

Fabulous 208

1st OCTOBER 1966

Australia 15 cents - New Zealand 1/6 - Rhodesia 2/- - East Africa 1/60 cents - West Africa 1/6 - South Africa 15 cents - Malaysia 70 cents - Sverige 5Kr. 1.35 inkl oms - Deutschland Dm. 1.00 - Norge Kr. 2.50 - Nederland 90 cents - Danmark Kr. 1.90 - Finland Fm. 90

1/-

**PREKAWAYS
DILYHHTIUS**



**KING SIZE FULL COLOUR PIN-UPS OF
THE MERSEYS ● ALAN PRICE ● PAUL JONES ● ALAN BALL ● JULIE FELIX
PLUS SECOND PART OF GIANT POSTER PIN-UP OF DAVE DEE, ETC. - THIS WEEK BEAKY AND MICK
ALSO YOUR RADIO LUXEMBOURG PROGRAMMES FROM 27th SEPTEMBER - 3rd OCTOBER**



Christine Osbourne tunes you in On Our Wavelength every week, with up to date news.

Hi! It's me again because the Ed. is still steering herself on some distant foreign shore...
 This week's FAB is all Mo's idea. It came to her one sleepless night so she wrote it down and told us next morning. Hope you like it.
 Now that the winners are drawing in we're almost into the TV season, so we're planning an issue of FAB on it. As you'll be seeing, the new Autumn TV programmes are just about beginning so I'd like you to drop me a postcard letting me know the one you like best. This way will be able to include as many of your favourites as possible in our 11th-FAB.
 Till next week, best love, Betty (Assistant Ed.)



ONE group breaking away from the usual are The Factotums.
 They have a female road manager.
 She's Veronica Thomas, sister of the group's rhythm guitarist Nidge (short for Nigel).
 Veronica's twenty-six, used to be an infant school teacher and explains her present job...
 "When the group first started six years ago, I was the only one with a driving licence. So I drove them around, and when they turned pro, so did I.
 "It's great fun. I look after their clothes, wash and cut their hair and tell them they look all right before they go on stage.
 "Really, the only thing I have to put up with is their cracks about women drivers!"
 Which is something that a lot of girls wouldn't mind in the least in exchange for a job travelling round with five boys.



BREAKAWAY of the moment must undoubtedly be John Lennon. He's broken away from The Beatles to film *How I Won The War* and he's broken away from the hairy Beatle image—leaving it on the barber's floor.
 As John himself said of his new hairstyle, "It's right down to the scalp and no-one's been there for years!"
 Our Private Gripweed, as the batman to an army officer (played by Michel Crawford), has a comic role. But he doesn't find either the filming or being in the army—though only for the film—very funny
 For the former, the waiting about gets him down, and as for the army...
 John always planned that if ever he was called up for National Service, he'd run away to Ireland!
 There you are—it's that breakaway bit again!

BREAKAWAY Napoleon XIV is inspiring people. He's the one, of course, who left (temporarily) being a recording engineer to make that horrible but fascinating record *They're Coming To Take Me Away Ha-Haaa!* And he's inspired Kink Dave Davies.
 Dave has a copy of the record; thinks it's fantastic and leaps around playing it to people time and time again to see how many times they can listen to it without cracking up!!



MAN who broke away from P. J. Proby, Mr. Gary Leeds, is recovering from one very trying evening. And it's all the fault of his flat mate, Graham Nash of The Hollies.
 Gary decided to make himself some vanilla cookies (that's biscuits to us). He mixed everything up beautifully and felt quite pleased with himself.

But he couldn't understand why Mr. Nash—who has a strange sense of humour at the best of times—kept laughing and trying to tell him something.
 Gary, smiling, went to put his mixture in the oven; Graham, laughing, started to say something.
 "Sh sh a minute," Gary said. (It's the favourite Leeds expression of the mom-

ent.) Which was a pity, because when the smug Walker Brother lifted his cookies out the oven, there were horrible little burnt messes on the baking tin.
 And then he found out what Graham had been trying to tell him.
 "Shouldn't you have put flour in them?" he asked...
 Wonder who did the washing up?

COLOUR CONTENTS

© Fleetway Publications Limited, 1966

- Cover: John Lennon by Beryl Bryden.
- Page 4: Alan Ball by Syndication International.
- Page 7: Alan Price by Fiona Adams.
- Page 10: Julie Felix by Fiona Adams.
- Page 12/13: Beaky and Mick by Derek Berwin.
- Page 18: The Merseys: l. to r.: Billy Kinsley and Tony Crane by Bill Francis.
- Page 24: Paul Jones by Nicky Wright.

NEXT WEEK Feb-208

EXPORTS

the best from Britain



We've lashed together a raft and sent THE BEATLES on ahead—because they're the biggest dollar earners... Followed by an out-size crate full of things like Herman's Humour and all the super things we sell around the world. It's a fantastic issue and includes collectors colour pix of:

- THE BEATLES
- HERMAN
- PET CLARK
- TITCH (of Dave Dee, etc.)
- DAVE BERRY
- PETER O'TOOLE and a double size pic of
- DAVID McCALLUM

It's all wrapped up to catch the eye of beat fans in Brooklyn and students in Singapore and all our friends **everywhere**. Your news-agent will have a copy for you on Monday. Price 1s.



STEVE MARRIOTT is a breakaway—partly because he's too tall. Which is odd when you think Steve's only 5 ft. 5 in.!

When Steve was six, his parents sent him to drama school. He didn't mind the life, though really he had dreams about playing guitar.

He did pretty well at acting... documentaries, *Dixon Of Dock Green*, *Mrs. Dale's Diary*, *No Hiding Place*.

Then came *Oliver*. Steve, at twelve, played one of the boys in the Lionel Bart play for eighteen months with the last six as The Artful Dodger.

But by the time he was fourteen, Steve had grown too tall for the role. He had to leave.

When he was fifteen, he started his first group, Steve Marriott's Moments, made a record which was a gigantic flop and the group broke up.

He worked in Lyons (the catering firm) as a washer-upper—singing round the local pubs in his spare time. He worked in a shop selling musical instruments... and he met Plonk. That was the start of The Small Faces.

Now it looks as though Steve may be breaking away again. And it's rather ironic that what may be luring him away from the pop scene—though only temporarily—is the film adaption of the play that chucked him out because of his excess of height! *Oliver*.

But this time, if he accepts the offer, Steve will be at the top—as *Oliver*.

Shooting commences in January for two months, it's in colour and it's hoped that the rest of The Faces may be taking parts as the boys.

Nothing, at press-time, is confirmed. But if accepted, work on the film won't take the boys completely away from pop. They plan to spend all their spare time during

filming writing new material and in recording sessions

This isn't their first film—they were in the cops and robbers *Dateline Diamonds* last year. But they were singing roles and not acting like this breakaway



● Breakaway boy Steve Marriott (above left) in his younger days as one of the *Oliver* boys. The pic was very kindly loaned to us by Steve's mum. On the left, Steve Marriott as we know him today.

ONE of the most familiar faces on the '66 TV screen belongs to actor Keith Barron.

Keith played the name part in the *Stand Up Nigel Barton* and *Vote Vote For Nigel Barton* plays; he was in the *It's Dark Outside* series, in *Love Story* and countless others.

Keith's known in the theatre, too. For example, in the part of Tom Jones in the stage adaption of the film, *Beset By Women*.

But he's never fulfilled his real ambition



—to be a film actor. Now at the ripe old age of twenty-nine, he's completed his first film. It's called *The Haunted Man*; will be on the big screen later this year, and

Keith plays the young, clean-cut (and blond-wigged!) hero.

And now that he's broken away from exclusively TV and theatre fame, more film offers are rolling in.

Keith's the most punctual actor on the scene. Always turns up at least an hour in advance for everything, and his one and only late appearance—for a matinee performance of *Beset By Women*—upset him so much he didn't stop shaking for three days!

What a man!

COLIN BLUNSTONE breaks away from the Zombie way of thinking in just one thing.

They want him to look after his handsome face because he's the lead singer and, therefore, out front all the time, he wants to—and does—play rugby every Saturday with the Old Verulamians, his old school.

Now all the group's warnings about risk-



ing his life and limb have come true. He's broken his nose! But Zombie fans will be pleased to know that it's not too bad a break and before long, that aquiline feature should be back to normal!



This football thing is making us all dizzy (as if we weren't in enough of a whirl already). We were all talking this week about Breakaways and beat boys and suddenly we realised that footballer Alan Ball takes the Breakaways' biscuit! So we dressed Heather Kirby up in a blue and white (Everton's colours) scarf and packed her off to a football match to watch.

ALAN BALL's break-away from Blackpool cost a fortune. Not Alan, nor Blackpool. It was the Beatle-town team, Everton, who had to cough up, £110,000.

That makes this Lancashire lad, £1 for pound, the fattest footballer (cash-wise) in the country. And he's not a very big bloke.

But twenty-year-old, unmarried Alan isn't going to leave it at that. He's dead set on becoming the best footballer in the world.

That's why he was desperate to leave Blackpool and join a "personality" team, one that is always in the lime-light.

And more important, one that plays in big European and world tournaments.

He managed to sign on with Everton by the skin of his teeth (six hours before the season started) so now he'll play for them in the European Cup Winners' cup. (The Mersey-side side won ours this year.)

Alan's dad is a football coach and is just as keen to see his son at the top.

"He wants to be a great footballer," said Mr. B. senior. "There is to be no second-best for my son."

And sports writers are no less flattering when they talk about this fantastic ball of fire.

One wrote, "Alan likes to roam all over the field, free. If they try and cage him, put the method before the man, they will kill a king."

A king with carrot-coloured hair. Super. He'll probably be the first!

Anyway, that's the first thing you notice about Alan. It's just a ridiculous shade of red.

It's very handy though. It means you can keep him in sight when he is roaming all over the pitch. And he does that a lot.

Sometimes he's centre forward, then he's a back. The only place I didn't see him in was the goal. (Really, he's inside-right.)

One of the reasons Alan chose Everton, from all the top teams who were willing to pay that huge transfer fee, was because of their supporters.

The Scousers always let their lot know when they're doing well! And now, as soon as Alan gets the ball, they start to chant AL-AN BALL, AL-AN BALL, AL-AN BALL.

They follow that with a few EE-AY-ADIO WE WON THE CUP, throw in

a hymn tune with new words that go, "WE SHALL NOT BE MOVED" (meaning from the top-notch position of winning the FA cup) and generally shout and scream their heads off.

"It's going to be great playing for Everton," said Alan. "The fans are fantastic. Fantastic!

"When they start shouting for you, you feel . . . well, I can't explain. Just great."

This is one breakaway that is bound to score!



This report, by Maureen Alexander of Coniston Road, Stretford, Manchester, of her meeting with Tony and Billy (the boys who broke away from The Merseybeats) wins her ten guineas.



I was a rainy Saturday night as I waited for the club where The Merseybeats were playing to open. I had my Mersey Scrap Book with me and a drawing of Billy Kinsley.

At last we were allowed to go in. I'd previously written a letter to Tony, which I gave to Kenny Mundy, one of the drummers in The Fruit Eating Bears, who very kindly gave it to Tony with my Scrap Book and drawing.

After The Fruit Eating Bears had played, the lights went down and I knew The Merseys would be coming on.

They looked fabulous—as always—with their white jeans and white T shirts.

As they sang, the tension grew. Girls grabbed, yelled and screamed. I just stood there. Tony noticed me and smiled—I smiled back.

They sang *Sorrow, Don't Turn Around, I Stand Accused, I Love You, Yes I Do*, etc. They were very good.

Afterwards, I went to the dressing room to get my book back.

"Hallo," said Tony. "How's life?"

"O.K.," I said. "I've had my hair cut, can't you tell?"

