

17th August, 1968

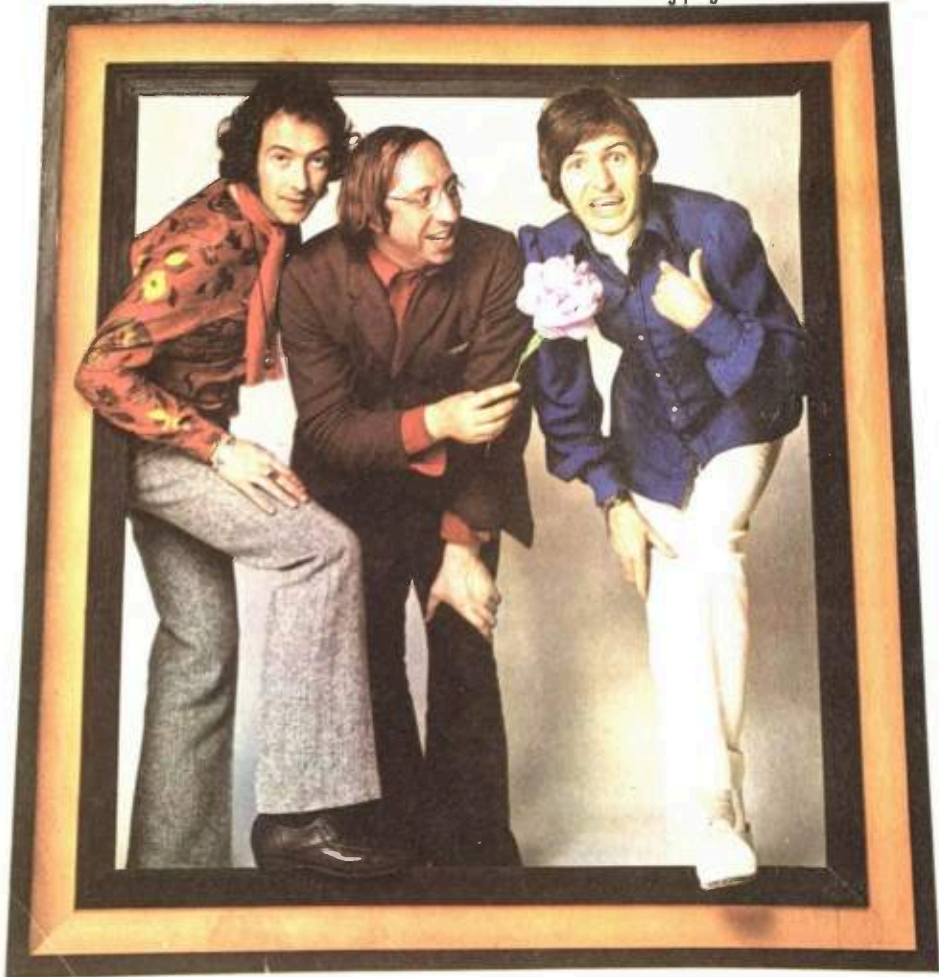
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# Fabulous<sup>1</sup> 208

DOUBLE PAGE COLOUR OF ANDY LOW ● TREMS TAKE A SAUNA BATH!

KING SIZE COLOUR—CILLA, STEVE ELLIS, M. J. POLLARD, DWIGHT (UNION GAP) REMENT

DAVE DEE DIGS ● TONY PRINCE Over the Waves ● Radio Luxembourg programmes 13th-19th Aug.



Switch on to



LUNENBURGH PROGRAM  
MINS ON 206 METERS  
10.00 TO 10.30 AM  
MONDAY 13th AUGUST 1968

★ Tuesday 13th ★

7:30 THE ROGER DAY SHOW  
8:30 JIMMY YOUNG  
9:30 THE TONY PRINCE SHOW  
10:30 THE PAUL BURNETT SHOW  
11:30 IT'S ALAN FREEMAN'S PARTY  
12:40 LATE NIGHT FINAL

★ Wednesday 14th ★

7:30 THE ROGER DAY SHOW  
8:30 JIMMY YOUNG  
9:30 THE TONY PRINCE SHOW  
10:30 THE PAUL BURNETT SHOW  
11:30 IT'S ALAN FREEMAN'S PARTY  
12:40 LATE NIGHT FINAL

★ Thursday 15th ★

7:30 THE ROGER DAY SHOW  
8:30 JIMMY YOUNG  
9:30 JIMMY SAVILE  
10:30 THE PAUL BURNETT SHOW  
11:30 IT'S ALAN FREEMAN'S PARTY  
12:40 LATE NIGHT FINAL  
3:00 a.m. — Close Down

★ Saturday 17th ★

7:30 THE ROGER DAY SHOW  
8:30 JIMMY YOUNG  
9:30 THE TONY PRINCE SHOW  
10:30 THE PAUL BURNETT SHOW  
11:30 IT'S ALAN FREEMAN'S PARTY  
12:40 LATE NIGHT FINAL  
1:15 LATE NIGHT FINAL  
3:00 a.m. — Close Down

★ Sunday 18th ★

7:00 ROGER DAY  
8:00 THE PAUL BURNETT SHOW  
9:00 THE DAVID SIMONDS SHOW  
10:00 JIMMY SAVILE  
11:00 TOP TWENTY  
12:00 LATE NIGHT FINAL with  
TONY PRINCE  
3:00 a.m. — Close Down

★ Monday 19th ★

7:00 THE ROGER DAY SHOW  
8:00 TONY PRINCE  
9:30 THE TONY PRINCE SHOW  
10:30 THE PAUL BURNETT SHOW  
11:30 IT'S ALAN FREEMAN'S PARTY  
12:40 LATE NIGHT FINAL  
1:15 LATE NIGHT FINAL  
3:00 a.m. — Close Down

BILL'S GOAL

SINCE his record has come out, Coronation Street's Bill Kenwright has had to do lots of Saturday personal appearances. This means Bill will miss quite a few games of his fake football team Everton. "But whatever happens I must see their first match against Manchester United. Nothing would make me miss that."

DREAM POLICE

NICE to know Marina Lado isn't only hung up about their own hit *Lovin' Things*. They're mad about fellow Glasgow group, *Dream Police*, and they haven't kept quiet about it either.

As well as raving about them to anybody and every body who would listen, they got them a booking at The Marquee (where they did very well).

What's more, thanks to all the interest aroused in them by *Marmalade*, *Dream Police* are coming to live in London soon.

SOOTY PUSSY



YOU'LL be pleased to hear Danty the R.S.P.C.A. spaniel has found herself a fabulous home. Her new owners are so knocked out with her, we know she'll stay with them for life—and be happy. Isn't that great?

Emma looks a bit lost without her playmate, but it didn't take her long to find a new toy.

It's a great big pile of soot! No wonder I feel dizzy most of the time!

Welcome To Another FAB!

Don't forget next week we have your September Calendar in FAB and it's a super pic of George Best.

Remember that fantastic petition FAB reader Pauline Neal organised to try and get *The Monkees* TV show restored? True, nothing's come of it yet but it must have got some big wigs thinking and realising fans here really care. Well, Rozz Furragher wants to get up a protest to try and get the powers that be to make some more *Garrigons Gorillas*. If you want to join in

the protest, send your name to Rose at 429 Victoria Avenue, Higher Blackley, Manchester 9.

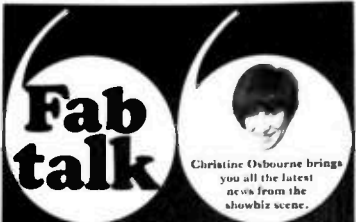
Another girl on the go is Marilyn Blogg of 3 Queensberry Place, London, S.W.7. She wants names of people who want *Smiley* (the Colin Petersen film) reshown on TV. So if you feel strongly about this, write to Marilyn. O.K.? Love,

*Betty*

NICK-A-BAR GEORGE

ALMOST anything is possible between friends. Which is why George Harrison asked The Merseys if he could nick eight bars from a hit of theirs for a song he was writing.

So listen out to the numbers from Yellow Submarine. Right slap bang in the middle of All 'Ooo Much is a tune from that Merseys' song of eighteen months ago, Sorrows.



Christine Osbourne brings you all the latest news from the showbiz scene.

HOMELY WEE LASSIE

FEW pop people like to be classed as homely types. But one who doesn't mind a bit is Lulu. She's terribly proud of being Scots and she's mad about her family. Although mum and dad refuse to come and live in London, they stay with Lulu whenever possible, and there are long chats on the phone several times every week—something not possible when she's away.

Says Lulu, "I love travelling, but I do get homesick. I'm just back from a month in America and Canada, and the first couple of days away were very bad. Then I settled down and it was marvellous."

"But oh, I was glad to get home. I always am. You know, I'd never live anywhere else."

Which is nice. What's even nicer is she doesn't just say these things. Remember that million dollar deal she turned down last year because it meant living in Hollywood?

BEST DOUBLE

JUST imagine it. You've fancied someone from afar for ages, and suddenly you see him in the street. You rush up to him—and instead of getting a smile and an autograph, he insists he isn't that person at all.

It's enough to make anyone feel a bit dizzy—including the person doing the denying.

You've guessed it! That's not George Best in our pic at all. It's Herbie Armstrong of James Brother's and although he's a bit taller and longer in the face than George, as far as we can see, that's where the difference ends.

Every day, on the tube, on a bus, in the street, there are girls following Herbie shouting "Oh look, there's George Best!"

It doesn't help when he tries to explain, either. Herbie's from Dublin, and the voice as well as the face is just too much!

Worst time of his life was when Herbie was in London during the Cup Final. He was leapt upon in Shaftesbury Avenue by a whole horde of "Wolove George!" Manchester United fans.

In the end there was only one thing to do—run!



COLOUR CONTENTS

Fleetway Publications Limited 1968 AUGUST 17th

- Cover: Scaffold by Frank Bush
- Page 7: Michael J. Pollard by Allan Ballard
- Page 10: Dwight Drenon by Pictorial Press
- Page 16/17: Andy Fairweather-Low by Peter Pugh-Cook
- Page 23: Cilla Black by Frank Buck
- Page 25: Fashion by Bob Richards
- Page 32: Steve Ellis by Valentine Picture Agency

## FOOD FOR THOUGHT

**B**ELIEVE it or not, The Tremeloes are all off on a health food kick! What's more, it's not just a fad, but something they're getting steadily more and more involved in.

The Tremeloes told me, "We've just done a ten day tour of Ireland. It started off like any other—traveling the whole time and getting more and more brought down. Then we met this bloke who talked to us all about health foods."

The result of that was no drinking, no smoking, no impure foods (and you'd be amazed how many foods are!) and everyone on vitamin pills.

"If you eat the right food, you feel healthier. After travelling half the night, you don't go on stage feeling half-dead; you don't fall asleep in the van on the road. You feel as if you're living."

You've got to admit they've got something—but actually they didn't need to tell me.

Apart from the odd bag of sticky sweets or a lovely cream meringue, I'm on that kick myself!

## FRAMED!

**1**–2–3 members of Scaffold. The dizziest trio around—adorn our cover this week.

It's one thing taking a picture of Scaffold, but when they found this giant picture frame in the studio—well, it's amazing any pictures were taken!

The group have recently returned from their holidays and are making everyone around very envious of their tan. Of course the tan will fade in time—but Scaffold—well they'll be around for a long time.



## PENNIES TO INVEST

**C**AREFULLY counting his Plastic Pennies, off set our photographer Peter to the Stock Exchange.

Tony, Paul, Nigel and Mick (Singer Brian Keith has left them now) were hoping to get some good advice for the day when they have some money to invest. Peter was hoping for any such thing—he just wanted some good pix of the boys.

And all five were in for a shock. The people actually in the Stock Exchange were really sweet to them. But some stockbrokers and jobbers were downright rude.

The boys found it quite an eye-opener to be shouted at, whistled at and jeered by men in bowler hats.

Incidentally, latest record is *Your Way to Tell Me*. Go.

I hope they found a good way to tell them!

## STRANGE GIRL KATE

**R**ECORD just out by Kate called *Strange Girl* will bring back memories for David Hemmings.

The group used to rehearse in an empty film studio in Twickenham while David was there completing shooting of *A Long Day's Dying*.

And whenever he had the time David used to slip next door and sit in on drums with them.

Needless to say, he's just one person hoping *Strange Girl* will be a hit.



## GORMANISMS!

**I**T sounds as if Scaffold man John Gorman had a pretty dizzy holiday in Majorca recently.

In his own words, "The weather was very fine all the time except when it rained. And the hills were full of vultures and eagles. I think we had some for tea one day."

Actually, I think it's just his way of putting things. Well, listen to his two latest 'funnies.'

"What is it that's full of water and makes a noise like a pig? And what's the difference between a pen and a pig?"

Answers are "an oinkwell" and, "Well, you can't write with a pig, can you?"

See what I mean?

There's a bit of Jekyll and Hyde in all of us—as Graham Knight of The Marmalade demonstrates!



THE  
WORLD  
OF...

# Mandy Bennett

## a week by week diary

Well, it's all settled. Mandy Bennett for Majorca first two weeks in October. Mum cornered me the day

after all the hoo-ha, looking a bit sheepish. Dad asked me to give you this Mandy,' she said, shoving a lovely crisp £5 note in my hand.

'Er, I think he feels a bit bad about some of the things he said to you.' So he should, but when a fiver's involved, who am I to stand on my high horse? To be honest I nearly fell over backwards in gratitude.

'It was only because we worry about you.' Mum went on. 'Anyway it's towards your holiday.' Of course, she had to ask me how I was going to afford it, then.

'I'll manage somehow,' I told her airily. 'I hope you're not going to borrow from Graham.' Then she caught sight of my face. 'You mustn't Mandy; it's not right.'

'Look, mum, Graham and I are... I mean we're...'  
Then I gave up. I mean, how can you explain to your mum things like that?



'You should never borrow money from anyone. When I was your age...' Luckily I managed to escape and miss the rest of mum's little gems, but she got me thinking. The cheap fare (travelling by night) was about £35, and I'd need at least £20 spending money. I'd got £20 saved up, (including dad's penance gift) and even if I managed to save a fiver a week for the next five weeks - which isn't likely - I'd still be £10 short. What's more, believe it or not, I don't like borrowing either. Oh well, it'd work out somehow, I thought, and besides, I was dying to get into the office to tell everyone



my news.

'Just my luck of course - I bounded in and only Midge was there. She was wearing her 'new' shoes, and of course, being me, I had to go and ask what her mum said about them.

Midge's a little face went white. 'Oh she'd take anything from anyone,' she said. There was a bit of an embarrassed silence, and then I chattered on about Majorca.

'Gosh how wonderful. Aren't you lucky? Majorca... funny,' she breathed. 'It's a funn', she was pleased for me, but there was no trace of envy in her voice at all. I suppose she's got used to having good things happening to other people, never her. Deirdre stalked in and wanted to know what we were on about.

'Mandy's going to Majorca in October!' Midge told her.

