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Fabulous 208 on air!

**FULL COLOUR PIN-UPS • SCOTT • HOLLIES • DAVID McCALLUM •
DAVE DEE DOZY BEAKY MICK AND TICH • PAUL JONES •
PART TWO OF GIANT PIN-UP POSTER OF MINDBENDERS • THIS WEEK RIC ROTHWELL**



PLUS YOUR RADIO LUXEMBOURG PROGRAMMES FROM JUNE 27th—JULY 5th

On air! That's us! Every night on 208. Now the dishiest man on the FAB-208 gang, Simon Dee (Sorry, Doug, John, Alan, Tom and Cliff—the truth always hurts!) tells YOU how to be an air in his own "How to be a DJ" article.

For more on air and the stars, flip over the pages. Just read my two pages, first, that's all!

BUMPED into an exuberant David Essex practicing up Oxford Street last week. David hasn't had very much luck with his records of late—hasn't even liked them himself! Now he thinks he's found THE one. It's by Tamla's J. J. Jackson and it's called Tough High. Yes, you've guessed. It's the first-ever song dedicated to mini skirts! It's released at the end of July, and David's birthday's on the 31st, so let's keep our fingers crossed for a special 19th birthday present. He's also been invited to the Maurice Woodruff Leo Party. Really good places, isn't he?

SURPRISE discovery for the Mersays. They have no more stage gear. It's all been torn to pieces by fans! A double P. J. Proby act until they can get to some shops?

SOON to be on our screens—a one-time butcher's assistant, shoe spray salesman, pecker and leaflet distributor. That's twenty-three-year-old Michael Greaz, signed up to replace Peter Purves in *Doctor Who* this week. Mike takes the part of Ben, a Cockney sailor—a lovely part for him because he was born near the sea and yachting is his favourite sport. Newquay, Cornwall, is Mike's home-town, but the Cockney accent shouldn't be too difficult—he moved to London when he was ten.

His face may be familiar. Michael's appeared in *Gideon's Way*, *Dixon of Dock Green* and *No Hiding Place* episodes, and *Armchair Theatre*. Also, he appeared in the *King and I* at Drury Lane, toured with *Peter Pan* and *Chips with Everything*.

Michael Greaz

He's also been in several films. To wet your appetite for the forthcoming *Doctor Who*, let us tell you that he's blond, with blue, rather appealing eyes, and a fantastic sense of humour. He needs it! A short white back Michael tripped, sprang his 5 ft. 8 in. frame in the road and got clobbered by the kerb that was mean broken nose and a very nasty war wound.

He's having a small nasal operation in August, but can't have his face properly fixed till after the series, which will run for six months, maybe a year! "Never mind," he said comfortably, "I'll cover it all up with make-up for the screen."

He's thrilled about his part: "It's a very positive character" and turned down a film role in *Grand Prix*, a motor racing film to take it. Which is just as well—he might have done something else to match his broken nose of course. Like a broken neck!

On the side, Michael has things going in his own small film company, *Fragment*, a twelve-minute "epic" with no dialogue but a specially written modern jazz score played by Johnny Scott is his, and he takes a small part in it.

The film goes on the provincial circuit shortly and on the strength of it, several big companies are interested in his work as producer.

A talented lad, indeed!

HI THERE, FAB-208's on air this week and I'm attempting to come up for an. If possible, I'm happy to tell you that you all seem to like our *Penname's Circle* that we've been running for the past two weeks, but I'm rapidly going grey trying to fix you all up. It would be OK if I were charismatic or something, but when you say you want someone with blonde hair, blue eyes, and brilliant and with a great sense of humour HOW can I tell you a postcard.

But, I'm doing my little best. And those of you who haven't heard must be patient. I'm wanting to find just the right person for YOU. So don't think I've forgotten you, will you?

Also, there's a bit of a delay on letters from U.S.A. and all points abroad. It's that women's darn strike. Not in Honest, You're all exhausted. T.H.L.D.

Our Way



George Jones

Records tell the story in the studio—George Jones. The original's spreading all his time in the recording studios working on LP and possible EP material with Harry South. It's a fact—he's so busy with this and writing, he's done very few gigs lately, or been seen around at his favourite haunts.

Current single *Get Along* is well composed, so's the flip *El Bandito*. By the way, on the single, George plays lead guitar as well as organ!

Things brighten up next month. He's off on a four day German trip, with television in Frankfurt and two days at Hamburg's Star Club (31, 16).

WELCOME back Pete Quail and Judith Durham! According to Judith, saying goodbye to her appendix was almost a pleasure! "The fans were marvellous," she said. "They turned what could have been a very miserable week into a very happy one." Letters, cards, flowers and gifts flowed in to the extent of 100 a day. "Loads of them said 'We're so pleased to have an address where we can write to you at last! I'm glad someone was pleased'."

As for Pete, he came out of his Warrington hospital and took advantage of his foot to take a holiday. Down to Cornwall he hobbled (no, not literally!), didn't tell a soul where he was going—neither his managers, other Kinks, or family, and spent a week lazing about in the sun. Worth having a mangled foot, wasn't it?



Dog talk: Lionel Bart's latest pride and joy—two Alsatian pups. Names... Simon and Garfunkel!

COLOUR CONTENTS

 David McCallum by Pictorial Press	 Dany Deer, Dany, Tich, Braker and Alice by Fiona Adams	 The Traggs: L. to r.: Chris Britton, Ronnie Bond, Peadar Staplin and Reg Presley by Fiona Adams
 Ric Rathwell by Bill Francis	 The Hollies: L. to r.: Eric Mayo, Nicky Hick, Graham Nash, Bobby Elliott and Alan Clarke by Fiona Adams	 Paul Jones by Fiona Adams
 Scott Engel by Bill Francis		

CAN I please have a bit of a mean about another blonde? Why oh why hasn't the charming Miss Jackie de Shannon made it here? It's ridiculous—she's so great! Who says so? We do—and so does Hurt Bacharach. He wrote and produced her new single *Love and Get Me* (recorded in London last March, incidentally).

There are other versions on release—Susan Maughan and Lisa Stans—(but do give Jackie's a go too), but she's got a fantastically haunting voice and a personality that comes through on every note. And if she don't make it here sooner or later then there just ain't no justice. So there!



Jackie de Shannon

DIALLED a John Hill number the other day and what did I get? One Brian Dugg, brother of Mike Dugg, and leader of the Brian Dugg Fan-Club. Brian's recent, the vocalist, and never thought about singing professionally until two years ago when he turned down a 1-year-long place to concentrate on music.

Others in the group all from Portsmouth are: Mick Gill (lead guitarist, nineteen), Roger Frampton (drummer, nineteen), Peter St. Chan (bassman, twenty-four), and Alan Street (sax, nineteen).

All have been pro three weeks but Brian who left work six months ago to write songs. Give a listen to the flip of your Ya!book's *Singer of Things*. It's *You're a Better Man than I* and it's a Brian/Mike Dugg composition.

Strength

Dave Dee etc.

AMERICAN promo film of Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky and all sounds a laugh. *Hold Tight!* It featured with them taking tea at Benton House stately home, being served by mod waitresses, and surrounded by old musical instruments. For *Hideaway*, the boys drive round in nothing short of an old Rolls-Royce "hiding away" some mini-skinned petrol pump attendants. Wish we could see it here!

THAT crazy *Zoot Money* is at it again. Being crazy! He was last seen, barefoot, clad in tartan swimming trunks leaping around on stage. Then into the audience he leaps, ripped off his manager's and promoters' shoes and made off with them. In front of 2,000 people! (Any new managers/promoters interested can get in touch with Zoot c/o Fab.)

Small Faces' housekeeper, on her own while the boys were in Scotland thought she heard a noise, but dismissed it as a dog. The burglar got away with £500's worth of equipment, including a Gibson guitar. Group are now seriously considering changing their name to *The Long Faces* . . .



Small Faces



Diana Rigg

IN the past she relied mainly on knocking 'em about in true judo fashion. Perhaps an occasional gun. But that was in the days of Emma Peel. Now Diana Rigg's got herself a real weapon—a sword. Good 'n' long—how does she manage not to trip over it?—just the thing to go with the rest of her mod fab gear—striped velvet doublet and breeches, buckles, belts, the lot! And what about that hat! She should have worn it to Ascot. Diana plays Viola in Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* who impersonates her twin brother Sebastian. Hence the masculine get-up.

NEXT WEEK
Fab 208
TAKES A LOOK



with full colour pin-ups of IAN McSHANE, JOHN CORTEZ, ALEXIS KANNER, PAMELA FRANKLIN, NORMIE ROWE and DAVID McCALLUM.

PLUS part three of our super MINDBENDERS poster—BOB LANG.

There will be lots of scene stealing gossip with TWIGGY the new model sensation, JOHN CORTEZ the gorgeous wrestler who you have been raving about.

NORMIE ROWE one of Australia's biggest pop-stars, IAN McSHANE who's been stealing the scene from other actors and actresses since his beautiful face appeared in showbiz.

BARRY FANTONI has drawn some sketches of famous "nosey" types, who, apart from their looks still manage to win our hearts.

ALSO THERE IS A SUPER COMPETITION TO WIN TEN POLAROID CAMERAS. What could be better. And all the programmes and latest news on Radio Luxembourg. In FAB-208, on sale Monday. Price 1s.



Scene Stealers



Fab 208

PART 5—THE LIFE STORY OF THE WALKER BROTHERS



HEATHER KIRBY writes: Sometimes people aren't a bit like you expect them to be. Like SCOTT WALKER. While I was trying to get hold of him to write this series on The Walker Brothers I kept hearing that he was "difficult", "aggressive", "not available", wouldn't smile for photographers and then that he was refusing to have his picture taken at all. And yet when we met in his dressing room he was absolutely charming. Posing for pix, smiling the lot! Well, I was won right away. Who wouldn't be.

AS the place was like Paddy's Market, I wouldn't have surprised if all the things I had heard about Scott turned out to be true.

