

1st March, 1969

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**TELLY
SPECIAL**



**STUART
HENRY
INSIDE STORY
PART-1**



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BOONE**
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YOUR MARCH CALENDAR



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LUXEMBOURG
PROGRAMMES
FEB 25th -
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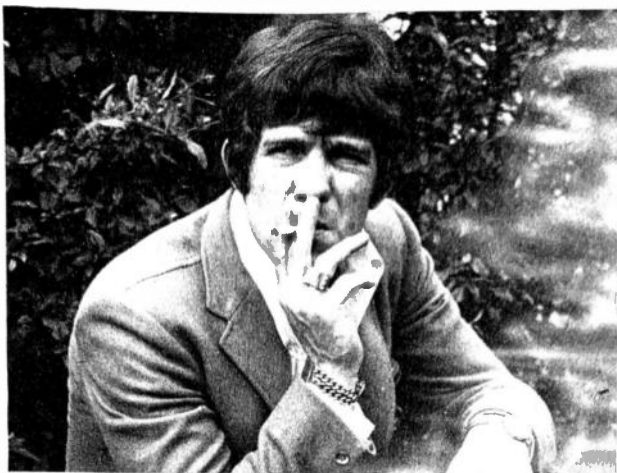
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THREE years ago I was able to hit some pretty high notes when I was singing. Can't get 'em now. The reason, I think, is that three years ago we started being successful and my nerves got a bit frayed . . . and I started smoking. I still am smoking.

Maybe you know how it is. Something on the mind—in my case daily phone calls to see whether our record had made the top 50—and an experimental drag on a ciggie. One fag leads to a packet, one packet to another and suddenly you're hooked. I was twenty-two then. I'd tried a ciggie when I was much, much younger but it made me sick.

Which leads me into the whole business of smoking and drinking and, to an extent, the old cannabis resin, alias pot. I smoke cigarettes and I like a drink. But to be honest, I know that healthwise I'm being a mug by going on smoking. Trouble is that right now I'm not too conscious of my health . . . except that I feel unhealthy all the time, what with all the rushing around!

My voice certainly has taken a hammering from nicotine. But at the same time I enjoy a cigarette, especially after a meal as I sip at a cup of coffee. One day I'll try to give it up for a while just to prove that I can master the tobacco habit, but in the meantime I'm certainly not recommending that non-smokers among you should get hooked.

I believe that most young people have a desire to try drinks or cigarettes. At fourteen, I'd go for the occasional walk with my mum and dad and they'd call in at the local for a beer or shandy, and I remember always asking them for a sip. But to be honest I didn't like the taste of it. Even now I don't like most spirits, like Scotch or gin, as they make me feel bad.

So I stick to stuff culled from the Glorious Grape, like champagne, or brandy and coke, or the occasional glass of wine. If I'm gasping from thirst, I might just

have an ice-cold lager. But as I was saying, it's very difficult to stop young people experimenting. Most get quite a lot of pocket money these days, and it's easy to nip out and buy ten cheap fags. So mum and dad don't approve? Well it's hard to stop somebody having a few crafty drags when locked in the 'little room', or by blowing smoke up the chimney.

Thing is that you know when you've overdone it, maybe at a party. Next day I wake up feeling as if someone has been jumping up and down on my chest! Not to mention the little people who are chipping away with a chisel inside my head.

Just take both the booze and the ciggies easy, that's my advice. But as in so many things I believe different rules apply to girls as to boys. I hate seeing chicks smoking when they're out walking in the street. And the ones who have cigarettes drooping from the corners of the mouth . . . ough! Lots of girls look so ill-at-ease when smoking, anyway, that I doubt if they even enjoy it.

As for drinking, that's not such a drastic problem. But I can't stand seeing girls lowering pints of beer. Yes, PINTS! It's a habit that seems to be growing and, plus the drooping fag, paints a pretty dismal picture for me. Maybe it's the old-fashioned side of me coming out, but I prefer my girls to be a bit prim and sophisticated.

And finally we come to the dreaded subject of pot-smoking. I wrote once before that I'm all against it. Now we've got one body of opinion urging that penalties for having the drug or smoking it should be lowered, and the other body saying that they should be raised. There's one state in America where you can get ninety years in jail for possessing cannabis, but the neighbouring state has a top-whack penalty of only ninety days.

I guess, in the last instance, you have to leave it to the common-sense of the individual. But it can so easily lead to the hard stuff. In every community there are the sheep and the shepherds. There are the weak ones who can be led into hard drugs, into crime, into drunkenness—and there are others who are so much in control that they know where to draw the line.

Me, I think drugs are over-publicised nowadays anyway. Keep off 'em. And take great care with smoking and drinking.

Finally, would you mind not chewing gum when I'm anywhere in the neighbourhood? Can't stand that, either.

DAVE DEE

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.)

JUST ONE LONG DRAG

SOCK-IT TO EMMA!

Emma gave me a good laugh this week.

She leapt up on the linen basket and sat there leering at me—as she always does when she's doing something she's not supposed to.

But the laugh was on me —'cos the lid fell off, complete with Emma, and she ended up on a pile of dirty socks—loer and all!



SHEILA'S TURKISH DELIGHT

Asked actress Sheila Winters which she preferred—stage, film, or television, And the answer came exactly in that order.

"Television's okay," she said. "But it's so technical. It all seems so different—talk about camera angles and things like that.

"Everything seems so rushed, too. You have to run to much more of a schedule and it makes me nervous.

"Then there's the thought of all those thousands of people watching. It's frightening in a way. I get very exhausted sometimes—more mentally than anything else. But the funny thing is, I get much more tired when I'm not working—just doing nothing!"

All the same, Sheila's looking forward to a trip to Istanbul shortly when she will be doing a play for Granada television.

WAS IST DAS?

Odd sight on *Beat Club* in Germany. Status Quo Mike Rossi was seen in the first half with a dark guitar, the second with a light one. And Alan was in a black jumper, later mysteriously appearing in a yellow one.

No, they hadn't done a quick change in the middle. Two tapes had been made, and somehow half of each got used!

FAB TALK

Christine Osbourne switches on to all the happenings on the telly scene.

Welcome To Another FAB!

Have you been to the Pitney/Marmalade tour yet? Most of the gang here have been and come back raving about it. Incidentally, next week we're starting a new series on *The Marmalade*, by public demand, as they say!

We're very excited because we are planning a super competition for the April 5th issue. Everyone can enter and it's a marvellous prize!

Pamela McLean of *Thames Ditton* says she had such a big response of stamps for the PDSA from *FAB* readers, she can't reply to everyone individually. So can all you kind people take this as a big 'ta' from Pam, please.

Love,
Betty

WHAT AN EYEFUL!

It's one thing to be told to get your hair cut, but Billie Davis was told to get her eyelashes cut! It was after a TV show, and Billie's monstrous false eyelashes brought in a flood of letters from viewers.

The lashes were so long that every time she blinked the lights caught them, and instead of Billie's eyes, all people could see was a shiny blur!

LIVE/RECORDING PROGRAMS/ISSUES ON JOB AFTER/EN

RELAX WITH THE MAC



Fleetwood Mac's first TV appearance was on *Dee Time* promoting *Albatross*.

They're shy boys anyway and were also a bit worried about the occasion, until Jeremy Spencer sat down at the piano and went into a Jerry Lee Lewis number. All the televisions began raving round the piano, and the boys felt decidedly more at home!

MIXED-UP MARMALADE

TV viewers in Holland must be feeling a bit confused, according to Marmalade man Alan.

"We appeared on a TV show there with *The Move*, *Timebox*, *Love Affair* and *The Tremeloes*. One new knew who anyone was; they kept announcing *Love Affair* and it would be *The Move*, and so on. I don't think anyone was correctly announced!"

BLAIR TAPS IT OUT

Wouldn't it be nice, thought Tony Hatch, if Lionel Blair were heard tap dancing on *Nancy*—a record just out by Graham Leyton.

So Graham went along to the TV studios where Lionel was rehearsing.

The song was played, when the space in the middle came up Lionel obligingly danced, and Graham taped the lot! Beat that!

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RADIO 208

Tuesday 25th	Wednesday 26th	Thursday 27th	Friday 28th
8.30 THE TONY PRINCE SHOW	8.30 THE TONY PRINCE SHOW	8.30 THE TONY PRINCE SHOW	8.30 THE TONY PRINCE SHOW
10.00 KID JENSEN	10.00 THE PETER AND PAUL SHOW	10.00 THE PETER AND PAUL SHOW	10.00 THE PETER AND PAUL SHOW
10.10 PAUL BURNETT	10.10 KID JENSEN	10.10 KID JENSEN	10.10 KID JENSEN
12.00 IT'S ALAN FREEMAN	10.30 POP NEWS BELLETTIN	10.30 POP NEWS BELLETTIN	10.30 POP NEWS BELLETTIN
1.00 NIEL EDWARDS	10.40 PAUL BURNETT	12.00 IT'S ALAN FREEMAN	1.00 THE LATE SHOW
1.30 a.m.—Class Discs	12.00 IT'S ALAN FREEMAN	1.00 KID JENSEN	1.00 DAVID CHRISTIAN
	1.00 NIEL EDWARDS	1.30 a.m.—Class Discs	1.30 a.m.—Class Discs
	1.30 a.m.—Class Discs		

Saturday 1st	Sunday 2nd	Monday 3rd
8.30 THE TONY PRINCE SHOW	8.00 PAUL BURNETT	8.00 KID JENSEN
10.00 KID JENSEN	10.00 JIMMY SAVILE	10.10 PAUL BURNETT
10.10 IT'S ALAN FREEMAN	11.00 SAVED SERVICES	10.30 POP NEWS BELLETTIN
10.30 POP NEWS BELLETTIN	12.00 KID JENSEN	10.40 PAUL BURNETT
1.00 THE LATE SHOW	1.00 a.m.—Class Discs	1.00 THE LATE SHOW
1.00 DAVID CHRISTIAN		1.00 NIEL EDWARDS
1.30 a.m.—Class Discs		1.30 a.m.—Class Discs

MONKEE GOES TO COLLEGE

HERE'S grand news for all Monkee fans! The three remaining Monkees have accepted bookings throughout the States and will be doing a series of concerts here in about two months. There is even talk of them doing another European tour which would mean, of course, performing in England.

Davey, who was recently in England for a visit, will be back soon to tape another Tom Jones appearance. He did one before and it was such a groove they want him back!

Mike, who never quite got around to finishing college, has enrolled at the University of California in Los Angeles to take a degree in American History. I don't know quite how many credits he needs to graduate or how long he'll have to attend, but will find out the next time I see him. I do know that he's digging every

the respect they certainly deserve. Oh well, I'm sure Peter will earn equal acclaim on his own.

LIFE FOR DOUG AND JIM

WHILE the workmen are repairing the one-third of Doug McClure's back yard which slipped as a result of the rains I've been telling you about, Doug winged to New York to guest star in a segment of the popular TV show *That's Life*. While there he did several talk shows, etc., and also had a real ball.

His co-star Jim Drury has been traveling as well. He went to St. Louis, Missouri to host a telethon benefit for the Crippled Children's Foundation, and has been recording promotional spots for the Arizona Highway Patrol (that's where *The Virginian* went back before the cam-

eras (which it just did). Jim also found time to do a film on motor-cycle safety. As I've told you, he's very civic-minded and I'll just bet he'll end up in public office himself.

In reply to your questions about the whereabouts of Ron 'Tarzan' Ely, his telephone number has been disconnected and no one seems to be able to locate him. Will keep you posted!

APPLE TALENT

I HAD lunch yesterday with James Taylor, the only American artist so far to be signed by Apple. I found him to be gentle, and I already know he's very talented, so what a combination! Peter Asher had flown to New York for a few days, but his friend (and mine) Hesty Doester joined us for lunch. Sorry I didn't get to see Peter—it's been two years since I have.

