

18th JUNE 1965

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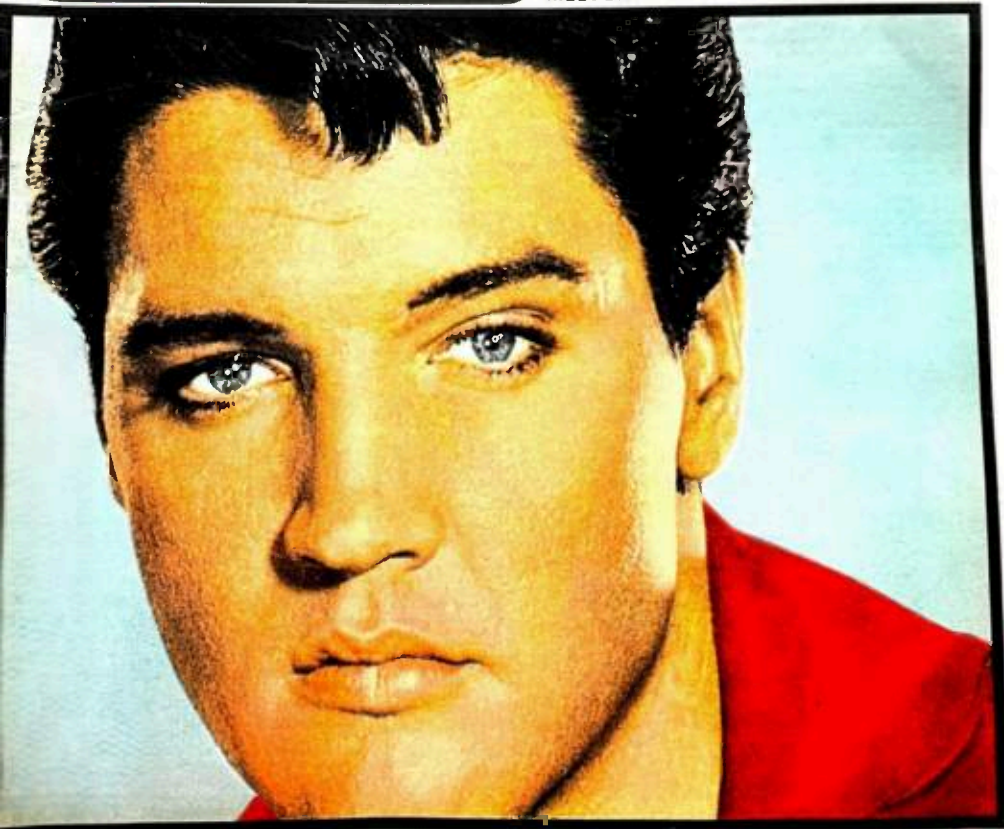
Fabulous 208

news from the

USA

FULL COLOUR PIN-UPS OF

LOVIN' SPOONFUL • JOHN WALKER
BEACH BOYS • CHER • GENE PITNEY
+ GIANT POSTER PIN-UP LEE MAJORS
LAST CHANCE! WIN HOLLYWOOD TRIP TO
MEET DAVID McCALLUM & ROBERT VAUGHN



Sonny and Cher are definitely coming to Britain again as long last! The most way-out married couple in five day visit. (See our FAB picture of Cher on page 16.)

That great British institution, The Cavern, re-opens next month (July 23rd) About time, too!

The new owner, Jo Davry, who's also owner of Liverpool's most popular cafe (Jo's Cafe) has spent about £12 000 putting the legendary club back on its feet.

In future, all members of the London's new teenage club in Oxford Street will automatically become members of the Cavern and vice versa.

Hope it never loses again!



ENJOYED a little chat with American singer Ben E. King who's been over here for just under three weeks tagging the sights of London Town!

He's all laughter and sparkling white teeth. He told me that when he leaves there's one thing he'd really like to take home to the States as a souvenir.

I think it's probably a cup as a good knock-out man. He said: "I'd like to pick it up and take it right back with me. Really every morning very early. I've been standing round it several times, can't think of a use for a great place."

Sorry, Ben, you can't have it. Unless of course you fancy doing a swap with the Statue of Liberty!

English



Norma Tanega

THE Gang are extremely thrilled to have just received two very special letters from The States. They're from Mrs. Leeds and Mrs. Maus, the mums of Gary and John Walker.

If we really want to get to know all about one of the boys on the pop scene we always go straight to his mother. Behind every pop star there's a very proud mum who can't wait to tell you everything about him, from the day he cut his first record!

And it's great to know that we're getting friendly with mums in The States these days! So you can all share in this very special correspondence. I've picked out the following bits which I think you'd like to hear:

"Our heartfelt thanks to England and all the people young and old who've made The Walker Brothers what they are. Some of them might even be John's distant cousins," writes Mrs. Maus.

What a nice thought!

"Thank you for all the kindness you have showered upon them in your very lovely articles. I will treasure them always," she ends up saying. (Must say the Gang were really knocked out by that last little bit!)

"Fabulous is very popular in the United States," writes Mrs. Leeds. "We have enjoyed the many articles and pictures about Gary and The Walker Brothers and the other groups. We would like to thank the British fans for their appreciation of The Walkers' talent and also take this opportunity to thank all the fans in the U.S. for the many letters and gifts Gary has received as it would be impossible for us to answer each one separately. "As an example, Gary has now received forty-two chess-sets and several hand-knitted sweaters."

Well, I'd just like to thank Mrs. Maus, Mrs. Leeds, and Mrs. Engel, on behalf of everyone, for making those three fantastic boys possible!



The Walkers

NEXT WEEK Fab 208 IS ON A FRIENDSHIP KICK!

with lots of lovely matey full-colour pin-ups of THE BEATLES, THE WALKER BROTHERS with ROY ORBISON and LULU, TERENCE STAMP and JEAN SHRIMPTON, GARY LEEDS and GRAHAM NASH, P. J. PROBY and STEVE ROWLAND, and SONNY and CHER with DONOVAN and Byrd DAVE CROSSBY.



PLUS Part one of our super three-week poster pin-up of THE MINDBENDERS, starting with ERIC STEWART. Kenny Lynch takes us on a trip to meet all his buddies, Muriel Young gives out some friendly advice. Paul McCartney, Lulu and Dusty tell us all about their very best and close friends.

We will be continuing our Walker Brothers' serial, with John Walker chatting about his life.

Don't forget that FAB-208 is your official Luxembourg programme guide, so you can't really afford to miss it.

Make friends with us and buy FAB-208 next week. On sale Monday. Price 1s.

COLOUR CONTENTS

Elvis Presley by M.G.M.

The Lovin' Spoonful. L to R: John Sebastian, Zal Yarnovsky, Steve Boone, Joe Butler by Fiona Adams

Cher by Transworld. Fiona Adams. Fantasy Syndicate Inc.

Gene Pitney by Fiona Adams

The Beach Boys. L to R: Bruce Johnston, Mike Love, Al Jardine, Brian Wilson, Carl Wilson, Dennis Wilson, by Cyril Matiland

Lee Majors by Cyril Matiland



Fab 208 | The
Lovin' Spoonful

Spoonfuls

If any group has happened in Britain this year, that group is *The Lovin' Spoonful*. Once the most unwanted group in New York, *The Spoonful* became the most wanted group. Do you believe in their magic. JUNE SOUTHWORTH does...

IN the beginning there was just John Sebastian, native of Greenwich Village and struggling folk singer. A former guitar-maker, session harmonica player and jug band singer, John Sebastian played with fellow-unknowns like Jim McGuinn in out clubs, and was quietly getting nowhere. . . .

John Sebastian is an unusual, complicated person who spends much of his spare time walking through Greenwich Village at night looking for music that sometimes finds expression in his "good time music" (the label is his own.)

He writes most of *The Lovin' Spoonful's* highly original songs, and has been known to devote ten months to the writing of one. He also wrote *Daydream* in twenty minutes in the back of a bus in the rain. He is hip and aware.

His influences are many. . . downtown Chicago blues, country music, folk, jug bands, Sleepy John Estes and Mississippi John Hurt. Most of his childhood was spent travelling from concert to concert with his father, a classical harmonica player.

John is now 22, but there is a look in his eyes sometimes that is a thousand years old. His eyes are pale blue and direct behind the army-issue glasses. He has soft brown hair that falls around a finely-boned face, and a mouth that is invariably set in a bland, turned-up smile.

His glasses incidentally are not a gimmick, but very necessary for purely practical reasons. "I tried not wearing them on stage, but I kept falling into things. Once I was spangled on the cymbal stand. Another time, I fell into the drums. Giving me the only bass-shaped drums in the industry. We couldn't really afford me to fall into the drums. So here I am."

. . . While John Sebastian was hanging out on Bleaker Street in New York, his tracks often crossed with those of Zal Yanovsky. Zal played lead in a beat group called *The Mugwamps*. Sometimes John would join Zal on auto-harp and they would "get into good things." *The Mugwamps' manager didn't care for John Sebastian and sent him packing. Soon after, The Mugwamps folded and John was back with Zal Yanovsky.*

The sleeve notes on *The Lovin' Spoonful's Daydream* LP refer casually to "that Jewish kid." This is probably because his name is quite forgettable. Zalman Yanovsky (often called Hey You or Tchalikovsky) cuts his name to Zal, which would simplify everything if he didn't ask you to call him Zally and say it like he spoke.

Zal is your friend before a word is spoken. His huge brown eyes, alive with divinement, swallow you, and his watermelon grin spreads sunshine into every corner of whatever place he may saunter into.

His hair, black and shapeless, resembles wire wool that has been plucked on his head any old how. His favourite Hollywood hat, big brown and cowboyish, is usually crushed on top. Zal has long, sensitive hands with a cigarette growing from his index finger. He is big and sprawling with marionette limbs.

He is capable of great tenderness. He once lived in a Kibbutz for eighteen months in Israel, and was deeply impressed by the fight for survival.

"It was a very wonderful experience for me. I love a family atmosphere, and I loved the little kids out there. They were absolutely straight.

They wouldn't give you any hell.

