

Fabulous

4th May 1969

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208

BEE GEES' FULL STATISTICS

●●●● HERD BIRDS! ●●●●

BARRY GIBB'S PERSONAL COLUMN

LOVIN' FEELING



FANTASTIC GIANT PIN- UP OF DAVY JONES



ANDY OF AMEN
CORNER ANSWERS
TWENTY
QUESTIONS



ALSO KING SIZE PICS
OF SCOTT WALKER
HYWEL BENNETT
AND JUDY GEESON
LEONARD WHITING
ANDY
FAIRWEATHER-LOW
SPECIAL COLOUR OF
STEVE ELLIS



AND RADIO LUXEMBOURG
PROGRAMME'S 30th APRIL 6th MAY



SWITCH ON TO RADIO 208

LUXEMBOURG PROGRAMMES ON 208 METRES
30th TUESDAY APRIL
30th MONDAY MAY 6th.

TUESDAY 30th.



7.30 THE PAUL BURNETT SHOW
8.30 JIMMY YOUNG
9.30 THE TONY PRINCE SHOW
10.30 THE PETER MURRAY SHOW
11.30 IT'S ALAN FREEMAN
1.10 LATE NIGHT FINAL
3.00 a.m. - Close Down

WEDNESDAY 1st.



7.30 THE PAUL BURNETT SHOW
8.30 JIMMY YOUNG
9.30 THE TONY PRINCE SHOW
10.30 THE PETER MURRAY SHOW
11.30 IT'S ALAN FREEMAN
1.10 LATE NIGHT FINAL
3.00 a.m. - Close Down

THURSDAY 2nd.



7.30 THE PAUL BURNETT SHOW
8.30 JIMMY YOUNG
9.30 THE TONY PRINCE SHOW
10.30 THE PETER MURRAY SHOW
11.30 IT'S ALAN FREEMAN
1.10 LATE NIGHT FINAL
3.00 a.m. - Close Down

FRIDAY 3rd.



7.30 THE PAUL BURNETT SHOW
8.30 JIMMY YOUNG
9.30 THE TONY PRINCE SHOW
10.30 THE PETER MURRAY SHOW
11.30 IT'S ALAN FREEMAN
1.10 LATE NIGHT FINAL
3.00 a.m. - Close Down

SATURDAY 4th.



7.30 THE TONY BLACKBURN SHOW
8.30 JIMMY YOUNG
9.30 THE TONY PRINCE SHOW
10.30 THE PETER MURRAY SHOW
11.30 IT'S ALAN FREEMAN
1.10 LATE NIGHT FINAL
3.00 a.m. - Close Down

SUNDAY 5th.



7.30 SAM COSTA
8.30 THE TONY PRINCE SHOW
9.30 THE TONY PRINCE SHOW
10.30 THE PETER MURRAY SHOW
11.30 IT'S ALAN FREEMAN
1.10 LATE NIGHT FINAL
3.00 a.m. - Close Down

MONDAY 6th.



7.30 THE PAUL BURNETT SHOW
8.30 TONY BLACKBURN
9.30 THE TONY PRINCE SHOW
10.30 THE PETER MURRAY SHOW
11.30 IT'S ALAN FREEMAN
1.10 LATE NIGHT FINAL
3.00 a.m. - Close Down

NEWS OF THE ROYAL
7.00 P.M. to 1 P.M.

Welcome to another FAB!

We're all on a Lovin' Feeling kick this week and we've had a cry from the heart from Bohus Benmar who lives at, Kukucinova 58, Bratislava, Czechoslovakia. He is asking FAB readers to send him old pop discs that they have no further use for—especially from the 1965-1967 vintage. He writes pretty good English and tells us that he is 20.

Next week in FAB in answer to lots and lots of requests we're doing a special feature on Cliff Richard and another on The Small Faces. Okay!

Love,

Betty



Christine Osbourne tunes you in to all the Lovin' Feeling type news from the world of Showbiz.

WHEN Scott Walker is feeling low and depressed and needs a bit of lovin' who does he contact? His mother. And that is just what he did about six weeks ago when he was having one of his one-degree-under spells.

Mrs. Betty Engel, who was at home in America, received an urgent call to come at once to Britain. Scott is so crazy about England he won't go back to America under any circumstances, so mum had to come over to cheer her son up.

She did so, very successfully, I hear. For about three weeks she saw Great Britain's countryside, and managed to see the sights she missed on her first visit two years ago.

For a week, Scott took her to Scotland, and she saw the highlands, the lochs and the natives. She skipped London, as she had seen it before, but she spent many evenings out winning and dining with Scott.

She went back to America after doing her job of cheering Scott up, and, having had a lovely holiday. But no doubt when Scott is missing her again she'll be back.

Walker

HERMAN'S just had a busy week rushing round London to shoot a 'Herman in London' type film. It's to promote a new single called *The London Look*, which will be released all over the Continent and in America, but not here. Released instead is the flip side, *Sleazy Joe*.



PAMELA TOWNSEND

COLOUR CONTENTS

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- Page 7: Andy Fairweather-Low by Peter Freeman
- Page 10: Leonard Whiting by Peter Pugh-Cook
- Page 12 and 13: Dirty Jones by *Transatlantic's* Franklyn Snyd
- Page 18: Judy Gerson and Lloyd Bennett by Peter Pugh-Cook
- Page 24: Scott Walker by Valentine Pictorial Agency



SO maybe you can't fly to America for peanuts, but to some people the cost just doesn't mean anything. Like Spencer Davis and his wife Pauline. They didn't much like the idea of being separated when Spencer was touring the States last year. So Pauline hopped on a plane and flew over to see him for ten days.

Right now, Spencer's in The States again. And again, Pauline's just back from another trip out to see him.

The same goes for Eric Burdon and his wife Angie. Eric went off for a long, long



Eric and Angie Burdon

tour of America in February. He'd only been gone a few weeks when Angie decided it was a few weeks too long. Next minute she was in Los Angeles with Eric.

It was only a flying visit though, so at Easter Eric arrived in London to spend a week with her!

He'll be back in America shortly to start work on the music for a film he's making with Rod Steiger, called *The Death of Harry Farmer* in which Eric plays Rod's son. Eric doesn't sing in the film, but the group—without him—play, surprisingly enough, a group.

Shooting starts in June, and Eric's not expected home in October. But, Angie's expecting their first child in early summer, so I can see Eric buying a transatlantic season ticket!

That must be what they call the cost of love.

OUR very best congratulations to Flowerpot Man Neil London. Neil has just become engaged to beautiful German model Uchi.

The pair met while the group were doing cabaret in Germany. A few weeks ago, Uchi came to London. And Neil popped the question, as they say—right in the middle of the film, *Romeo and Juliet*. He couldn't have picked a better film, could he?

Two days later, Neil slipped the ring on—an antique solitaire, which belonged to his grandmother.

Note for Flowerpot Man's fans: Peter Nelson and Tony



Neil and Uchi

Barrow are both married, and now Neil's engaged, so Robin Shaw is the only single man going. Which I gather is a state he's not too happy about!

THINK you've got boyfriend problems? Then spare a thought for The Karlins.

They're not only triplets, they're identical triplets—and most of the time they wear identical gear, too!

"And," added Linda, who's just celebrated her twenty-first along with the others, "sometimes we fancy the same blokes, too!"

"Evelyn likes blonds, I go more for dark-haired boys, and Elaine's a bit mixed. Still, we haven't actually come to a row about it yet!"

Then, of course, there's the boys' headache. Which of the girls is his girl?