"Yeah," he answered, "you look different." Then he said:

"So you're mad on art are you?"

"Yes," I said, "I am quite a lot."

"So you got my letter, then?" I said.

"Yes, ta!" he said smiling.

I told Tony he was terribly hard to draw so I drew Billy instead.

"Hey, Billy," said Tony, after tapping his knee and asking me to sit down (which I did without hesitation!) "Sign that drawing for Mo."

I could hardly believe he'd remembered my name!!! It had been quite a long time since I'd seen them last.

"Did you do that?" said Billy.

"Yes," I answered.

"Wow. It's very good."

I felt rather flattered!

Billy, who was now strumming Joey Molland's guitar, promptly signed: *To Maureen—lots of love, Billy Kinsley.*

The Merseys miss playing their guitars even though they do enjoy singing as a duo.

"Can you sign my book as well, To?" I asked.

"Sure," he said.

Billy grabbed the book first and signed: *To Maureen—all my love, Billy Kinsley*, nearly using up all the page, leaving Tony the bottom corner, in which he signed: *To Maureen, Love, Tony (Crane).*

I put the book on my knee with my drawing and looked at Tony. I noticed his dark glasses and promptly told him he didn't suit square glasses. He laughed!!

Billy's glasses were nice—great in fact.

"Can I try them on?" I requested.

"Yeah," he said, "They're miles too big for me, so they'll be huge on you."

I tried them. They were too big and I didn't suit them, Billy didn't seem to think so either.

"Have you got your cars yet?" I asked.

"Yes," said To, "we got them last week. Mine's maroon and Billy's is black. Billy got tired of waiting for his because black is such an unproductive colour."

I wanted them to be red. I don't particularly like red, but Gary Leeds has a red mini.

Just then their manager walked in and told me I'd have to go out as Tony and Billy were going to see other people.

I went reluctantly and, as I said goodbye to Tony and Billy, I remembered what I'd put in my letter to To.

Hope you can come back to Manchester soon. I meant that, 'cos they're really nice lads.



MCGOOHAN



THE GAMBLER

Pat McGoochan was gambling on his own judgment when he broke away from the traditional mould of spy heroes. He could have lost his shirt. Instead he won the jackpot when he became the highest paid actor on television writes Heather Kirby.

NOW he's done it again. He's broken away from *Danger Man* at the height of its success and this month goes into production on a new series.

All ATV know about it is that it is called, *The Prisoner* and it will be shown on our screens next spring.

It's another McGoochan gamble but this time the backroom cynics, who prophesied an almighty flop for his idea of a respectable spy, are keeping quiet.

Not before time too, considering that after four years and eighty-eight episodes the series made a mint—nearly £3 million from its sale to America alone.

Pat says of his new series, "It is another adventure story but I play a very different character.

"The Americans like the new idea and it promises to be twice as exciting."

We can't wait. Pat doesn't need to prove to us—and he never did—that his breakaway was for the best.

When he first read the script for *Danger Man*, Pat tackled the part of John Drake like a demolition worker. He swept away the smut and built up a strong and spotless hero who was also (which shook the telly execs) exciting.

Pat gets a good laugh out of the image that some of this clean-livin' stuff left him with.

"I sometimes sounded like Prissy Pat," he said. "A lot of old horse has been written about my attitude towards the world of television.

"But it can be summed up in a few simple sentences. I happen to believe, rightly or wrongly that TV is a third parent.

"It doesn't give you bulging muscles to say a four-letter word on the box!"

Nor, he added, do you have to be a slob to be successful. And he's proved it.

Until he came along, spies looked as if they were going on spinning in the same groove for ever, shooting, fighting, flirting, then flirting, fighting and shooting.

HE stopped the rot by digging a new groove that we all dig.

Pat is no pugilist but he's changed the face of television heroes beyond recognition.

And as far as we are concerned he can go knocking the living daylight out of stock characters for ever.

We bet his latest gamble will pay off too, because when Pat McGoochan breaks away it's a breakthrough.

April, 1965. Alan Price month. Shrieking headlines. . . . Pricey Quits! The month Alan left The Animals, and, for a while, the pop business.

THE strangest thing about the Alan Price breakaway story is that Alan didn't plan to leave The Animals. It just happened. He hated flying and The Animals had contracts to tour Japan and America. One day something snapped and Alan fled home to his beloved Newcastle.

Alan Price is blunt, direct and determined; a Geordie through and through. He says exactly what he thinks, and he thinks before he speaks. Answers come only after the question has been carefully considered and then only when he has something worthwhile to say. Intelligent, straightforward answers. . . .

"I always thought I'd stay with The Animals until we broke. Yes, I did feel sure we'd break up sooner or later. Obviously.

"I worked in a tax office for four-and-a-half years and when I went back there recently, only two of my old mates were still there. It's a rare thing for people to stay on the same thing together for a long time.

WHEN I was with The Animals, I felt I wasn't getting anywhere, but when I left them, I felt completely lost. I didn't have a sense of purpose any more. I'd been with Eric since I was fifteen and I'd known Johnny all that time, too.

"When you've worked with someone for that long, and believed in what you were doing and made it successful . . . It's a section of your life, like cutting off a part of you. Six, seven years . . . and then full stop.

"When I left, I went home. I played football, cricket, swam in the sea and considered doing all the things people say is happiness. I considered getting a job and settling down. No, not marriage. I thought of that once: I was engaged to a girl when I was twenty-one—she's married now.

"For five months I did nothing. An Animal on the loose, you might say." (He grinned sardonically!) "I went down jazz clubs, sat in with groups and saw Eric quite a lot. They understood. When I started the new group, they came down to see us.

MY biggest problem was myself. It's all very well sitting down in a corner to play the organ—but now I started thinking whether I had enough ability to carry myself alone.

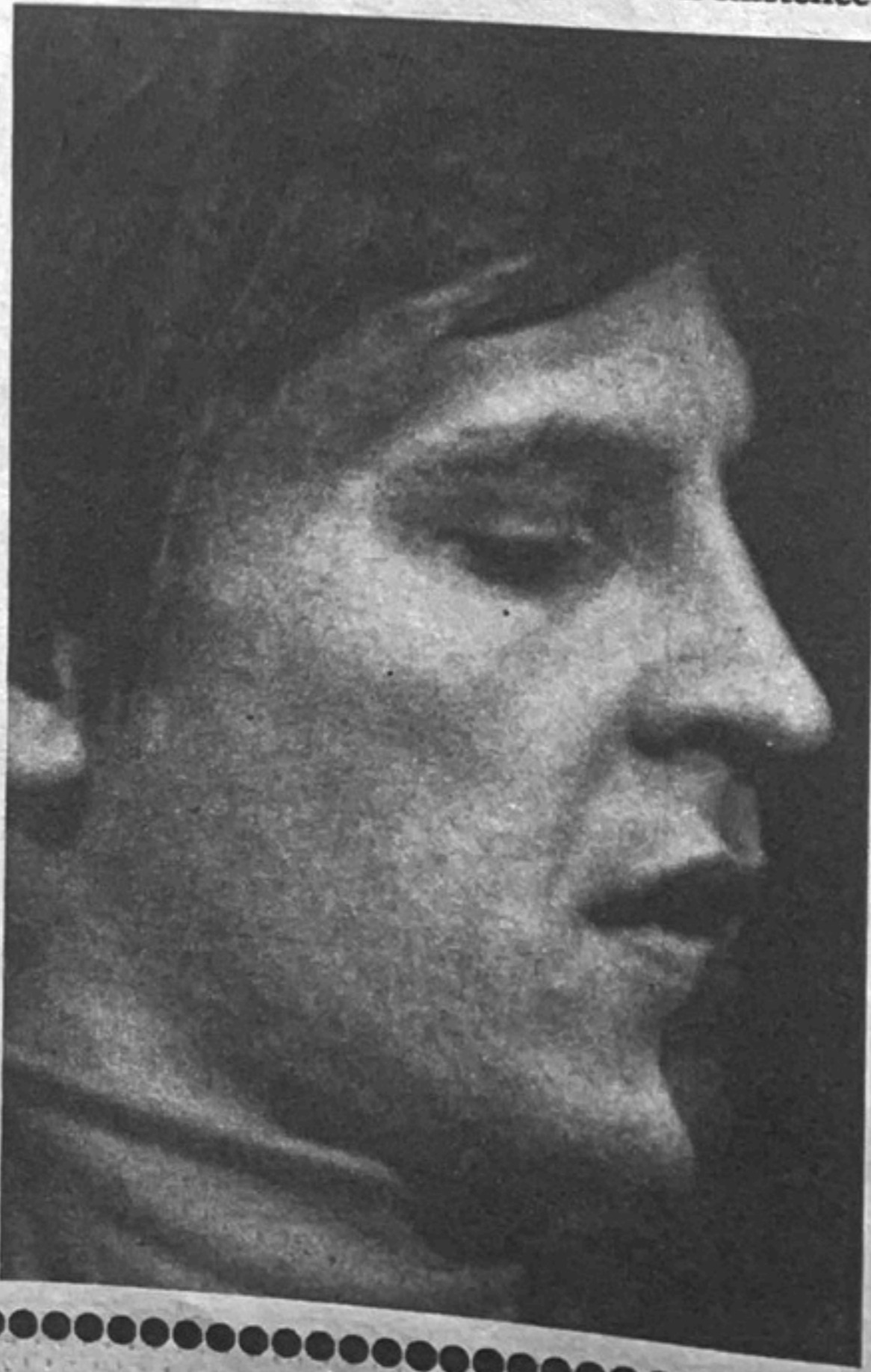
"I've no regrets—just a lot more responsibility. It's changed me: I'm not so frivolous now. I supervise our recording sessions, do the photo sessions and interviews. I do the lot and it's much better. You feel you have more control over your own existence.

"Since I left The Animals, I've proved myself on one point. I've taken a standard, almost a classic, *I Put A Spell On You* and done it completely differently. I got great satisfaction out of that—because people said anything I did would be a carbon copy of The Animals."