Zal is one of those people who could hold a million dollars and shrug his shoulders. "I told him if he found it hard, being the court jester, Zal took on a pensive look and confessed:

"Yeah. Sometimes I flip.

John looked at him in a fatherly sort of way and said, "Zolly you don't flip."

Zal insisted that he flipped only last month and started flipping things.

The Yanovsky wears clothes that are awesome in their clashability. He never wears socks or ties. But he hates being pointed out as if he's some kind of freak. I suppose that's when he flips.

Round about the time John and Zal were beginning to starve, the first beat group since *The Beatles* happened blazed a trail through Greenwich Village. Its drummer was Joe Butler. John and Zal needed a drummer. In came Joe. They also needed a bass player. In came Joe's friend Steve Boone. And in came *The Lovin' Spoonful* . . .

Joe Butler. Dear, sweet, kind Joe. The first to say Hello. The first to carry your bags. Find you a chair, open doors. Joe, who wants so much to be liked and worries that he won't be. Already, there's a hint of grey in Joe's brown hair where it parts at the front over that broad, intelligent forehead. He has a smile of unusual sweetness.

It was Joe who was the most excited about coming to Britain. Joe, who had never been abroad before. Joe whose smile lit up the airport lounge when he discovered that *The Lovin' Spoonful* was welcome and wanted.

We met down at RSG once. Joe looked utterly bewildered.

"I would be pleased if you would have lunch with me," he said. "Or do I mean tea? The one that comes up next."

Steve Boone—all six-foot-three of him—seems to loom up on the horizon like an animated clothes



prop. He's a will to be the wimp type with long red braided hair and matching red braided eyes. Just what you're thinking of. . . the samest "Spoonful" he will chatter the all night by squeezing up his eyes, and arranging his mouth in the nuttiest expressions.

He holds the most terrible line to gain attention. He wears a German iron cross around his neck and has at least a hundred versions of how he came by it, but it's all part of *The Spoonful's* lunacy.

"Music is my life," says Steve. "All sorts of music. Folk, classical, *Souza*. I love marches. My father is a musician, and he has a great collection of marches. I play them most of the time, when I'm home."

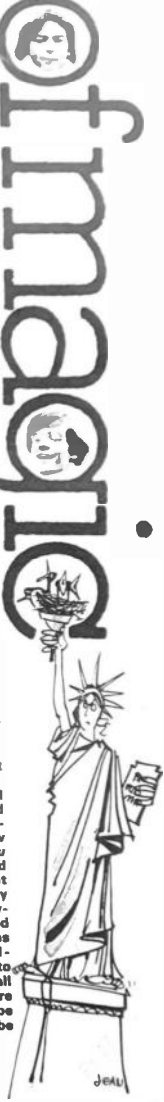
Steve is currently looking for an industrial national loft in New York. It will be an art convert into a flat for himself and Zally. It has to be in an industrial building, because they intend to make so much noise that you could drop a bomb in there and not hear it go off.

He is very independent. In Britain, Steve hired a Minn, instead of riding in the group limousine. He loves sports cars, and takes part in amateur racing trials at American gymkhanas. . . which rely on horse-power instead of horses, incidentally.

Steve is *The Spoonful's* anchor. Without him, they might drift off into complete insanity.

And we don't want that to happen.

The Lovin' Spoonful went through a period of being the most unwanted group in New York. They cut *Do You Believe In Magic?*, and it was around for eight months before anybody noticed it. Then everything snowballed, and they found themselves the most-wanted group. They came to Britain and left us all wanting more. They are great people and will be back soon. It can't be too soon.



John was born at 6:45 a.m. on 12th November, 1943, at the Saint Elizabeth Hospital, New York City, New York.

He was a large baby, weighed 15 lb 14 oz, and measured 20 inches.

"You wouldn't have recognized him though because he had almost no hair! Just blond peach fuzz."

Often a new baby in the family causes jealousy but when John, all of eight days old at the time, went home and met his older sister, Judy, there was no jealousy there at all.

On the contrary, his 22-months-old sister was thrilled to meet her new playmate. "As soon there was a strong bond of affection between Judy and her brother and this bond is even stronger today," John's mother, Mrs. Maus, told us.

"As the two of them grew up together Judy watched over him with a strong motherly love, and she called him 'Johnnie' most of the time."

Now all Judy has to say about "Johnnie" Walker is that it was great having him as a brother.

John was a happy boy and he used to have a great alarm system going when he was still very little.

As soon as he woke up he would start humming and singing. At first he sang softly and then louder and louder—until he woke his mother and father.

"That was his way of saying, 'I want my breakfast.'"

Mrs. Maus remembers John's naughty behaviour but she dismisses it like this: "He was an average boy, doing all the typical things a young boy does."

"Oh, there were some little mischievous adventures, but they were the normal things that children do as they grow."

John remembers them even more clearly. "I did run away from home a couple of times," he admitted, "but really I was running away from school."

"The first time I must have been about ten or twelve. I didn't get very far, maybe five or six miles. Then I got scared because it was dark—and boy did I get it!"

"At school they had these strap things you had to do, group things, different kinds of clubs and so on. I couldn't stand doing things in groups."

"I split at two in the afternoon once near Christmas because they had us all doing something I didn't want any part of. I wasn't like the other kids."

"I don't know what a psychiatrist would make of it but there are a lot of things I can't take, and when I can't I just blow."

"In high school I had my difficulties because everybody had crew cuts. I have had short-hair arguments with boys at least twice up to now."

"I guess when I run away I must have been mad at my parents also, but I can't understand it because now that I am older I think they are really pretty good."

The Maus family lived in New York City until John was four. In those days his favourite pastime was playing with blocks, modelling clay, crayons and colouring books and toy cars.

And he liked to sleep with a small

stuffed Teddy Bear and the radio playing background music.

When they moved to California, a whole new world opened up and he found out for the first time that "the great outdoors" meant for the first time.

Even having a small garden was a new pleasure and he used to tell his parents to plant peach trees. Later on they added some white rabbits for John to look after.

The family's next move was to Hermitosa (that means beautiful) Beach in California. This was an even bigger, better paradise.

Said Mrs. Maus, "We all liked the beach and the ocean and John spent all his spare time surfing. He made a surf board all by himself."

"It took him a long time to build, but eventually it was 'just right' and you just couldn't get him off it, or out of the beach."

"The sun turned his skin a golden brown and his hair really blond."

Just behind their house was a recreation park where Little League Baseball was played so John and his father used to play ball there every day and on Sundays were joined by Mum and Judy.

"John had a good throwing arm and soon became an avid baseball player," said his mother. "He joined a Little League team and became quite a star player" out in the centre-field position.

"That was where he was needed most as it was one of the very few who could throw the ball all the way from the outfield to home base."

"Needless to say, I became his most ardent fan."

And a loyal one, too, because at a time when most mothers are nagging their teenage sons to get their hair cut, Mrs. Maus comes out stoutly in John's defence.

"He liked to wear his hair long and many remarks were made about this, but he didn't care and after a few fights, which he didn't always win, the others left him alone and he got to keep the long hair without any further trouble."

"Now, there's an understanding man! It was at the age of eleven that John first started his career as a Walker Brother because it was then he hurt his knee very badly clearing a gym class at school."

While he was wearing a cast he became interested in music and his parents bought him a standard guitar. He already had a steel one but it was too awkward to play with his leg up in plaster.

"John decided on the standard," said his mother, "so we felt that he should read music and work him up to a teacher."

"But John had other ideas, and some time later the teacher said, 'I can't teach him, let him alone.'"

"So we did and he taught himself to play."

Later on he wanted an electric guitar so he learned the money line it by watching Lenny, watching stage and doing other odd jobs.

"When John used to bump around, even before he could walk, a doctor's order was no surprise to us," said his mother.

And when the family moved you again to a suburb of Los Angeles, and John was 18, his mother surprised her from a distance.



This week and next Heather Kirby will be telling you all there is to know about John Maus with a whole lot more fab pics, as you can see, very kindly lent to us by John's mum who's written a very nice letter to us that you can read on page two.



just john

"He did and soon more jobs came in than he could handle," she told us.

John formed his first "group" with his sister Judy and they worked together for six years, appearing all over Southern California and even in Hawaii.

These groups varied from time to time, and so did the name. Sometimes it was The John and Judy Foun, John and Judy and the Newsnets or Judy and The Geats.

And also, John and Judy Walker. Scott Engel named the group when it was known as The Geats and some time after that they picked up a drummer called Tiny Schwesler and the three of them formed The Walker Brothers.



Mrs. Maus lent us all these pictures of baby John from her family album. There she is holding him when he was just two months old and in the other pics he's with big sister Judy.

Next week we follow John's career and private life when he will tell us what makes him tick, what makes him happy and sad.



Fab 208 | John
Walters

In America they say nothing can cause a raised eyebrow except a pair of tweezers. Where else, but the U.S. would a boxer like the "Louisville Lip" be O.K. ? Only Hollywood could produce a perfect "moovee-star" like George Hamilton. America made a mountain out of McCallum. And where else can you imagine Elvis "The Pelvis" being lunched ?

We picked these four personalities to prove—

IT COULD

UNtil he went to America David McCallum was nobody. He carried his own suitcases out of London Airport to catch a plane to the land of promise.

And what a promised land it turned out to be. If it and only were parts of contracts, David might still have been an actor's actor, getting nowhere very fast.

But David isn't the type to put up with a small 'n' passion. So he did a Columbus and discovered a goldmine that still had plenty of gold in it.

Why, at a time when talent was flowing from Europe faster than the jets could fly in, did David try to turn the tide ?

"Although people were saying Hollywood was finished, dead, etc. it was still Mecca to me," said David.

"A place that has been the centre of show business for so long can't just fold up.

"Besides, I had nothing to lose. I decided that Hollywood would either make me or break me."

We know what it did. David is a really strong man, his character is built on an iron will and a determination to succeed no matter what the obstacles.

Whether they be an ocean as big as the Atlantic or a breakdown in Hollywood's publicity machine.

