

9th March 1968

Fab **News** 1st 208

SUPER EASTER SUIT OFFER 49'.



GIANT DOUBLE
PAGE COLOUR ANDY
FAIRWEATHER - LOW

**FAB HONOURS
THE RESULTS**

Radio Luxembourg
programmes 4th - 10th March



FAB HONOURS... THE RESULTS

WELL, Emma was pretty disgusted that she wasn't among the top girls, but apart from that, what lovely results in our FAB poll! (Jan. 4th FAB, remember, was when you were asked to vote.) How to see our friends Lulu topping the girls, and Marlene still making a good show. Also nice to see Amen Corner where they belong, and funny Kenny Everett there too.

Here, then, are your results in full:

Fave Pop Person

- 1 Andy Fairweather-Low
- 2 Davy Jones
- 3 Steve Sills

Fave Group

- 1 The Beatles
- 2 The Who
- 3 Amen Corner

Fave Artist

- 1 Mick Jagger
- 2 Brendan Behan
- 3 Yvonne King

Fave DJ

- 1 Tony Blackburn
- 2 Stuart Murray
- 3 Kenny Everett
- 4 Fave Girl On The Scene

- 1 Lulu
- 2 Cilla Black
- 3 Julie Driscoll

You'll find Andy, your top favourite, on pages 16 and 17 this week. Next week we'll be featuring your other top FAB names personalities.

GRATEFUL BEE GEES

See Gee Maurice was just rubbing out the door when I rang to tell him the news. But he still found time to show how pleased he was and asked me please to say his.

We're very pleased and proud to be voted top group.

Thank you everyone—and thank you FAB for all the nice things you've written about us in the past year.

Love, Maurice

TONY TAKES OVER

Funny Tony Blackburn should have topped Stuart Murray in our poll, see that's just what he'd done at *Top of the Pops*, too! Stuart leaves the show on March 27th and Tony replaces him on April 24th.

However, Stuart is now doing *Stuart Murray's Spandeezy*, a half-hour show every Friday for Tyne-Tees television. It's a sort of mini David Frost thing, with Stuart doing face-to-face interviews.

He's got a completely free hand on the show—he chooses his guests and they choose who does the music.

March 14 The Scaffold are guests, and they'll choose the music of *The Fourmen*.

P.S. Watch out for Stuart's last TOTP programme—he promises to go out with a bang.



Welcome to Another FAB!

We've been having loads of inquiries about Andy—which is not surprising since you voted him your top pop personality. So we're starting an ASK AMEN column. Send your questions to ASK AMEN, FAB 208, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London E.C.4, as soon as possible. Don't enclose a stamped addressed envelope because the boys will only answer your questions in FAB and not through the post.

Love,

STEVE DRESSING DOWN

New Steve Sills gobbles when he's pleased.

I'm just launched out! He said it's terrific and I'm very grateful.

A funny thought hit Steve when he was changing for a gig last week.

'In the old days, to say you go to a gig, tells off your day clothes and get into lundies, white shirt, bow tie, the lot in other words you'd dress up.'

Now you change out of your day clothes, put on trousers, tee shirt and scarf and that's it. You dress down!

IT'S ALL HAPPENING FOR LULU

Quite a busy time ahead for Lulu.

The 22nd of this month sees the last of her BBC series *Happening For Lulu*, and shortly after that she's off to Madrid for the European Song Contest.

Then she and Marlene are hoping to take a couple of weeks off for a rather isolated honeymoon!

After that, it's back to work with Lulu playing the lead in her second film, tentatively entitled *The Subject of Jones*.

BOGIE FOR CILLA

Cilla has a brand somewhere who's a practical joker!

In the recording studio last week she handed the band part of the musical director, who gave them an odd look and said: 'Are you sure this is what you want us to play?'

Cilla was—until they launched into the number. It was Caber! Page!

EMMA'S EVER-OPEN DOOR

After months of either sitting in a straight up the door open or getting up every five minutes to let her majesty in and out, she found the solution.

You thought her to open the door herself (by leaving it open) and she stands on her hind legs and puts all her weight against it.

That's all very well. Would someone else mind writing letters to teach Emma to open against the other side—and that's the door!

Christine Osbourne



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C/IPC Magazines Ltd 1969
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RADIO 208

