



js MAGICAL MYSTERY TOUR
BOMBAY STORMED BY HAIRY



A FUNNY thing happened on the way to the Juhu beach. A little cocker spaniel (answering to the name of Sandy) got himself a free six-month subscription to JS.

Actually, a lot of funny things happened on the way from Bullock Cart to Juhu Hotel. The traffic policeman on Marine Drive did not know what a London double-decker, pasted with pop art posters and not advertisements of Broke Bond's Bru coffee (with chicory), was doing on his beat.

A lot of BEST commuters also stared (citizens of Bombay have this odd habit of staring at strange sights) at the bus and its cargo of Mods and Fads (not to mention the Combustibles) in flowered lungis and bell-bottoms.

Now, to tell the truth, I found the entire Magical Mystery Tour to be a mystery. I mean, if you want to sell a magazine, you hand over the copies to the news vendors and hope for the best. But this bus with a driver in a bowler and a conductor in a top hat was a little beyond me.

To begin at the beginning. It began where all things begin; at Bullock Cart considered by the 'in' set as the grooviest discotheque in town. It looks like a Maharashtrian hut which no Maharashtrian housewife would like to show off to visitors.

So I entered this place and found an emcee addressing the guests as "all you cats." I thought



...and the Combustibles.
A great good time was had by all.

PIX BY
TAIYEB BADSHAH
and M.C.M.

OVER ▶



or not). Said Sandy's mistress, "Arjun will be thrilled."

The Sardarji gave me another Gold Spot and had a couple himself. "Good in the heat," he said. So we moved to Portuguese Church, a white Moorish structure looking dirtier and better every year, where the choir sings beautifully on X'mas nights (a tip to Polydor).

The emcee was making a few jokes and only Sandy laughed. An intelligent animal. Said his mistress, "Arjun will be thrilled."

I had a closer look at the Philanderers' double-decker. Also at this girl in the red thing who was sitting on the upper deck.

Not at all like our BEST buses. Nine horns (three working), beds like in a pullman and a library having Lost Weekend, Diary of Anne Frank, Flying Saucers Are Hostile and something by Francis

They took their time (do not see why with the chick in red there), told the emcee to crack a few more jokes while they were up their mind.

Tony explained the problem. "If a girl is going to come with nine young men she must be able to cook as well as do other things."

The choice finally for the girl they would like most to take with them to Australia was Niamat Sheriff, a teenager with the eyes of a dove doing her final year in a Bombay school. I thought it was a wise choice, Niamat being the girl in red.

Signor, Polydor's biggest star, who seemed to be keeping away from it all with the disdain stars have for beat groups, got into the act.

Also proved that he is a real professional. First he sang from his hit record, Sunshine Friends.

that was not a nice way to address one's guests.

The Combustibles were making enough noise to bring the what-they-say down and the guests—earlier referred to as "cats"—were swinging away with a strange concentration.

Sandy, the cocker spaniel, had not made his appearance yet. But there was this girl in a red kurta. Very nice, I thought.

And that is where they started distributing copies of JS and giving away free subscriptions and Signor's Polydor records. I did not get a thing, but I was happy that among those chosen for the magical mystery ride was the girl in red.

Outside, on Rampart Row, stood the double-decker of the Philanderers and a truck carrying 2,000 bottles of Gold Spot that a Sardarji had brought. The Sardarji kept offering everybody Gold Spots. I had three and the Sardarji himself had five.

I decided not to take the bus but follow in the convoy. A purely precautionary measure as the conductor, Tony Hough (pronounced huff), had pasted a notice in his bus—"All passengers travelling in this bus do so at their own risk." Also, I did not trust the driver (name: Adrian Bird; regular profession: architect).

First stop was Scandal Point and it was a bit of a scandal. People who know me wondering what I was doing with local mods and fabs and people who started shaking all over at the twang of a guitar.

This is where Sandy arrived, in an open 1927 Ford with a liveried chauffeur and half a dozen ladies looking like out of this world. This is also where Sandy found the lucky JS stamp in his copy (meaning you get a free copy every week, whether you like it



Chichester. Also, a lot of JS copies.

At Juhu Hotel (it has a nice locale and a nice proprietor), the mods and the fabs had already gathered and more copies were distributed and more records handed over.

The Sardarji's stock of Gold Spots had exhausted. I thought of myself as the second greatest Gold Spot drinker in the world. Top position going to the Sardarji.

Tony Hough put on a morning coat. Adrian Bird gave a quick brush to his bowler, and then they went around the crowd looking for the most desirable woman to bus around the world with.

Then he told the emcee that he would sing the other side of the disc, Lovers' Dream.