He was determined to make it. And when the part of Ilya Kuryalan came along, written simply as a second stringer to Napoleon Solo, David made the most of it.

His Scottish stoicism slipped easily into the slick style of U.N.C.L.E. He played it cool, ice cool.

Until, with a minimum of visible effort and a maximum of acting cunning, he turned the part of second fiddle into the dominant role of conductor.

Now it's Ilya who calls the tune and leads the bandwagon of U.N.C.L.E. addicts.

At a time when David needed Hollywood, Hollywood needed somebody like David.

"Hollywood made me into a big star," (David hates using that expression but we made him), "so I feel I am in debt to the place. It's my home now.

"If I did become an American it wouldn't mean I'm giving up England," he said loyally.

"But I live and work there, it would simply be the sensible thing to do."

And since the day he took that trip on a plane, David has known the sensible thing to do.



GEORGE HAMILTON is the sort of star Hollywood is made of. Or used to be before the jeans and sweater brigade took over. Now George is putting some of the glamour back. He wears beautifully-made suits, hand-made ties, shoes and even hand-made socks.

His sports clothes are so impeccable you'd be surprised to see them crease even when he sits down.

With the money he earned from his first walk-on part he bought a Rolls Royce which he claimed once belonged to King George VI.

He lives in a thirty-nine-room mansion, decorated in red damask and gold leaf, that has everything a Hollywood movie star's home should have, from a minstrel gallery to a private cinema.

He's always beautifully groomed—which is not so surprising because his father used to own a cosmetics firm—and is always at the top of Hollywood hostesses' party lists.

Because he can be relied on to turn up looking gorgeous, to flatter every female within ear-shot, and never lose his air of polite sophistication.

He is always being written about or photographed with some of the world's most eligible daughters.

Like the Duke of Bedford's stepdaughter, Catherine Millinair. Or currently the United States President's daughter, Lynda "Bird" Johnson.

As an escort he's the tops. He encouraged Lynda to go and see George Monroe and Zsa Zsa Gabor.

Mr. Masters gave her eyebrows a new shape, working with a razor, new orange lipstick and dark brown eye shadow.

George also takes his dates to the best places. When the Academy Awards were being presented, it was Lynda Johnson and George Hamilton who were being shadowed by the television cameras, not the star of the night, Julie Christie.

Recently he has starred with Vanessa Redgrave (of *Morgan*) on BBC and before that with Brigitte Bardot and Jeanne Moreau in *Viva Maria*.

He said that Brigitte used to give him a kiss at breakfast every day. We don't blame her for that!

George is very easy to talk to, he's great fun, he's ambitious and he's also generous and lucky. Lynda is wearing a fabulous plaited golden "friendship" ring he gave her.

He doesn't like "method" acting or dirty sweatshirts. George believes in "class."

He's every Momma's dream for her daughter (and every daughter's dream for herself!).

But let's give George the last word on himself. . . .

"I am," he says. "A wind-up, prefabricated Hollywood pin-up doll."

Some doll!



ONLY HAPPEN THERE

AMERICA rocked under the impact of Elvis Presley. The rest of us rolled. And we've all been rockin' and rollin' ever since.

He put the hit into Hit Parade when he first belted *Hound-dog* ten years ago. And he's been K.O.'ing the pops ever since with no less than 50 golden discs to his credit.

Only America could have withstood the explosion that happened when Elvis, with his sexy sideburns and his even sexier wiggle, erupted onto the—in those days—serene pop scene.

Nowadays "King" Elvis lives like a king. He has two palatial homes, one at Bel Air in Hollywood, and one called Gracelands in Memphis, Tennessee.

And, like a king, he is surrounded by courtiers, paid companion jesters. Sounds lavish but good sense, too. Kings, after all, can't go around with other kings. As a rule there's only one to a country.

In Elvis's case there's only one to a whole world.

His is a remote kind of life. He never goes out on the town, mainly, he says, because he would always be mobbed.

So Elvis's dates tend to get the homely treatment. Dinner at his place, a game of billiards, a film, or watching the telly. More or less what we all do on a quiet night in.

Except that at his place there's nearly always a crowd so it always looks like a party even if it isn't.

He says that the girl he marries will have to like this way of life, no fancy restaurants, first nights or late nights.

And for the past ten years there's been no shortage of girls willing to sacrifice themselves to this set-up.

But it's pretty Priscilla Beaulieu, the 22-year-old daughter of an army officer Elvis met when he was in Germany, who is the nearest any girl's ever got to the Presley throne.

A few weeks ago Elvis bought her a diamond ring and a home near Hollywood. But he hasn't said anything about marriage—yet.

Elvis not only lives king style but his manners wouldn't make a royal nanny blush either.

He's always polite, calls his elders "Sir" or "Ma'am" doesn't smoke or drink, has never been involved in any scandal and is fanastically generous with his money.

Many reasons have been put out for his non-appearance over here, and now Colonel Parker's (Elvis's manager) back is playing him up, and he's not fit enough to travel.

Which gives rise to yet another nightmare about the lengthy reign of the "King" of pop.

Without his five-star general of a manager, will Elvis topple? After surviving an Army? And a Beatie revolution? Never!



CASSIUS CLAY, now Muhammad Ali, for all his shouting and clouting, is a very sweet person. He's also a lot funnier than most comedians and a lot better looking than most actors.

In America where the soft sell is about as successful as cold washing-up water, he raised his voice to the glory of Cassius Clay.

And shouted to anybody who would listen, "I am the greatest!"

That, he thought, when he was just an unknown boxer, was the way to get publicity, create hate and anger, and get huge crowds paying lolly to see him bash somebody's brains in.

He was dead right.

When he arrived in London for his title fight against Henry Cooper there were crowds at London Airport who had waited for four hours.

Outside the hotel more people were waiting and cheering.

Muhammad was over the moon about them. "Ah never knew Ah had so many friends over here," he said, in a lovely, lazy Southern accent.

One of the reasons Muhammad is so popular is that he has a terrifically sharp sense of humour.

Talking about the plane journey (delayed because of fog) he said that a woman has asked him to pray that they landed safely.

"Ah told her Ah didn't know any prayers. So she asked me to do something religious."

"So Ah took a collection."

He goes on and on like that—and he doesn't have a team of gag writers, just sparring partners and managers.

Like when Eamonn Andrews asked him why he didn't have a television show of his own, Cassius replied, "Cause Ah've got the wrong complexion and the wrong connection."

How Muhammad has avoided the clobber'd look of most boxers is a miracle. He hasn't a crooked nose nor cauliflower ears.

"Yeah, Ah'm very pray-ty, an' Ah want to stay that way, so I move real quick," he says. "Cause he who hits and runs away, lives to fight another day."

Behind all the headline hullabaloo Muhammad is very serious, especially about his Muslim religion.

"A man in my position is surrounded by temptations. Ah'm invited to all these parties, movie-shows, nightclubs."

"Ah'm surrounded by alcohol and dancing and women, all the time."

"Without my religion Ah know Ah would have been destroyed by this—physically, financially and spiritually. There would be no respect left."

As it is, the whole world respects Muhammad Ali. Particularly, we'd guess, a gentleman called Henry Cooper.



Feb 2018



John Phillips



PEOPLE call it folk-rock. But that's only because people like to find labels. It's really American music. The America of Today. IT is the sound made by groups from two cities in America. Los Angeles and New York. It's a cool summer sound and so American. . . .



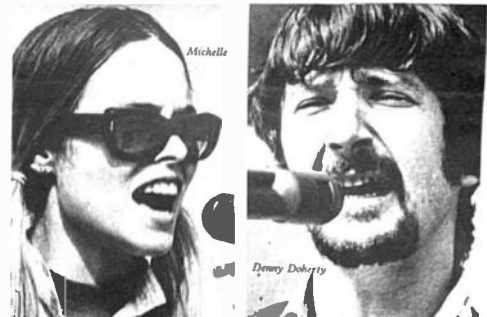
Cass

(Dis always manage to get the name wrong.) Simon is Paul, and he is free-foot-nothing, and rather-cuddly-really and a warm, responsive person. Garfunkel is Art, and is tall and rangy with a fair Dylan mop and ideas about freedom.

Paul wrote *The Sounds of Silence*, *A Most Peculiar Man*, *Homeward Bound* and *Some Day, One Day*. That's all he writes. For people to sing his songs, and for other people to like them. The success of Simon and Garfunkel's *Homeward Bound* is sort of bonus he appreciates.

Folk-rock is one side of the East Coast scene. The other side has been going longer. The Four Seasons are still making those

Michelle



Denny Doherty

SCENE

beautiful noises that sound like strangled pussycats. And Eddie Rambaux, who wrote some of their album tracks, is still having *Stardust* hits to follow up his No. 1, *Concrete and Clay*.

Eddie records for the same company as Norma Tanega. His last record was Norma's *I'm The Sky*. Norma, apart from walking her cat named Dog, spends most of her time riding motor-bikes, going to art galleries and buying silk dresses from East Side boutiques. She has a Master's Degree in Fine Arts. In May, she toured America with Gene Pitney. She likes Pitney, adores Bob Dylan.

Bob Dylan started out in Greenwich Village, but is just as likely to be found in Los Angeles these days, where the Dylan cult has set off a big West Coast movement. The Byrds are still making nice little oost-eggs for themselves singing Dylan in coo "n" chile out there.

By all accounts, the Byrds have never flown so high as they do now. Everyone is agreed that they are really shaking up the scene. Gene Clark has left, but the boys are carrying on without him, fighting off the challenge of similarly Dylan-influenced groups like The Turtles.

The Byrds were the first group to put an Indian star on their records, which shows they're moving on. Dave Crosby showed

George Harrison how to play star, and that is how *Norwegian Wood* came up with an Indian effect!

The producer of The Byrds' records is Doris Day's son Terry Melcher, which brings me to The Beach Boys. For Terry is one half of a duo called Bruce and Terry. The other half is the loozest Beach Boy, Bruce Johnston.

Bruce replaced lead beach boy Brian Wilson, who is still in the act as a writer and record producer, but hasn't done many live appearances off the record with the group for some time.