'Huh, that's what she thinks,' snorted Deirdre. 'It's all arranged with Mr. Duncan, is it - you taking time off, I suppose. Or did you think you could just disappear whenever you felt like it?' My face fell so far. 'I nearly knocked myself out on my knees! Of all the idiots! It had never even occurred to me that I might not be able to have the time off.'

'You'll just have to sit and sweat,' Deirdre told me maliciously. 'Mr. Duncan won't be in this morning.'

Word got round the office pretty fast what was up with 'our Miss Bennett' this morning, and everyone was particularly nice to me. Even one of the twins, Roger - or was it Gregory? - stopped by my desk to say 'cheer up.' Didn't feel much like lunch, so I bought some sandwiches and stayed in with Midget.

I told her about going to look at that old car with Graham, and she laughed and laughed. 'You should smile more often,' Midge, I told her. 'Honestly, it makes you look a different person, much nicer.'

'There isn't much to laugh about in this world,' said Midget, and she sounded terribly old. 'Don't be daft,' I told her. 'There's always something to laugh about, and the difference it makes to you, it's worth looking for. Honestly, the first time I saw you, you

looked a right sour puss. I was frightened to speak to you - thought you'd turn out to be another Deirdre!'

'Who me?' Midge started giggling again. 'And I'll tell you something else - you should have your hair cut short. Your face is much too small to take all that hair hanging on your shoulders. You get a really good cut, and you won't recognise yourself!'

Midge blushed, and I could have kicked myself for being so tactless. 'I... or... I don't have much spare money,' she stumbled into this really grotty-looking cheese sandwich. And then she started telling me everything, all that Sue



had told me, only she wasn't she put it made it all sound so much more pathetic.

Of course, I never let on I already knew it all I just sat and listened and said all the right things in the right places - and inside, I felt quite sick.

'I'm awfully glad I told you Mandy,' Midge said shyly. 'I suppose I should have said one of those hearty 'That's what friends are for,' and slapped her on the back, but I just grinned and squeezed her arm, and we went back to our desks.

Mr. Duncan came in about three and he did some three when I knocked on his door. 'It's about my holiday, assasir,' I said, and he looked even crosser.

'Well, what about it?' All my carefully planned little speech went to the wind and I just started gabbling, all about how much I wanted to go and I'd work evenings and weekends only please let me go.

Mr. Duncan actually grinned at the last bit. 'I don't think that will be necessary. Well, it's highly irregular really. You're not due a holiday until next year, you know, and you've been here long. How old are you Mandy? Seventeen? Yes, well it's a marvellous opportunity for you and I wouldn't want to be the reason for your missing it. I tell you what, you can have one week off with pay, but you'll have to take the other without. How's that?'

How's that? Dear Mr. Duncan. I had a terrible urge to hug him.

But Mr. Duncan was

ing again. 'There's a lot of work to be done this week. Only copy-typing - rather dull reports. I'm afraid. But if you like to stay behind in the evening, I'll pay you over-time.' It'll help towards your holiday, I expect. And he gave me a smashing kind grin.

Graham took me to dinner in the evening and I wore a 'little black dress' (the kind that shows half your backside according to dad) and felt very chic and sophisticated. It'll be my last new dress for a long time though! I told Graham all that had happened, and he was pleased - though not about the over-time. 'I told you I'd lend you any money you needed,' he said, quite sharply for Graham. 'Who is this fellow Duncan anyway - does he fancy you or something?' I laughed so much at that, Graham soon forgot to be off.

'Oh well,' he said. 'If I'm not to see so much of you for a bit, I'd better give you this to remember me by.'

Ever since I'd known Graham, he's worn this ring on his little finger. It was his grandmother's wedding ring, and they were very close. She left it to him when she died and I've never even seen him take it off. Now, as if I was in a dream I watched him slip it off: close my hand round it.

'Which finger are you going to wear it on?' he asked softly, and I shoved wildly onto the third finger of my right hand.

He looked at me for a long, long time. Then, 'Yes, I suppose it would be better to leave it there for a while,' he said quietly.

It's funny, but once in a time I'd have rushed home and told Jane everything. But now I didn't want to: didn't want to tell anyone. Now, I wanted to keep everything to myself.

Mandy Bennett will be back on this page next week with more of her diary.



Barry continues writing for you—telling you in his own words the story of The Bee Gees.

**T**O you, Massachusetts is probably just a dot on the map.

Somewhere over there on the East coast of America. Just a place—a place you'll probably never visit. But to us it was the title of a record that opened all sorts of doors to us.

Why did we pick Massachusetts as the place over which 'all the lights went out'? Don't ask us—and we only wrote it! We quite honestly didn't even know how to SPELL it, but it did seem to fit the mood of the song as it developed on one of our usual lackadaisical composing sessions.

Still, as it got to the top of the charts, it—and the City itself—became a lucky charm for us. Why, people even chased us around asking if we would write film scores! Now ask any composer and you'll find that his ambition is one day to write a full-length score. So far, we haven't had time to take up any of the offers but just being ASKED gave us a nice comfortable feeling inside.

When that record hit the top, we'd done only a few concert dates in Britain, but Massachusetts opened the whole scene up—and the news that the then Home Secretary Mr. Roy Jenkins had agreed to let Colin and Vince stay indefinitely in Britain helped boost our confidence. Remember how

# THIS IS OUR LIFE

they'd been threatened with being kicked out, back to Australia? What saving the Home Office was the amount of loot that good old Massachusetts was earning in foreign countries.

It was all flower-power at this time. But we had one of our noisy round-table conferences and decided that we wanted no part of this 'cult'. What we figured out was that flower-power appealed only to a small section of the pop community and we didn't want to be stuck into one small category. But even so we did have a lot of fun designing our own stage outfits.

We called them 'fantasy clothes'. Multi-coloured suits, odd-shaped shoes—say with upturned toes that gave a sort of goblin effect. But no flowers. We wanted to

put on a good visual and sound show... sort of make spectacles of ourselves, if you like! We just felt that flower power was a here-today-and-gone-tomorrow scene and, thank goodness, we were dead right.

In principle, flower power was fine—peace to everblossoms and an end. But I'd been thinking along these lines for quite a while. Unless we change our attitudes, I can honestly see some terrible war coming up between the coloured folk and the white fraternity. That's why you as well! You see I happen to think that the Negro pop singers are the best in the world, especially when they grab a song with a lot of soul and emotion in it.

This is understandable when you think of the terrible way a lot of them have been treated. They have a history of being put down, sort of stamped upon, and one way they can get their point across is in the anguish of an emotional ballad.

On any of our trips to America you can see unknown coloured artists who have a tremendous inborn style of singing which really knocks me out. We all try to sing from the heart, all course. But when the heart is heavy with memories of a long and tragic history... well, the singing comes out just that bit more loaded with emotion.

You shouldn't need a gimicky thing like flower-power to start thinking about peace and friendship and all that sort of thing. It should really be part of everyday life...

In a way, I suppose, it's like going to church. I'm very religious, but in my own way. Going to church is fine in the sense of learning something, and I'm certainly not knocking it. But if you just go to church and then forget all about it until the next time—surely you can't say that it is being a religious person!

Oops! I have got on to rather serious chat, haven't I? It's a funny thing with me, and most of the other Bee Gees too, that I always seem to get in a serious frame of mind when I'm a long, long way from home. Still, next week: I'll be bringing 'Our Life' bang up to date! Okay?



You may not know that Scaffold were around long before they hit the charts—this week Fab. casts an eye over the past six years with Scaffold and looks at what has happened to this, the dizziest of groups! Julia Webb reports.

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## DO, DO, DO, DO, DO YOU REMEMBER?

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### 1963

Mike, Roger and John performed with a group of musicians and writer friends in a series of 'happenings' in and around Liverpool and during the Merseyside Arts Festival. Played at Liverpool's Everyman Theatre and were spotted by a TV scout and subsequently booked for a six-month run on a late night programme called *Gazette*.

### 1964

Summer Scaffold make their first ever appearance at the Edinburgh Festival in their own revue called *Birds, Marriages and Deaths*. November *Birds, Marriages and Deaths* comes to London for a month.

### 1965

Roger completes his first play called *The Chauffeur Driven Rolls*. Scaffold do gigs around the country—mostly universities.

Summer Return to The Edinburgh Festival. November Scaffold's first tour with The Marquee Show. They entertained by doing short sketches in between performances.

### 1966

Spring Roger's second play *The Bright Red Sports Car* finished and shown at Coventry's Belgrave Theatre.

May 2 *Days Monday*—their first record release. Summer Returned to The Edinburgh Festival. John started his boutique called 'Through The Looking Glass'.

### 1967

Summer John's boutique business booming—starts up a dress manufacturing business called 'Looking Glass'. Mike and Roger start working on their LP. *McGough, McGear*.

November *Thank U Very Much* released and gets into the top ten.

### 1968

January Awarded silver disc for sales of *Thank U Very Much*. Offered a ten-week spot on late night TV show called *The Eleventh Hour* which they duly accepted.

Spring *Do You Remember?* released. May Scaffold undertake tour with Hollies and Paul Jones. June Mike gets married. 1-2-3 released. August Scaffold make their first appearance on Fab. cover!



Kenny Everett is a very very funny person—that much you probably gathered from his radio programmes. But it's not just on the radio that he's such a funny guy—as I very soon found out . . .

# EWED EVERETT

It's not easy trying to get hold of The Everetts—short of grabbing him as he walks down the street, that is. The first time I tried to get hold of him I discovered Kenny had an "Answerphone". One of those terrible taped messages that ask you to leave details, together with your phone number.

I rang at about 11 in the morning and Kenny's taped voice said "What the heck are you phoning at this time for? You must know I never get up till twelve!"

If you should ever phone Kenny you might hear a message saying "I'm in the bath".

"All those messages are true," he told me. "Anyway, what's so funny about being in the bath? Whenever I leave that message and play back the tape there's always someone who is laughing!"

I asked him if he had enjoyed his bath.

"Yes—but they're the same every day—very boring."

I arranged to see Kenny later in the afternoon at yer actual BBC at 2.30. Needless to say he was late! After apologising he said "Being late for appointments is something I always am—it makes me angry and everyone else annoyed too."

Are there any more like Kenny at home I wondered.

"No—just me. I seem to be the unique idiot in amongst the Primrose Close scene. That's why I'm down here I suppose."

Kenny writes lots of jingles for the BBC and also appears on funny ads. Where does he get the inspiration?

"Sometimes I don't have any so I give up and go home. Of course it all depends on what I have for

breakfast . . . Kenny Everett logic." What is the funniest thing that has ever happened to Kenny?

"Well, it may seem funny now but it was horrible at the time. I dreamt that I was being run over by a giant peanut!"

About the BBC he said "Overall it is quite funny—it's full of endless corridors and offices and you wonder what they are all doing in there. When you hear the programmes you wonder even more!"

What makes Kenny happy?

"Knitting rugs with a girl called Leo. It's great—you just sit there knitting and you feel such a sense of achievement at the end when you're putting the last knit in! At the moment I'm beginning a fuchsia growth on the window sill. It's not a window box so I hope a high gate doesn't develop—or it might drop on someone!"

"My favourite occupation is sleeping—it's a pity you can't sleep all the time. But you've got to be awake to afford a bed to go to sleep in. If you stayed in bed all the time they'd come and take you away. More logic from Mr. Everett."

Kenny's music tastes. "Begin and end with Strawberry Fields. No one has done anything as good. I also like Pet Sounds by The Beach Boys. 1968 has been the draggiest year for music—1967 was the druggiest year!"

Does anything frighten him?

"That we'll never get commercial radio in this country. But that's not really a fear—that's the horror!"

And on that note I took my leave of Mr. Everett before he went dashing into the studio at Broadcasting House.

JULIE WEBB

# FACE IN A Million



You can't keep a good face down, especially one as lovable and pathetic as that of Michael J. Pollard. Not that anyone wants to of course, and since *Bonnie and Clyde*, he's had many film offers. His latest is *Hannibal Brooks*, set in World War II.

**F**ACES are like books. Words tell stories and faces do too. But with words it's much easier to make things up, or at least to distort them. With faces you can be pretty sure you're reading the truth.

Faces create or crinkle, relax or tense up, dimple or droop. They can be funny or pretty or beautiful or sad. But faces are the truth about people.

Michael Pollard's face is one in a million. It's a puzzle. Like a Kaleidoscope it flashes from sadness to glee, from aloofness to life. His is the face of the little guy who used to look out of place everywhere, until someone suddenly realised that's exactly why his character is so strong. He's different from any sort of hero we've ever had before.

As C. W. Moss in *Bonnie and Clyde* there was a big chance that Michael would drop into oblivion. After all, he wasn't meant to be anywhere near king pin—just a stooge really.

But you couldn't help noticing him. He sparked off something odd inside you because he was funny—but in a different, sad and subtle way.

You've only got to look at Michael and your heart flips in a mass of different directions. He doesn't mean to be funny but people laugh anyway. He looks a tiny, sad creature (he's almost as wide as he is tall) which

makes you want to grope his face. But, probably because he doesn't fit into any pattern or place, people feel strongly about things around him. He hates to conform.

His clothes are way out of date but not to follow any fashion—just what he wants to wear. He has his own style of language too, he comes out naturally, just the way you wish chat to your mum and dad.

No matter who he's talking to the attitude stays the same. He doesn't care less about impressing anyone—he's simply and obviously himself.

Before *Bonnie and Clyde*, Michael was always palmed off with any bit part because his face didn't fit the part.

"Now I've been offered all sorts of scripts," says Michael. "Even pure comedy and romantic leads. I wish I had those before."

People seem to have cottoned on to that Michael may be the first in a long dish out the mood of the moment.

Our grandmas went down with Rudolph Valentino, our moms with tough guy types like Humphrey Bogart and our dads with anti-war anti hero angry young men.

Could be we're looking for the misfit in need of protection. Or perhaps we just fancy his face.

ANNE WILSON





**FAB 208** | Michael  
Pollard



Exhausted and weary, the brave springer finds its resting place. Pup is certainly taking its toll of these guys.

Looks as though they are enjoying themselves now. The initial shock seems to have worn off and they are getting down to normal Treme frolics. ▶

Aha, but are they changing their minds? Rick looks as though he may be regretting he bothered. But there's no turning back now! ▼



Looks of agony from Alan. You need a good limbering up my boy!

They're toughening up now. The cold water's nothing to these guys.