Last Year's Eve, Evelyn's boyfriend came round and Elaine opened the door to him. He grabbed hold of her, kept kissing her and saying "Happy New Year, Evelyn."

Evelyn was standing by the door watching them!

"Then if we go to a dance, we often find our partner talking rather oddly. We



The Karlins

realise he's carrying on a conversation he started with one of the others during another dance. It usually ends up with us saying 'I'm sorry I don't know what you're talking about—this is our first dance.' And the poor bloke says 'But I've been dancing with you all night!'"

As for triple dates... "Actually, we avoid those like the plague," laughed Linda. "But that's a relief to their boyfriends!"

LAZLO LUIS PEREZ—otherwise known as Lazlo of The Family Dog—heard Spanish girl Massiel winning the Eurovision song contest with *La La La*.

"No," thought Lazlo, "it can't be." But there was no doubt.

Massiel, the Eurovision songbird, was his Massiel, his girlfriend of four years ago.

"I was fifteen when I left Venezuela to go to Spain," twenty-four-year-old Lazlo told me. "About five years ago I was singing in a club, and this man approached me, said he liked my singing and was interested in managing me."

"He took me home to meet his family. Massiel was his daughter, and that was the first time I met her."

"Her father did, in fact, manage me, and I almost lived with the family."

"Massiel and I were together almost the whole time for a year. She came to clubs with me to hear me sing; I wrote songs and she did French lyrics for them; and we did charity things together."

"When I came to England four years ago, she wanted to come too, to try and make it. I'm so glad she has."

"No we were never engaged or anything like that. You see, in Spain, you court a girl for about five years before an engagement. But we were very close. At the time we were both trying to make it in showbiz, and thought of nothing else. But if we had both made it then, well, who knows...?"

★★★★★★★★

MIKE ROSSI nearly lost his bachelor status and married an Italian princess a year ago!

He comes from an aristocratic Italian family where arranged marriages had been the custom for centuries.

Mike's father was the first Rossi to refuse to have his bride chosen for him—he married a Liverpudlian.

But Mike's grandfather wanted to carry on with the old idea, and when Mike was seventeen, it was arranged that he should marry this Italian princess.

Mike refused—because he didn't want his wife picked for him.

Reassuring quote from him: "If the group was a failure, I'd still carry on in the pop business because of all the beautiful birds you meet in the ballrooms!"

★★★★★★★★

Mike Rossi

Richard O. Sullivan

THE RAIN

THE RAIN

THE RAIN

THE RAIN

THE RAIN

"I've never been in love," said

water Richard O'Sullivan as he

travels internationally. "I'm looking

forward to the day, though. It

must be wonderful."

"Although I don't expect to fall

in love just yet, though, because if

I did I would get married. I'm a

strong believer in marriage unless

some feeling for someone is for real.

But it's too early for me to get

married (he's married!) I was

only just about last after myself,

so I'm hardly ready to start looking

after someone else. Besides, if I

did, I wouldn't be one of the lady

any more."

"I'd like her to be attractive

of course. It's difficult being an

●For six weeks recently Julie Driscoll and Brian Auger worked without one day off.

Not that you would think so from these pictures. But they really did!

They were on a six week tour of the continent, and it was quite a fluke that

our photographer caught them in relaxing mood at the Villa Barchese, Rome. Julie and Brian with The Trinity are

smash hits on the continent and their Save Me reached number one in France,

so it's not surprising they spend a lot of their time in Europe, is it?

★★★★★★★★

★★★★★★★★

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Carl



Come and see



Gateway



Left hand down a bit



A Kind of Love Affair



This is the pic YOU caption



P'raps you're right



No!

Back row: l. to r.: Steve Ellis, Rex Brayley, Lynette Guest. Front row l. to r.: Maurice Bacon, Mick Jackson

I bet you didn't realise a camera could catch Steve

Ellis in so many different moods. But there's no getting away from it, whichever way you see him, he's still a smashing looking fella.

We've managed to caption most of the colour pix on page 4, but how about you trying one for yourself?

See the one we've called This is the pic YOU caption? Well, that's the one we're challenging you to write.

Think of the best caption you can to go with that particular picture of Steve, write it down on a postcard and send it to Steve Ellis Caption, Fabulous-208, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4, to arrive not later than Tuesday, 7th May, 1968. Don't forget to add your own name and address to the postcard.

The reader whose caption we consider the best will receive a 10 in. by 8 in. colour print of the picture they like best from the opposite page, signed by Steve.

Six runners-up will each be sent a signed black and white photograph. And the Ed's decision is final!

**YOUR
KIND
OF
STEVE**

BY
ANNE
WILSON

Barry (our vanishing columnist) continues telling the story of The Bee Gees

SORRY about my little lapse last week! Hope you'll all forgive me. The Ed. is—after I bought her a chocolate Easter bunny! The trouble was our tour. I was so busy I didn't do my column in time to get it to the printer's, so I rushed out on last week's issue altogether! You know that old saying about time and Fleet Street wait for no man... (Sometimes I think being a journalist is as hectic as being a pop star!)

Anyway, a million sorries and let's just nip back in time to the period coming up to Christmas in 1949. I was only about two years old, causing chaos and confusion as I stumbled round our home crashing into furniture. And Mum, that is Mrs. Barbara Gibb, was expecting at any moment to produce a special present for me—a kid brother or sister.

Instead she produced twin brothers. Which added to the chaos and confusion. On 22nd December that year, Robin and Maurice made their debut appearance in the world, crying (not singing) and in discord (not harmony).

Twins are something of a rarity. But the theory is that twins think alike, look alike and behave alike. Not our twins, though. Ever since Robin and Maurice started realising what was going on in the world, they've had completely separate personalities and identities. They don't agree on many things—only on a love of music. Why, they don't even go around together,

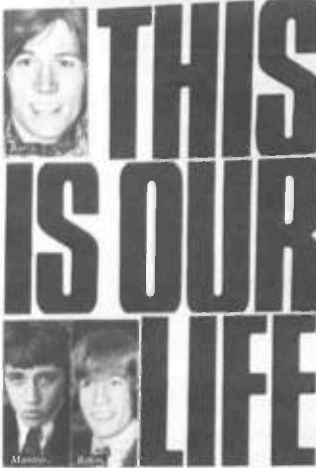
except when we're working. Robin is usually with me and Maurice stays away with the other Bee Gees, Colin and Vince. They have a completely different set of tastes outside the business and they argue like cat and dog about most things. So much for the theory that the word 'twins' means constant similarities, not to mention telepathic communication.

Oh yes, I said the other week I'd clear up all the rumours about how we got the name Bee Gees. Well, I've explained how we used to play in a motor-racing stadium—and get pelted with pennies for our pains. Anyway, one of the drivers there, a great blake called Bill Good, thought we had quite a lot of promise and put a word in for us with Brisbane's best-known disc-jockey, Bill Gates.

Bill Gates was the one who helped us most. He recorded us on tape, not records, and started plugging the tapes like mail on his local radio station. One of the songs was *Let Me Love You*. There were absolutely no records of us available, yet fans kept ringing up the station and asking for copies of the stuff they were hearing regularly through the day.

Now this really got us under way as an act. We were still known as the Gibb Brothers, but we got to thinking... there were hundreds of "brother" acts going the rounds and we really wanted something that bit different. And there it was...

Bill Good, Bill Gates and Barry Gibb. We also thought of ourselves as Barry Good, if you'll pardon the so-called joke!



BY BARRY GIBB

So Bee Gees it was. It more or less HAD to be. The only alternative that might have been was Barry and the Twins (how original!) but that would have thrown us when, later on, we were to add two other guys to the group.