The Beach Boys have having a great time. Their discs have left the surf sound behind for an instant party kick. Mike Love keeps going boards, which people say makes him shove off. Dennis and Carl Wilson have bought fancy beach houses.

Al Jardine is hopping here and there, spending a fortune in phone calls home to his wife.

They are still making the most high sounds on the West Coast. The new record from The Beach Boys is called *Wouldn't It Be Nice*? Wouldn't it be nice if America's twin pop cities could step up their export market and let us hear more of their top groups in percent.

Britain is ready for them. **JUNE SOUTHWORTH**

U.S.

THERE are some lovely lovely sounds coming out of America these days. And they all seem to be coming from the sprawling suburbs of Los Angeles or the soaring skyscraper land of New York.

What are just names over here—names like The Mama's and The Papa's—have faces attached to them that we'll be seeing more of soon.

New York's Greenwich Village clique is headed by The Lovin' Spoonful and The Mama's and The Papa's. The two are both so-called folk-rock groups, and are inconspicuously lumped together.

Spoonful Zal Yanovsky used to play with Papa Denny in groups called The Hallelujahs and The Mugwumps. It's a small world for Greenwich Villagers.

The Mama's and The Papa's are even more offbeat rock than The Lovin' Spoonful, and almost as colourful. Cass is a large lady with hair a la Beatz and specs a la Sebastian. Michelle is blonde and shapely and used to be a model. John writes his songs and is rather studious. And Denny is his idea of the universal folk singer.

They are really rather splendid, and have lots more songs lined up in the vein of *California Dreamin'* and *Mendocino*.

Greenwich Village is also the home of Simon and Garfunkel, the Djs' friend.

HERMANIA

It was an exciting day in the snowy valley in old Virginia. Rosnoke was going to be introduced to their first English group.

This was the day that Rosnoke was to meet Herman and his Hermans, as they were going to meet us.

The Hermans had all girls hair, wore flared, all denim flared coats. Seats had been held, some got to go to the press conference and some to sit dinner with them, some got to meet them and get autographs and some, like me, just got to hear them and dance. But we were all happy and a little frantic.

The day dawned not a nice pretty day but a very miserable day. Well, it might have dampened the ground, the seats (they were to appear in the stadium out in the open) and the stage, but not everybody's excitement. It was to be a rain or shine performance, and everybody figured, if they could take it, we could.



Anne Hutton, age 17, of Wasena Avenue, Roanoke, Virginia, U.S.A., sent us this piece about Herman's Hermans. It wins her 10 gns.

All day long people checked watches and clocks all over the school and finally we were out. But much supper we saw that night and I know not any homework was done. It seemed everybody was at the stadium an hour before the show.

About thirty minutes before show time it started to rain. Everybody realised that Rosnoke had made one big mistake. They forgot to protect the stage with a cover.

We all knew that it was dangerous so they rushed out with canves and tried to keep it dry. Hope was almost gone but we sat in the pouring rain for

two more hours.

Finally it became clear that the show could not go on that night. Everyone was disappointed and went to I know that the Hermans wouldn't let us down, we'd get our show even if they had to work overtime.

The officials moved the show to 2 p.m. the next day, which counted quite a bit because over here we don't get out of school till 2 p.m. Most teachers, principals, deans, and school board officials didn't like it but the kids did. We were all for it!

Some kids came with canves from parents, some forgot them, some called their parents home to go with their Hermans and some just plain showed up. The schools were into a ditch and made announcements that no one would be able to get out, even with parents' permission. Rosnoke almost had its first wild demonstration and I think I'd have had it! But the Hermans asked the school if they would come back at the end of their tour.

We had to wait almost three weeks, but June 12th finally

arrived. We created our fingers and hoped it wouldn't rain and the sun was our winner came true. There's one thing about Virginia weather in the summer, you can't be a happy medium. It'll be it was a hundred in the shade!

Well the last time we were out with rain and this time it was the sun pouring down and from a girl so much that she dropped a cake down my back. But everything was fine and all very happy. All ten thousand us—oops, excuse me, ten thousand and five Hermans.

The show was great (so say the least) and the weather made a great introduction for Herman.

He proved to be as good a comedian as he is a singer.

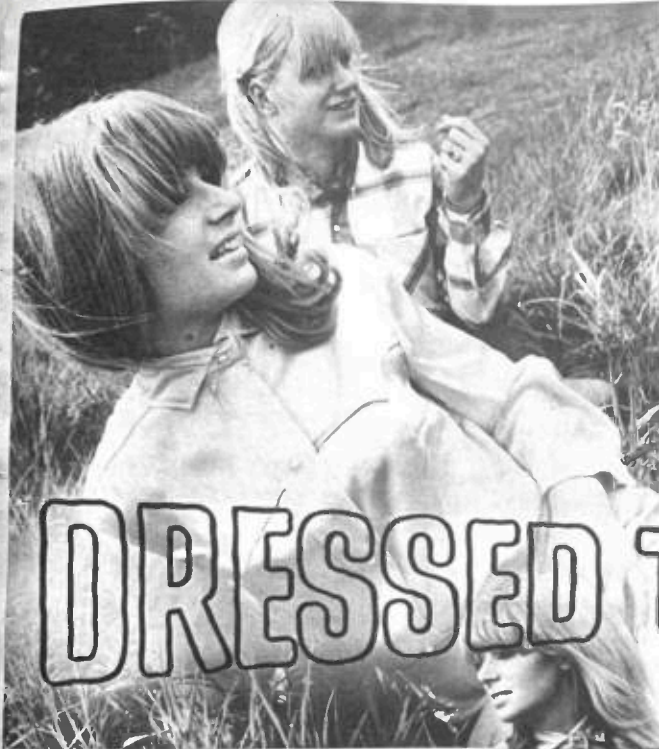
They sang "Herman" with the crowd helping on Mr. Brown You've Got A Lovely Daughter which Herman directed. Great conductor!

It may have been postponed but we had a great day. We met the English group but the time they came.

Wonder when they'll come back to take over? Hope it's not soon.





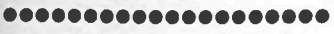


Ann-Marie, in gay cotton gingham in all colours from Palisades. The dress costs 99s. 11d. Cowhide look that's a clever imitation for Fiona's skirt. It costs 49s. 11d. from Hightlight Sports. John Craig shirt, 42s. 6d.

DRESSED TO KILL

Fashion by Jill Evans. . . . Or Evans, the Rags, as she is known in the wild west of Wales.

Hot on the trail of Western fashion in the wide open spaces are petite singer, Ann-Marie Guirron and side-kick, Fiona Clive-Ross, who herself designs clothes. Ann-Marie finds that you don't have to be strictly the out-door type to wear these styles. Her blouse is fashionably satin. From Palisades, Ganton Street, it costs 5½ gns. Fiona tries a boy's shirt in big check. By Wenslow, 45s. 6d.



Thinking in terms of goodies and baddies the frock-coated suit usually belonged to the villain. But worn with a skirt by Ann-Marie, it looks anything but menacing. Cleverly cut with a high bodice, the suit is from Palisades, 7½ gns. Tough denim suit with a semi-fitted jacket is Fiona's choice. All cow-boys wore neck-chiefs like hers, too. The suit is by Hightlight Sports at 89s. 11d.



There is no place in the world to beat British ready-to-wear fashion, positively. Everywhere they are aiming at the British Look. Meanwhile back west, London's West One, that is, where the heart of the rag trade throbs . . . as we were saying . . . meanwhile, on the home front, they are kicking around with some wild ideas straight out of Dodge City, the wagon train and all points West—the cowboy type West, that is. There are thick denim suits, the old homestead gingham—and enough cow-hide to cause a stampede.

- *Doing a Viva Maria act is Ann-Marie*
- *in an outfit, perfect for calling in*
- *hungry cattle men for park 'n beans*
- *or "entertaining at home," if you prefer*
- *it. Blouse with long, leg 'o mutton*
- *steeves, costs 39s. 6d. and the skirt, from*
- *Franks, is £4 14s. 6d. Fiona, who*
- *loves horse riding and the out-door life,*
- *goes for denim jeans and a sturdy*
- *matching jacket. They are both made*
- *by Lybro. The jeans cost about 17s. 6d.*
- *and the jacket about 23s.*



For stockists of Western clothes write enclosing 10/- to Fashion Dept., Fabulous, Fleeceway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Pictures specially taken for FAB-208 by Shaunk Woodcut

All the 208 Djs' have given us their very own tips for the top this week and there is a wide enough assortment to suit everyone's tastes. As usual Fab-208's editorial record columnist, Ken Bow, has gathered up a great pile of records to tell you about. So read on, for all the info you want on the disc scene.

● If it wasn't for the fact that the new Beatles' single was issued a week ago, I'd predict that *But Stop*, latest disc by the Beatles, would shatter it all on the top. It's a great song, written by the talented Graham Gouldman, and must at least make the Number Two spot (Parlophone).

● Georgie Fame, badly in need of a hit, could make it with *Get Away*. Georgie penned the number himself and it's very catchy (Columbia).

● New American boy to keep an eye on is twenty-one-year-old Houston-born B. J. Thomas who debuts with a heavy blues ballad called *Mama*. It's climbing the American charts and could do the same here (Pye International).

● Lisa Shanes has switched record companies and comes up with *Come And Get Me*, her best disc yet (Pye). But it's not quite strong enough to compete with the Susan Maughan version reviewed last week.

● The Quiet Five, who were unlucky not to have the hit version of *Homebound Bound*, could finally make an impression with a fine Mick Jagger/Keith Richards cover position called *I'm Waiting* (Parlophone).

● Paul Simon (of Simon and Garfunkel) and Bruce Woodley (of The Seekers) got together to pen a pretty ballad called *Cloudy* and it's the best thing Richard Anthony has ever done (Columbia).



STUART GRUNDY'S CHOICE

Parlophone Writer: The Beatles (Parlophone)

Stuart says: As far as I am concerned this is only two days out the back and it's so good you just can't get your foot (hard head) throught it saying that you've got your neck out—but when you've been living with a disc for almost three weeks and everything else pales beside it, what can you do? You'll have gathered by now which record I'm raving about take your pick.