It was about the worst place in the world to interview anybody—or to be interviewed. They had just finished a frenzied first-house performance and while we shook hands (a firm grip, not one of those sloppy efforts you sometimes get) I couldn't tell how it was going to be—because he was still wearing shades.

But then Scott sat down, settling himself with his feet on the rung of my chair and obligingly removed the barriers. His eyes are piercingly blue. He smiled. So it wasn't going to be like I thought it was going to be.

Telling him about the dreadful warnings I'd had raised another smile.

"I guess it is a little difficult at times for the people close to me," he admitted.

"I am very moody. It gets me—not being able to walk about the streets. Can't go anywhere without being recognised. At least I'm very limited.

"And when you get hurt, physically hurt, you are wary of going out.

"Sure, you can stand all this, but always being on show must take it out of you. . . in other ways.

"Always, I have always kept inside myself, you know what I mean?" I don't give out very much.

"Perhaps it's because I don't care. It's a very selfish attitude, but. . ."

His self-analysis trailed off into a shrug. Scott, like a lot of creative people, finds it difficult to communicate through any other medium than the one his talents are channelled into. In Scott's case his songs.

He is the most creative member of the group. He writes songs, arranges them and gets his greatest satisfaction out of producing a record.

"I am a logical writer," he said. "I write for a purpose, for a market. And I believe in writing with as much taste and discretion as possible.

"My words are said because I am said."

That's a typical Scott statement. He's a real moody guy and he digs making moody pronouncements—even though they aren't really true.

HIS voice is so soft you have to lean forward to catch what he's saying. And although he was brought up in Midlands, a Texas town he doesn't care to talk about, he's not like any Texan you've ever heard of.

His disarming the showing-off or talking about himself which is why he sometimes answers questions about himself with a nutty remark. He uses them like a camouflage net.

Like when I asked him about his childhood. And what was he like when he was a baby.

"That's when he said, 'I was never a baby!'" He said it seriously, frowning to make it mean something deep.

It appeals to him to say things like that principally because it shuts up inquisitive people like me. It makes you stop dead in your tracks.

But at this time he said it Scott was feeling a bit worn out. As if he's been as he is now forever.

He told me, for example, "I was finished last week." That's what being the top pop group does sometimes. It's exciting but it gets very tiring.

And as if he thought it would ease the strain, Scott announced, "I'm going to write a book about this business: about what bands do, the things they go through to make it; about the road and the conditions."

His book should not only be a best seller but the best inside look at pop anybody's ever written. When he will get down to it, though, heaven only knows.

For the Walker Brothers are so much in demand at the moment they haven't the time to unpack before they are whisked off to a new date, never mind find time to write books.

The last holiday Scott had went to Spain. For him it was double bliss. Because he was able to roam around, alone and unknown, anywhere he liked.

And because he was seeing the country that fascinated one of his favourite authors: Ernest Hemingway, who wrote about the Spanish Civil War and bull-fighting.

Scott is a great Hemingway fan and in fact reading is his main relaxation. "I'm reading novels by French writers just now," he said. He listens to records a lot. "I love classical music and modern jazz and I like Sinatra."

Painting is also one of Scott's talents but as a hobby it has had to take a back seat ever since the group became famous.

THE rise to fame of The Walker Brothers is a something Scott can't explain but he is very definite about why he happened to England, or why this country happened to him.

"When I came over here for a vacation I liked it," he said. "I prefer your way of life. It's slower for one thing.

"And here isn't an atmosphere of outdoing your neighbour."

He lives, alone, in a "pig-sty" (his description in St. John's Wood, London.

"It's not because I am a pig," he told me laughing, "but I am untidy."

He has a Greek cook who must be going out of her mind with frustration because Scott is so skinny he looks as if he's never given a bite to eat.

"I burn up a lot of nervous energy," Scott explained.

His cook, he says, "doesn't speak a word of English. She dishes up some pretty weird things and I always have to eat them because I don't want to hurt her feelings."

Scott's feelings about European girls, cooks and all, are by now widely known—he likes them! And at the moment he's got two girlfriends.

"I met one of them some time ago in a nightclub," he said. "I was talking a lot" (when he saw my look of mild surprise, he added, "Yeah, a lot!").

"She agreed with everything I said. She understands me!"

Scott doesn't go out with other girls when he's on tour. "You can when you're on the road if you want, but there's not much point," he says.

And there is nothing in the wide world that would make Scott do anything he thinks there's no point in doing.

Such as studying. When he was a commercial art student and working in nightclubs at the same time, he decided, "I couldn't take it any more."

There wasn't much point, you see. Music was taking up more of his time than his studies but even so he didn't take it very seriously, "not usual now."

And now Scott is so settled down over here that he says, "I am thinking of taking up British citizenship.

"I am pretty well-behaved so I have high hopes of being accepted."

We'd accept him with open arms if it were up to us but it ain't so we can't do a thing about it except let those fellows in Whitehall know that as far as millions of teenagers are concerned, Scott is the tops.

"I WAS NEVER A BOBBY!"



What is your picture of The Hollies? Quiet, easygoing, unruffled? That's The Hollies. But there's a flipside to the nicest people. And when the Hollies flip, they flip good and hard! They go right up in the air. . . .



BOBBY HOLLIES was quite firm about it.

"You definitely go up in the air sometimes," he said. Graham Hollie confirmed that they do, indeed, go up in the air. I immediately sank to the floor in an attitude of surprise.

"No, really," said Bobby. "It's all this travelling, you see. Here, there and everywhere. It's the pressure of work, I tell you."

"You should see us," added Graham, "when we're really nervous, it's a big mood, and I won't talk to anyone. Tony and Allan shout at each other. And Bobby kicks whoever is left."

A frightening sight, indeed! "Disorganisation really gets us," said Graham. "When we turn up for appointments with reporters and they don't bother to make it. [Not FAB-206, folks. Honest!] Mistakes on stage. People who should know better who still say things like: 'Bobby's your top singer, isn't he?' and 'What's your name.' All that

surt of thing. And Bobby hates phones."

"Phones," said Bobby, "are people on the phone, aren't they? I don't like phones, now you come to mention it. The phones we don't like are the ones with loud clothes and loud voices. People who aren't in the business and wear dark glasses and come over with this cool bit."

"Hangers-on. If they're still hanging on after a couple of times—in our dressing-rooms, that sort of thing—we take the micksey out of everything they say. If that doesn't work, we make it worse among ourselves. They usually take the hint. We're quite evil, really!"

Something which sends all the Hollies right up in the air is when the fans have a raw deal.

"In Poland," Bobby said, "the police are very rough on the kids. When Luigi went on stage, a little boy ran up and put a bouquet on the stage. A policeman ran out and brought his truncheon down hard and shamed the kid's wrist. We were so upset by the way the kids

were being bashed about that we walked off. Shaking with anger."

There is violence nearer home that upset The Hollies. Graham, especially, was deeply impressed by The Moors Murders Case—an nearly 100-year-old case in Manchester.

He thinks a life sentence is a small price to pay for the murder of young children in such circumstances. The Hollies feel very deeply about questions of right and wrong. Nothing makes them go higher in the air than the thought that someone, somewhere is getting away with something, when they shouldn't.

There are small things that set them off. Graham gets very angry when he's hungry. Tony hates being rushed. Bobby gets frantic if someone drops an ashtray anywhere near him. . . . he doesn't smoke, and has what he calls an ashtray complex.

But it's the thought that someone is being hurt that really sends The Hollies up in the air. Miles up, way up in the air.

When they're not being their usual down-to-earth selves, that is.

JUNE SOUTHWORTH

HEAR THE AIR

He has, in the past, designed ties and dressing-gowns for Christian Dior, flat flats, sold theatre tickets, packed shoes, modelled, been a copy writer for an advertising agency and a photographer's assistant. He even designed toilet seats, with the idea of giving them a new image! He was, he claims, the first DJ to join Caroline because "No one else was mad enough to take the job!" Who better than, than Fab's favourite tall blond charmer, now a Luxembourg DJ, Simon Dee, to write for us on "How to be a DJ?"

So you want to be a DJ? Okay then . . . perhaps the most important quality you're going to need is determination. And ambition. Because, right from the word go, you're going to get—*from people who don't know*—"Showbusiness . . . that rat race. You must be mad!"

You will need an audible voice. The accent doesn't matter—as long as you can be understood. You will need to be able to relax in front of the mike. People who go cold at the thought of millions of people listening are out. Personally, I try to imagine I'm speaking to just one person all the time.

You will need personality. If a DJ doesn't have that, he has but nothing! You will need to be able to put things across confidently. You could be the most elucidating DJ around, full to the brim with interesting facts, but what's the use of the minute you get in front of the mike, you forget everything, or mumble and mull it? And you will need a whole load of *tal*. There are probably hundreds of the greatest would-be DJs still hanging around, waiting for the break that never came.

I was lucky. When I joined Caroline, I had four months on my own with the eyes of the whole world on us and because of that I was lucky enough to get known. Then when I left, I was dead worried. "Supposing nobody loves me!" I thought. "I could end up designing toilet seats again!" But I was lucky.

If you want to be a DJ, then listen to DJs. Decide how you would do it. And then make a tape and send it to one of the stations. If they like it, they'll probably ask you to do another tape with them. And if they like that, you'll be sent out to the station on trial. Then all the advice I can give it's—*up to you.* That's when the

crunch comes, when you're finally in front of that mike.

A successful DJ has as much control over a c & w or R & B show as he has over pop. Out in Luxembourg or on a ship, it's easy. Four DJs stuck together are bound to talk music solidly. And that's how you get to be knowledgeable about music. Remember, it's all very well to know just about pop now—but what about in five years' time!

There are other things, of course. Like using your voice. It's not easy to say, "And here is the latest raving record from Manfred Mann" and think that's it. You might suddenly have to be terribly serious for a police message, incredibly funny for an advert, or trail a forthcoming show in a way that will make people want to hear it.

Over the next five years, it is going to be twice as hard to become a DJ. There will be many more radio stations. And they will all make damn sure they have only the best DJ.

Radio is a very background thing. The best DJ is the one who more or less says, "Right you lot out there—you listen to me." He is the one who goes round clubs, talks to groups, gets material for his show; who makes it his business to be ahead of everybody else.

