

WORLDWIDE POP STARS IN COLOUR COLLECTOR COLOUR

# Fabulous

## HAPPY HOGMANAY

KING SIZE FULL COLOUR PIN-UPS OF

DONOVAN · DAVID McCALLUM · SEAN CONNERY · FRANK ALLEN

POOR SOULS · BEATSTALKERS · FINAL POSTER-SIZE WALKER

BIRDS · 1966 CALENDAR AND BONUS PIX OF THE NEW FACES



hi there it seemed like a good idea to set our New Year issue in Scotland. After all, it's the Scots who make a real going-ding out of their Hogmanay. They figure that South of the border, we're only playing at it.

So Betty, Fiona and June hopped into Bet's little Mini and pointed North. They enjoyed their stay up there so much, I began to think they'd never come back, and so all hope that you all are pleased with the results of their labors!

Next week is THE week—when all of you who entered for the Publishing Writers By You Contest will know your results. See you then.

And a happy new year, folks!

Love and stuff,  
THE ED.



# HIFAB!



Just Southworth takes over the Gang gossip this week



Scotland isn't all haggis's running round in little playing bagpipes—it's knockout groups and nice people and all mod cons. But when Betty, Fiona and I went up there, we did find a welcome in the kilnairs. And although we spent a very wet, wind swept few days there, we found that Scotland isn't left out in the cold when it comes to showbiz.

too! He finds time to talk to everyone. And he's much better looking than his picture. The way he drinks, the way he wears his hair, his face, everything!

Gene thought Lulu was quite something, too! He asked me where we were going, and on hearing we were heading North, he recalled his one night in Edinburgh.

"I woke up in the morning," he said, "found the sun streaming in. I jumped out of bed and flung the drapes back from the window. There in front of me was this spectacle it was beautiful. I was just wishing I could see more of Edinburgh when I looked down and found that the hotel was over-looking a cemetery. I wasn't so keen after that!"



WE were on the way to GeneCand when we found a very important part of GeneCand's background at a theatre in Bradford. That very attractive part is called Lulu, with her lovely Lorraine. Lulu and the boys were on tour with Gene Primary, and I'm sure to be absolutely thrilled to bits about it all.

"He's lovely," she said, rolling those big blue eyes. He's so friendly and nice to everyone on the



**E**VEN THOUGH I think, out of all the people I know, it's a very early life which has got on there. But we headed for Glasgow, because according to B.B. TV's Standard, Glasgow is where it's happening. We went to see Lulu's Music, and The Power Club were performing with The Blackbirds and had a first-class!

At a rock called The Pink Panther, with Christiani's dancing on for us, we found The Power Club playing a very unusual theme indeed. Their set lists are full of old and obscure tracks. George McGovern, with the Afro-Liberi rhythm. You should come back for the second set, they play the



stuff we only see them. Even more at some Ian Kenton functions. Considering that the group consists of a mixture (White Corners), a bassist (Dwayne), a singer (Wally Brown), a vocalist (Alan Jackson), and George himself. I thought that was quite remarkable!

I found myself in a group, with Shirley George. He himself was once found on the Bill Harry and played with The Soul Band.

**T**HERE'S a super music ballroom, The Dominion Palace, just round the corner from Lulu's home. The floor shakes at the time, so you can't help dancing! It has a revolving stage, and just before they revolved out of sight, I saw a lively sort of group called The Lively Set. They're a three guitar, drums, and vocal unit, specializing in Tampa Motown music. They have married couples, like Chris Dale and Bobby Daniels!