Signor also drew one of the lucky JS copies and got himself a free subscription. It would have been interesting if he had drawn a copy and got himself his own record. I think, as a true professional he would have kept it.

As the magical mystery tour was breaking up (the sun setting into the Arabian Sea and all that), I saw Sandy enjoying a hamburger complete with tomato sauce. His mistress was looking at him proudly and saying, "Arjun will be thrilled."



SO MANY GORGEOUS GIRLS AROUND

says
Mohan
Bawa

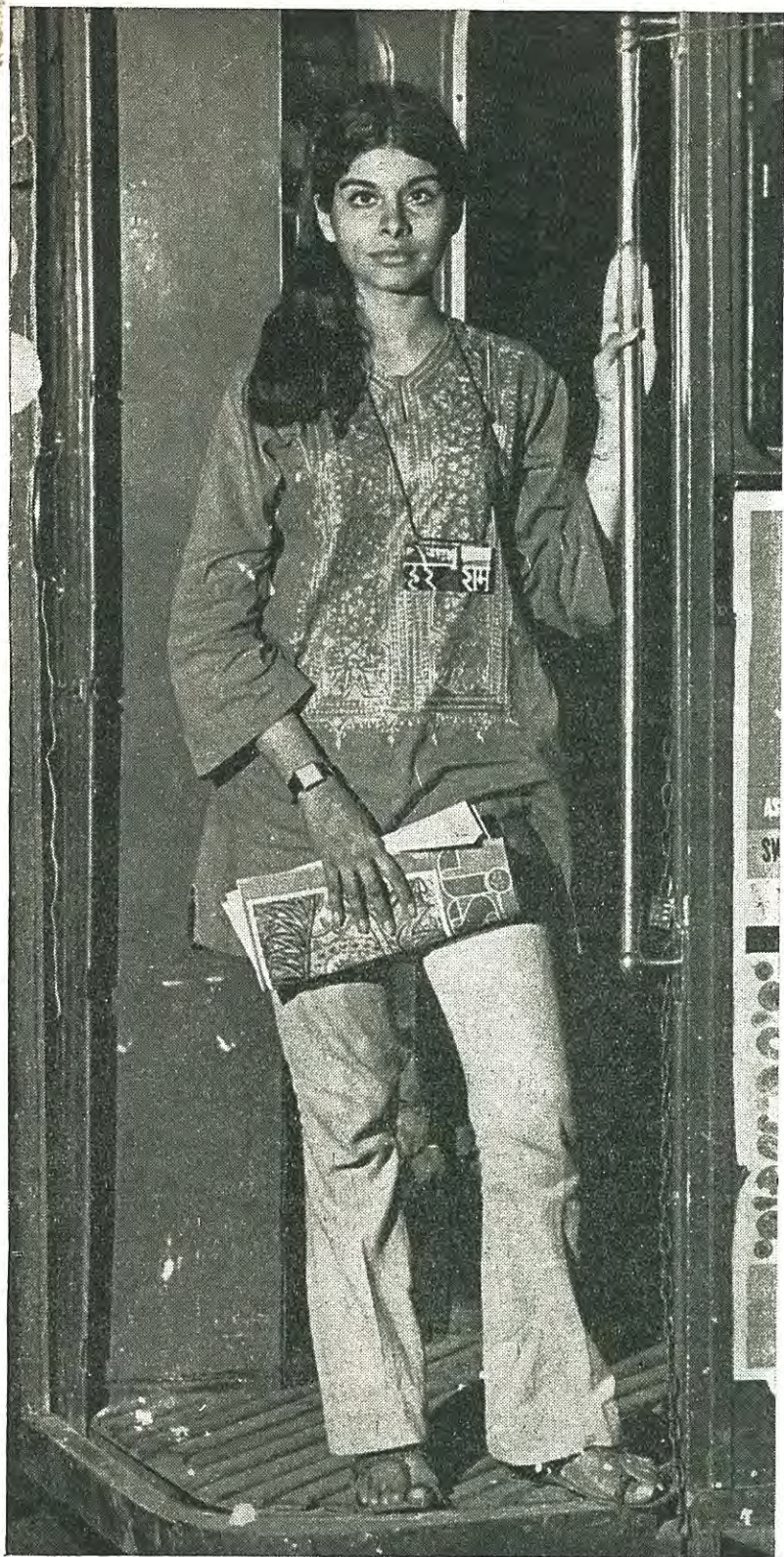


It was the evening of the "Magical Mystery Tour". I noticed that the Philanderers were under a strain. "There are so many gorgeous girls around", Tony Hough told me, "and we have to select the most desirable one!" Tony is a tall and strikingly good looking lad. He was wearing a top hat, tie and tails. Adrian Bird was wearing a bowler hat. They went around the lawns of Juhu Hotel giving the "birds" the eye. Finally they selected pretty, 16-year-old Niamat Sheriff as "their most desirable girl".