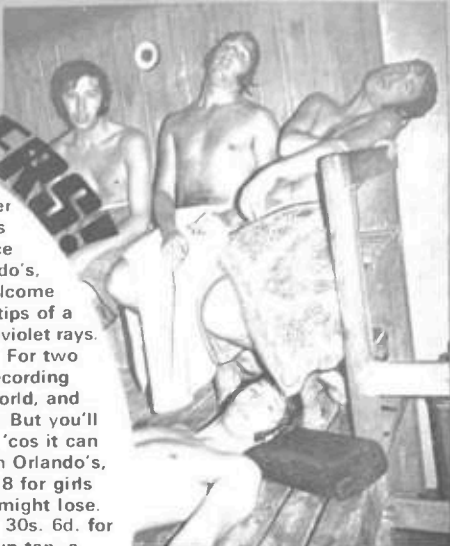




# FOUR HOT BEYERSERS!

This is your actual big moment. The bit they'd all been waiting for. The actual sauna. After all the water shock treatment, you just steam in a heated room and all the gunk inches just drop off. You hope. ▽

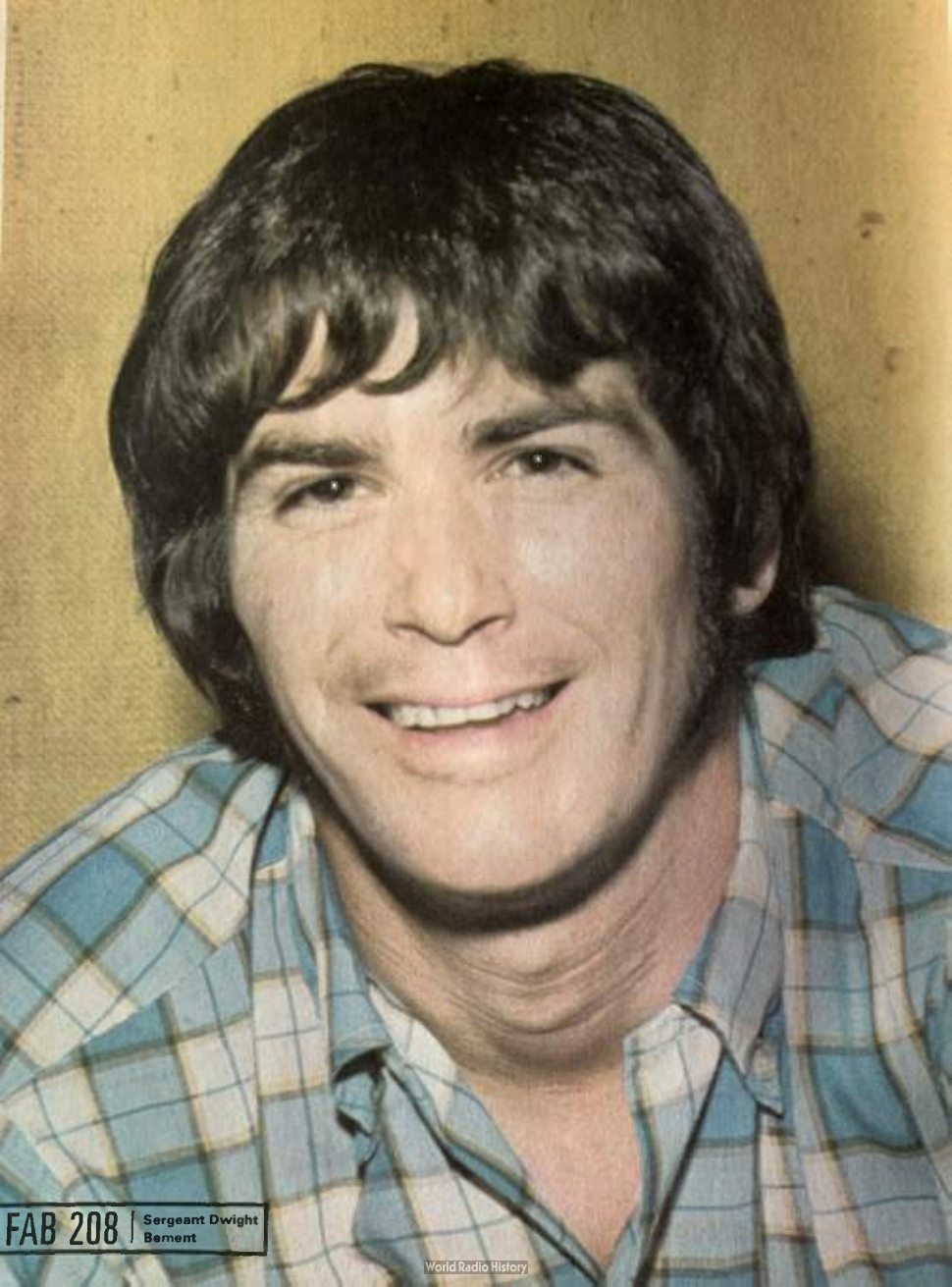
Like men searching for water in a desert, The Tremeloes, foot sore and tired, struggled up London's Dover Street. But it wasn't an oasis they were after, it was a nice two hour relaxation in Orlando's, where they could rest in a welcome sauna bath, mould to the fingertips of a masseur, and sunbathe under ultra-violet rays. And that's exactly what they did. For two solid hours they forgot about recording sessions and worries of the pop world, and just steamed. Sounds lovely? It is. But you'll have to start saving your pennies, 'cos it can work out expensive. For example in Orlando's, a sauna is 25 shillings for boys, 18 for girls . . . but think of those inches you might lose. A massage for boys is 37s. 6d. and 30s. 6d. for girls. And if you fancy a lovely sun tan, a course of eight sittings under ultra-violet rays will cost you three guineas. One sitting works out at 8s. 6d. If you are going away to a hot country this year, the ultra-violet rays will toughen your skin and protect you from the very hot sun. But the Treds aren't slimming, or going away to the sun, they just wanted a break.



Cor! Never felt so fit. For a few minutes they've quite forgotten they are men of responsibility! We'll come here again, says Alan, why don't you! ▽



Well, who do you think this is? The water is certainly a good disguise. We had a vote and all agreed it's . . . Chip



FAB 208 | Sergeant Dwight  
Bement

Marlene Butler continues her exclusive series on the five boys who are UNION GAP. This week the spotlight is on Dwight Bement.

# UNION GAP

**A** special type of guy sends a girl flowers—but what type of guy would send a girl plastic flowers? That description fits Dwight Bement, the organ player of the Union Gap.

As he leaned back in his chair, his dark hair accentuated by his beige suit, he told me his only desire is to be "healthy, wealthy and partially wise." He went on to say he would like to travel and see the world and eventually go into acting or producing. If he were very wealthy he'd retire somewhere on the Mediterranean. He seemed a bit reticent and never said more than was necessary. Sometimes I found him talking about something we had finished discussing a half hour ago. Talk about forgetfulness!

If a question didn't interest him he almost disregarded it. A question and answer period went like this:

"Do you ever get nervous before a performance?"

"No."

"Do you frighten easily?"

"No."

"What type of girl do you like?"

"Personable and beautiful."

"What is your favourite music?"

"Contemporary."

"Who are your favourite

singers?"

"Tom Jones, Moby Grape, the Cream."

"What is your favourite colour?"

"Brown."

"Your hobbies?"

"Driving sand buggies."

I couldn't believe these answers. During one question he got up, walked over to the coffee machine, filled his cup, meandered back to the table and asked, "What was that question?"

At that point I was so absorbed in what he was doing that I had forgotten it myself! Perhaps the coffee warmed him up a bit, for he started talking a little more freely. He was still reserved and guarded in what he said, but at least he said more.

**W**HEN he goes out on a date he likes to go eating, preferably Mexican food, drinking and perhaps dancing afterwards. The girl he'll be with will not only be beautiful and personable as he said before, but will also have a good sense of humour. As for marriage, Dwight is firm in his belief that no one should be married before the age of 21 or 22. Of love he says, "To be in love is to be deeply involved with the

worries and good times of your partner."

**R**IGHT now, Dwight's only ambition is to meet the Beatles when he gets to England in September. Practically in the same breath he continued to say, "If there's one thing I hate it's phonies, who talk of how they've done this and how they've done that."

If you can't see the connection between the first thought and the next, don't worry, neither could I. You must learn to expect things like that from Dwight. Whatever is on his mind he'll say, whether or not it's related to what he previously said. It certainly makes for an interesting conversation.

All good things must come to an end though, and so it became time for our conversation to close. Dwight stood up, shook my hand and said thank you. My head was spinning from trying to keep up with his conversation but it comforted me to think that perhaps he didn't understand me either. Anyway it's not long till September when you'll be able to decide for yourselves!

Next week Marlene will be talking to Kerry Charter.



## DWIGHT BEMENT'S FACT INSPECTION

Dwight was born on 28 December 1944, at San Diego, California. He graduated from High School at National City, California, and studied music at San Diego State College. Although he plays organ with Union Gap, he is also adept on clarinet, sax, piano, bass and drums. He likes low, sleek cars, and says if he inherited one million dollars he'd spend half and invest half. Has a pet dog, Ralph. Favourite actor is Wallace Beery, and favourite actress Shirley MacLaine. Favourite perfume for a girl is Ambergrist, and he says he likes to dance "a little bit". Thing about himself he'd most like to change is his bowed legs, and most exciting event of his career has been success with Union Gap.

# ON PARADE

Mike had been hurt by the discovery that Janie had once been a fan of Jimmy Good. And Janie was disturbed by a thought that wouldn't leave her alone.

**W**HAT with me being busy and Mike starting his new job, it got to be Thursday next week before we finally got round to buying the ring.

We went all the way into Danchester for it, and came home on the bus together afterwards. We went inside. Mike never smoked and he hated a smoky atmosphere. We sat quietly together and held hands.

He stayed very quiet. I had to squeeze his hand and give him a little ring.

"Oh, Mike, why so quiet?"  
"Nothing," he said. "Oh, yes, I suppose it is. I'm beginning to feel a bit jittered."

"Mike, but why? Oh, not because I'm not wearing the ring yet."

He held up my hand. "There it isn't," he said.

"But, Mike, it's as good as there. We've bought it now, it's ours."

"I know," he said. "But I'd like to see it there."

"You will, soon enough. I mean, we couldn't bring it away, could we?"

"It always happens to me," he said.

"Snags."  
"It's only two or three days," I told him. "After all it was a bit too big and they did have to make an adjustment to one of the claws."

He laughed. "Of course you're right," he said. "I'm getting a persecution complex."

"You mustn't then."

"Started when I was a kid," he said. "Saved up and bought a do-it-yourself make-an-airplane kit. Mine was the only one packed without a propeller."

I squeezed his arm, happy to have him joking again. "Silly," I said.

"I remember I said to myself at the time," he told me. "I said I bet when I buy my girl a ring it'll be too flaming big. I've had that kind of snag ever since."

"You are in a bad way," I told him.

"Well, I'm pleased with it and I wouldn't have had any other ring in the shop. It was worth waiting for, so there."

"You picked it quick enough," he said. "Last time we went out there were in three shops. This time there was the one you wanted, lying there in the first tray they brought."

"That's me," I said. "The sort of girl who knows what she wants."

"Are you?" he asked me. "I mean quite sure, Janie?"

**A** car with a musical hoooter blasted off just outside the bus window. I knew that hoooter. I jerked round and there

was Jimmy Good in his Jag, waving at one and laughing.

"Lark!" I said. "Just look! There's Jimmy!"

I waved and laughed. Jimmy waved back. The car accelerated and shot away. It seemed to fly in and in front of the bus like a cherry nibbler, and then it was gone.

I turned back to Mike. "What was you saying, Mike?"

"It doesn't matter," he said.

It took me a moment to think back and remember what we had been talking about. He had been asking me if I was quite sure about getting engaged, and I pretended I'd forgotten, too, and let it go.

I let the bus ride on, and we both said nothing more. It was only when I turned to look at Mike that I saw the truth.

This should have been the happiest night of his life. Instead he was miserable.

It might have been jealousy, doubt, uncertainty. It might have been just that Jimmy Good, with his Jag and his money and his glamour, made him feel unsure of himself ever inferior.

But whatever his feelings were, he was miserable because of me. I was doing it to him.

I held tight to his hand. How could I be so cruel to Mike? For two years now we had been going around together, growing ever closer. It had been a time of laughter, fun, crazy, irresponsible antics. We had laughed our way through the very Springs of youth.

With every touch of the hand, with every featherlike, passing kiss, we had built a little more tiny awareness of each other. It hadn't been love all the time, any more than a flower is a flower before it blossoms. But it had always been there, and we had always known it.

Mike hadn't ever even really asked me to marry him. In a way we were engaged because it was just unthinkable that we shouldn't be engaged.

Was I going to tear down everything I had built up just because I'd met Jimmy Good for a few short days?

It took me a night time of agonised lying awake to even begin to come anywhere near understanding what was happening to me.

In the end I believed I had it.

I was in love with Jimmy. But I loved Mike. There's a difference to being in love and loving someone. You can fall in love and you can fall out of love. Girls are doing it all the time, even wives, with singers and stars and pin-up heroes. But it doesn't stop the real business of loving.

In the morning I had made up my mind what I was going to do.

I was going to throw up my job with Jimmy Good. What had happened suddenly would come to an end just as suddenly. I would keep what was real and important, and I would stop being cruel to Mike.

I told myself I was a sensible girl and I was going to do the sensible thing.

**At first, Jimmy Good had been just an idol. But now Janie was finding out about the real Jimmy Good. And it was even more wonderful than before.**

**W**HEN I got to Jimmy's flat next morning I was in a real state of nerves. I was screwed up just about as tight as a drumhead.

When I rang the doorbell, there was no answer, but I could hear the sound of a vacuum cleaner from inside.

It didn't make any problems. Jimmy had given me a key just in case this should ever happen. I opened the door and let myself in.

The daily woman, a nice, plump, middle-aged woman, gave a little scream as I walked into the sitting room. She turned off the vacuum cleaner.

"Ee, lass, you gave me a turn," she said. "I never heard you come in."

"It doesn't matter," she said. "Jimmy's out."

"Jimmy's out," she said. "Doesn't know when he'll be back. He said for you to get on—you know better than he does now what needs doing."

She left me alone and I sat down at the typewriter. Perhaps this was going to be easier than telling it to Jimmy in person. I wrote him a short note.

"Dear Jimmy, I wrote this to tell you that because I am engaged now and going to be married soon, I should like to hand in my resignation. It has been very nice working for you, but I am sure you will soon find someone to fill my place. Of course I will stay on until you do. Yours truly, Janie."

I looked at the letter and I couldn't believe it. Had I really written that? It was such a strange little letter, me calling him Jimmy and signing myself Janie and yet being so formal.

And it ended everything. Just like that. As easy as—*as*—doing.

Quickly I put it into an envelope, sealed it down and put it on Jimmy's own desk. Then I tried to get on with my own work.

Carrying on that day was like having a time bomb ticking away under my desk. I dreaded Jimmy walking in, grinning at me, going up to his desk and picking up my note.

When he did, that would be that. Everything would be over. The dream would be finished. Perhaps even being young and a little bit crazy would be finished.

I kept telling myself it had to happen, but however hard I worked the letter stayed in my mind, burning itself into my consciousness.

The suspense built itself up all day. It was nearly five o'clock when the telephone bell rang.

It was Jimmy. He sounded elated, swinging, as if he was really enjoying himself.

"Hey there, Janie," he said. "I need

you. Can you work a bit later tonight?"

"I don't know. I—"

He sounded delighted at once. "Look," he said. "I shouldn't have asked you. Not like that. I'm always doing it."