The best DJ is the one who listens to other shows, listens to other DJs, but decides right from the start, "There is only going to be one ME!" And goes on to put up his own very individual style of broadcasting. Personally I like to be spontaneous. If I feel like saying, "Saw a great movie the other day." I do. If I knock over a carton of milk, I say so.

But every DJ works in his own way. If you've got it in you to be one, it won't take you long to find yours.

CHRISTINE OSBOURNE





Fab 208 | The Hollies

DEE HEAR

Glenise Cox and Valerie Butt, of Millbrook, Southampton, sent us this piece about their visit to Saturday Club. They share the 10 guinea prize.

ON Saturday, 21st May, my friends and I went to see Saturday Club which was being broadcast from the Southampton Guildhall, as part of BBC West in Southampton.

The groups who appeared on stage were, Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich, The Twoisons and The Meddy-Evils. The other artists on the show which included Stamford Mann, Nora Rossi and David and Jonathan, had been taped earlier that week.

By 9.15 a.m. the audience was seated and many people were standing at the sides of the hall. Dave Dee etc. were doing last minute rehearsals on stage.

At 10 a.m. the show was on the air and there was a great atmosphere in the theatre. Each time Dave Dee etc. appeared on stage, they were greeted with enthusiastic screams, which Dave and the boys acknowledged with waves, much to the delight of their fans.

At one point during the show, the group came on stage whilst a request was being played and Dave and Tich did a mock Charleston which was very funny.

The outfits Dave Dee etc. were wearing were really marvellous. Dave wore black and white trousers with a blue striped and checked shirt. Mick wore a red shirt and yellow and orange trousers. Beaky had brown and orange trousers on, with a brown shirt, and Dozy had bright coloured trousers and a short jacket.

Last, but by no means least, Tich wore black, pink and green trousers with a green shirt. You can imagine how colourful they looked.

After the show my friends and I went up to the stage to try and get some autographs. The Meddy-Evils signed some then unfortunately Dave Dee appeared.

He signed a couple of autographs but, unfortunately, not for us. However, we were determined not to give up so easily! He signed some photographs which fell behind the stage, and so, when no one was looking, we crept along until we reached some dressing-rooms.

We stopped by a half-open door and one of my friends called out, "Look there's Beaky!" We looked inside the room and sure enough there he was.

Each of us asked for his autograph and Beaky signed very kindly indeed. In an adjoining room were Dave, Tich, Mick and Dozy, so my friends and I asked for their autographs, too.

Dave looked up and said "Where did this lot come from? You'll get me into trouble!" But he signed our autographs for us, all the same.

We were all very thrilled to meet Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich, and they didn't seem to mind us grade-rasching their dressing-rooms at all.

They were extremely friendly towards us and this only goes to prove how much they appreciate their fans.

Tiles is a young-beat empire stretching across an acre or so under London's fast-moving Oxford Street. It's a new idea for entertainment, with a beat club, shopping arcade and lots of giveaway goodies. And every Tuesday, Tiles is given to Radio Luxembourg's equally pacy Ready, Steady, Radio.



Dean and Dee main attraction!

IT stands at 79, Oxford Street, between Oxford Circus and Tottenham Court Road, and you can't possibly miss it, because there are always crowds of people pushing their way in. It's called Tiles, and it is somewhat revolutionary.

It is one of their most hip at Tiles. None is at its loudest at Tiles. And on Tuesdays, when Radio Luxembourg's Ready, Steady, Radio moves in, excitement is at its peak at Tiles. For this is the show where the stars come out to play and the audience plays with them.

About 9.30 the resident DJ usually Glen Dalton of the dark glasses, trans-Atlantic sound and heavily-pounded electric organ... announces that the audience will be invited to air their clapping, whistling and general approval on the air. The pink curtain drops, and the red lights are dimmed in anticipation.

Behind the curtain, the man in headphones is marshalling his guests for a recording of 20th's pacy Ready, Steady, Radio. Famous faces are peering round dark corners at the stage, and famous feet are tripping over wires, mikes and all the other expensive paraphernalia that is assembled here once a week.

The curtains part, and Tony Hall pushes his intro into the mike. For the next half-hour, he will alternate with Alan Dee Sherriffy as the linking voice. On a typical night, the bill is stellar indeed, with Jay and The Americans, The Ivy League, Chris Farlowe, Lord Sutch, Dean Maverick and The Attraction, Truly Smith and Kenny Roberts.

This particular line-up went on the air on 19th June. The scene at Tiles went like this: . . .

IT began with Tony Hall's intro, which set off tremors of excitement from the audience... an audience that sat in seats crammed up to the stage; or stretched the seams of Tiles-boosted boutique gear in wild, wild dancing; or just stopped writing Yum Yum—in honour of Tiles regular Steve Darbishire's record—on the pillars and listened.

Chris Farlowe mentioned the magic word Jagger, in talking about his Mick-inspired *Our Of Ours*. The Ivy League banged tambourines and pulled-smiley faces; little Kenny Roberts brought out his enormous voice to resound round the crowded floor.

Lord Sutch, wearing remarkable chocolate-coloured hair, and wielding the mike like a chopper, drew out a dummy gun and shot several people.

Truly Smith, looking like a fresh spring flower in a full-length dress, and moving like a teenage Pet Clark, cheered cheers out of everyone. And Jay and The Americans vied with Tiles favourites The Attraction for the biggest screams of the night.

Even without this picture, RSR is quite a show. And the screaming is most certainly not canned!

JUNE SOUTHWORTH



Some of the cats dancing on The Tiles with RSR



Dee meets The League of chortling tambourine men.

SQUARE TALK

I ADORE beat music. I think The Stones are a terrific act and I'm mad about Tom Jones. But I also expect my sons to turn out with a smart hair; I insist on my daughter being honest and reasonable in her views; I hope she will rate herself high enough not to go sleeping around; and hope she will rate the boys high enough not to tease.

And therefore, I expect the right to exert my authority over those for whom I am responsible; I expect to be allowed to set, and maintain, my own standards.

I suppose I am one of the "Them" who does not understand.

Let's allow ourselves the old-fashioned luxury of "fair play for all." Let's see both sides of the picture.

Whether we like it or not, the world—since the beginning of time—has been run by the meagre. Notice I didn't say "The." The immature adults who step out of line, quickly come unstick.

I'm afraid you just have to accept that this is the natural order of things. And the natural order of things also lays down that it is the meagre who must mould and provide for them, and train them to stand on their own feet.

But it's not always fun, I can assure you. We get pretty disappointed and disillusioned—with our kids, with our jobs,

The following article was sent to us by a mother, Mrs. V. Hassall, after our "Up The Revolution" issue of FAB-208. Fair's fair—and we print it without any comment.

with our homes, and most of all, with ourselves. We suffer pretty hard, now and again, and there aren't many of us who can keep up a permanent front of tolerance, gaiety and witty repartee when we're hurting. Discourtesy, dishonesty, abuse, failure, irresponsibility—these things hurt. You can't really blame us if at times we let it show. If somebody tips coffee down the front of your dress you bought yesterday, you're mad about it, aren't you? Can't we get mad, too!

The thing that riles me most in this accusation of being smug. And about the war, of all things. I didn't feel very smug about the morning of my eighteenth birthday. I spent it, along with a dozen other folks, digging like hell to get an old man and a couple of kids out of what was left of a house at the bottom of our road. We don't feel very smug about the Jews in the gas-ovens—and, believe it or not, we don't feel very smug about Hiroshima.

In fact, I don't think I feel very smug about any of it. But what happened, happened. You learn to live with the memories, and it takes its place as part of your life, a part down that we'd have been better off without. But we didn't have much choice in the matter, did we? But the war wasn't really got anything to do with any of it—so why keep trotting it out? Of course you weren't there

—I wasn't at the Battle of Hastings, but it changed the course of British history.

The war did do something for you, though. The world was never the same again, and you're a lucky lot. You get three square meals a day—a good many didn't before. You can fill in your name on a train—to doctors, scientists, Government workers, teachers... It didn't pay for us.

There... you know, you, somewhere. I saw the gaunt, hungry men marching from the North to London when you was penkilled for free when you need it. My mother died when she was twenty-one because there were no antibiotics then.

So what are you beefing about? These people who don't understand you, these people who don't feel your pain, they've made mistakes, heaven knows, but they've never made a society that kills thousands on our roads every year, that always sends its students being shot in America.

And if we don't like to see illegitimate babies born to kids fevered spasms of a drug-take—well, if we don't care for the ping-pong in the sort of shirts-with-roses-on that our grand-mom's back teeth for when I was glossy child that I'd have given slowliness and arrogance, have a heart! We're all entitled to our opinions, aren't we?



Dj Clem handing out the free goodies.

R.S.R ON THE TILES



Truly Smith, looking and singing truly fair!



MUFF: They want to interview us.
STEVE: Yes?
MUFF: They want us to talk about when we win youngsters.
STEVE: But we don't talk to each other.

MUFF: Let's see. I'm five years older than you. And 10 years more mature!
STEVE: Oh, yes.
MUFF: I used to like the big bands, Ted Heath and so on.
STEVE: Music didn't mean much to me at that time. I liked to listen to it, but that was all.

MUFF: Then you wanted a piano so Dad bought you one. No one knew whether you'd be able to play it. After The Shadows became popular I wanted a guitar like every other kid. Dad bought me one from a second-hand shop. I couldn't do much with it but suddenly you started playing it.
STEVE: It was an old one wasn't it? It had coloured transfers all over it. That's all I can remember about it. . . .

MUFF: After he bought it for me. . . .
STEVE: . . . I showed you a couple of chords I had worked out—and surprised everybody.
MUFF: Including you.
STEVE: Including me.

MUFF: Then I went for lessons on it and really took an interest in it. And—not for the first time in our lives—I went ahead of you!
STEVE: Hal!

MUFF: And when I came home from lessons I showed you the chords I'd learned. I was about 14 at the time, I suppose.
STEVE: I was working away at the piano at this time.