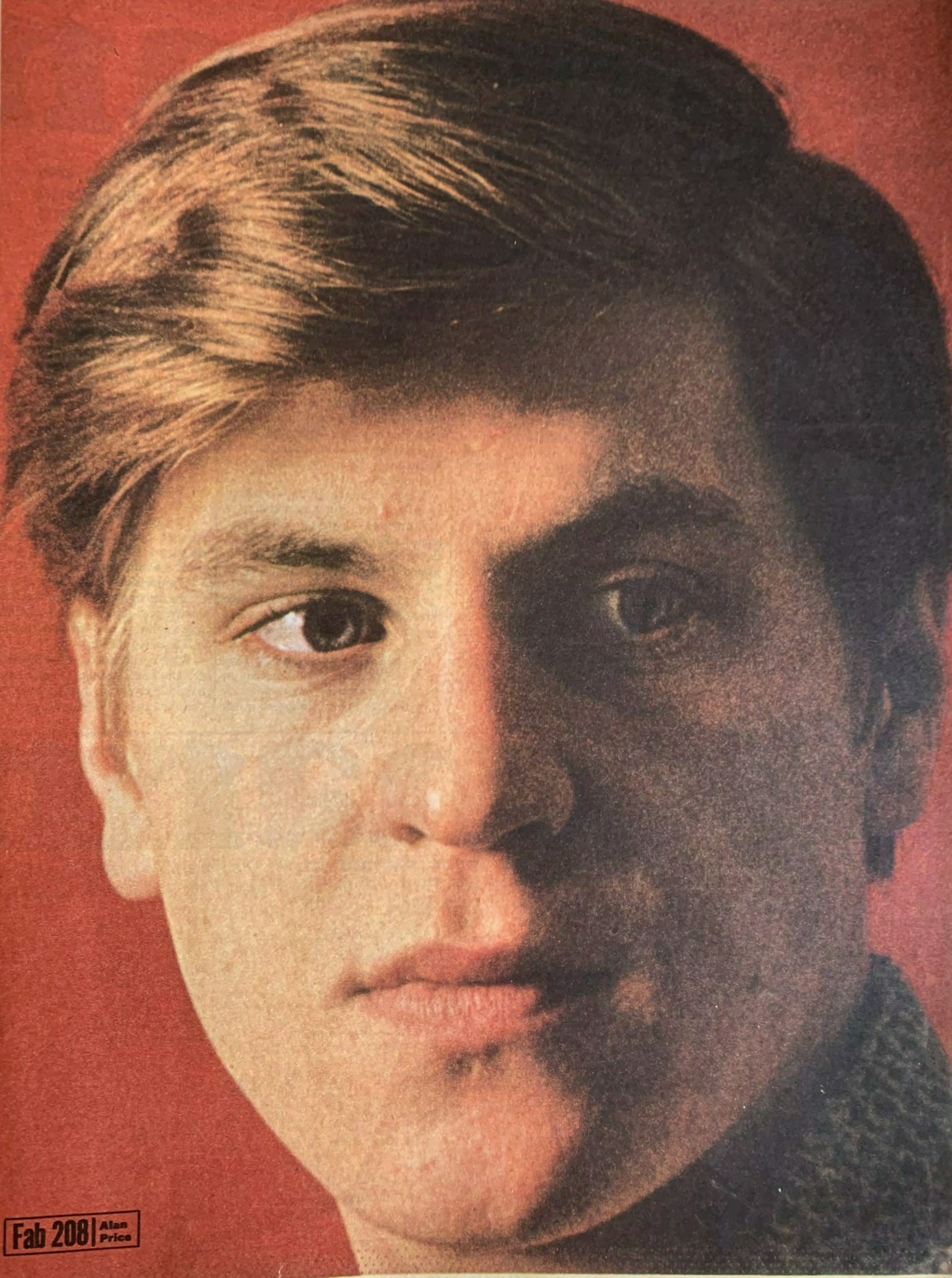
HE is not, he says, a basically happy person; his ambitions are simple—to enjoy his work and find peace of mind. Alan gets bored very quickly: life, he thinks, is like war. Brief flashes of action and the rest of the time just hanging about waiting for something to happen.

Which shows us what Alan Price is really like. Restless, someone who's always looking for something new, someone who'll never be content with just plodding along. **A real breakaway!**

CHRISTINE OSBOURNE



THE PRICE IS RIGHT



...from man

Paul Jones, (The Mann who broke away) and Michael d'Abo (the Man



● The scene Paul has played a hundred times . . . the dressing-room nosh.



● Who wouldn't make up to Paul Jones? This lady is in her official capacity!



● Hero Steven with Jacky Moody making a TV commercial for more apple-eating!



● An arresting moment? No, it's just Steven being protected from his fans after singing Free Me. Tough!

IT was all frightfully super, ducky, in Paul Jones's dressing-room down on the set of *Privilege*.

The only actor not emoting in there appeared to be Paul Jones, who was wandering somewhat forlornly around Birmingham Town Hall—scene of the shooting—looking for somewhere to sit down.

He seemed relieved to see a familiar face. Even mine.

We escaped to the wardrobe room, donated to us by a kind lady in a funny silver hat. Judging by Paul Jones's wardrobe, mediaeval-style tunics will be worn by pop idols in 1970. He was also wearing a curious coat with a cutaway front, military collar and the initials SS picked out in silver.

The SS represents Steven Shorter, around whom the film revolves. Steveh is a pop idol whom managers manoeuvre into evangelical channels.

PLAYING a pop singer on film had brought Paul back to the scene of former triumphs as a pop star with Manfred Mann, when Birmingham Town Hall had been just another tour venue for him.

"I suppose I should feel something," he said, smiling. "Coming back here, under such changed circumstances. But I don't.

●● I don't feel that I was the anonymous one of a group and that now I'm a big deal. I regard my life now as a sort of experiment ●●

PAUL JONES

"You know, I don't feel that I was the anonymous one of a group, and that now I'm a big deal. I regard my life now as a sort of experiment. I'm dying to find out where it's at for me."

"I'm not naive enough to go into a business like this without knowing exactly what I'm letting myself in for. I knew there would be waiting around, having to get up in the middle of the night and the rest of it.

"Since I left the group, I've been absurdly busy. But this nothingness . . . sometimes I listen to records eight hours a day because I'm not needed on the set, and there are too many people around talking to allow me to read a book.

"I'd be in tears twice a day if I was directing this film. It can be very frustrating. But I haven't goofed off yet."

He smiled. An I-know-where-I'm-going sort of smile. Then he went on set to film a dressing-room sequence. Something at which he has had much

practice over the last few years.

BEING plunged into his first film in the main role has brought Paul up against the "we've been in this business twenty years" attitude. But when an irresistible force meets an old immovable object, something, they say, has gotta give.

Judging by the number of testimonials that were jostling to get into my ear as I watched the action, the irresistible Paul Jones was doing all right.

The action consisted of Paul Jones, pursued by the press, escaping to his dressing-room after a screaming return from a world tour. Inside the room, Paul proceeded to do "my moody bit," to the accompaniment of such well-known pop phrases as "Was that the wildest show ever?" from his managers and assorted hangers-on.

Wild is the word. Shooting was in motion inside a huge room heated to tropical conditions by climbing cables twining around huge arc lights. The

...mann

●● It was never planned when I joined Manfred Mann, that people should think I'm like Paul. I'll just have to show them that I'm not ●●

MICHAEL d'ABO

MICHAEL d'ABO stepped down from A Band Of Angels to replace sex symbol Paul Jones in Manfred Mann six months ago.

And he's been fighting an immense problem ever since. The problem of living down a curious likeness to the progressive Mr. Jones.

He is tall, fairish and immensely fanciable, you see. Not unlike Paul Jones, at all.

Since Michael d'Abo wants to make it on his own he is, of course, very disturbed.

"It was never planned," he said, "when I joined Manfred Mann, that people should think I'm like Paul. I'll just have to show them that I'm not.

"The more people see of me, the

better they will know me. And then I expect this whole problem will die the death."

Something that has already died is A Band Of Angels. For with Michael's big break came the break-up of his own group. Two of the Angels are now with The Noel Gay Organisation, which—twist of fate—handles Paul Jones.

The Angels are still his friends. "When you've been with people for five years, you don't lose contact just because the group breaks up."

His best friends, he says, are two little Siamese cats called Alfie and Dolly.

"When I'm not with the group I like to feel my time is my own. That I can have another type of existence . . . feeding my beautiful cats, writing

numerous songs round the piano.

"My attitude is that pop music is all very good, and lots of fun, but it's not the be-all and end-all. It's just one part of the whole vast entertainment business . . . theatre, cinema, ballet, opera. We're all trying to say something and sell something.

"Even though I'm involved in the rough and tumble of pop, travelling and recording, I like to feel I can be sophisticated when I want to be.

"The finer aspects of being in this business will always appeal to me. I'm making money, and I like to make the best of it."

The get-away-from-it-all Michael d'Abo is indeed sophisticated. He is different. Different, in the nicest way, from anyone else in pop.

And very different, when you come to think of it, from Paul Jones

who broke in) to...

notice on the door read HERE (Why Are You?) HERE.

The director, Peter Watkins, known as Wonder Watkins on the set, was leaping around somewhere. A man was knocking chairs together. Calls went out to "Bill Props" for nail scissors and a sponge. And someone wanted the flowers for rehearsal. (One imagined them leaping out of their vases and falling in a faint at the cry "Action!")

THERE were lots of ladies known as Dollies around. They were a sort of high class "groupie," with butterfly eyes flying off to the heavens in a dazzle of glitter. Strange silver things ornamented their heads, and they were otherwise wearing what I assumed to be fancy dress.

Enquiries revealed that they were not wearing fancy dress.

Inexplicably, there were hordes of young men wandering around wearing the cutaway jackets with SS on the collars.

Paul's backing group, perhaps?

"Oh no," they said. "We'll all be wearing the same in 1970."

A mind-boggler, that.

A GIANT in blue denim walked by, beaming under red curls. From a gun-belt, he drew out a six-shooter, did a quick twirl, and ven-



● Michael d'Abo—new Mann.

tured the information that he was a stunt man.

"My speciality is falling off horses," he said. "I don't know what I'm doing here. They tell me to go in and shoot. And I shoot."

He went off to shoot with his gun at the twirl.

According to gossip on the set, the action of the film varies from grand drama to Laurel and Hardy.

"The intentions of this film were always serious," said Paul, between takes. "But they were going to be put over in a funny way. It isn't working out quite like that. Do you know, I just realised that I don't smile once in this whole film. Not once."

"I'm playing a sympathetic role. Steven is the innocent victim of other people's unscrupulous handling. He comes back from a world tour, and when everyone sees how much influence he has with young people, they try to cash in on the religious bit by turning him into a sort of evangelical figure."

"Personally, I don't think this could happen in life. I don't believe a pop star could have that much influence."

"For myself, I believe that religion is all superstitions, and I regret that morals and religion seem to have become synonymous. I have better morals without following a strict religious pattern. People never defend religion on logical grounds. In the absence of proof, I'll get along without organised religion."

"Refusal to harm anybody should guide you. I can't see how you can go wrong with that."

PAUL has a song to sing in the film. It appears in an eight minute sequence with guitars and prison lyrics early in the film. An hour later it reappears as a six-minute interlude with inspirational words and heavenly choirs.

It's that sort of film.

"Scriptwise, it's a group creation. I follow the story from the script, but the words are mine."

"I don't mind at all being told how a pop star should react. These people know what they're doing. But I did suggest some alterations."

"Originally my managers were only taking five per cent of my earnings."

"Now that was hardly authentic!"

Paul looks good on the big screen. He has never, in my opinion, looked better. And despite the long hours, he never allows anyone to upset his cool.

I left him in his reclaimed dressing-room labelled *Dog Stars*. Someone had just handed him an invite for a film premiere.

"Oh, I'm in on that scene now, am I?" he grinned impishly.

"Oh, and I must tell you . . . yesterday in one of the papers here, there was a picture with the caption 'Actor Paul Jones.'"

"Would you believe it?"

JUNE SOUTHWORTH



● Steven Shorter, pop idol supreme, greets the vast audience of fans gathered together in a giant stadium. This rally—in which Steven announces his conversion—is the highlight of *Privilege*, and Paul's most testing scene.





JULIE THE GENTLE REBEL

She's queen of folk and sings break-away songs

THERE was a time when folk discs consisted of a singer, boisterous guitar and vagabond harmonica. But of course, Julie Felix broke away from all that. On her latest LP, *Changes*, Miss Felix is backed by such combinations as guitar and violin, and a singing selection of the lady's friends. She's like that. In many ways . . .

Julie Felix has been here for two years. She crept in on tiptoe, but the chances are that if she left tomorrow she would be assured of a royalty-type send off.

For Julie has gently insinuated her way into an unassailable position as Britain's folk queen.

Julie Felix is fast becoming the most wanted name on an invite list for smart TV shows, charity functions and socialite bashes.

Apart from such trifles as singing so beautifully and playing guitar so prettily, Julie is a lady. She can be counted on to remain cool but firm in TV discussions about her views on love, life or laughter.

She can also be relied upon to look sweetly fragile sitting on a stool under

blazing arc lights singing passionate songs about freedom.

A film producer has just signed Julie for a feature role in *The World's Most Beautiful Women*. She qualifies for the picture on the strength of her natural beauty, which owes nothing to the trickery of cosmetics or salon-grown tresses. She has huge brown eyes and perfect bone structure. Her hair is a great sweep of brown velvet.