"It doesn't matter," I said. "I know it's part of the job. But—"

I broke off again. Friday night Mike always called from home. He'd be disappointed again if I wasn't back.

"It can wait," he said. "It's his hangover lark. I've gone a bit crazy. Found the one I want. Got the agent here with me now."

I knew what Jimmy was like. We all have things we can do and with Jimmy it wasn't handling bits of paper, contracts and signatures. That was my part of the business.

"It's important," I said.

"You bet it is," he told me. "There's some other idiot after it. Got to get things swinging before morning."

"Then I'll come," I said. "But where is it? How do I get there?"

He gave me an address and a telephone number to ring that would bring a hire car to my door in a few minutes.

I powdered my nose and prettied myself up as I was waiting for the car to arrive. I kept looking at the note on Jimmy's desk. In the end I left it there. What else was there to do? I hadn't changed my mind.

And if Mike was disappointed tonight, it would be for the last time. Once he knew I'd thrown in my job with Jimmy Good he would be happy again. We would both be happy again.

Happy! Of course we would be. We had to be. Unless I was making the greatest mistake of my life.

As soon as the hired car came round, my first concern was still for Mike. I made the driver go round to Mike's home. I just had to leave a message for him, I couldn't leave him up in the air.

He wasn't in, of course, but his mother was. She came to the door, bewildered to see me there with a shiny car waiting for me.

"I can't wait," I told her. "I'm in ever such a hurry. But please tell Mike when he comes in I've got to work late. Maybe very late."

"Ee, he's going in to be disappointed," she said.

"I know," I said. "So am I. But tell him it won't happen again. This is the last time. That's a promise."

"Well, that's good then," she said. She liked me, I knew, and she gave me a kiss. "Run along then. You and your important job."

It wasn't all that far out of Dan-

# The Birdcage

by  
Derek  
Long

chester. But it might have been deep in the country. The bungalow stood in a nice garden and it looked deceptively small for the nice large rooms it contained. It had a two-car garage.

Living there would be like pulling a curtain round your life and closing out the world.

Jimmy showed me round. He was brimming with excitement and humming with energy like a dynamo building up power.

"What do you think of it?" he asked me, over and over again.

"It's lovely," I kept assuring him. "The nicest place we've seen."

"That's great," he said. "I hoped you'd think that."

I had to laugh at him. "I don't know what on earth my opinion counts for," I said.

"You'd be surprised," he told me. "Funny, you know it still seems a big thing to me, buying a place like this. Even though I can afford it easy."

"It would frighten me to death," I said.

"That's what I mean," he said. "You know how it feels. That's why I wanted you."

"Where's the agent?" I asked. He stuck his hands in his pockets. I remember he was wearing dark grey trousers and a white nylon roll-neck sweater shirt. He looked at his feet.

"I sent him packing," he said. "I got cold feet."



Illustrated by  
MARJA KRUYT

"Well," he said. "In for a penny, in for a pound." He took me in his arms and kissed me.

"But you said someone else was after it as well."

"It can still wait till morning," he said. "I felt I wanted someone else to see it first. You, I mean."

I put my hands on my hips and looked at him, my head on one side.

"Jimmy," I said, almost icterically, "now you know very well it's only my opinion that counts. You should have sent for your mother and father."

He rubbed his eyes on his hands, still pressing a bit.

"I had another idea," he said.

"What?"

"I'll give about it on the car," he said. "You're going to think I'm a nut case. But that's who you told the police, isn't it? I mean to look after a nut case."

It was in the car he suggested that we should stop and have a meal together.

"Oh, I shouldn't really," I said at once, thinking of Miss Real business was one thing, but eating out with Jimmy (and seemed to be another. It gave my conscience another jolt).

"I've still got a bit of things to talk over," he said. "Honestly, I mean, I don't find it easy while I'm driving."



**S**O I gave in. Too easily, I suppose, but I knew even if I went back now I'd be too late for Mike. So he took me to dinner in a nice little country inn with a candle-lit restaurant where soft music played.

For a boy with a healthy appetite he didn't eat much. He only pushed the food around his plate.

Finally he came out with it. "I'm still thinking of me mum and Dad," he said. "I was thinking of buying the place for myself."

"What?"

"An investment like," he said, hastily. "That's what my accountant said. You can't do better than bricks and mortar these days."

"Oh!" I thought about that one. "But you wouldn't want to live there on your own."

"You've got a point there," he said. "But it'd be a great place to slip away to, wouldn't it?"

"You don't want my advice at all," I said, half indignant, half-smiling. "You know very well this is something you have to work out by yourself."

"When I was a kid," he said, "I used to kick a football up against a wall. All by myself. That's how you learn things. You've got to have something to bounce the ball back at you."

Sometimes I thought he was quite simple. When he said things like that I knew I was wrong. I laughed.

"You mean I'm just the wall," I said. "I bounce the ball back at you."

He grinned. "It's better if you have someone to play with," he said. "Like to dance?"

"All right."

It was a cool little dance. There wasn't much room and we gyrated together and smiled at each other. We were together, but there could have been a hundred miles between us.

Continued on the next page



# The Birdcage

(Continued from previous page)

To tell the truth I was still worried about Mike. What on earth would he think if he were to walk in and see us now?

Not that he would, but it would be difficult making him understand. Understand? I didn't even quite understand myself how I had let this situation develop.

While I was remembering Mike I was remembering the letter I had left behind on Jimmy's desk. In a way that comforted me. Whatever I was doing that letter made everything all right.

As if he had sensed my uneasiness Jimmy too had retreated behind a wall of awkward silence.

Tonight should have been a kind of paradise for us. But it wasn't. We drifted back to our table.

"We'd better be going," Jimmy said. "It's all right with you."

Again I had that awful flat feeling I'd disappointed him. "All right," I said.

"I don't want to," he assured me and it was the first time he had ever bothered to be formally polite with me. "But the boys are having a party tonight. We start training soon—no more parties then."

"Of course you must go," I said. "And I've had a lovely time. I—I wish I'd been more help."

"Oh, yes," he said.

"He drove me back in silence to the top of my street. I got out of the car and said goodbye and thanked him again."

"Hang on a minute," he said. He got out and came round to me.

"I've made a right muck of tonight," he said.

"It's been a wonderful evening—"

"Lay off," he said. He managed a grin. "I just didn't say the right things. I'm not used to being such a lemon."

"It's me," I said. "Not you."

"Well," he said. "In for a penny, in for a pound." He took me in his arms and kissed me.

**N**OTHING in my life ever took me by such surprise. And no kiss ever started out so badly and turned so quickly into something wonderful. It be-

\*\*\*\*\* 'GOODNESS' OR 'HONEST'

## SALLY CORK'S 'HONEST' OR 'GOODNESS' QUIZ

Here is a quiz for you to see how much you know about being a 'beautiful baby'! You can decide if we are kidding, and you gasp 'goodness!!' at the thought of it.

# dotty dolly or clued-up cutie!

- HONEST**
- There are four colour pigments in your hair.
  - If you lighten the colour of your hair it is necessary to do the same to your eyebrows.
  - Vidal Sassoon's a wife's christian name is Barbara.
  - If a hair piece is made of real hair you can wash it in normal shampoo.
  - Elastic bands don't harm the hair.
  - Hair needs cutting about every six months.
  - You should paint the eyeliner on before you apply false lashes.
  - The only reason for dark shadows under your eyes is lack of sleep.
  - Rubbing lemon on to hands and elbows makes the skin soft and smooth.
  - 'Baby' products like soap, lotion, shampoo, aren't any use for adult skins.
  - Lanoline shampoo is best if you have dry hair.
  - Eyebrows should be shaped by using hair removing cream.
  - Nail varnish looks good on any length nails if carefully applied.

- GOODNESS!!**
- Cills Black's hair is its natural colour.
  - When on a diet you should drink as much liquid as possible.
  - Split ends only happen to people with dry hair.
  - A hair tint washes out after one shampoo.
  - Jane Asher never goes to a hairdresser.
  - Lemon rubbed on frockies fades them slightly.
  - Twiggy has a range of cosmetics named after her.
  - You should never file your nails towards the centre.
  - Your hair grows darker at the roots after you have had it lightened.
  - A white highlight down the centre of the nose makes it look wider.
  - Deodorant and anti-perspirant are one and the same thing.
  - The moist lips look went out with blonde bombshells.
- Grading**
- 1-12 You're a dotty dolly now aren't you! They weren't hard. We suggest that you keep your peepers open in the future and find out what is happening.
  - 13-20 Well done, I wouldn't mind making a bet that it all came naturally to you. You are an automatically clued up cutie!
  - 21 and more. Great! We are proud to have you as a regular.

**HONEST**

**GOODNESS!!**

\*\*\*\*\*

gan with me being as stiff as a board and ended up with me clinging to him and beginning to cry.

"Heck," he said into my ear, softly. "I'm a hot tempered nit, Janie. It shows in the game sometimes. I lose my temper on the field."

"Jimmy, please."

"You're not engaged," he said. "You told me so yourself. No ring and all that. But I'm not such a louse as I'd want to bust up something solid. It kept holding me back."

"Jimmy, don't."

He let me go.

"Don't say anything now," he said. "Think it over. Careful like. Tell me tomorrow. Or next week. Or next month. But I play it clean, Janie. I don't do dirt to anyone."

I couldn't have said anything any way. Not then. He kissed me again, just one and quickly, and went back to his car.

It took me a long time before I could even move. Then I went off slowly down the road.

Nothing in the world could make me tell you what I was thinking about. It was all so confused and chaotic.

I had my hand on the gate before I made sense of it all. I was so desperately and hopelessly in love with Jimmy God now that it wouldn't even be fair to marry Mike.

It would hurt him to tell him, but it wouldn't be honest or kind to do anything different.

It was all over between Mike and myself now. Whether it was weak or wicked or cruel on my part couldn't make any difference. He had to be told the truth.

**I** was only then that I remembered my letter to Jimmy God. The letter that lay on his desk, waiting for him to walk in.

I didn't stop to reason about it. I had to get that letter back, Jimmy ed everything.

The buses were still running. I managed to catch one that took me near Jimmy's flat. Thank goodness I had that key to his front door.

I didn't take the lift, I ran up the stairs. I was fumbling with the key

and got the door open with my key. Someone came up behind me and went through the open door. It half stunned me and I fell to the door slam.

The light went on and I screamed. I didn't get very far. My hand came over my mouth.

"Do that again," a voice said. "I'll kill you."

I didn't scream. I was too busy in shaking horror into a ball. I was by a nylon stocking man. I didn't know who he was, was wearing a brown suit. He took his hand off my mouth.

"That's better," he said. "I noticed his fingers were white —with pale blue ink. This man who had written the three letters to Jimmy God."

"My luck has changed tonight," I said. "I'm in and this is where I'm for him. Jimmy God is going to see what's coming to him at last."

(The Birdcage will continue in FAB 208 week)

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# T. RICE MILTON

ANSWERS

20

## QUESTIONS



THERE SEEMS TO BE A LITTLE MYSTERY SURROUNDING THE LEAD SINGER OF CUPID'S INSPIRATION, PROBABLY BECAUSE OF THE NAME T. RICE-MILTON. BUT I HAD A CHAT WITH T FOR TERRY, AND HE'S QUITE A NORMAL CHAP REALLY HE ANSWERED SOME QUESTIONS FOR ME...

1 What were your first impressions of the pop scene?

That it seems to be a lot of fuss about nothing, and the real talent seems to get the go-by.

2 Is there anything you dislike about it and would like to change?

I don't know it well enough yet.

3 If you hadn't been a singer, what would you have liked to have done?

I'd like to have been a tycoon.

4 What sort of person are you?

Clean, modest and rich, but not in money.

5 What do you think of marriage? It's one of those hurdles I'd like to leap when I come to it.

6 Do you like children?

Love 'em.

7 Do you have any pets?

A white rabbit called Snowy, a black cat called Smokey, and a bull terrier called Peter.

8 Are you religious?

I'm undecided.

9 How do you like to relax?

Never have time to relax.

10 What kind of clothes do you wear?

I like leather and suede clothes.

11 What flowers would you send to a girl?

Roses.

12 What sort of girls do you like?

Interesting ones.

13 What's your favourite car?

I'd like a very old Rolls.

14 What are your ambitions?

Just to be a lasting success.

15 Is there anything in the world you'd like to change?

I'd like to replace everyone with human beings.

16 Is there any country you'd like to go to?

Canada, because it's so clean.

17 Who has been the biggest influence on your life?

People.

18 Who do you think are the best groups?

Oxfam.

19 What do you do on a night off?

What's a night off?

20 What do you say is the basis of a good group?

Blotkes with lots of vision, enthusiasm, and talent.

PAMELA TOWNSEND

I was bound to happen. Here's me, digging week after week—and in return I get a stack of marvellous letters from you. But you can't give me anything, and some of you like getting in a dig at me. Like Marian Flynn, of High Wycombe, who thinks I'm downright mean and a right old skinkflint.

Her point: "All pop groups are mean, including you and your bunch. You groups have loads of money but don't seem to spend it on people less fortunate than yourselves. You say you hate to hear of animals being mistreated, but surely it's better to think of people starving in Biafra and underdeveloped countries. Most people have to get by on much less money than you, so you should cut down and help other people."

Ahem! Where does Little Meanie Dee start answering that little lot? Well, for a start most pop stars give up a lot of time helping charities. But most of it doesn't get in the papers—and I believe the BEST kind of help is done on the QT, with no publicity. Here's an example which I'd much rather not have to mention... but I must persuade Marian.

We're just had a short holiday. I didn't go away anywhere, because I had a lot of work to do. But in one week I spent two days on charitable work... one raising funds to build a new church hall and the other helping a "bump" school. And that was supposed to be a holiday!

I don't say so, but all the things we're asked, but you'll find most pop people are ready and willing to help, with free shows and the like.

As for us having loads of money... well! Let's just take the case of a successful group of five blokes who earn £1,000 in a week. Now, we, you see, are amateurs. Who play four dates at £250 each. Sounds a massive amount of money, doesn't it? Let's break it down in terms of our expenses.

You start with £1,000. Group pay, their personal managers' agency between us per cent and FORTY per cent of the earnings. Call our imaginary group The Millionaires, and say they pay twenty per cent. Bang goes £200 for a start.

As an agent, the chap who actually gets those big-paid jobs, takes probably fifteen per cent. Used to be ten but must have upped their percentage. Off comes another £150. Now if you're a bit enough to earn that sort of money, you must have a publicist. Say £30 a week, if he's any good at all.

And if you're a star group you must have someone to look after the equipment on the road. Probably two road managers—at £20 a week each. Four dates in a week and you have billed expenses for those... say roughly £15 each to cover the four nights away.

Hotels for the group. Five



# DAVE DEE DIGS

blokes, four nights—must be £30 each, what with food, etc. You can't stay in doss-houses if you're a star. But then you've also got to get to and from jobs. A van for carrying the equipment and a car for the group. Must be £30 in petrol alone.