MUFF: No, I was 13.
STEVE: I went for lessons with a local music teacher. He taught me a few basic things and then I started playing guitar.
MUFF: We stopped in every night of the week, working on music, didn't we? Then we bought another guitar and we used to play together almost all night—long, mostly copying The Shadows.

STEVE: Just used to sit at home playing away at those guitars.
MUFF: We went to the same junior school. . . .
STEVE: Not at school together, though, because of the difference in our ages.

MUFF: We had a football team, too. You were the youngest member.
STEVE: I can't remember.
MUFF: I used to play for the school football team, and then I formed one outside school and we used to play other teams.
STEVE: I can't remember that.

MUFF: We usually thought pretty much the same about things, didn't we?
STEVE: I suppose so. I tried to follow in your footsteps as far as music was concerned. I do know that. If there's one thing we agree about, it's music.
MUFF: You like parties, I don't.
STEVE: I don't!

MUFF: It's our difference in age, see? It's bigger now than it ever was. You've just become a teenager really. I've left the teens behind.
STEVE: Eh?

Muff and Stevie Winwood of The Spencer Davis Group, decided to get together and have a chat about the good old days of their childhood to the rich old days of their adulthood. So being very considerate boys, with the good of Fab-208 at heart, they thought that they would tape their tete-a-tete especially for this On Air issue.

MUFF: Well, when I was 13 and you were eight, there wasn't so much difference as there is now. And there weren't so many differences when I'm 45 and you're 40.

STEVE: I see.
MUFF: Another thing. Girls. You like them all. I'm engaged!
STEVE: I like them all. I put dirt in 'em.

MUFF: You're going through that stage where all that matters is personal taste. I'm past all that—I've got responsibilities now. I want money in the bank at the end of all this.
STEVE: I never argue about money.

MUFF: You just like to go out, don't you?
STEVE: I like to get out, see things, do things.

MUFF: We really do agree in the one important thing, I suppose. Music.
STEVE: That's right.

MUFF: We see an awful lot of each other. You know, a brother relationship is the only true relationship in the world. You can hate each other for five minutes and then it's all forgotten. There's no falseness. And, let's face it, you're not easy to get on with. You're just irresponsible, for one thing.
STEVE: Yes. I am irresponsible.

MUFF: I have to make excuses for you when you forget to do something. That's what I hate most of all.
STEVE: You do?
MUFF: Making excuses purely to protect you.

STEVE: Yes, but you do lots of things that irritate me.
MUFF: Like I'm mean towards you?
STEVE: No.

MUFF: What then?
STEVE: Don't rush me, I'll think of something.
MUFF: Come on! What makes you annoyed?

STEVE: Well, if anything goes wrong you blame me.

MUFF: And you blame me.
STEVE: I suppose so.
MUFF: Well, what else? Does it annoy you that I went rocky in the bank for the future?

STEVE: Ah. Not that.
MUFF: What about—I'm leaving all sorts of nasty things about myself just to get you talking. What time did you get in last night?
STEVE: I'm not going to say. It might incriminate me.

MUFF: I bet! Four o'clock?
STEVE: No.
MUFF: Three?
STEVE: Maybe it wasn't far from that.

MUFF: That's terrible! Mum would be furious if she knew.
STEVE: I am a bit tired. I can't think straight.

MUFF: You're like this when we have to get up to travel somewhere.
STEVE: Well, I've got my own car. Why don't you let me go by myself?

MUFF: Don't be daft! Two people setting out from the same house—for the same place. Why take two cars?
STEVE: Like travelling on my own.

MUFF: That's right. You leave for Southampton and 10 miles out of Birmingham you realise you've got no money with you. But that's all right. Mum will give you some.

STEVE: I'd go back and get some more.
MUFF: Go back? You can't go back. . . .

STEVE: Listen—I'll start out. . . .
MUFF: . . . and be late for the job.
STEVE: You make mistakes too.

MUFF: Oh, sure. And I forget things. Just like anyone else. That's why you shouldn't travel alone.
STEVE: So?

MUFF: If we travel separately there's twice as much chance of something going wrong. Don't you see that?
STEVE: I

MUFF: Every time you take your car out on the road you're running a risk.
STEVE: I like driving my own car.
MUFF: All right. You drive your car. I sit in the passenger seat. What's wrong with that?

STEVE: Because you bug me. That's what's wrong with that.
MUFF: Where are we working tonight?

STEVE: We've got a night off. We're not working.
MUFF: We're going home?
STEVE: We're going home.

MUFF: How are we going home?
STEVE: We're going home by train.
MUFF: By train? BY TRAIN? You mean after all this, we're going home by TRAIN?

STEVE: By train. But I'd like you to remember that we still have a fair way to go after we get off the train.
MUFF: Oh.

STEVE: I've got my car in the station yard.
MUFF: I see. Will you give me a lift?
STEVE: I'll think about it.





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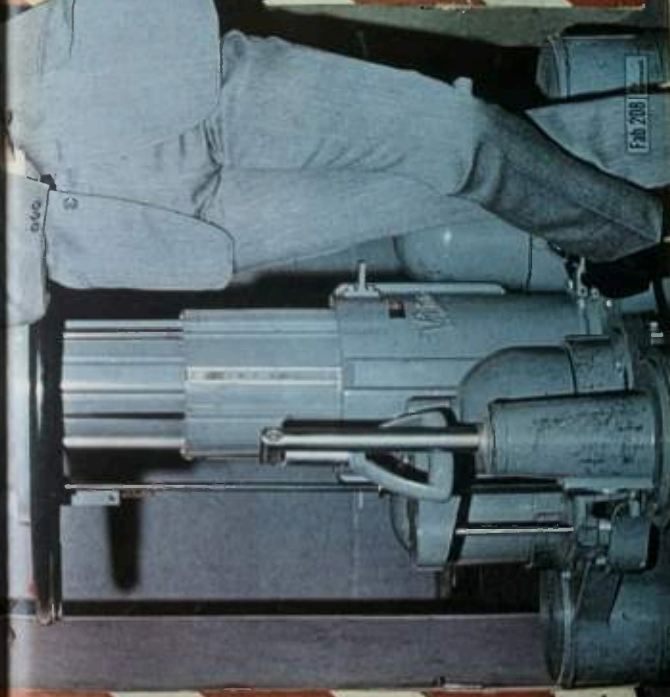
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Dowager Duchesses and silk worms may not like it, but synthetic fabrics now are good enough to be seen anywhere. Right on top of the world, in fact, as our models, Stevie Holly and Riss Chantelle, show on the roof tops of London.

If you need a beach-robe, a housecoat and a general cover-up, Riss has found the answer in one. Diced knitted wrap from Dorothy Perkins, 49s. 11d.



Walk on air Striped pumps by Loras, cost 39s. 11d.



Pictures by Peter Henley.




Black and sophisticated, the top of Stevie's after-six dress is gathered into a scarf neckline which ties at the back. In Tricel, it costs 4 gns. by Bernshaw.

Everything matching for special occasions for Stevie. Dress in stretch Helanca in lovely tones of pink. From Gadgeting of Paris, the dress costs 9 gns; shoes, 3½ gns. and glasses 3 gns.

Walk on air Lightweight sandals by Pretty Polly. Slingbacks on the left cost 39s. 11d. and gold mules, 39s. 11d.





*For stubbits of clothes
on these pages, write,
enclosing a s.a.e., to
Fashion Lab Ltd, Fleet
way House, Torrington
Street, London, E.C.4*

Stevie keeps cool and happy in a rayon jersey cat suit. The top is plain and shifty and the pants are flared at the bottom. By Bernshaw, 6½ gns.

Perhaps this is taking things a bit far but there is something to be said for a plastic paper dress. If it rips, Stevie can just discard it in the litter bin she is standing on. From Medway Bagagerie Knightsbridge, it costs £2.

Vesty dress in muted shades for Stevie. The material is Arnel and the cost 45s. by Cornel.

Fashion choice by Jill Evans, with apologies to dowager duchesses and silk worms.

ON TOP OF THE WORLD



Hi there, Fabbies and a big welcome from me. Wow, what a week this is going to be, headlined by the Grand Finals of *Battle of the Giants* (you can read all about that under Saturday's programmes) and the return on Monday 4th June of the fantastic Brady Beat. They're just two of this week's great 208 shows.

MONDAY 27th

- 7.00 THE WORLD TOMORROW
- 7.30 DISC DRIVE
Introduced by Tommy Vance
(The Beatles Ltd)
- 7.45 LET'S TAKE A SPIN
with Ray O'Carroll
(I.B.I. Records Ltd)
- 8.00 YOUR DATE AT EIGHT
with David Jacobs
(I.B.I. Records Ltd)
- 8.30 THE DON MOSS SHOW
(I.B.I. Records Ltd)
- 9.00 BATTLE OF THE GIANTS
Doug Stanley returns the stand still on record between two stars
- THE BRAYLES
(Various)
- THE ROLLING STONES
(Mercury)
- 9.15 DOUBLE YOUR MONEY
Introduced by Moshé Qureshi
(Carson Ltd)
- 9.45 SPOTLIGHT A STAR
Presented by Pete Brady
(T.V. Clownd)
- 10.00 TOP POPS
Presented by Peter Murray
(I.B.I. Records Ltd)
- 10.30 DANCE... IT'S MONDAY
AND TIME FOR
MIT PARADE
Introduced by Jack Jackson
(Columbia International
(The New World Co Ltd)
- 11.00 THAT BOY...
THESE GROOVES
with Dan Wadwell
(I.B.I. Co Ltd)
- 11.15 PEPSI-COLA CLELAND
(The New World Co Ltd)
- 11.30 POPS TILL MIDNIGHT
Presented by Alan Freeman
(I.B.I. Records Ltd)
- 12.00 MIDNIGHT YOUR MONEY
Introduced by Bryan Vaughan
(Polygram)
- 12.15 MUSIC IN THE NIGHT
with Close Down
- 3.00 a.m.—Close Down

TUESDAY 28th

KEITH FORDYCE comes your way at 8.15 tonight when he'll be spinning some of his hits and new releases from the Phillips group—including the latest from the lovely Susan Maughan *Come And Get It*. It's been quite a week for Susan for she's just returned from a trip to Czechoslovakia where she was the British queen of the country's first Festival of Pop Music. In fact, as far as it can trace, it's the first festival of its kind to be held in any communist country.



