length dresses and skirts. (From Fenwicks of Bond Street, 29s. 6d.) Her dancing shoes (which can double as bedroom or house slippers) are lush black velvet, with "antique gold" buckles fastened with bows on the front. They have mule type wedge heels. (From Character Shoes, who have lots of branches up and down the country, 29s. 11d.)



Catherine posed for these pix in The Bridal Suite at the Park Court Hotel in Lancaster Gate, London. (It even has a gorgeous, imposing four poster bed! What luxury!) She smoothed on a little liquid make-up before putting on her seamless nylon stockings with their layers of crisp, white lace at the tops. They're great with the new chopped-short hemlines. (From Fenwicks of Bond Street, 10s. 6d.) If you want to know where to buy any of these clothes write to: Fashion Desk, FABULOUS, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for our reply.



My Fair Lady look for a negligee in dotted nylon chiffon. (By Neatawear, 59s. 11d.) Catherine is using the new, heated, Carmen curlers—which are special rollers, made to be heated up on an electric stand. They automatically cut out when they get to the correct temperature. The curlers are then clipped into the hair and left for about five minutes before brushing out. Catherine used them just to freshen up her ends. The complete outfit comes in a neat plastic box. But it's rather expensive—wait for it... fifteen guineas.



After brushing out her hair and combing it into place, she sprayed it sparingly with Spray Comorist (8s. 9d.) to give it extra sheen and lustre. (It can also be used to

... (by address list.)  
 For her date, Catherine chose  
 ... with a Sensational Look  
 ... but not pulled and his  
 ... of hidden hair. First she  
 ... thoroughly cleaned her face  
 with a Quicks (Face Cleansing  
 ... 2s. 6d.) then applied Honey  
 ... (By Goya, 9s.). She  
 ... quite sure it was an evenly  
 ... at all angles in the  
 ... single mirror.



... that smaller, Catherine  
 ... Golden Shimmer Eye  
 ... (6s. 6d.) and Auto-  
 ... Eye Pencils in Walnut Wheel  
 ... (6s. 6d.) for outlining, and two coats  
 ... Mascara (10s. 6d.).  
 ... Goya.



... for Catherine had to have the  
 ... look, too. So she used  
 ... Pink (by Goya, 5s.).  
 ... she applied a coat of  
 ... over her lipsuch for a  
 ... and muted tone. (5s. 6d.)



... her foundation, Cathie pressed  
 ... a light film of matching Honey  
 ... (4s. 6d.). Then she  
 ... Brush and Glow  
 ... a soft make brush, just where  
 ... extra colour (12s. 9d.).



... settles down to varnish her  
 ... she still has over half an hour  
 ... spare. She uses Rajah Red  
 ... (By Carter, 2s. 6d. and on  
 ... at the end of the month.)



Now it's dinner for two at the  
 Park Court Hotel. Tony Hicks  
 is acting his part like a dream  
 and our Cathie is loving every  
 moment. She's in her Sweet  
 Pea, nylon chiffon disco dress,  
 with a rose pinned at the neck  
 to accentuate the high waisted  
 Empire line (by Sambo, 89s. 6d.).  
 Tony likes her ring (a pearl  
 cluster, 12s. 6d.) and bracelet  
 (really a long, pearl rope, 1 gn.,  
 both by Corocraft).

Tony Hicks looks marvellous  
 in his blue mohair suit (19 gns.),  
 strawberry pink cotton, drip  
 dry shirt (55s.) and green and  
 purple printed tie (15s.). All  
 from Paul's Male Boutique of  
 Carnaby Street, London, W.1.  
 Catherine's honey mink jacket  
 is hired—just for a touch of  
 glamour on a very special date.  
 (Hire fee, 5 gns., from Young's  
 Dress Hire, Wardour Street,  
 London, W.1.)



... is a DATE 

Cilla Black dancing in a Paris night club



Eric Burdon at London's  
Flamingo Club in Warwick Street



Donovan, in dark glasses at  
The Cromwellian Club



The Monkees, including  
Mike Nesmith, Davy Jones  
and Micky Doland at The  
Cromwellian,  
London.