CHAPARRAL ON PARADE

THINGS are going great for the guys on *Chaparral*. The four men of the cast appeared a few weeks ago on the cover of the largest-selling magazine in America (*TV Guide*), and they recently rode in a large parade in the Hollywood area. Fans brought all kinds of food and regalia for Monolito, three flowers, and made a bigger fuss over them than anyone else in the parade. Some stinker did give Leif Erickson a cooling drink of tomato juice that turned out to be three-fourths gin, but he was probably only trying to be helpful. It was a rather sunny day, but three-fourths gin?

Remembering the parade, Henry Darrow told me the only bad thing about it was having to get up at 4 a.m. (even if they did send a limousine

around to collect him), when he's used to loafing around in bed until 5.30 a.m. And I complain about having to be at work by 9.30 (not that I've ever made it on time yet).

VOICE OF CESARE



CLOSE your eyes and picture talking to Cesare Danova on the telephone, and then join me in a nice refreshing faint. My heavens, that man has a voice! I'm to do an interview with him for FAB and I do hope I won't quiver or anything. Wow.

Cesare may be co-starring with Clint Eastwood in *Two Guns For Sitter Sara*, now shooting in Mexico. Negotiations are under way and I'll let you know when I hear. He also plays a Cuban major in his just-completed film *Che*, so all you Danova fans (count me in too) don't miss it!

By the way, if you've ever wondered about the right pronunciation of Cesare's name, it's Chez-er-ay. I went around saying it totally wrong for ages but he was too much of a gentleman to correct me. I repeat, wow.

MARK FOR FAB COMP?

MARK SLADE'S first album will be out by the time you read this and you M.S. fans will surely flip. It's called *Mark Slade's New Hair* and not only is it a really groovy album, but it also contains a—er you ready?—six-foot fold-out poster calendar in life-size, mind-bending color! Hmmmm—I think my next project will be securing a few of these albums for a FAB competition. Will talk to Mark about it when I see him next week.

By the way, Melinda Slade has been feeling rather terrible in her last month or so of pregnancy. Melinda is tall but very small boned, and is having problems with her ribs! Can't say I understand that, but am sorry to hear it.

Must be going! Please drop me a line if you like at P.O. Box 39884, Los Angeles, Calif. 90039. Ta-ra until next week.

JANEY MILSTEAD



moment of going to school! I was talking with a friend of his from his hometown San Antonio, Texas; namely Keith Allison who is now a member of Paul Revere & The Raiders, a very popular American group. Keith, who went to college with Mike and his wife Phyllis back home, wasn't at all surprised to hear Mike had gone back. Seems it's been something he's always wanted to do, and now that he can afford it, why not?

Micky is all hipped on his experiments with a sort of computer music maker called a Moog Synthesizer. If you'll recall, John Lennon turned Mike Nesmith on to this weird 'instrument' and now Micky is very much involved in seeing what kind of music he too can make.

The new Monkee album *Instant Replay*, just recently released, shows I think the steps they are taking in the right direction. But, as they keep doing groovier and groovier things, I get to wishing Peter had stayed with them. The Monkees have been so put down for their teeny-bopper appeal, and now that they're growing out musically I wish he could be a part of the group, as they begin to receive

LIVE WIRE

From Hollywood, our Janey cables another on-the-spot report on all your faves there.

Dj Stuart Henry could have had a brilliant career as a successful actor, and his childhood interests all pointed in this direction . . .

AMONG the buildings throughout the land to which the good Queen Mary lent her name, is a nursing home which stands in Chalmers Street, Edinburgh. Here on February 24th, 1944, Mrs. May Henry gave birth to her first and only child.

The baby was a boy with dark brown hair and, like his mother, big blue eyes. As had been previously decided by Mrs. Henry and husband William, he was given the good Scots name of Stuart.

Life was not easy in those war-time days and, when Mr. Henry was killed in the RAF, it became more difficult still for Mrs. Henry and her baby son. One small consolation was that looking after Stuart occupied almost all of her time, and this did help to take her mind away from the terrible event which had hit the family.

"Yes, he certainly did take up most of my time," she agreed. "He'd keep me awake all night long and then in the morning, when I had to get up to do the work, he'd go off into a deep sleep and I wouldn't hear another peep out of him for hours!

"That's one thing about Stuart that hasn't changed. He's always managed to sleep at the wrong time of day!"

During the next few years Stuart and his mother moved to a new home in Comely Bank Road,

and Stuart began to show a true healthy

At the grand age of five years and eight months the time had come for learning to read, after receiving a grant from the RAF. Mrs. Henry sent Stuart to a famous forerunner school in Edinburgh called Daniel Stewart's College. He was in fact, at that time, the whole of an island career there.

"At first he agonised to like school," said Mrs. Henry, "but as the novelty wore off, his stress changed rather quickly."

The main thing that took Stuart's interest away from his school subjects was that he began to get very keen on acting and plays. His mother had been involved in amateur dramatics since she was a young girl and, at one time, she had strong ambitions to be a professional actress. These however were subdued by her family, who thought it much more important that she found a regular job and confined her acting to leisure hours.

"I suppose it was obvious that Stuart would get interested in the stage," she said. "After all, I was still playing the odd part at Edinburgh's Gateway Theatre, so the environment was already there."

Not only did she act at the Gateway, but Mrs. Henry also worked part-time in the theatre box-office, and as Stuart got older he started to go along with her. A lady who recalls those times very well is Sadie Aitken—for she was then the manager of the theatre.

She remembered: "When Stuart was about eight or nine he started to come down to the theatre with his mother and on a Saturday afternoon he would sell programmes. I think he used to get about two shillings—and he'd be allowed to see the show that evening.

"He took a lively interest in what was happening and he had a very critical mind. If he didn't like something, he'd say so! You see, acting was the only thing he cared about."

Mrs. Henry confirms this view: "In the evening he'd spend most of his time listening to plays on

the radio, and in the afternoon he would make up his mind to be a singer or an actor."

But now was Stuart's time to stretch his vocal chords—most of all he had to sing songs. He would play these on his harmonium. "He began by playing the odd small part," said his mother, "but then he progressed, so he was great bigger, older."

WITH the theatre being the dominant one being at his mind, Stuart's interest in school became less and less. He recalls himself how he felt at the time. "The trouble was that there didn't seem to be much to learn," he said. "Oh, grammar English. That wasn't my bag."

Some boys joined things like playing water polo or being in the Cadet Corps, but I didn't take any of those. I'd been to one meeting of the Cadets, when they gave each of us a binocular rifle and told us to scream our heads off and make a charge at a line of sandbags. I didn't do that at all.

"I remember thinking that one day these sand bags might be real people."

The probable reason for English appearing where all other subjects failed was that Stuart did get on rather well with his English master, Dr David Rintoul.

"Ah, yes, young Henry," he recalled. "He first attracted my attention when he was in his fourth year. Although I wasn't teaching him at the time, I was marking a set of exam essays. The subject was something like 'A Day In The Life Of . . . and I recall that Stuart's effort was entitled 'A Day In The Life Of An Actor'."

"Some of the other pupils had written about pilots, tram conductors and so on—and it was fairly obvious that most of them didn't have much idea about their subjects. But Stuart's really stood out, and he certainly knew his stuff."

"The following year he came into my class and we became quite friendly. I wouldn't say that he

(Continued on page 28)



Above
Here's the lady who knows the Stuart Henry story better than anyone else—his mother, Mrs. May Henry.

Left
This rather magnificent-looking building is Stuart's old school—Daniel Stewart's College in Edinburgh.

Near Right
Even pop people like to get away from it all at some time or other. Stuart's retreat is this little cottage on the shores of Loch Lomond.

Far Right
Dig that crazy hair style! Stuart at the age of twelve, pictured with his pet budgie, Peter.



INSIDE STORY PART 1



A Telly issue without all the lowdown on the top pops show is plain crazy. So we went down to get all the latest.

A FANTASTIC amount of work goes into just one half-hour TV programme. *Top Of The Pops* takes a whole week of planning and plotting and on Thursday morning, when it goes into the studio, things are beginning to buzz but softly at first.

The pace is fairly slow at 10 am. There's time to chat as the groups come, in vague order, for camera rehearsals. I arrived just as the Hermits were leaving because by 12.00 the artists know more or less what to do and are free until the run-through at 5 pm. So the stand-ins take over.

The stand-ins are sensational. Goodness knows where we'd be without those super men who spend the whole day standing on stage while cameras whizz backwards and forwards. They deserve a medal!

The studio was full of men (the only girl around is the set designer). It wasn't exactly spanking new and groovy, in fact rather tired looking and much smaller than you'd imagine. Nothing much seemed to be happening.

"It may appear casual but it isn't," explained a friendly scene shifter. "They're working out camera shots with the producer, who's sitting in front of his telly screens in the control room upstairs."

Lunch-time for Colin Charman, the producer, comes around 12.45... a twenty-minute drink in the BBC club, if he's lucky! Colin is cuddly-round with fair, curly hair and a nice down-to-earth nature that everyone respects. The whole show is his baby from beginning to end.

Colin picks the discs himself and, although he has a pretty good idea beforehand, he publishes the list on the Tuesday before the programme.

"I pick eight every week," he said. "There's always the number one in the charts and my choice of tip for the top. Sometimes if there's an American artist visiting he'll be included. Availability of the artists is important, because the more live groups the better."

Fleetwood Mac, to be featured this particular week, were in America and after lunch we went back to the control room to see the piece of film that went with their record. A knock-out, floaty film for a dreamy disc.

In the studio again, the orchestra and The Ladybirds were just settling in behind the scenes to rehearse with Leapy Lee and Donald Peers, when Amen Corner's Andy appeared. He hadn't gone with the rest of the group so we went for a chat in the BBC canteen.

"It's great for a group being on this programme because it's such an important plug," said Andy. "All the record dealers look at it and if you're on they think you must be going somewhere."

"We'd cancel gigs to do it, if we were playing

somewhere miles away that we couldn't get to after wards. The kids understand because you're on telly vision anyway, and promoters usually understand and love you up another day."

Back in the studio at 4.30 the excitement was rising. With run-through scheduled at 5.00 many more people were milling around, instructions were issued, cameras zoomed and all the artists (except *The Move*, who were at *Crackberry*) were on hand.

The week's 19 Tete Murray was in position and the run-through began.

Dinner over by 7.00, the studio was really alive. The *Move* were back and the dancers were drifting in. Most

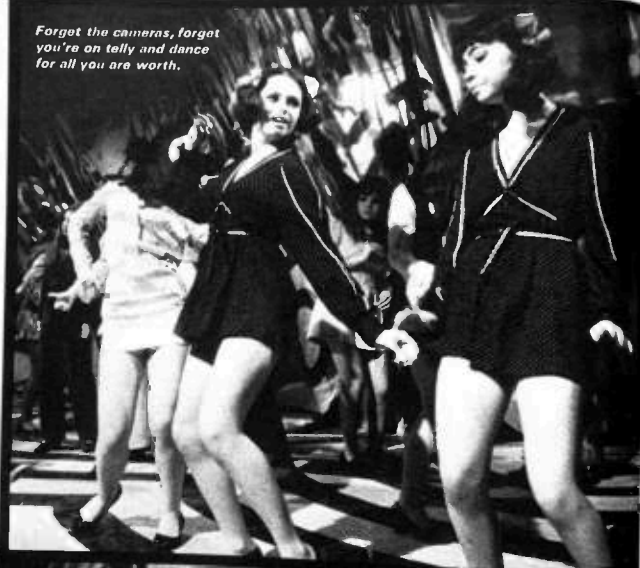
of the dancers are spotted in clubs and asked if they'd like to appear. It's easier to allocate tickets that way because only fifty a week are allowed—the authorities make all sorts of regulations about the number of people in a studio. In any case, with cameras moving about all over the place, any more might be dangerous.

The rules are simple: move out of the way of the cameras, do what the floor staff say as quickly as possible, don't look straight into the cameras.

Above all, keep dancing and enjoy yourselves. They do....

ANNE WILSON

Forget the cameras, forget you're on telly and dance for all you are worth.



Leapy Lee gets in line for the run-through.



Oh, it's great to be back on *Top of The Pops* and *The Move* are having a ball.