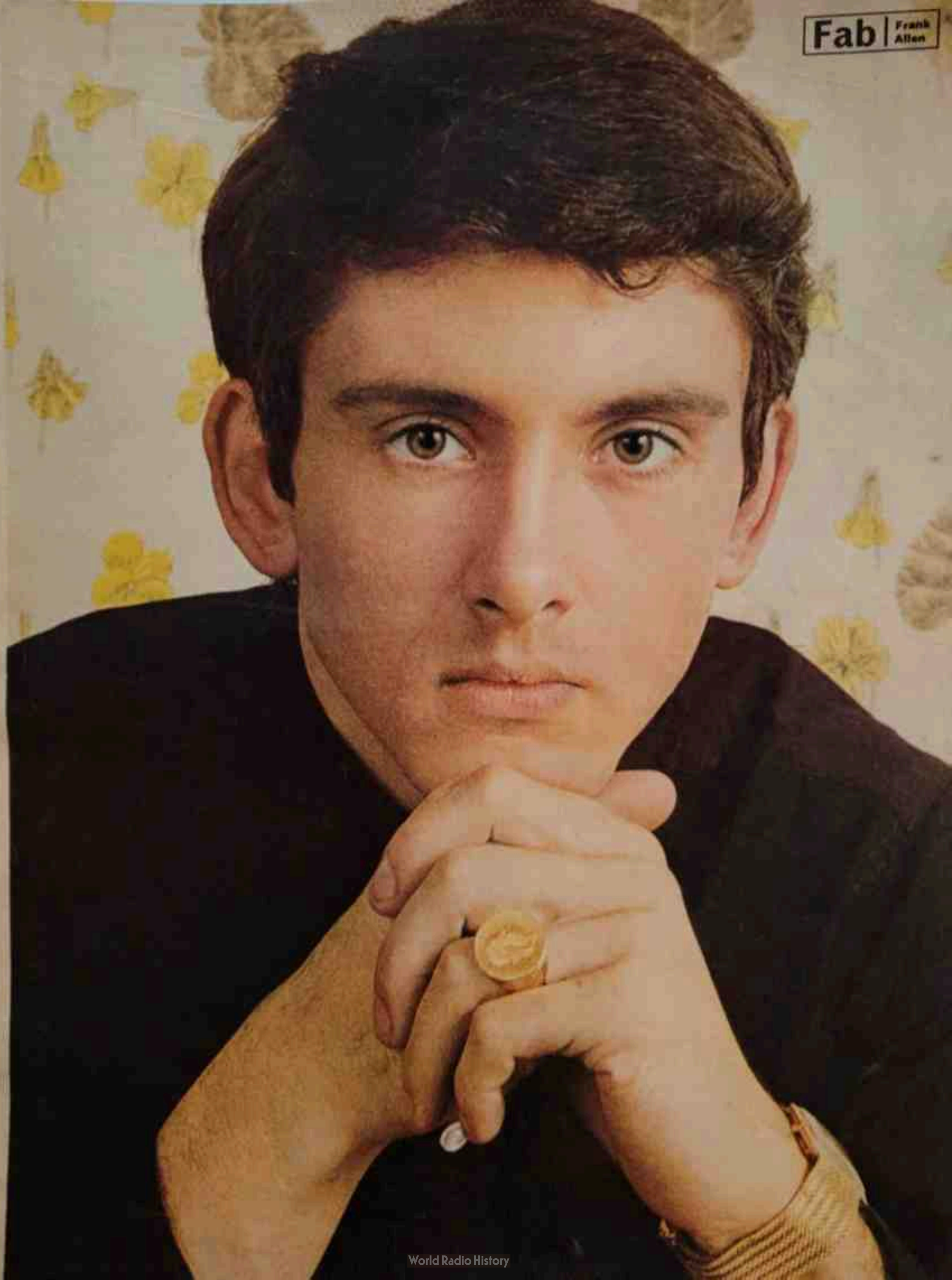








**Fab** | Frank Allen







If there's one thing apart from football that gets those Scots all worked up, it's a big beat group. The two biggest groups in Glasgow are The Poets and The Beatstalkers. JUNE SOUTHWORTH met The Poets at home and The Beatstalkers playing away, and both groups scored top marks.



The Beatstalkers signal for action from their audience... and they get it!



Alan Mair in those trousers! That's The Beatstalkers' van behind... a converted Black Maria!



Davie Lennox



Tudge Williamson



Eddie Campbell



Ronnie Smith



Alan Mair

A FEW years ago, at The Crowdaddy Club in Richmond, Surrey, the resident group every Sunday was The Rolling Stones. They were just beginning then, and yet the reaction to them was just fantastic, with everyone dancing and singing and raving with them. They were hot, noisy, exciting, unforgettable evenings, and I felt sad when The Stones moved on.

I thought I would never see that scene again, never see an audience so capable of enjoying itself with a group so capable of giving enjoyment.

But I have seen it again. In Scotland. With a group called The Beatstalkers.

I walked into The Olympia Ballroom at East Kilbride, a growing town on a hill overlooking Glasgow, and somehow I felt that I was going to see something special. Mod dobbies were dancing with their boys in an abandoned sort of way, and I couldn't see the stage at first for the people who were crowded around it, tier upon tier.

All I could see were bodies swaying and arms waving. From somewhere beyond them came the sound of the group. A good, clean sound, with every instrument clear as a bell, yet playing as a group.

One of the many strong-arm men around found a place for me on the side of the stage, and when I saw the group for the first time, it literally took my breath away. There were five boys dressed in unbelievable gear, having a marvellous time, meeting the hysteria waves from the audience with quite remarkable confidence.

The lead singer, a rugged, fair boy with the sexiness and boyish charm of a Paul Jones, is Davie Lennox. He sent the audience into paroxysms of delight with a number penned by the group called *Mr. Disappointed*. It's one of their tried numbers and is on the flipside of their first record. (The topside is a mover, *Everybody's Talking 'Bout My Baby*.) As he belted out the song, Davie made signals with his hands above his head, and the watchers, crowded twenty deep, followed suit, faces flushed and feet tapping.

The spotlight switched to organist Eddie Campbell for an instrumental break. He stood up, vamping away, a slight figure with an *Illya* cut, and huge dark glasses emphasising the squareness of his determined little face. And to my amazement the audience suddenly broke into scat singing in tempo with the group.

There were singing sections, and screaming

sections. "Tudge," they screamed feverishly. "Tudge" Williamson blushed furiously and put an extra thump into his drumming. He's a big, soft, lovable type who looks like a Scott's Porage Oatad.

Between numbers, Davie wandered across for chats with Ronnie Smith, the lead guitarist. Ronnie is a level-headed, good-looking boy, with delicious blue eyes, and an aura of neatness. He and Davie handled most of the announcements between them, reading out the requests that kept piling up on Alan's amp.

Alan Mair is the bass guitarist, and quite a heart-stealer. Like the others, he's a blue-eyed boy, but his eyes are startlingly blue under jet black curls. He is quite, quite beautiful. Alan shares the vocals with Ronnie and Davie, and the three of them get a big beely sound with unusual harmonies going on numbers by such offbeat people as Joe Tex, King Pleasure and Lambert, Hendricks and Ross/Bevan.

It's their own numbers that really start off explosions, though. This is a group that really communicates. They talk to the audience, joke with them, and make them feel that they're not an audience at all, but performers.

The Beatstalkers have an average age of nineteen. They're young, alive and outrageously different.

Their clothes are indescribable, but I'll have a go! Ronnie, Alan and Davie were all wearing trousers of their own design in a bold black and white tartan design, with outside bell bottoms, and banded firmly at the hips... leaving the waist to its own devices! Their shirts ranged from a huge blue check to black and white flowered designs. Eddie was wearing what I can only describe as a brown playsuit, and Tudge wore blue trousers with blue braces.

I'm told they now have paisley pants and see-through shirts with tiny holes all over them.

This is a fully pro outfit, with an earning power in Scotland that only the top English groups could match. Watching them, it was easy to understand why Scotland has found idols of its own at last, and they are very, very good.

As their final number died away, The Beatstalkers knew that a mobbing was ahead. They stepped off-stage and immediately went under an onslaught of excited girls. As their hair was pulled and their clothes torn, they laughed.

They laughed because life is good for a group at the top.

...and the

# BEATSTALKERS



As this issue is in press, about 200,000 British troops in the Middle East are thought to be available for service. The general view is that the British will be able to hold their own in the Middle East.

# THE POOR SOULS

It's funny that English people seem to have such a high opinion of their own country. It's not as if they're not aware of the fact that they're not the only people in the world who are poor.

It's not as if they're not aware of the fact that they're not the only people in the world who are poor. It's not as if they're not aware of the fact that they're not the only people in the world who are poor.

It's not as if they're not aware of the fact that they're not the only people in the world who are poor. It's not as if they're not aware of the fact that they're not the only people in the world who are poor.

It's not as if they're not aware of the fact that they're not the only people in the world who are poor. It's not as if they're not aware of the fact that they're not the only people in the world who are poor.