Through Bill Gates' tremendous efforts, we started doing television appearances in the area. Which meant our faces became known and in no time at all we moved into the luxury bracket. Suddenly Australia became a more friendly place to live. We could forget all the worries about being poor. We were picking up £200 a week in clubs run by the Returned Soldiers' League, which is really the

Aussie equivalent of the British Legion.

Australia may have a small population but there's a lot of money around. Some of these clubs were the height of luxury, with one-armed bandits bringing in about a million pounds a year... so they could afford to pay big money for the cabaret attractions.

Without any hit records at all, we managed to pull in at least £150 a week for eighteen months or so. No work in the day-time, just lazing around on the beaches. And we always had an orchestra with us in the evenings.

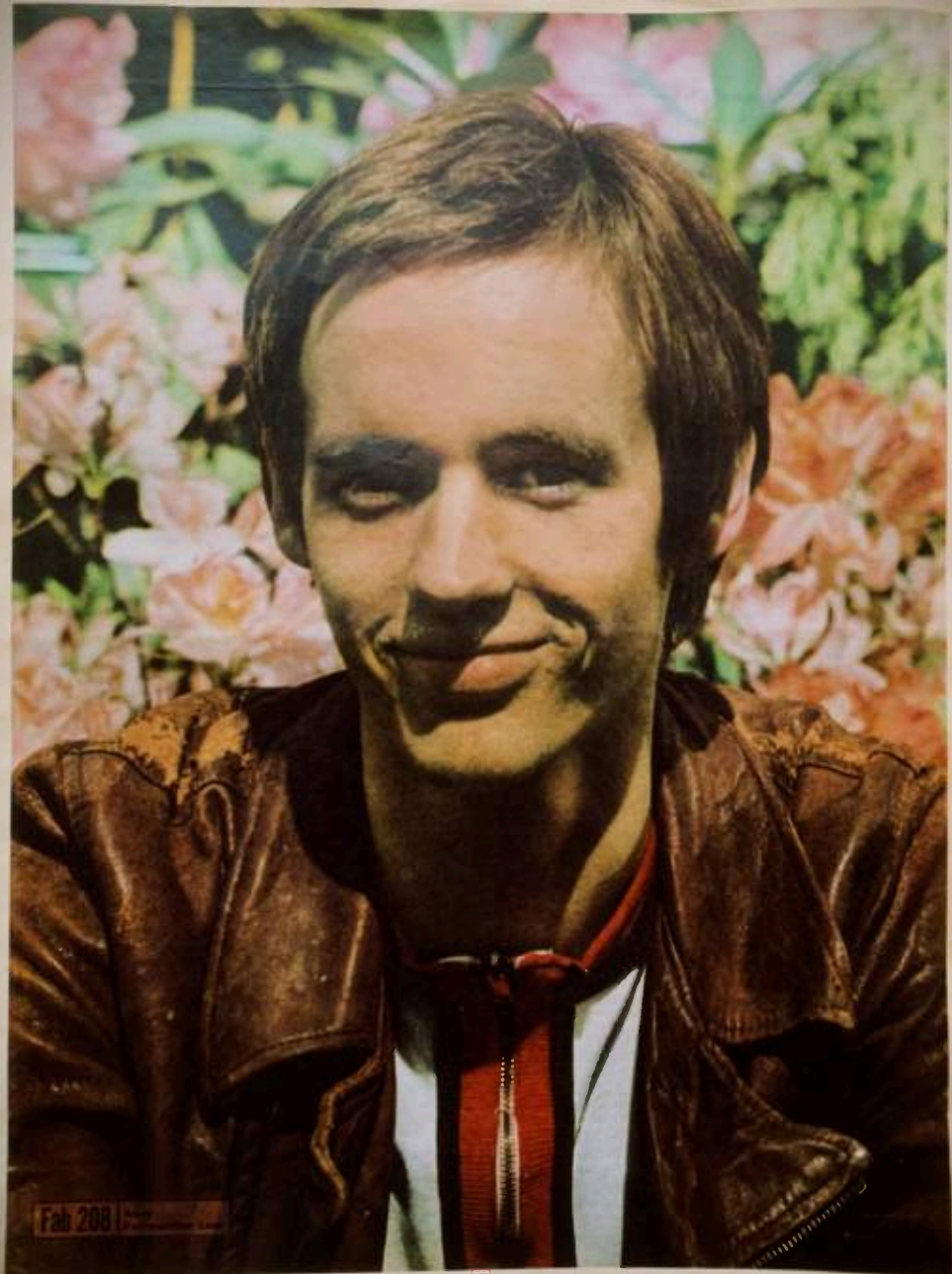
Yes, the last change of name had done us proud.

We'd been the Rattlesnakes, Wee Johnny Hayes and the Blue Cats and then the Gibb Brothers. At the Bee Gees, we built confidence and sheer undulated cheek! We became resident in the Bechcombe night-spot at Surfers' Paradise, which was really something. But, as ever, we weren't satisfied...

So we devised a scheme to break into the even bigger big-time. It took quite a lot of nerve, especially as we were so young, but it paid off. I'll tell you more about that next week... and how our appearance on one star-studded show felt as if we were having our throats cut!

The Bee Gees (left to right, back) Maurice, Barry and Robin Gibb and (front) Vince and Colin Watson.





Fab 208



Love'n' Peace

Peter Tork radiates a loving feeling wherever he goes, and one person who discovered this for herself is Maria Oljemark, of The Little Boltons, London, S.W.10, who wins ten guineas for her story.

IT was Friday, 5th January, and at eleven o'clock I reached the Mayfair Hotel, where the one and only Peter Tork was staying. I met several friends there, some from school, and some that I had met the day before. One of them had sent her love heads to Peter on Thursday and he had worn them on Top of the Pops the night before.

Half an hour later we were all crammed in a telephone booth. I put on my best Swedish accent and said I was a Swedish reporter when I rang the Hotel. The girl at the other end fell for it, and rang up Peter's suite. I felt sick with excitement. But soon I felt like crying, there was no answer at Peter's suite.

An hour later I phoned up again. I was asked what I wanted by the telephonist, reception, and two other people. They were very polite to me and said that Peter was checking out in ten minutes! In fact, twenty minutes later he was still inside. I walked to the front door, to ask the doorman something, when all the other fans (who had been ordered to the opposite side of the street) rushed forward.

I found myself pushed in front of them. I looked inside the hotel, and saw a pair of orange trousers, an orange and red shirt, and a handsome face with soft, floppy, reddish-brown hair round it.

"Peter" was what went through my mind. There, right in front of me was Peter himself;

but he looked bewildered at us. Fans screaming and fighting. He put his fingers up for peace, and everyone did the same, but no-one took the hint, they just kept fighting. He couldn't come out that way, and was smuggled away in a blue Jaguar.

Half an hour later we were having a debate when we saw some girls rush over to a silver haired, tall man. Recognising him I went up to him. He was just going away when, forgetting that it wasn't quite the thing to do, I grabbed hold of Peter Murray's hand and pleaded, "Peter, where's Peter?"

He looked pretty puzzled, but smiled and told me he was at Decca, in Great Marlborough Street, next to a police station. I thanked him and off he went. We decided to go to Decca, going through Canaby Street, just in case.

IN Canaby Street, we found out that Davy had been there on Tuesday with Peter. At Decca we found about ten fans waiting patiently and quietly. We joined them and soon the number grew to eighteen.