Velvet is Julie's idea of finery. She laughs and shakes her head if unthinking people ask her to wear sequinned glamour dresses. She designs her own clothes, which are invariably straight, simple and perfect.

She never wears make up.

Julie has been associated with The Christian Aid movement since she came to Britain. She is not a singer who merely sings, hoping people will find truth in her words. She goes out to the people who need to hear words of hope.

Last Christmas, while everyone she knew was making merry, Julie toured the slum areas of Lebanon, Jordan and Kenya. She

took Christmas to people who didn't know what it was to have something to celebrate.

Since then, Julie has sung in Westminster Abbey before thousands of people for Christian Aid. The Abbey doors had never been thrown open to such a joyous gathering. Julie stood there, proud and erect, and her voice filled every corner.

Everyone likes Julie Felix, but she would be the first to admit that no one really knows her.

"My mother says I let everyone into the parlour, but no one into the lounge," she has said. She means that everyone is her friend, but there is a private Julie Felix known only to herself. Friends say she is warm and full of sympathy.

Julie has wandered through every country from Greece to Britain since leaving her native California. Her friends are the little, ordinary people. The ones she met on the road. She has flown wild and free, and has come to rest here for a moment.

We hope it's a very long moment.

JUNE SOUTHWORTH



DJs

This is the era of the Dj. All over the country fast-talking men are sitting at red-hot turntables, spinning those little seven-inch discs which they hope to turn into great big hits! Down at 208 they have the cream of the crop—but the boys have had to work really hard for success. Doug Perry tells you about some of the careers they gave up to become the top disc spinners around. . . .

● This year Jimmy Savile has been voted the country's number one Dj once again, and although Jimmy can now sit back and watch the pounds roll in, life hasn't always been so easy.

In the old days, when he was fighting to gain recognition as a jockey, our Jim was involved in coal mining, farm work, the scrap metal business—in fact, you name it and you can bet Jimmy's tried it.

All the time, he worked in his spare time learning everything he could about the best ways of presenting disc shows

as the boys tried to break in the horses."

Dave, of course, was employed by one of the pirate stations before he came to 208, as was Pete Brady and Simon Dee. They all ran their shows from out on the rolling waves, but now they've decided it's a more healthy and stable life being a landlubber.

Pete Brady, who came to England via Jamaica, where he had a real swinging show going, tells me that for the first few weeks here times were really hard.

"It's not an easy business to break," said Pete, "and for the first two weeks I didn't even earn enough money to buy a proper meal."

Now, of course, times have changed. Our "Hi there, pop pickers" friend, Alan Freeman started his Dj career over in Australia and previous to that he worked as an assistant paymaster with a timber company.

"I didn't mind the job," Alan told me, "but the thought of being on radio sounded much more fascinating."

"I moved to England in 1958, and I bet you didn't know that for the following three years I was the relief summer Dj out in Luxembourg."

Well, well, you learn something every day!

Alan stands now as one of the best known and most liked jockeys in the business.

We also have on our books Tony Brandon, ex-journalist and variety com-père, Sam Costa, ex-singer, and Bryan Vaughan, ex-engineer.

Yes, folks, they've all been around in their time!



and reading commercials (or jingles as they're called in the business).

No folks, you don't become the top Dj overnight.

Stuart Grundy, one of our resident jockeys over in Luxembourg, tells me that he gave up an acting career in favour of the disc spinning business.

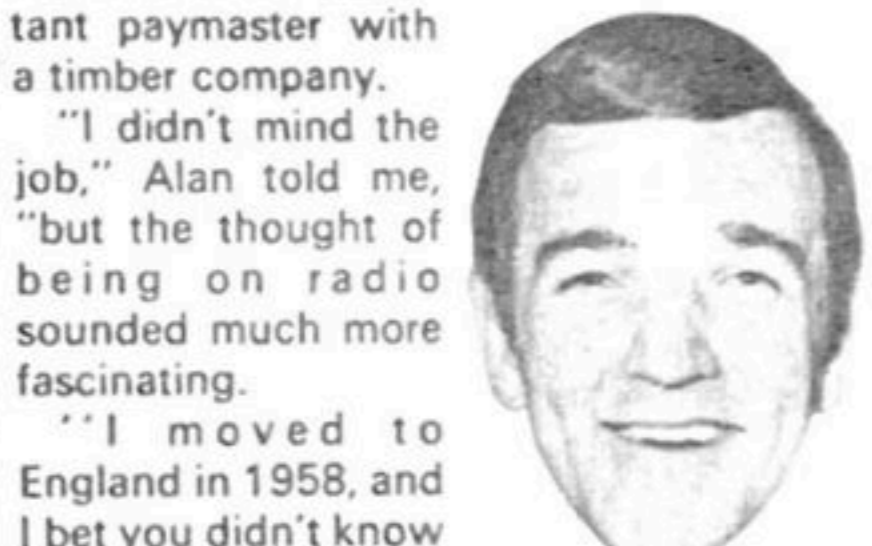
"I first started broadcasting when I was doing my national service," said Stuart, "and before that I was a drama student."

"When I came out of the Air Force my ideas changed. Acting was out and Dj work was very much in."

Of all our Djs, I think Dave "the rabbit" Cash must take the prize for the strangest career of all. Back home in Canada Dave was employed as a cowboy in a rodeo show.

"It's a dangerous, but very exciting

life," says Dave. "Actually, I had my first taste of broadcasting while I was with the show 'cos I used to do a commentary





...ky
...d Mick



bits & pieces

● **Get Away girls** choose bags like these two by Cathy McGowan. The top one is Rough Rider in tough, waterproof denim—blue or gold. Outside pockets keep small things separate. 76s. Below, plastic patent bag, in black only with bold buckle decoration. 29s. 11d. Below, right, music bag by Sally Jess (51s.) also in plastic patent comes in black, brown, navy, camel and burgundy.



● False eyelashes with coloured gems added for Get Away parties. Choose from blue, green or pink jewels. By Eylure, 21s. 4d. a pair.



● Granny boots, super with long coats, in black or oxblood brown. They lace up to fit snugly round the ankle. From Lotus, 8 guineas.



Handbags, boots, lipsticks, tights . . . get your Get Away accessories to go with your new winter wardrobe. It's sensible stuff, most of it, and striking, too.



● New Autumn shades to go with this season's gear. Fantastic beige pinks and spicy browns for lipsticks and nail polish: Red Bear, Teddy Bear, Pink Bear and Bruno Brown. Lipsticks in swivel cases, 5s. 7d. each. Nail polish, in curvy-shaped bottles, approx. 2s. 8d. plain and approx. 3s. 8d. pearl.



● Zip into fitted kid boots—in camel or black—with a stripe down the side. From some branches of Lilley and Skinner, 168s.

● It's a craze for Get Away dollies who like to be noticed—Dotties! In lots of different colours and gold and silver. They come in packs of 36 and are self-adhesive. Try them on ear lobes to look like earrings, as ladder-stops, on hair, legs, arms, bags, glasses, mirrors and toe or finger nails. Also crazy for cars, crash helmets, windows . . . you mark the spot. Just for a giggle.



● Warm winter tights, real bliss in comfort and colours: mad mauve, kinky pink etc. By Bear Brand, 16s. 11d. Travellin' girls pack the newest of the heated rollers in their handbags. Model, 59s. 6d.



● **CUT-IN:** A couple of minis for Sue Kirby and Shelly Gillespie. Sue's (left) is '66 all the way, with a yoke joining the bodice and forming a cut-away detail at the arm-hole. From Originelle, it costs 6 gns. ● **SET OUT:** But Shelly's has a definite feel of the 40s, with sleeves gathered at the shoulder and a design on the bust that reminds you of Odeon

Cinemas. It costs 6½ gns. from Palisades. ● **NARROW:** Making a come-back on the fashion scene is crochet, a craft that went out of practice a long time ago. If you are all thumbs with a crochet hook, you can buy a hand-made dress, like Pauline's (left). Made by Judith Virginia, it costs 15 gns. and is available at Palisades. ● **WIDE:** Also from Palisades is

this trouser suit. The trousers are not just bell-bottom. They are wide all the way, like those of the 40s. It costs £10. ● **SHORT:** It's the return of Fair Isle on the yoke of this sweater that Shelly wears with a mini skirt. One of the new "shrunken" sweaters, popular in Paris, it is by John Craig, 3 gns. ● **LONG:** Sue, looking Russian, has on a long fur fabric coat



GET AWAY G

THIS is an exciting time in fashion. Designers seem to go to town on their winter collections.

But the big question right now is—which way are we going? Up or down?

Are skirts going to be even shorter? Or are they coming right down to ankle length? Designers themselves say long skirts are more elegant, more feminine. But, they add, short skirts make more impact, are more practical.

So there seems to be a simple rule to follow: wear your skirts at whichever length you like.

that looks like thick cut velvet. In white, from Palisades, it costs 15½ gns. ● **TIGHT:** Very short, plain dress for Pauline Moran (left). From Originelle, 6 gns. ● **FULL:** And if it's long skirts you want, here is one on Robin Yorke. It is a suit which looks rather like a riding habit worn by elegant ladies of the past. In corduroy, it costs 11½ gns. from Palisades.



● Fiona Adams took the pictures and the girls of the She Trinity wore the clothes in London's Carnaby Street.

FEAR

TUESDAY 27th

p.m.	7.30 BLAST OFF Introduced by Tommy Vance	10.00 THE JIMMY YOUNG SHOW
7.45 LET'S TAKE A SPIN Introduced by Tommy Vance	8.00 THE ANGLO SHOW Introduced by Jim Dale	10.30 TEEN & TWENTY DISC CLUB Introduced by Jimmy Savile
8.30 DON MOSS ON THE AMERICAN SIDE	8.45 MECCA MUSIC PARADE Introduced by Tommy Vance	11.00 THE DAVID JACOBS' SHOW
9.00 BRIAN MATTHEW'S POP PARADE	9.15 Time to meet KEITH FORDYCE	11.30 POPS TILL MIDNIGHT Presented by Alan Freeman
9.30 SAM COSTA'S CORNER		12.00 HI MIDNIGHT! with Bryan Vaughan
		12.15 COLIN NICOL'S HOT SIX
		12.30 MUSIC FOR SOPHISTICATS with Alan Dell
		1.00 MUSIC IN THE NIGHT
		3.00 a.m.—Close Down

WEDNESDAY 28th

p.m.	7.30 DISC DRIVE Introduced by Tony Brandon	10.00 THE PETER MURRAY SHOW
7.45 WEDNESDAY'S REQUESTS Introduced by Tony Brandon	8.00 THE SAM COSTA SHOW	10.30 TEEN & TWENTY DISC CLUB Introduced by Jimmy Savile
8.30 THE SWEETEST SOUNDS OF SUSANNAH YOUNG accompanied by Johnny Franz and his music	8.45 MECCA MUSIC PARADE Introduced by Tony Brandon	11.00 SPIN WITH THE STARS Introduced by Don Wardell
9.00 TIME TO MEET KEITH FORDYCE	9.15 TONY'S TIME with Tony Brandon	11.15 Time to meet DAVID GELL
9.30 DAVID JACOBS PLAYS THE POPS		11.30 POPS TILL MIDNIGHT Presented by Alan Freeman
		12.00 HI MIDNIGHT! Introduced by Bryan Vaughan
		12.15 TOMMY VANCE'S HOT SIX
		12.30 MUSIC FOR SOPHISTICATS with Alan Dell
		1.00 MUSIC IN THE NIGHT
		3.00 a.m.—Close Down