It's not as if they're not aware of the fact that they're not the only people in the world who are poor. It's not as if they're not aware of the fact that they're not the only people in the world who are poor.

It's not as if they're not aware of the fact that they're not the only people in the world who are poor. It's not as if they're not aware of the fact that they're not the only people in the world who are poor.

It's not as if they're not aware of the fact that they're not the only people in the world who are poor. It's not as if they're not aware of the fact that they're not the only people in the world who are poor.

It's not as if they're not aware of the fact that they're not the only people in the world who are poor. It's not as if they're not aware of the fact that they're not the only people in the world who are poor.

It's not as if they're not aware of the fact that they're not the only people in the world who are poor. It's not as if they're not aware of the fact that they're not the only people in the world who are poor.

# LULU BELONGS TO GLASGOW

*Glasgow belongs to Lulu. It must be because she has all Britain at her feet. But it's Glasgow where Lulu was brought up. It's Glasgow's streets she used to walk along. It's Glasgow's clubs she first sang in. And it's Glasgow where the people Lulu loves most in the world live. For family, who talked to JUNI SOUTHWORTH about 'our Mary'.*

**O**N the very tip of one of a big old Glasgow street stands a little old stone building. It is a small, unassuming structure of red brick and white stone. It is a small, unassuming structure of red brick and white stone. It is a small, unassuming structure of red brick and white stone.

When this is done, another lot of copying and going to the printer. The printer will be in the city of Glasgow. The printer will be in the city of Glasgow. The printer will be in the city of Glasgow.

Then, when she's in, it's not as if they're not aware of the fact that they're not the only people in the world who are poor. It's not as if they're not aware of the fact that they're not the only people in the world who are poor.

"I have a feeling," said Mrs. Lavinia, "that it's not as if they're not aware of the fact that they're not the only people in the world who are poor. It's not as if they're not aware of the fact that they're not the only people in the world who are poor."

"I'm not sure," said Mrs. Lavinia, "that it's not as if they're not aware of the fact that they're not the only people in the world who are poor. It's not as if they're not aware of the fact that they're not the only people in the world who are poor."

"I'm not sure," said Mrs. Lavinia, "that it's not as if they're not aware of the fact that they're not the only people in the world who are poor. It's not as if they're not aware of the fact that they're not the only people in the world who are poor."

"I'm not sure," said Mrs. Lavinia, "that it's not as if they're not aware of the fact that they're not the only people in the world who are poor. It's not as if they're not aware of the fact that they're not the only people in the world who are poor."

"I'm not sure," said Mrs. Lavinia, "that it's not as if they're not aware of the fact that they're not the only people in the world who are poor. It's not as if they're not aware of the fact that they're not the only people in the world who are poor."

"I'm not sure," said Mrs. Lavinia, "that it's not as if they're not aware of the fact that they're not the only people in the world who are poor. It's not as if they're not aware of the fact that they're not the only people in the world who are poor."

"I'm not sure," said Mrs. Lavinia, "that it's not as if they're not aware of the fact that they're not the only people in the world who are poor. It's not as if they're not aware of the fact that they're not the only people in the world who are poor."



*Edina proudly shows FAY's letter for Lulu's wedding. That's Mrs. Lavinia sitting at a table in London.*



*FAY's Jane (right) with Lulu's Mary, young Gordon, her brother Billy and sister Edina.*



# CALENDAR

SEPTEMBER	
Sun	• 4 11 18 25 •
Mon	• 5 12 19 26 •
Tues	• 6 13 20 27 •
Wed	• 7 14 21 28 •
Thur	1 8 15 22 29 •
Fri	2 9 16 23 30 •
Sat	3 10 17 24 • •

OCTOBER	
Sun	• 2 9 16 23 30
Mon	• 3 10 17 24 31
Tues	• 4 11 18 25 •
Wed	• 5 12 19 26 •
Thur	• 6 13 20 27 •
Fri	• 7 14 21 28 •
Sat	1 8 15 22 29 •

NOVEMBER	
Sun	• 6 13 20 27 •
Mon	• 7 14 21 28 •
Tues	1 8 15 22 29 •
Wed	2 9 16 23 30 •
Thur	3 10 17 24 • •
Fri	4 11 18 25 • •
Sat	5 12 19 26 • •

DECEMBER	
Sun	• 4 11 18 25 •
Mon	• 5 12 19 26 •
Tues	• 6 13 20 27 •
Wed	• 7 14 21 28 •
Thur	1 8 15 22 29 •
Fri	2 9 16 23 30 •
Sat	3 10 17 24 31

ALWAYS  
OUT?



Photo by Bob Cross/Smith, Gordon-Lewis

Or do pain and discomfort keep you out of things when your period comes around?

Compare the two. The girl who can take a party, dance or strenuous bowling session in her stride. And the girl who stays at home because the discomforts of menstruation keep her there.

She's just the one to get on to Feminax. And get out and about.

Because Feminax is specifically made to counteract menstrual discomforts.

Each tablet contains an anti-spasmodic to ease away 'stomach' cramps; three proven analgesics to soothe away pain; and a stimulant to lift depression. A combination of medically tested ingredients which make you feel period-free, but which don't interfere with normal menstruation. (More about Feminax in a free booklet obtainable from Nurse Maxwell, Nicholas Products Ltd, Slough, Bucks).

femimax

Buy Feminax. Easy to take and take with you in handbag or pocket. A small tube holds 12 tablets, costs 3/9 from your chemist.

A NICHOLAS PRODUCT

If Ian Fleming had wanted to write a book about James Bond as a boy he couldn't have done better than follow the true facts of Sean Connery's own life.

Bond fans all agree that the actor is tailor-made for the part. Everyone who knew him as a boy called Tommy agrees that the young lad was always a James Bond type

# SCOT AT THE TOP

HE grew up in a two-roomed tenement in Edinburgh—as far removed from Bond's luxurious living as a dry martini is from milk.

But it taught him to be tough. And this background gave him an ambition to better himself that grew with every inch of his 6 ft. 2 in. frame.

The house, No. 176 Fountainbridge, Edinburgh, has no bathroom, one bedroom and a kitchen that doubles up as a living room and bedroom, but it is still the same place film-star Sean takes his show business friends to just as he used to take his local friends for a final sing-song after a gay night out on the town.

In those days they would stand around a piano he saved up £75 to buy and fill the little room with the sound of their voices tawling Scottish dries until the wee small hours.