- 7.00 THE WORLD TOMORROW
- 7.30 ANDY WILLIAMS SINGS
Introduced by Stuart Gowdy
(Mercury)
- 7.45 LET'S TAKE A SPIN
Introduced by Barry Alldis
(I.B.I. Records Ltd)
- 8.00 TUESDAY'S REQUESTS
Introduced by Stuart Gowdy
- 8.30 TOPICAL TIMES
Introduced by Barry Alldis
- 8.45 RONNIE SABOULL CALLING
- 9.00 BRIAN MATTHEWS' POP PARADE
(I.B.I. Records Ltd)
- 9.15 THING A WEEK
KEITH FORDYCE
(Odeon Records Ltd)
- 9.30 SAN COSTA'S CORNER
(I.B.I. Records Ltd)
- 10.00 THE JIMMY YOUNG SHOW
(I.B.I. Records Ltd)
- 10.30 TEEN & TWENTY DISC CLUB
Introduced by Jimmy Sabo
(Coca-Cola EMI Records Ltd)
- 11.00 THE DAVID JACOBS SHOW
(British Music Shows Ltd)
- 11.30 THE BRAYLES
Presented by Alan Freeman
(I.B.I. Records Ltd)
- 12.00 MUSIC IN THE NIGHT
with Tommy Vance
MUSIC FOR SOPHISTICALS
with Alan Dod
(I.B.I. Records Ltd)
- 1.00 POPS TILL MIDNIGHT
3.00 a.m.—Close Down

THAT much travelled young millionaire, Peter Moore, also Herman will be the special star in Pete Brady's groovy Spotlight A Star show at 9.45. Herman and the boys have recently returned from the Far East and are at present taking a well earned rest before flying out for a month's concert tour of America.

With the arrival of his new baby sister Herman decided that his place was in the home so he's been spending the last couple of weeks helping mum and looking after Louise. That's the name he chose for his sister. Last weekend, however, he did find time for a short break and flew over to Paris for three days—just for a change.

Over in The States the boys are going to be working all out, for the tour takes them almost everywhere. Yeah, folks, you name it and it's odds on that the group will be appearing there. In between times they'll also be doing TV and radio work.



NEW THIS WEEK

A new face for our tip for the top Dj spot this week is Doug Stanley, who has come along with his views on this week's disc scene.

- Released next week, to coincide with a special edition of *Ready, Steady, Go!* devoted to the group is a new one from the Walker Brothers called *Baby, You Don't Have To Tell Me* (Phillips). The number, written by American Pete Ansell, was sent over specially for The Walker Brothers by publisher Bob Crew, who composed their previous hit *The Sun Ain't Gonna Shine Any More*. "As soon as we heard the song we knew it would be ideal as a single," says recording manager John Franz. "We wanted something a little better than their past releases and this was just the job."
- Watch out for a new group called *Wishful Thinking* for, on the strength of their debut disc, I think we're going to hear a lot more of them. It's called *Turning Round*, was produced by ex-Shadow Tony Meehan, and is very catchy and original-sounding. (Decca).
- With *A Girl Like You*, released on the Fontana label next week is a follow-up by The Troggs to their recent *Wild Thing* success. But the new number, penned by the group's singer, Reg Presley, and recorded at the same session as *Wild Thing*, is more subtle, has a better melody and is sure to make it two-in-a-row for the group.
- The Action—the group that other groups like The Stones and Animals rave about—are bound to have a hit sooner or later and their latest, a pulsating *Baby, You've Got It* (Parlophone) could be the one to make it. The

Action were recently honoured by being chosen as the group to represent the British music scene in an American TV documentary called *The Anatomy of Pop* and after listening to this disc, I can understand why.

Following the fantastic success of their last two singles, Fontana have rush-released an album called simply, *The Mindbenders*. It's a winner all the way and I particularly like the track called *Rockin' Jaybee*, dedicated by the group to their recording manager, Jack Baverstock.

Two I tip for the Top Ten are *I's That Time Of Year* by the effervescent Len Barry (Brunswick) and *Cloudy Summer Afternoon* by Barry McGuire who, on the flipover, is joined by The Mama's and The Papa's for an equally appealing *You've Got To Hide Your Love Away* (RCA Victor).

The Four Tops, out of the charts for some months, could bounce right back with a smooth-sounding *Living You Is Sweeter Than Ever*. And from the same stable Martha and The Vandellas sing a spine-twitching *What Am I Going To Do Without Your Love* (both Tamla-Motown).

It's some time since The Shadows hit the highspots but they never turn out a dud disc—as you can hear by their latest, a beautifully-played *A Place In The Sun* (Columbia). I also like the backing, *Will You Be There*, which the boys wrote themselves.

KEN BOW

DOUG STANLEY'S CHOICE
Let's Do It—Chris Farlowe 'I'm a Fool' Doug says: This is a must for every discotheque in the country and I can see it getting lots of top plays. The opening few bars have an sort of classical sound to them and then the disc really swings with a very strong melody—that could be fans will really go for this one. Should make the charts very soon.

DON WARDELL'S CHOICE
If You Can Believe Your Eyes & Ears—The Mama's & The Papa's 'S.S.A.-Victor' Don says: I've chosen an L.P. this week, just to be different and believe me it's a real twelve track gem. To my way of thinking The Mama's and The Papa's are of the finest groups to come on the scene for ages and I really go for their smooth & cool sounds. The disc includes their two smash hits along with some other great stuff such as *The In-Crowd* and *Call Your Name*. In a word—fantastic.

TOMMY VANCE'S CHOICE
Let's Go Stoned—Ray Charles 'N.I.B.V.' Tommy says: What the heck is this thing called 'Soul'. Nobody has ever come up with a true description. Ask most folk and they say 'Go and listen to Ray Charles.' Well, I agree and advise you to grab a listen to *Let's Go Get Stoned*—that's real soul. If you're under age flip the disc and ride with The Regents on *The Train*. It's a great two-sided groover!

DAVE CASH'S CHOICE
Get Away—George Fame 'Columbia' Dave says: I think that most folks have realised that I'm a very big fan of George's and I although this isn't my favourite type of Fame stuff, he does it right in my book. There's no getting away from the fact that *Get Away* is a real commercial song and in my opinion a lot of other folks besides George's fans are going to be buying it. For me it adds up to one huge hit.

SIMON DEE'S CHOICE
Lovers Of The World Unite—David and Jonathan 'Columbia' Simon says: One or two people have laughed when I've told them that this disc could go right up to the top spot in the charts, but I really mean it. It's a great record, people and I just can't see it missing. I didn't even have to hear it a few times—just once was enough to tell me that *Lovers* was the song that I would be whitening the next couple of weeks or so.

WEDNESDAY 29th

- 7.30 THE HOUR OF DECISION
Introduced by Steve Barak
(The Royal Opera Co. Ltd.)
- 7.45 DISC DRIVE
Presented by Barry Atkiss
(The Royal Opera Co. Ltd.)
- 8.15 WEDNESDAY'S REQUESTS
Introduced by Barry Atkiss
(The Royal Opera Co. Ltd.)
- 8.30 THE SUN COSTA SHOW
(The Sun Costa Ltd.)
- 8.45 THE PASTAL BINGO SHOW
Presented by Stuart Grundy
(The Pastal Bingo Show Ltd.)
- 9.15 THE TRAVELLING MAN
Introduced by Bryan Vaughan
(The Travelling Man Ltd.)
- 9.30 DAVID JACKOB'S
Mr. D. S. (The David Jacob's Ltd.)
- 9.45 THE PETER MURRAY SHOW
(The Peter Murray Show Ltd.)

THIS space is especially reserved this week for all music-lovers of 17th-20th centuries (and there kids who wish to see some lovely lullaby). Mrs Z are you a bingo player? (you are? Good. Then I've got news for you. At 8.30 tonight) Stuart Grundy introduces The Pastal Bingo Show and Mrs Z you can become a member of the club and join in the game.

All you need to do is drop a line to The Pastal Bingo Club, Durham, and within days you will have received your application form, special booklet, and anything else you need to become expert in. Can't be bad, can it?

Each week Stuart reads out the numbers and if you get a ball card you just send in your claim—and if it's correct, the club send you your prize. And what? Fifteen hundred pounds are paid out every week! What? I think I'll have to get better off double quick.

The club has become really popular over the last few years and the membership now stands at something like a hundred thousand, so Mrs Z? take out your pen and paper and you can become member number seven hundred thousand and one. After all, you can get all the excitement of a bingo hall right there in your own home.

SATURDAY 2nd

MY lords, ladies, gentlemen and Fabbies (fanfare of trumpets), presenting for your entertainment the Grand Finals of the Battle of the Giants series. 9.45. On my left four boys from the North who have had more hit records than we've had sunny days for the last five years—George, John, Paul and Ringo—the Fantastic Beatles.

And, on my right, five of the most swinging boys on the scene today—Mick, Keith, Bill, Brian and Charlie—the equally fantastic Rolling Stones.

Your man in the middle to referee this all-star battle Doug Steady.

The first round on Monday will be made up from just one of the single hits that might these knock-out groups have had and tonight's show will feature numbers from The Beatles' Record Top album and The Stones' Aftermath.

These are two programmes that no one else offered to miss, so turn your dials to 208 for the swinging scene.