In the next half hour we saw Chris Denning come out, got Keith Skues' autograph, were kissed by David Symonds and got Stuart Henry's autograph. Not bad, was it? I also chatted to a guy who wouldn't tell me anything about him apart from his christian name, Steve. He'd been with Peter during the morning, and I wanted to know who he was. His name was Steve Stills, a good friend of Peter's.

In the meantime people had been coming out to see what we were like. A man carried away a kind of bag, containing a camera. It was made of pigskin, and it had tassels. It was obviously Peter's.

Then one man came down the stairs, then another, followed by Steve, and lastly... PETER!!!!

NO-ONE moved. No-one screamed. We just looked at that handsome, loving, and peaceful man as he got nearer and nearer. Two girls opened the glass doors for him and he came out, doing the peace sign. I stood about three feet away, and blew kisses to him with the peace sign on my fingers. I was right in front of him, and I could feel his eyes looking straight at me....

We did crowd round, but how could one help it? He signed some autographs and all the time he was holding my hand!

But his bodyguards were pushing him away. He had to leave. Apologetically, Peter said, "I'm sorry, I've gotta go," and he entered the black Rolls Royce awaiting him. Once he was inside I shouted out "Love and peace", and he left, leaving some of the happiest girls ever behind him.

I flung myself onto my friend, Kathy, and sobbed my happiness into her coat. For a long time, there we stood, quietly remembering it all, not caring a bean for the funny looks we got.



Since The Herd's tour we've had lots of letters from readers wanting to know the kind of girls the boys go for, so we sent Peter Burgher off to discuss with them the very important subject of Girls.



PETER FRAMPTON

WHEN I suggested to Peter Frampton that he was perhaps THE sex symbol in the group, he replied: "I'd be very flattered to think so, but I don't know. We're a group and each one takes an equal share in everything, success and fame as well as responsibility."

"If there was any truth in what you said, I suppose it'd be because I have the most commercial face. And I think most of our fans feel that I'm closer to them age-wise. But then that's inevitable, me being only eighteen."

"What type of bird do you fall for?" I asked. "Oh! Every type. I fall in love about once a week. Yes, really! Sometimes it lasts a day, sometimes longer. But I've no particular type, although I think Faye Dunaway's rather daisy."

Don't we all?

ANDY BOWN

ANDY Bown was in a poetic mood: "Love is like a good orange juice," he said.

"Howzat?" "Well, y'know, highly concentrated and very nice at the time, but it doesn't seem to last very long. Now take me, I've been in love dozens of times."

"In love?" I asked. "Yes, you're in love when nothing else counts for anything. With me even my music comes second when I'm in love. I eat, sleep and think of nothing else. It usually lasts about a month."

"What do you think of the new 'see-through' blouses, Andy?"

"Great. Far sexier than a topless dress. There must be some mystery about a woman. And I think culottes are wild; with boots of course."



The Herd from left Gary, Andrew, Peter, Andy

"Birds like Sarah Miles and Audrey Hepburn go down big with me, but you can't go much so a formula. I mean I usually fancy dark birds, but my first love was a blonde."

ANDREW STEELE

HOW do the fans react, knowing you're married?" I asked Andrew Steele.

"It doesn't really come into it," said Andrew, the only Herdman to have taken the plunge. "A lot of girls ask me 'How's Sue?' I reply 'Very well, thank you,' and then the subject is forgotten."

Andy broke in, "A lot of birds fancy him because he's married."

Andrew went on, "I like girls to be aloof. A bird

who's too emotional just drives me away."

I didn't know if Angie Dickinson or Jeanne Moreau fit that bill, but they are Andrew's faves.

"Putting it in a nutshell, I've always liked girls I could get on with. I've never heard the 'harps and moans' bit if that's what being in love is."

GARY TAYLOR

I'D go for a girl who sympathized with me as a person, rather than with Gary Taylor of the Herd," said Gary.

"So many love you just as a symbol; they're not even interested in the real you. One of the nicest things a bird ever said to me was 'I wish you weren't in The Herd'."

"Mind you, it's not that we don't like our fans to

be enthusiastic, that's what it's all about. But a bird who wasn't too far gone on our scene might get to know me far more deeply.

"A girl who makes you feel as if you're something special when you're together. Now that's the type I like. Still, you take it as it comes; you can't go out and look for your ideal bird. It just happens."

Gary's face suddenly lit up. "Hey! I really dig those see-through blouses too. I'd an aunt who said to me once, 'Gary, I've only ever seen your uncle in his vest' (nothing less she meant), and that was her idea of being moral! Of course you can go too far, but I think fashions are great!"





LEONARD IS ROMEO

NEVER has Shakespeare's youngest hero, Romeo, been played with such youthful intensity as he is in Franco Zeffirelli's film version.

Leonard Whiting's eager inexperience has interpreted Romeo's impulsive, uncomplicated emotions in just the way we understand.

Lenny is a physically beautiful person with pale blue eyes that defy anyone to challenge the outward confidence of his personality.

But deep down, beyond the first layer of poise and independence, the sensitivity shines through to show that underneath he's just as vulnerable as anyone who's only seventeen.

THE sophistication of being a film star hasn't ruined his ability to feel and show he feels. Like the excitement at being picked for the part out of hundreds of other boys, and the disappointment at the first slaughter from the critics.

But he's riding high, because people are quick to realise that Romeo is Leonard—a young, hesitant person who's full of energy and going places . . . fast.

ANNE WILSON

Fancy Getting

A COMMISSIONER FOR OATHS

To Watch A Lady

SHAMPOO HER HAIR!

—BUT THAT'S PRECISELY WHAT WE DID!!

WE'RE PREPARED TO SWEAR that our Linc-O-Lin Beer Shampoo—with its ready built in Beer rinse and set—gives 'body' to even the finest, fluffiest hair! SO TO PROVE IT we asked a Commissioner For Oaths to witness a demonstration! "Before his very eyes" the lady below shampoo'd her hair and set and dried it herself, using no other product at all and with no hair-dresser present. The photographs—taken in the Commissioner's presence—are also entirely un-retouched!

HERE'S THE PROOF THAT

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HAIR BODY!

The reason why Linc-O-Lin does give body is because it's three things in one!—Shampoo, Beer Rinse and Setting Lotion. See now this amazing proof—