LISTEN TO THE MUSIC
ON THE AIR

From Tuesday March 4th to Monday March 10th

Tuesday 4th	Wednesday 5th	Thursday 6th	Friday 7th	Saturday 8th	Sunday 9th	Monday 10th
10.00-11.00 The Beatles 11.00-12.00 The Who 12.00-1.00 The Beatles 1.00-2.00 The Beatles 2.00-3.00 The Beatles 3.00-4.00 The Beatles 4.00-5.00 The Beatles 5.00-6.00 The Beatles 6.00-7.00 The Beatles 7.00-8.00 The Beatles 8.00-9.00 The Beatles 9.00-10.00 The Beatles 10.00-11.00 The Beatles 11.00-12.00 The Beatles	10.00-11.00 The Beatles 11.00-12.00 The Beatles 12.00-1.00 The Beatles 1.00-2.00 The Beatles 2.00-3.00 The Beatles 3.00-4.00 The Beatles 4.00-5.00 The Beatles 5.00-6.00 The Beatles 6.00-7.00 The Beatles 7.00-8.00 The Beatles 8.00-9.00 The Beatles 9.00-10.00 The Beatles 10.00-11.00 The Beatles 11.00-12.00 The Beatles	10.00-11.00 The Beatles 11.00-12.00 The Beatles 12.00-1.00 The Beatles 1.00-2.00 The Beatles 2.00-3.00 The Beatles 3.00-4.00 The Beatles 4.00-5.00 The Beatles 5.00-6.00 The Beatles 6.00-7.00 The Beatles 7.00-8.00 The Beatles 8.00-9.00 The Beatles 9.00-10.00 The Beatles 10.00-11.00 The Beatles 11.00-12.00 The Beatles	10.00-11.00 The Beatles 11.00-12.00 The Beatles 12.00-1.00 The Beatles 1.00-2.00 The Beatles 2.00-3.00 The Beatles 3.00-4.00 The Beatles 4.00-5.00 The Beatles 5.00-6.00 The Beatles 6.00-7.00 The Beatles 7.00-8.00 The Beatles 8.00-9.00 The Beatles 9.00-10.00 The Beatles 10.00-11.00 The Beatles 11.00-12.00 The Beatles	10.00-11.00 The Beatles 11.00-12.00 The Beatles 12.00-1.00 The Beatles 1.00-2.00 The Beatles 2.00-3.00 The Beatles 3.00-4.00 The Beatles 4.00-5.00 The Beatles 5.00-6.00 The Beatles 6.00-7.00 The Beatles 7.00-8.00 The Beatles 8.00-9.00 The Beatles 9.00-10.00 The Beatles 10.00-11.00 The Beatles 11.00-12.00 The Beatles	10.00-11.00 The Beatles 11.00-12.00 The Beatles 12.00-1.00 The Beatles 1.00-2.00 The Beatles 2.00-3.00 The Beatles 3.00-4.00 The Beatles 4.00-5.00 The Beatles 5.00-6.00 The Beatles 6.00-7.00 The Beatles 7.00-8.00 The Beatles 8.00-9.00 The Beatles 9.00-10.00 The Beatles 10.00-11.00 The Beatles 11.00-12.00 The Beatles	10.00-11.00 The Beatles 11.00-12.00 The Beatles 12.00-1.00 The Beatles 1.00-2.00 The Beatles 2.00-3.00 The Beatles 3.00-4.00 The Beatles 4.00-5.00 The Beatles 5.00-6.00 The Beatles 6.00-7.00 The Beatles 7.00-8.00 The Beatles 8.00-9.00 The Beatles 9.00-10.00 The Beatles 10.00-11.00 The Beatles 11.00-12.00 The Beatles

LOVE is... well, marvelous! Love is perhaps the greatest of all human emotions. To love somebody, or even something, can be all warm and cozy and—yes, marvelous! But being IN LOVE is sometimes not what it's cracked up to be. It can be lonely and frightening and worrying.

A letter this week set me off thinking about the whole subject of love. Girl named Lana Rebeck,

writing from Denmark, makes the point much better than I can. She says: "I'll tell you a secret I'm in love and I'm feeling awful! Does he feel the same?"

"He hasn't said, but what if only because he had a wife to drink? I'm so restless and I can't sleep at night. It's awful to be a girl. You can't do anything but try to look beautiful and hope for the best. I used to think it would be wonderful to be in love but I longer better

now.

"The fact finally broke but I've never been so lonely as I am now. When will I meet him again? I don't know."

Lana sums it all up very well but she misses out on one thing. She apparently doesn't realize that it can be just as difficult for the bloke in a situation like this—the sort of love-at-first-sight case which does happen despite what the cynics have to say about it.

And you know something?—It happened to me. Got mixed up with the loveliest bloke and his wife's heart went all flutter and he thinks "This is it." Then he spends the next few weeks showing his finger-walks down to the office wondering what SHE really feels deep down inside.

When it happened to me, it happened quick as a flash. Suddenly, I was all goo-goo as they say. I wanted desperately to meet her again but, because of work, we couldn't make a date any earlier than a fortnight ahead. Fourteen rotten days sitting and wondering just how strong the feeling was on her side. And it does hurt, believe you me. The pain, the feeling inside that comes when you really dig somebody. A horrible sick feeling, down in the depths of the tum-tum and all the time you have to sweat it out until the next meeting.

Lana, love, I can remember it all as if it were yesterday. In fact, it was quite a few years ago. Certainly I'd never do it that way again. I'd come right out with it and say how much I liked the girl, that I was sure it was no passing fancy and that I simply had to know what her thoughts were. That's the only advice I can give you. Contact the guy and ask him straight out. Find out what the score is. He might feel just as keen—in which case I'm sure he'd be only too pleased and flattered if the girl told the trouble to tell him so.

Or he might not feel anything at all, in which case Lana has saved herself a lot of needless worry and self-doubt and frustration. It's all wrong the theory that it has to be the man who makes the approach. A girl has rights of her own to and her misery, one way or the other. Most guys I know would be happy if a girl declared herself—even if he has to be honest and break the news to her that "Look, I hate to say this but you're really not my scene. Sorry, but..." Some blokes can be a state of loneliness—fair enough. But shouldn't have to suffer for signs in silence. I did it that once, but now I believe in taking the bull by the horns and getting the record straight. Honestly speaking, it's better to be snubbed than to worry yourself sick and end up by doing something daft.

But I have a just one word of warning. This is what actually happened to me. After that fortnight had passed, I went to meet the girl. I was going to see her straight what she felt, but first I spent time trying to peer under her rather cool exterior. That apparently strained smile—was it simply that she didn't dig me at all?

Or was there another explanation—that she was a bit shy and the part of the girl who was backward is coming forward? You can't always tell from a facial expression what is going on in the old brain-box.

Later on I found out, only too surely that the lady was not exactly sold on me. It had been fun meeting her at the party but I wish by no means a long-term prospect in her eyes.

So the whole affair was blown out almost before it had begun! I'm no longer the romantic love-in-hopes type, I make things clear right from the start. Because love and romance needs two people thinking along the same lines—and you simply do not enough! And very few affairs turn out to have a very happy happy-ever-after but cheaper



DAVE DEE

Address your letters to Dave, c/o PAB 288, Fleetway House, Farringham Street, London E.C.4. (Please do NOT enclose a stamped, addressed envelope as Dave won't be able to answer zip letters through the post, though he will read every one and damn well so his column.)



HOW WILL YOU KNOW HE LOVES YOU?

CARL WAYNE

answers 20 QUESTIONS

1. *You must be very excited about the success of **Blackberry Way**?*

It's wonderful, and I'm just looking forward to the future now.