THURSDAY 29th

p.m.	7.30 DISC DRIVE Introduced by Colin Nicol	10.00 THE JIMMY YOUNG HOUR
7.45 LET'S TAKE A SPIN Introduced by Colin Nicol	8.00 THE ALAN FREEMAN SHOW	10.30 BRIAN MATTHEW'S POP PARADE Introduced by Brian Matthew
8.15 IT'S POP-PYE TIME Introduced by Denny Flacey	8.30 THURSDAY'S REQUESTS Introduced by Don Wardell	11.15 JIMMY SAVILE'S "15"
8.45 MECCA MUSIC PARADE Introduced by Colin Nicol	9.00 DAVID JACOBS' STARTIME	11.30 POPS TILL MIDNIGHT Presented by Alan Freeman
9.30 THE CATHY MCGOWAN SHOW	9.45 SPOTLIGHT A STAR Presented by Pete Brady	12.00 HI MIDNIGHT! with Bryan Vaughan
		12.15 TONY BRANDON'S HOT SIX
		12.30 MUSIC FOR SOPHISTICATS with Alan Dell
		1.00 MUSIC IN THE NIGHT
		3.00 a.m.—Close Down

FRIDAY 30th

p.m.	7.30 DISC DRIVE Introduced by Tommy Vance	10.00 BRIAN MATTHEW'S FRIDAY DISC SHOW
7.45 FRIDAY'S REQUESTS Introduced by Tommy Vance	8.30 JIMMY SAVILE'S TUNE-A-MINUTE SPOT	10.30 POPS TILL MIDNIGHT Presented by Alan Freeman
8.45 MECCA MUSIC PARADE Introduced by Tommy Vance	9.00 THE ALAN FREEMAN SHOW	11.15 TONY BRANDON'S HOT SIX
9.15 THE PETER MURRAY SHOW	9.45 THE BEANY MEENY MINERS SHOW Introduced by Dave Cash	11.30 FRIDAY NIGHT SATURDAY MORNING with Eddie Boyle
10.00 SIMON'S SCENE Introduced by Simon Dee		1.00 THE TONY HALL SHOW
		1.30 TEEN & TWENTY DISC CLUB Introduced by Jimmy Savile
		1.00 MUSIC IN THE NIGHT
		3.00 a.m.—Close Down

SATURDAY 1st

p.m.	7.30 SWINGING POPS Introduced by Tommy Vance	10.00 THIRTY MINUTES WITH JIMMY YOUNG
7.45 MU'S MUSIC with Muriel Young	8.00 PETER MURRAY'S L.P. PARADE	10.30 THE TONY HALL SHOW
8.30 DON MOSS ON THE AMERICAN SIDE	8.45 MECCA MUSIC PARADE Introduced by Tony Brandon	11.00 Time to meet KEITH FORDYCE
9.00 SATURDAY'S REQUESTS Introduced by Tony Brandon	9.30 THE C.B.S. SHOW Introduced by Dave Cash	11.30 JACK JACKSON'S RECORD ROUND-UP
9.45 BATTLE OF THE GIANTS Doug Stanley referees a contest between TROGGS and SMALL FACES		12.00 GUYS, GALS & GROUPS Jimmy Savile presents late night listening to suit all moods
		12.30 MUSIC FOR SOPHISTICATS with Alan Dell
		1.00 MUSIC IN THE NIGHT with Tommy Vance
		3.00 a.m.—Close Down

SUNDAY 2nd

p.m.	7.00 "MUSIC SCENE '66" with that boy Don Wardell	11.00 TOP TWENTY Introduced by Don Wardell
8.00 TOMMY VANCE Part I of the fantastic READY STEADY RADIO	8.30 DON WARDSELL READY STEADY RADIO (Part II)	12.00 MIDNIGHT WITH MATTHEW Brian Matthew introduces the latest in pops from Pye
8.45 CURRY'S CORNER with Tommy Vance		12.30 MUSIC IN THE NIGHT with Colin Nicol
		1.00 a.m.—Close Down

MONDAY 3rd

p.m.	7.30 DISC DRIVE Introduced by Colin Nicol	10.00 TOP POPS Presented by Peter Murray
7.45 ON THE BRADY BEAT with Pete Brady	8.00 YOUR DATE AT EIGHT with David Jacobs	10.30 Ooooooo... IT'S MONDAY AND TIME FOR HIT PARADE Introduced by Jack Jackson
8.30 MONDAY'S REQUESTS	8.45 MECCA MUSIC PARADE with Colin Nicol	11.00 THAT BOY, THESE GROOVES with Don Wardell
9.00 BATTLE OF THE GIANTS Doug Stanley referees a contest between David & Jonathan, Peter & Gordon	9.15 THE DON MOSS SHOW	11.15 PEPSI-COLA CLUBLAND
9.45 LINE ENGAGED with Keith Fordyce		11.30 POPS TILL MIDNIGHT Presented by Alan Freeman
		12.00 HI MIDNIGHT! Introduced by Bryan Vaughan
		12.30 MUSIC IN THE NIGHT with Tony Brandon
		3.00 a.m.—Close Down

Hi there friends, Doug Perry here bidding you a very warm welcome. We have a brand new series of Battle Of The Giants starting once again, which means that you must be tuned in on Mondays and Saturdays. Ugh... what am I saying? Let's face it, to be really hip you have to have your dial on the 208 spot every minute you can.

★★★ TUESDAY 27th ★★★



THE Walkers are back!!! And with the biggest bang ever in the shape of their brand new single *Another Tear Falls*. Personally I don't think that Scott, John and Gary could fail to make the charts even if they recorded *Hunpty Dumpty Sat On The Wall*. Which just shows that with a song as strong as this there's no telling what they'll do. If Walker Brothers isn't enough on it's own to sell the disc then take a look at the composers' names and you'll see that the song is written by Bacharach and David. I'll say no more. You'll be hearing the disc on lots of our Philips shows so keep a very special ear open when either Keith Fordyce or David Gell come on the air.

★★ WEDNESDAY 28th ★★

I WANT you to make a special effort to listen out for a disc that I'm currently ravin' about. It's on the Columbia label by a duo called The Soul Mates, and the songs called *Mood Melancholy*. The two people concerned are Larry Steele and his disc partner Lisa Strike and, believe me, folks, if this record starts to move a little then it'll smash the charts wide open. "We're really hoping that the disc will do something," Larry told me. "Lisa and I spend nearly all our spare time song writing and this is one of our compositions. Everybody keeps telling us that we have a hit on our hands and we're keeping our fingers crossed that they're right." You can judge the disc for yourselves 'cos it's going to be right there on 208 in David Jacobs' show at 9.30 tonight. If you like it—then buy it and give this talented duo their first smash hit.



★★★ THURSDAY 29th ★★★

WE'RE going to be missing our good friend and Dj Pete Brady next week, folks, 'cos when I had a chat with "your cousin" the other day he informed me that he was off on a holiday to sunny Sardinia. Now, as you probably know, my geography leaves rather a lot to be desired, so I was more than happy when Pete quickly added that Sardinia was an island some way off the coast of Italy in the Mediterranean. "I'll just be taking things very, very easy and soaking up as much sun as I can," said Pete. "Of course, the other thing is that I'll be able to catch up on some water skiing practice. Really, I've been so busy these last few weeks that all my usual hobbies have had to be put to one side. "Still, not to worry, you just try and stop me when I get out there," he added. Now what would I want to do that for, Pete? You go right ahead and have a ball!



★★★ FRIDAY 30th ★★★

EVER since I mentioned that I'd had a letter inquiring about the theme tune of one of our shows, the mail has come rolling in with similar requests. Seems that by far the most popular of these tunes is the one that introduces *Simon's Scene* (tonight at 10 p.m.). So for all you friendly folk who have written asking for the title here it is. The record is by a group who call themselves Mood Mosaics and the song is *A Touch Of Velvet, A Sting Of Brass*, issued as a single on the Columbia label. OK? Don't forget, if there's any theme tune that you want to know about, just drop me a line to: Doug Perry, Radio Luxembourg, London, W.1. I'll be more than pleased to hear from you.



discs

- Most promising new group I've heard in a long time is The X-Caliburs, five talented young men from Sheffield, who have been together for about two years. They debut with *You'll Find Out*, an attractive song written by Chris Sampson who, incidentally, is not a bad singer in his own right (Mercury).
- *Just Once In My Life* didn't mean a thing when The Righteous Brothers recorded it a few months ago but now Alan Price has resurrected the number I'm betting it will be a hit (Decca).
- You've probably already heard it but just for the record I believe that the latest rush-released recording of *Sunny* by Georgie Fame (Columbia) is better than both the Bobby Herb and Cher versions.
- *No Milk Today*, written by Graham Gouldman for Herman's Hermits may not be a hit in Britain—but watch it soar up the American charts! (Columbia).
- Two more group records worth a spin are *End Of The Season* by The Uglys (Pye) and *Gotta Get A Hold On Myself* by The Zombies (Decca).
- Herb Alpert and The Tijuana Brass revive an oldie called *Flamingo* (not to be confused with the recent Manfred Mann opus) but it's strikingly original—and I reckon they'll have another hit (Pye International).
- New boy Jimmy Rufin is fast climbing the American charts with a very stylish *What Becomes Of The Broken-Hearted?*—and it deserves to do the same in Britain (Tamla-Motown).
- The partnership of Keith Powell and Billie Davis has yet to produce a big seller but their appealing *Swingin' Tight* ought to make some progress up the charts (Piccadilly).
- *Mixed Bag* is the first long player by The Four Pennies in nearly two years. There are fourteen varied tracks but my favourite is *Maracabamba*, written by Tom Springfield (Philips).
- Also on long play I recommend *Golden Hits*, which wraps up a selection of Dusty Springfield's most memorable recordings, including *I Only Want To Be With You*, *Goin' Back*, *My Colouring Book* and *Losing You* (Philips). And if you haven't already caught up with it *From The Heart* is further proof of the artistry of Tom Jones as he applies his great voice to such good old good 'uns as *My Foolish Heart*, *It's Magic*, *The Nearness Of You* and *Hello Young Lovers* (Decca, LP).

KEN BOW

DOUG PERRY

DATE WITH 2008

★ ★ ★ SUNDAY 2nd ★ ★ ★

I'D like to let you in on a little thing that happened in our studios over in the Grand Duchy recently.

Don Wardell was busy recording his *Top Twenty* programme when he noticed that he was getting no reply from the engineer in the control box. Thinking that the guy wasn't concentrating Don went in to complain, but then he found the answer. The engineer had been taken ill.

At times like this, a professional Dj is the most useful person in the world. Without any panic at all Don took over—not only as Dj but as engineer as well. This meant that he had to put his own discs on, play the commercials and yet still introduce the show as if everything was normal.

It was a struggle, but everything worked out OK and I'm sure you'll agree that our Don deserves a big pat on the back.



★ ★ ★ MONDAY 3rd ★ ★ ★

DON'T know if you've seen the results in the Dj section of this year's pop poll, but when I read them a broad, happy smile appeared on my face.

Yes folks, our boys really have done well for themselves.

The number one position is and only could be occupied by one person—Jimmy Savile. Next we have David Jacobs—Pete Murray was third—Alan Freeman fifth—Simon Dee sixth—Dave Cash eighth—and Pete Brady ninth.

Beat that lot if you can, pirates!

What can I say, folks, except well done boys!

It was lucky for us that Dinsdale Landen didn't make the RAF his permanent career—though he did manage to make his mark . . . as Anne Nightingale reports.



IT'S doubtful if the Royal Air Force will ever forget DINSDALE LANDEN—and you won't either, having seen him as Richard Cadell, the smoothly efficient star of TV's *The Spies* series. (Which, very sadly, has disappeared from our screens.)

But he wasn't always so efficient, and he wasn't always a spy.

Dinsdale Landen was a national serviceman keeping the loos clean at the RAF camp at Boscombe Down.

"I may not have been brilliant," he said, "but after three months at the job I thought I could have been better employed doing something else."