# MIDNIGHT



# the DAVID McCALLUM STORY

## PART 2

Fans know him as 'The Man From U.N.C.L.E.' Few remember David McCallum as the brightest hope in British films. But that is just what he was a few years ago. In this week's chapter of The David McCallum Story, FABulous looks at the film career of American TV's No. 1 heartbreaker.

▲ Touch of the great outdoors for David came in 'Robbery Under Arms'. Soon he was heading for the great outdoors again... on honeymoon!

WHEN the Rank Organisation put David McCallum into 'The Secret Place' it was no secret that the company saw in him a British answer to America's fantastic James Dean.

Dean made only three films before he died in the wreck of his sports car. But each film was dominated by his intense, brooding image of the teenage rebel. A painfully sensitive face, full of hurt and the bewitching magnetism of adolescent youth was Jimmy Dean's mark.

David McCallum had that same wraith appeal. He was cast, or perhaps the word is type-cast, as the mopey kid brother of Belinda Lee in 'The House of the Living Dead'. Ironically, the lovely young actress was killed in a car crash shortly after completing the film.

Another mopey kid brother part awaited David in 'Hell Drivers', which starred toughness Sonny Baker and Fusch McCallum. David played Baker's crippled brother. A very touching performance.

After the drama of 'The Secret Place' and 'Hell Drivers', David was plucked into a good old adventure par in 'Robbery Under Arms'.

This time, David was anybody's brother in particular, but was cast as the husband of a highly-motivated, blue-haired beauty called Jill Ireland. This pleased him no end, since only a few weeks before he had quit his picture as a newspaper and put it in his will, hoping to meet her.

Seven days after meeting Jill for the first time, David proposed, not quite knowing how she would react since she was consistently expected to marry another actor at that time.

David's mother recalls the outcome of that proposal: "David rang one morning and said 'we'll be married by six o'clock'. I was just wondering who 'we' was when he walked in with this lovely girl and announced their marriage."

Jill and David said their "I do's" without fuss or publicity at the North Kensington Register Office on 13th May, 1957. If their marriage was a surprise to their parents, it came as even bigger surprise to their fellow film-makers when they arrived on the set the next day to do a wedding scene for the film, and discovered that they'd just played the scene for real.

That honeymoon was an unconventional one: their wedding. The bride's going-away outfit was a tapestry shirt, customary among sailors and civilly in London, which was a reasonable compromise for a honeymoon scene such as this in the late of Arras. Thereafter, in the evenings, the newly-weds retired with Missy in their arms.

Eventually, David had to get out on his own, and he played, inconspicuously, into a time slot which he shared with Leslie Phillips. He performed as he had in the previous 18 months.



Director Gave Dawson remembers him as one of the few British actors to study 'The Method'. (The method being that which personalise the part.)

"Even when we weren't working on the film, David was working on his part. When we were on location on bank sites in Bristol Green he sat amid the rubble for hours just trying to get the feel of the surroundings."

David trained as a successful performer. His big screen, which he portrayed a chum of school-children by having them prowl him while on the run with a very-old shotgun on his side, was a classic. And cinema began to wonder if he was speaking more than a man's mind with a city on his shoulder.

The big build-up to David McCallum reached new heights. He was given his own starer, responsible for his own and off-off-acting. He was produced by his own publisher, who remembers him as a very professional working chap. "And his face was photographed from every conceivable angle. Usually by a professional from Garry Lewis who really..."

"David had an interesting face. Good basic structure. But not, I would have thought, the face of a star. But, then, here you are!"

"I used to go to parties of his first after he and Jill married. They lived on the top floor of a house in Grosvenor Road. The people who went there were mostly actors and painters. Artistic people. We used to sit around and talk into the small hours."

"He had some very serious acting and was a keen Method actor. I couldn't see him acting and was a bit in the dark. Perhaps he thought he was a failure here. He got certainly well before his time. The leading men of that time in Britain were the romantics. The Duke of York and the King's Men."

It was with Kenneth More that David made his

first film... a small but important one in 'Night To Remember', the story of the 'Titanic' disaster. He was well in condition in 'The Long, The Short And The Tall', which followed.