2. *In appearance you seem to have slimmed down a lot. Well we have. I've been wearing a suit and bow tie lately on stage, but that is really only a fiddle.*

3. *Have you slimmed down in attitude though?*

Yes we have. We got ourselves a bad image and we're trying to show we aren't the villains everyone thought we were.

4. *How would you describe yourself?*

Proud, honest, moody, with an interesting face rather than just good looking.

5. *What would you say is your biggest fault?*

Criticism of other people and of myself.

6. *Have you got a car?*

No. I can drive but I've just finished a 12 month ban.

7. *You seem to have been a bit unsettled and unhappy with the **British scene** lately.*

Our image was going against us; no one wanted us for programmes and we weren't getting anywhere. But things are looking up now, we are getting a bit of respect for ourselves.

8. *So you weren't thinking of settling in another country?*

I'd only live in Britain. It's just that there is so much money to be made abroad.

9. *What makes you happy?*

Sunny weather, and doing things for other people.

10. *What makes you sad?*

Old people, stray cats and dogs

Like a ghost from the past Carl Wayne is suddenly fluttering our hearts again. I spoke to him in Birmingham and asked him some questions. It seems several things are different about our Carl.



and orphans.

11. *Is there anything you'd like to change in the world?*

I'd like to see old people better looked after, more money given to them and better homes. We tend to cast people off as soon as they get old.

12. *What's your ultimate ambition?*

To make films. I'd love to be an actor, but it's so hard to get into acting as it is into pop.

13. *What sort of education did you have?*

I left school at eighteen. I had ten O-levels but then I got interested in pop music and failed my three A-levels. I didn't have any musical education at all.

14. *Are you religious?*

No, but I'm not irreligious.

15. *Would you say you're an idealist or a realist?*

A realist. I don't believe in things until I see them, and I'm not the sort that would die for my country.

16. *What sort of books do you read?*

Caribbean books. I read about six a week. I don't read for education any more, just for pleasure.

17. *What artists do you admire?*

Beatles, Jimi Hendrix and Steve McCQueen.

18. *Where do you buy your clothes?*

King's Road and a little leather shop I know in London.

19. *What's your ideal evening off?*

Going to the pictures. I used to go about three or four times a week. I like anything good.

20. *What do you see yourself doing in ten years' time?*

Acting I hope.

PAMELA TOWNSEND



MONKEES— MIXED FEELINGS

THE Monkees have made their first appearance here in the States as a threesome, and I must admit to having mixed feelings about their performance.

They appeared on the first segment of the new TV show *The Glen Campbell Goodtime Hour* and did a sort of medley of songs and jokes, including (if at all) *The Last Train to Clarksville*, one of their very early songs. They did it big and it sounded absolutely awful.

Part of their act was very cute and other parts were not, so it's hard to arrive at an opinion about the whole thing. I guess, all in all, it was just good to see them no matter what or how they performed.

A lot of people didn't dig the way the show was advertised by the network. It appeared on for a couple of weeks before giving time they ran an ad showing a very odd and rather strange color photo of all four Monkees. Of course only Mike, Micky and Davy showed up and, as things unfolded, they probably should have explained Peter's absence. His split with the Monkees has been announced, but America to see how that story fans still haven't heard the news.

Oh well, anyway they looked great. All three are clean shaven again, except for Peter, and look super.

Speaking of Peter, he is fantastic when it comes to the solo part of money. I mean he does not even think about it. Oh, he does in a business sort of way. I'm sure, but he hardly ever keeps cash around the house or on his person. One night when he and his girlfriend, Renee, were planning to go see one of their favorite groups perform, they were actually wondering if they'd have enough money to buy coats.

I believe I keep raving about how much of a groove Peter is, but it's really true, so bear with me.

CHAPARRAL AWARDS

BRENDON Brown's daughter, Martin Gordon, is in London for his wedding (don't panic—I mean Martin's wedding) and Brendon is just sick that he won't be able to go along. Not just to attend the wedding, but also to visit your super country and meet some of his English fans.

Unfortunately however, he is all read up on a film thing I can't

It's our Janey out in Hollywood
cabling another detailed report
on all your faves there.

talk about yet and has to be here in Hollywood.

The last of High Chaparral are celebrating! They've just received an award for being the top television show in Belgium. That, coupled with Mari Sade winning your Favorite Actor poll, has them really excited, not to mention grateful.

THE CHRIS CAREY SHOW?

I was supposed to have gotten together with Rudy Sabat yesterday, but he had a last minute hang-up (something about having to trade cars with his wife) and couldn't make it at the appointed hour. So we're getting together this afternoon. Rudy tells me that he directed a play which appeared at the theater where Chris Carey is now directing it. Rudy's supposed just before rehearsal on Chris's behalf and was an English guy called *Sakko's Night of Fame*.

Chris Carey's recurring role on a TV show called *Almas* just may spin off into a series of his own. If so, he'd be playing the same character he does occasionally on *Almas*: an English gentleman who got away with an million pounds and never making too-boo and losing all of his attention gains. It's a handsome type role which Chris does beautifully so cross your fingers for it.

JIMMY CATCHES DUNE BUG

RAS was Jimmy Darnon yesterday who is looking marvelous. He is staying on a deal which will have him doing several films in Europe soon, so you can look forward to seeing him at long last. It's have some more news on that in the near future.

As for the personal side of what's happening with Jan, he's gotten involved in a big case which has his California, called the Dune Buggy. That's a very low car built to ride on the sand dunes (and we have plenty of those not too far from the city). Jan and a friend are building one and can hardly wait to get out into the desert with it. You should see it as far. It's buttcrack yellow and it was all I could do not to hush off to it when he was not looking.

CHRIS + PIA = ?

YOU may have read in the paper about Chris Jones and Pia Dagerman having a rather public battle or the Esmeralda (as is small restaurant in Roma, Wash. If you heard that she poured a pitcher of water over his head, you heard right. But all wounds were soon healed. On Valentine's Day she surprised him with a party at a swank Rome hotel for about 125 guests. Including quite a few big name stars and even some royalty. The invitations requested the guests to show up wearing all white and the host and hostess showed up wearing all red. Pia wore a red dress and Chris wore (are you ready?) a red velvet tuxedo!