He slept in this room as a baby in a big drawer that served as a cot. Later he shared a cot with his brother then they graduated to a divan each.

YOUNG Tommy was brave even at the age of twelve when he gashed his head open falling off a sledge that he had made himself. He didn't run home crying. Not James Bond junior. He pretended nothing was wrong. Until he fainted and had to be taken to hospital to have over thirty stitches put into the wound.

Master Connery was just as fearless years later when he faced gangs of Teddy Boys who used to terrorise the neighbourhood with their weapons of bicycle chains and knuckle dusters.

If Tommy was a budding Bond those toughies were standard SMERSH types.

Archie Berman, now a thirty-four year old teacher at Edinburgh College of Art, used to go to an amateur weight-lifting club with Tommy.

He remembers, "One afternoon we had been helping out a friend who owned a café, peeling potatoes, I think. Afterwards we were walking down Princes Street when we saw two Teddy Boys brawling on the ground.

"It was five o'clock and everybody was out doing their Saturday shopping.

Tommy went up to them, picked one up in each hand and flung them apart. There was no question of making a display for anyone. He was just like that. Not afraid of anybody."

HE wasn't afraid of hard work either. At school where he was nicknamed "Shane" which he later changed to Sean, Tommy's favourite subject was English. He was good but not brilliant and left at fourteen to start his first job as a milkman.

His mates at the Co-op dairy remember him as a tough youngster out in all weather with his pony, Tich, to start his daily delivery long before dawn.

Humming heavy crates of milk and drinking pints of it himself every day helped to build the body that now is world famous and the envy of men from Manchester to Mexico.

Tommy was very proud of his pony. After his evening meal and paper round he used to go back to the dairy to give Tich a brush and polish his brass harness. Once he entered for a competition and won a prize for his four-legged workmate.

When he met Bill Green, then a photographer in London, who gave the Scots lad his first lift up the ladder to success, Tommy was a French polisher. In between he had more jobs than a six, vac. column, cleaning printing machines, mixing cement, as a model and a steelworker.

Bill, who now owns a man's wear shop off Carnaby Street, says, "He was a gangling, naive young man in those days. I found it very difficult to understand a word he said.

"He went to elocution lessons to lose his broad Scots accent and I got him a small part in *South Pacific*. He's ruthless, in a nice way, but he hasn't changed much. I've often been to his home in Edinburgh and met most of his family, except his grandparents. His great love was his granny, he used to tell me a lot about her and I feel as if I know her even though we haven't met."

GRANNY Connery used to live in a cottage where Tommy spent his summer holidays. She used to cook him

those great traditional Scottish meals, porridge and haggis. And she also encouraged his liking for raw eggs which is still invariably on the actor's menu at the beginning of every day.

At one time Tommy was so attached to his family he turned down an offer to play for a football club in the Scottish first division because it meant leaving home.

But like a lot of young boys when they become young men, he decided to join the Navy. If it hadn't been for an ulcer that forced him to leave he might have been a ship's captain by now instead of a super-spy!

Real-life Connery can swim just as well if not better than make-believe Bond. From the days when his father took him to the local swimming baths and let him find his flippers in the deep end, to the time when he saved a woman's life at the outdoor Portobello Pool where he was a life-guard, swimming has been one of his favourite sports.

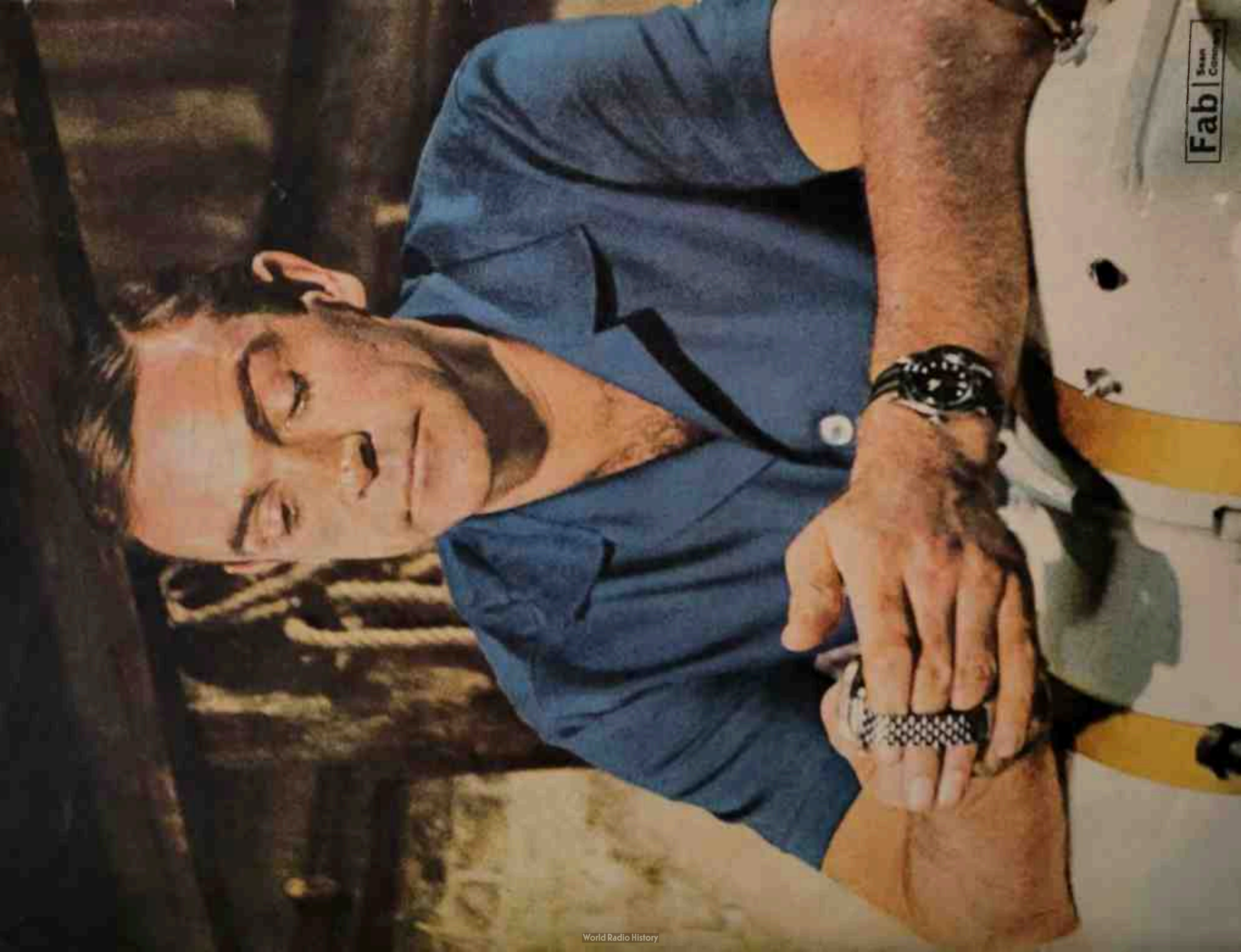
Almost all the year round he used to go to Gullane Beach and if the weather was too cold for swimming there was always another sport... girls.