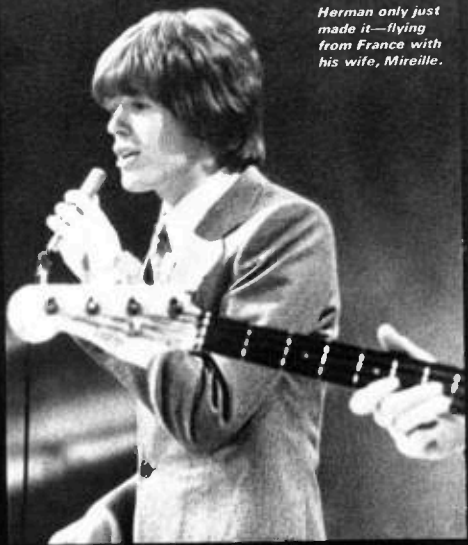
If nothing else a meal in the BBC canteen makes a change for The Amen Corner. The Move's Roy Wood who wrote Blackberry Way.



FAB'S EYE VIEW OF



Herman only just made it—flying from France with his wife, Mireille.



Pete Murray chatting with Jack Jones.

How about a campaign for greater recognition of stand-ins—they work hardest of all.



When Lulu's working on her BBC TV show, *Happening for Lulu*, it's 100 per cent concentration. But afterwards, nothing matters more than Maurice.

LOVE is nice because it's the greatest excuse to be soft and romantic. When you love someone a lot you just don't care if people think you're silly skipping along the street with your man, or stopping in the middle of the pavement for a hug. Love for Lulu, too, means you can do all sorts of daft things you'd never normally dream of.

"When I came down to London I felt I needed, and in fact I intended to marry, a man much older than myself," Lulu explained when I met her during the rehearsals for her show.

"Now I think I really couldn't have, because an older man wouldn't enjoy the things a young girl does. He'd never think it fun just to laugh and be stupid.

"Sometimes Maurice and I are so stupid. Quite often we just sit in the car and make fools of each other.

"Maurice is probably quite different from the sort of person I thought I'd marry, but I didn't realize then what I do now. You don't dissect a person. You fall in love. I don't know why but you just want to get married.

"Before, I always wanted someone to be responsible for me, to take over completely. But I'd hate that now. I'm very domineering and I'd hate Maurice to be too. It would make my life a misery, but he's very easy going and doesn't take much notice. If he did I'd start fighting and goodness knows what else."

In Scotland Lulu knew she'd want to get married eventually, but it was never the number one topic on her mind.

"Everyone took it for granted

I'd marry one of The Lovers, Alec, and I was positive I thought we'd get married one day, but we never got down to the final details.

"I went out with Alec from when I was fourteen until I was seventeen. He was really my first steady boyfriend and I was really very fond of him. I loved him, but I wasn't 'in' love with him."

In those days a wedding to Lulu would have been a huge affair with a long white dress and floating white veil. Afterwards she'd have lived contentedly in a rented flat like her parents, reached by a winding staircase called a "close". Not only Lulu, but also her parents were sure she'd be happily settled down in Scotland by the time she was seventeen or eighteen. She was that sort of down-to-earth person and she loved children.

"I probably liked kids because of my brothers and sisters. I used to look after them when my mother was out, and I polished my brothers' shoes and ironed their shirts. I used to take neighbours' kids out in their prams for walks and things like that."

Naturally Lulu's mum was a little bit apprehensive when she went down to London, but when Lulu and Maurice said they were getting married she was absolutely thrilled.

"She's been telling me for two years I should marry Maurice, she loves him so much herself. My father does too and my little sister Edwina (she's ten) once said to my mum: 'I hope I marry a man like Maurice when I grow up.'"

Somehow it makes things even more right when the people who love you, love the person you love.

ANNE WILSON

answers

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QUESTIONS



One of the first interviews Terence James Sylvester had with the Press after he was named as the new Hollie was for *FAB*. Just minutes after Terry was launched at a special reception in one of London's posh hotels we drew him aside and asked him some questions.

- 1 What did you think of The Hollies before you ever dreamt you might join them? Fabulous, as a group and as personalities.
- 2 What were you doing immediately before being selected? I was with the Swinging Blue Jeans.
- 3 What do you hope to contribute to the group? I hope that with my style and personality I can fit into the group, and keep them just as they are.
- 4 What do you think was their best record? I Can't Let Go.
- 5 Where do you live? I'm in Liverpool, but hope to move to London soon.
- 6 Are you married? Yes, my wife is Lynda and we have a four-year-old son, Paul.
- 7 What difference will being a Hollie make to your life? I don't know yet, but I know it will be good.
- 8 How long have you been a musician, and did you have lessons? I started getting really interested when I was fifteen. I had piano lessons when I was young but I can't play now.
- 9 How would you describe yourself as a person? I'm confident and self-assured.
- 10 What would you say is your main fault? I'm too sensitive, and I get

hurt easily.

- 11 When's your birthday and what's your star? I was born on January 8, 1947, which makes me a Capricorn.
- 12 Are you religious? I need something to believe in, so I believe in God.
- 13 Are you superstitious? Yes, I always put my left sock on first and I never walk under ladders.
- 14 Have you any secret fears? I hate flying, and I fear dying.
- 15 What's your ultimate ambition? To be happy and successful. If not successful, then just happy.
- 16 What artists do you admire? Everly Brothers, Tony Bennett, and The Association.
- 17 What improvements would you like to see in the pop scene? Better facilities at gigs for pop stars, and for stars to be more responsible to the public.
- 18 What car have you got? I'm not a great car man, but I can drive and will probably get a Mini.
- 19 Do you have time for hobbies? Not really, but I love football and support Liverpool.
- 20 What do you see yourself doing in 10 years' time? I shall still be in the same business, I'll be 10 years older but then so will the audience.

PAMELA TOWN SEND

LULU'S

LOVE AFFAIR

Julie was happy with her boy-friend Con, who drew a newspaper cartoon strip called *Glory Brown*. But then her cousin Frankie came to stay in her flat. Although Frankie had already arranged a date for that evening, she left a note on the door and went to a coffee-bar instead with Julie. There they met Con who said he had two tickets for a jazz concert. Julie felt she could not leave Frankie on her first night but, as Con left the coffee-bar, Frankie rushed after him. Then a young man came in who, Julie was sure, was Frankie's date.

I STUCK my elbows on the table and stared down into my empty coffee cup and waited for the slight thud of the door that would tell me Frankie's fellow had gone away again. I had no intention of giving him some story on her behalf. I had my own problems.

"Julie?" The voice, so near, made me leap off the chair and over my cup.

"Yes?" I felt as if I'd been caught with my hand in the till, so I stared brazenly up at him. There was something about his eyes . . . sharp-looking and very pale blue with spiky black lashes . . . somehow you had to keep looking.

A square, short-fingered hand went out as he gently righted the coffee cup and then sat down opposite me.

He had short, cropped, very tight curls and long dark sideburns. His nose was slightly hooked and he had a faded half-inch scar just above his lip. It stood out white and jagged against his dark brown face.

"How do you know me, then?" I asked, all cool innocence now the shock was wearing off.

"Your name was on the note Frankie left for me on your door. By the way my name's Paul."

"But my name isn't written across my forehead, is it? How did you pick me out in here?" I was in the mood for sweet, bright-white truthfulness tonight, so I didn't even pretend to be surprised that this was Frankie's date. He shrugged.

"Just a hunch. Besides, you stared at me too long when I came in. I could tell you knew who I was."

He was lighting a cigarette and flicking the match away while he spoke. He had a soft voice, almost gentle, and I thought it sounded London-flavoured. I stared into the steam clouds coming from Roman George's tea urn, waiting for the question I knew would be coming.

"Where is she then?"

"Frankie?" I opened my eyes wide and raised my voice a tone, so he could sense the blatant lie. "Oh, she had to slip off somewhere. Hairwashing night or something, I expect."

The fool nodded as if he understood.

"Oh, so that wasn't her I saw going down the street with a bloke just now?" He blew the smoke through his teeth and watched me carefully.

"Maybe." But my cat mood was waning a bit. I hated the dead-pan way he was looking at me. "Hairwashing . . . bloke . . . it's all the same to Frankie." I ended carelessly.

So now I'd landed her right in it. I'd got my son back on her and I'd stirred a pound of poison into any future relationship she might have with Paul. Good. My bitchiness staggered even me.

"Huh?" He leant right across the table towards me, resting his chin on his hand. "So that's how it is, is it? The girl's a bit of a walking, talking dollie is she?"

I nodded, then blinked twice. The man was actually smiling, a lazy, fascinated kind of smile with eyes half closed to the cigarette smoke.

"Great!" he was so close he had only to whisper the word.

"How's that?" I asked, although he knew I'd heard perfectly well.

"That's how I like 'em." He sat back again in his chair, flung down the cigarette and ground it into the tin. "The faster they run the harder

the amazing glory brown

by Jo Dawson

Julie couldn't believe that her cousin Frankie would try and steal her boy-friend, but that's certainly what it looked like.

they fall, or something . . ."

He smiled back at me again with raised eyebrows, as if I was supposed to agree or cheer or drink a toast to him.

"Too deep for me, sorry," I said, still floundering a bit at his kinky reaction to being stood up. "I like the one that fight, that's all. And on my score card I'm one up already."

"You're going to fight Frankie? I wish you joy." He was either an idiot or a dangerous kind of boy and I began to wonder how much trouble Frankie would have in getting rid of him.

"Like to go and dance somewhere?" He asked it as if I was his oldest, most casual girl-friend.

"No thanks."

There was a pause and he whistled a bit as he let his eyes wander all round the cafe. Then suddenly he turned back to me again.

"Why not? You're not doing anything, neither am I. And I'm not going to fight you!" He made it sound almost like an insult.

ALTHOUGH I didn't really want to go with him, I also didn't want to go home on my own and wait up till the small hours so I could tell Frankie what I thought of her. It might also give Con a little jolt to find out I'd been out with someone else.

"Okay then," I said, being careful not to smile.

We walked to an underground place I know which is just called Tiger. It's small and smells a bit dampish and the walls are decorated with tiger-skin rugs and African masks lit with candles from behind. There's a guitar, bass and drums to dance to, and the place is always full. I never go there with Con because we hate the price of the drinks.

Paul didn't turn noticeably grey, though, as he paid for a whisky for himself and a lager for me.

He flung off his duffel jacket and underneath I saw he had on quite a neat pink shirt and a dark tie. For a moment I felt a bit sorry for him, realising that he'd probably put them on specially for Frankie.

"Why'd you sell her up the river—Frankie, I mean?" he asked after a while.

That was something I'd been wondering myself for half an hour. Normally I'm no more catny than most girls and I was feeling very bad about the way I'd pushed her in at the deep end, even though it was my boy-friend she'd run off with.

"Sick of telling lies I suppose," I lied. And I felt even worse when I saw his slight nod of understanding.

"Planning to see Frankie a lot?" The music thud was deafening and we had to put our heads

close together if we wanted to talk.

"Maybe." He put his head on one side while he considered the matter, and then his whole face burst into an innocent, love-me grin. Only it was too innocent.

I shook my head when he offered me another drink, and he got himself a whisky again, but bigger this time. He hunched himself over the glass-topped table and drew little lines in the ash round the ash-tray.

"What kind of work do you do?" I realised I was asking all the questions and it narked me a little.

"Lady, I build bridges!" He looked up from his drawing and I saw those blue eyes again, hard and calculating, not at all like the friendly curve of his lips.

At first I thought I was meant to take this as some kind of joke. I don't know why. But then I remembered the new suspension bridge above the harbour.

"Oh, that bridge. You're going to work on that?" He nodded slowly.

"That bridge."

Another long silence. I found myself chipping away at my nail varnish, a sure sign that I'm nervous.

"Like to dance?" He was already up and pushing the table to one side so that I could join him.

There wasn't much room for real dancing so we just moved around slowly not very close. His hands were lightly on my shoulders. All the time his eyes were shifting restlessly about the place. I might have been a dummy from the window of my shop for all the notice he took of me.