The RAF apparently thought differently and were quite convinced that it was the best job for an ambitious young actor.

"I did threaten to write to my MP about it, and although I think it was illegal to do that at the time, it did make the RAF think again."

Having thought again, the air authorities let Dinsdale sit for an exam which enabled him to be posted to an office job.

And the job was? I asked.

"Issuing toilet rolls to the entire Royal Air Force," replied Din.

Could be a step in the right direction he supposed, and happily doled out rolls to flying men all over the country.

"I failed only once," he said. "I got put on a charge because I forgot to issue enough vital rolls, and the Air Force had to make do with Sunday newspapers."

And that is why I say the RAF is unlikely to forget Dinsdale Landen.

From the moment he was born, it looked as though this blond boy with the deep set intelligent grey eyes was likely to be remembered.

That NAME, for instance.

"Ah, well," said Din, "that was my father's idea of a joke. I turned out to be an unexpected twin, and my dad, who's got that sort of sense of humour, said at the time, 'I'll give 'em something to remember me by!'"

So the Landen twins were called Dalby and Dinsdale. "Dalby—he's a lawyer now—was called that after the boxing commentator Barrington Dalby, and my name came from the Reverend Dinsdale Young, who was a famous Methodist preacher."

DIN fitted comfortably into his father's idea of a joke, till he got his first job at the Dolphin Theatre, Brighton.

The people at the theatre had said: "You can't be an actor with a name like DINSDALE."

"So," he said, "I changed it to Dale. Dale Landen. That sounded all right till I went to the pictures and saw Dale Robertson in a Western. Then I thought, yes, and I'll end up a cowboy too, at this rate."

Immediately . . . quick scene-change and, re-enter . . . DINSDALE LANDEN.

Back with his real name he carried banners with the Royal Shakespeare Company across Australia, and got drenched while playing more Shakespeare in bad weather at the Regent's Park Open Air Theatre.

SEVERAL West End plays later, he played Pip in the television version of *Great Expectations*. While playing this part, he met actress Jennifer Daniel, who is now his wife.

Then Dinsdale Landen joined the spy ring and his cover name Richard Cadell became more famous than his own.

Yet there was a lot of Din in his humorous playing of the Ormalian vice-consul's part of Cadell.

As I admired Cadell, so did his creator!

"He was so much braver than I am," said Din, "I mean, look at the way he plunged into those dangerous missions with apparently no fear at all."

"He never used gadgets, rarely a gun even. . . ." Din thought for a moment and said: "He used to prefer to get out of an awkward situation with some fast brain work than get involved in a punch-up."

I got the same impression about Dinsdale Landen, the actor.

But his masters at Hove Grammar School where he was a pupil might have disagreed.

"I was the sort of boy in class whom when we were all asked 'When was the Battle of Hastings?' I'd be first to shoot my hand up."

"The master would say: 'Yes, Landen. . . .' and I'd say 'Er. . . don't know, sir.'"

The outcome was Dinsdale's best-remembered school report, which stated: "Misplaced optimism will get Landen nowhere."

Nowhere? HUH! He's only one of Britain's most exciting new star actors, and decidedly not a nowhere man!

Which just goes to show. . .

R.A.F. MAN TURNS SPY

★ ★ ★ SATURDAY 1st ★ ★ ★

LIKE I said, our new *Battle Of The Giants* is now under way and tonight we bring you the second round of the fight between The Small Faces and those four "Wild Things" The Troggs.

News from The Faces' camp is that, due to constant pressure of fans on their doorstep, Steve, Plonk, Mac and Kenny are now flat hunting once more.

Apparently, it started off with the police moving-on half a dozen or so fans. But when it comes to trying to deal with eighty peering faces, then even our patient policemen tend to get a little over-heated.

Plonk and Mac are looking for a place around Chelsea, Kenny's scouting in the Kensington area and Steve still hasn't made up his mind where he wants to go. Mind you, knowing Stevie, I'll bet my bottom dollar (which is about all I do have) that he'll come up with something good.

Anyway, tonight flats are forgotten and music takes over as the boys battle it out with The Troggs. We'll have the result for you real soon.



WHERE THEY'RE AT • SEPT. 27th—OCT. 3rd

WHO-OOOER! Those Who and Merseys tour dates we gave you last week, folks, were cancelled just after we went to press. Sorry about that, and if you're disappointed, be patient, because it might all happen still in November.

Otherwise, the tour scene is swinging. The Walkers, Troggs and Dave Dee and Co. kick off at East Ham, and Dusty, Alan Price and company open up at Finsbury Park, while The Stones and Yardbirds press on in the North, Scotland and South. And American rhythm and blues man Robert Parker takes the road to Wembley and London's Bishopsgate.

SCOTLAND

Rolling Stones, Yardbirds, Ike and Tina Turner, Peter Jay and The New Jaywalkers, Batters, Long John Baldry: Odeon, Glasgow (30).
Spinners: Folk Club, Aberdeen (2).
Merseys: Town Hall, Alloa, and Town Hall, Falkirk (30).

NORTH

Rolling Stones, Yardbirds, Ike and Tina Turner, Peter Jay and The New Jaywalkers, Batters, Long John Baldry: ABC, Manchester (28); ABC, Stockton (29); City Hall, Newcastle-on-Tyne (1).
Walker Brothers, Troggs, Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich: ABC, Chester (3).
Dusty Springfield, Los Bravos, Alan Price Set, Box: Odeon, Manchester (3).
Robert Parker, Wynder K. Frogg: Jigsaw Club, Manchester and Mojo Club, Sheffield (1).
Cliff Bennett and The Rebel Rousers: Palais, Ashton-under-Lyne (29).
Moody Blues: Spa Royal Hall, Bridlington (1).
Cliff Black: ABC, Blackpool (season).
Los Bravos: Top Rank Ballroom, Sunderland (28).
She Trinity: Sheffield University (1).
Rockin' Vickers: Palais, Bury (1); Palais, Ashton-under-Lyne (2).
Creations: Boulevard Club, Tadcaster (1).
Gary Farr and The T Bones: Twisted Wheel Club, Manchester (2).

MIDLANDS

Walker Brothers, Troggs, Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich: De Montfort Hall, Leicester (2).
Dusty Springfield, Los Bravos, Alan Price Set, Box: Odeon, Birmingham (30).
Zoot Money and The Big Roll Band: Leofric Hall, Coventry (2).
Shearman Express: De Montfort Hall, Leicester (30).
Students' Union, Warwick University (1).
Dave Berry: George Ballroom, Hinckley (1).
Artwoods: Co-op Hall, Mansfield (27); El Rondo Club, Leicester (30).
Moody Blues: St. George's Hall, Hinckley (2).
Nashville Teens: Town Hall, Walsall (1).
Cliff Bennett and The Rebel Rousers: Town Hall, Loughborough (30).

Koobas: Plaza Ballroom, Hanworth, and Plaza Ballroom, Gillingham (1).
Jimmy James and The Vagabonds: Variety Ballroom, Grimsby (1).

LONDON

Walker Brothers, Troggs, Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich: Granada, East Ham (1).
Dusty Springfield, Dave Berry, Alan Price Set, Box: Astons, Finsbury Park (27).
Robert Parker, Wynder K. Frogg: New All Star Club, Bishopsgate (30); Shakespeare Hotel, Woolwich (2).
Zoot Money and The Big Roll Band: Manor House Club (30); Cook's Ferry Inn, Edmonton (3).
Chris Farlowe and The Thunderbirds: Tiles Club, Oxford St. (30).
Artwoods: Marquee Club, Wardour St. (3).
Alan Bown Set: King's Arms, Wood Green (2).
Move: Marquee Club, Wardour St. (29).
Fourmost: Furzedown College of Further Education, S.W.17 (1).
Gene Washington and The Ram Jam Band: Klook's Kleek, West Hampstead (27); Ram Jam Club, Brixton (2).
VIPs: Playboy Club, Queensgate (27).
She Trinity: Blaise's Club, Queensgate (27).
Mike Cotton Sound: Fishmonger's Arms, Wood Green (27); Klook's Kleek, West Hampstead (29).
Creation: Flamingo Club, Wardour St. (30).
Gary Farr and The T Bones: Marquee Club, Wardour St. (30).

SOUTH, SOUTH-EAST & EAST

Rolling Stones, Yardbirds, Ike and Tina Turner, Peter Jay and The New Jaywalkers, Batters, Long John Baldry: Gaumont, Ipswich (2).
Dusty Springfield, Dave Berry, Alan Price Set, Box: Winter Gardens, Bournemouth (28).
Robert Parker, Wynder K. Frogg: Starlite Ballroom, Wembley (30).
Zoot Money and The Big Roll Band: Corn Exchange, Bedford (27); Stoke Hotel, Guildford (29).
Chris Farlowe and The Thunderbirds: Locarno, Stevesage (28); Birdcage Club, Portsmouth (1); Sunshine Floor, East Dereham (2).
Fenmen: Burton's Ballroom, Uxbridge (1);

Olympic, Cromer (2).
Artwoods: Del Pie Island Club, Twickenham (28); RAF Assembly Hall, Farnborough (29); Rhodes Centre, Bishop's Stortford (1).
Alan Bown Set: Co-op Hall, Grays (27); Florida Rooms, Brighton (1); Majestic Ballroom, Reading (3).
Move: Birdcage Club, Portsmouth (30).
Action: Wykeham Hall, Romford (29).
Cliff Bennett and The Rebel Rousers: Technical College, Southall (1).
Lulu: California Ballroom, Dunstable (1).
Gene Washington and The Ram Jam Band: Orford Jazz Cellar, Norwich (28); Public Hall, Harpenden (29); Ricky Tick Club, Hounslow (30); Corn Exchange, Chelmsford (1).
Mike Cotton Sound: Dolphin Club, Maidenhead (28).
Koobas: Community Centre, Welwyn Garden City (3).
Jimmy James and The Vagabonds: Churchill Hall, Kenton (27); St. Mary's College, Twickenham (1); Plaza Ballroom, Newbury (2); Blueville Club, Ipswich (3).
Gary Farr and The T Bones: Shoreline Club, Bognor Regis (28).

WEST

Dusty Springfield, Los Bravos, Alan Price Set, Box: Odeon, Cheltenham (29); Capitol, Cardiff (1); Colston Hall, Bristol (2).
Robert Parker, Wynder K. Frogg: Locarno, Bristol (3).
Zoot Money and The Big Roll Band: Scene Club, Cardiff (28); Subscription Rooms, Stroud (1).
Dave Berry: Top Rank Ballroom, Cardiff (30).
Pinkefton's Colours: Majestic Ballroom, Wellington, Salop (30).
Nashville Teens: Church Hall, Stroud (28); Rugby Club, Garndissarth, Pontypool (29); RAF Station, Weston-super-Mare (30); Klyber Club, Taunton (2).
Fourmost: Training College, Worcester (28).
Moody Blues: College of Advanced Technology, Cardiff (29); ICI Fibres Club, Pontypool (30).
Los Bravos: Winter Gardens, Malvern (27).
Paul Ritchie and The Cryin' Shames: Bangor University (1).
Gary Farr and The T Bones: Blue Moon Club, Cheltenham (1).





**THIS GIRL
THIS UNIFORM AND
A COMPLETELY
NEW KIND
OF LIFE**

This is the working dress of the Women's Royal Army Corps. It's couturier-designed, in a shade of lovat green and individually fitted for each girl.

This girl wanted to get something extra out of life, to see more of the world around her. So she joined the W.R.A.C.—this means she gets the chance to work abroad, learn a trade and make new friends. At the same time, she develops her sense of independence. In the modern Army, a girl works side by side with the men—she does the same jobs and takes many of the same responsibilities. Pay's good and all of it goes into her pocket. Long holidays, good living conditions, training for a trade—you name it, the W.R.A.C.'s got it! You can go in for as little as four years and have a proper training for when you leave. Find out about the W.R.A.C. in detail—fill in your name and address in the space provided below and post it off.