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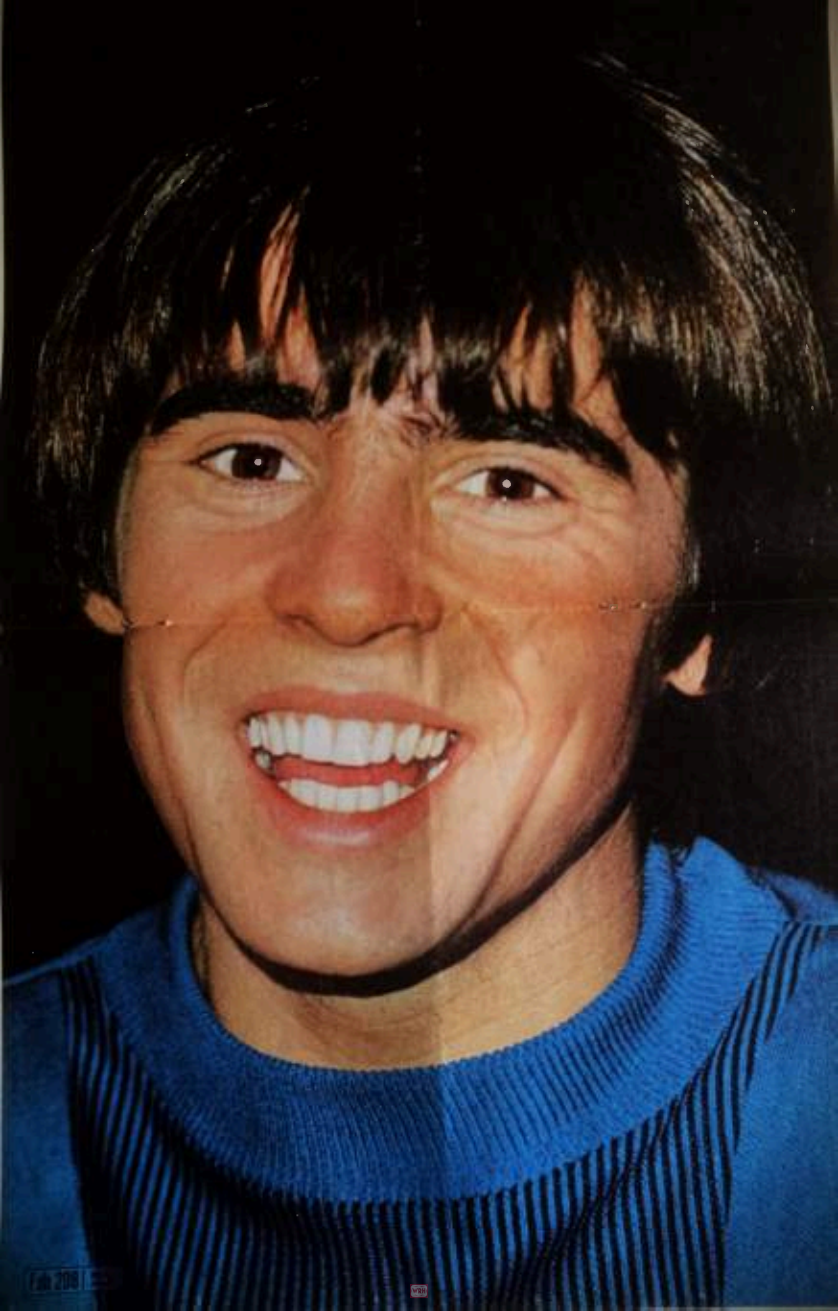
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Worn internally, they give you dependable, comfortable protection. You feel cool, clean, fresh at all times. They prevent odour and chafing. They're totally undetectable in use, and so dainty and feminine. Hands need never touch the tampon itself. There's never an embarrassing disposal problem—everything, even the applicator, can be safely flushed away.

Tampax tampons are available in Discreet-Packs that keep your secret in desk, drawer or on the shelf. They're the only choice of millions of thoughtful women everywhere.



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TAMPAX LIMITED, HAVANT, HAMPSHIRE



THE CHARGE LIGHT-H B

by
Heather
Krug
Photographs
by
Leslie Farnes



Vanessa Redgrave (Clara in the film) is wearing what looks like a present-day housecoat. We are sure she isn't (as young ladies didn't talk to young gentlemen in their housecoats in those days). We dig David Hemmings (who plays Captain Nolan) and we dig his gear too.



Waistcoats are very much back in fashion now—although this one Vanessa is wearing is really only a bit of one sewn in to look like a real one! The white stock she is wearing is becoming very popular now too.

What a smashing pair of braces! Anybody got a hippie Dad with a birthday soon?



What do you think of this gear? Isn't it too much! Warm too!

Aah, doesn't she look lovely! Mark Burns' outfit looks quite modern, really. But Vanessa's wedding dress is copied from a style one hundred years old. And it looks it with all those frills and stays.



★ Taking togetherness to its ultimate is shirdding him from enemy bullets! If you feel brave and military but still want to look feminine, then this orange brocade coat should earn you a few stripes. It comes from Bus Stop and costs 104 gns.

★ You should see him again if you wear this navy cotton dress with a white frilly bib. It is by Robert Knapp and costs

OF THE HEARTED BRIGADE

The film of *The Charge of the Light Brigade* doesn't illustrate this week's theme about lovin' feelings, but it did remind us about all those tear-jerkers you get in old movies as soon as a soldier appears on the screen—especially a soldier on horseback. You know. You get the "I'll carry you off to the ends of the earth on my trusty white horse, my lady." Or the (from her, with tears) "Hubert, shall I ever see you again?" Lovely stuff. Anyway, when they invited us along to the Duke of York's Headquarters in Chelsea to photograph fashions inspired by the film (starring David Hammings and Vanessa Redgrave) *Charge of the Light Brigade*, we couldn't resist taking a bit of a light-hearted liberty with some of the movie-makers' favourite scenes. . . .



★ If we're all going to get carried away this summer by the delicate Bridget Anglin look. Actually this dress is designed to be much easier to handle. It is by Robert Knave and costs £5.10.

● For details of where to buy the clothes on this page, write to: Fashion Desk, F&AB 208, Fleetway House, Farringham Street, London, E.C.4. And please enclose a s.a.e. for your reply.

If you are not sure which is more likely to catch a soldier's eye—a maxi or a mini—this is your answer: wear both. Start off with it maxi and if that isn't knocking 'em down like enemy skittles whip off the skirt and take the salute in your mini. Ingenious? That's a bit of yer actual strategy that is! Soldiers know all about it—and so should you when it comes to choosing clothes. This two-way dress is by Louis Caring in orange printed cotton and it costs 6 gns.



Judging by your letters you've got that *Lowin' Feeling* towards The Bee Gees. So we sent PAMELA TOWNSEND to track them down and glean all the facts and information she could from them.

BEETLES STATISTICS

| | JOHN | PAUL | GEORGE | YOKO | COLLIER |
|---|---|---|---|--|--|
| If you had three wishes what would they be? | (a) Peace all over the world. (b) That I was a millionaire. (c) Complete peace of mind. | I would not want three wishes. Things are more fun if you have to fight for them than if they are dumped in your lap. | (a) Another three wishes (b) To speak with a foreign language. (c) That the Eastern world would appreciate Western. | (a) A house in the country with a go kart track. (b) A man helicopter. (c) That I remain as happy as I am. | (a) Porsche 911S (b) 7 litre Cobra (c) TUR (that's a car) |
| Are you religious? | Yes. | Very, but it is a personal thing with me. | Yes. | Yes. I never fly without a cross. | No. |
| Do you like children? | Yes. | Love them. | I love kids. | Yes. | Not particularly. |
| How many would you like? | Two. | Two. | Two. | Three. | As many as I could afford |
| Do you speak any foreign languages? | No, I'm learning French. | No. I'd love to speak German. | No. | American and Australian. | Very little French. |
| Were you ever a boy scout? | I was in the cubs but never made the scouts. | I was thrown out of the cubs because I could not take orders. | No. | No, but I almost joined the Police Cadets. | I was in the cubs for three weeks and the army cadets for four days. |

VINCE MELOUNY

Weight: 10 st. 1 lb.
Height: 5 ft. 9 in.

Hair: Brown.

Eyes: Blue.

Collar: 15.

Chest: 36.



Shoe size: 5.

Fave sort of girl: Any that are nice.
Fave flowers to send to a girl: Roses, probably red ones.
Fave perfume for a girl: Any French perfume.
Pets: Yorkshire Terrier called Jasper.
Fave modern composer: Leonard Bernstein.
Fave classical composer: Beethoven.
Fave car: Bentley.

BARRY GIBB

Weight: 12 st. 12 lb.
Height: 6 ft. 1 in.

Hair: Brown.

Eyes: Brown.

Collar: 14 1/2.

Chest: 40.



Shoe size: 9.