At the close of the party, Chris presented Pia with a little gift. Her present was (are you ready again?) an all red Ferrari Jaguar.

The official statement regarding

Chris and Pia is this: They are hinting on possible marriage. They have no plans to marry but they are still close.

CROQUET MAD CESARE

SPEAKING of Croquet: Gordon's you'll never believe what Cesare Davoli's hobby is! In addition to going around looking unbelievably handsome, and being so charming that a person could melt, he digs playing croquet! Croquet, as you know, is that lawn game with mallets and balls and wickets and that sort of thing. I can't imagine anyone playing it seriously, but a whole group of stars here in Hollywood are very taken by the game and are really expert players. Cesare is one of the most expert and always keeps his own personal croquet set in the trunk of his car just to see to run into someplace (figuratively, of course) who'd like to have a go at a game or two.

Whoops! I'm out of room (not to mention my mood)! See you next week.

JANEY MILSTEAD





Alan Whitehead can't understand why everyone asks him about Scottish people. He's just one of the group. A lot of a matter when he goes out to entertain himself, he's not out to sit quietly in the corner of a club but is more likely to be flipping himself on the dance floor!

"I BOUGHT MY CAR, a red TR6 about three months ago. The real reason off but at the moment I've got the hood top on. It's a big brute really, not one of those streamlined cars, but I like it just the same. I love driving at night, especially when it's been raining.

"I LOVE ANIMALS—any kind. I used to go horse riding, but now I've got the big fear of falling off and breaking an arm or wrist. At home I've got a dog called Kato who's getting a bit dodderly now, but he's been a faithful friend. He'll obey me—often!—take a blind bit of notice of anyone but...

"MY MOST EXPENSIVE and favorite possession is my Elicino 600. It's Moplahan, steeples and was a Christmas present from my girl-friend. I love most of my clothes made to my own design or I'll buy things off the peg and have them modified. Just recently I've splashed out and bought five suits. I'm terrible with clothes—at home I've got three overdrives...

"WHEN WE STOP on the way to gigs I'll go into the nearest record shop and buy anything worth of penny sweets. I love penny sweets—it's my second childhood. I'm not Fanny's really, I eat everything possible that's flavoured and I never get on sight!

"I'VE GOT A PENTAX camera—I like to take pictures of the odd members the rest of the group get into, then I blackmail them later! If I see a pretty girl walking around I'll take a picture of her. Another thing I like to take pictures of are baby cars. Great!

"MY RECORD COLLECTION is mostly LPs. I like funk, soul and I play it when I get up—that's the only time I have now.

"DANCING is my biggest hobby and I especially love modern dancing. The Revolution is the favourite place to go dancing because a dance'll get two records, also I like the people who go there.

JULIE WEBB

The first of a new series on The Marmalade. Each week we'll look at their lives and interests starting with drummer Alan Whitehead

MARMALADE SPREAD OUT



For a long time the pin-uppiest star of the sports world has been our own George Best, the soccer wizard of dribble with the devastating Irish smile. But now he's got competition for daisy Alun Evans is on the scene. Not only has he got the magic of George in his twinkling toes, he's also got the super star quality that's going to make him football's 1969 top pop pin-up.

shoo



BETHLEN, in Warrington, is a small town of some 5,000 souls. Its most valuable export is something that weighs 11 stone 1 lb—strapped—something that has fetched, on the open market, roughly £645 per pound of weight. Something named Alun Evans, whimsically after our pin-up figure of the football world.

Four feet, five inches, 165 lbs, 20 years old. Alun is only just married. Yet he fetched £170,000 when he was transferred from Warrington to Wolves in Birmingham, making Liverpool—and its Queen's Road stadium—wealthy.

A hot footballer, but something else. He's also the pin-uppiest soccer star since George Best first arrived on the scene with his Best hair-cut, devastating smile and a stack of Premier-crowned popularity. You just can't see Alun, with his mane of hair or Roger Ball's lightning orange, and his sheer average against opponents a lot better than his own 15, 15, 15.

Let's waste no time in meeting and greeting Alun. First, what makes Liverpool pay him so much money for a comparatively unproven and untried soccer star? Alun had only broken first team games for Wolves last season, and only a handful before taking off in Manchester world. His agent, Yip Henry Liverpool through Bill Winstanley declares: "The boy is great—he's had been worth buying at £100,000."

Sells a brilliant Alun. "What," you say, "is so brilliant about him?" The moment he stepped onto Liverpool's pitch took a lot of money but not as I was then usually a soccer. Alun is Warrington's first league ever star, because the crowd didn't kick in the style of play and gave me a right lot of kick from the ground. I will write my

ing star



handed his 11 million to give every girl a chance to get the signature shirt."

The contract to join Liverpool, a double club in about years, came out of the blue. With his dad, Alan's best mate, talked terms, and signed within half an hour. That Saturday he played his first game for Liverpool in front of 10,000 home supporters. After only a few minutes he found the crowd chanting his name: "ALUN EVANS!" It felt good. Liverpool beat Leicester City that day by 4-1.

And Alan felt like turning cartwheels of joy when he barged in on their goal.

He said: "I've been asked if that £100,000 price tag scares me at all. The answer is no. I want to play football and nothing else. If I do money get on top of me then I'll be waiting everybody's time."

Now Alan has his own massive fan club, tries extremely to cope with the demand for signed programmes, bits of his hair, advice to young players. He's based now in a city that doesn't smile because—and actually gets it. He takes the pressure well for he is coming for the top.

Backstage boy Alan has a good eye, but seeing comes first. He mixes with Liverpool's big boys, Peter Wall and wing half Emlyn Hughes. "Our families, Mrs. Pugh, looks after us all like a mother. Her football club friends are all Liverpool fans, which helps a lot. Just struggle what it would be like if they supported that OTHER Liverpool club, Everton!"