David played a cowardly soldier. "I was told by Leslie Phillips, who directed the film. 'Quit out of character, get over it and never a 'pucker'." He was nervous, but he never was off for a drink with the friends, but he was out for a drink with the other actors. He would sit at the side of the set, quietly reading. Whenever we talked, it was always about the movie, which he loved."

"I'm not surprised that he's become a teen-age idol. I'm only surprised that it happened in America. He seemed like a shy and retiring fellow to make it in British movies."

Before 'Smith Hollywood' claimed him, David appeared in 'Billy Budd', 'Freedom' and 'The Great Escape'. The one of 'You're Not Alone' was a comedy, a rather serious person who is usually somewhat unapproachable. Currently, the movie David was one of the few people on the film to get through to him.

"The 'Great Escape' set was different altogether. The young-looking James Garner leads from his Mississippi gambler role in TV's 'Maverick'. He had a prominent nose which the studio David worried a German hospital during location work David worried himself ill. He was very grateful to the hospital when he was allowed to leave for medical treatment at the hands of the doctors and nurses."

David was due for another busy break in the biggest war of his film career. He was offered the key role of John in the suspense thriller 'The Day After Tomorrow'. The big name was that the film was to be made in Hollywood over a long period. David and Jill talked it all out and packed their bags. Hollywood was on his way. But there was a big surprise around the corner for him.

The boy that no-one thought could arrive in Hollywood was on his way. But there was a big surprise around the corner for him.



▲ The scene that David and Jill Ireland played twice in twenty-four hours. Once for real and once for 'Robbery Under Arms'.

remember  
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TO FAB READERS  
ONLY—SO FOR  
PART 3 OF THE  
DAVID McCALLUM  
STORY  
DON'T FORGET  
YOUR NEXT  
FABULOUS



## Françoise Hardy has Mouchi

The new French "Parfum de Toilette" - Fresh, light, pretty as springtime, in a handy bag sachet. With a refill. "I have sent some to my friends Marianne and Sandie. Mouchi is Magnifique!" says Françoise.



## So you must have Mouchi!

The sachet and refill cost Françoise nine French francs. In English that is eighteen shillings and sixpence. Françoise got Mouchi by filling in a coupon. Copy Françoise!

Send to girls who like to be seen. Mouchi is not sold at Woolworths. © Sheela Engineering.

World Radio History

# MOUCHI

# Maureen's LETTER BOX

Everything's happening around here, folks. All round the clock too. It's been very exciting, seeing what's THE thing to do at a certain time. Tempus fugit, so on with the letter box...

## HARMAN'S GIRLFRIEND

Could you please tell me who is Harman's girlfriend on the cover of *Fabulous*, dated 11th September? Do the Harmits have any special girlfriends? Lynette and Kathryn, Yorkshire.

In fact Harman's girlfriend on the cover goes with him, because he doesn't have a particular date. It's our Nancy Love, who went on the photo session with Harman and found herself used in a couple of love-type shots. Lucky Nancy!

The Harmits don't have special girlfriends, they date girls at the Stateside via casual evenings out with no strings attached!

## KEITH RELF

Could you please tell me when Keith Relf of The Yardbirds will be celebrating his next birthday and how old will he be? Kathy Matthews, Hatfield.

Keith's birthday is on the 22nd March, and next time around he will be 23.



Keith Relf

## SONNY AND CHER

On Cher's record *All I Really*

Want To Do does Sonny sing with her? I say he doesn't but my friend says he does. Who is right, please? Susan Wallace, Yorkshire.

Sonny does not sing with Cher on this record. It's all her own work!

## WALKER-TYPE GIRL

Can you tell me what sort of girls Scott Engel likes, please? Anita Shanks, Lincolnshire.

Scott likes reserved, quiet girls, with a good personality and strong character. He also likes his girls to devote all their time to him. To be a Scott-type, you don't necessarily have to be an in-crowd member. As long as you're not flashy and you are sincere, you're Scott's kind of girl.



Scott Engel

So that's it for this week. Don't forget I'm here to help. Drop me a line, *Mureen*, *Fabulous*, Fleetway Publications, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Please enclose a stamped, addressed envelope if you want a postal reply.