It was a favourite place for Edinburgh's courting couples and naturally the future James Bond went there as often as he could with a bird on the back of his bike.

ANOTHER hobby that brings the two characters closer is golf. Bond also loves speed and so does Connery. In fact it was speeding down to London on his motor bike to enter a "Mr. Universe" contest that started him off on his unimpeachable, and most successful career.

With so much in common it isn't surprising that old friends of the actor's like Archie Berman, say, "When I go to see a Bond film I don't think he's up there acting. I know that's Tommy Connery playing himself."

BY HEATHER KIRBY



Fab | Sean Connery

If you want to know where to buy any of these fashions, write to: Fashion Desk, FABULOUS, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope. (Pictures specially taken in Scotland by Fiona Adams.)



# WHO'S

Just look who's wearing the trousers! Mind you, those Mod Beatstalkers wore kilts under protest. But they thought Marjorie, Mary and Margaret were the real McCoy in their beaty trouser suits. And the girls had the advantage over the boys because there was a gale blowing. Buying a trouser suit in the New Year, look out for longer jackets, flap pockets, epaulettes and a slight flare to the trousers. Camel is still great, so are checks and tweed... and gaberdine for indoors.

**M**MARGARET'S in a suit with the Avenger Look. The sleeveless jerkin and pants are in black and white check wool. The hip slung belt is leather and the sweater is ribbed wool. (Highlight Sports,

6½ gns.) Mary swings in a camel trouser suit with bold flap pockets. (Gay Girl, 7 gns.) Marjorie's in a houndstooth tweed suit. (Gay Girl, 5 gns.) The Beatstalkers are riding the gale in their authentic kilts (from

18 gns.). Tudge Williamson (the tallest) has an Argyll Jacket (14 gns.), sporran (59s. 6d.) and skean-dhu (37s. 6d.). All the boys have special hose (37s. 6d.). (All from The Scotch House, Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1.)

## The Kiltie Cut NEW FOR '66

With a name like Sheena Mackay, I just had to be the only true Scot on FAB. So the Ed. chose me to model a New Year hair style, Richard Henry, who have a branch at Wetherall's, 134 Princes Street, Edinburgh, did my hair. Try it for your next special party.

1 At the back of my New Year Party hair style—three medium size rollers and the rest in pin curls.



2 Three medium rollers go across the front, three across top back; one each side rolled forwards.



3 Miss Christobel of Richard Henry's Training School in London's Baker Street back-brushed my hair high.



# WEARING THE TROUSERS?



**T**AKING shelter in a castle, Marjorie sits this one out in her Vietnam gaberdine suit. (Highlight Sports, 6½ gns.) Margaret's blooming in a bush-

baby, mini-flower design fabric made into an indoor snug suit. (Simon Ellis, top 39s. 11d., trousers 45s. 11d.) Mary has come in out of the cold in her

nautical flavoured suit with epaulettes. (Gay Girl, 5 gns.) The boys' sweaters are pure wool. (Craigmill, at John Stephen, Carnaby St., W.1.)

**4** Curls are the newest for 1966, and Christobel worked out a high sweeping over style to go with them.

**5** You can do this style yourself. Sweep hair to the side you prefer and tease flick ups round the sides.

**6** Front view shows one side brought way forward. Other side is swept back and then curled forward.

**7** Side view shows hair swept back and then brought forward to cover the ear. Soft lines all round.

**8** Finished product and I'm all ready for my New Year's Eve Party. Hope you'll try it for yourselves soon.







The "first toast" in the doorway is a Scot (match)—Charlie McKay, met by fellow Scot Marie Gordon and Welshman Barry Greenway.



Like the good Scot he is, Charlie was carrying a lump of coal and a bottle. The coal was to put on the fire—since it was an electric one this was a little difficult. Never mind, eh!



Of course the bottle has to be shared and then they have their cake—and eat it, too.



A bonny girl has to stab the inevitable haggis, and who better fitted than Marie. She did a good job, too, the non, said Charlie.



Then the Scottish dancing had to start (of course)—and it ended up with *Auld Lang Syne* sung in the old traditional manner.



Last of all, the Haggis was serenaded in mock Scots fashion by the bag-pipes. Everyone had a "weel at a time." Should such acquaintance be forgot? Not with New Faces around!



## ...NEW FACES

When the clock strikes midnight

on December 31, it's then that you

need to know what to do to make

sure you have a Happy New Year.

So step into 1966 the right way, led

by The New Faces.

"Demonstrate to us New Year Scottish Customs," we said to The New Faces. We were in a cosy hotel in Glasgow at the time. Instantly Marie, Barry and Charlie became very alert.

They found the head waiter and asked for some fruit cake to be brought—it being New Year. The man looked puzzled but found a large specimen of bonnie Dundee.

One of the Faces managed to get hold of a bottle of festive wine—not the prescribed Scotch, but apparently it doesn't really matter. Glasses were polished and a piece of tinsel to put up to make the party swing.

Coal was the final essential if the game was to be played properly. Difficult, because the hotel was centrally heated and the only extra fires were electric. But you can't beat a determined Scot and Charlie produced a fine piece for his first footing act.

With straight Faces we were all set to go. Charlie, loaded up with the coal and the bottle, went outside the door and prepared to come knocking. Barry stood on one side to see fair play. Charlie, acting up like a true professional, stumbled to the door like he'd first footed a dozen houses already. Marie whipped open the door and giggled.