Parlophone Writer on Run, they're both equally great

Quote from Rev Shankar, "I think I'll start this one out!"

ALAN FREEMAN'S CHOICE

Talks This Heart Of Mine Meridian Gays (Tamblyn Motown)

Alan says: This is a tremendous disc. Marvin's last one, *One More Heartache*, soared high up the American charts and I was mortified when it didn't find its way into our own hit parade. This very talented artist has been bashing his head against a British beach wall for far too long so let's hope that this time the wall will crumble and the record will take a very smooth trip into the twenty. Long live the first Marvin Gaye chart smash in the British hit parade



RAY ORCHARD'S CHOICE

A Street That Rhymes At 6.0 a.m. Norma Tanega (Stansho)

Ray says: Stuart Grundy has nipped in smartly and taken my first choice (Beatles, of course) but I've found another one that I'm pretty certain is due for the charts. It's the newie from Norma Tanega with the weird title of *A Street That Rhymes At 6.0 a.m.* Fascinating lyric and presentation and given the right plugs, which I'm sure it will get, I reckon it could go even higher than *Walking My Cat Name Dog*.



TONY BRANDON'S CHOICE

Rockin' Your Head Little Anthony and The Imperials (United Artists)

Tony says: The release of the new single from The Beatles has overshadowed everything else this week, but there are one or two other platters worth watching some. For me the pick of the crop is the Little Anthony and The Imperials disc. It has a terrific beat and Little Anthony's unusual voice style makes this record sufficiently different to put it high in the charts.

P.S. Watch this group called The Beatles. I have a feeling that given the right material they could be really big.



DAVE CASH'S CHOICE

I've Been Hurt Guy Darnell (CBS)

Dave says: Somebody once said "Dave Cash is a gambling man," so to live up to my reputation I'm putting my foot on an outsider, Guy Darnell, who comes from Greenwood and has a terrific beat and Little Anthony's unusual voice style makes this record sufficiently different to put it high in the charts.

P.S. Watch this group called The Beatles. I have a feeling that given the right material they could be really big.

It's a commercial sort of sound and Guy puts the song across very well. I'll certainly be playing it on my shows and I'm hoping that Cash has got his cash on the right disc.



● Two winners from the Tamla-Motown stable are *Ain't No Proud To Beg*, already a hit in the States for The Temptations, and *Take This Heart Of Mine*, written for Marvinia Gaye by three members of The Miracles.

● The Swinging Blue Jeans who had a minor hit with *Don't Take Me Over*, their last one, should do much better with their latest, a very appealing *Sandy* (H.M.V.).

● Mitch Ryder and The Detroit Wheels follow their *Jenny Take A Ride* success with a very commercial-sounding *Break Out* (Stax).

● Best of the rest are *That Special Way* by ex-Vernons girl Samantha Jones (United Artists), *Nobody Wrote Goodbye* by The Cryin' Shames (Decca) and *Keep The Fantasy Open* which could put The Four Pennzles back in the charts (Philips).

KEN BOW

9.00	THE WORLD TOMORROW	10.00	TOP POPPS
7.30	DISC DRIVE		Presented by Peter Murray
	(Parlophone)		(Halle's Hair Dreams)
	Introduced by Tommy Vance		(Event Int.)
7.45	LET'S TAKE A SPIN	10.30	OOOON... IT'S MONDAY
	(E.I. Records Ltd.)		AND TIME FOR
	Introduced by Ray Orchard		HIT PARADE
8.00	YOUR DATE AT EIGHT		Introduced by Jack Jackson
	(E.I. Records Ltd.)		(Decca Records Co. Ltd.)
8.30	THE HOT POSS SHOW	11.00	THAT BOY
	(E.I. Records Ltd.)		Presented by Alan Freeman
9.00	BATTLE OF THE GIANTS		(D.D. Co. Ltd.)
	(Decca)		PEPECOLA CLUBLAND
	Discs Stanley Brown and		(The Pepsi-Cola Bottling Co. Ltd.)
	George Formby	11.30	POPS TILL MIDNIGHT
	Introduced by		Presented by Alan Freeman
	BOB SALES' FACES		(E.I. Records Ltd.)
	(E.I. Records Ltd.)	12.00	MUSIC IN THE NIGHT
9.15	THE MOON MOONEY		With Stuart Grundy
	(E.I. Records Ltd.)		3.00 a.m.—Close Down
9.45	SPOTLIGHT A STAR		
	Presented by Pete Brady		
	(E.I. Records Ltd.)		

THEY'RE gonna be action at 9.45 tonight when in the *Battle of the Giants Show* The Small Faces meet Dave Dee, Hazy, Beaky, Mick and Tich.

Anyone who hasn't seen *The Faces* on stage is losing out for their live sound has to be heard to be believed. In fact, audience's reactions are becoming so wild that if the boys want to speak to each other on stage their words just get lost in a barrage of screams. They've come up with rather a novel idea.

Every night Steve takes a whistle on stage with him and if he wants to pass a message to the others, say, for example, to tell them to bring a song to an end, he blows a certain signal and Ploak, Mac and Kenny know exactly what he means.

The Dave Dee group should be really fit for tonight's fight, especially Beaky, who tells me he's on a roller skating kick.

What he does is take his sisters with him to all the gigs and if you happen to get into a ballroom where the boys are appearing you'll find Beaky speeding around before the audience comes in. Ballroom managers cry when they see the state of their floors.

THURSDAY 16th.

AS I told you a couple of weeks back Cathy McGowan who presents her own show at 9.30 p.m., recently came back from her holiday over in Portugal. Well, now she's off again I hear, only the last of March is the new destination and besides soaking up the sun Cathy will be commencing six pop concerts which are being held in the Palace Theatre in Douglas.

This will be a sort of new venture for the R.S.G. girl for although she often works to live audiences they are usually in the TV studio. Nevertheless I'm sure Cathy will be able to take it all in her stride and put on her usual professional performance.

"If I'll just go on stage and chat as if it's a normal TV show," she said—adding "and hope for the best—that everything goes planned."

"I'm also going to be judging some competitions, but I'm not too sure what they're all about yet."

Cathy will be picking the winner and you'll certainly be choosing one if you tune into her show tonight.

9.30	RADIO HILL CLASS	9.45	SPOTLIGHT A STAR
7.30	DISC DRIVE		Presented by Pete Brady
	(Parlophone)		(E.I. Records Ltd.)
	Introduced by Barry Altschul	10.00	THE WALKING YOUNG HOUR
7.45	LET'S TAKE A SPIN		(E.I. Records Ltd.) (United Artists)
	(E.I. Records Ltd.)		(Decca Records Co. Ltd.)
8.00	TOURNAI'S SPECIAL	11.00	BRIAN MATTHEW'S
	(E.I. Records Ltd.)		POP PARADE
	Introduced by Stuart Grundy		Presented by Brian Matthew
8.15	IT'S POP-PIE TIME		(D.D. Co. Ltd.)
	(E.I. Records Ltd.)		11.15
	Introduced by Danny Piercy		JOHN SAVILE'S "15"
8.30	THURSDAY'S REQUESTS		(E.I. Records Ltd.)
	(E.I. Records Ltd.)		11.30
	Introduced by Stuart Grundy		POPS TILL MIDNIGHT
8.45	Time to meet		Presented by Alan Freeman
	KEITH FORDYCE		(E.I. Records Ltd.)
	(E.I. Records Ltd.)		12.00
	Introduced by		MUSIC FOR SOPHISTICATS
9.00	DAVID JACKSON'S		(E.I. Records Ltd.)
	STARTIME		1.00
	(E.I. Records Ltd.)		MUSIC IN THE NIGHT
9.30	THE CATHY MCGOWAN		3.00 a.m.—Close Down
	SHOW		
	(E.I. Records Ltd.)		
	Introduced by		
	Gordon-Moore Co. Ltd. (E.I. Records Ltd.)		

ATTENTION LETTER BUGS!

THIS week we're calling all our readers in the United States. Urgently! On account of the fact that I'm always writing a mass of letters from British pop fans who want to write to State-side boys and girls.

I'm also calling British boys who would like a penmate. There's an awful lot of girls from every place who are wanting to write to some nice boy from G.B.

In a burst of efficiency that's surprised even us, we've already "introduced" quite a lot of you to a penmate, but those who have already written are still waiting most forgive us. Trouble is FAB-208 reaches Australia, the Far East, U.S.A. etc. on a State-side boys and girls. So there'll be a delay before we get penmate members from these far-flung places. And most of you have asked for a 'pen-mate' from overseas.

DO YOU WANT TO JOIN THE FAB-208 PENMATE CIRCUIT?

Here's what you do. Send us a card, in a sealed envelope, telling us your name, address, age, hobbies and what sort of person you'd like to write to. We want to know all about you so we can give you a pen friend to write to who know you will have a lot in common.

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

Oh—this offer is open only to FAB-208 readers, and so will you please cut out and enclose the symbol on this page. And don't forget the stamped, addressed envelope or we won't be able to help. O.K.? Luv, The Ed.



Send us this token if you want to join our pen-mate circle.

DOUBLE BILL
WITH
ALAN FREEMAN

Hi there, and a big hello from the Luxembourg side of FAB-208. Big programme news of the week is the return of the fantastic Ready, Steady, Radio, which as usual will feature an all-star bill including The Ivy League, Lord Sutch and stateside visitors Jay and The Americans. Sounds like a real swinger, eh?

TUESDAY 14th.

THAT fast-moving programme, The Jimmy Young Show swings in at 10.00 p.m. when you can hear some of the big hits and new releases from the E.M.I. stable, including the new one from Graham Bonney, Baby's Gals. Graham has recently returned from Germany where he appeared in a TV spectacular called Beat Club '66.

"I thought I ought to do my bit by letting the export drive in I went across carrying a swinging collection of British designed mod clothes," he said.

In fact, Graham's gear was designed by people from some of the top boutiques in the country. They certainly picked the right boy to wear it 'cause Graham has a fantastic following over in Germany.