HE had to bring his eyes back to me when I asked, loudly: "Where are you from?"

"Nowhere." He was watching someone or something else now, just over my left shoulder. "Everyone comes from somewhere," I said gently, deciding that he must be seeing too many cowboy films. "I mean everyone has a home in the first place."

"Mmm . . ." He considered the question. "Yes. I had a home once—in London. It's now a heap of rubble, thank God, and the borough council."

His face had gone blank and he shifted me round lazily so that he could see the view on the other side of the room.

I laughed.

"You sound as if you hated it!"

"I did!" For the first time he turned his full attention on me and the blue of his eyes seemed to be blazing and my casual laugh faded on my lips. "I hated the house and I didn't even like the people in it much. The best moment in my life was the day I left seven years ago. I've never been

back and I'm delighted to hear they're building a twenty-storey block on the old dump!"

His grip tightened on my shoulders and I turned my face away from him. I'd never heard anyone talk like that about their home and it shook me.

"Well, you asked, didn't you? You wanted to know."

"It was just a polite question," I said. "I didn't want to hear all about your secret sorrows. Let's forget it!"

He burst out laughing then, real laughter that made people turn their heads to stare.

"Secret sorrows, my life! Believe me, girl, I'm crazy about the world and everything in it. Things have never been better for me!"

"Oh great then!" I sighed and moved away from him as the guitar noise stopped. I felt very tired all of a sudden as I sat back in my chair.

But Paul didn't sit down with me.

"Be back," he said, and then turned to wink at me as he strolled away to the other corner of the room. A girl with short red curls and a black trouser-suit was sitting there by herself. As the music started up again I saw Paul lean over to her, and then she got up and they began to dance.

I breathed an exasperated little whistle at his cheek. But then, of course, it didn't matter much to me. I didn't really care if he never came back. He'd been searching for talent all evening and now he'd found some.

He danced round with her and I noted that he wasn't talking much to her either. For the first time I noticed how broad his shoulders were under that pink shirt. As a physical specimen he was pretty good. In fact great—if muscle men are your style.

JUST a moment later I saw that Paul and the girl had stopped dancing. A man in dark glasses had one hand on her arm. There was a heated conversation going on and I

grinned quietly to myself. Evidently the girl's partner was kicking up a row with Paul. Serve him right for poaching.

The voices got louder, even louder than the music.

"If she's yours, stick a label on her!" I heard Paul shout.

I didn't catch what the other fellow said because he put his face up close to Paul's and just seemed to whisper at him, but I guessed it was a nasty mouthful. The girl was clinging to her boy friend's arm now, getting a bit hysterical.

Then I saw Paul take a swing at the other one. He staggered back into a table and knocked over some glasses and all of a sudden the band went quiet and there was that hushed moment when everyone waits for the big drama to begin.

But not me. Oh, no thanks. I got up, swung on my cloak and moved discreetly and fast to the door. I hate fights of any kind, particularly if the people involved are people I don't care about anyway. I left to the sound of shouting and someone ringing for the manager. It was wonderful to breathe fresh, river-side air again.

I walked a bit and then felt a strong longing for Con. I found I'd forgiven him for taking Frankie to the Galleon jazz thing. He probably couldn't get out of it really, not if Frankie had cooked up some story to tell him.

I wandered along the path by the river, watching the winking green and red lights of the ferry, the ferry that was soon going to be replaced by the new suspension bridge, linking with the motorway on the other side. But all that reminded me of Paul again so I walked more quickly and set my eyes on the lights of the Galleon further up the river.

The Galleon is really just an old barge, converted to a club where the best jazz in this town is usually on. As I reached it the first groups of kids were bounding and racing down the gang plank and out of the scene. The concert was breaking up. Good.

I wanted to see him so much . . . so much . . .

I could feel my heart thudding as I watched for him. It almost seemed as if our love was brand new again and I was meeting him for perhaps the second or third time, feeling frightened and excited and very, very happy.

It was a big crowd but there was only one exit so I couldn't miss him.

Come on Con, please . . . I smiled as I pictured the way his face would light.

But the people were beginning to thin out and already the doorman was putting up the bar. He hadn't come out and neither had Frankie. And all at once I was alone in the street and feeling very cold. I turned and walked away.

They must have come out early. But why? Con had been mad to hear this concert. Once again I felt the kind of uneasy sadness I'd felt when I was leaving his flat earlier that day. But I couldn't leave the thing alone. I had to find out now what was wrong with his house. It was a quarter of an hour's walk away, but I did it in ten minutes.

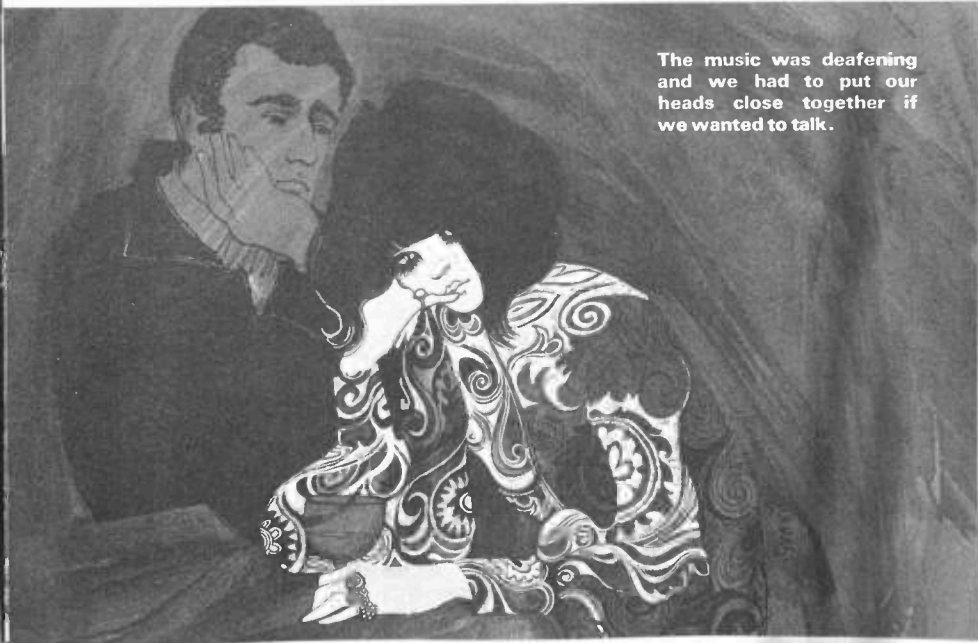
THE light was out in his room. I could see that from the end of the street. All the same, I went on and knocked at the door but there was no reply.

So he just hasn't come home yet! I told myself as I walked away. Does that mean the sky's going to fall in? There was a lonely feeling about his street that I couldn't quite get over.

As I walked up the stairs to my flat I was almost surprised to see the crack of light under the door and hear the record player going. Maybe she'd brought him back with her to wait for me? I took the last few steps two at a time and burst into the room.

Frankie was there, sitting in front of my mirror and wearing a pale blue tunic nightie. She was busy taking off her eye make-up with great dollops

Continued on page 26



The music was deafening and we had to put our heads close together if we wanted to talk.



CLIFF & VALLI'S LETTERBOX

Hi folks! Cliff and Valli here. Decided we're not too keen on this time of the year, 'cos it's in between Christmas and Easter and nothing's happening. Not only that, but it's cold and damp too! Still, we don't mind really as we've always got your letters to keep us happy.



CLIFF'S DEPT.

M & S PRESENT ..

What is to be the name of Micky's and Sammy's baby girl? Sue Williams, Chelmsford.

The child will be christened Ami Bluebell.

HERD CHANGE



Who will replace Peter Frampton now that he has left The Herd? Sandra Gray, Luton.

Andy Bown, Andrew Steele and Gary Taylor have decided that it would be very difficult to find someone to replace Peter, so they are continuing as a trio.

FAN CLUB AFFAIR

Can you tell me the new address of The Love Affair's Fan Club? Jackie Crowther, Dunstable.

The address is: c/o Sue, C.B.S. Records, 28/30 Theobalds Road, London W.C.1. Don't forget the s.a.s!

ELVIS FOR ENGLAND

Has Elvis Presley ever visited Britain? Peter MacDonald, Edinburgh.

After his demob from the US Army in Germany Elvis's plane touched down at Preston Airport for an hour, on the way to America.

BRIAN'S BUDDY

Does Brian Jones own any pets? Rosemary Best, Clecton. Brian has a pet spaniel called Emily.

MIKE CAR 1

What make of car does Mike Smith drive? Jane Huton, Raynes Park, S.W.20. Mike owns an E-Type Jaguar!

MITCH'S MOVIES

Has Mitch Mitchell of Jimi Hendrix Experience ever acted? June Sanderson, Chesterfield.

Mitch has had parts in TV's *Jennings At School*, 1960; BBC's *Macbeth*; and compère in Rediffusion's *In Search Of Adventure* series, 1963.

AMEN DISC

Who wrote the B side of Amen Corner's single If Paradise is Half As Nice? Sheila Kew, St. Ives.

Hey Hey Girl was written and produced by Andy Fairweather-Low.

BOONE MARRIAGE

Is Randy Boone married? Denise, Staines.

Randy's wife's name is Sylvia, and they have a two-year-old on Richard Everatt.

DOUBLE DENNY

Who produced the Denny Laine Disc, Say You Don't Mind? I think it was way ahead of its time. Martin Miles, Liverpool.

Say You Don't Mind was produced by ace Denny Cordell, who more recently produced Joe Cocker's version of With A Little Help From My Friends.

RECORD AFFAIR

Is the music which begins The Thomas Crown Affair, starring Steve McQueen and Faye Dunaway, on a record which I can buy? I think it was called something like "A Wheel Within A Wheel", and it was very beautiful. Also, who sings it? Nicole Stevens, Cheam.

The lovely music you speak of, Nicola, is in fact called The Windmills of Your Mind, sung by Noel Harrison. The song is the theme to The Thomas Crown Affair, and it is available as a single on Reprise label, number RS 20768, and also on the soundtrack of the film called The Thomas Crown Affair, number S/JULP 1218, on the United Artists label.

CILLA'S

"MAN"AGER! Details, please on Cilla Black's wedding. What did she wear? Veronica Peel, Epsom.

Cilla was married to her personal manager Bobby Willis on 28th January (Bobby's 27th birthday), at Marylebone Register Office. She wore a velvet burgundy-coloured mini dress, which she bought two years ago for £8.



VALLI'S DEPT.

FARE TO VANITY!

Have Vanity Fare made an addition to their group, and if so what is his name? Clare Stevens, Stoke Newington.

The new member of Vanity Fare is Barry Loundeman, who was formerly with Kippington Lodge. He plays organ.

SHARE A BIRTHDAY WITH A STAR

Here is our weekly list of star birthdays, check and see if you share yours with: Brian Jones (Rolling Stones) — February 28th, Mike d'Abo (Manfred Mann) — March 1st, Blue Weaver (Amen Corner) — March 3rd.

KEEN ON CARTOONE

Who is the youngest member of Cartoons, the Glasgow group whom Lulu was interested in? Winny Lawson, Littlehampton.

Chic E. Coffin, twenty-one, is the youngest in the group. The three remaining Members, Derek Creigan, Mo Trowers, and Mike Allison are all twenty-four.

FOXING US?

Is Edward Fox, who appeared as Jocelyn Triddle in a Troubadours episode titled If He Hollers Let Him Go, related to actor James Fox? He looks very like him. Candy Moss, Battersea. Edward is James's elder brother.

TIP FOR THE TOP

I would be most interested to know how long the TV programme Top Of The Pops has been running. Charles Piggot, Salisbury.

The first Top Of The Pops was shown on 1st January, 1964.

J. J. GEN

Can you tell me something about lovely Jack Jones, the singer? I saw him recently on the telly, and thought he was super. Penelope Williams, York.

Jack, who is thirty, is 6ft. tall and has dark hair and blue eyes.



LOADED ALBUM

Can I have some gen please on Gun's LP? Violet Sanders, Batley.