Fave sort of girl: Any with a good personality.
Fave flowers to send to a girl: Red roses.
Fave perfume for a girl: Flowery.
Pets: Is getting a Pyrenean mountain dog.
Fave modern composer: Bart Bacharach.
Fave classical composer: Beethoven.
Fave car: Marcos 1800 GT.

Fave place for a night out: Going to the pictures.
Fave relaxation: Playing the guitar.
Fave TV show: Doesn't watch TV.
Fave group: John Mayall.
Fave male singer: Tom Jones.
Fave female singer: Doesn't have one.
Fave country: Great Britain.

ROBIN GIBB

Weight: 145 lb.
Height: 5 ft. 9 in.

Hair: Brown
Eyes: Brown

Collar: 14

MAURICE GIBB

Weight: 145 lb.
Height: 5 ft. 7 in.

Hair: Brown
Eyes: Brown

Collar: 14

COLIN PETERSEN

Weight: 145 lb.
Height: 5 ft. 9 in.

Hair: Brown
Eyes: Brown

Collar: 14

Born: 22nd December 1949
Douglas, Isle of Man.
Fave breakfast: Shredded Wheat and hot blackcurrant juice.
Fave drink: Hot blackcurrant juice.
Fave casual dress: Snazzy suits.
Fave formal dress: Waisted suits with high-collared shirts.
Fave food: Shredded Wheat with hot blackcurrant juice.

Born: 22nd December, 1949, Douglas, Isle of Man.
Fave breakfast: Poached eggs and bacon.
Fave drink: Coke.
Fave casual dress: Shirt and tie.
Likes neatness.
Fave formal dress: Velvet dinner suit with a satin border on the jacket.
Fave food: Fillet steak and mashed potatoes.

Born: 24th March 1948, Kincross, Queensland, Australia.
Fave breakfast: Orange juice, cornflakes with sliced bananas, steak and tomatoes, and a pint of milk.
Fave drink: Wine.
Fave casual dress: Sweaters and white trousers.
Fave formal dress: Velvet suits.
Fave food: Crab salad.

Shoe size: 8.

Shoe size: 7 1/2.

Shoe size: 8 1/2.

Fave sort of girl: Any that smile to him.
Fave flowers to send to a girl: Doesn't send flowers, prefers to give presents.
Fave perfume for a girl: French.
Fave to getting a ballad—Beyoncé.
Fave modern composer: Steve Reich.
Fave classical composer: Beethoven.

Fave place for a night out: Watching TV.
Fave relaxation: Watching TV.
Fave TV show: Anything non-political.
Fave group: The Association.
Fave male singer: Roy Orbison.
Fave female singer: Nina Simone.
Fave country: Great Britain.

Fave sort of girl: Petite with a nice personality.
Fave flowers to send to a girl: Red roses.
Fave perfume for a girl: Subtle.
Pets: Dog called Russia.
Fave modern composers: Simon and Garfunkel.
Fave classical composer: Beethoven.
Fave car: Bentley.
Fave place for a night out: Talk Of The Town.

Fave relaxation: Listening to classical music.
Fave TV show: Till Death Do Us Part.
Fave group: Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich.
Fave male singer: Tom Jones.
Fave female singer: Cilla Black.
Fave country: Switzerland—because it's so beautiful.

Fave sort of girl: Feminine.
Fave flowers to send to a girl: White roses.
Fave perfume for a girl: Madame Rochas.
Pets: None.
Fave modern composer: Bob Dylan.
Fave classical composer: Stravinsky.
Fave car: Porsche.
Fave place for a

night out: A lovely restaurant and then a show.
Fave relaxation: Driving.
Fave TV show: Doesn't like TV.
Fave group: None.
Fave male singer: Gene Pitney.
Fave female singer: Patti LaBelle.
Fave country: England.



LOVE IS...

Love is... many things to many people. In our picture Judy Geeson and Hywel Bennett (with apologies to their regular "best friends"!) illustrate young love... the sweet first love.

LOVE IS...

Waking with a smile on your face, wanting to sing, longing to tell someone—anyone—that he loves you... skipping like a child down dusty streets and fancying yourself dancing barefoot across the clouds... not caring that people have their miserable faces on because tonight you're seeing him... your heart somersaulting into your throat because he's there, waiting, smiling, kissing a hello.

LOVE IS...

The soft words whispered just for you (I love you, I love you)... your hand in his running for the bus, leaping on the train... the tender squeeze on your hand and the fumbled introductions... the back row at the pictures and a strong arm around your shoulders.

LOVE IS...

A telephone that only rings for someone else... a postman who walks past your door and doesn't stop... a Saturday evening watching television with the folks... letters in a blue ribbon smouldering in the fire... an ache inside when the words won't come... a bunch of violets and a handkerchief for your tears.

LOVE IS...

The first flower of Spring, unfolding in the soft sunshine... Trafalgar Square by the fountains in the moonlight... red-carpeted autumn woods where only the squirrels watch... golden summer skies and red rocketing swirlys... fights in the snow and steaming hot drinks... straw in a glass of iced lemonade... daisy chains in the park and do-you-like-me?... dancing till you stop, and a soft sofa... moonlight and his hand holding yours under the table... the words you want to say and perhaps a ring for your finger.

I'll there, friends. Hey, I know that picture looks a bit dodgy, but don't worry, funds haven't sunk so low that I've taken up bank robbery. Mind you, I'm always on the look-out for ways of making loot, so if any of you intelligent folks have some ideas then please let me know. For now though, on with the news...

LIVE IT UP WITH LUXEMBOURG

RIGHT, off we go and first of all let me ask all you pretty girls how you fancy an all-expenses-paid trip to the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg!

You would? Well, it could come true for you if you enter 208's latest competition. It's all based on that great new clue by William E. Kimber, titled *Shlo*, and what we want you to do is find "Miss Shlo".

What we want you to do is send a suggestion of yourself. Yeah, something taken on your last visit to the Bahamas—or on that day trip to Scunthorpe—or just anywhere.

Don't be shy, after all there's a great prize to be won.

As I said, the winner and her friend will fly out to the beautiful Grand Duchy for a super-week-end. Not only that, but the lucky girl will also get the chance to become a top model and have a spring outfit specially designed and made for her.

So, if your entry isn't in yet, ladies, then get things moving. You still have a week or so before the closing date.

Oh, just one other thing. If all you fellas are feeling a bit left out of things, then here's an idea. Maybe you know a preggy girl you think might stand a good chance in our contest. Well, why not send us her pic, and, who knows, if she is lucky you may be the friend she takes on her trip to Lux!

The address for those entries is "Miss Shlo Competition", Radio Luxembourg, London, W.1.



William E. Kimber.

HHEY, remember me saying that our 208 mate Tony Blackburn often plays in charity football matches? Well, the game he played in last week certainly sounded a tough affair, 'cos the other team was made up of top international wrestlers!

"You should have seen the size of them," said Tony. "They looked more like giants than people."

"Well, I just sort of ran around the pitch keeping a sharp eye open at first," he went on, "but then I realised that they were on, playing by the rules, so I started to get myself more into the game."

"What a mistake that turned out to be! I had the ball on the half-way line and I'd

definitely scored a couple of players and was heading for goal 'when...WHAM!' I'd about three backboard signs and come down to earth with a full of apologies. All right, I might score and be just couldn't make anything out of it."

Anyway, after a bit of attention from our readers I was OK to carry on and the match ended in a 2-2 draw.

Now, enough so me as if that may have been the fairest result. After all, having a team of wrestlers isn't just most a thing to do.