"I signed loads of autographs," said Graham, "and also got away twenty-five and as souvenirs. Somebody even wanted my suit and I had quite a tricky time explaining that I didn't want to get arrested for being indecent!"

7.00 THE WORLD TOMORROW
7.30 AMY WILLIAMS SHOW
7.45 LET'S TAKE A SPIN
8.00 TUESDAY'S REQUESTS
8.30 TOPICAL TUNES
8.45 BONNIE CARROLL CALLING
9.00 BRIAN MATTHEW'S POP PARADE
9.15 TIME TO MEET
9.30 SAM COSTA'S COORNER

10.00 THE JIMMY YOUNG SHOW
10.30 TEEN & TWENTY SIX CLUB
11.00 THE DAVID JACOBS' SHOW
11.30 POSTAL TIDY MIDDIGHT
12.00 MUSIC IN THE NIGHT
12.30 MUSIC FOR SOPHISTICATS
1.00 MUSIC IN THE NIGHT



WEDNESDAY 15th

7.00 THE HOUR OF DECISION
7.30 DISC DRIVE
7.45 WEDNESDAY'S REQUESTS
8.00 THE SAM COSTA SHOW
8.30 THE POSTAL BINGO SHOW
9.00 NINEA TRAVELLING MAN
9.30 DAVID JACOBS
10.00 THE JIMMY YOUNG SHOW
10.30 TEEN & TWENTY SIX CLUB
11.00 THE DAVID JACOBS' SHOW
11.30 POSTAL TIDY MIDDIGHT
12.00 MUSIC IN THE NIGHT
12.30 MUSIC FOR SOPHISTICATS
1.00 MUSIC IN THE NIGHT

MALCOLM MITCHELL comes your way at 8.00 this evening with the Nivea Travelling Man show and Val, who recently had a very big hit with the Bob Lind song, *Elusive Butterfly*, hasn't always been a solo artist. Originally he was a part of a group called The Ramblers and it was while he was with them that he met his pretty wife Lynette.

What happened was that one night a few years back, the group were just about to take the stage when Val asked the stage manager for a piece of board to protect his amplifier. The manager dug up a poster that had been used to advertise a previous show. It had the job specified as Val carried the board around with him for the next couple of years. Then one night a girl who happened to be on the same bill as the Ramblers spotted it was her name advertised on the poster. That girl was Lynette—now Mrs. Doonan.

"Isn't it strange, I was carrying my wife's name around for two years, yet I never even saw it," says Val, "I'm so observant can you get?"

But not so observant that he didn't spot the owner of the name. Cupid strikes again.



FRIDAY 17th.

7.00 BRINGING CHRIST TO THE NATIONS
7.30 DISC DRIVE
7.45 FRIDAY'S REQUESTS
8.00 JIMMY SAVILE'S TUNE-A-MINUTE SPOT
8.45 THE ALAN FREEMAN SHOW
9.15 THE PETER MURRAY SHOW
9.45 THE SEAN TERRY NEWS SHOW
10.00 SIMON'S SCENE
10.30 FRIDAY NIGHT
11.00 THE TONY HALL SHOW
11.30 TEEN & TWENTY SIX CLUB
12.00 MUSIC IN THE NIGHT

JIMMY SAVILE is one person who always accepts a challenge and true to form our Jim just couldn't refuse when a troop of Royal Marines threw out a request for him to join them on a thirty-mile march across the winds of Chesham.

"We started off at a place called Belstone Pigeons and I stamped those thirty, dirty, crossfacing and nagging miles on no unadorned spot in the middle of nowhere," Jim told me.

"It wouldn't have been so bad if the challenge hadn't included me wearing full commando combat kit which I'm never wretched a day."

"I lost all sense of feeling after two hundred yards and all sense of reason after four hundred. The sense of feeling was gone back," he said, rubbing his aching muscles.

"Dun I'm still off the 'real'."

Some of the boys failed to finish the march and half the troop, including the radio, made it in the time allowed. In fact, it was no show that they turned in to the 'real'.

"I'm happy, Jim's just about recovered and I'm able to present the show from 11.30 a.m."



SATURDAY 18th.

7.00 BRIAN MATTHEW'S FRIDAY DISC SHOW
7.30 POSTAL TIDY MIDDIGHT
7.45 FRIDAY'S REQUESTS
8.00 MUSIC IN THE NIGHT
8.30 FRIDAY NIGHT
8.45 SATURDAY MORNING
9.00 THE TONY HALL SHOW
9.30 TEEN & TWENTY SIX CLUB
10.00 MUSIC IN THE NIGHT

THE new C.B.S. show introduced by that crazy character Dave Cash, comes your way at 9.30 this evening and among the discs that Dave will be spinning is the one from Simon and Garfunkel called *A Man A Rink*.

Paul, the Simon part of the duo has, of course, made his name over here not only as an artist but also as a hit songwriter. *The Sound of Silence*, *Sunday Day* and *The Boxer* are some of his success, but it was directly after this that he returned to America and along with Art (then the *Garfunkel's* christian name) hit the big time.

A Man A Rink is already selling big and looks to give these two folky boys another chart smash.

7.00 THE SCARLET SCIMITERS
7.15 CHRISTIAN SCIENCE
7.30 PRESIDENT ELY
7.45 LET'S TAKE A SPIN
8.00 PETER MURRAY'S L.P. PARADE
8.30 DON HOES ON THE AMERICAN SIDE
9.00 SATURDAY'S REQUESTS
9.30 THE C.B.S. SHOW
9.45 BATTLE OF THE GIANTS
10.00 THE TONY HALL SHOW
10.30 THIRTY MINUTES WITH JIMMY YOUNG
10.45 THE TONY HALL SHOW
11.00 TIME TO MEET
11.30 KEITH FORDICE
11.45 JACK JACKSON'S RECORD ROUND-UP
12.00 GUTS, GALS & GROUPS
12.30 MUSIC FOR SOPHISTICATS
1.00 MUSIC IN THE NIGHT

SUNDAY 19th.

7.00 "MUSIC SCENE '66"
7.30 JIMMY YOUNG
7.45 PETER MURRAY
8.00 THE GARY STEIN SHOW
8.45 PART 1 OF THE FANTASTIC READY STEADY RADIO
9.00 PETER MURRAY
9.30 READY STEADY RADIO (PART II)
10.45 CURRY'S CORNER
11.00 TOP TWENTY
11.30 MUSIC IN THE NIGHT
12.00 MIDDIGHT WITH MATTHEW
12.30 MUSIC IN THE NIGHT

YOUR DJ., B.A. (Harry Aitida), who comes on the air at 11.00 tonight with Top Twenty, recently took time out from the station over in the Grand Duchy and paid a flying visit to London. While he was here Barry told me about the enormous amount of mail he receives and in particular the number of American listeners who drop him a line.

"It's always a pleasant surprise to get mail from the States," he said. "Quite a few of the cards come from G.I.s who have returned home after being stationed in Europe and have become 208ers."

The letters arrive from all over the States but one in particular I'll never forget. It was from a Mr. Barry Aitida (same spelling) who worked in the airport control tower in Chicago. He wrote and said how amazed he was to hear his own name coming over the air from Luxembourg. "Next time you're in Chicago look me up and I'll buy you a beer," he wrote.

"When you hear Barry's friendly way of presenting programmes I think you'll understand why he is one of the most popular D.J.s of all."







Tea-rrific Tea-shirt offer

**This super printed Tea-shirt ...
and 2 transfers...for only 5/-**

It's not pop or op art, it's a tea-art Tea-shirt, and it's a giggle but it's good-looking too, and you'll want one—so will the others. With it you get two big "Join the tea set" transfers—4" diameter. You can put them on helmets, scooters, cars—there are lots of possibilities!

All you have to do is to send in the coupon on the right.

Join the tea set!

To: Tea Information Service, Department TS,
Hanover Mills, Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancs.

Please send me.....Tea-shirt(s) *plus free transfers.
I enclose Cheque/P.O. No.....
Size (please indicate) Small Medium Large.

NAME

ADDRESS

72

*5/- for 1 shirt, 10/- for 2 shirts, 15/- for 3 shirts.

This offer closes on September 30th, 1966. Allow 7-10 days for delivery

WALK EXTRA

PETE'S 2 No. 1's!

LEAVING about all over Fanny in his new week-day white suit! That was Captain S. Peters.
Because, on the same day... he heard the *Red Piper* No. 1 in Australia. Also he passed his driving test. First time, too!
Friends threw a party in his honour in Hammersmith on the 22nd. Agenda includes rabbit hunting and horse-riding. By moonlight!

WALKOVER FOR BEACH BOYS

Experience, it seems, does count! Old hands, The Beach Boys have beaten that lovely day-dreamy group The Lovin' Spoonful with over double votes in Lissabon's Battle of the Giants.
Result: Beach Boys 187; Lovin' Spoonful 92.

SICK LIST

The Seekers are still out of action following Judith Durham's appendicitis operation on Feb. June. All their dates for this week have been cancelled.

The Kinks fly to Spain today (Monday) minus Pete Quaife, who was injured in a car crash last week. Using a substitute, The Kinks will appear in Madrid for three days, then move on to dates in Oslo and Bergen. Meanwhile, Pete, get well soon.

Think of a truck. Cross it with a hen... and you get—a Cadillac Fleetwood, 1938 vintage! Or at least, that's what they took like according to Billy J. Kramer. And he should know, having just bought a rose of the seven-seater car for £70 each. Former owner—Lord Tebby!

WHERE THEY'RE AT

News this week is big and American!

It's the arrival of the fantastic Miss Norma (*Walking My Cat Named Dog*) Tanager on the 22nd. She's here—first time in England—to promote *A Street that Rhymes* at 6 a.m. (out her new single, a self-composition) on the 24th, for cabaret appearances until July 18th, and a probable holiday.

More about her appearances next week. For now you can see her at Tiles in Oxford Street, London, on 24th and also on television's RSG same day.

Now for the usual pop spots...