Besides being very, very pretty, Niamat has poise and oozes confidence. She was dressed in a red kurta over yellow pyjamas. She was presented with a "Hare Rama"—a chain with a pendant bearing the words: "The Most Desirable Girl To Bus Around The



Sandy the dog (top) has his proverbial lucky day. There were trendy clothes and groovy music at Juhu Hotel and The Bullock Cart.



Miss Niamat Sheriff was popularly voted the "most desirable girl to bus around the world with"



World With...selected by JS and the Philanderers! Stanley Pinto, the compere, asked her if she had a passport and whether she was agreeable to "bus around the world" with the Philanderers.

"Remember", said Tony Hough, chuckling madly, "we need a girl who can cook, make the beds and do other odd jobs around the bus...."

Niamat stepped up coolly and said into the mike: "I'll accept the prize but I'm afraid I can't go with you to Australia...my parents wouldn't allow it!" At this statement, Adrian Bird took off his bowler hat, threw it on the ground, and jumped on it, gnashing his teeth all the while!

Later, I got to talk to Niamat. Considering it was her very first interview, she carried it off with cool laughter. Here are a few facts about Niamat: she is sixteen, attends the Young Ladies' High School in Bombay, is "mad about JS", likes boys but doesn't date them individually (only in groups). Her hobbies are painting, drawing and music and she is "crazy about dancing."

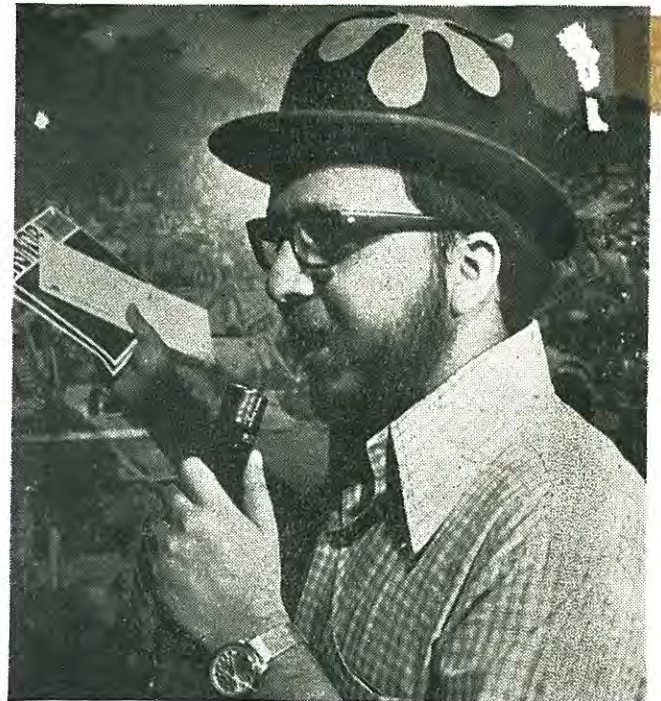
Winning the 'Most Desirable Girl' contest came as a big, big surprise. "I never thought I would win. In fact, I came here on a lark!" she said. Hardly were we through talking when a boy came up to her and asked her for a dance. She was soon doing an energetic frug on the floor. Naturally, she was in great demand that evening.

It was a wild evening. The Combustibles were at their sizzling best. Signor sang two groovy numbers (Sunshine Friends went over big) in his inimitable style. A cool breeze blew in from the sea and the sky was a rosy red. A colourfully-garbed crowd of teenagers sang, danced, ate, drank, played, talked. It was a "fun evening".

Later Adrian and Tony took me on a grand tour of the double-decker "Hairy", which is already known to teens all over the country. On the ground floor we saw the Philanderer's frige, cooking range and dish-washer. They also have a hi-fi and a reading library on the top deck with a couple of comfortable seats which make it look like an airplane cockpit.

The nine bunks are low—leaving very little space to sleep in. "Getting into your bunk is an art," Adrian Bird said. "First you slide in your head, then your elbows, then your rump and finally your legs...it is quite a feat, believe me!"

Two girls attached themselves to the Philanderers and showed no signs of leaving. The Combustibles requested they be given a ride into town. I do not know whether the girls went with them or not but, nevertheless, the ride back must have been a wild one....



ABOVE LEFT: Congratulations for the winner of a Signor record. ABOVE: Stanley Pinto in hipped-up bowler hat keeps the tour lively. LEFT: The JS girl most desired on a bus trip is elected. In top hat is Tony Hough. BELOW LEFT: A Gold Spot changes hand at speed! BELOW: JS is handed out to eager fans.