Norman St. John.

WE were all a bit sad down at 208 last week, 'cos Norman St. John, who has been working out in the Grand Duchy for the last year or so, bade us a fond farewell and headed back to his home in Australia.

News is that Norman has lots of good things lined up for himself in Aussieland, for he'll be starring in his own weekly television show and taking time out to marry his former Radio London secretary, Judy.

Well, we wish Norman and Judy every success for the future and, who knows, if time allows they may pop over to see us some sunny day.



Norman St. John.

That's it, people. This is where I have to sign off for another week. Hope you'll be around on this same page next week 'cos I'll have lots of good news for you. In the meantime be as good as you can and don't forget to keep on tuning that 208 way.

STOP USING INTERNAL PROTECTION



Until you know all about it

Have you ever thought about the shape of the tampon you're using? Chances are it's a sort of flat shape. That's why you may be concerned about it letting you down from time to time. Possibly you've noticed that it doesn't always evenly absorb.

Because you're not a flat shape, you're rounded. And there's only one tampon that's rounded to fit you. Lil-lets. That's why the girls who know all about Lil-lets never know a "wet" accident, "accidents" or moments of doubt. They're confident in the protection they're using—simply because they know it works.

Here's how Lil-lets work

Lil-lets are tiny (easy to use). And then when they're in place, they expand gently. Get rounder as they absorb more moisture. They just don't leave any spaces where "accidents" can happen. Only Lil-lets work this way. Simple. But then life with Lil-lets is simple. Isn't it what you gave it a try? There are three sizes of Lil-lets to choose from—regular, super and super-plus. No one makes such an absorbent tampon as super-plus.

Write to us for a free sample and forget about off-days.

Remember Lil-lets—and that fun can happen any day of the month.

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Nikini. The soft little garment that fits to your hips like an airy second skin. Holding its special pad, free of pins, hooks and waistline drag. Always comfortably in control. And quite invisible under clothes—even body stockings. Cost? Just 6/- in white, or 8/7 the pink de luxe version. And the special pads? Nikini's own. Soft, shaped, disposable. Only 1/9 for 12, too. Look for Nikini—the 'invisible' external protection. After all, it's one week in four of your life. Live it a little more.



DISCS

● The Tremeloes should maintain their winning streak with *Heluleh, Heluleh*, a very infectious, African-influenced number that features bongos drums. The boys arranged this one themselves (CBS).

● Scottish group The Marmalade have been very unlikely not to take a hit but rather they have entered the and of record domination. *Miss Scott* (who has helped in time and has 1 hits for The Tremeloes, The Line, Alcazar and George Faint) I expect to see them moving up the charts with a delightful *Love Songs* (CBS).

● Jimmy Lee Lewis was one of the great rock 'n' roll stars a few years back and if you listen to the release of *Great Balls of Fire* (reissued with *A Whole Lot Of Shakin' Goin' On*) you'll understand why. (Mercury)

● Yorkshire group Beatles James Blunt spent a year rehearsing before performing in public—and it's paid off for their debut disc, a melodic *First Morning* is full of fun music-making. (Parlophone)

● Steve Wonder is at his pulsating, down-to-earth best with a witty, solid *Stone On* (Doo Be Do Doo De Do) (Tarenta Motown).

● Joanna is a fantastic, big sounding ballad by Scott Walker (Philips)

● Marilyn Powell from London's Elephant and Castle comes up with *Kiss Me Again* (Adios Amor), which was a hit song in France last year and has now been given new English lyrics. Very easy on the ears (CBS).

● The Beach Boys abandon the bird sound for a spot of harmonizing in *Friends*—and I like them much better now (Capitol).



● Dianne Eddy shows that he is still the talented guitar man with a double A release *Plum*. (Globe excepted was Robert Parker) (London-Jamaica)

● Also worth spinning: *The Gipsy Kings* by The Gipsy Kings (Parlophone), and *One Year* (MCA) (who don't have a new group called Bette Taylor and The Gipsy Kings) (Tarenta Motown).

KEN BOW

Where They're At

APRIL 30th - MAY 6th

... here's where the big names are playing this week

NORTH

Gene Pitney Tour: ABC, Stockton (2); City Hall, Sheffield (3), plus *The Move*; City Hall, Newcastle (4). Long John Baldry: Garrick Club, Lee (5); Towers Club, Warrington (6). Barron Knights: Fiesta Club, Stockton (5 and 6).

MIDLANDS

George Fame: Odeon, Birmingham (30). Gene Pitney Tour: ABC, Peter-

borough (1). *The Love Affair*: Top Rank, Birmingham (3).

LONDON

Gene Pitney Tour: Odeon, Ham-mersmith (5).

SOUTH, SOUTH-EAST, EAST

The Love Affair, Top Rank, Reading (1).

At Last *The 1958 Rock and Roll Show*: The Athletic Ground, Richmond (3); Co-operative Hall, Chesham (4).

Manfred Mann: Brighton Arts Festival, Town Hall, Brighton (3).

WEST

Alan Price Set: Memorial Hall, Barry (1).

Barron Knights: Winter Gardens, Weston Super Mare (4).

The Love Affair: Top Rank, Bristol (6).

'I have an embarrassing problem of spots' then—

'DDD WAS VERY HELPFUL IN CLEARING MY SKIN TROUBLE'



"It has been more effective than any skin medication I have tried." That's what Lawson Simpson of Galeshills, Scotland, wrote to us after using DDD.

We get many letters like Lawson's telling us how DDD, with its unique formula of 5 powerful antiseptics, has cleared up spot, pimple, blackhead and acne problems—and quickly too.

Lawson's letter continues "Now that my skin troubles have gone I am not ashamed to talk to girls, and go out with the boys."

All because he used DDD.

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Balm 3/3, 4/-, 4/3. Liquid 3/3, 5/3, 7/3. Soap 1/8.

DDD

CHRIS SPEAKS MOVE SPLIT

Fab Talk

During his tour, Gene Pitney's been showered with T-shirt bears and goods for his baby T-shirt. Scotland just finished one week at Liverpool's Everton's Theatre. They do a week there every year in keep in touch with Liverpool.

Dead cert from Hollies' road manager Rad that their coming tour is going to be sensational. Andy Brown of The Herd spent recently in London's King's Road wearing silver lame suit with silver boots. Gene Pitney nearly died of fright when Eric Hise, against whom Simon Dupree, drew him from Derby to London recently. For Hollies' Allan's twenty-fifth birthday, Graham drew a super party at his house which went on until four in the morning. Among the people at the party were Beatles' designer Stuart and Marika.

The Mike Stuart Span are becoming actors in a film about music called *Concert*, scheduled for shooting later this month.

Gene Pitney ends his tour on the 7th, by introducing the cast in *Simon Purvis* and the *Georgio* Coon, Amen, for a great finale. Don Purvis has a new band.

Simon Purvis, Simon Dupree's drummer. Paul Jones just back from three days' TV work in Sweden. When Hollies leave to Japan they spend one and a half days on the plane.

Paul of The Rain is going to tour his first, a *Fax*.

Manchester Man Expanding a gold mine my day for thirty years, which is expected to sell about three million copies throughout the world. The Who have been banned from all hotels in New York. Why? Keith Moon keeps dynamiting hotel doors open. Sonny's Stephen Young spent night-singing in London.

Groupies are getting their fair share of material. The beautiful psychodrama has lost to windowing wipers and mirrors to less. Surprise guests at *Reporters and the Deafness* reception were John Lennon, Blagie and Paul Jones, who all represented the group on that list. Don't forget Hollies tour starts on the 17th.