Gun's first album is titled Gun and has eight tracks, all of which were written by lead guitarist Adrian Curtis, except for the lyrics of Yellow Cebman which were written by one of Gun's managers, Jimmy Parsons. The tracks on side one are: Race With The Devil; Sad Sage Of The Boy; And The Bee; Rugs; The Travels; Yellow Cebman; It Won't Be Long; side two: Take Off (11 1/2 min. long); Sunshine, and Ret Race.

LOVELY DISC

I've fallen in love with the record All The Love In The World, so tell me please, who are Consortium, the group who sing it? Jo Mason, Lenham.

Consortium are: Robbie Fair (lead vocal, triangle); Brian Bronson (rhythm & twelve-string guitar); Geoffrey Simpson (lead guitar, organ and vocals); John Baker (bass guitar, trombone, spoons and vocals); and John Podbury (drums & bongos).

DENNIS

'DOG' TIES

Lovely Dennis Cowan of Bonzo Dog isn't married, is he? Also how old is he? Margaret Pitman, Ryde.

Dennis is still fancy free, and twenty-one years old.

WHERE'S WAGNER?

Whereabouts in the USA does Robert Wagner live? Carol Robinson, Aldershot.

Robert lives in a bungalow surrounded by desert, at Palm Springs, California.

HI HYWEL!

Where and when was Hywel Bennett born? Caroline Perry, Sale.

Hywel was born on a farm in Garmant, S. Wales, on 8th April 1944.

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

MIKE YARWOOD HIMSELF!

Mike Yarwood is one of the few comedians with a young look. He's cast away the image that comedians are for the "old birds" and his fans range from six-year-olds to sixties—with a good helping of teenage fans in the middle. But like most artists he's a different man off stage.

THE Yarwoods are a quiet family. Their house stands in one of those narrow Stockport side-turnings, and they blend into the suburban atmosphere just like everyone else in the street. Dad goes to work every day, mum looks after the house and daughter Josephine, a mum herself now, often brings her children to tea. Not an unusual family but son Mike has made them a distinguished one.

For twenty-six-year-old Michael, with his mop of hair, piercing eyes and the ability to impersonate anyone he likes, has brought fame and fortune to the family. The Yarwoods are now the talking point of the street and no one is more proud of Mike than they are.

Mike was about fifteen when he left school and got himself a job in a Manchester warehouse. He began to discover his skill for impersonations, and it was the constant practising during working hours which forced the manager to sack him.

Ever-cheerful Mike didn't care and started to play drums with a rock 'n' roll group in Manchester. Even during this brief musical spell of his life, impersonations dominated his interest and he started fooling around during the group's act. When he was about twenty he came second in a Manchester talent contest and from then on there was no stopping him. He started working the pubs in and around Manchester and eventually got himself a regular stint—50s. a night, three shows a night, every night.

At twenty-one he turned professional and moved on to the working men's clubs of the North and Midlands. By 1964 he was doing a summer season at Great Yarmouth, and it was then that suddenly everyone began asking: "Who is this Mike Yarwood?"

Well, five years later, Mike having appeared at most of Britain's top spots, done a season at the famous London Palladium, had his own TV show and appeared in the Royal Command Performance, we probably feel we know that all-too-familiar face too well. But do we?

Did you know, for example, that he is petrified of flying?

That he would sooner travel anywhere in the world by boat than have to fly?

Did you know that he adores Irish stew, and also has the odd craving for Chinese food and Indian curries? You didn't? Well Sandra Burville does. She's a dancer on Mike's TV series *Will The Real Mike Yarwood Stand Up*, and she talked to me about Mike.

"Off the stage he is very quiet and reserved, a great worrier about little things one shouldn't really worry about. The first thing you notice about him is his bubbly personality. He's very amusing, very witty, but quiet. He has big ups and downs. He can be very gay and cheerful, but he also goes to the other extreme and can be very morose and pensive.

"He's very shy. He admitted that it took him two weeks to pluck up courage to ask me out. That's very funny because usually he isn't at all shy with people. If we are with a group of friends it is always Mike who keeps them entertained. Even after a hard day when we are both very tired, he brightens up when we are with people. I don't know how he does it.

"He's very romantic too. He's a bit of a dreamer, like me, and we both think love is all roses and lollipops. He likes sending me flowers and he has bought me a huge teddybear. It must be about five foot high, with a big blue bow round its neck, and we call it Harold. Mike phones me twice a day when he's away, sometimes three times, and we talk for ages.

"If you didn't know Mike was a comedian you'd never realise. He never talks about it, he isn't full of himself. He's carefree and happy and has a 'boy-next-door' image really. He'd be useless around the home—I couldn't imagine him wiring a plug or unblocking the sink, he's hopeless.

"He's mad about football. If Mike was out you'd never have to worry who he was with, he'd be playing football.

The 'boy-next-door' image sums up Mike perfectly. You would not know he was anyone special—except for the £2,000 Daimler parked outside the front door. PAMELA TOWNSEND



DUDLEY MOORE



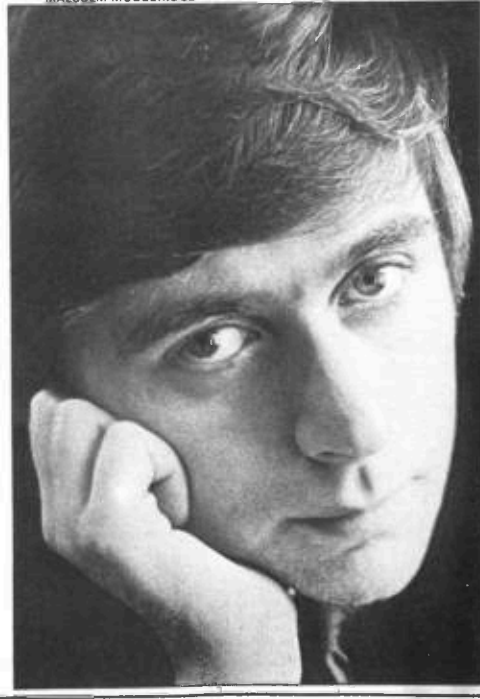
KEN DODD



MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE



EDWARD HEATH

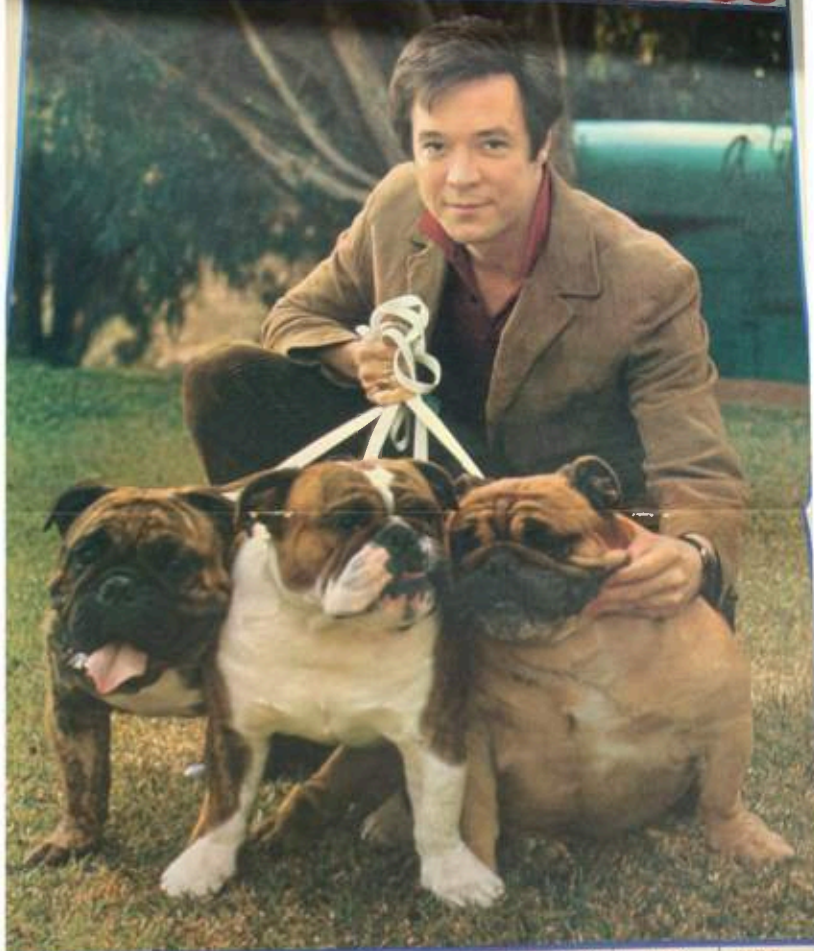


Print this calendar on a stiff piece of paper

Check to see if your dog has a birthday this month!
 Please use before that you can hang it up as a calendar during March!

The April calendar will be in FAB 208, April 8th issue

FAB-208 CALENDAR 1969



SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
30 Earl Sturgis (No Calendar)	31 Bobby (No Calendar)					1 Miles O'Flynn (No Calendar)
2 Tony Martin (Close World In Andie's Room)	3	4 Mark Wilson (20, 21, 22, and 23)	5 Linda Grant (2 quart)	6 Earl Sturgis	7	8 Mickey Dalton (No Calendar)
9 Earl Sturgis (2 quart)	10	11 Earl Sturgis (Close World)	12 Johnnie Yarns	13 Earl Sturgis (Close World)	14 Mildred Carm	15 Miles O'Flynn (Close World)
16 Earl Sturgis	17 Earl Sturgis (2 quart)	18 Miles O'Flynn	19	20 Earl Sturgis (Close World & Mildred Carm)	21 Earl Sturgis (Close World)	22 Miles O'Flynn (Close World)
23	24 Earl Sturgis (Close World)	25 Earl Sturgis (Close World)	26 Earl Sturgis (Close World)	27 Earl Sturgis	28 Earl Sturgis	29 Earl Sturgis

FAB

If you're one of those people who think English bulldogs are about the ugliest animals on earth, you definitely won't see eye to eye with Brendon Boone!

BREEDING the English bulldog is Brendon's hobby, and he feels that this dog has the best of the qualities one looks for in a pet, and even in a person.

"They are the most faithful and most affectionate of animals and they have some nice combinations of qualities. They're strong, but kind and gentle, and I think they're rather beautiful."

Brendon became fascinated by English bulldogs when he was in junior high school and was given a puppy of the breed called Skipper's El Toro. Brendon promptly nick-named him Max and the two were immediately inseparable.

However, he was the beginning of a long line which Brendon titled 'Of The Boones'. This line is now fairly well established in the dog world, and many champions have been bred out of it.

Brendon's next English bull was a puppy named Lady Victoria ('Of The Boones') and one of the dogs seen here with him, Lord Tuffy, is her son. Also pictured with Brendon are Lady Crumpet and Sir Maxwell, all from the 'Of The Boones' line.

Brendon became really serious about raising dogs when he got to California. He began breeding dogs for show, doing the training himself and putting the dogs through their

paces at various exhibitions. He has never raised them as a business but always as a hobby, and when he began getting acting jobs his hobby had to slow down, if not to a standstill, at least to a slower pace.

Brendon had to move closer into the city when *Garrison's Gorillas* began. As the city life just wasn't fair to his dogs, who were used to being outside, Brendon found a kennel near the beach for them (now numbering around ten) and made it their permanent home. He is no longer able to be active in their training, but he still visits them just as often as possible.

"I miss having dogs around the house," he says, "and I did have a puppy here at the apartment for a while. But an English bull needs a yard and room to run and I can't provide that here."

To make up for it, Brendon has a collection of porcelain English bulls and some wonderful photos of his 'Of The Boones' family. "I love all animals," he says, "but I really have a thing about English bulldogs. I'm surprised people don't call me 'the dog man of Alcatraz'."

No matter what you call him it must be a groove to have Brendon Boone for a master. And there just isn't any way you could call that a dog's life!

JANEY MILSTEAD

LADY CRUMPET **of the BOONES,** **ETC.**



WHAT?

WHAT'S ALL THIS TALK ABOUT AN EASTER SUIT OFFER?