Remember, though, that you've got to PAY for the van and car. Including maintenance bills and so on, it must be £3,500 over the year. So bring that down to a weekly figure... £10 a week. Clothes? Your actual star group has to be well-dressed. And shirts and trousers are forever getting ripped and torn. Must be £10 a week each—another fifty quid gone. Income tax? Well, a lot of the expenses are deductible, but you'll still have to pay £100 on tax.

Know what that adds up to? £330—that's what it adds up to. Economise a bit on hotels, though you can get dead tired touring and need the best of beds... say £300. Split that five ways—and each of our Millionaires actually gets in his pocket the princely sum of £40. In that week, he's lived pretty well, travelled in comfort and worked darned hard. Forty quid is not a fortune, is it?

Mind you, this is only an average week. And record royalties, assuming you can earn any, come in without any further expenses to pay. Sometimes the travelling is easier so it costs less. There are

television and radio shows. But an average sort of group may not get much of that sort of work.

Of course, we DO make money. Maybe The Millionaires also write songs—that means extra income. Most fans, though, read about astronomical fees being paid and forget all about the expenses.

One last point, before I start crying all over my income tax assessment: IF YOU go away on holiday, chances are your boss pays you. If we don't work, we don't get paid.

So, Marian me old mate, an average group, earning pretty good money, is not exactly rolling in it. But believe me we DO give up a lot of time to helping different charities... British ones, not necessarily underdeveloped areas of the world. That is: most of us hate shouting about it!

Address your letters to Dave, c/o FAB-208, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London E.C.4. (Please do NOT enclose a stamped, addressed envelope as Dave won't be able to answer any letters through the post, though he will read every one and discuss some in his column.)



FAB 208 | Photo: Kalamazoo



**R**AY WILSON is a quiet-spoken daredevil from Leicester Tigers, who screams round the tracks on his slender-looking machine at speeds of up to 80 miles an hour. A chain of fan-clubs up and down the country root for Ray, who is the youngest-ever captain of the England Test speedway team.

Talk to him and you can sense the dedication needed in this sport. No smoking, no drinking, constant weight-watching. The handshake is firm because his wrists are steel-strong—they HAVE to be to control a bucking, silbering motorbike at high speeds. The shoulders are broad; the back and thighs muscular.

He says: "Training is lonely. Playing ordinary sport, like tennis, is useless, because you develop the wrong muscles."

The muscles HE develops are the ones he needs to protect him from injury. One shoulder has been badly dislocated. One leg has been smashed. . . "But I got over it quickly. Went to a proper orthopaedic hospital where it was pinned. I was soon back in the saddle."

And there have been scores of minor injuries. . .

So why does a pin-uppy character like Ray risk so much for his sporting kicks? The money? Hardly. Speedway stars get paid by results—and even then the pay-packet doesn't match soccer stars like George Best.

"It's the excitement", says Ray, simply. "It's in the blood. My Dad rode in speedway for a few years, but broke both his wrists and had to give up. I got four out of five 'D' levels at school, then became an apprentice. I couldn't stand factory life. Dad built up a motor-business, so I joined him and got time off to concentrate on learning to ride."

"He bought my first bike, about £300, and I insisted on paying him back out of my winnings."

Aren't there times when Ray feels his nerve is going—say after a bad smash? "If other riders are in a pile-up, you just walk away. You just don't look. It's pretty well the rule of the tracks. . . the ambulance men come in, but you don't get involved. You just go away and prepare for your next race."

"Even now, my Mum won't watch me racing. She gets nervous. But at the same time she wants me to get on in my job. Of course there ARE people who come along to see a big smash-up. It's a sort of gladiator sport. But most of the fans come to see exciting races and cheer on their own favourites."

"Fans? Mostly I get letters from girls. I try to answer them all myself and most of them want to know how I FEEL going into a bend at 80 miles an hour. I tell them I feel the excitement and the atmosphere and the actual SMELL of the track. The shale, the pits, the oil. That's it. . . the atmosphere. I wouldn't swap it for anything else."

Recently, a pop record *I Love Georgie Best* summed up the thoughts of thousands of fans who've been attracted by football's number one pin-up. But soccer's not the only 'fish' in the sporting sea. There's speedway, which now attracts the second-biggest crowds in Britain. And there's speedway ace Ray Wilson, 21, darling of the cinder track.

# TIGER OF THE TRACK



Ray's riding is fiery and dangerous, but at least he kept still for a moment to have those pit takes!



Many clubs have supporters' organisations, raising money for spare tyres and spare parts. For the stars like Ray Wilson, 5 ft. 10 in., 11 stone 3 lb., a bachelor, there's the off-track work, like tuning up bikes to get maximum performance. The bigger you get, the more rides you get. Ray is often in five different meetings in a week—which involves hundreds of miles of travelling and constant concentration.

But sometimes Ray gets to relax—at home with Beach Boy records, maybe. "I like those surfing sounds", he says. "My sister Sheila, who is 18, buys the records. . . I play 'em".

Mostly, though, his life centres around his racing bike and his fixture list with boom team Leicester Tigers. His riding style is fiery, furious, dangerous. Experts watch the risks he takes

and say, wonderingly: "You'll either end up world champion—or six feet under".

Even that doesn't put Ray off. He says, quietly as ever: "I can't change my style. I have to put everything I know into winning a race. . ." Meanwhile, at home, his Mum just waits, wonders and hopes.

For those who haven't seen speedway in full noisy action, the scoring is simple. Two riders from each competing team in each heat. Three points for first place; two for second; one for third—and nothing for the last man.

"It's a fast-growing sport", says Ray, "Even though we don't get much space in the national papers. It's continuous action and the fans love that. As I surge round the track, I think how I could have ended up a draughtsman. . . and I thank my lucky stars I got into

something with excitement in it!"

Fancy sampling some speedway? Well, there are first division clubs at Hackney and West Ham, at Wimbledon, Exeter, Poole, Swindon, Oxford, Leicester, Newport (Mon), Cradley Heath, Wolverhampton, Halifax, Sheffield, Manchester, Newcastle, King's Lynn, Glasgow, Coutrbridge and Coventry.

And second division tracks at Canterbury, Crayford, Rayleigh, Weymouth, Reading, Nelson, Middlesbrough, Berwick and Plymouth.

At 21, born March 12, Ray is one of the ace performers. Could be, the way things are going, there'll soon be a pop record out called *I Love Ray Wilson*.

Which would probably embarrass this modest, quiet-mannered man who is one of the Tearaways of the Tracks.

MARK DAY

# Is love the best time to buy engagement rings?



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  - 5 Diamond solitaire, claw setting £40.0.0
  - 6 Four-star diamond and sapphire cluster £35.0.0
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**Part four: "The wedding that was nearly missed because of mist".**

**I**n again, knights of the turntable, I'm back to tell you more of the inside story on life aboard the pirate ships, in particular my old ship 'Radio Caroline North'. This week, the love story that almost every newspaper in the world carried, the marriage between disc jockey Mick Luvitz and Jan Teret on board 'Radio Caroline'. It was the most talked about, most publicised marriage of the year, and had some five million wedding guests—our listeners!

One night, television had, as it most often does, reached a boring stage, so we opened a few cokes and got into a conversation with the captain. Somehow we got on to the subject of marriage, and the captain told us he was one of only two captains with that particular company who held the papers and necessary qualifications to perform a marriage on board ship. He gave a gentle dig at me and laughingly asked me to give up my bachelor status. Funny fella, this captain!

I tossed the idea over in my mind and thought what a wonderful thing for someone to be the first and probably the only D.J. to get married on a 'pirate' ship. And then it hit me!

I immediately dashed downstairs, pushed open his cabin door, and awoke my Canadian colleague Mick Luvitz from his deep slumber.

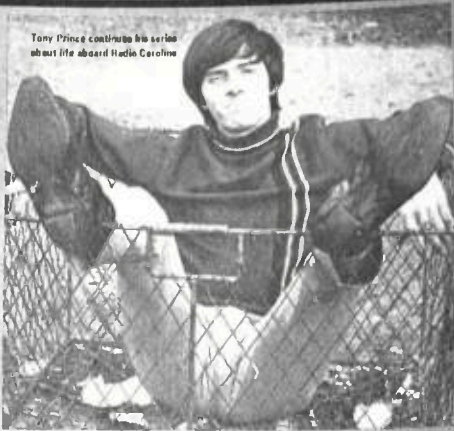
"Mick, you're getting married to Jan shortly aren't you?" I said excitedly. He wasn't too pleased at being woken up, but when I gave him the idea he was wide awake and giving it serious thought.

The marriage would have to be within six weeks, as the captain was returning to Holland then, so two days later Mick went on leave to put the idea to his fiancée. If she was for it he would get straight on with the arrangements. When he returned, he brought the good news that Jan was all for the idea.

That week Mick spent many hours with the captain, making arrangements, writing letters and planning what was going to be the wedding of the year. It was agreed that Graham Webb would be the compère for the occasion, a record of *The Wedding March* was found, the cook got busy on designing what turned out to be a sensational cake, and the champagne was ordered.

A large motor launch was

Tony Prince contrasts his series about life aboard Radio Caroline



hired from Ramsey to bring the guests out to the ship, and invitations were distributed, not only to the bride and groom's relatives, but also to the Press, who were hot on our tail for the coverage.

We waited patiently, and so did our listeners, for the great day. I was with them the night before the wedding, when we were partying in the cottage which Mick rented on the Isle of Man. Disaster struck at midnight. Someone who was going to make chips had left the pan on the stove, and it caught fire in the kitchen. The first we saw of the danger was the smoke billowing under the door. Mick rushed Jan out to the safety of the garden, and there was real pandemonium in the cottage.

Two hours later, when the fire brigade left behind them a charcoaled kitchen, we all parted company wishing the bride and groom all the best for the day ahead.

Apart from the cottage incident, everything had been going as planned and without a single hitch. But when we awoke the next morning, it was quite evident that their run of luck was over.

A fog covered the whole of the Isle of Man and flights to and from the island were cancelled. The Press, along with the bride's mother, father, brother and sister, were stranded on the mainland. The one thing that everyone had overlooked had happened—and all plans looked like going haywire. The sea was like glass, but visibility was down to about ten yards. Even if everyone arrived, it would be difficult to find 'Caroline' in such conditions.

we must have missed 'Radio Caroline' and we about turned, each of us adding to the confusion by guessing where the sound of Caroline's fog horn was coming from. After an hour, and much to everyone's relief, the large black hulk appeared through the haze, and we were home—and dry.

The launch then took two more trips to Ramsey Bay and back, and after another hour and a half the final launch delivered the blushing bride (looking radiant in a white tulle-trimmed and lace-trimmed dress) and the groom. She really did look like the most beautiful young princess, and Mick himself looked straight out of a history book, with his smartly tailored mauve Edwardian-styled suit and frilly shirt.

The only really upsetting part was that Jan's mum and dad had not made the launch for its final sailing, and had in fact been stranded without transport from the airfield to Ramsey—a thing we didn't think a certain paper's reporters for. So whilst Mick's in-laws listened to their daughter's wedding on a borrowed transistor, the bride walked down the corridor to be given away by her brother instead of her father.

If you were one of the millions who listened that day, then you will know the rest of the story, but if you were not in the 'Caroline North' reception area then you won't have heard the captain reading out the service in Dutch. They were in fact married under Panamanian rules, this being the flag under which 'Caroline' sailed. Graham Webb did a marvellous commentary, one which the late Richard Dimbleby would never have dreamed of doing. The only times that Graham stopped his talking was when the captain delivered the service, and, of course, when Mick and Jan breathed the words that have linked couples down the ages, "I do".

Mick and Jan are now living in Mick's native country, Canada, where it is reported that not only is Mick knocking them cold in the recording world, but Jan also is creating an impression in the modelling world. 'Caroline' shone a lot of happiness in its existence, but none greater than that which Mick and Jan found, thanks to their 'Marriage of the Year'.

Tony will be back in FAB-208 next week with more tales of his life on the ocean wave.

# OVER THE WAVES

**I**t was about thirty minutes away from the proposed time of the marriage when we heard the good news that 'Cambrian Airways' were going to do a special landing with the guests at a disused airport on the other side of the island, where the fog wasn't so bad. We decided that those of us already on the island had better put out for 'Caroline', as it was most likely going to take more than the usual thirty minutes to find her.

Mick and Jan stayed behind to greet the guests, while about a dozen of us, including Jan's brother (best man and ex-Caroline D.J.), Ray Teret, Paul Crano and the Crying Shames, and various local Press made our way through the fog towards the floating 'church'.

After about forty minutes, the captain of the launch decided

# POP GROUPS TO INVADe BRITAIN

## Hot Line

**T**HE Americans are making a major pop invasion of this country in the autumn. Some of The States' biggest group names are to appear on TV, radio and in the concert halls and ballrooms before Christmas.

They include The Doors, who are expected during the first week in September for a short promotional itinerary connected with their hit single *Hallo! I See You* to be released later this month. It comes from their LP *Waiting For The Sun*, which will be issued on August 30th and is reported to have sold a million copies in America on its first day of sale.

Jefferson Airplane, one of the leading avant-garde 'underground' transatlantic groups, is also expected early in September. The October arrival list includes Sly and The Family Stone, who have a hit with *Dance To The Music* and who will tour major British ballrooms in addition to TV and radio spots and engagements on the Continent.

Peaches 'n' Herb and The Cannon Heat are also due for October dates in Britain. The Canned Heat's *On The Road Again* is currently climbing towards the top twenty, and distinguished Dutch visitors that month will be The Cuby and The Bazzards, Holland's top blues group.

In November The Box Tops, who scored some months ago with *The Letter*, will be here for radio and TV work, and the Beach Boys come back in December for more concerts.

Last but not least, Bruce Channel, whose current record *Keep On* has helped to make his recent visit a tremendous success, is hoping to return before Christmas for a more extensive tour.



*Sly and The Family Stone, one of the many top American groups due to come here in the Autumn.*

World of Or's new single is called *King Comes*... Roy Orbison's collection of vintage covers totals twenty... Alexander Bust-Ayer... Mike D'Abo of the Manfreds wrote Long John Baldry's new single *When The Sun Comes Shining Through*... Solomon King to visit South Africa for three weeks from November 28th... Tom Jones' manager Gordon Mills born within a stone's throw of Llanidloes was once a bus conductor in South Wales... Graham Bonney and Rog Whitaker represented Britain in the Yugoslav international pop festival at Split... Bruce Channel's new version of his old hit *Hey Baby* out on Sonet... Anita Harris singing for Britain in the American song festival next month... Patsy MacLean doing likewise for us at the Polish song festival at Sopot from August 22nd... Alexander Butterfield used to sing under the name of Dick Francis... Geno Washington not buying John Lennon's Weybridge house after all, because he says it's haunted... Roly Daniels used to be an instructor at a London health club... Tommy James and The Shondells making their film debut in *The Fantastic Plastic Machine*... Graefrath have titled their twelfth film music *Theme For A Lonely Queen*... Roger Twigg's Day married Jenny Brown at Elytree on August 3rd.