Charlie presented the coal. Traditionally this was to keep the home fire burning. It was considered very unlucky to let anything go out of the house on New Year's Day—especially the fire. (In this case, it was just a formality because the electric fire wouldn't take the coal.) Then he kissed her while Barry watched rather jealously.

Marie, still in a state of giggles, returned the kiss as a symbol of love and friendship.

The custom is for the first footer to share his bottle with the people in the house and to make merry to cheer in the New Year. Since the New Year is supposed to be a baby, wouldn't milk be more suitable? The New Faces replied firmly in the negative as they drew the cork. Marie cut the cake to indicate plenty for the next twelve months. Then came the toasts.

There's nothing in the encyclopaedias about haggis at New Year so The New Faces decided to start their own custom with a nice, big healthy one.

They settled it on a plate, drew a face on it and gave it a cigarette to smoke to keep it happy and contented during 1966. Then Barry piped it in followed by Marie with the skean dhu (dagger to Sassenachs) and Charlie brought up the rear bearing the haggis aloft.

Then came the ceremonial stabbing of the haggis—engineered by Marie with tremendous vigour. The pipes were strangled to silence. A toast was drunk to The Haggis—Mainstay of the Scottish Menu.

Time for dancing. Charlie and Marie performed some of the ancient steps to the tune Barry squeezed out of the pipes.

An hour of these New Year festivities and all three sank down to rest in a state of exhaustion to finish the bottle. They suggested that silver in all pockets is a good thing to be sure of at New Year. It means you'll have wealth for twelve whole months. So they say.

GINNY FIELDING

Folk singers, **ROBIN HALL** and **JIMMY MacGREGOR** are two Scottish laddies who have something a little different planned for New Year's Eve this year. **FAB's DOUG PERRY** reports on their:

# HOGMANAY in the mountains

I KNOW that Hogmanay is the time when some very weird things happen, but when I heard that Robin Hall and Jimmy MacGregor were to spend their New Year's Eve up a cold, icy mountain in Scotland I must admit to being rather puzzled.

Actually, what's happening is that the New Year edition of the *White Heather Club* is not only coming from the Glasgow TV studios, but also from a ski lodge high up the frozen slopes, and Robin and Jimmy are two of the artists chosen to be in the latter.

Quite a funny place to see the New Year in, eh?

Jimmy says that on New Year's morning he and Robin will go ski-ing, because it'll probably be the only chance they'll get until next year.

Good luck, fellas, hope you keep warm enough.

Incidentally, Robin and Jimmy have been together for six years now. They teamed up in London during the skiffle era, and the partnership is still going strong.

Edinburgh-born Robin, who by the way is a direct descendant of the Scots outlaw, Rob Roy, spent most of his early days in Glasgow, and it was there that he learnt the majority of his vast repertoire of folk songs which range from authentic Scottish songs to Glasgow street ditties.

Jimmy, born in Glasgow was a teacher before folk music took over his life, and he moved down to London in 1958, working with the popular Vipers Skiffle Group.

Robin's the one with the ginger beard, which he's very proud of, and has trimmed three times most weeks. Like Jimmy he still retains a strong Scottish accent.

Together the boys have become one of the most popular duo's on the folk scene, and have to their credit eight hundred and twelve appearances on the TV programme *Tonight*, and about eighty on *White Heather Club*.  
Seasoned campaigners.

Here's Robin and Jimmy, the bonnie laddies, in a very gay looking mood. Wonder if they'll be smiling at New Year, up that icy mountain in Scotland? Can't say I envy them! Still, you can bet Robin and Jim will have a knock-out time.



# the *UNCLE* who became a RUSSIAN

IT was just before the lunch break when David McCallum sauntered off the set of a new episode in the life of *The Man From UNCLE*. He was wearing a black tie and evening dress for a ballroom scene. It looked curiously drab after his usual "action stations" sweater.



He nodded and came over to me. "Hallo there," he smiled—a slight, quiet smile. "You're from FABULOUS, aren't you? How are things back in London? It seems a long time since I came to Hollywood. So much has happened to me in the last couple of years."

It has indeed. David went to Hollywood after making a string of pictures that took him about as far as he could go in Britain. He left Britain with his wife—actress Jill Ireland, along with him. He still remembers how they found each other.

"A few days after Jill and I met," said David, "we found ourselves working on the same picture, *Robbery Under Arms*. It was strange to play in a picture with someone that you are head over heels in love with. I went wild over Jill, and I've been wild over her ever since.

"I always listen to what Jill thinks I should do. We decided that she should give up her stage career so that I could become the family bread-winner. That's when we moved to California. I wanted my family to enjoy the kind of life that California has to offer. My marriage has been lucky for me, don't you think?"

I wandered with him to his

dressing-room, as the rest of the cast busied themselves queuing up for lunch. David prefers to lunch alone. Often he brings his lunch from home, lunch that his wife has cooked. Sometimes, he has one or two members of his family or friends with him. Often, he eats by himself.

HE is one of those actors, basically shy, who are driven to perform before the cameras yet feel within them a need to tuck themselves away now and then to think about life.

"Once I have completed my main aim, which is to win a firm base for myself, Jill and my children, I shall be free to look for different work... though I hope *UNCLE* will last

a few more years yet. Iliya was created only after much thought.

"When I was in the army for eighteen months I served in the desert, in Africa. Most of the time I was a happy private because I learned how to take myself away from that dreariness and petty routine business so many other lads found so irritating. The desert is a good place for thinking. You just sit there in that barren place and think about life.

"It was then I learned to work things out ahead. I was already a professional actor, and those months in the desert helped me decide clearly along which line I would go, once my career started moving. So, in a wee way, I was prepared for

*UNCLE*. I know how to live with it, from day to day."

Last autumn, David branched into a new field of entertainment when he danced in a television show with Carol Channing. It was something completely different.

"I hope my dancing was good enough," said David. "A change is as good as a rest. It gave me a chance to leave Iliya Kuryakin behind, for once... not to mention Robert Vaughn!"

HE is, in fact, extremely loyal to Robert Vaughn and sings his praises at every opportunity. Other people who come in for the McCallum mention are The Beatles. For someone who was brought up as an oboe-player, the son of a cellist and a violinist, David surprises people by his liking for The Beatles.