TO: W.R.A.C. CAREERS, DEPT. MP 6, LANSDOWNE HOUSE, BERKELEY SQUARE, LONDON, W.1.
Please send me further information about the W.R.A.C.

Name _____

Date of Birth _____

Address _____

FBS/W77C

County _____

Applicants must be resident in the U.K.



ROGER MOORE IS BACK

IT'S a good week for telly watchers—particularly those who still have a hankering after some of the old favourites that were taken off too soon for their liking.

The Saint—played by Roger Moore—is back at long last.

FAB SAYS

IN Thom Keyes' tatty but much-read book, *All Night Stand*, groups take drugs as casually as if they are tuning up their guitars.

IT IS CONSIDERED FUN when a newcomer to the smoking party becomes so blocked that he thinks the stairs are a way down to hell.

The question of whether you should take drugs isn't fun. It may be the most important question you've ever had to answer.

THE DRUG-TAKER is the most common breakaway from society as we know it. A few years ago, people shuddered away from the problem. Today it is staring every one of us in the face.

In these days when people will do almost anything for kicks, you may be told that smoking pot is smart, the "in" thing.

IT ISN'T SMART to take artificial stimulants. It's admitting defeat. It's showing the world that you can't cope.

People who consider themselves "enlightened" may tell you that marijuana is less destructive physically than alcohol. They will say it makes you feel happy. They will describe the wonderful things they are able to do under the influence of drugs.

WHAT THEY WON'T TELL YOU is that while marijuana is not addictive, it may lead you to a further search for kicks in killer drugs.

DONOVAN wasn't proud of himself when he was brought up on a drugs charge. He said he wished he'd never touched the stuff. He was ashamed.

When you're ashamed of doing something, it can't be so very "sophisticated" or "enlightened," can it?

No doubt the pirate DJ who told millions of listeners recently about a famous American group who took drugs "to help their music" thought he was being very hip talking about LSD as if it was just what the doctor ordered.

People have jumped from top-floor windows to their deaths under the influence of LSD. Hip? Hardly!

BE FIRM when people try to tell you that drug-taking is "an experience." Don't go to parties if there is any question that people may smoke pot. Don't let any silly friends convince you that "everyone" takes drugs. Decent people don't.

The times they are a-changing

SIDNEY BRENT of *Take Six*, in London's Wardour Street, has designed a new coat. It's long, purple, double breasted with wide lapels, has a half belt and inverted pleat at the back and costs 19 guineas. And it's for... men!

The first of the new series (25th at 7.25) is called *Queen's Ransom*.

Simon Templar gets mixed up with a deposed ruler.

The queen (played by Dawn Addams) is not at all pleased to meet up with our Simon, he knew her before her royal days—when she was a model and her father a bus conductor!

Second episode *The House on Dragon Rock* is one of the two horror stories in the new series.

Female lead is played by the El Cordobes girl, Annette André. It was directed by... Roger Moore.

Following *The Saint* on Sunday evenings at 8.25 is the new *Palladium* series (ATV). But this is a *Palladium* show with a difference.

Gone is a regular compere. Instead the star of the weekly show will be host.

The series has already been shown in colour on American TV. The show next week (9), however, will be live, with Cliff Richard and *The Shads* starring.

Michael Bennett's back for a weekly half hour from the 1st with a regular team of actors.

Thunderbirds, too, returns on Sundays (ATV, from the 2nd) with six new episodes to be followed indefinitely by repeats.

Bernard Braden is back on *The Braden Beat* on ATV (October 1st) and David Frost is



Back again on Sunday evenings, Roger Moore as *The Saint*.

back three days weekly! Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays will be *The Frost Programme*.

Replacing *B.B.C.3* will be *The Late Show*, weekly starring *Help!* girl Eleanor Bron, watch from October 20th. Another change on B.B.C.—the everlasting *Peyton Place* has been moved forward to 7.30 p.m. on Tuesdays and Fridays.

Last, a fab new series on Saturday afternoons, starring Italian mouse, *Topo Gigio*.

STATESIDE SUCCESS FOR THE HOLLIES

THE HOLLIES rang from The States this week completely on top of the world. At last they've really made it there! *Bus Stop* is way up in the charts, and they are being mobbed throughout the whole of their tour—which includes performances with *The Lovin' Spoonful* and the *The Beach Boys*.



The Hollies

Cass of *The Mama's* and *The Papa's* flew thousands of miles from Los Angeles to New York to see *The Hollies*—she's an old friend and fan of theirs.

The Hollies were also knocked out because they managed to drop in on a recording session of Simon and Garfunkel—who they admire.

The boys fly back here on October 14th to promote their new single *Stop, Stop, Stop* (released 7th) and for their tour with *The Small Faces*, Paul Jones and Paul and Barry Ryan which commences on October 15th.

FILM SPOT

SECRET SERVICE STUFF

IT'S "spy-in-the-sky" this week with Paul Newman and Julie Andrews in trouble in *Torn Curtain* and Rod Taylor having a rough time in *The Liquidator*.

It is the fiftieth film of the maestro of menace, Alfred Hitchcock. Paul plays an American scientist who pretends to turn traitor to learn an enemy secret. Julie, his bewildered girl friend, trails loyally behind him through the *Iron Curtain*, and then the action sizzles. So do Paul and Julie as a pair of romancers.

Rugged Rod Taylor is even more puzzled in *The Liquidator*. He finds himself hired as an undercover murderer for the British Secret Service. He is on a spree in the Riviera sunshine and suddenly he is up to his eyebrows in thuggery.

Both films are brisk, glossy and worth the exaggerated fun. D.R.

DRESSED FOR ACTION

The Action have been fitted out with new stage suits costing £70 each. One reason for the cost is that they have to fly their French tailor in once a month for fittings!

Now that *The Action* have bought their aeroplane and their wardrobe, they're trying to buy a hotel. They plan to open a discotheque in the basement.

Man from the Funny Farm

THE man from the funny farm, Napoleon XIVth (alias New York recording engineer Jerry Samuels) arrives here for a ballroom tour on October 14th. The tour is expected to last until November 6th.

Napoleon XIVth will bring a ten-piece revue with him, including girl singers.

If you're wondering what his repertoire is likely to be, listen to his LP *They're Coming To Take Me Away, Ha-ha!*

Due for issue on October 7th, the album consists of such Napoleon originals as *Come And Be My Security Blanket*, *I Live In A Split-Level Head* and *I'm Glad They Took You Away, Ha-ha! Fun, fun, fun!*

BOUQUETS ANONYMOUS

GIBRALTARIAN group *The HT*, currently living in Britain, are all puzzled. Their flat is beginning to look like a miniature Kew Gardens.

Every day for the last two months, four bouquets of flowers have arrived for Hubert Thomas. Anonymously!

So if you happen to be the devoted—and wealthy—fan behind it all, the group would be grateful if you'd own up. They're knocked out by the thought, but they'd like to solve the mystery.

SHE'S GOT FASHION ON HER MIND She thinks big... straps and buckles this punched leather three times over! Choose from Camel, Red or Brown, or Black Patent. TRI-BAR 59 11

manfield
THE FASHION SHOE SHOP





BLONDES! BRUNETTES!

Choose a shampoo made specially for you!

For every shade of darker hair, the one and only shampoo is Brunitex. For fairer shades, the only one is Sta-blond. So choose. And be astonished...to-night!

Stā·blond for blondes

Sta-blond is the special shampoo formula which restores rich golden tones to all shades of fair hair. Prevents hair from darkening!

Brunitex for brunettes

Brunitex is the special shampoo formula which deepens richness of tone, brings out the full colour of all shades of darker hair.



Sta-blond and Brunitex Shampoos are available at BOOTS, WOOLWORTHS and CHEMISTS everywhere.

"A combined powder cream that bestows a lasting natural beauty, with just one application

- that's the Beauty of Velouty "

Ideal for the modern miss, Velouty, the combined Powder Cream both nourishes and beautifies the skin to give that perfect complexion the whole day through. In seven heavenly shades Natural, Peach, Rachel, Ivory, Apricot, Sungold or Ochre. Choose one and cherish your skin with the natural charm that is the beauty of Velouty.

In Tubes
1/8, 2/11
and 5/7.

Also in
Plastic Jars
5/1.

Velouty

POWDER CREAM

DIXOR LTD., ST. LEONARD'S ROAD, MORTLAKE, S.W.14.

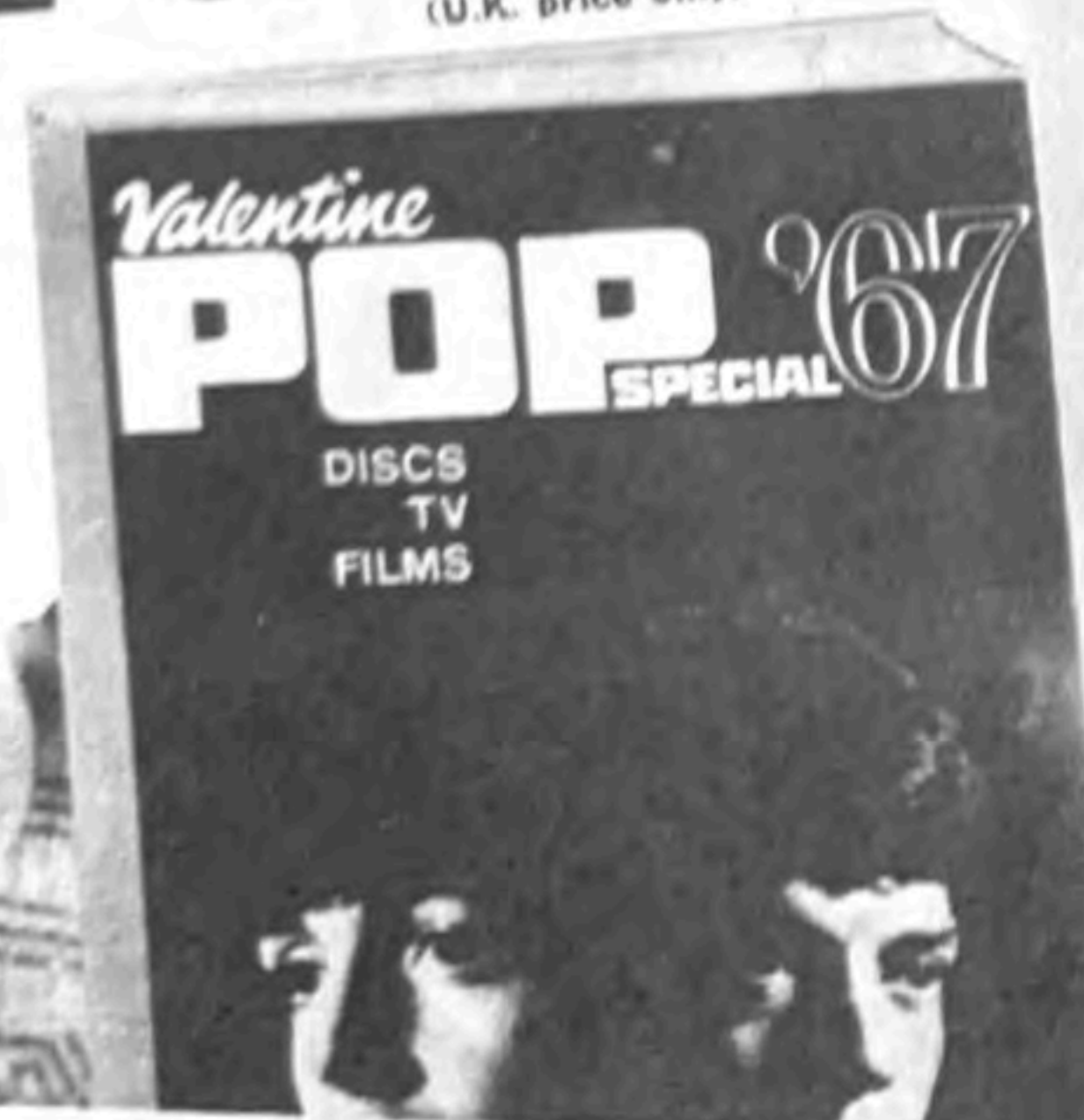
Ready for you now!