WHAT ABOUT ALUN EVANS?

WHAT DO GIRLS THINK OF ANDY

FAIRWEATHER-LOW?

WHAT'S HENRY DARROW REALLY LIKE?

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO STUART HENRY?

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT ALAN WHITEHEAD?

WE'LL TELL YOU WHAT!
Next week's
Fabulous 208
On sale Monday,
price 1s.

Andy Fairweather-Low's mum washing—and you should see his two dinky brothers! ... Graham Knight of Marmalade has just bought an Afghan hound puppy ... Mike Smith of Amen has just bought a Jaguar XJ600 car ... Lowe Affair spending £,500 on new stage equipment ... Barry Gibb a fanatic for home movies ... Copperfield had two front wheels from their Mini stolen ... Pat Fairley had a puncture in his car and had to wait two hours in the snow before it was fixed ... Beatles road manager Mal Evans lives ... Do they really gamble on the coach taking everyone on the Pitney tour to the theatre? ... Alan, Len and Dave of The Tremeloes have all chosen super-looking girls for fiancées ... Andy Fairweather-Low now thinking of buying a Lotus Elan ... Iveys know The Casuals when they were playing in Italy ... Casuals working on their fourth LP ... Joe Cocker very friendly person.

FAN CLUB WIND UP!

THE Small Faces fan club has wound up. Pauline, ex-fan club secretary, regrets she was unable to send the sixteen thousand members of the club a farewell newsletter but, she says, the financial state at the time of closing was awful.

Pauline tells us she still has literally tons of mail being sent to her home address and fans are sending five shilling postal orders in the hope of joining.

She is now doing her best to answer them in her spare time and return the postal orders, and hopes that all you Small Faces fan club members will understand.

BULLIT FOR MCQUEEN

DON'T miss Bullit, if only for a few breathless minutes that will have you transfixed to your seats. It's a car chase through the hilly streets of San Francisco in which cop Steve McQueen chases some crooks. We've seen car chases before on the screen, but I promise you that this is something extra-special, an exciting thrill every second.

Quite apart from its temperature-raiser, Bullit is a fine, tough piece of cops-and-robbers drama with twists and surprises all through. McQueen's job is to prevent a star witness from being bumped off before a trial, but he has his men slip up and shady politician Robert Vaughn puts them on the spot.

However, you can't keep a good McQueen down and he doggedly tracks down the baddies to a rollicking climax at an airport. It's the film for punchy excitement this week.

By contrast, The Wrecking Crew is just a crine joke with easygoing Dean Martin playing Matt Helm, once again. In-between the girls, Matt is detailed to recover a stolen document from a master-mind Nigel Green has hijacked in Denmark.

FANTASTIC! PITNEY & MARMALADE

If you get the chance do go and see the Gene Pitney tour that is currently doing the rounds throughout the country. Also on the package are The Marmalade, Joe Cocker, The Iveys and The Mike Cotton Sound.

Pitney's performance is brilliant as always—and here seems to be the only person nowadays who can really pack audiences to these tours. Immaculately dressed and hair beautifully groomed, he sings his way through the hit records he's made—the hits people want to hear. He's going down a storm, and such a professional as Pitney deserves to!

Marmalade fans will be delighted that their favourite group are appearing with a very impressive and considerably improved stage act. Dean Ford loses all inhibitions as he runs around the stage, bouncing from one number to the next. Particularly good are the group's versions of The Supremes' and Temptation's hit *I'm Going To Make You Love Me* and Nina Simone's *To Love Somebody*. When the group sing *Ob La Di—* all screams are let loose!

Even if you're not a Joe Cocker fan you'll admire his stage presentation. Vocally he comes over very well singing such numbers as his record *Marjorie*. But he doesn't include *With A Little Help From My Friends* surprisingly.

The Iveys on their first-ever pop tour appeared to be very professional with three very strong vocalists and a superb drummer. After the tour I think we'll be hearing a lot from these boys. The Mike Cotton Sound have a solo spot as well as providing an excellent backing to the vocal chords of Mr. Pitney.

A very entertaining tour—and definitely worth a visit!



WANTED

When answering any of the following ads, write to the given box number, c/o Fab 208, Fleetway House, Farringham St., London E.C.4. And to get your own request printed write to "Wanted", Fab 208 (above address). If your request is at all unusual it will stand more chance of being printed, but even that won't help if you forget to enclose the **Wanted** token!

HAVE TRIED EVERYWHERE to obtain copy of Gene Pitney's *24 Hours From Tulsa*. If anyone has a copy to sell write, stating price.—Susan Dinsdale, Box 241.

HOME URGENTLY NEEDED for my gorgeous, country-loving cat as I'm moving into town and she says she won't come with me. Lincs. area, write for more details.—Rita Sharpe, Box 242.

GROUPS (best, r & b, soul, solo singers, etc., wanted for new independent record label. Tapes and details to Aniscope Records, Box 243.

HELP! Somebody has stolen my precious autograph of Kevin Thomas, Blackpool Football Club. Does anybody have a spare one I could have, please?—Ruth Croton, Box 244.

I AM COMPELLING a fan scrapbook for Amen Corner, so if you would like to be included send photo, appreciation poem, etc. to me by 14th March.—Karen Bailey, Box 245.

NEW OR OLD PHOTOS of Rolling Stones please, in exchange for various pics, including Amen Corner, Love Affair.—Keith Wiles, Box 246.

I AM MOVING to Lutworth, Dorset, later this year and would like to write to girl who lives in the area. I'm nearly 14.—Helen Briggs, Box 247.

THANK YOU! Liz Dean (Box 214) has received over 700 signatures to send to Peter York wishing him well, and is very grateful for your support. More signatures welcome till end of March.

WHERE THEY'RE AT

Here's where the big names are ... February 25th—3rd March

NORTH
Amen Corner Club, Sandstone—no 26;
Love Affair Fans Club, Sandstone—no 27;
Amen Corner Spa, Redwood, Sandstone;
Gene Pitney Tours Granada, Epswich (2);
Cory Hall, Sheffield (1);
Sims Degroup Fans Club, Sandstone—no 28 (1).

MIDLANDS
Amen Corner Top Back, Haseley (24);
Gene Pitney, Haseley (24);
Gene Pitney Tours ABC, Llanos (27);
Gemma, Haseley (24);
Sims Degroup ABC, Llanos (27);
Sims Degroup Cranford, Newcastle-upon-Tyne (27);
Yandy From The Sea, Kettering (28).

LONDON
Homes Wholesale Polytechnic (28);
Homes Edging Technical College (28);
Sims Degroup Whitbread Technical College (28);
Gene Pitney Tours Regal, Cambridge (28);
Small Faces University of Southampton (28).

SOUTH, SOUTH-EAST, EAST
Amen Corner Cambridge (31);
New Perambula Marconi Sports & Social Club, Chislehurst (24);
Dove Blue Bridge Country Club, Canterbury (28);
Sims Degroup, Winton-Super-Mare (13);
These clubs are active on the road going to gigs, but no other way as they will please arranged before making your list arrangements.

WEST
Rayneside Tallyho Club, Exeter (26);
Club Cavendish, Tinsford (26-1);
Llanosdown Queen's Hall, Haverhill (1);
Covey World of Arthur Brewery Water Golfers, Farnham, Winton-Super-Mare (13);
These clubs are active on the road going to gigs, but no other way as they will please arranged before making your list arrangements.

What's on Today

36 *Donkey* goes into Deano Valley, The Truggs, Raymond Progress (TV).
37 Look out for the stars of *Run For Your Money* on the *Donkey* (BBC 1).
38 Ronald Starke goes to Corkin.
39 The Ten goes to *Donkey Derby* (Football, Regattas and The Roundabouts, ITV).

THE MONKEES ARE COMING!

LATEST news on The Monkees is that the group who are now just a trio are expected over here for a tour in late spring. Vic Lewis, managing director of NEMS, is flying over to the States and there is some hope to negotiate for the tour.

GEOFF JOINS LIBERTY

GEOFF Lynn, lead guitarist with Blacking-in-a-group The Race, has been signed to Liberty records as a record producer. His first production will be the group's next single—due for release the second week in March.

FAB 208
WANTED
TOKEN 1.3.69

208 DATE

Bit sneaky really—this is the Tony Prince page, but this week we've turned it into rogues gallery! Showcasing four of the dishy dee jays at Radio Luxembourg who sock it to you every night on 208. Four fab fellers, namely: Noel Edmonds, Tony Prince, David Jensen and Paul Burnett. 208 is great—makes having a tranny worthwhile!

P.S. Tony will be back with his Regal Report next week, don't miss it!



Noel (Multitudinous greetings) Edmonds



▲ Tony (yer Regal Ruler) Prince

◀ Paul (smooth-talking) Burnett

David (Kid) Jensen ▶

POP SPOT

Don't miss 208's popnews every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 9.45 and 11.45—compiled by FAB 208



"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

Fill in the coupon left and Tony Prince will try to give your choice the air on one of his Radio Luxembourg programmes. Post it to **FAB - 208 CHOICE**, Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London E.C.4.

CRACKLING and cackling loud and clear over the Grand Duchy's hot line this week comes DJ Paul Burnett, straight from the pub 'Thirteen—Luso's only English line—around the corner, and full of his new show with Pete Murray. "It's a great break for me," said Paul. "I hope all the Fab readers will tune in and listen to us on Wednesday evenings. We're calling the show 'Peter and Paul'—duh, duh, isn't it? Seriously though, we have a lot of laughs and when I nominated Pete as my favourite DJ, when I did an interview long ago in the days of the 'Prates, I had no idea I would be working with him one day on a show."

Pete is a mad keen Arsenal supporter of course, and when I asked Paul whom he supported he said Julie Christie. I complained that she seldom played football and got the good vaudeville line "Pete can support whom he wants and I'll support whom I want!" There's no answer to that.

"The group I'm most pleased to see in the charts at the moment is Harmony Grass," he said. "I remember doing a DJ gig with them as Tony Rivers and the Castaways—they did those intricate harmonies which the Beach Boys manage so beautifully. Good guys, good song, good luck."

Revised 45's bought up another topic for conversation, but Paul seemed to think most of the oldest are mouldy.

"I mean there are some good discs that deserve a second chance because they never quite made it first time around. The Lorraine Ellison version of 'My White Lily' is an example, and also some Gladys Knight and the Pips early discs, but I don't see much point in bringing back the established hits. There are plenty of good new songs coming along."

"That *Blackberry* way hit by The Move was a good newsie—I've been singing it all over Luxembourg during the Fasching season."

"Pardon, the what season?" I enquired.

"Fasching is the traditional festa season in Luxembourg and lasts right through February and into March. Everyone goes mad out here with masks and the March Gras bit. Oh, you haven't lived till you've done a bit of fasching!"

I could almost believe Paul was putting me on, but he swears it's the Fasching season, hence those occasional Scottish words. "Dinne fash yourself laddie" is water-buffing. Oh well—meanwhile back at the telephone.

"I escaped into London recently and saw the film *2001*," said Paul. "What a soundtrack and what an atmosphere—I was walking in space for hours afterwards."

"I also saw a film in which Mia Farrow does a strip—it's ridiculous, she almost disappeared. I must say, she looks better with her clothes on. Pretty much it's going to be a novelty to be photographed in clothes."

Talking of girls and we were. What does Paul think of the idea of a girl DJ, and what is it that seems to make the work exclusively a male-only



On the hot line to Luxembourg this week is DJ Paul Burnett talking about pop, girls, films, girls, and the new sport called Fasching.

THE HOTLINE

vacation:

"Somehow girls just don't swing over the air," he said. "It's rather an unfeminine business—if girls start clanging hip and groovy talk about they either sound fish or masculine. The only other method is for them to go all smoochy and that really doesn't come over either. Maybe some girl will turn up with just the right technique for radio but I doubt it somehow."

And so to the tale of 'Two-gun Prince' and Sheriff Burnett' which had just celebrated its 5000th performance on the pub across the way.