"I admire the music of The Beatles," he told me, "even though my main background was in classical music. Not only do I admire the music of them, but I like them for what they are. They're really something. Anyone who has seen the grey slums of parts of Liverpool on a wet Sunday afternoon, realising that this is the place where these four brilliant lads started from, must be impressed that they've made it against such odds. They're odds that make The Beatles a kind of miracle."

DAVID McCALLUM has won world fame playing a Russian spy in Hollywood. But as long as he thinks of The Beatles, and impresses people with a charm that is fey, shy and uniquely Scottish, there'll always be a part of him left in Britain.

PETER COWCROFT

THE BEATLES



LOVES

LOVES

LOVES

# THE DO'S AND DON'TS OF TEENAGE SPOTS



Do wash your face at least twice a day with Clearasil Soap. Wash your hands frequently to keep them clean.



Don't over-squeeze blackheads and spots or touch them with unwashed hands.



Do eat lots of salads, fresh fruit and green vegetables—but cut down on chocolate, cream and pastries. Avoid fatty and fried foods.



Do try to have eight hours sleep most nights—and get plenty of fresh air and sunshine to tone up the skin.



Do treat spots promptly with a proper medication. Clearasil is specially formulated to deal with spots effectively.

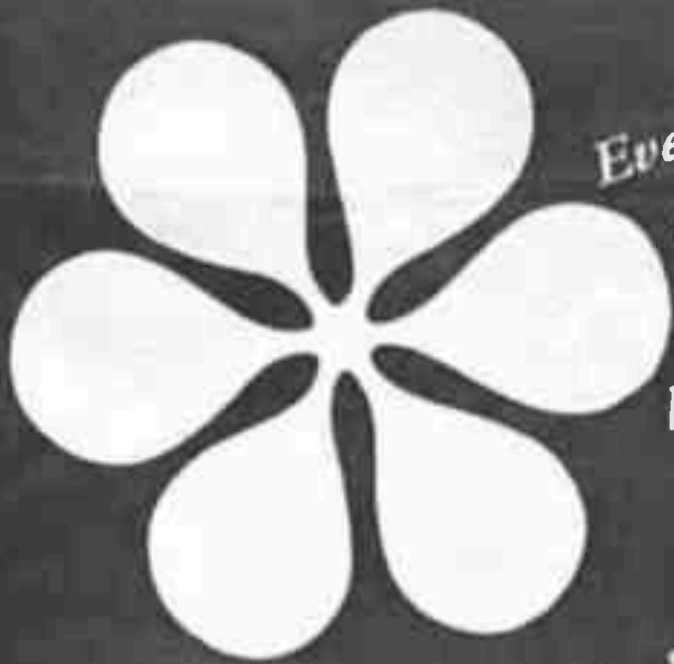
These simple rules can help you reduce the risk of spots. But still the occasional flare-up of glandular activity may cause your skin to produce excess oils that can result in an unsightly outbreak.

When you find your skin to be extra oily, apply a thin film of Clearasil Medication all over the greasy areas of the face last thing at night. While you sleep, Clearasil will absorb the excess oils—then preventing the outbreak entirely.

Follow the Clearasil Skin Health Plan carefully and see the difference it makes in the way you look—and the way you feel. Clearasil's three medical actions, open up, clean out and astringe spots away fast.

## Clearasil

Send a 13 P.O. for a trial size of Clearasil today Dept. F 11 Vich International Limited 19 New Burlington Street, London, W 1.



Every week, the stars are flying up to BBC Glasgow for Stramash!—the non-stop half hour of Noise. It's the latest news.

# STRAMASH

MAN who's cock-a-hoop is David Bell, the tall, dark, curly-haired producer of Stramash! He's in charge of the first big pop TV show from BBC Glasgow. He's the Scotsman who produced four of the Gadszoo's shows when the resident producer was on holiday. The bosses liked what they saw and let David loose on the Glasgow scene.

Stramash is a disturbance, almost a riot. None of the old chat-show music from start to finish. And it's a hit. Just done live (no miming on the show) in Studio A at BBC TV in Queen Margaret Drive, Glasgow. The stars fly in and the band call it usually at about 11 o'clock. Then it's all hard graft until it's taped at 8.15 p.m. ready to go out at half-past six on a Monday evening.

David Bell is thrilled to bits. "It's just what I've always wanted to do," he said in his gorgeous Scottish accent. And everyone loves being on the show. The studio is all painted blue and the set is designed by Helen Rae. She is responsible for all those "Mogano" like cages. Lulu's been on Stramash several times and her mother comes along with seven-year-old Edwina, Billy (fourteen) and Gordon (four) to see it all happening.

Every week a hundred and fifty tickets are distributed to people who want to be part of the studio audience. The day The Heat-walkers appeared about sixty of their Glasgow fans turned up and they hadn't got tickets. There was quite a schlemazel as a result. The boys were unhurt and thought the whole show was terrific. Paul and Barry Ryan were mixed up in the same mobbing and lost buttons, ties and handkerchiefs.

"We didn't expect it," said Barry. Luckily they'd taken spares so they had time to change before they faced the cameras.

I SPOKE to Gordon Waller on the phone in Leicester. He and Peter were a bit put out because flying up for Stramash! meant a 5 a.m. start. Then they waited till 12 noon before anyone needed them. But they thought the sphere in the studio was great. At that point Gordon, who was sitting up in bed eating a boiled egg, dropped the receiver in his break-fast and so the conversation ended. So it looks as if the Glasgow non-stop noise already in the style of the good old Good days when Oh Boy! was all the rave. And this one is ringing the bell over and over again with producer David and The Bells all there to prove it.

BETTY HALE

Big noise from Glasgow made by The Three Bells from Liverpool Carl, Jean and Sue in red caps and tan corduroy jackets, real swinging blondes.



Dancing in the blue painted studio. The Stramashers and Sol Byron and Chris McLure. They're all Stramash! regulars.

# discs 1965

WHAT a year it's been for discs! Between them, the record companies issued singles at the rate of 40 to 50 a week—which means that I've listened to upwards of two thousand new discs during 1965!

Frankly, more than half was a load of rubbish and I've lost count of the number of singers and groups who made just one disc and were never heard of again!

Despite this, 1965 was a vintage year with exciting new talent like Tom Jones, The Walker Brothers, Sandie Shaw, Jonathan King, Sonny and Cher, The Who, Wilson Pickett and Len Barry. And of course established stars like The Beatles, the Stones, Manfred Mann and Dusty Springfield went on from strength to strength.