## WHERE THEY'RE AT

Here's where the big names are August 13th-29th

**NORTH**  
Solomon King's Kents Club, Wakefield 13-17.  
Solomon King: Backloop Central Pier (Seaton).  
A New Generation/Launo Ballroom, Wymn (15, Pains, Hurs (7)).

**MIDLANDS**  
Solfonias: Lovic Hall, Dunstable 17.  
Love Affairs: Top Rank, Leicester 14, London (only), Luton (19).  
John Mayall: Innon Rowing Club, Northampton 18.  
Clarke Farlowe: factory Club, Hursingham 17.  
A New Generation: Golden Torch, Tunstall 13.  
Fleasid Pansy: Halmoral Club, Derby 14 (17).

**LONDON**  
Solfonias: Bag O' Nuth Club, Kingly Street 118.  
John Mayall: Marquee Club, Waterloo Street 131.  
The Furmest: The Summer Theatre, Fulham 13.  
Blamer Gannay's Velvet Opera: Soho 33, St James 131.  
The Group: The Marquee Club 14, Chicheam Shacks: Middle Earth 16.

**SOUTH, SOUTH-EAST, EAST**  
Mike Stuart Spans: The Heritage Club, Hove, Exers 181.  
Jimmy Tarback: ABC Theatre, Yarmouth (Seaton).  
Des O'Connell: Wellington Pier, Yarmouth (Seaton).  
Love Affairs: Draxland Ballroom, Margate 17.  
John Mayall: Epsompton Club, Kenilworth Road, Habbal Common 17.  
Clarke Farlowe: The Bosthouse Hotel, Ken 16.  
The Ritz: Ballroom, Bournemouth 14; The Pavilion, Lyme Regis 15.

Marmalade: RAF Beitz Norton, Hursingham 16, The Seagull Ball room, Isle of Wight 17.  
Snow Deer: Dreamland Ballroom, Margate 115.  
Blamer Gannay's Velvet Opera: The Heritage Club, Harlow 16.  
Chicheam Shacks: The Crickets Hotel, Chertsey 118.

**WEST**  
Pier: Top Rank Ballroom, Swansea 13; Hleet Lagoon Club, Newport 15, St Merrin Ballroom, St Merrin, Corn wall 16, SRA Ballroom, Trevi, Cornwall 17; The Goose and Gander Ballroom, South Milton, Cornwall 18.  
Geno Washington: Locarno Ballroom, Bristol 15, Longway Town Hall 16, Water Gardens, Weston-super-Mare 17.

**SPANNING EUROPE**  
The Mike Stuart Spans will appear at a concert at Hoveham on September 27th with The Marmalade and The Hush immediately before flying to Germany for three TV shows, including *Beat Club*.  
The Span visit Stockholm for a concert in the Swedish capital during the British Week there.

## NOT SO DUSTY

**T**OM SPRINGFIELD, making a single and an LP for Decca. They will feature him singing solo, the first time he has been heard vocally on record since the days of The Springfielders.  
Tom has achieved immense success as a songwriter for The Seekers and others, and several of his compositions will be included in his own album. He has also made a name for himself as a composer of TV series themes like the one for *The Troubadours*.

## OUTLAW DRUMMER

**T**HE new drummer with The Episode is Mick Underwood from Hoveholm, following the departure of John Kerrison. Mick played with The Outlaws at one time, and is in steady demand for recording session work.

The Episode's next single following *Little One* will enter be a song written by group members Ian Gillan and Roger Dwyer, or a number by ace songwriter Johnny Worth. Sheila Carter, organist and singer with The Episode, is well known to FAB readers through her frequent clothes modelling for the fashion pages.

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## SORE FINGERS

**F**REDDY 'FINGERS' LEE, featured artist with The At Last. The 1958 Rock 'n' Roll Show group, is in the ways again with his hit.  
He had just recovered from breaking one of them, and was doing some gardening when he stood on a plank, and ran a rusty nail through the convalescent foot.  
Freddy had to go to hospital for anti-infection injections, and is now hobbling around with the aid of a brown handle.

## MONKEE SONGS

**W**ORDS and music to Monkee songs can only be obtained from Hansen Publications Ltd., 21-25 Earl Street, London E.C.2, and not from Screen Gems Ltd., 19 Wells Street, London W.1, as we incorrectly stated in a previous issue.

## FILM SPOT

## BEETLES AGAIN

**T**HE Beatles are getting around the country again, with *Yellow Submarine*.  
It's a full-length cartoon, based very loosely on one of the Beatles' most popular songs, and is splashed with colour, gags and crazy inventions.  
The Beatles go aboard the *Yellow Submarine*, and through sea and sky, making nonsense of space and time, they arrive at Pepperland to find some weird Blue Meenies determined to wipe out love, happiness and music. The Beatles aren't standing for that, so they take over from Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band and tackle the Blue Meenies with their own music.  
This gay, cock-eyed film has a dozen or so Beatle songs, old and

new, and introduces some wonderful new characters, notably the cheerful little Nowhere Man, a pointing fit that floats through the air, a creature with an eye in its stomach and various other oddities.

With cleverly dubbed voices the Beatles throw off puns and wisecracks and the whole film is a sharp joy.

**V**ILLA RIDES is a story that deals with the Mexican patriot-bandit, Pancho Villa, and it's crammed with action. Charles Bronson, who plays Yul Brynner's right-hand man is particularly agile with a gun, popping off his enemies with a cold indifference that is sometimes a bit too much.

What does Steve, lead singer with The Love Affair, like? What annoys him? So many of you have wanted to know, we went right to the source of information and here's what Steve had to say about what makes him happy and, for that matter, what makes him mad.

**PURRR!**



This is what makes Steve purrr!

Horror films

Steak

The Marmalade, Amen Corner

Travelling by motor bike

Skinny girls with short blonde hair

Egg shampoo

A record called *No Need To Explain*, by Farmer Sherman

Shooting

**GRRRR!**



This is what makes Steve grrr!

Salad

Big boring love films

Filthy dressing rooms

Getting home from a gig at six and having to be up at eight

Trains

Stroppy ballroom promoters

Loud clothes

False people



## Whoops! It's Cilla

Cilla Black is one of those talented people who can turn her hand to almost everything. She loves singing, dancing and acting. But being funny... well, that's another matter. Anne Wilson asked her about it.

**U**SUALLY, when giggling at the box, you don't really believe the bods on the screen belong to the same world as you do. But whenever Cilla Black turns up on the telly the barriers automatically fall down. Cilla's different. Somehow she sort of sympathises because she's so normal.

Crazy things happen to her and she just says "whoops! sorry", and has a giggle about it, which makes you feel she's not tin-God perfect like the rest of them. She's one of us. Cilla doesn't mean to be funny, but because she's Cilla it turns out that way.

In fact when we talked she admitted it's a great responsibility having the reputation of being a comedienne.

"You see, I don't think I am," she said. "I don't think I'm funny in the least, and don't understand why people think I am."

"Every time I do cabaret now they expect me to be funny and it's the same at parties. I'm sure they invite me because they think I'm good for a laugh, and that's why I shy

away from being invited out. All I want to do is sing."

Cilla is quite firm when she says she's never wanted to do comedy at all, and never dreamed in a million years she'd end up making people laugh.

Even though, as Betty in *Work Is A Four-Letter Word*, you couldn't help giggling at the things she did, Cilla didn't jump into the part because it was a funny one.

"It was a very tender part really. Betty only made people laugh because her ideals were very odd, she didn't tell out-and-out jokes and have people rolling in the aisles. It was just perfectly natural for her to fall on her backside—she was running through oil at the time!"

Director Peter Hall chose Cilla because he felt sure she'd be able to act, and that's why Cilla has refused one or two parts which are pure comedy or slapstick. To her that's just trying to put Cilla Black of the telly into films.

"Mind you," she grinned, "if I make people laugh that's marvellous, but I don't go out

of my way to be funny.

"I remember when I was about seven I felt all proud because I'd put on my mother's bra stuffed with newspaper and then when I came downstairs they all collapsed laughing. I didn't realize it was funny at the time, I was just playing at grown-ups quite seriously."

At school, Cilla loathed being leader of the mob—she was always second in command. But even so she kept the other kids in stitches.

"I never did practical jokes like putting tacks on the teacher's chair. I used to do things for a dare—I was that type."

"I didn't do silly things like climbing trees. I'd do ridiculous things, like climbing houses and dropping fourteen feet from the tenement!"


It was the same at work. The girls in the office used to think her a scream because of the nutty things she'd wear.

"I always seemed to do ridiculous things like dyeing my hair bright orange. I didn't do it to make them laugh, I wanted bright orange hair. I always liked fashion and the girls used to think I was mad when I came in wearing enormous winkle-pickers!"

But just because Cilla hasn't any ambitions to chase Beryl Reid and Lucille Ball up the comedy ladder, it doesn't mean she never gets a kick out of being funny.

"I would never do it on my own, but I don't mind being a stooge to someone I like. Frankie Howard or Tommy Cooper. Or doing sketches on my own show. But I'll never have the basic flair to be a comedienne."

"Actually I think there's something very unfeminine about a comedienne. I'd rather leave it to the men to make people laugh."



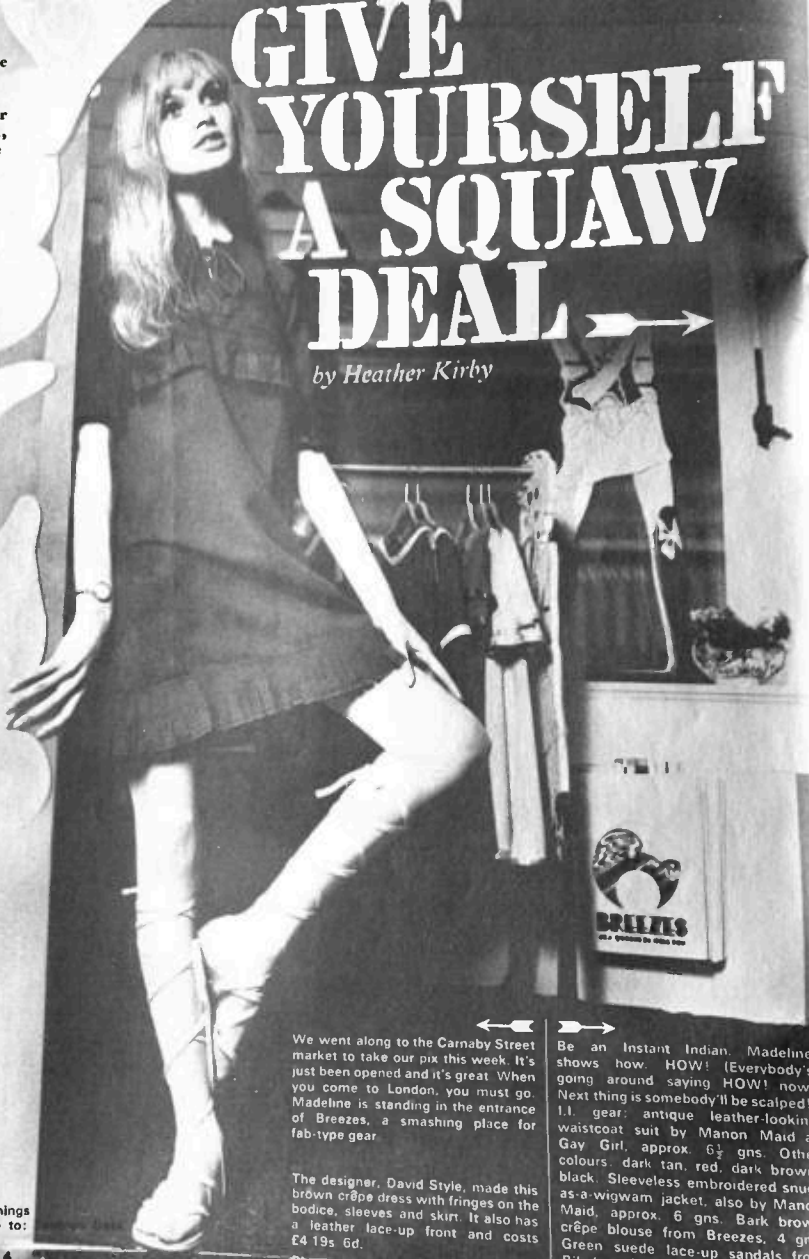
FAB 208 | Cilla Black

# GIVE YOURSELF A SQUAW DEAL →

by Heather Kirby

This is dizzy week (wot, you didn't know?) and we have the dizziest, head-spinningest story for you. It's all about our fairy-featured model, Madeline Smith. She did her 'A' levels at school (of all places!) got a holiday job at Biba's serving gear to chicks and an Italian film producer walked in, spotted her, and gave her a part in a film he just happened to be making at the time. After that she got a part in *The Mini Mob* (soon to be released) with Georgie Fame and now she's been signed up by one of London's top model agencies, Lucy Clayton, and she's busy auditioning for more acting roles. Fantastic! Soon she'll be a big time film star.

You turned the colour of the front lawn yet? Before you actually gnash your teeth to powder, let's turn to our definitely dizzy fashions this week. It's all the Hiawatha scene. Cowboys have had their day. Now it's the turn of the Indians.



←

We went along to the Carnaby Street market to take our pix this week. It's just been opened and it's great. When you come to London, you must go. Madeline is standing in the entrance of Breezes, a smashing place for fab-type gear.

The designer, David Style, made this brown crêpe dress with fringes on the bodice, sleeves and skirt. It also has a leather lace-up front and costs £4 19s. 6d.

Photographs by BOB RICHARDS

→

Be an Instant Indian. Madeline shows how. HOW! (Everybody's going around saying HOW! now. Next thing is somebody'll be scalped!) I.I. gear: antique leather-looking waistcoat suit by Manon Maid at Gay Girl, approx. 6½ gns. Other colours: dark tan, red, dark brown, black. Sleeveless embroidered snug-as-a-wigwam jacket, also by Manon Maid, approx. 6 gns. Bark brown crêpe blouse from Breezes, 4 gns. Green suede lace-up sandals from Biba's, 42s. 6d. Silk scarf from a selection at Liberty's, 21s. —

For where to buy any of the things mentioned here, please write to: FAB-208, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.



WINEY C



Sue Annett has a discovery about Alan, of The Marmalade—he's a budding Harvey Smith. Sue, of Bourne Road, Bexley, Kent, wins ten guineas for letting us in on how she found out.

I WAS standing outside the riding school office when a good-looking young man climbed out of a red Mini. He came over and asked me if the ride had started. I told him it hadn't, and stood talking to him for a while. Later, the ride began and I helped him on his horse, a "flea bitten" grey mare named Sorrento, and I mounted my horse, Granite. I rode behind my new friend during the lesson, and he rode quite well.

After the lesson I went back to the office and he was there, making another booking. His name was Alan Whitehead. I told him I liked his jacket, and jokingly asked for it. I was surprised when he told me I could have it if the group reached No. 1.

"Why," I said. "What group are you in?"

"Oh, The Marmalade," was the reply.