- 7.30 SWINGING POPS
Introduced by Tommy Vance
(The Royal Opera Co. Ltd.)
- 7.45 LET'S TAKE A SPIN
with Ray Charles
(E.M.I. Records Ltd.)
- 8.15 PETER MURRAY'S
PALADIN PARADE
(The Peter Murray Show Ltd.)
- 8.30 DON MOSS
FROM THE AMERICAN SIDE
(E.M.I. Records Ltd.)
- 8.45 SATURDAY'S REQUESTS
Introduced by Don Wardell
(The Royal Opera Co. Ltd.)
- 9.15 BATTLE OF THE GIANTS
Steady referees the final round between THE BEATLES
AND THE ROLLING STONES
(The Royal Opera Co. Ltd.)
- 10.00 THIRTY MINUTES WITH JIMMY YOUNG
(E.M.I. Records Ltd.)
- 10.30 THE TONY HALL SHOW
(The Tony Hall Show Ltd.)
- 11.00 Time to meet KEITH FORBES
(Phillips, Funaria & Mercury Records Ltd.)
- 11.30 JACK JACKSON'S RECORD ROUND-UP
(Caribbean Records Ltd.)
- 12.00 THE G.I.S. GALS & GROUPS
(Colgate-Parsons Records Ltd.)
- 12.30 JIMMY SAVILE presents his NIGHT MUSIC FOR SOPHISTICATED
with Alan Dell
(E.M.I. Records Ltd.)
- 1.00 MUSIC IN THE NIGHT
with Tony Brandon
(E.M.I. Records Ltd.)
- 3.00 a.m.—Close Down

THURSDAY 30th

FOLLOWING a song the Party Flamingo can be a very difficult job but when you have a group as talented as those Manfreds you're always sure that they'll come up with something good. Try to form they've done it with their music. You know it's Sunday, The Love (Jimmy) Young will be appearing on his show at 10.00 this evening.

Fans of the group had a special treat at a recent show at the local's Marquee Club when the local's resident Jimmy Tarbuck took the stage and performed a typical one-act top-gang called 'Flamingo'.

During the show Jimmy told a hilarious story about the time he was in the hospital with the local's resident Jimmy Tarbuck. Jimmy Tarbuck is a very funny man and he is a very good singer. He is a very good singer and he is a very good singer.

These choices for a last week's record manager.

- 7.00 RADIO BIBLE CLASS
- 7.10 DISC DRIVE
Presented by Barry Atkiss
(The Royal Opera Co. Ltd.)
- 7.45 TOMMY VANCE
with Ray Charles
(E.M.I. Records Ltd.)
- 8.00 TONIGHT'S SPECIAL
Introduced by Stuart Grundy
(The Pastal Bingo Show Ltd.)
- 8.15 TONY HALL'S
MIDNIGHT
Introduced by Bryan Vaughan
(The Tony Hall Show Ltd.)
- 8.30 THURSDAY'S REQUESTS
Introduced by Stuart Grundy
(The Pastal Bingo Show Ltd.)
- 8.45 KEITH FORBES
with Alan Dell
(E.M.I. Records Ltd.)
- 9.00 DAVID JACKOB'S
STARTIME
(The David Jacob's Ltd.)
- 9.30 THE CATHY MCGOWAN SHOW
(Cathie-McGowan Concerts Ltd.)
- 10.00 TOP TWENTY
Introduced by Don Wardell
(E.S. Fox & Son Ltd.)
- 10.30 MIDNIGHT WITH MATTHEW
Brian Matthews introduces the latest and greatest in pop music
(The American Chewing Gum Co. Ltd.)
- 12.30 MUSIC IN THE NIGHT
with Tony Brandon
(E.M.I. Records Ltd.)
- 3.00 a.m.—Close Down

SUNDAY 3rd

- 7.00 "MUSIC SCENE '66"
with Don Wardell
(The Royal Opera Co. Ltd.)
- 8.00 TOMMY VANCE
with Ray Charles
(E.M.I. Records Ltd.)
- 8.45 Part 1 of the fantastic READ! STEADY RADIO (Monday-Tuesday)
- 10.00 DON WARDELL
READ! STEADY RADIO (Part II)
(Monday-Tuesday)
- 10.45 CURRY'S CORNER
REQUESTS
with Tommy Vance
- 11.00 MIDNIGHT WITH MATTHEW
Brian Matthews introduces the latest and greatest in pop music
(The American Chewing Gum Co. Ltd.)
- 12.30 MUSIC IN THE NIGHT
with Tony Brandon
(E.M.I. Records Ltd.)
- 3.00 a.m.—Close Down

WERE all a little sad this week because DJ Barry Alldis leaves us after nine very happy and entertaining years with Luxembourg. Barry's voice has become a sort of trade mark on 208 and we're all certainly going to miss his happy, swinging shows.

Fans over in Norway are probably going to be more upset than ever, for over there Barry is a sort of national hero. This week, for example, he paid them a visit and received a letter, for example, he paid them a visit and received a letter.

Barry and his family are moving back to Britain and making a new home, we'll get more chance to see him as he'll no doubt pop into the office from time to time.

The Top Twenty Show which swings in at 11.00 will now be introduced by Don Wardell who as you probably know has flown out to the Grand Duchy to take Barry's place, so you can be sure that the show is staying in capable hands.

Anyway, Fabbies, let's all get together with Barry in the very best of luck in whatever work he does in the future.



FRIDAY 1st

- 7.30 DISC DRIVE
Introduced by Tony Brandon
(The Royal Opera Co. Ltd.)
- 7.45 FRIDAY'S REQUESTS
Introduced by Tony Brandon
(The Royal Opera Co. Ltd.)
- 8.10 JIMMY SAVILE'S
TUNE-A-MINUTE SPOT
(The Royal Opera Co. Ltd.)
- 8.45 THE ALAN FREEMAN SHOW
(The Alan Freeman Show Ltd.)
- 9.15 THE PETER MURRAY SHOW
(The Peter Murray Show Ltd.)
- 9.45 THE BEET HUNT
with Peter Brady
(E.M.I. Records Ltd.)
- 10.00 SHIMON'S SCENE
Introduced by Simon Day
(The Shimon's Scene Ltd.)
- 10.30 THE TONY HALL SHOW
(The Tony Hall Show Ltd.)
- 11.00 TEEN & TWENTY DISC CLUB
Introduced by Stuart Grundy
(The Pastal Bingo Show Ltd.)
- 12.00 MUSIC IN THE NIGHT
with Tony Brandon
(E.M.I. Records Ltd.)
- 1.00 a.m.—Close Down

I've been been tuning into Sir Simon's Scene for a while now. I've heard Mr. Day's name in the past. I've heard Mr. Day's name in the past. I've heard Mr. Day's name in the past.

I was very happy to see on the show really. I was very happy to see on the show really. I was very happy to see on the show really.

When the disc came I was suddenly terribly nervous, but Sir Simon assured me that I was doing O.K. and after a while I began to relax and really enjoy the show. I'm getting into the swing of it and loving every minute of it.

MONDAY 4th

- 7.30 DISC DRIVE
Introduced by Tommy Vance
(The Royal Opera Co. Ltd.)
- 7.45 LET'S TAKE A SPIN
with Ray Charles
(E.M.I. Records Ltd.)
- 8.00 YOUR DATE AT EIGHT
with David Jacobs
(The David Jacob's Ltd.)
- 8.30 THE DON MOSS SHOW
(The Don Moss Show Ltd.)
- 9.00 BATTLE OF THE GIANTS
Don Wardell referees a special round between THE BEATLES
AND THE ROLLING STONES
(The Royal Opera Co. Ltd.)
- 9.15 MIDDAY'S REQUESTS
Introduced by Stuart Grundy
(The Pastal Bingo Show Ltd.)
- 9.45 ON THE BRADY BEAT
with Peter Brady
(E.M.I. Records Ltd.)
- 10.00 TOP POPS
Presented by Peter Brandon
(The Royal Opera Co. Ltd.)
- 10.30 0000000... IT'S MONDAY AND TIME FOR HIT PARADE
Introduced by Jack Jackson
(The Royal Opera Co. Ltd.)
- 11.00 THAT BOY
with Cliff Richard
(E.M.I. Records Ltd.)
- 11.15 PEPSI-COLA CLUBLAND
(The Pepsi-Cola Clubland Ltd.)
- 11.30 POPS WILL MIDNIGHT
Presented by Alan Freeman
(The Alan Freeman Show Ltd.)
- 12.00 HI MIDNIGHT
Introduced by Bryan Vaughan
(The Tony Hall Show Ltd.)
- 12.15 MUSIC IN THE NIGHT
with Stuart Grundy
(The Pastal Bingo Show Ltd.)
- 3.00 a.m.—Close Down

TUESDAY 5th

- 7.30 ANDY WILLIAMS SINGS
with Andy Williams
(E.M.I. Records Ltd.)
- 7.45 LET'S TAKE A SPIN
(E.M.I. Records Ltd.)
- 8.00 TUESDAY'S REQUESTS
Introduced by Stuart Grundy
(The Pastal Bingo Show Ltd.)
- 8.30 TOPICAL TUNES
- 8.45 RONNIE CARROLL CALLING
BRIAN MATTHEW'S POP PARADE
(The Brian Matthews Show Ltd.)
- 9.15 Time to meet KEITH FORBES
(Phillips Electrical Ltd.)
- 9.30 SAM COSTA'S CORNER
(E.M.I. Records Ltd.)
- 10.00 THE JIMMY YOUNG SHOW
(The Jimmy Young Show Ltd.)
- 10.30 TEEN & TWENTY DISC CLUB
Introduced by Jimmy Savile
(The Royal Opera Co. Ltd.)
- 11.00 THE DAVID JACOB'S SHOW
(The David Jacob's Ltd.)
- 11.30 POPS WILL MIDNIGHT
Presented by Alan Freeman
(The Alan Freeman Show Ltd.)
- 12.00 MUSIC IN THE NIGHT
with Tony Vance
(E.M.I. Records Ltd.)
- 12.30 MUSIC FOR SOPHISTICATED
with Alan Dell
(E.M.I. Records Ltd.)
- 3.00 a.m.—Close Down

Fab 208
Dave, Dory, Dory, Beahy,
Mick and Rich



nails
go
naked!

super
super



New creamy transparent nail lacquers
-Miners, naturally. Could be a bird's own
natural nails - but better! 1/9
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Pink • Creamy Belge • Creamy Candy

miners **m**

HIT make-up

NEIL ASPINALL, ROAD MANAGER TO THE BEATLES, CONTINUES HIS STORY

WITH AN

AIR OF CONFIDENCE

When The Beatles are on tour, the fans are always trying to get in to see them—and it's surprising some of the stories they think up and the cleverly laid hoaxes they try on.