And the real owner of their home is a massive shilling dog named Flash, which sometimes takes Alan out for a walk.

But Alan still gets prices of 200 for shirts and 500 for a pair of shorts. Just these items 2.5m has

Backstage

He's mad about pop music and movies. "I absolutely go for The Beatles and The Beatles and The Stones". He says: "Oh, I like to go and watch all the smaller groups performing but as a rule I go for a particular record rather than a special group or singer. I've just started with our big record of The Stone's Rumble. My old friend Number by Wilson Pickett and Sam Cooke."

"A night at the cinema with me that. But this is what I like. The Godfather, but I'm there for any Clint Eastwood picture, like *Dirty Harry* or *Flight of Eagles*. That, maybe, a quick three-finger salute to the one to please an girl. I love love and cinema, or film and clips. But I'm going just a bit mad now. I've got quite a small fan press collection!"

Oh—I forget, but I want to see a girl with you for a bit or even less. Now I like you on the street talk with short hair and all make-up but I'm seriously not getting down any other kind? There's one record you've been loving for a year or so—got from Westwood?"

Alan doesn't remember, but he doesn't think it's a good window shopping for Jimmy's but I can do you particular what Alan do drink off white Corbin, 1980 Super eight now—400 built now. He had a 100000 Super, 1980. "But it got smashed up in an accident which of course, wasn't my fault."

Already in the running for England Under 23 honours, Alan Evans is a fast rising star on the soccer scene. And at 665 lbs per pound of his weight, he'd better be careful. If he only stubs his toes, he's doing a couple of hundred quid's worth of damage!

MARK DAY



Great Guy- Manolito



Henry Darrow made it to the top the hard way, by starting at the bottom of the acting world. Then, one day, the Impossible Stroke of Luck occurred. Manolito was launched, and Darrow found the path to fame, stardom and success.

HENRY DARROW is too modest to talk much about himself. But ask him about Manolito and he can talk for hours.

It's truly a pleasure to hear him discuss the character with such affection because, here in Hollywood, one can often meet the ego-ridden actor who is always concerned that his true personality is being submerged in a certain role, etc.

Henry doesn't worry about such things. "Manolito is my kind of person," he laughs. "He doesn't take himself too seriously."

In that respect, Henry and Manolito are much alike. Henry is very easy going and, for someone who really made it the hard way, that's quite a feat. He's also retained a marvelous sense of humor and a total lack of pretension that has you talking like old friends five minutes after you've met.

For Henry, making it the hard way began thirty-some years back. Born Henry Thomas Delgado in New York City, he moved with his parents back to their native Puerto Rico when he was thirteen. Even as a child he felt that acting was what he wanted to do, but he was told that a long way from the glitz where that kind of career was a very good bet if, indeed, it ever is.

That didn't stop Henry. Not much does. **By the time he reached college age acting was still his thing, so he studied at the University of Puerto Rico for two years, majoring in drama and political science. He worked part-time as an interpreter to help finance his schooling.**

Then it happened. The proverbial stroke of luck that was his in exactly the right direction came in the form of a government scholarship. Because of his excellent work in school and in local theater, Henry received a grant which enabled him to return to America and attend the world-famous Pasadena Playhouse, a theater arts college and playhouse near Hollywood.

Two years later, Henry graduated from the Playhouse with a degree. At almost the same time, he married chamberlain Lucy DelPuy.

That was in 1956, and for the next six years Henry worked as an actor. He worked out by dubbing American films for release in Mexico, and from there he played roles in 12 films and 75 television shows.

But the impossible failed to happen—that spectacular something which brings an actor to the attention of the public and for just the right producer. So, for a time, Henry made do with the Near Impossible and just (quaff) earned a living as an actor.

That, of course, didn't stop him either. When he wasn't working on a film or TV show playing a collection of Latin types, he was on the local stage working out in really heavy roles like Iago in *Othello* and as other plays by Shakespeare, Beorn and Shaw. These were roles that deepened and widened his scope professionally and were of great personal value to him.

Then, about two years ago, he was asked to make one of several return engagements to the Pasadena

Playhouse in the star of a play by Ray Bradbury's solid, not misappropriated *The Wonderful Ice Cream Suit*. By this time he was Darrow and not Delgado, he had an attractive semi-British haircut and his acting talents were fully developed in other words, he was ready.

It was there for the possibility to happen, and it did. Producer David Dortort, creator of *Ben-Hur*, was casting a new show called *High Chaparral*. He came to see the play Henry was in, took one look and then a few more, and here he was looking at Manolito Montoya.

He was certainly right. When *High Chaparral* debuted on the air, the critics were unanimous when it came to Henry Darrow. As the dashing ex-Indian Manolito, Henry had very simply stolen the show.

Despite his enormous success since then, Henry hasn't changed very much. He still lives in the same house and not recently got his first new car and he still does most of his vacationing with friends who date back many years. Same as far back as New York and Puerto Rico.

He and wife Lucy, after twelve years of marriage, have two children and a good life. They're separated a lot because Henry has to spend at least half his time on location in Arizona, but if he's away more than two weeks she goes to visit him. If he's away three or more she takes the kids.

The kids are Denise (five) and eleven and Thomas Henry aged seven. Henry laughingly admits they remind much his show. He's been an actor all their lives and, although it now happens that he's a very famous one to boot, he's still their dad.

Henry's interests range from music to science. He works out, as he puts it, "not to get muscles but to keep up. I thought actors were overlanders, but that was before I heard about getting up at 5:30 every morning."

He's a champion at chess, having started playing at the age of five, and has played in tournaments with top stars like Gregory Peck, Martin Berman and Anthonie Quinn.

Born into the Catholic faith he is now dabbling in Zen and Yoga, looking into and examining both sides and himself. His wife is Episcopalian and the children have been given a choice of religions. Tommas chose to be a Methodist and Denise is a Presbyterian. Despite their different religious paths, they're a close family and one that Henry tries to keep out of the limelight because he feels it's the best thing for all of them.