I forgot all about The Marmalade until one morning about two months ago. The fantastic Tony Blackburn was going on about a record that was destined to go places. "Lovin' Things", he said, "by a great group called The Marmalade."

I stopped dead in my tracks and forgot about going to school as I listened to the record. I made up my mind straight away I loved the record. It was fantastic. That's what lots of people must have thought, cos it soon began to climb the charts. I collected all the clippings from papers and magazines, and watched them with joy on TV. We hadn't seen Alan at the stables for some

time, as he and the rest of the boys were probably busy recording and promoting their record.

ONE day I heard that The Marmalade were to appear in Dartford. Arrangements were made, and all the pupils from the stables were going to see them.

That Friday evening was one of the most exciting any of us had for months. We made our way to the front of the stage in the hall, and waited for The Marmalade's act to begin. We let out a great yell when they came on. During a short break I spoke to Graham White, and he promised to ask Alan when he was going to have another riding lesson. We also spoke to Pat Fairly. The Marmalade were fantastic that night, and we all joined in with the wonderful reception they had by clapping and cheering.

While waiting for the bus (which never came) after the show, the Marmalade van drew up and they offered us a lift home, but we had to say no because a policeman had just gone to fetch a car for us. We were given photos of the group, we left a reminder for Alan to come riding again soon, and the van drove away, leaving a crowd of very exuberant girls with happy memories, serenading the night with "Lovin' Things".

And I've still got my fingers tightly crossed that The Marmalade will get a No. 1 soon not only because they deserve it, but cos I've still got a squeaking regard for Alan's super jacket.



## D.J. File

Dave, the Dj who has spent most of his life in Canada and first made us laugh on Pirate radio. He used to be one half of the famous Kenny and Cash show on Radio London. Now he's got his own daily show on Radio 1 and is the blue-eyed boy of the BBC!

**Real name:** David Charles Cash

**Birthdate:** July 18th, 1942.

**Birthplace:** London

**Colour of eyes:** Blue

**Colour of hair:** Brown

**Height:** 5ft. 10ins.

**Weight:** 67 stone.

**Collar size:** 14

**Shoe size:** 7 1/2

**After shave:** Canoe—it's French and I first bought it last January when I was over there. Now Rosko sends me some every so often to keep me supplied.

**Shampoo:** Deep—when I wash it myself. I usually have it out and washed each week at Philip of Mayfair.

**Previous jobs:** I did about ninety different jobs after I left school, ranging from pumping gas to working on a ranch!

**Likes:** My Work—because I enjoy it!

**Dislikes:** Washing up—I often had to do washing up when I was working on the ranch.

**Hobbies:** Playing golf—I like to get out about once a week to play and go to a driving range.

**Cars:** Two—a Lotus Elan convertible in red and a British racing green B.R.M. which is purely for racing. I might be selling the B.R.M. soon, as I've only raced three times this year and think I may have lost my nerve.

**Fears:** I'm frightened of snakes!

**Tastes in clothes:** I design most of my own and have them made up especially for me. Some clothes I buy off the peg—but not many.

**Music tastes:** I like nearly everything except heavy classical music. My tastes change quite often, though!



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NEW—SEE IT FIRST—ONE OF WOMEN



# Off the peg



# TOP DOGS Perry



Though Doug Perry doesn't work at FAB these days, he does pop in to see us every so often and on his last visit we talked him into writing this piece for us. Reason is that it's all about life in a beat group and, as Doug spent some four years 'on the road', we thought he'd be the ideal person for the job.

**S**o, you want to be a rock and roll star? Well, why not after all, those bright lights of showbiz have always glittered that bit brighter than the real? I reckon to know a fair bit about the beat group life—and though my name never really got anywhere near those famed London lights, I gained enough experience in my four showbiz years to know that it is, without doubt, the craziest business going.

Let me tell you a bit about my own career (I use the word in its loosest possible sense!). I left school at sixteen, and while the rest of my mates were thinking about taking jobs in engineering or office work, I had very different ideas.

I'd already been playing guitar in a group for three years, and my only thoughts on leaving school were of turning professional and hitting the big time.

The local group I was working with weren't doing bad. We were getting a couple of jobs a week and although money was a bit scarce, I was OK, 'cos I was living at home and my mum and dad were only too pleased to help me out.

"After all," I told them, "just think, when we make the charts

(there was no question of it! I'll be able to buy you a lovely new house!"

So, I plodded along with the group and it wasn't until some two years later that I really realised myself to the fact that, though we weren't bad, our chances of stardom were very slim because we weren't in with the right people. We'd thought of a million gimmicks in an effort to try and get that first big break, but things really weren't going our way.

As a last ditch effort we decided to try our hand at comedy. The group was called The Alpines and we thought that if we laid out a few bob and bought all the gen' traditional 'Alpine gear', then our problems may be solved.

Well, can you imagine it? Five guys going on stage wearing Swiss styled shorts, frilly shirts, ski caps and enormous climbing boots with little tinkly bells on them. It must have looked hilarious!

Course, the act went down a bomb, but when you're dressed like that it's not easy to get people to take you seriously. For the next three months we tried everything we knew to get a record out, but folks just didn't want to know. So, as there seemed no hope, I quit the group.

It came as quite a shock to my parents when I told them I was leaving home and going to live over in Birmingham.

You see, when I left The Alpines I met an old mate of mine called Johnny Washington and he asked me to join his group, The Congressmen.

They were on a much better scene, so I immediately accepted and moved all my belongings to a flat just outside Brum.

Just three days after joining Johnny, the unbelievable news came through that the group had been booked for a T.V. show.

Apparently, they'd taken an audition a few weeks before I joined and, the golden letter from the T.V. company said they'd passed.

Wow—me on T.V! This was too good to be true. Actually, I had to work a bit of a crafty trick, because as I hadn't been at the audition,



Here I am (the right) at the right old age of thirteen. The other guys are the rest of The Alpines—my very first group.

the producer was only expecting a four piece group. However, I couldn't bear the thought of missing out, so I had to tell a 'white lie' and say that I'd been ill on the day of the audition.

Well, sure enough, the show was a big success and after this things really began happening for us. We were working every night with bookings as far apart as Scotland to Cornwall and Wales to East Anglia.

**T**he next step was to make that long journey to the centre of the scene—yeah, London town, of course—and see what our chances were of getting a disc out.

Well, not only did we manage that, but we also met up with a guy who was keen to invest quite a lot of money in the group.

The record was made—it was called *Spare A Thought* and came out on the Fontana label—the song was written by Les Reed and Barry Mason, a pair of guys who have written countless hit songs—and, on the week of the release we held a big press reception at a flashy club in Chancery Lane, in order to get all the journalists interested in the group. Add all that to the fact that we were getting just about top rate plugs on radio, and you'll see why we were all so confident. There was no doubt in my mind that we had a hit on our hands.

The following couple of weeks were a bit worrying 'cos you can never get record companies to tell you how your disc is doing, but then the big break came—*Spare A Thought* came into the charts at number 84.

The following week the disc moved to number 62—and the week after that we just couldn't

get to the newspaper shop quick enough to see how we were doing.

Well, I asked Johnny, eagerly, "where are we?"

"He looked sad." "You're not gonna believe this," he said, "but it's gone straight out of the charts."

"Believe it—I felt like crying! All our plans—hopes—dreams—the whole lot had just disappeared."

The group kept going, but personally I never got over that disappointment, and I decided to carry on with the boys, but at the same time look around for something else.

My break came a few months later. We'd played one night at a party held by the Daily Sketch and there I met FAB's ex-Editor, Unity.

She liked the group very much and when the mag ran their series of FAB NIGHTS OUT, we were booked to play at some of them.

It was at Hanley near Stoke-on-Trent that I seriously got down to talking to Unity about my chances of breaking into the journalistic scene, and she did me the greatest favour in the world by letting me try my hand at writing a piece.

Course, my writing was very rough indeed, but Unity gave me lots of help and in the end I gave up the beat group business—turned my trade to journalism.

Not that I've ever regretted spending those four years of my life in groups. Some of the times we had were fantastic, but I believe you have to face reality and at some stage or other decide just which way you're going to go.

If you're thinking of trying your luck in showbiz, don't let my story put you off. After all, you may be one of the lucky ones and find you're way into those bright lights. The very best of luck to you, friends.



Wowee—that's how I felt when FAB said they'd give me a chance as a journalist



It's my life's ambition ...



that someone will rush up to Lulu ...



one day and say, 'Isn't it a handicap ...

Planning a dizzy sort of issue, we naturally thought of Adrienne Posta. As a comedienne, Ade has it made. Underneath the dizzy exterior, she's no fool.

# Dizzy Lizzy Posta

**A**DRIENNE knew I was coming and she'd baked a cake. It was a beautiful cake, invitingly oozing chocolate, and I made all the right noises about it. Satisfied, she plunked down a cup of tea, and regretfully put the cake away.

"I'm on the diet," she waited "I can't have any."

Looking around her flat for consolation, she found The Hat. A pink, floppy hat growing masses of flowers and a long silk ribbon pretty, silly and girlish. Her pert face turned on like a spotlight. "Isn't it the loveliest hat you've ever seen?" she trilled. "I'd never have the nerve to wear it, but I love me hat Gavin loves me hat, too."

Gavin rolled his eyes like a fruit machine and growled. He obviously thought it was good enough to eat. Gavin is her dog, protector and confidant. He's the only man in Adrienne's life at the moment.

"Do you know I stuck to the last one for two months," she said, when I asked her about boy friends. "Absolute agony. Always ringing up and asking me where we were going that night. I couldn't stand any more, so I put the phone down on him one day and that was that."

Almost every girl I know has a steady bloke, but I'd hate to have the same one around all the time.

At the moment, she is ecstatic about John Perry of The Grapefruit. They've never met.

"I thought of joining the fan

club, or standing outside their office all day then accidentally bumping into him.

I love them, I tell you. They are wonderful. I love their wondrous singing and their wondrous twanging of guitars. I bought their record and screamed and wept over it."

Adrienne has just started filming *Some Girls Do*, in which she plays an out of work actress who becomes a maid and houses Robert Muttley round the houses. An irresistible combination!

A few weeks ago, Ade won a major film award, presented by South American film critics for her performance in *Up The Junction*.

My first Oscar she said, letting a little flush of pink creep through. I had to go to Columbia to promote the film, and this award came right out of the blue. I was so excited. Wet me knickers! But it was a little sad, too. Do you know, the people there are so poor that they honestly thought Junction was about Britain's affluent society!

Bringing the award through the Customs resulted in the following clash with bureaucracy.

"Ho ho," said the customs man, "what have we got here?"

"It's my Oscar," said Ade, proudly.

"I've 'eard that one before," said the customs man. "Likely as not you're smuggling gold into the country and you're just trying to disguise it. If it's an 'Oscar,' what yer win it for."

"Up The Junction," said a

deflated Ade. "I'm Adrienne Posta."

"Never 'eard of yer," said the customs man. "Where's yer proof?"

"Well, I just happen to have this picture with me," Ade said, producing a film 'still'.

"You'll have to sign it, please," said the customs man.

And with that, he kept his auto-graphed picture and waved her through.

Often people mistake Adrienne for her friend Lulu. Together, they're like The Terrible Twins. Both are tiny, with huge eyes and cheeky heart-shaped faces framed by swinging marmalade hair.

"People are always rushing up to me saying 'Don't you find it a handicap, looking so much like Lulu?' It's my life's ambition that someone will rush up to Lu one day and say 'Isn't it a handicap being compared to Adrienne Posta all the time?'"

For all the extravagant gestures, Adrienne is no fool. In her world of frivolous hats and chocolate cake for tea, she has plenty of room for honest-to-goodness concern for people who don't have it so good. In New York, she headed straight for Harlem. She came back from Colombia more impressed by the poverty she had seen than the luxuries laid on for her.

"People seem to think Adrienne Posta is a lunatic," she said, "but I've changed. They say 'Where is the effervescent, sparkling creature we knew?' I can tell them, She's grown up."

JUNE SOUTHWORTH



being compared all the time ...



to Adrienne Posta?



**G**REETINGS all! Remember I wrote a week or two ago about that nasty advertisement for The Nice's record of *America* which depicted the superimposed heads of John and Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King on children's bodies?

I'm glad to say The Nice have taken action to ensure that this offensive publicity will not be used any more anywhere.

They've realized what the consequences might be with an American visit coming up for them, and also, from the tone of their statement, that the advert was a mistake in the first place.

Which is all to the good. It would be a great shame if a group of The Nice's calibre had their chances for the future ruined by an idea that had nothing whatever to do with their musical ability. **NIGEL HUNTER**

**S**ONS and Lovers are very popular in Ireland, especially around the Dublin area. I mean the group as well as sons and lovers generally.

The boys aren't quite sure why the Irish like them so much, but they're not complaining about it. They're over there again this month, and they'll be featuring their new Beachy single *Happiness Is Love*, which you've no doubt already noticed over the 208 air.

The flip side was written by the Sons and Lovers' bass guitarist Eddie Cooke with the title *Things You Do*. Both sides

are typically good Sons and Lovers style, and both were made without a session musician in sight. In other words, you are actually hearing the group that is credited on the label.

Lead singer Steve Greenfield is having some slight hair problems. He takes his group role very seriously, and naturally wants to look his best. But barbers in the Nottingham area are not so accustomed to mod group hair styles or all that cooperative either. So it looks like Steve will have to visit the West End of London every time he's due for another head session!

# switch on to radio 208



**C**UPID'S Inspiration are not exactly experts on the animal kingdom—but they now know the difference between cows and rams!

This enlightenment occurred recently in Yeovil, Somerset, where the boys had gone to play their first one-nighter. They arrived early and, as it was a nice day, they decided to get some fresh air by going for a stroll in the country.

They passed a field with some animals in it, and lead singer Terry Rice-Milton pronounced them to be cows. Somebody else muttered that they looked like rams, but Terry insisted.

"We decided to take a slower look," he told me, "and went into the field. I suddenly thought they were a funny colour for cows, and then one of them charged us at an incredible speed. We fled for our lives, and when we got our breath back outside the field, we decided that they must be rams."

The Cupids are doing the top German TV show *Beat Club* in Bremen this month, and there's a second single on the way which people tell me will be as big a hit as their *Yesterday Has Gone*, which has been a favourite with our jocks at 208.

**I** CAUGHT up with Tony Blackburn after one of his Radio Luxembourg programme recordings, and listened in startled amazement to a Blackburn theory that came at me out of the blue.

"I think women should rule the world," declared Tony without the slightest trace of a wink or grin to soften the blow. "They've got much nicer natures than men. Parliament should be full of women, and we'd all be better off."

I resisted the temptation to remark that Parliament seems to be full of old women anyway, and tried to test the Blackburn view. Wouldn't everything come to a standstill while the ladies argued amongst themselves about who should do what and how?

"I don't see why," said Tony. "Women squabble in a different sort of way to men. I reckon the world would be great in the charge of birds."

How about some lady disc jockeys then?