David and Jonathan (real names: Roger Cook and Roger Greenaway) used to be members of The Kestrels and when the group disbanded they formed a song writing partnership which has produced such successes as You'll Get Your Troubles (for The Fortunes) and Everything In The Garden (for the Fourmost). A few weeks ago they went touring to demonstrate a new number, to along to demonstrate a new number, to recording manager George Martin. "It's a great song," said George when they had finished, "and you boys make a great job of it yourselves!" So he promptly signed them up with the result that David and Jonathan delivered *Laughing For To Cry* (Columbia) I like it a lot.

● Roger Miller hasn't done much since his *King Of The Road* hit but I believe his delightful *Kansas City Star* could be his biggest-ever (Philips).

● If you haven't caught up with it yet, I highly recommend *One Of One* (Philips), later album by the Rolling Stones. All the twelve tracks are brand new and six of them were recorded in America, including *The Under Assistant West Coast Promotion Man*, a tribute by the Stones to the bedroom boys of the music business. It's a gem.

● New group called Los Cinco Ricardos bring a touch of originality with their Latin-flavoured *One Big Kiss* (Philips). The group were first discovered in Gibraltar by a visiting British businessman, came to Britain last year and got on disc after successfully auditioning for Radio Luxembourg's Search For Talent. They've got it.

● Here It Comes Again, another dramatic beat ballad by the Fortunes, sounds like another hit (Decca).

● Pianist Brian Auger, who last year was voted new jazz star in a national popularity poll, recently switched to the organ and is now playing a happy mixture of jazz and rhythm 'n' blues—which

# discs

seems to be the new "in" music. For a sample try *Sixty-Five Great Omen* by his Trinity—which is, in fact a trio (Columbia).

● Jay and the Americans, a big attraction in the States have never quite made it in Britain, but they should gather a few more fans with an up-tempo version of *Some Enchanted Evening*. (United Artists).

● Marie McDonald (McLush) in *Let's Love*—otherwise known as *Lulu*—will be seventeen on 3rd November and a nice birthday present would be to see her first album, *Something To Shout About* (Decca) about into the best seller list. It's a beauty—the twelve tracks ranging from a belting version of *Can I Get A Little Love*. No doubt about it, Lulu is one of the most dynamic personalities on the pop scene.

● Also worth spinning: *All Of My Love*, a strong ballad by Elkie Brooks (BMV); *Danger, Heartbreak Dead Ahead*, by The Marvelettes (Tamla Motown) and *Keep A Hold Of What You've Got* by a promising new group from Yorkshire called *The Shots* (Columbia).

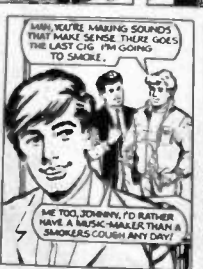
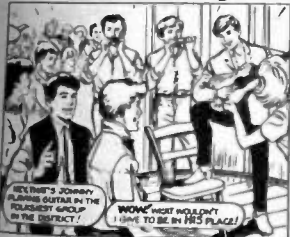


Lulu

KEN BOW

## ADVERTISEMENT

# HOW JOHNNY JOINED THE GROUP



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20 cigarettes a day cost £60 or more a year!

**WHY RISK YOUR HEALTH FOR CIGARETTES?**







Zooie and Peter do the "swim" at London's exclusive "White Elephant" club.

No wonder Zooie uses Caress for her hair when this is what it has to stand up to!

### CARESS FOR ZOOIE SCOTT

Out-on-the-town Zooie has a special



date with TV star and disc jockey Peter Whitford.

Zooie looks radiant. (Zooie and Peter have been dating pretty steady for a while now but we still had the "Good Friends" treatment from both of them.)

Even brushes with over-enthusiastic



photographers leave Zooie unruffled and her hair looking smoothly in place.

Caress makes sure of that.

### CARESS FOR ZOOIE SCOTT

Caress holds hair beautifully. Keeps it looking just the way you want it to. Never sticky. Never dulling.

Zooie believes in Caress. Wherever Zooie goes a pack of Caress goes too. Keeps her hair smooth all day long. It's Zooie's secret. Why not make it yours.



Caress puffer pack 3/9 Refill 2/3  
Dressing table size Aerosols 7/3 & 10/3



Fab