SCOTLAND

Troggs: Locarno, Glasgow (16); Rant Ballroom, Kirkcaldy (16).
Newcastle: Top Bad Shoes, Elgin (16); Dobie Hall, Lerbert (18); Lennon Bank Hotel, Balloch (19).
Kilnblair Club, Locarno, Glasgow (16); Town Hall, Kilmarnock (17).

NORTH

Musical Mamas: York University (23).
Small Faces: Locarno, Hull (16).
Billy J. Kramer: Mayfair Ballroom, Newcastle (16); Marine Ballroom, Macclesfield (17).
CHM Bennett: 21 Mod Club, Rotherham (17).
Moody Blues: Skyline Ballroom, Hull (23).
Faddy, Klans and Gibsons: Marine Ballroom, Macclesfield (19).
St. Louis Union: Tread Wheel, Manchester (19).

Top Rank Ballroom, Preston (19); Biscuits Ballroom, Nottingham (23).
Pinkettes: Oasis, Manchester (17).
Crumphorn Social Club (19).
George Famer: Cotham Hotel, Redcar (19).
Overlanders: Sherwood Rooms, Nottingham (17).
Hedgehoppers: Spys Hall, Bridlington (18).
The Kinks: New Elmthorpe Ballroom, Bole Van, Nr. Manchester (19).

ALL CHANGE TO THE TV SCENE

Could it be? That U.N.C.L.E. and the dear *Fugitive* are to be deposed? And that the show to knock them off the top will be one of the big New York hot-sellers, queuing up to arrive on our screens some time in the autumn.



Arline Marshall, Bob Crane and Werner Klemperer, in a scene from "Hogan's Heroes."

Take a look at some of the likely opponents, all of which have been bought for British TV.
There is *The Cat*. Or rather *T.H.E. Cat*. Thomas Hewitt Edward Cat is tall, lean, handsome and tough. As a professional bodyguard, he has to be. Played by Robert Loggia, Tom Cat is reputed to be an ex-cat burglar. It's a top TV show in The States and is coming here.
Then there is *I Spy*. This scheduled show is the secret agent—undercover bit all over again, with an international setting. But agents Kelly Robinson and Alexander Scott give murder and such-like a new look in the series with their own brand of sophisticated humour.
The Hero. That's handsome Richard Mulligan—playing the hero of a Western series.

This show, however, is more concerned with the marshal's family and neighbours than how fast he can draw. It is, in fact, a Western domestic comedy.
Peter Mason and *The Defenders* may have to look to their laurels if and when Peter Falk arrives on British screens. He's the heavy star of a series called *The Trials of O'Brien* which translates to the British screens on BBC in July.

Another comedy on the way set-of-all things—in a prison or war camp. Starring Bob Crane as Colonel Robert Hogan, it's called *Hogan's Heroes*. Well, at least they're different... And all from the United States. Can't we think up any new ideas for ourselves over here?

DISCO-TIP TOP TEN

These are the discs that you voted as the disco-tip top ten.

1. **PAPERBACK WRITER**—The Beatles (Parlophone)
2. **TINKLE LEE**—Gary Leeds (CBS)
3. **OVER, UNDER, SIDEWAYS, DOWN**—The Yardbirds (Columbia)
4. **DON'T ANSWER ME**—Cilla Black (Parlophone)
5. **DON'T BRING ME DOWN**—The Animals (Decca)
6. **TO MAKE A BIG MAN CRY**—F. J. Proby (Liberty)
7. **IT'S GIRL**—The Small Faces (Decca)
8. **SUNNY AFTERNOON**—The Kinks (Poly)
9. **ONLY YOU**—Scott Engel and John Stewart (Capitol)
10. **NOTHING COMES EASY**—Sandy Shaw (Poly)

Will you help pick the FAB-200 Disco-tip Top ten? Just fill in the title and the artist of the best new single you've heard this week—no you think MUST make the charts. Stick this form on a postcard (or just write on a postcard) and send to **FABULOUS-200**, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

Each Fab-200 record is allowed only one vote. Post your form to arrive by MONDAY, 20th June just post, to qualify for inclusion in the voting.

CUT AROUND DOTTED LINE!

MY TIP FOR THE TOP IS

(TITLE) _____

(ARTIST) _____

Usual Signature _____

1/6/74

St. Louis Union: Royal Lido, Prestatyn (18).
Action: Pavilion, Bath (16).
Spencer Davis: Heron College, Oxford (21).
Hedgehoppers: Meron Club, Yelverton, Somerset (23).

LONDON

Moody Blues: Town Hall, East Ham, in Crown Club, Hackney (17).
Fourmost: Orchard Room, Dorchester (21).
Seafield: Training College, Kingston (16); Red Lion Hotel, Hounslow (17).
Settlers: University College, Gower Street (17); West London Synagogue (16).
Jimmy James & The Vagabonds: Ram Jam, Brunton (16); Klooka Kleck (21).
Manfred Mann: Folk and Blues Festival, Uxbridge (18).
The Action: Folk and Blues Festival, Uxbridge (18).
Yardbirds: Marquer (21).
Spencer Davis: Starlite Ballroom, Wembley (18).

SOUTH, SOUTH-EAST & EAST
Dave Davis, etc.: Casbah Ballroom, Eastbourne, Pier Ballroom, Hastings (18); ABC, Great Yarmouth (19).

WEST

Yardbirds: Salisbury City Hall (16); Golden Torch, Tunstall, and King's Hall, Stoke-on-Trent (19).
Faddy, Klans and Gibsons: Bluecote Club, Lamberhead (17).
St. Louis Union: Caticombe Club, Eastbourne (22).
Action: Market Hall, St. Albans (17).
Yardbirds: The Downs Hotel, Haslemere (19).
Small Faces: Dreamland, Ballroom Margate (18); Pavilion, Bournemouth (19).
Spencer Davis: Supreme Ballroom, Ruislip (20).
Crimloles: St. Peters: Pavilion, Hemel Hempstead (22).
Troggs: Assembly Hall, Worthing (23).
Pinkettes: Winter Gardens, Cheltenham (16).
The Kinks: Esherham Park Ballroom, Norwich (18).
Casino Ballroom, Rochester (23).



YOUR LAST CHANCE TO FLY WITH FAB TO HOLLYWOOD

Our wonderful competition is now in its last week, and the final coupon appears below. So if you want to go flying off on a never-to-be-forgotten trip to Hollywood, to see (among other things!) an U.N.C.L.E. film in the making, and personally meet the stars, David McCallum and Robert Vaughn, get cracking now!

FABULOUS-208 pays all the winner's expenses, provides a chaperon and guide, and has already reserved seats in a BOAC Rolls-Royce 707 jetliner for the journey in the autumn.

HOW TO ENTER

Entered on the entry coupon are two of the quantities associated with David McCallum. All you have to do is number them in the order you think they most apply to this popular U.N.C.L.E. star. For example, if you think "You're Mine!" is David McCallum's most outstanding quality, write 1 in the space opposite that line in the box column. Then 2 in the same column against your next choice and so on up to 10. The entry fee is 6d for each column attempt but if you make four attempts for 2s you are entitled to two extra attempts free. Remittances must be sent by postal order, made payable to Fleetway Publications Ltd. and crossed 1/6 C of L. Complete the coupon in full or half post with your full name and address, cut round the broken line and post it with your entry fee in a sealed envelope (stamped 6d) to: **FABULOUS-208 Trip to Hollywood, 96-97 Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4, (Camp).**

Entries must arrive not later than first post, Tuesday, 21st June, 1966, the closing date. Every attempt will be examined and the prize awarded to the entrant who, in the opinion of the judges, has made any one column attempt, has placed the ten quantities in the best order. In the event of a tie or ties, a free elimination trial will be held among the

tying competitors to determine the winner or winners. £50 in other prize money will be awarded to the runner(s)-up. The names will be notified, and the results published in **FABULOUS-208** at the earliest possible date. Entry, which is limited to readers living in the United Kingdom, constitutes acceptance of the full rules as published in **FABULOUS-208**, issued dated 6th June, 1966. Don't forget, this is your last chance to have a go, so why not try your luck. You never know, YOU might be the winner.

CUT ROUND HERE

FABULOUS 208 TRIP TO HOLLYWOOD

Number your answers 1 to 10 DOWN the column. Entry fee 6d each column attempt, or 4 attempts for 2s.

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

I enclose a postal order, serial number

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

Mr/Ms/Ms/Mr.....

Full Address

Post to: Fabulous-208 Trip to Hollywood, 96-97, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Closing Date: Tuesday, June 21, 1966

There are more than fifty branches of The Official Beatles Fan Club scattered about the globe. In America the branch is called **BEATLES (U.S.A.) LIMITED** and has its busy headquarters in the heart of New York City. In charge of the U.S. fan club operations is **BERNICE YOUNG** who has written this special report for **FABULOUS-208**.

THE decline was London, England. It was a small town. It mentioned, in part, that "The Beatles' American tour will open in Chicago on August 12, and conclude in San Francisco (as it did last year) on August 29. Included on the schedule is a return to New York's 96,000-seater Shea Stadium (20-7)." A simple enough statement. Yet, it was enough to send thousands of Beatles fans all over the United States off into total hysteria. And it was enough to set in motion the four phases which we at **BEATLES (U.S.A.) LIMITED** have come to recognize as the inevitable prelude to a Beatles' tour.

The first phase is the demand for tickets and strong objections to the planned itinerary. In many cases we receive objections to the itinerary BEFORE the completed official itinerary is made known. So we were bombard with indignant demands to know why The Beatles had "refused" to return to Boston, for example, at the time when negotiations were being concluded for the boys' visit to that city.

Then, when the itinerary IS released, we receive even more indignant inquiries as to why The Beatles "refused" to visit cities not included on the tour. And, of course, the clamour is for tickets — front row tickets ... back row tickets ... inside tickets ... outside tickets ... orchestra tickets ... balcony tickets ... flagpole tickets ... TICKETS!!! Although **BEATLES (U.S.A.) LIMITED** has absolutely nothing to do with the sale of tickets, much of phase one is devoted to requests for assistance in this all-vital area.