"Er—ah," replied Tony. "No, I don't think that's a good idea. It's been proved by research that the

voices of the male disc jockeys replace husbands in the minds of the ladies at home during the day, and girls don't like listening to girls anyway. No, I don't think lady disc jockeys are a good idea at all."

Having slightly denied his campaign about female superiority, I asked about holidays for the Blackburn boy this year.

"I'm taking nine days in Spain," he said. "Soaking up sun, vino and paella. I'll probably spend about a week down in Bournemouth after that with my folks. I'm recording all my shows before I go away, both the 208 ones and the TV programme, so things are slightly hectic."

Tony will have another record out some time in September. He wasn't able to reveal the title yet, but he described it as "up tempo, and a chart-bound sound—no hope!" At least there won't be any nasty female disc jockeys around refusing to play it.

Tune in to Radio Luxembourg and hear all your favourite discs spun by all those matey DJs on the 208 airwaves.

**I** HAD a brief chat shortly after his arrival with O. C. Smith, whose *Son Of Hickory Holler's Tramp* has been helping to keep the 208 airwaves bright.

"It's great to be back," he told me, "and I really mean that. I was last over seven years ago when I was singing with Count Basie's band."

Home for O. C. isn't really Hickory Holler, of course. He's got a nice house and family in Los Angeles.

"I like travelling and I like a lot of places like London," he smiled, "but I wouldn't want to live anywhere but LA."

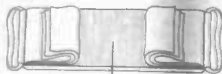
O. C. has two sons, eleven-year-old Mike and seven-year-old Kelly. Mike shows every sign of following in dad's show biz footsteps. He's already appeared on a TV show in America with O. C., and loves singing.

Listen out for some tracks from O. C.'s LP *Hickory Holler Revisited* late on 208. All the songs are as good as the *Hickory Holler* epic, and they're good because they tell about real life situations and circumstances, aided and enhanced by O. C.'s dry, convincing vocal style.

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**LOVING IS BELIEVING**  
No. 616

No one would believe Nurse Penny—not even the hospital “wolf” Mark Miller.



**RAVE DAYS**  
No. 617

Had the change from hate to love come too late for Lorraine and Graham?



**STEP RIGHT IN**  
No. 618

Her boyfriend needed her, but did she really love him?



**NIGHT CRY**  
No. 619

Jill was alone, penniless and madly in love, but Mike had eyes for another.

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# NEXT WEEK FAB-208 FINDS OUT ABOUT THE STARS & THEIR FRIENDS...

The HERD and their friends, The TREMS; LOVE AFFAIR and their friends, AMEN CORNER; friends of GRAPEFRUIT; DAVID JANSON and his friend, DAVY JONES; TIM ANDREWS and his friend, PAUL KORDA.

Super double page colour of GEORGE BERRY for your September calendar and part five of the Union Gap inspection—KERRY CHATEL. More of the Bldcage and Mandy Bennett and Dave Dee joins you again with straight talk. Barry Gibb continues the story of The Bee Gees. Tony Prince reveals more in Over The Waves! Also king size colour pix of THE HERD. JUDY DRISCOLL. PAUL JONES. KERRY CHATEL and a super cover pic of DAVY JONES!

Radio Luxembourg programmes 20th-26th August.

On sale Monday, price

# FAB-208 CHOICE

FAB-208 brings big news! It's great! It's free! and it's meant just for you! Zingy, swingy Luxembourg 208 gives all FAB readers the edge in record requests.

ALL you have to do is fill in the coupon on this page, put it in an envelope or paste it on a postcard, we don't mind, and post it to—FAB-208 CHOICE, Fab 208, Electricity House, Parrington Street, London, E.C.4.

Prince Tony, the Regal Ruler of the Grand Duchy, is more than likely to give your choice

the air on one of his five-times-a-week programmes.

Right then get your pop choice off now (don't forget your message to girlfriend, boyfriend, mum, dad and whoever) and lend an ear to The Tony Prince Show on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evenings at 9.30 of the clock.

Just a sec' tho', there is one thing you can do to help us help you! Please don't ask for a particular song or piece of music, just name your favourite artiste and leave it to Tony to come up with a winner. It takes so much time to find a specified title and it may mean you'll miss your chances.



## "FAB-208 CHOICE" COUPON

Please try to play my request on The Tony Prince Show

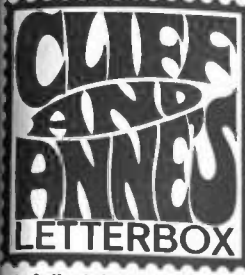
NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CHOICE OF ARTISTE .....

MESSAGE OR DEDICATION .....

DATE OF PROGRAMME TO BE PLAYED .....



Hi folks! Hope you like all the dizzy people in this issue. Come to think of it, we go dizzy sometimes sorting out all your letters, but we love it really! Cliff and Anne.

## CLIFF'S DEPT:

### BUTTERFLY LINE-UP

What is the line-up of the Opal Butterfly who have recorded Beautiful Beige? Sally Farman, Plymouth.

Opal Butterfly are: Richard Bardey (20) from Worthing, who plays bass guitar; Tom Doherty (20) from London, who plays lead guitar; Simon King (17) from Oxford, who plays drums; Allan Love (20) from Hampstead, who is the lead singer, and last but not least, Robbie Mine (20) from Didcot, who plays lead guitar.

### EQUAL FAN CLUB

I'd love to know where I could write to the fantastic Elvis, please. Katrina Lister, Brentwood.

Well, Katrina, all fan mail for the boys goes to: 25 Denmark St., London, W.C.2. Don't forget the s.a.e. will you, if you want a reply.

### JUST HIM!

Please can you tell me something about Justin Hayward of the Moody Blues? Audrey Duke, Bridgewater.

Info coming up, Audrey. Justin was born on 14th October, 1946, in Swindon, Wilts. He is 6ft 1in. tall, weighs 10st. 8lbs., has fair hair, and violet eyes. Justin likes music, meat, and Scotch, but dislikes intruders.

### MOVE MAIL

Could you please tell me the Move's fan club address? Lorraine Wright, Roshampton. Certainly, Lorraine. The address is: c/o Pauline Evans, 361a Birmingham Road, Wyde Green, Sutton Coldfield.

### FOOTBALL GROUND

I'd like to know the address of Manchester United's football ground. Terry Arnold, Halewood, Liverpool. The address is: Old Trafford Ground, Manchester, Lancs.

### BIRTHDAY TIME

My birthday is on 6th November. Do I, by any chance, celebrate it with anyone famous, please? Sue Richard, Hargrave. You share your birthday with P. J. Proby!

### SHARE A BIRTHDAY WITH A STAR

Here is our weekly list of starbirthdays, check and see if you share yours with: Dave Crosby (Byrds) (August 14th); Spencer Davis (August 15th); Carl Wayne (Move) (August 18th).

### MUDDLING MARKS

Man, is my face RED! It was Mark Slade who married Melinda Riccilli on 6th January at St. Michaels and All Saints Church in Sherman Oaks, California, U.S.A., and NOT Mark Lindsay as I stated in a previous issue!

## ANNE'S DEPT:

**BRAINY DAVY**  
Which school did Davy Jones go to? Elizabeth McFerran, London S.E.17.  
Davy was educated at the Varni Secondary Modern School, in Higher Openshaw, Manchester.

### CHERA BIRTHDAY!

When and where was lovely Chera born, please? Michael Jacob, Cheshire. Well, Michael, Chera was born on May 20th, 1946, in Hollywood, California.

### WONDERFUL WARREN

Can I have some info on super Warren Beatty, please? Patty Hale, Kensington, London.

Sure can, Patty. Warren was born on March 30th, 1939, in Richmond, Virginia. He is 6ft 1in. tall, weighs 12st., has blue/green eyes, and dark brown hair.

### WOMEN'S MAN

I saw a lovely guy called Richard Barnes on the Golden Show, and he sang a fantastic song called Woman, Woman. I was wondering if you could tell me something about him, please. Paula Harman, Herts.

Certainly I can! Richard was born on 7th July, 1945. He is 6ft 2in. tall, weighs 11st. 11lb., has fair hair and blue eyes. Richard likes food, clothes, beer, and girls, but dislikes lies.

### MORE OF MIKE

I wonder if you could tell me whatever happened to Mike Sadywick of Adam, Mike and Tim, as I thought he was fantastic. Can you give me some info on him, and also, has he made any more records.

Judy Frost, Hammersmith. Well, Judy, Mike now sings solo, and he has just made a super new record titled Umbrella. He was formerly doing graphic designing, but decided to turn to pop again. Mike is 6ft. 3in. tall, 11st. 3lbs., has light brown hair, and blue eyes.

### YOUNG LOVES!

What are the likes and dislikes of George Young of the Easybeats, please? Koren Bishop, Dagenham.

George likes girls, music, and travelling, but dislikes two-facers, and hangers-on.

### FOREVER EVERETT

I would like to know when and where Kenny Everett was born. Chris, Bristol.

That zany DJ was born in "Luvely" Liverpool on Christmas Day 1944.

More letters next week. The address to write to is: Cliff and Anne, Fab-208, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Please enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope if you want a postal reply.



## Strictly for the Birds

**H**YVA! Everything's beginning to get back to normal following the departure of Doug Perry (who's probably out now meeting all the papers and making pots of money—sigh!). In Doug's place we've got not another boy (unfortunately!) but an old mate of ours, called Violet. And there's one very good thing about it: no longer do I have to meet endless demands for cups of tea all day long! (It's now coffee!!)

I had great pleasure in welcoming a visitor-with-a-difference down at 208's headquarters this week. One Jason Eddie, whose name may not mean much to you at the moment, but could very well do so in the near future if he can get that necessary slice of luck to break into the big time. Still wondering who he is? Well, wonder no longer 'cos he's very lucky! (In my opinion) the younger brother of Billy Fury. He popped in to have a look around the place and somehow finished up in the studio having a sing-song!

Some good sounds resulted from the session, so maybe we'll find ourselves rolling out the red carpet (which I've still reserved for Elvis; fortunately I'm patient!) to welcome Jason on his next visit to Lux.

I've found myself in many and varied roles throughout the months, but never a film critic before! Was quite exciting actually, 'cos it was the world premiere of Julie Andrews' new film, Star, and I found myself surrounded by DJs, artists, writers, producers—the lot! Have never seen such an enormous gathering at a film at ten in the morning.

The film is ideal for anyone with a touch of the blues. 'Cos it's comical from beginning to end, with Julie trying to find her way out from behind a curtain. Immediately she does so, she takes one step forward into a deep hole in the ground!

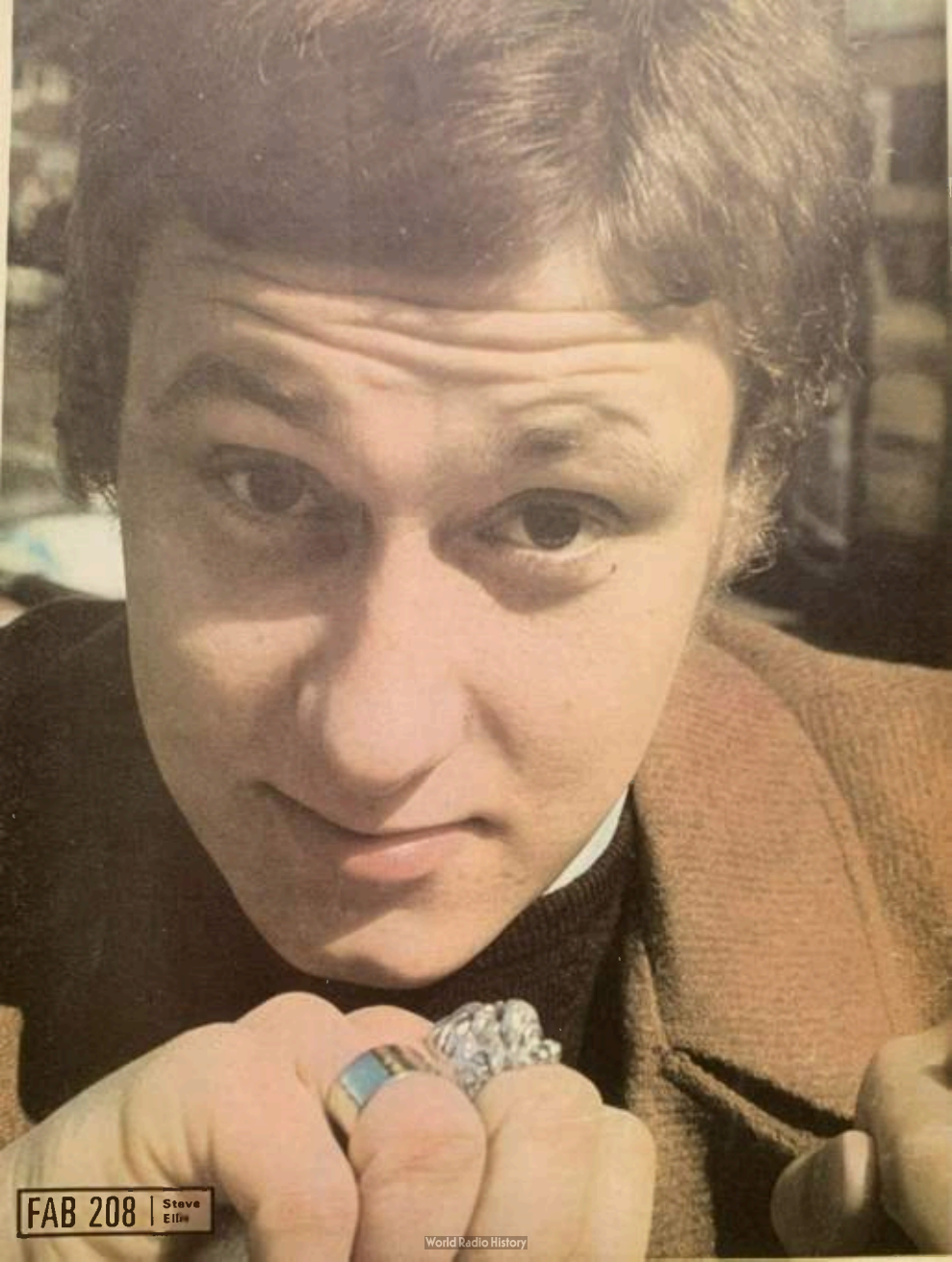
A group who I'm sure won't fail is Mellow Candle. (How about that for a gentle-sounding name?) They're three teenagers from Ireland, who wrote to our DJ Colin Nicol asking for his help into showbiz. The girls, Cloda, Marie and Alison, had never sung professionally, but Colin was eager to give a helping hand, so he arranged a recording session for them.

"They're very exciting young girls," Colin enthused, "and the results will be heard shortly on disc. I would've liked to have produced the session, but I had to nip back to the G.D. with just half an hour spare before taking to the air waves!"

Seems even opportunity knocks for 208-ers! But it won't be me (I) if I don't leave now, so see you next week, okay? Right!

*Carman Bailey*

Radio 208's Girl Friday



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