It wasn't easy but here is my choice of the Ten Top Discs of 1965. Not all of them were Number One hits in the charts but they are the ones which gave me, at least, the biggest kicks.



Dusty Springfield

(1) *In The Middle Of Nowhere* which proved once and for all that Dusty is the greatest pop female talent in England (Philips); (2) *Make It Easy On Yourself*, the one that put The Walker Brothers on the map (Philips); (3) *Help!* which was the perfect answer to all those silly rumours that the Beatles were slipping in the popularity stakes (Parlophone); (4) *If You Gotta Go, Go Now*, Manfred Mann's best-ever disc (HMV); (5) *King Of The Road*, the Roger Miller masterpiece which I still play at least once a week (Philips); (6) *Long Live Love* which confirmed that Sandie Shaw was the girl singing discovery of the year (Pye); (7) *It's Not Unusual*, the dynamic hit recited by Tom Jones (Decca); (8) *Satisfaction*, the best Rolling Stones disc of the year (Decca); (9) *The Price Of Love* which deservedly put The Everly Brothers back in the charts (Warner Brothers); (10) *You've Got Your Troubles*, a mighty catchy song by The Fortunes (Decca).



The Beatles

My list of runners-up are: *To Know You Is To Love You* by Peter and Gordon (Columbia); *The Times They Are A-Changin'* by Bob Dylan (CBS); *Everyone's Gone To The Moon* by Jonathan King (Decca); *What The World Needs Now Is Love* by Madeline Bell (Philips); *The Merry Go Round* by Brenda Lee (Brunswick); *My Generation* by The Who (Brunswick); *Baby Don't Go* by Sonny and Cher (RCA Victor); *Where Are You Now* by Jackie Trent (Pye); *The Minute You're Gone* by Cliff Richard (Columbia); and *I'll Never Find Another You* by The Seekers (Columbia).

All right—I know I've missed out Marianne Faithfull, Wilson Pickett, Shirley Mills, Them, Len Barry, Jim Proby and a lot of others but, as I said, this is a personal choice.

KEN BOW



# Maureen's LETTER BOX

"Och aye the noo" to you all, folks and a happy Hogmanay. As you can see we've gone all Scottish so I've been trotting around learning a few bonny phrases. Oh, well, back to normal next week! Now on with the letters. . .

## SMALL FACES CLOTHES

Could you please tell me where The Small Faces buy all those fab clothes they wear? Jill Upton, Leeds.

Well Jill, Steve Marriot tells me that the boys don't have any special shopping centre. If they see something that catches their eye then in they go and buy it!

## GEORGIE'S OATE

Please settle a raving argument between my friend and I by telling us when Georgie Fame's birthday is? Carol Chamberlain, Bristol.

Sure Carol, Georgie's big day falls on 26th June.

Who wins?

## MARC BOLAN

What's folk singer Marc Bolan's favourite food? Jenny Bryan, Stockport.

Marc goes for curried eggs with mango chutney, Jenny. Tasty, eh?

## RELATIONS

Are Roger Daltrey of The Who and Ray Phillips of The Nashville Teens related? They look very much alike. Sue Calthorpe, Dunstable.

I agree that the two boys do look similar, Sue, but they are no relation to each other.



Roger Daltrey

Ray Phillips

## MINSTREL BARRY

Am I right in saying that Barry McGuire used to sing with The New Christy Minstrels? Helen Banham, Northampton.

Quite correct, Helen. In fact, Barry was the founder member of the group.

## ALAN'S CAR

While in London the other day I thought I saw Alan Blakeley of The Tremeloes driving a white sports car. Could I have been right? Rosemary Lea, Richmond.

Yes Rosemary, you probably were, 'cus Alan is the proud owner of a white Sunbeam Alpine.

## TERRY BOYES

Please, please give me some info on Terry Boyes of The Game. I think he's the greatest! Ann Port, Newcastle.

Sit back and digest, Ann. Terry's five foot ten tall with fair hair and deep blue eyes. He comes from Mitcham in Surrey and likes ice skating and snooker in his spare time. Real sporty type!



Terry Boyes

## FOUR WITH THE MOST

I think The Fourmost record *Girls, Girls, Girls* is a knockout. Please tell me where I can write to them? Shirley Gordon, Bournemouth.

You can contact the boys c/o Sandra Fernando, 25 Devonshire Road, Walthamstow, London, E.17. Shirley Don't forget the S.A.E.

## WAYNE'S NAME

But you can't tell me Wayne Fontana's real name? Betty Frowen, Gloucester.

If I say Glynis Ellis your love the bet



Wayne Fontana

## GEN ON KLAUS

What did Klaus of Paddy, Klaus and Gibson do before he was in Showbiz? Liz Graham, Manchester.

Klaus was a commercial artist before music took over his life, Liz. He still has a hosh at painting when he can find time.

## ROY'S HOME

Where in America does my favourite singer, Roy Orbison, live? Ann Smyth, Burton-on-Trent.

Roy's home is in Tennessee, Ann.

## SCHOOLDAYS

Can you please tell me which school Dave Davies of The Kinks went to? Joan Simpson, Sunderland.

Sure thing, Joan. Dave spent his schooldays at the William Grimshaw School, Hornsey. Wonder if he was a good pupil?

*That's it for this week. Send your pop queries to me: Maureen, Fabulous, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, E.C.4. Please don't forget a stamped addressed envelope if you want a postal reply.*

## Learn HAIRDRESSING in one of England's most beautiful cities

The Bernard of Mayfair School of Hairdressing in Bristol offers thorough professional and comprehensive training to students from all parts of the world. Courses cover 1,000 hours (approximately 6 months) of intensive instruction at the end of which successful students are awarded the World Federation of Supreme Hairdressing Schools International valid diploma. Once equipped, they can embark on a career both rewarding and stimulating. And during training they can enjoy modern accommodation at Bernard of Mayfair's own hostel in Bristol, one of England's finest cities set in the heart of beautiful English country.

Why not write for fully illustrated prospectus

The Principal,  
Bernard of Mayfair  
School of Hairdressing,  
68 Queens Road,  
Clifton, Bristol 8



Please send for illustrated prospectus

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

Member of the World  
Federation of Supreme  
Hairdressing Schools



**Fab** | David  
New Culture