Henry is perhaps his second most serious on the subject of the American Indian. He knows a lot about them and is actively involved at projects for their betterment. And he can talk and listen for hours when the conversation gets around to Indian legend and lore.

Henry is most serious of all about acting. It is his life's work, his craft, and something he wants to do very well. But even about something that important to him, he isn't serious or uptight.

"I take what I do seriously," he once told me, "but not myself doing it."

And that line says more about Henry Darrow than any I've ever heard.

Janey McLeod

Private Days!

STUART HENRY'S LIFE PART 2

Stuart was a keen actor from his earliest years and, after leaving school, became a student at Glasgow's School of Dramatic Arts. This meant leaving home in Edinburgh to live in Glasgow. . . .

SO, FOR the first time, our hero was out on his own and he found himself a small bedsetter in the centre of Glasgow.

"I found out, of course, that life in the small place wasn't quite as exciting as I had imagined," said Stuart, "but still, I enjoyed it."

After a time I left the bedsetter and moved into a flat that I now own.

"The only worry I had at that time was that nothing much seemed to be happening for me," he went on. "In fact, the only thing that I clearly remember is a drama competition run by the BBC, which I entered."

I took a competitor had to stand before a panel of judges and speak about anything they liked for three minutes. Well, I don't know if the judges had been drinking or what, but no one was more surprised than me when they announced that I'd won.

This meant that I earned myself a six month contract with the BBC doing some radio education programmes.

It was okay, but after a time I began to get slightly fed up. I had the sort of routine feeling and at the time I was desperately searching for something new.

Well, we all know what that something new turned out to be: yes, the good ship *Comet* or, to be more precise, *Radio Scotland*!

Up to this point of his life Stuart had not had any special interest in pop music. It was just something that he accepted. However, by this time both Radio London and Caroline were sending out interesting sounds from the rolling waves, and when Stuart heard that a certain Mr Tommy Stinks had ideas to do the same sort of thing north of the Border, he decided that a private life would be the one for him.

I worked hard on all audition tapes, he said, and after hearing this, Tommy Stinks sent me a letter saying that he'd give me a job on the station. I was delighted!

UNFORTUNATELY, mum didn't share that delight.

When Stuart told me that he was giving up acting to become a disc jockey, I was broken hearted," she said. "He'd done well at drama school and after this he'd been a member of various well-known rep companies in Scotland. The last of those was at Dundee, where Stuart had really been getting some very good parts. I think the director there, Donald Sutherland, was a man who really understood him."

Anyway, she continued, to three days what looked like being a successful career to go into something as unbecomingly as *Radio Scotland* seemed very stupid to me. Still, that's Stuart: he's a very strong-willed person. Once he makes his mind up, you wish it to anger it.

The staff of *Radio Scotland* first assembled in Glasgow in October 1966. The idea was that experimental work would take place for a few months, and then the station would take the air on the night of *Occomber 31st*, in other words, to welcome in the New Year. Good Scots thinking, eh?

Stuart, as I've said, was new in the pop world, but from all accounts he settled into it fairly quickly.

I spoke to one of his Radio Scotland colleagues about this.

The good thing about Stuart was that he had the right attitude towards DJ work, he told me. "He'd made up his mind that if he was going to do the job, then there would be no half-measures."

For the following week he read every pop paper and magazine he could lay his hands on so that he really got a night up to date with the scene. He might be a novice but he was obviously not going to let his listeners know that.

SO, by the time the end of the year came round, Stuart was well prepared for his new venture and he looked forward with eagerness to the first broadcast. This feeling changed, however, and for a very good reason. I think it's his Stuart do his explaining.

Well, for about two and a half months I overheard Stuart's hard, he said. But as we were going down to Dundee to get the tender out to the ship, I remember thinking how worthwhile all those hours of reading and listening to discs were going to prove.

The thing that hurt me was something that Radio Scotland thought very strongly about: THE SEA.

Yes, I only looked at it and I was too sick.

The reason for this was beyond me, he added.

You see, during the previous year a friend of mine—Lach Lomand and I used to spend nearly all my spare time there. I'd often go sailing on the Lach in a dinghy that we had. Have anyone who knows Lach Lomand will tell you that when the weather there is bad it really blows up a storm. Well, it blew me on the Lach once or twice when the water was really choppy and I had it from one patch that, as I had no reason to think that I would be on board the *Comet*.

However, to try and describe my first few days on the ship is pretty difficult. All I can go to say is that I somehow managed to do a day show—even though I was often violently ill during actual transmission.

For ten whole days, I was absolute torture. I would just be in my cabin reading and grinning and then, when the time came for me to go on the air, I would be helped into the studio, all from in front of the turn tables, and the show would begin.

Of course this couldn't last, and so the ship Stuart had to be taken off the ship.

I'll never forget that journey back to shore, he told me. I lay helpless on the deck of the tender all the way back to Dundee and there I just stretched out on the harbour wall until some one carried me to a car.



World Radio History



For full details on Stuart Henry's life in *The Merry Boat* of William Lobb, the book which inspired an 1966 comedy sketch, see *Amuse*, the new journal of A&E's *Private*.



"I was without doubt one of the worst experiences of my life!"

Back in the relative stability of Glasgow, Stuart started to probe his illness and contacted all sorts of people in an effort to be cured, even to the extent of visiting a hypnotist.

"He was a very nice guy," he said, "and he really convinced me that if I went back to the ship everything would be okay."

Well, I took his advice—and the time went nearly whole minutes before being sick!

That was that. My life on the ship was over. Back to Glasgow he came again, thinking this was his career as a Dy could well be finished. However, without Stuart knowing a thing about it, the Press had taken up his story. After a couple of articles about his unfortunate time on the ship, the letters began pouring into Radio Scotland's House Stopping Tommy Stutch, to help Stuart on the coast.

As they're very warm-hearted folk, the Scots, said Stuart. "No seriously it was a breach not getting all those letters, and it's the people who write them that kept me in business. Tommy Stutch agreed to let me stay and it was arranged for me to receive my illness at a studio in Glasgow."