"Sometimes I could throttle Tony," laughed Paul. "He's a murder to keep up with because he lives at such a pace. We've got these routines we do, one of which

requires Tony to come into the pub and yell: 'I'm looking for the fastest gun in the place.' I have to whirl round and shoot him with an imaginary gun. He does a couple of somersaults over a table and lands on his back. It always gets a laugh, but he will spring it on me when I'm in company and if I don't play along he gets upset. He's murder, sheer murder."

We finished up with another anecdote about the Fasching times that Luxembourg has had in past years.

"I was with Paul Kay last year and we went down to the square, and there was this fella running round it in the nude at 6 in the morning!"

Now that's what I call Fasching—I think.

JOHN KING



HARMONY GRASS

(North)
SKIPPY



THERE'S absolutely no excuse for laziness and if there's anyone to make us feel ashamed of sitting down on our backsides, waiting for things to happen, he's Skippy's Tony Bonner.

Tony never lets a minute slip past without cramming in something useful and exciting. Life is too precious to be wasted and whether it's inside or outdoors he's interested in anything that's going on.

Tony's hobbies include sketching, motor-bikes, Zen Buddhism, bush walking, designing clothes, eating oysters, shark shooting. You name it, he does it.

All this, plus filming for Skippy and their feature film *Mallacoota* and, as if that isn't enough, he's taken to recording as well.

Last November, Tony released a single called *Would You Have Me Girl* which went a bomb down under, and recently he signed a five-year contract with Festival Records of Australia. His first LP, full of folk and bits of Bee Gees and Easybeats, has already had a second pressing over there.

Roll on the day when we can hear them too.

(East)
JOEL
FABIANI



EVEN if the Government isn't too keen on imports right now, FAB is knocked out with Joel Fabiani, the latest from America (California to be precise).

With looks like his, he's the

best thing since hamburgers for establishing good-will between our two countries.

On sight he strikes you as handsome—all, with deepest blue eyes set in a strong classically-featured face.

On deeper inspection he's at once confident, open and friendly. A guy who gets on well with everyone, he's talkative, amusing and ... wears specs. So what?

Well, his glasses give Joel a split-personality. With them he's sophisticated and aristocratic, without he's the young hero type. Come to think of it, so what! Any image is fine by us!

1,2,3,4 OF THE BEST

Independent telly is a bit confusing until you get the hang of the system. Each area company is responsible for making different programmes, but they also borrow from each other.

The annoying part is one area seeing a smashing programme when the others aren't, but we usually see all the programmes in the end.

We've split our gorgeous telly men into rough areas according to where they're being shown at the moment: *Skippy* in the north, *The Champions* in the south, *Jericho* in the west, *Department S* in the east.

TRUST Britain to miss out on super talent! There was

John Leyton as English as anything (born in Highgate, London); lovely looking, unassuming, cheerful and progressing towards a brilliant acting career. But suddenly the scene went scatty.

John sang in a TV play and turned, by mistake, into a pop star overnight. That was eight years ago, but nobody would believe in him as an actor any more.

"I thought I'd better learn to sing quickly, I felt such a fraud," he admitted. "But it was nice to feel successful, so I decided to make the most of it—I could always turn back to acting ..."

Three years later he realized it wasn't so simple!

Eventually in *The Great Escape* he made up a little ground, but

decided ... wanted to go any further he must go to America. It worked.

Jericho is a success and the film *Krakatoa—East of Java*, to be released in the spring, will confirm once and for all he's an actor.

So come on Britain. Swallow your pride, get down on your knees and beg John to come back ...fast!

TALKING to Stuart Damon is stimulating. He knows exactly what he thinks and is articulate enough to put everything perfectly into words.

The point is, Stuart has had it pretty tough climbing the ladder and when you know you're successful because of your own hard work and sheer determination, you come to some startling

conclusions about life.

"I was born in Brooklyn, New York where you were lucky to see trees, and I was virtually raised on the streets," he said.

"It was the time when the leather jackets with studs era started and the kids hung around together in clubs—I had a royal blue club jacket with a devil on it. I was a real juvenile delinquent—I used to shoot out street lights with BB guns."

Stuart fought hard to resist anything phoney and found out for himself the important things in his life.

Apart from acting, his family is everything and he lives with his wife Deirdre in a beautiful Chelsea flat. The front door opens straight into an oldie worlde lounge with a rich ochre carpet.

A far cry from the tenements of Brooklyn.

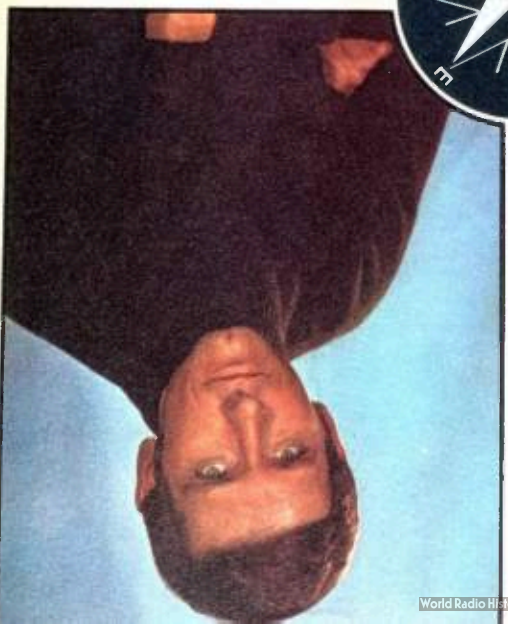
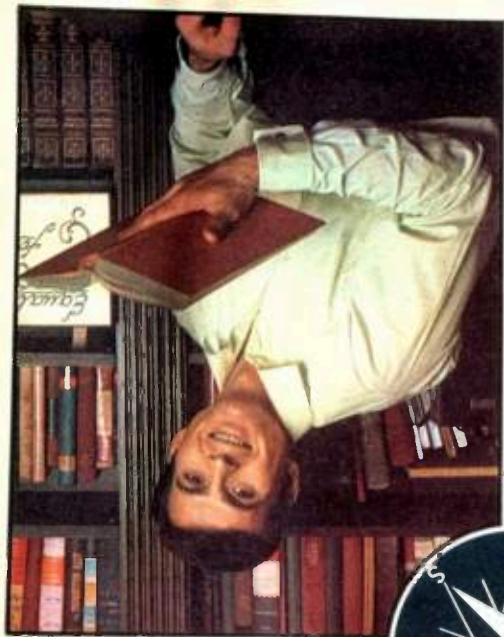
ANNE WILSON

(West)
JOHN
LEYTON



(Sou)
STUART
DAMON





Photograph by: Daniel Pierrot
Model: Sheila White




*next
week!*

FABULOUS EASTER SUIT OFFER—

that's what we've got coming up. It's a lovely battle-dress jacket with short sleeves in different stripy shades and a plain skirt in super cotton denim. You'll love it. The price is only 49s. So don't miss out. Get next week's Fab and you'll see it in colour along with all the info, and an order coupon. Merry Easter and a Happy New Summer in our suit!

HEATHER KIRBY



LEATHER HAS A ROSY FUTURE & SO HAS A SECOND SKIN

When antique leather became the rage last year, plastic copies appeared by the ton at a fraction of the price but apparently you didn't want to know. When it's leather you are only interested in the real thing. Which is why we relaxed our usually very strict rule about price this week to show you some super leather gear.

HEATHER KIRBY

Photographs by: JIM LEE



MODELLING our leather and skin fashions is Glo Macari who has just released a single of *Love in Our Time*, the theme song she sang in the film. The lovely rosy pink real leather pinafore dress she's wearing on the left is by Suede and Leathercraft and costs £14 2s. 1d. It comes from a whole range of super skirts, waistcoats, suits and coats in the same colour—only wish we could show you the lot! With it Glo teamed a sort-of-sea-blue-green Tricel jersey shirt blouse by Feminella, approx 52s. 6d. Below is a super snakeskin waistcoat from Quorum, the Chelsea boutique where all the action starts! It costs 63gns and comes in black, brown, green, red and cream. The fantastically frilly white nylon lace blouse costs 35s. from C. & A.'s. Suede skirt from a selection at Miss Selfridge, £4 19s. 6d. For how and where to buy, write to: **Fab Fashion, FAB-208, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London E.C.4.** Please enclose a s.a.e. for your reply.





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 High Wycombe, Bucks.

GOING BACK IN TIME

SALLY CORK

In April there is a new television series starting called *The Mind Of Mr. J.G. Reader*, which will be dramatised short stories adapted from Edgar Wallace. The action is set in 1924 so there is a busy time ahead for the make-up girl and wardrobe mistress! We watched Christine Pryor, who is going to be in an episode entitled *The Troupe*, being made up and going back in time to a razz-a-ma-tazz dolly, '20s style.



Final shot. Add a hat, beads, dress and there you boo-doo-boo doo go!



Christine as she is now, a false eye washed '60s raver.



Girls in those days had a pale complexion, so you have to use a light foundation. Max Factor's Colour TV range of make-up is used throughout.



There were no 'socket lines' in those days though shadow was worn to be seen.



Girls used to pluck their eyebrows out and then paint in lines. Because they never grow properly again, Christine's were combed and then painted over.



Red lips are the order of the day, with a cupid's bow shape just to add to the look.

the amazing glory brown

continued from page 13

of my cold cream.

"Hi!" She didn't turn round, just glanced at me through the glass.

"Have a good time?" I inquired mildly, hanging up my cloak.

"Fantastic! He's fabulous, isn't he?"

"I looked for you after the concert was over," I said, taking great care to sound cool.

"Oh you did?" She swivelled round to me.

"Well I felt a bit headache so I asked if we could leave early."

She looked extremely well and bright-eyed to me. Poor Con, missing his concert.

But I didn't say anything. Frankie was staying with me now and the flat wasn't very big. If we had to be together I wanted it to be on good terms.

"And next time you want to borrow my boyfriend, ask for a permit first!" I said. I made my voice light and even managed a laugh at the end.

"Fancy. I never guessed he was yours!" She was brushing her hair slowly, the head on one side, looking at her reflection all the time. "Con never said anything about it!"

Oh he didn't, didn't he? I felt my annoyance with him creeping back.

I WENT into the kitchen and put the kettle on. Coffee was what I needed most now. My hand was shaking as I lit the gas.

Frankie was gathering up her hair and tying it into a bunch at the nape of her neck when I came back.

"Funny kind of character, isn't he? Your Con, I mean."

"I thought you just said he was fantastic!"

"Yes, but strange with it, if you know what I mean. There's something odd about him."

I groaned.

"Now if you're going to tell me you think he's queer or something . . ."

"I'm sure he's not!" she cut in. She lowered her eyelashes and smiled quietly down at the front of her lacy night-dress. I ignored it.

"He was fine at first," Frankie said softly, as if she was thinking out loud. "Lots to say . . . all smiles and glad I was there. Then . . ."

"Then what, Frankie?" I didn't want to ask but I had to.

"He met a friend in the interval. Some fellow he hadn't seen for ages. And after that he went sort of quiet, as if he'd forgotten me. And that's when my headache started to come on!"

She got up and walked quickly to the wardrobe, pulling out her dresses one by one and studying them.

"Still, tomorrow's another day. And tomorrow I think I'll wear this!" She held up a red mini dress with fur on the collar. "Like it?"

But I wasn't really interested. It was still thinking about Con and wondering about his sudden change of mood with Frankie.

"Ooh! I almost forgot!" She flung her dress on her bed and turned back to me. "Con said to tell you he couldn't meet you tomorrow after all. He said he'll ring you at the shop later, okay?"

That did it. On top of everything else he was breaking our date tomorrow. I went into the kitchen and closed the door because I thought I was going to cry.

Read more about the Amazing Glory Brown in next week's FAB.

© Jo Dawson 1969

On February 26th Gary Bond plays a villain in 'Stay Tuned', an episode of The Avengers. It's all very exciting because he's never played that sort of a quiet villain before, even if the filming part was a bit uncomfortable! It's at 6 a.m. in the middle of winter when it was dark and freezing cold. He usually drive to the studios (bless Tony Blackburn!). A trusted sausage and marmalade roll for breakfast and straight into filming. But working on his own since Premier last year wasn't half so bad. In fact, a day on location in Wales was a ball.