Chris "Ace" Kefford giving FAB his reasons for leaving The Move

by JUNE SOUTHWORTH
This week, Chris "Ace" Kefford moves into the recording studios to make the single he hopes will launch him as a solo star following his sensational split with The Move.

And for the first time since he left The

Move, Chris has spoken to me of the pressures which led to the "bombshell" of the pop year.

Relaxing in the London office of Tony Secunda, who has managed The Move's career and will continue to look after his interests, Chris told me frankly:

"Being with The Move was like going to work in day and night with four people that you don't get on with and normally wouldn't continue to work with.

The trouble is that everyone in the group is such an individualist. There are bound to be differences of opinion.

"I don't think any of them liked me as a person. I obviously got on their nerves... you do get on people's nerves when you're travelling together all the time.

Nine months ago I was nearly checked out. We talked it over and patched things up. Then the atmosphere gradually built up again. It was better for me to leave than risk splitting the group.

"I know it sounds silly to walk out on a top group, but you can't go on working with such a feeling of insecurity all the time, wondering if you're going to be checked out."

"I really cracked up when the split came. I was very confused... very cynical about pop. I thought no one in the business was real or sincere. I thought of packing it all in, but the idea of making it big is always in your mind. Opening a paper and reading about myself is still very important to me.

Mind you, I've been sitting here for the past few weeks reading the most ridiculous rubbish about why I left The Move. I could do without that."

Chris was looking very fit and happy, and spoke confidently of his future as a solo star.

"I'm going to sing my own songs, and I have any success it will be through my efforts. I never really wanted to play guitar. I always wanted to sing and write. The Move never recorded my stuff,

and that brought me down. I tried to play them one of my songs, but no one bothered to listen, so I kept my songs to myself after that. It hurt, though. Especially when we were stuck for material."

"The week we're recording five or six of my songs—what I call 'we' I mean that Tony Visconti will be with me as my a. & r. manager—and we have to have a single out in a few weeks. Soon I'll get a backing group together, probably with a line-up of guitars, drums and electric organ, which is a sound I've always liked.

"I'm very happy about the future. I've moved into a cottage outside Birmingham, where I can concentrate on writing and taking things easy. I think the lads are with me. They've written the most wonderful letters to me since I left The Move."

Chris has been to see The Move play since he left, and says that "we've" had a much better sound than when I was with the group. I've never classed myself as a good bass player, and now Roy and Trevor take it in turns to play bass. We had a drink together after they played, and I told them I thought the act was great. We got on better then than we ever did when I was with the group."

HOLLIES TV SHOW

THE HOLLIES and ATV get together next month to produce a pilot show of what could be a superb Hollies series.

But not for British TV. Scandinavia is demanding The Hollies, and hardly surprisingly as they've had seven number ones out there. The Hollies have received a TV offer from Swedish TV who in turn have asked ATV to produce a pilot.

MARCH FOR THE SEALS

THE Sonny and Cher Fan Club and Billy Fury's Appreciation Society are joining forces to organise a march to protest against the killing of baby seals for their skins.

The march will take place tomorrow (28th) and will end in London's Trafalgar Square.

For details of where you can join the march, contact Ross Fleetwood on BLG 1289.

NEW IN COLOUR

THE new classic arrival on BBC 2 in colour, which begins on 6th May, stars fabulous actress David Dastmalchian. The four-part serial *Pete* is based on the book by Honoré de Balzac, and shows the power of money from two different viewpoints.

One of these tells of Pete Goupou (Goudouille), who lives for two daughters so that he can himself pass in trying to get them everything they want.

The other concerns a penniless law student, Eugene Restagnan (David Dastmalchian). To begin with, he is an honest person with a high sense of values, but gradually his ambitions to the temptations of money and social success.

Another superb cast. David Warren, plays Eugene's friend Bouchon and the world, broadcast on Saturday and repeated on Thursdays, also stars Rachael, Anna Cropper and Patsy Randall.

FAB first spotted David Dastmalchian in *Wings* and *Love on the Loose*, and he is currently appearing in *The Promise*, in London's West End.

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from 1975. The Good...
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MONKEE CLUB IN NEW HANDS

BY PAMFIA TOWNSEND

THE Member Fun Club is at new hands. As from 1st April, Keith Mallett has an official connection with the club, although he will be helping to sort things out for a few weeks.

The film taking over the club is *Bouquet Opere Ltd.*, and the man stepping into Keith's shoes is Jan Grant, who'll be known to members as Ricky Mallett.

Ricky is determined to make a success of the club despite all the hard work it will entail. He has 4,000 applications, renewals to deal with, which should have been sent in January, and 2,500 new ones which were due last Christmas.

Ricky told me: "Two thousand of these books have already been sent out, so if anyone is still waiting they should be arriving any day now."

To help deal with this backlog of work, he has engaged four full-time staff, and live-out members whose main aim will be to keep up to date with correspondence. Ricky had me in he is determined to send out new newsletters each

year and to send special books to renewing members.

He said: "We are starting with a clean slate and as soon as we have cleared up the backlog of work, which we will have done by the end of May, we'll be starting fresh. Everything is going to be fine now."

HERD GO STATESIDE

NEXT month two British groups make their first trip to America. The Herd will be there for a couple of weeks and will make appearances at colleges, and on TV and radio. Then they go on to Japan. It is their first trip to the country, too, and they will stay for four days.

Ten Years After leave for The States at the same time. They will be there for seven weeks and plan to tour the West Coast. Their LP *Ten Years After*, Sex Machine will be released out there in June and in Britain in July.

A WEEK FOR ACTION

IT's a great week for those who like a plenty of action in the cinema.

Firstly, in *Beach Red*, Cornelius leads his force of Marines down to a Jap-held Pacific island. There is nothing very new about the story, which emphasises again the horror, cruelty and futility of war.

But the battle scenes are wonderfully staged, and the reactions of the soldiers are finely shown. There's the tough, mean sergeant, the boy getting his first taste of war, the soldier who is killed, and to get home among the girls. And we see how their fears and weaknesses are shared by the Japanese.

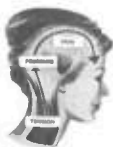
In *Guns For San Sebastian*, huge, tough Anthony Quinn plays a Jap and his men find a funds his way to Anthony Quinn village. The villagers, who have fled the hills because they fear attack from bandits or marauding Indians, mistake Quinn for a priest. Reluctantly, Quinn lets them believe he is a priest so that he can rally them together for their lives and their freedom.

This is a slow, rather drab film, apart from some spy scenes for their lives and their freedom.

In the enemy combine to wipe out the defending villagers. But the horror, cruelty and futility of war does much to make up for some rather listless acting by the rest.

NEIL CONNERY, kid brother of SEAN, makes his screen debut, facing off against *Operation Kid Brother*. He plays the "younger brother of a famous news agent," and is roped in to help smash a plan to take over an organisation which is planning to snatch half the world's gold.

brother Sean, but he's not a patch on the film itself is a lively take-off of all those gimmicky spy films—including the world-famous Bond ones.



How to Relieve TENSE NERVOUS HEADACHES

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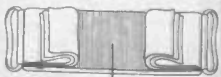
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Damaskin Leg Make Up is NOT new. The Film Stars and Fashion Models have treated it like a "closed shop" and have tried to keep the secret to themselves! They know that no girl would dare to be seen stockingless with pale, sun-starved legs. They also know how wonderful it is to leave off stockings at the beginning of summer and yet still have a rich, glorious tan—the sort that Damaskin Rainproof Leg Make Up gives!

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