Yes, the 1967 edition of VALENTINE POP SPECIAL is on the counters now! This top pop package show has 40 pages of star pictures plus special features What a Rolling Stone is Worth, The Beatles, Who Make The Music, The Chart Toppers at Home and Abroad, How Eric Burdon Feels about Music and a tremendous eight-page exclusive on The Walker Brothers and The Who. There's just pages and pages and pages!!!

VALENTINE POP SPECIAL '67

MAKE AN EARLY DATE WITH THE STARS 5/6 (U.K. price only)

A Fleetway Publication



MO & DON'S

LETTER BOX



Hi there, folks. I've just read through this issue and now I'm sitting here thinking what I'm trying to break away from. Unfortunately, the only thing that springs to mind is my diet sheet, which tells me I should eat all the things that are good, like fruit and greens and things. Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!

●● GEN ON BERNIE ●●

Can you give me all the personal info you have on the new Hollie, Bernie Calvert, like hair and eyes colour and so on? I've seen Bernie on television and I really think he fits in well with the group. Angela Owen, Bedford.

(Mo here to answer. Well, you don't think I'd miss out on this, do you?)

Must say I agree with what you say about Bernie fitting in with the boys, Angie, and here are the answers you want. The new Hollie is five feet eleven, weighs ten stone four and has black hair and blue eyes. Mm... sounds disty, eh?

●● JERRY LEE LEWIS ●●



I've got a sort of complaint to make! Every week I read FAB 208 and you never ever print anything about the greatest rock and roll singer of them all, Jerry Lee Lewis. Anyway, you can make up for this by telling me when this great star is coming to Britain again. Dave Walker, Preston.

(Over to Don)

Oh dear we're in trouble again. The problem is, Dave, that we don't have all that much space in FAB and therefore we try to include the people who are most in demand. Good news for you, though, for at the time of going to press Jerry Lee has signed up for a British tour in October. Date for his arrival is the thirteenth, so keep a sharp look out for he'll be coming your way.

●●● APPLEJACKS? ●●●

Would you mind telling me whatever happened to that great group from Birmingham, The Applejacks? I haven't heard a thing about them for ages. Sonia Bructon, Worthing.

(Mo's turn again)

Although the group haven't had too much success recordwise they've been doing lots of fantastic tours in the last few months. Their travels have taken them to America, Bermuda and Denmark, which can't be too bad, can it?



Sorry to say that we've run out of space once again, but keep all those letters rolling in. The address to write to is Mo and Don, Fabulous 208, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope if you want a postal reply.

***** SHARE A BIRTHDAY WITH A STAR *****

Here is our weekly list of star birthdays. Check to see if you share your lucky day with:
 Jerry Lee Lewis—29 September.
 Julie Andrews—1 October.
 Chubby Checker—3 October.

●●● SHEL'S MUSIC ●●●

What type of music does Shel McRae of The Fortunes go for? I imagine him to be a fan of the more sophisticated sounds. Am I right? Sheila Whitelaw, Weston-Super-Mare.

(Back to Don)

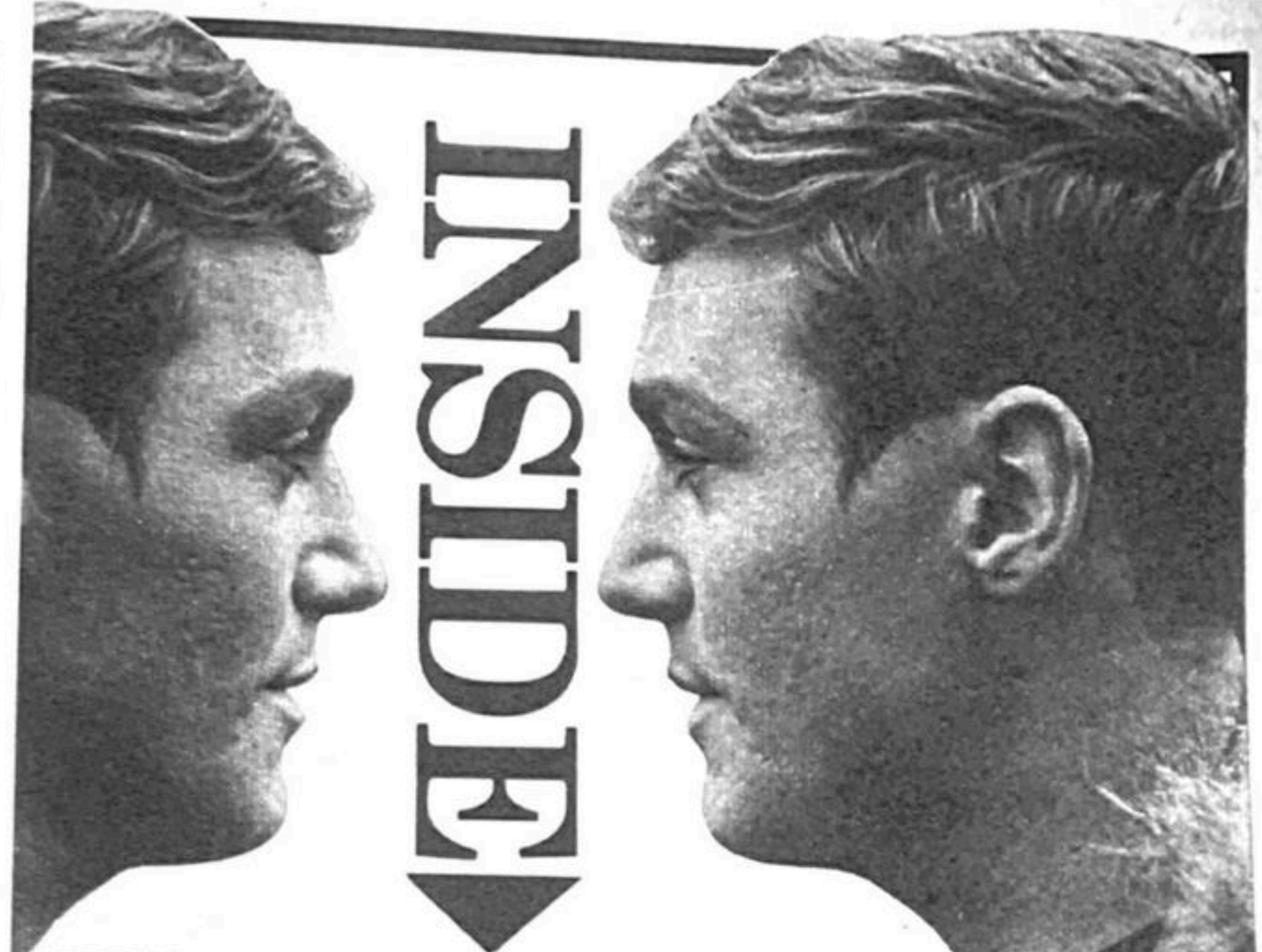
Sheil appreciates anything that's good, Sheila, but says if he's got to name favourites then he'll pick the smooth voice of Dionne Warwick, the big band sound of Count Basie and the marvelous compositions of Lennon and McCartney.

●● GEORGE'S CLUB ●●

I know that Beatie George has an interest in a discotheque called Sybil's in London. Does this mean that George likes the club scene? Andrea Jenkins, Tipton, Staffs.

(Over to Mo for the last one)

Funnily enough Andrea I heard George say in an interview the other day that he very rarely goes to clubs. He went on to add that when he does go to discotheques he usually sits there and thinks how much better off he would have been if he'd stayed at home. Sounds like it's the simple life for George.



INSIDE KANNER

He's broken away from so many things, the country of his birth, the place where he was brought up, the BBC series, *Softly, Softly*... and every week in FAB he breaks with convention. This week's breakaway piece is about one Bill Shakespeare and a certain tall and lovely girl, Paula Smith.

IN a play by Shakespeare people are always saying "Strike up a light, ho!" or "Ho, there!" or "Behold yon Cassius, ho!"

I've always wondered who this chap "ho" is and why he has to do all the dreary work around. Besides which it must be very confusing for him—"Heave-ho" is easy to understand, but what on earth does he make of a command like "Yo-ho!"?

As you've probably guessed from the tone of my voice I'm in bed. Some joker just passed by on the street pretending he was a trumpet. I give him another three blocks before they get him. Ho-ho! Yo-ho! Yo-yo!

Which reminds me—I've never mentioned it before, but I was yo-yo champion of Northern Montreal once. (No, I really was—I could do about 380 loop-de-loops.) I even won a sweater marked "yo-yo champion".

I never dared wear it, of course, because of Billy who lived down the street and was much bigger than me. He had a very simple method of coping with most situations. It went something like this:

(Jimmy Alexis wearing his yo-yo champion sweater. He is approached by Billy.)

Billy: So you're a yo-yo champion, huh?

(With very little effort Billy hurls the yo-yo champion to the ground and stomps all over him.)

I wonder what became of Billy when he grew up. In fact, I wonder if Billy grew up, at all.

Of course, the nearest thing to suicide I could do, was to be caught by him when I was coming home from school carrying my violin case. His dialogue would be a little different, on that occasion: he would say, "So you're a violinist, huh?" and THEN he would stomp all over me.

I played violin in the school orchestra. Across from me was a kid who was 4 ft. 1 in. and under-

nourished, and who could barely keep from falling into his 'cello. (I considered going up to him on the street and saying "So you're a 'cellist, huh?"—but I'd have felt pretty silly because I KNEW he was a 'cellist.)

Remembering school is always painful because of Paula Smith. Paula Smith! PAULA SMITH!! Oh, the beautiful Paula Smith.

She was tall and lovely and sixteen. I was short and squeaky-voiced and twelve. It was hopeless. Completely, tragically, hopeless. I'd play like a demon in the football games because I knew she'd be watching from the sides.

But at game's end she'd flash off in a fast car with some creep who was eighteen and old enough to drive.

But I knew, I knew, that she secretly dreamt about me, was waiting for me—perhaps waiting for me just to grow a little.

"An inch or two, that's all," I could hear her saying. I'd pass her in the corridor, stretching for all I was worth. Or I'd sulk by, dark and mysterious, someone to be reckoned with.

Whether she noticed me or not it's hard to say—since I'd never actually spoken to her. In an explosion of foolhardy courage I phoned her up on the afternoon of my fourteenth birthday.

"Hello, Paula, this is Alexis," I said.

"Alexis who?" she replied. At that moment I knew she wasn't the girl for me.

Oh, Paula, Paula. I would have hung your painting in the National Gallery. I would have hung myself in the National Gallery. In fact, I'd have just plain hung myself.

I'm going to sleep.

In the meantime: behave yourself this week and I'll try as well.

(He exits left, wondering what he's written.)

(Alexis Kanner will be on the scene again next week in FAB.)

Printed in England by Othman (Worland) Ltd., and published by Fleetway Publications Ltd., Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Subscription rates: Inland £4 for 12 months, £2 for 6 months. Abroad £3 13s. 6d. for 12 months, £1 10s. 6d. for 6 months. Sole Agents: Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch Ltd., South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd., Rhodesia, Zambia and Malawi, Kingstons Ltd. FABULOUS is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the Publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out, or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price as shown on the cover; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.



Fab 208 | Paul Jones