ILL go on with the diary I kept on The Beatles' last British tour, **SUNDAY, 5th DECEMBER, 1964.**

Today's journey from Newcastle to Liverpool should have been the worst of the tour. The one hundred and fifty mile route across the Pennines. But luckily we made the trip in good time.

Tonight was a very special night for The Beatles.

Paul, George and Ringo had hosts of relatives in the audience.

John, whose Aunt Mimi has moved away to Bournemouth, had passed a bunch of tickets to his many Liverpool friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison got plenty of attention from the photographers when they arrived at the Empire Theatre with Pattie Boyd, who is staying with them for the weekend.

All through the evening the dressing-room was jammed with visitors. For once, the boys scarcely used their television set.

TWO little girls managed to pull a confidence trick which made them the envy of every other fan in town.

Paul had left the dressing-room to make a phone call from a booth just inside the stage door.

As he came out of the booth, two little girls grabbed him.

"We've travelled five hundred miles to see tonight's concert," they explained.

"Great, great! Hope you enjoy the show," answered Paul.

"But we haven't got tickets," they replied.

"That's no good, is it?" said Paul.

He thought for a moment then told the girls how hard it was even for him to get anybody into the dressing-room.

"Tell you what I'll do," he decided. "I'll tell the man on the door where you're distant relatives of mine. Then he'll have to let you through!"

And with that he led them into the dressing-room and introduced them to the rest of the group.

Afterwards he fixed for them to stand in the theatre and watch the show.

"What Paul didn't realize until later was that the girls lived in Crosby—and THAT'S A SUBURB OF LIVERPOOL JUST ACOSS THE HILLS FROM THE EMPIRE THEATRE!"

Of course, on tracks of one sort or another are always being pulled by

fans who want to meet The Beatles. Almost always the tricksters are girls. I remember one time when a nineteen-year-old boy was involved. It was some months ago in the States.

We'd just arrived at the Indianapolis motel for the night and our rooms had their doors opening off a first-floor balcony.

In a flash, I collect all the room keys when we arrive at each hotel. I go round showing the boys which room belongs to them.

In America, all this is usually handled by the hotel and their security people.

ALL the rooms are opened up for the whole party in advance and a hotel manager or somebody will take each Beatle to his room.

On the occasion, the boys had disappeared into different rooms and I had been shown mine. Everything was in chaos so it always is for the first five or ten minutes as we arrive.

I had no idea who it was in which room. Suddenly the water-blow comes along the balcony holding a big tray in each hand. They were carried away above each shoulder in very professional style.

"This The Beatles' room!" I asked me "Yeah, why?" I countered.

"They ordered tea and sandwiches." "Oh, OK. Just take them in," I'll you."

I opened the door for Paul. For the next ten minutes I was all tied up with Paul sorting out his baggage.

Paul being slow to remember who was where, I checked each one of the hotel people and they showed me where each bit of baggage belonged.

Finally, I couldn't remember what was my own room. I was driven in and was just taking my stuff made when I spotted the "order" still with his two trays INSIDE MY ROOM.

I inspected the metal cover off his plate of "sandwiches" and found lots of odd crumb underneath.

So he didn't go to meet The Beatles as he planned—suppose the clever girlie was a careful planner. **BECAUSE I HAD ACCIDENTALLY SENT HIM INTO MY OWN ROOM INSTEAD OF THE ONE OCCUPIED BY THE BOYS!**

Next week Neil Aspinall continues his diary and tells of the day Paul went out in disguise!



What does a star think about when he's up on stage in the spotlight? Gene Pitney who is every inch a star, talked to June Southworth about his feelings on stage.

THE ARS OF BEATLES SINGS

GENE PITNEY is probably the most unusual showbiz phenomenon to invade Britain. Year after year, Gene can come back here and fill every theatre he plays. He sings the same songs yet they always seem to take on a new dimension. His songs are sad, dramatic, wistful. The words count. And he sings lyrics as if he's lived them.

Talking to Gene I suggested that perhaps the secret of his success was that each song had a personal meaning for him. The next day, I was sitting in his dressing-room when he suddenly said:

"I've been thinking over what you said about the songs, and you were right. I do relate songs to instances in my own life."

The fact that Gene had actually noticed something I'd said knocked me out. But if the songs are sad, does that mean that Gene is secretly sad, too?

"No, it most of them seem sad songs. It's not that I'm a sad person. It's just that ninety per cent of the songs submitted to me are sad. I don't mean it in that way. I mean that I do project something of myself into songs."

Gene usually starts off his act with Twenty-Four Hours from Tulsa.

"It's a song that reminds me of Britain wherever I am. When I'm singing it, I always think how odd that my first big hit in Britain should be a song about a place called Tulsa. Of course, Tulsa is only a name. You can sing Tulsa and think of any other place in the world."

I'd just see Tulsa myself until after the gig. It's an ordinary, middle-sized town with a grand auditorium. I played to fourteen or fifteen thousand people there.

"I Must Be Seeing Things is not one of my preferred songs. Now I come to think of it, the song makes me think back to my high school days."

"At that time, I was fairly introverted. Not with people. I was treasurer of this and that, and involved in the usual student activities. But not one really knew me. I was a loner. Quiet. The girl I had my first crush on was the best-looking girl in the class. All the guys wanted her. I didn't have a chance."

"One day I ruined a Latin test, watching her through the window. I've always really carried a torch for her. Even now I often think of her by the girl's name."

"It Hurts To Be In Love... yeah, that's true. But the lyrics don't mean anything special to me. It's a happy song, really. Sad lyrics, but presented in a happy way. I don't know how it will resolve itself."

"Looking Through The Eyes Of Love has a great lyric."

"The words point to a situation that exists for me right now. There is a girl. I don't know if we're right for each other; if we're each other, we really are. I don't know how it will resolve itself."

"When I'm coming to Britain to tour, I

purposely look for a song that has impact. Princess In Rags was 'perfect for me."

"Sometimes I suddenly realize that I'm in a position to make the words of my songs come true. Where I can say things that make a girl feel good."

"A girl came in to see me tonight. I met her a few days ago. She works behind the desk in a hotel. Now there is an ordinary, nice girl, but something I said made her blush, and for a moment there, she looked pretty enough to be a princess."

DON'T know whether girls think as do, but when I hear Gene sing Backstage, I think there's Gene Pitney... attractive, wealthy, personable, successful. Yet when he goes off stage he's just as lonely and insecure as anyone else. Gene nodded, when I told him this.

"Yes, that comes into the way I feel," he said. "But more than that, I'm thinking about all the beautiful girls I've known, and the great times I've had, and I wonder if I shouldn't have stopped off somewhere along the line."

"And I wonder if I ever will stop. Country to country, town to town. Never stopping, always moving. I've been so busy I've missed out on some things."

"You know Mecca has an Arabian rhythm... it's written by some Arabian guy with a funny name. When I came to Britain for the first time I only had two hits to sing. That took about five minutes. I took Mecca off an LP, and that completed my act. Audiences have liked it so much that I don't do a show without it."

"Some people have said that the use of Mecca in a pop song is in bad taste. But if Heaven either. And as a matter of fact, Mecca went to No. 8 in Israel."

"I was on Broadway once visiting a business friend when a girl named Jewish mamma stopped me. 'Did they get together in the end?' she said. I didn't know what she was on about. Thought she was some kind of nut."

"Then suddenly she said something about the little Jewish boy and the Arab girl. And it suddenly hit me... you know, the lyric, 'I live on the east side, she lives on the west side.'"

"She obviously thought it was about the Israeli-Arabia border. I'd no idea people took words so seriously!"

"I'm Genee Be Strong is a good ending. I enjoy singing this one. But the words can mean a lot of things beside a woman. It can mean the answer to any of the problems a man has to face."

I watched Gene on stage that evening. The audience listened to his songs, hung on every specially privileged word. And I felt that Gene was thinking about up there. And now I've passed the secret on to you.

FIVE BOB GIGS AT THE GASWORKS

Force West's new single is *The Weather Man*—an apt title!—and it's out at the end of the award with Tom Springfield for Dusty's *Losing You*. Must be a winner.



Flying Force West go to gigs in their own plane

WHERE THEY'RE AT

July 2nd - July 9th

Oh dear, Scotland's missed out again! There's almost nothing happening there this week. Dave Dec might be, and Roy "C" definitely is around there, but at the time of going to Press nobody knows WHERE—which doesn't help, does it? Scots readers will just have to keep their fingers crossed that things improve.

Never mind, we'll try and make up next week. In the meantime, hop over the border; there's plenty going in the North of England.

SCOTLAND
 Arrows: Elizabethan Club, Glasgow (2); Maryland Ballroom, Glasgow (3);
 Free South: Public Hall, Lamlash (2nd to 9th).

NORTH
 St. Peter's: Fiesta Club, Stockton (six days from Feb);
 Hollers Ford Hall, Southport (2);
 Fourmott Palace Theatre Club and Domino Club, Manchester (3); Oasis, Manchester (9); Club Farlow, Jarro (one week from 10th);
 Cliff Bennett's Grand Rooms, Liverpool (6);
 Mandy Blues: Sheffield Union (2); Public Hall, Barnsley (1st to 3rd);
 Jimmy James and The Vagabonds: Jigsaw, Manchester (9);
 St. Louis Union: Oasis, Manchester (2);
 Small Faces: Skyline Ballroom, Hull (8); Floral Hall, Southampton (9);
 Dave Berry: Palace Ballroom, Douglas, I.O.M. (2);
 Police Via, Newcastle and The T's, Stockton (3rd to 9th);
 Zoot Money: Mojo, Sheffield (3); K.D. Club, Birmingham (7);
 Arrows: Queensway, Chester (4);
 Chris Farlowe: Coasters Club, K.H. Levington (3);
 Settlers: Conham Hotel, Redcar (3);
 Knebbs: Plaza Ballroom, Huddersfield (8);
 Kinka: Civic Hall, Barnsley (2); Opera House, Blackpool (3rd with Tom Jones);
 Dave Dee, et al: Palace Ballroom, Douglas, I.O.M. (7);
 Marianne Faithfull: Dolce Vita, Newcastle and Wetherill, Sunderland (2nd to 9th);
 Susan Maughan: La Strada, Sunderland and La Strada, South Shields (3rd to 9th).