Phase two (three months before visit) does it right! The Press Conference. It would appear that, at the

first mention of a Beatles' tour, every enterprising teen-ager in the United States and Canada immediately sprouts a press card (many from non-existent publications) and begins to claim a right to at least an individual interview with one or all of The Beatles or, as consolation, a letter of acknowledgment to one or more of the scheduled Press Conferences.

By far one of the most delightful aspects of this phase are the calls which we receive from fourteen and fifteen-year-old girls who insist that they are on assignment to say, *The New York Times* and that their entire journalistic futures will be ruined if we refuse them the requested interview. It makes one feel a dreadful age.

Phase three (two months before visit) consists mostly of anonymous phone calls, seeking information. The exchange is a simple one:

"May I have a list of the hotels in which The Beatles will be staying?"
"Oh-b-h . . . Well, (voice breaking slightly) well . . . when do you think you'll have it?"

"Not until The Beatles get here."
"But . . . but . . . (in desperation) that'll be too LATE (on a wall)!"
The tone of phase three, of course, is to get the names of the hotels in order to make reservations there when The Beatles will be there. After all, if you're in the same hotel, you're SURE to meet them . . . or, at least, see them close up.

Phase three leaves itself open for some really intriguing variations, as well. One I shall never forget occurred prior to the 1965 tour, while I was working late one evening. The phone rang and I answered it, still concentrating on the work I was doing. The voice on the other end announced, in a

BEATLES (U.S.A.) LTD.

By Bernice Young



simulated English accent, "I have an over-see call for Miss Bernice Young."
As the voice was that of a twelve-year-old, I was rather interested. The young lady went on: "I have a call for Miss Young from Mr. Brian Epstein in London, England."

Periodically I would simulate heavily into the phone to simulate the background sound of a transatlantic telephone call. I told her that I was ready for the call from Mr. Epstein. At that point, an older man (about fourteen) came on the phone saying, "Miss Young, this is Mr. Epstein. Would you please give me the list of hotels in which The Beatles . . ."

Ignorant, I heard.
Phase four starts on the days prior to the tour and the actual tour itself. It is a combination of the first three phases with a

dash of madness added to it. This is the large city of the adults get into the act, demanding tickets, interviews, autographs, including one of The Beatles.

It is the time of the insane telephones, the desperate telegrams, the hysterical pleas, the threats of suicide, the overbearing demands. And it is as well the time of sitting and chatting with Ringo about the loneliness of a large city, of watching Paul and John play time spent with the members of the staff of **BEATLES (U.S.A.) LIMITED**. It is the time spent with The Beatles—of recognizing them as being four of the most fantastic people imaginable.

And then, all of the confusion and the hysteria sort themselves out and begin to make sense. THEY make it all worth while.

YOU CAN SAVE ££'S ON NYLONS!

Have you ever dared work out what it costs you every week for nylons? Haven't you ever wanted to scream when a pair, new on that morning, "smelt" just as you're ready to go out for the evening? Well now your troubles are really over! Here's the way to save—not just the cost of an occasional pair of nylons—BUT LITERALLY EVERY PENNY YOU SPEND ON THEM!

The answer is—**DON'T WEAR THEM!** "WHAT?"—you'll probably say in horror—"I can just see myself going out looking a sight with my legs all ghastly white after the winter—I SHOULD COCOCA!" Of course not! But what if, instead of looking washed-out bleamish and winter-white your legs had a lovely, deep, "must have wintered in Majorca" tan! And that's just what they can have—starting tomorrow morning!

The secret is the one the film stars and fashion models themselves use—Damaskein rain-proof, non-streak, natural tan Leg Make Up. Damaskein gives your legs a really "golden opportunity" to look their loveliest. Doesn't spot or streak and really is rainproof. One application lasts for days yet is simple to wash off with soap and water. Although a tube of Damaskein Leg Make Up costs less than even a cheap pair of nylons it does your legs over and over again. With Damaskein there are "no snags"—legs look ten times lovelier—and best of all, **YOU SAVE ££'S!** Get some exciting Damaskein rainproof Leg Make Up TO-DAY. Your chemist has it at only 3/1 for a time and time again tube.

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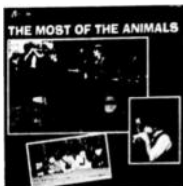
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Mo & Don's LETTER BOX

Howdy pardners! Mo and Don's Don Wardell here. This Statewide issue has made us go all American, this week. Well, it's a change from "What ho chaps, anyone for tennis? Isn't it? On to this week's letters..."

★ ★ ★ HANK'S HOME ★ ★ ★

My mum and I are great fans of country and western singer, Hank Locklin. Can you tell us where he lives in America? *Pat Layman, Newport.* (*I'm leaving this one to Don.*)
Mr. Locklin comes from Florida. He owns a large ranch called the "Swingin' L" which has a roped-out water catchment and also an indoor swimming pool.
The only trouble is that Hank is so busy "travelling all over the globe that he hardly gets time to enjoy all the pleasures of the ranch."

★ ★ ★ THE TROGGS ★ ★ ★

Can you give me some info on the new group called The Troggs and also tell me what their name means? *Margaret Evans, Margate.*
(*My turn*) Well I'll tell you about the Troggs. Margaret Troggs is an aborigine of the rain forest. The means cave dwellers, although it's not as if the boys don't actually live in the "cave" but they do, in fact they come from a big cave - near a waterfall.
Line up of the l-r guys, a f'n'king hairy fellow, Pete Staples (bass), Ronnie-Bird drums and Reg Presley (the artfully fat one, I think, at the moment now can he?)

Heard a nice little story about the boys I'll bet you do. Seems that they heard the news of the AIDS virus and making the charts while they were travelling to London from Andover, so they stopped their car and drove into a field and picked a bunch of bluebells and then brought them up to town as a gift for their manager's secretary. Which all goes to show what nice boys they are.

★ ★ ★ BEATLE SCHEDULE ★ ★ ★

Please tell me if The Beatles are going to do a tour of Britain any time this year. *Janette Broxton, Ipswich.*

(*Your Beatles correspondent Mo here.*)
This is a question that loads of people are asking. The point is that so far the only tour definitely planned for the fab four this year are of Germany, Japan and America. However, if they can find time, The Beatles may do a British tour at the end of the year. Let's hope so anyway, 'cos we do miss them don't we?



★ ★ ★ FACES L.P. ★ ★ ★

Can you tell me the title of The Small Faces L.P. and whether or not the boys wrote any of the songs on it? *Yvonne Murns, Cambridge.*
(*Here's Don with your answer, Yvonne!*)
Small Faces is the title of the L.P. Yvonne and those four talented boys penned seven of the twelve tracks on it. For my money it is one of the best albums released this year.

★ ★ ★ BOB'S SONGS ★ ★ ★

Why does Bob Dylan give some of his songs titles which are not related to the song in any way? *Gary Reynolds, Finchley, London.*
(*Over to deepy, Don.*)
Bob Dylan was asked this question at a press conference that he held in London a short time back and his answer was that the titles do in fact relate to the songs.
Apparently all his songs are written with either a place, person or thing in mind and Bob says you have to see these places etc., to really know what the songs are all about.



★ ★ ★ NEW TEEN ★ ★ ★

When Barry Jenkins left The Nashville Teens to join The Animals, who took his place? *Carol Kendall, Birmingham.*
New drummer with The Teens is Hugo Green. In fact, it goes a little better than you think. Barry Jenkins was a German, but when they returned to England he left. Hugo's free feet one and has fair hair and blue eyes.

★ ★ ★ BIRTHDAY BIRTHDAY ★ ★ ★

SHARE A BIRTHDAY WITH A STAR
Here is our weekly list of star birthdays. Check to see if you share with:
★ John Rostill (Shadows)—June 15th.
★ Paul McCartney (Beatles)—June 18th.
★ Peter Asher (Peter & Gordon)—June 22nd.

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

If you go to church every Sunday or not, join in Michael Crawford's chat. It makes sense.

WELL, this week I've no difficulty in finding a subject to interest you all, 'cos I've had loads of letters asking for my views on Religion. I suppose you're all going to turn the page over and think I've gone mad or something. I mean, it's a bit much when I start bangin' on about Bishops and things in FAB. Well, I'm not. 'Cos it's all a very personal thing.

The only thing I feel is that, whether you believe in Buddhis or plastic elephants, it can be a tremendous help. You know, to have something or someone that you can confide in if you're in trouble. Someone who your 'sups won't laugh at you.

Most of us, as children, had some sort of religious upbringing. I mean, if you bring a child into the world and say, "I'll let it make up its own mind later," you might just as well give it a glass of cyanide and a glass of water and let it to choose.

Until you're about ten, all it really means to you is stories about this magician who performed all sorts of funny tricks hundreds of years ago.

And you're taught to have a quick chat with Him before you go to sleep.

But then your mates at school are beginning to form their own opinions about things in life, including religion. If you do believe, it's at this point that sticking to your own beliefs becomes difficult.

For those that don't believe, people that go to church every Sunday and Catholics who go to confession, are a bit of a joke.
But I'd just let 'em go ahead and laugh. You may not think that belief more than they would ever know.

I never really took it as seriously as my parents would have liked—until my mother died.

Then the Church was the only place I had to go where I could be on my own and talk to someone I knew. I could trust not to repeat what I had said.

This person, a priest, is now one of my greatest friends. If you asked him out for the evening, he'd drink and enjoy himself just as much as anyone else.

In fact, you'd never know he was in the Church, except for his dog-collar. I dunno, anyone seen wearing one of these is expected to be some kind of saint.

I think the old are the most sincere believers. They know they haven't very long to live and they are lonely, so they get tremendous comfort from the Church.

No I'd just say, be what you want to be.

If you don't want to be sent up, say you go to see your Great Aunt Fanny every Sunday.

They'll be none the wiser, but just don't let anyone spoil a very valuable confidence.

See ya,
M.C.

I hope you'll write me and let me see how you feel. If you want me to reply by post, please send it in a stamped envelope and I'll oblige. But I hope you'll be patient because I'm rather busy. In the address is Michael Crawford, FABULOUS, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

MICHAEL CRAWFORD'S COLUMN



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