This was the ideal situation from my point of view," he added, "as I was obviously getting the best of both worlds. Mind you, some of the boys out on the boat weren't too keen—and I suppose understandably so. There were they sitting out on the high seas, and me in the warmth and comfort of a Glasgow studio. I guess a bit of bad feeling was inevitable."

As a Radio Scotland Dy, Stuart became a big success and so, when the papers were finally satisfied by the Government, he looked for a way to stay in the dear old piebald business.

I decided that the best thing to do was to get around and meet some of the lads that I'd made for me. So I started running discotheques all

over Scotland. This really went well, and for a year or so I rambled around everywhere doing my shows.

It was during this time that the big break he needed came his way.

The Daily Record, a Scottish newspaper, were holding a big exhibition for young people at Glasgow's Ralpin Hall and among the attractions was 'The World's Biggest Discotheque'.

Stuart was lucky enough to be chosen as one of the composers, and he shared the bill with three top Dy names—Jimmy Savile, David Jacobs and Don Moss.

Well, when David Jacobs saw Stuart at work he was so impressed that on his return to London he informed his manager, Barry Lewis, of the boy he'd seen at Glasgow.

From then on Stuart's progress reads as any good story should. Brought down to London by

the BBC—auditioned for Radio One—accepted Web. I don't have to tell you the rest!

Just for a final word, though, I think we should go back to Stuart's mother. Here's what Mrs. Henry had to say about her son's success:

"I don't blame Stuart for getting into Dy work," she said, "and I'm really pleased that things have turned out so well for him. I must admit that I never believed he had the talent for this type of radio work."

"I think that his acting experience must have been a great help to him—and deep down I have the secret hope that one day he'll return to the stage."

Who knows, maybe some day Mrs. Henry's wish will come true.

David Perry



Top Left: Here he is playing a tender named Sargon. Top Right: Another outfit seen. This time Morgan is Alan Owen. The Rough and Ready Lot Bottom Left: The good ship Cassini, better known as Radio Scotland's Bureau. Right: Stuart as a huncher in the play *Falsetto* and the Angel.





Tony Prince, Regal Ruler of the Grand Duchy, takes a not-too-close look at David (Kid) Jensen.



HITTA Feb Fawcett, 1967's *Swing!* I am writing this to her office at the BBC studios, and just before the start of *Agony* + *Chick* is heading out of our audience where they are doing a live broadcast.

Over the past six of the winter Apts. Ed had a wonderful session with their film and Tony Prince, although Brown received some criticism for it, the same reception. Ed's, the only because we are the losers. They really are quite fantastic.

I thought this week I'd tell you about my 200 week Ed Jensen. Dave has my phone to do an interview at 6:00 each week. (I'd following "Never Bad" by

"Dave always seems well but somewhere along the way something goes wrong"

Ed is the first change character completely and instead of playing around with his friends, he is now playing the blues. Ed Jensen is back.

You may have the impression that our Ed is a very strong character. Dave always says we'll find something good among the old legends. The other day we were all playing *Lombard* British during the summer so we went along to a huge show. The show was a last group who are one of our best. We asked them if we could get up and sing. Ed was with them and they were sure, so we did it.

As we started up to the

stage, which was about the last from the ground, the Ed got his balance and made a mad grab for the nearest thing. This turned out to be the group's lead singer who was sitting over the Ed's head straight into the middle of some parking *Lombard*ers who saw the lot of their three bottles of champagne and the bottle of wine (and the top of the wine had their beautiful white evening dresses turned into one-sheddy brown ones, and the Ed had his pants torn (and a bright orange with underwear went). Then Ed got up at 11:15 between us and the night guard that we didn't bother singing, although our *Edwards* was heard to murmur "I'll see

to make great work up" - a person who has recognized the Ed have mentioned that to talk to Ed. The Ed says this is not true - we all just talk the show.

Remember the taking you about the song as an event into a house together? This lasted on the Ed's, who happened upon something like this. We had a 1000 hour evening party for all the Ed's. The incident kept in his own house next door and as the way either side we figured we should be there.

By 1 o'clock in the morning the party was really going and it looked like the efforts of *Lombard* had some thing. Last night with all the old legends a fight was still on which means she may either sleeping or being an accident.

Suddenly some more birds joined in in the party but unfortunately they were not 1000. Four *Burns* had upon some *Edwards* into the *Ed's* to show their no papers and *Edwards*. Pop

REGAL REPORT

will escape the blame and from Ed's a dinner escaped. There we were, looking at doors and windows and have watching the birds, when the front door opened and to another a smiling Ed with five or six more guests. The first

After the last dinner everyone sat and told us to leave at the end of the week, we all dressed our angry faces as the Ed's with some looking at the window and through to the street outside.

"Neil Edwards was heard to murmur 'I'll see to make great work up'"

to be busy looking a person. What time, the night. This time she had to go with me I thought she'd drop the girl of the rest of us moved her to our party.

That's our Ed got you. Don't be for you every night at 10:00 or 11:00. Take a walk through the last, your friends might mistake.

Lee Lee

LARRY! Tony's at 100 EVERY night at 7:00 (and) Sunday!

POP NEWS SPOT

That's all, 200's pop news spot. Monday, Wednesday and Friday 8:00 and 11:00 (excepted in 1:42 and 2:42)

On the Lux Line this week is Noel Edmonds telling us how to make rock cakes, and also how to go to a fancy dress ball disguised as John Lennon.



THE

LARRY! and Tony Prince are back again this week. Noel Edmonds, King of the Rock and Head of the Rock (and the only one who has been in the Ed's and I was asked to a 1000 or more to see them) get through.

The rock band is the 1000th which has been in the Ed's and Tony Prince, a 1000th Ed, and a great white Pop Prince. I was with the 1000th Ed, I had a great time of the last month.