Check out BOND



6 a.m.: No one minds getting up so early when it's daylight. A leisurely breakfast, with a beautiful view from the hotel window of stone walls and wandering sheep.

7.30 a.m.: Make-up in one of the hotel rooms given up specially for this purpose, and immediately you feel ready for work. But aren't the British odd! No one takes the least bit of notice of two strange Indians strolling up a mountain at some inauspicious hour in the morning.

8.30 a.m.: Off on location to the mountains... very authentic. Even the Indians with us okayed the Watkins Pass for the Khyber Pass (except it's greener in Wales).

The Land Rover drives as far up the mountain as possible and you walk the rest. Everyone mucks in together, helping with the wardrobe by slogging up with rifles and soldiers uniforms tugged under their arms.

9.30 a.m.: A tough day's shooting begins—mountains are great but tiring, and battle scenes can wear you out. It can take ages to get them exactly right, especially when you're using horses that get nervous. Two hours to film one sequence because gun fire makes Gary's horse rear in his head and charge off down the mountainside. The poor horse is so frightened as he thinks the camera is making the gun shot, and it takes fifty people circling a radius of fifty yards to stop him bolting.

1.15 p.m.: Marvellous to have a three-course lunch when you think of

the conditions! Location caterers, who come from London with the company, drive half way up the mountainside just for us.

Sometimes, when it's hot enough, a quick swim in the mountain pools. Anything to forget it all for three-quarters of an hour (working at such a pace is a strain).

But on location, no matter how hard you work, it's more of a holiday feeling, especially in a beautiful place like Wales.

2.00 p.m.: Back to filming.

4.00 p.m.: The caterers come back up the mountainside with a tea urn and cakes for a quarter-hour break for tea. Food is a great highlight because filming is exhausting, and although it's nice to be in the fresh air, it's also pretty tiring.

4.15 p.m.: Shooting through until the evening or as long as the light lasts. You have to, since odd things always crop up to waste time, such as the hour spent shooting away sheep. Sixty soldiers up a mountain for a battle on either side of a ravine is quite complicated enough, without a whole herd of sheep appearing on different levels from round the corner!

7.30 p.m.: At least it's easier going down a mountain! Back in the hotel you're ready to drop, have a glass of cold beer and... food! Hope the other residents aren't too upset when some of us, too tired to shower, sit down to eat still in our costumes and covered in make-up.

9.30 p.m.: Discussions about tomorrow... and

10.30 p.m.: SLEEP... Anne Wilson



Spots!

Don't let them spoil that date!

Heal fast, heal clean with Germolene!

Germolene contains a special healing ingredient—rather like a conditioner. Smoothed in at night, it quickly soothes inflammation, takes away the irritation of spots and pimples. With your skin clear and healthy again you can keep your next date, certain you're looking your best.



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12 CHART BUSTERS ON 1 RECORD

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Each one sent to you in full colour laminated presentation sleeve—DON'T take our word for it. SEND FOR YOUR RECORDS NOW. AVAILABLE ONLY FROM AVENUE RECORDINGS LTD.

We will gladly refund your money if you're not delighted.

<p>CHOICE 1 (0131)</p> <p>BLACKBERRY WINE MOVE IN A LITTLE CLOSER HALF AS NICE PLEASE DON'T GO QUICK JOY SMALL THE WAY IT USED TO BE</p>	<p>FOR ON THE BIRD DANCING ON THE STREET I GUESS I'LL ALWAYS LOVE YOU YOU GOT SOUL TO LOVE SOMEBODY STOP HER ON SIGHT (GOS)</p>
<p>CHOICE 2 (012)</p> <p>PRIVATE NUMBER SON OF A PREACHER MAN DON'T FORGET TO CATCH ME SOMETHING'S HAPPENING I SHALL BE RELEASED RACE WITH THE DEVIL</p>	<p>ALBATROSS BUILD ME UP BUTTERCUP I'M THE LIBRARIAN SPACEMAN OB-LA-DI OB-LA-DA ONE TWO THREE O'LEARY A MINUTE OF YOUR TIME</p>
<p>CHOICE 3 (0111)</p> <p>ELIZISE HARPER VALLEY P.T.A. RUDI'S IN LOVE WAIT FOR ME MARY-ANNE I AIN'T GOT NO—I GOT LIFE BREAKING DOWN THE WALLS OF HEARTACHE</p>	<p>ELZONBE MEXICO I'M A TIGER LILY THE PINK IF I KNOW THEN WHAT I KNOW NOW THIS OLD HEART OF MINE</p>

Simply tick the Records of your choice. Fill in your name and address (please print) and tick like copies in P.O. Order column. Send to:

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INSIDE STORY

(Continued from page 8)

was a brilliant scholar by any means, but he was a good pupil—he certainly wasn't unruly or anything like that.

"Of course, Stuart was known mainly at school for his acting. I remember that some of the things he did were pretty impressive," he added.

Dr. Rintoul's opinion of Stuart's acting ability is echoed by many people who know him then. One such person is Neville Gardan—now a feature writer on the Daily Express up in Glasgow.

"I knew Stuart in his teens," Neville told me. "I suppose it would be during his last couple of years at school. We were both members of the Amateur Dramatic Society at the Little Theatre in Edinburgh.

"Stuart in those days was an exceedingly smart young schoolboy. He always wore a nice white shirt, a pair of immaculately pressed grey flannels and his school blazer. Oh, and his hair was very short and well groomed!

"Memories that stand out are mostly funny ones—the main reason being that Stuart had such a tremendous sense of humour. I think that is why the two of us got on so well. There were various occasions when he'd have the whole company in fits of laughter with his joking.

"One particular time, this happened during an actual performance! We had reached a fairly serious part of the play and then suddenly, completely out of the blue, Stuart added an unscripted line and this caused uproar. Not only among the

cast, but the audience too! Stuart, though, was pretty tremendous. At the Little Theatre he was playing the parts of older men and this, of course, required that much more artistry. Had he not gone into the radio world, I'm sure he would have done extremely well as a professional actor."

The next major decision in Stuart's life came at about the age of sixteen: what to do when he left school.

"One thing was certain," he told me, "I'd made up my own mind that I wasn't going into any 9-5 factory job!"

Mrs. Henry takes up the story again: "I knew Stuart was thinking in terms of a career in acting," she said, "and during his last year at school he had begun to talk about going to Drama School.

"I tried very hard to dissuade him from this—but finally, after pressure from both Stuart and some of his friends, I gave in and he got a place at the School of Dramatic Arts in Glasgow."

"Life at Drama School was very enjoyable," said Stuart. "The work was interesting and there wasn't too much of it. The only drag about the whole thing was the boring journey each day from Edinburgh to Glasgow. It seemed so silly—I mean, the obvious thing was for me to live in Glasgow.

"I must admit that the thought of this thrilled me," he continued. "Cos as a city Glasgow really fascinated me. It was rough and dirty, but there was a certain atmosphere about it that Edinburgh didn't have. A sort of excitement."

Mrs. Henry admitted: "Yes, I guessed what was going on in his mind. This move to Glasgow was nothing new—all the boys tried it sooner or later. The only thing was that in Stuart's case it came very much sooner than expected.

"I was firmly against it, but Stuart persuaded me that it was a good thing and in the end I agreed. Mind you, he used to come and visit me most weekends."

DOUG PERRY

From being a drama student, Stuart takes to the high seas... Continued in next week's Fab.



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Above

This is where it all started. Queen Mary's nursing home, where Stuart was born.

Right

How's about this for a bonnie wee highlander? Four-year-old Stuart complete with kilt and all!



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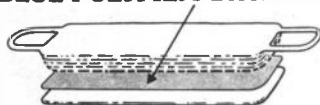
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In March 1 Petticoat.

PETTICOAT

ONE SHILLING.

THE WORLD

Mandy Barnett

a week by week diary-

It's Wednesday, and I haven't seen Graham for six days. Six whole days! I just can't believe it's happened. I don't like to believe it, but perhaps I am one of those people who thinks everything happens to everyone else, never me.



want to travel... and see the world... and have a good time. Even the thought of being tied down makes me feel sick! I do love him - but I don't want to get married. There's nothing wrong with that is there?

Jane had been gawping at me throughout. Now I spoke so sharply she jumped and blushed. 'No, no, of course not. Blaise... if only Dick would...'

Honestly, she was the end. Ever since Jane had met Dick, all thoughts of the career she'd been so set on just disappeared. All she wanted was a little house, a pinafore, and a gold ring. Sick, I call it. Completely and utterly sick!

Then she blurted out a typically Jane-remark. 'Look, why don't you ring him and say it was all a mistake. You've had a think, and you've changed your mind? Then everything'll be lovely!'

'But I don't want to,' I said. 'I just do not want to get married, and that's that!'

All the same, when I got home and Mum shook her head in reply to my casual 'Any calls?' I felt quite ill and crept off to bed. Never mind, I thought. He'll come tomorrow. He's bound to come tomorrow. It was Sunday, so I got all started up. Every time the phone or the front gate went, my heart started thudding. Then at 10 o'clock, with the words 'He won't come now' pounding round my head, I crawled upstairs. Janine was on the landing, and looked curiously at me.



'We've broken up,' I turned my head away so she wouldn't see the tears in

my eyes. 'Oh Mandy, I'm terribly sorry - but why?' 'He wants to get engaged. I don't.' 'You're mad!' 'You're mad!' 'That's what I'd said to Graham.'

'Why - is he eligible even by your standards?' I knew it was an awful thing to say, but I felt so bad. She flushed a deep pink. 'No - it isn't that. But he's nice, just terribly terribly nice.' I burst into tears and fled into my room.

Monday should have been marvellous. I was back at the office, busy with all my friends, gossip and excitement. It was an awful day.

By Wednesday, I felt like a ghost. Oh, I'd learned how to smile at people, and talk gaily. But inside I was completely warty. Had lunch with Midge and told her all about it. Didn't mean to, but trust her, she'd guessed something was up. She looked terribly concerned and tried to talk me into ringing him. 'Look, I'm busy with all this. I don't break it off - he did. He can do the ringings.'

I suppose all the time, I really believed he would. But Thursday came and although every time the phone went I felt a sick, it was all about it. Felt too bad to go out at lunchtime, and was sitting feeling lonely and unwanted over a cheese roll when the office door opened.

'Would you tell Mr. Johnson his wife's here, please. Why, what's the matter?' Tears were running down my cheeks and I didn't even know it. Suddenly I burst into tears and before I knew what was happening I felt a sick, it was all about it. 'You know my dear,' she said. 'It's almost always the woman who has to make the first move. Men are far too proud.'

I sat and thought for a long time after she'd gone. You must go to him, she'd said. And Janine, Midge and Jane, they'd all told me to ring him.

Graham would hate it if he knew I'd told all our personal troubles to other people, I thought. Graham! We'd been apart a whole week. All right then. I'd do it. I'd ring him. My hand was shaking but I managed to dial the number. A man's voice informed me he was at lunch -

would I like to leave a message? 'No, or no!' I put the receiver down. I couldn't do it again, I couldn't. I'd go and see him tomorrow instead.

I was wildly happy all day Friday. Tonight I'd see Graham, and everything would be all right and we'd be together. Everything was going to be all right!

I knocked on the door of his house, feeling a bit wobbly, and his mum opened the door and his mum opened the door and he came to the door and she told me. 'Why don't you pop round and join him?' It wasn't the most romantic place for a reconciliation, but I couldn't face waiting.

I pushed open the door of the pub and at first I couldn't see him. The room was hazy with smoke and there were crowds of people. Then suddenly, there he was. My heart was thudding so loudly I was sure everyone in the room must be able to hear. He's round at the pub, but he wasn't smiling at me, but at a gleaming blonde head down by his shoulder.

A little man opened the door for me and I blundered past, nearly knocking him over. And then I was walking away from the pub, and away from Graham and his new girl-friend.



(39) Mandy Barnett will be back in FAB next week and every week with more of her diary.

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