MIDLANDS
 Cliff Bennett: West Midland Training College, Walsall (2); Britannia Club, Nottingham (9);
 Mandy Blues: Riverside Dancing Club, Tisbury Way (2);
 Jimmy James and Vagabonds: Glideston, Bolton (2);
 St. Louis Union: Winter Gardens, Cleethorpe (7);
 Mervyn: King's Hall, Stoke-on-Trent (2); Plaza, Manchester and Oldham (1);
 Zambles: Birmingham University (3);
 Ram Jam Band: Union Revue Club, Nottingham (2);
 Settlers: Coasters Club, Boston (4); New Inn, Walsall (6);
 Knebbs: Widesbury Youth Centre, Nr. Birmingham (8);
 Chris Farlowe: Nottingham Union (8).

WEST
 Nashville Tones: Headland Pavilion, Bude (8);

The boys are a pretty snazzy lot. Danny Clarke, lead singer, had music for the group and had turned down. Six months later, they asked if they could join him!

Drummer Sid Phillips is a bit of a ching who entered the business during his last year at school. What a coincidence! They're all from Bristol. His Grammy brings his act on to the tray into the club where he practically lives!

Adrian Castells is the group's rhythm guitarist and part-labourer. He once mistook a piston and a piston with a wozzen leg the same. His guitarist John Strange has already had a taste of big time show biz. With his black beard he was mistaken for Manfred Mann—had to run for his life!

Last, lead guitarist Brian Trier. Brian Trier who proves the latter with his three broken ribs.

It happened like this. Car broke down, group held car up and Brian got underground, saying that if they dropped it, to tell him first. They dropped it and told him after.

PAUL JONES PLAY ON TV

by Christine Osbourne

On your screen this week—*They Put You Where You Are*, Paul Jones's first TV play. Paul wrote the script, novelist Sheila Macleod and it's, not surprisingly, about a pop group.

The story concerns two pop fans—Shirley, played by Annet Robertson, and Janice, Lynette Chapel—who go to watch their favourite group on stage.

Afterwards the girls manage to get backstage and into their idol's dressing room—Malcolm Reynolds.

They "fin" out more about him than they ever imagined. Very intriguing, and well worth watching!

They Put You Where You Are is the last in a current Jimmy Wilson Theatre series on B.B.C. 2; it's on June 27 at 9.50. Also coming, but not yet scheduled is *The Three Barrel Shotgun*. Watch out for it—it stars our own Michael Crawford!

KNOCKE KNOCKE, WHO'S THERE?

THE ED files off next week to Knockle-Zouie, Belgium, to judge the annual song festival, to be held from July 8th to 14th. The six countries competing are England, France, Italy, Holland, Belgium and Germany.

The English team, sponsored by Decca Records, comprises Truly Smith, Chloë, Angela Kane, Jimmy Wilson and English Humperdink.

Chloë, top girl at London's exclusive Lycee school, gets her first big break at 15, through the song contest. Her reaction: "Just rocky. A gas. A stroke of luck, to get one's first break at Knockle... especially for me. It will give me a marvellous opportunity to sing in French."

BEATLE AT 'DREAM'

JUST before leaving for Germany on the 23rd, one Beatle made use of the weekend sun. Seen watching *Midsummer Night's Dream* at the Open Air Theatre in Regent's Park—Paul McCartney and Jane Asher. They were in the 15th deckchair seats!

BATMAN PROTEST

NEW series Batman should be televised later! So says Mrs. Dorothy Young. Reason—she doesn't think young children should see it.

Mrs. Barratt's five-year-old daughter Lesley leapt 16 feet out of her bed-room window, skirt flapping, cape-like round her shoulders, shouting "One, two, three, here comes Batman."

Luckily, Lesley was unhurt.

LABYRINTH

BATTLE OF THE GIANTS

George Formby meets James Brown in Labyrinth's Battle of the Giants—by Victoria

How to promote the new single *Yellow-Lime-Jade* (Chrysalis). He arrived in New York with Syd Barrett for a short while before heading to London. What to do with the plans, and make an L.P. item.

Single *Yellow-Lime-Jade* was new. Tragic single, with a *Goodbye* and a new *Yellow-Lime-Jade* single on the air. *Yellow-Lime-Jade* was new. Tragic single, with a *Goodbye* and a new *Yellow-Lime-Jade* single on the air.

GIGGING WITH GENE AHEAD

On a long visit to Boston a few days ago Gene Probert showed me he had managed to come back to Boston for another tour later this year... Gene Probert is a 64-year-old member of America, in which he covered over 17 thousand miles. He followed the tour with a very busy touring schedule, he was the proud owner of 16 trout and salmon. "Big ones—the ones you throw back," says Gene.

Gene will be in New York throughout July recording four or five new LPs, including country-and-western and foreign language discs. In August, he starts a 21-day tour of Italy, which also takes in France and Yugoslavia. September finds him in Australia, New Zealand, Japan and Hong Kong.

"You could say I'm tired for a while," said Gene.

DISCO-TIP TOP TEN

- LAST THIS WEEK WEEK
1. PAPERBACK WRITER—The Beatles (Parlophone)
 2. I NEED YOU E.P.—The Walker Brothers (Philips)
 3. BUS STOP—The Hollies (Parlophone)
 4. HIDE AWAY—Dave Dee, etc. (Fontana)
 5. TWINKIE LEE—Gary Leeds (CBS)
 6. NOBODY NEEDS YOUR LOVE—Gene Pitney (Stateside)
 7. I ONLY GAVE TO DANCE WITH YOU—Scott Engel and John Stewart (Capitol)
 8. SUNNY AFTERNOON—The Kinks (Poly)
 9. DON'T ANSWER ME—Cilla Black (Parlophone)

Will you help pick the FAB-200 Disco-Tip Top Ten? Just fill in the title and the artist of the new single you've heard this week—or you think MUST make the charts. Stick this form on a postcard (or just write on a postcard) and send to: FABULOUS-200, 142 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10013, U.S.A.

Each FAB-200 record is allowed only one vote. Post your form to arrive by MONDAY 4th July in the post, to qualify for inclusion in the voting.

NAME _____

MY TIP _____

(TITLE) _____

(ARTIST) _____

Send to _____

Send to _____

BREAK-UP

They were walking on air. Everyone, everywhere knew how happily married Jill and David were... till the sudden, shattering news of their break-up. How did it happen?

IT was a whirlwind courtship and they were married just a few weeks after they met.

It couldn't have been more idyllic. Jill, the up-and-coming, twenty-nine-year-old actress and David, the handsome, as yet unknown actor. They were in love.

Love conquered all their difficulties. They had each other. Nothing could mar their happiness.

They had their first child, a boy, Paul, who is now eight. Could any couple have known greater fulfillment?

Jill lost her next two babies and thought she might never be able to have another child. But David comforted her and they still faced the future together, determined to adopt if they couldn't have any brothers and sisters for little Paul.

Eventually they had two more baby boys and their marriage was complete.

In '62 they moved to Hollywood where David was to make a film. Although it was a big upheaval, the move was successful.

During the months that followed, David and Jill shared a lot of worries about whether or not they should buy a house and settle in The States.

When a small, regular part in *U.N.C.L.E.* came up for David he was secure at last. He knew his future was taken care of for several years so all his house problems were solved.

There were new snags now. The cosy life of Jill and David was snatched away. He was at the studio for very long hours, five days a week.

Jill had to get used to the fact that her husband was an international hero and she had to share him with the world.

He couldn't go shopping with her—they'd be mobbed. He couldn't take her

to dinner or drive the family to the nearest beach.

Everywhere he was recognized. Everyone wanted to love him for a friend. He was famous.

The McCallums were pestered for permission to take pictures of themselves and their children at home. It was pressure, pressure, pressure.

And loneliness for Jill. However much David wanted to be with his family he couldn't be—not in the same way as he had been before.

He was being a marvellous provider for them all. They wanted for nothing—except the old, personal, unspoilt life... Dad being there when Paul came in from school, ready to play games and have a bedtime cuddle with the younger ones.

Imagine not being able to go anywhere with your dad without causing a riot! Imagine not being able to walk down the street arm in arm with your man without being surrounded by fans and autograph hunters and girls who want to kiss him.

So gradually life changes. Day by day it just isn't the same any more.

Fame isn't generally considered to be a problem. It's what most people would like to have—until it shatters their private life, tears the heart out of them.

But once the rift has begun to grow, it mushrooms and the gulf widens irretrievably. It's tragic... for the husband and wife... for the children who love their mum and dad so much and can't understand what's happened.

And it's terribly sad for us, too, who desperately want them all to be happy together again.

Is this the price a man has to pay for success?

BETTY HALE

the thrilling sound of GENE PITNEY

the thrilling sound of

GENE PITNEY



GENE PITNEY'S BIG SIXTEEN
Stateside SL10118 4x



LOOKING THRU THE EYES OF LOVE
Stateside SL10118 4x



BLUE GENE
Stateside SL10119 4x



LOOKING THRU THE EYES OF LOVE
Stateside SL10118 4x



I'M GONNA BE STRONG
Stateside SL10170 4x



GENE PITNEY SINGS
THE GREAT SONGS OF OUR TIME
Stateside SL10156 4x



GENE PITNEY
TWENTY FIVE HOURS
FROM TULSA
Stateside SE1027 4x EP



GENE PITNEY'S MORE BIG SIXTEEN
Stateside SL10132 4x



THAT GIRL BELONGS
TO YESTER
Stateside SL1028 4x EP



GENE PITNEY
I MUST BE SEEING THINGS
Stateside SL1030 4x EP



GENE PITNEY
GENE ITALIANO
Stateside SE1032 4x EP

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