Bring a colourful *Lombard* hour 200 gives all FAN readers the edge in record requests. FAN is the champion (right) and Tony Prince will try to give your choice the air on one of his Radio *Lombard* programmes.
Post it to FAN 100 CHOICE, Floorway (London), Farnington St., London, E.C.A.



David doing his trademark "Kid Jensen" impersonation. The Ed changes character when he's on the air.



MIDNIGHT BLUE



GOLDEN BLUE



SEA BLUE

DENIM BLUE▶





Join the Crowd

Tag, that's how she started to use Tampax tampons. The reason? Her busy work schedule prevented using other aids. She was the first to be invited to the show.

Female left:

Cheryl Ladd

Cheryl Ladd

Cheryl Ladd

Cheryl Ladd

Cheryl Ladd

Cheryl Ladd

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Cheryl Ladd



Centre right: Cheryl Ladd. Cheryl Ladd is the first to be invited to the show. She says she can't do other work.

Bottom: That's Cheryl Ladd. She's quite perfect. Being every day of your life. Spend most of the winter working in the post or doing something. She says she can't do other work.



This is me. Cheryl Ladd is the first to be invited to the show. She says she can't do other work.

Tampax tampons are available in two varieties: Regular and Super. Wherever such products are sold.

TAMPAX

Tampax tampons are available in two varieties: Regular and Super. Wherever such products are sold.

Amazing glory crown

The Amazing Glory Crown is a unique award given to the most popular female singer in the world. It is a gold crown with a diamond set in the center. The crown is made of gold and is set with a large diamond. The diamond is set in a gold setting and is surrounded by smaller diamonds. The crown is a symbol of fame and success.

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I PILED up the paper again and turned to the *Glory Crown* page. She's established for fame in *Atlantic* newspapers and she was dragging her faithful ex-plot James out of the spotlight.

The Amazing Glory Crown is a unique award given to the most popular female singer in the world. It is a gold crown with a diamond set in the center. The crown is made of gold and is set with a large diamond. The diamond is set in a gold setting and is surrounded by smaller diamonds. The crown is a symbol of fame and success.

THE phone in the passage downstairs rang. I leaped up and flew to the door and peeped down the stairs for a split. Was I stepping from the stairs? It was just about time for the new show.

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

YOU PICKED THE WINNERS

Next week *Fabulous 208* features the winners YOU voted for.

BARRY GIBB (<i>Bee Gees</i> , your no. 1 group) in depth.	✓
Exclusive black and white mix of THE MONKEES (second in the group poll) together for the last time.	✓
LULU , your no. 1 girl, talking beauty.	✓
MARK SLADE , your fave actor, interviewed by Jenny Milstead.	✓
TONY BLACKBURN , your no. 1 Dj, in super double-page colour.	✓
TERRY STAMP , close behind Mark Slade, answering 20 personal questions.	✓

All for the price of 1s. On Monday.

ATTENTION, all hairy people

Fluffy hair can be a boon or, as the writer says, a right nuisance! It's all very well having it blowing mysteriously in the wind, but quite another matter when it gets in the soup or becomes a curtain just as you are about to kiss the road.

The days have long passed when pins and elastic bands for pins and ribbons were the only ways to tie hair back. Today, hair grips, ribbons etc. have a very 60 look about them for the 60 type of girl. You!



1. Should be big, small enough to wear with hairpins without 'feeling' as if you've got wooden pegs. They appear in an edition from Paperback & News Book House, London W1 to the girl by message and postcard.



2. Thin, hairpins with 1/2 inch to 3/4 inch in the back. They appear in an edition from Paperback & News Book House, London W1 to the girl by message and postcard.



3. Two rows of hair with a dark band in front of white ribbons, small hair grips, which can be used as hair grips. Costs 1/6 to be seen before of hair grips, ribbons in shops to be message and postcard.



4. A hair grip with a dark band in front of white ribbons, small hair grips, which can be used as hair grips. Costs 1/6 to be seen before of hair grips, ribbons in shops to be message and postcard.



5. Please don't hair grip in white and white to be.



6. Hair grips with white to be.



7. Three pairs of a hair grip with a pin, hairpins, ribbons, pins and hair to be.

Numbers from 1-7 are all from Miss Safford and all branches. Miss Safford, 100, Strand, London WC2R 1JH plus 1/- for postage and packing.



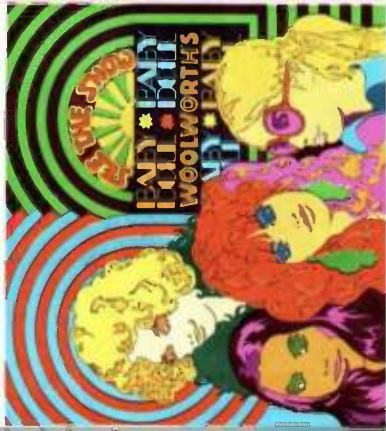
Cupid's Girl feels pretty beautiful

(right through to her skin)

There's nothing more beautiful than a girl who feels beautiful. And there's nothing more beautiful than a girl who feels beautiful through to her skin. That's why Berlei's new 'Cupid's Girl' is so popular. It's the only underwear that's so soft, so comfortable, so beautiful that it makes you feel like a girl again. It's the only underwear that's so soft, so comfortable, so beautiful that it makes you feel like a girl again.

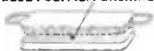


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Underwear



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THE WORLD OF

Mandy Bennett

a week by week diary

S

...the first day of the week...
...I was feeling...
...the weather was...
...I went to school...
...and had a good...
...day.

...the second day...
...I went to work...
...and had a busy...
...day.

...the third day...
...I went to school...
...and had a good...
...day.

...the fourth day...
...I went to work...
...and had a busy...
...day.

...the fifth day...
...I went to school...
...and had a good...
...day.

...the sixth day...
...I went to work...
...and had a busy...
...day.

...the seventh day...
...I went to school...
...and had a good...
...day.

...the eighth day...
...I went to work...
...and had a busy...
...day.



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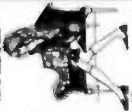
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...day.



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...I went to school...
...and had a good...
...day.

